

Poetry
Selected from 1994-2010
by Matthew Temple

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Secret (1994)

Tuesday in blue glasses. Red lipstick. Freak.
A stop sign in the passing. Scream silent. Meek.

Whisper whisper to me
whisper whisper loud
sensation soft and fleeting
when you brush me in the crowd

Tuesd'y at the table. Her legs crossed. Sleek.
Our eyes catch for an instant. A secret. Peek.

Raise your voice a little
meet me in my bliss
let me know you need me
and leave me with a kiss

Tues'y soft and naked. Legs sprawling. Weak.
I press my fingers down you. Hot wetness. Streak.

So scream your wanting at me
I know you know how
join torch and seething furnace
as you touch me—now

Indelible Dick Tracy (1995)

the
sparkly jazz man runs his fingers
up and down a silver moon
indelible Dick Tracy
traces hands along the liquid
rim of unknown molotile
her
foot runs up and down on heel braced
upside down with five-inch spike
and laced up on a swirling
lifeless
breathless
fishnet sea
as
barbed-wire boy jumps nother fence in
backstreet baby briar patch
the
drunken man stabs his own self
on own carnation
he falls breathless
on the dirty, drunken floor
baby breathless fucks some other
bad boy bum in
backroom billiards boredom rows
of thousand windows empty
of the brides of softer quiet bedroom
destitutions
and a
zillion tighter screaming hard out
asses swing a killer tune
above the heads and hearts and
bank accounts of driven
driving
lose control and
fuck a bitch

and get a bang
and lose yourself
and someone else
indelible Dick Tracy take your bow
as baby breathless fucks you with her eyes
a wave of lust and hunger neath her brow
the fuck the buck the hand on mine a chinging glass of dimming
wine
a slip a rip her slender crack you slide your hand up arching back
and feel
I am no more
I am no more
I swing with rhythms
dance with fishies
find myself a-losing
comfort now
I wallow breathless on the drunken
diving
deathly floor.

avant blush (1995)

(Magnetic poem by Julian and me)

open

girl

hole

break and squirm

candy

at center

of

wood

Kevin's Dream (1996)

Woman sitting on top of a tree masturbating. Kevin's Dream, one night, of runaways and shooflies and Kevin's old girlfriend, Maggie, was a Mormon. Mormon with a passionate love for pussy and kissing dogs and sitting on top of trees masturbating in time with the rhythm of the car as it drove down the highway far along. Down the road, somewhere in West Virginia, sits a woman with a scar she don't know where it came along the bottom of her soul is scraped the man of a name she once knew. Even farther back, when the wind was solid pieces loving to embrace the solitary kiss of morning's touch. Stripping naked in the Serengeti desert, I saw a tribesman going across the plain in search of deer. Waterless, flush and drain, the sweat of Mother's love; she pauses around 1913, wipes her forehead, and returns to the kitchen. Not the kitchen of a house, but underground, the kitchen of the underworks and panty lining of the world.

"Big ass tampon, if you ask me."

"Whose is this? Look, it goes all the way up to your chest."

"That tampon doubles as an emergency flotation device," he said, joking. But I hope he's right, because we sure could use something like that right now. A flotation device, or some kind of Savior, you understand, because none of us had formal training in this field. And what are we to do? Dig in and wash the windows of the sky long and done and dusty in my eye. Sneaking from the back to hold a candle mercy God he's coming through the camera lenses focused to, fusing precision in the hull of a converted trailer home sweet river running through the crack between my legs the shiver of a momentary shawl upon your head I thought you were dying for a second, crushed beneath the Greyhound charter nonstop to the desert. There we are again, swallow, as truth is nothing but a differential consistency of arbitrary Constance. An old friend. Acquaintance really, but what's the score. Blood in this ring, bone in the other. Radiant fever burns the brightest right before we lose

power. There it goes, blackness, blanket, bludgeoning. Tool.
Merciful Almighty we sing your praises hinting at the core of man's
designing gene. What do you know, it was all Mendelian after all.
Safe and sound without a friend among the empty cosmic skrye.
Into the sun, will you, break the pinpoint eclipse rules and find
yourself staring into the optic nerve of timeless fury, anguishing
eternally sound. Peace. Be with you brother; brother, what a night.
Kicking myself in the head for my own lack of agility I end up tied
in knots I tied myself and yet I perceive that another's fingers
might work those strands more deftly than could I. Pinkles tinkles
antlers yearning for the sunny skies above I think you're there
upon that hill and so I chase your primrose panties out on the lawn
and lay you there to fuck you heavenly. Or so I think. But though
the sex is good we walk away and gone the hill is made of paper
money Barbie blinks her plastic eye and I see that my fresh
discovery is..what?..nothing but Chex Party Mix®?..nothing but
graham crackers in a plastic baggie?! Wrapped by my mother
before I even went to school but now the graduation is over and my
tassel swings only in tiny quantum motions behind my closet door.
That's what my professors tell me, anyway, I don't see movement
of any kind, least of all the quantum hammering of a dead cat but
you can buy my products anyway, cause guess what, I don't test on
animals. Of course, I also simultaneously do test on animals so
how's that for a consumer base. You think so, motherfucker?
What? You thought I wouldn't mind? You thought I wouldn't
notice that you're sitting in my chair sifting through the carpals of
my tunnel, digging some of your own, picking up your nose and
up your butt with wide eyes, hands flexing eagerly, awaiting the
golden nugget..

Streamlined from the shifting of her hair, a tigress' lair, may fate be
fair. There, awaits the beauty and the tangle that I seek,
inseparation that is singularly existent from an external
perspective, that of me, another face among the masses of
enumeration impossible from the setting of a single chair. Birds.
Beasts. A flock upon the house of leaves, trash upturned, and ash

that burned our mangled prayer is now the pleantry of a ten minutes nap. We wake to scream, to wander aimless in the in between, raking endless gardens in this feathered heather, Kevin's Dream.

Burger (1996)

(Written in one class period in response to Sister Damien's offer for extra credit in return for a poem about food..she was apparently hungry that day. I didn't need the credit but it sounded like fun. I read this, with feeling, to a room full of CJ students.)

I want a burger
yeah I want a slab of beef
I'm gonna open my mouth
and sink my teeth

into a sesame bun
and a lettuce leaf
I want pickle chips, mustard,
oh I say "Good grief!"

I don't want no veggie food
I want a bull that's dead
I want to stuff my face
I want to feed my head

with a bucket of wings
and a plate of fries
I want a big fat hefty
buffalo that flies

gimme ten-ton nuggets
I wanna feast my eyes
on a health-food record
that is full of lies

I want cholesterol!
My veins are exercised!
I want a value meal!
And make it supersized!

autumn's call (1996)

now
and then
I think I hear you
in the shadows of the sunlight
silence falls
you
are where
I want to be now
lost and safe within the morrow
far beyond

I
lie lonely
in your softness
solemn parting finds the waters
deeper still
we
are gone
and lost forever
in the silence and the sorrow
day will fall

once
I learn
to love the nighttime
then it's darkness melts to blind me
moving on
past
the comfort
and the laughter
give up wonderful and faster
far beyond

kate (1996)

nathan's girlfriend's sister
and a jamaican woman named elvira
actually her name wasn't elvira
and she was from ghanna

so while everyone else's sitting there
eating chinese stir-fry
and getting an education in ghannan culture
I'm in the dining room talking
to kate
and her fucked-up roommate
who has quite a variety of music
and surprisingly good taste
says kate
better than you would expect

while sipping honey wine
and making strategic eye contacts
with kate
as she sits across the floor
I give her a smile that she can't resist
then withdraw
pretend to be staring blankly
into space
intent on the conversation
when in fact
I am staring
at her crotch

as if no one would notice
that my mind has left the room
as if it wasn't obvious
that pretenses were just pretenses
and no one could hear the noises
coming from upstairs

down the hall
take every turn you can possibly take
and you'll end up where we were
the room is still there
I think
but someone's made the bed

baking bread
that gets dropped
because the pan was still hot
I was in ghanna at the time
so all I heard was a crash and a yell
and we looked around at each other
and said
what was that?
and then returned to the history lesson

later they were making remarks about eating the bread
about how it might be dangerous
and if I didn't mind
they asked with a giggle
and a smile
and the assumption that we would remain ignorant to the fact

Choose death. (1996)

Choose drugs. Choose unemployment. Choose to be a bum. Choose pot, choose coke, choose 40 oz. bottles of malt liquor. Choose bong and drug paraphernalia. Choose alienation from all the people you thought were your friends. Choose caffeine. Choose not to graduate. Choose unprotected sex. Choose fetishes. Choose to sit around doing nothing. Choose to plummet into the aftermath of capitalism with the rest of America. Choose America. Choose waste, choose excess, choose sexual gratification with barnyard animals. Choose to stick your finger up your nose. Choose to have other people stick your fingers up your ass. Choose jeans and string bikinis. Choose emotionless sexual encounters in public restrooms. Choose to fuck your friends. Choose your friends. Choose friends. Choose drinking so much Jolt that your stomach explodes. Choose eating red meat, and slaughtering cattle. Choose biting your fingernails 'till they bleed. Choose S&M. Choose pain. Choose hurt. Choose to perpetrate senseless acts of violence against perfect strangers. Choose to suck your own dick. Choose to suck someone else's. Choose semen. Choose condoms. Choose anal sex. Choose media violence. Choose coffee. Choose to die. Choose profanity, rape, and high-risk physical entertainment. Choose junkfood. Choose McDonalds. Choose a Taco Salad with 9000 grams of fat. Choose a flabby stomach. Choose an ab-master. Choose to jack off daily. Choose non-traditional sex. Choose sports apparel. Choose expensive hairstyles, or no hair at all. Choose to shave your pubic hair, not to shave your legs. Choose tooth decay. Choose making rude comments to small children. Choose sex in a public place. Choose a lifestyle. Choose an attitude. Choose an image. Choose a meaning. Choose your weapon.

eyes of April (1996)

step
above the hill
and there
the sky
is crouched
and able

ready
to revile
with vengeant claws
and eyes of grey
of April
and enigma
petals
hide their flowers
leaning lowly
for the cover of empty ground

I go and
sink into my chair
droop arms
legs spread
taking lustful breaths

in the background
of my ear
a peaceful muttering of logic's verse
the tap of chalk
line drawn
point made
crack
compose
continue

moth

around the chair
the legs
it flutters
pattern-like
silent movie

jump
I move
above the seat
my place
is out
and slam
my foot
to dodge
to spar
to smush
squirt
squeeze
and look around
the class has stopped

the only sound is a deceptively academic fluorescent hum
but

outside
I know
the dark is rising
slowly
from the edge
of space
to cover all
to suck
and suffocate
to kill and
hide
to bury

like the ocean
rolls

summer camp (1996)

a panty sample, you know
where you go around collecting
shall we say..

souvenirs

from all your favorite females
and their chance roommates
their possessions and positions
their stances

on current political issues

their prances

on egg cartons and tissues like

taxes and

welfare and

fuck

abortion maybe?

with you (1996)

I am with you
I am not here
but there
with you

I am with you in the waves of the sea
and the stars of the night
in the chill of the breeze
and the purple moonlight

I am with you
however it goes
I am there by your side
even though no one knows
how our song will turn out
how the lofty wind blows

it will move how it please
over valleys and dales
it will rise to the seas
where the distant ship sails

I am with you
I am not here
but there
with you

I am with you in the heat of the dance
when the world disappears
there is only our glance
to hold us together
and melt our sweet fears
it grabs and it lingers
and moves us to tears

I am with you when the path has been lost
as we strike out our own
through the sand and the moss
you pleasure my eyes
and heighten my sense
as we kiss on the hill
under tree, on the fence

I am not here
but there
with you

where we close our eyes tight
as a rhythm is found
in the absence of light
in the absence of sound

I am with you

I am there in the stillness
I'm there in the space
in the softness of hair
and the smile on your face
which silently speaks
as the melody slows
we tickle our cheeks
and nose touches nose

I am with you

as the oceans move out
where the moon shines through
brilliant clouds
and a young boy skips and runs
through the fields

with you

pretend (1996)

all I want
is the oblivion
of animal sense
perception
without thought
experience
without representation
action
without consequence

braindeath
and seizures
glaucoma and hepatitis b
but mostly
senility
that sweet deliverance
from the past

I wish it on everyone
the loss of the mirror
the dissipation of sin
the thoughtless grin
and the inability to count to ten

once
our theories are stolen by the celestial subterfuge
then
and only then
when we are bathed by the light of a timeless spin
will we see that the fabric of our certainty
is wearing thin
scaring, tearing, and miss-preparing
the Zen
of life's logic
thrusting us back

to the end
of the ultimate game
pretend

mona lisa (1996)

mona lisa
is a pisa
she's a piece a
pizza pie
she's a funny
phone a meetsa
let's go out
and walk the sky

mona lisa
wants to meet ya
in a penguin
suit and tie
find her where the
walk and streets a
breaking up
and gonna fly

Liberatum veritae (1996)

*Though you try to elude me,
preclude me,
and render me mute;
I will have my say.*

If you think that you live
in a world aught than mine,
I will seep through your cracks—
I will creep like a vine.

I will find your safe hell
with it's false downy beds;
I will throw off the covers
and rip them to shreds.

*Though you wish you could fight me,
incite me,
and render me yours;
I will not be moved.*

You will tire of your tyrannies
—blink for a second—
the truth will befall you,
and flaunt you to reckon

a thunderous gasp
with torrents of dreams,
bleeding suffocant harms
in the shrill of your screams.

*Though you try to contain me,
confound me,
and rattle my cage;
I will not be shaken.*

My eyes will expose you
and bring to the light
all the secrets you hide
in the midst of the night,

like a lover who probes you
and fingers your clasp;
it fondles and bites
with the sting of the asp.

I am (1996)

sing for no reason
except that you can
and let your chords wobble the silliest jam
don't care if they hear you
and say that you're banned

but sing like the wind
whose true name is I am

write for pure joy
or the foot of a lamb
and think of no mister, or master, or ma'am
whose wants might contain you
or spread you like jam

but write like the wind
whose true name is I am

live for the laughter
let nothing be damned
hear in your heart your own drummer and band
don't let your steps simmer
like waves through the sand

but live like the wind
whose true name is I am

Motherfucking dark. (1997)

Darkness. People doing things with computers that they couldn't themselves do as children. And knowledge, education, learning ability in human beings will literally draw the line between life and death. Those who are capable will flourish like the sun while the inhabitants of the cast-out land scorch and fry on the pavement. Asphalt. Burning blackness bright of day. Hunger and wretched innocence, the uselessness of the uneducated. It will be a hybrid sort of competition, an intra-generational match of wills, competing just for the resources to keep an individual alive. Violence, as the technological pill eclipses its own pharmacist, and the elite behave inhumanly, while the reflexive murder perpetrated among the mass of the poor makes them more understandable, more sensible, less prone to induce the tones of hell than the lonely parasite they feed.

Digital tones. A fuck in a hall. Barbed cotton and bamboo. A piano. March. Wonderful seclusion beneath the butterfly's propeller. And I want to meet the song of your stimulus, frogs beep, denim frays, all the animals of the forest are alive with spring's bustling freshness; my vector falling with the rain—too bad—the

the Original (1997)

down from the count

time

moves backward through mirrors of restless

yearning

to escape the typical

the previous

that which has been done

like prime numbers

hidden

deeper and deeper

in handsome cracks

the stark

and Original

the frighteningly unconcerned

the immoral

atypical

hybrid alien sociopolitical

freak

toxic alternative

the other drink

each more typically original than the last

hypocritically weak

the mass-illiterate flaunts the archetypical

geek

beats the path of nomadic wind

forges the find

to search the seek

Soar (1997)

Welcome to the place where social and individual delight reigns supreme. The place where everything you never dreamed of simply is. We are the incarnation, we are the physical embodiment of forbidden paradise. We are the expression of everything so great it would never be allowed. The expression of freedom so harsh it will chaff the skin, break space-time and the light barrier to smithereens. Turn concrete to plush fabric, mine golden thread underwater, swim the clouds. We are the clown, appearing silly to first touch, silently spindling out through ether, betraying the most basic physical certainty. We are the science of science and the spirit of spirituality; we bite the kernel and leave the pod raped unawares. We are the ones who will take you for all you've got, who will leave you for broke or dead or halfway in-between here and the impossible, and do it all without a waver. We are the certainty obtained by compiling random senseless whimsicality, wrapping the mystical in stone and plastic, presenting it carelessly and rude to all who would doubtless care to remain undisturbed. We are necessary change, inspirers of acute dissatisfaction. Ones who will throw indisputable logic through a mesmorem of fabrication and synthesis that would shame the gods, disappear momentarily, and emerge the transformed..naked incomprehensibility, blatant shadowmasters, directors of paradox, the collective implementation of an ageless sorcerer. We are the conquerors of the endless expanse of possibility, gapping the bridge between fate and freedom, reconciling gravity and weightlessness, weaving disintegration, forever escaping deduction, interpretation, conventional understanding. We are the jugular of detachment, the integration of so-called isolation. Antithesis of limitation. Murderer of sense. Demonstration of ease.

Soar.

Haiku Wars (1997)

(These five Haiku poems were my contribution to one set of Internet Haiku Wars. Upon the distribution of these poems, these particular Wars ended. Even though the whole point of these Haiku Wars was to string together disgusting thoughts and phrases in Haiku format, no one was ready for this set of five. Ashley says that when Heather read them she was truly offended.)

No one is watching.
Fingers digging up my nose,
I eat my buggers.

Child squats in the grass.
Toilets are nothing like pants;
warm shit coats his legs.

All out of jelly
but still hungry, she squeezes
sweet juice from her cunt.

Hands between my legs
I spasm—screaming—lurch, and
pump cum from my cock.

Don't challenge me to
write a motherfucking poem..
I'll take your ass down.

building. an. eternity. (2000)

may. oceans. savor. breezes. for. you. brilliant. yesterday. I. am.

building. an. eternity. from. my. impressions.

walking through the snow (2000)

She's walking through the snow with her head down. Arms straight, hands deep in her pockets. Walking farther than she's ever walked before, walking to a new place in this forest. She doesn't recognize this part, but she keeps walking still. The snow comes down at a slant which she moves against. Her baby blue hat is covered by a thicker, darker one. Her head is plenty warm.

She's flexing her fingers in those pockets. Noticing footprints of a bird. Hearing water swirl over rocks in tiny subpools of pools of pools of pools of running time. She's taking a step onto a patch of frozen earth.

She's walking slowly.

Looking upward.

Greeted by moonlight. Face bathed in reflections of a cosmic fire. Cheeks warm after each deep, inward breath. She widens her eyes. They water. Somehow, she stops walking.

Her world stops moving closer on that last step.

She turns only her head to look around.

Everything is quiet, and she's thinking.

Warmth is swelling inside her. She's thinking about fingers in mittens and a fur blanket she has now. Wind howling and shadows of branches projected on her walls. Rolling to her side under thick fur. Breathing chilly air. Remembering sleeping together, holding in unconscious arms.

Waking up in sunlight.

Closing her eyes.

She's thinking of a time they woke up together in summer, in a
warehouse, in sunlight. Sleeping on that down comforter.
Thinking of how they slept on that huge painting before it was
done. She's thinking about waking up on a roof, in drops of rain.
Tossing blankets up and down through a window. Climbing
barefoot up a ladder with a pillow in one hand. Thinking about
holding hands and looking out over a sleeping city. Softly dancing
silhouettes, tender nourishment. Those deep eyes.

She's taking a step onto a patch of frozen earth.

She's walking slowly.

Looking upward.

She's thinking about her baby.

Walking through the snow.

The Murdermuffin Post-it (2001)

(I wrote this on New Year's Eve 2001 while tripping on psilocybin mushrooms. I wrote it on a Mac in the Post-it note application; hence, I call it The Murdermuffin Post-it.)

childlike wonder
even standing in the halls at Best Buy
fascinatyon
leaving little notes
around
poety
on
post-it
notes
[do that]
[and writing on the back of pics]
[edited for television]
repeat that phrase forever
write a book,
spend your life writing books
would be okay
slither in here,
my dear
(go crazy, it doesn't matter, live wildly and fun, we're gonna put
this here and that there, we're going to redecorate!! (in quotations)
going to redecorate and have childish fun)
no lack
abundance in everything
what can we create from this?
frieckish fun is impossible to fathom, though, for (mere
mortals)..and from their point of reason it is insult, it is scathing
mockery, it is diabolique, mysteryschzism, intangible
murderfrockery, middlewatschmoffining,
sallygaggingmizzteryhocclingwandermuffiningspellbindery!
indeed.

write plays where people are the extremes of obscure
characterization, poetry consisting all of one syllable,
syllableschisms, poetry consisting of just one word, forget about
publishing..redefine the medium.

redefine the medium

opshenz

one-word revolution

anglez

syllableschism

[expand candy-smurfing zipsquiggler and call Mattel]

[it's improv poetry and a party game all slammed into one]

[make weird packages and send them to CEOs..proposals..explore
eccentricities]

explore eccentricities

ten-angle tangent

invent words

redefine

redefine

redefinition of a syllableschism

plays that are just wordplay..drama just two characters spewing
otherwise unutterable nonsensical strings of paradise, muffinfucker
paradise, the gamo-globulan universiary syllable..one hour of that,
incomprehensible by most readers and audience members,
unshoulderable by most actors, the most brilliant dramatic
don't take risks..live (conceptually) up against the wall of weird,
oblivious to the box

don't edit anything.

serial muffinfucker

hi. i'm brilliant.

unadulterated sloppyburgers

enebryonic hilarity

alabaster everything.

friekashly tall

[entire books of logical syntactic wordplay]

make them come to you.

no capitals. all punctuation. everything.

attitude. the works.
repleasuring style.
infinite completion.
unabbreviated salamanders.
discreet opshenz.
[entire book written phonetically]
forget the box.
regurg.
.alphapussy
redirector.
[words from computers]
redirector.
redefine maleability.
rethink.
redefine.
imagine.
wonder.
stop.
minimal, perfect
eyebrow
alabaster
alabaster
alabaster everything.
empty spaces
abstract
gate no. 17
elephant eyebrow
altruism
zeeooowwww
robbing monkeys blind eyebrows
write with no punctuation, no articles, no discernable fantasy
write a few more things down.
be it.
[alphapussy..alphabet book of poetry, absolute literature, a is for., b
is for.; a page for every letter; a page for every guideword in the
dictionary]

absolut literature.
mmmovement.
tap in.
frozen.
take direction.
i'm speaking.
loudly.
how 'bout later?
how about now.
[entire dialog of that, then eight other scenes equally abstract, a
pinch of cumin, call it play]
absolutely ravishing.
convulse.
wordpower.
mediafrenzy.
mediamuffin.
gangbusters.
[weird punctuation in alphapussy..like the punctuation from a
dictionary on mushrooms]
consensual misspelling.
trash it.
hunger.
thirst.
running.
sacrificial elves.
the rest is history.
massmedia cultural redirection (genocide)
welcome to next.
infinity bitch.
re-maleab-implementation
expand.
surrender enterprise.
mixed-media signals
genital improvosation
importance.
(re-elvishness syndrome)

(attributed to)
make.
tell.
the importance of mixed-media genital re-improvosation
[call emily..do a language show]
re-poetry-ize
sybbalanzez
reenergizing murdermuffin protein
(mountain dew)
brilliance. antz.
[spell everything phonetkally]
note to self.
[instantaneous vehicular re-appropriation]
muscle.
murdermuffin.
murdermuffin maladies [title]
that's the whole thing.
[game that comes up with?] ad slogans
fake.
fake ad slogans.
intentional misspelling.
intentional misspelling. [corrected]
redefine.
re-act.
re-possess.
bipartisan lingual repossession.
repetition.
submit.
the wacky particle.
worrysome wizard. wobbling. worrying. whenever.
whwnvwvr [get it?]
wichita.
murder club candy.
phrasal redefinition.
repossession.

[go in and post notes everywhere..reclaim a coffeehouse..take over,
placing notes, a happening,]
announce.
become. be-fucking-come.
poetryscandal.
swizzlenifty.
zapfchancery
it's just. but–
instantaneous re-phraseology
doctor happenstance is in the house
rap. monkey. is in the house.
in the house.
off the hook.
[decorate bill tudor's house]
lucid.
you're not dreaming.
winnebago. boulevard. zapfchancery.
write.
straight to classical.
improvise.
absoterrible
evolve.
[encourage rapid evolution of the English language]
play classical loud.
zero tolerance.
re-muffin-ize (as in, we're going to .. this whole place)
resubtract and redouble.
aim to tolerize.
refuck.
unhypothesize.
reimport.
revert.
unsave.
instalphabet.
56. 57. What's next!? 58?
fucking trainspotting.

spotterize.
reaccessorize.
re-alphabertize.
re-enchanted.
instantaneous realphabetization complex
i'm through with chess.
storm out.
bulligerant
alphabetic bulligeranze.
stormtrooper pantylock.
that fucking billionaire.
period.
repanty.
solidly repregnate.
poetreelokk.
what's your perception?
punctuate.
murdermaladymister.
hhhot.
just one critisim.
hold that thought.
i wont kiss.
gnoshing.
kissypoo.
closeit.
i've changed everything.
new slogans all around.
billboardz.
it was nothing.
not with you.
never anything.
we'll take parts of it.
doesn't it feel ducky?
i mean the feeling.
supposed to.
didn't.

poised.
it's my favorite place to sleep.
sleepyduck. ling.
much bigger.
re-patriate.
surrpastuate.
niprovocate.
zloomantheate.
exfunctuate.
ennovicate.
re-expand.
you're not it.
gotcha.
ohyeah.
imposticate.
the words are real.
i wish i had my list.
protect the innocent.
innoculate.
infatuate.
self-inflate.
really mathematical thinking.
before I learned to talk.
kitae.
hello my kittae.
abstract re-enebriation.
reinitiate.
reinitiate pregnant pauses.
reactivate the pregnancy.
reenact possibility.
follow.
keep up.
you didn't say that.
you didn't.
partially retolerable waste.
partially retolerable byproduct.

waste style.
extra virgin. extra wide.
greaseburn. fightclub.
spaces.
first.
take it.
just go.
take me.
a-z:
[r]iddle me this.
boulevard of broken pencils
[m]ovies with millions of movie references
a-z:
[a]d[vertising]
[s]
implicity
“bang.”
“delicious.”
“a tour-de-force.”
with a through line and characters, drama, literary, but
supermodern
m is for movies, but we never say so
[with diagrams like in a dictionary]
remalady the zhivago.
all the way.
different every time.
keep the pants. lose the hair.
see.
I hope you’re having a lovely time.

gay teenagers (2001)

gay teenagers riding flowerpot handlebars
through Austin's west village
down Guadalupe
rising stars of commerce—
"Physics is Fun" bumper stickers and the green-shirted Chinese
woman in the sushi store, staring at me when not pretending to
watch football
to which I find myself staring back, not pretending to watch
anything
gay teenagers, ribbons in their hair, their mothers driving Vanagons
3 blocks away, gray-headed witches, the original hippies, the good
ones of the east
dog-leash spike-chokered grandkids keeping pumas (as pets) on
their keychains
gay teenagers striving to be forgotten, noticing to be remembered
seeking out eclectic niches in the common aesthetic mythology
Dorothy on a bicycle basket touting a star-spangled Yoda—
gap.com/denim looming fruitlessly, incandescently, tastefully
flavor-free
lines of Kawasaki greens and yellows claiming that Akira lives
today in videoscope, looms carrotously in doubles and quads even
this far west of the Mississippi—
gay teenagers strangling puma keychain dogs with unruly
fingernails bare-handed semi-automatic hippie inquisition
gay teenagers militant green ribbons
windy unkindness
wooly remindants of fully loaded eyelash whispers in every blink
of a Chinese woman pretending to watch football out of the corner
of her eye
sly subcutaneous indicatives
stop-plosive pseudo-subliminal fricatives
the tricky business of leaving the town you love
the sticky is-ness of is-ness of is-ness of—
gay teenagers toting salamander bookpurses cave to resurrected
verses of the seventh grade

gay teenagers gripping amplified phallic percussives
plugged-in to the underbelly of Austin's west village
homogenized rock and roll anti-matter
progressive pasteurized folk country peanut butter bagels
and this is the live music capital of the world?
this is the live music capital of the world?—
fusion nothing
rhythm and snooze
alabaster virtuosity

The Transient Fish (2001)

Parrot Bay, Long Island in the year seventeen-hundred
and forty-two

fish and flone gathering upon milkweek pond
laughing violet
rippling surgically negotiated breastmilk
seedpod carcass rotting insectual graces
bracing Neverland at the front door
brimming the whore of twilight
breathing up my neck
intimidating my courtesans
bludgeoning faithfulness
brightening my day with starlight evenings' blush
ever-so-slightly reminiscent of this fading crush that brings me
flush to the meandering of brook's serenading
wet/dry underwater buffalo breathing
ankles tumbling under rockslide jibberish
moaning
removing my toenail for a moment
peering underneath a three-year-old child
wide-eyed hands flexing tiny nostrils breathing
toddler's shoes in ancient hues
settlers' ships
flags
and maiden's hips
resting lightly with hands
cresting slightly the sand
breasts nesting rightly the man
luna lullaby rocking the sea
pebbles basking in the cosmic twinkle

and you now have an inkling of Parrot Bay, Long Island in the year
seventeen-hundred and forty-two
before the pastor bridled her for lust
before the dust began to settle on the veil

before of the wail of ardent passion slipped away
before the very day of which I tell
before the knell of loveddeath made a sound
before the frightened brutal pounding of his heart
before the sudden start of quick cessation of the bond
before the singing trance, the siren stroll, the bubbling organ first
cajoled her from the brimming, seething, laughing Parrot Pond

they
broke the glass of scripture's form
into the house a swarm
malignant hordes of insects screaming
bristling at the outskirts
teeming with vice
angry jaws and microscopic claws
with fervor lunge and vengeance douse
this sacred Sunday morning rock built upon a beach house

gnarly fingers twisted
scrubbing Cinderella
far below these arching lofts
thrown to heaven's floor
to scratch the lore of crumbling scrolls
that mortal souls applied so far beyond that kernel of their holy
bard

a band of insects
well skilled in the art of munching
anxious to get started crunching
mad with taste for these sacred fibers
mud divers years since mutated to screwdriver-nosed fairy wing-
tips
with serrated ribs in their flanks like gills
guttured with a rotten tank of goop that kills like poison anything it
might so happen to lick
(a flick of the hand is all that it takes to off the prick

if she doesn't first happen to stick
in tandem
twenty-three ribbed laser siphon syringes
injecting the thick, blue poison known to the natives as fairyscrew
juice
as it comes
without a doubt
only from the dastard snout
of the black-winged, purple-bottomed, green-eyed character
scientifically regarded
as

protobromine axial synthesespectriarc rotogenus fairyscrew)



Millertime(r)

way before Kennedy was assassinated
way before Teflon(r) was discovered
and way before three Berkley mathematicians patented a random
number generator based on the chaotic behavior of lava lamps
about two-hundred and fifty years before, in the year seventeen-
hundred and forty-two

an elephant vomited

and while that, in itself, is not surprising, as at that time elephants
roamed Long Island freely
and in large herds on the Discovery Channel(r), natural pack
hunters with coordinated attack strategy and advanced
communication systems to rival those of small, handheld electronic
devices of the twenty-first century
what happens next
is

a tiny African boy
wearing no clothing
runs in from the left edge of the screen

someone changes the channel

Rosie O'Donnell instantly fucks a live albino crocodile in the
Cincinnati zoo
Chris O'Donnell fucks Batman up the ass
Chris Rock fucks Elton John's piano
Mary from The Secret Garden loses her virginity
Jim Carey inserts tubes into the genitals of everyone's second-
favorite fictional serial killer
and a thirty-year-old model with crows feet inserts a half-empty
bottle of Millertime(r) into her bleeding vagina

someone changes the channel back

a tiny African homeboy with a tiny penis and safety pins in his
eyelids runs in from the left side of the screen and performs an age-
old ritual passed down to him from his neck-ringed ancestors

the sky darkens

the tiny homeboy makes a gang sign

the post-vomit elephant rotates itself one-hundred-eighty degrees
the post-vomit elephant poops largely into the vomit
as is popular in Europe
the poopvomit begins to bubble

the tiny homeboy sits back on a rock and introduces a fatty fat
blunt from the crevice of his ass
he twirls it around his fingers
and sparks it
with the juice of a column of lightning

which then jumps to the cauldron of poopvomit
and ignites it
to massive hydroelectric
firestorm
inferno smoking Hiroshima
shadow flash
burning images into time
itself

into the myth of quarks
echoes
casting residue
of the conflagration
as the elusive subjects
of scientific inquiry

the homeboy re-inserts a blood-spattered marijuana cigarette into
the Millertime Vagina(r) and walks slowly back across the
Serenghetti plain

Maury Povich secretly obtains a Jacob's ladder piercing
Madonna secretly gives Stephen Hawking a blow job
AOL(r) publicly buys Time/Warner"
Spike Lee directs his first Nike commercial
Madonna publishes the Stephen Hawking photographs on the
Internet
a government clerk named SallyJoJohnson processes the official
trademark registration of the Millertime Vagina(r)
Millertime(r) launches a suit against AOL/Time Warner(r) for
improper use of the Millertime Vagina(r) trademark

the tiny African homeboy finally reaches home after a long walk
across the Serenghetti

then

Kennedy is assassinated, etc.



UDCS for Dummies:

Learn the Unified Demigoddess Classification Scheme in
12 Easy Lessons

Lesson 1: The Spectral Virgin

namely, Julia, the spectral virgin, climbing branches on a spectral
cherry tree

namely, a large hunk of Bob

namely, Bob's gaping mouth

namely, Bob's cruddy fingernails

namely, Bob's nose hair, unruly beyond a month

namely, Bob's sweat

namely, Bob's urine, which smelled of swamprot and indicated a
less-than-utopian dietary fingerprint

namely, Julia's panties, visible from below for Bob's gawk

namely, Julia's legs (Julia is a goddess, and goddesses have nice

legs (actually, Julia is a flipside/ crosshatch/ demigoddess/ class

seventeen, and such demigoddesses invariably have nice legs (class

means age in the Unified Demigoddess Classification Scheme

(UDCS) so Julia is seventeen years old at this moment)))

anyway

Julia is climbing up the tree

Bob is sitting below gawking

and the girl slips

due to a large stripe of crumbling bark and falls below

through the distance of a mile

during which time the boy opens his mouth

then opens it wider

then opens it wider and wider and wider and wider
until the class seventeen demigoddess
accelerated by gravity's clutch

drops snugly
into the gooey
whale mouth
of the lusty mortal

Lesson 2: Being Completely Unable
namely, Julia being completely unable to breathe

Lesson 3: Actually Being
namely, Julia's panties actually being in a bunch

Lesson 4: "Live from Times Square, this is Carson Daly, host of
MTV's Total Request Live. Today our guest will be Julia Stiles."
namely, Julia's father being in the audience
exercising the problem with the sex scene in her new movie
it's not gratuitous
it's a real scene
she says
but Carson is far from convinced
why did it have to be with a black boy?
god dammit
why am I on MTV?
why do I get this channel?
and after this movie she's going back to college
she's going to Columbia
god dammit
let's go Carson
come on

let's go to commercial

Lesson 5: Et tu?

alabaster zipperfucker suspended in a viscous mixture of saline #4 and industrial lubricant #719, calling me on the lobby phone at work, laying rollercoaster tracks underwater, intimating me in your latest scandal, trading me on the after-hours market, shorting me, hedging me with this week's doughnut, glassy eyes looking to the future, to Columbia and beyond, beyond the rise and the fall, the building and the burning, beyond the guilding and the turning inward to find Hobbes' atomic landLocke theory, welcome to the post-post-modern clique, where all that matters is that you're dead and I'm not-pow! motherfucker, this is what we teach at Columbia, the post-post-mortem and the pre-pre-embryonic translucence known to the common man as elegendary motherfuzzuckin skillz, you know what I'm sayin'? the bed mouse, the head louse, the beach house, yes? this eon's X-Games hosted by the undertow of the second wave of thermodynamics

alabaster zipperfucker imitating me, twice baked half full serendipity nexus, the endless defiance olympic caught forever in the desert, cave retreating nascent springs, Oko Yamayuta, the brilliant winner takes all, begs the question, yes we really do care what kind of peanut butter makes up the p in her pbj

alabaster zipperfucker wearing Tommy Jeans, Alabaster Zipperfucker Jeans worn by Tommy Girl, Tommy Girl with the zipper between her alabaster teeth

alabaster zipperfucker jumping a freight train, sliding to New Mexico for a spell's poison apple mysticism, re-appropriating resources from slush fund A to slush fungus B, re-appropriating apple sauce containing dangerously high levels of BHT, eating BHT straight out of the can, eating BHT by itself, putting BHT on a plate in the microwave because you like your BHT hot, get the powdered kind, added to nothing just to keep everything fresh, okay? added

to me to keep me fresh, added to every pair of Alabaster
Zipperfucker jeans in the factory to keep your ass fresh, added to
your ass in the womb during the second trimester

alabaster zipperfucker walnut relegation, alabaster Latino,
alabaster trickstyle 180*, alabaster trumpets, alabaster Megadeth,
alabaster wail, alabaster silver lining my jail, alabaster walnut ditto-
fucker delegation, alabaster multi-processor, alabaster insurance
policy, alabaster nutsack, alabaster photo emulsion, alabaster
wetback, alabaster X-Files, alabaster nutcase, alabaster
muffinfucker, alabaster hooptie (8-cylinder), alabaster druglord,
alabaster Rodney King, alabaster top-to-bottom home remodeling,
alabaster re-instatement of policy, alabaster nipple clamps,
alabaster superstar, alabaster mosquito, alabaster contagion,
alabaster talk show, alabaster freak show, alabaster gladiators,
alabaster betrayal, alabaster

alabaster

Et tu, Cleopatra?

Lesson 6: A is for Alphabet

Alphabet singing of the

Breath giggle

Cunt tickle, loosing hungry dogs for a

Drastic sniff and hunt wiggle

Elevator carnage gettin'

Freaky in a hip jig, a strip wig, an oil rig, a boil, rip, and snipe swig,

a

Generous helping of

Her suck that and stuck pig

Interactive flesh

Junkies' Wonderland of

Karamel

Lollipops

Marshmallow

Neverland of
Orange-yellow, panoramic rotoscoping butterfly cavities of
Plush interior pleasure-filled plurality,
Quickening the pace of my cardiac normalities
Running me away from this self-imposed depravity
Starting
To
Undress the
Virgin
Waitress' causes schisms, coaxes jism, not to mention frees me from
the hoax of prison in the prism of my mind, lets the analysts
unwind, touches bleeding me and blinding me with deja
premonition, always knew she'd someday back with action months
of
Xhibition
Yearbook photographs in which I whip, bite, and nip her, the
trophy is this snap of her teeth around my
Zipper

Lesson 7: Et tu? Revisited
namely, alabaster suicide

Lesson 8: "Sometimes nothing can be a pretty cool hand."
Julia Stiles cutting the heads off parking meters

Lesson 9: Fields of Rye
Julia dwarfed by endless fields of Rye, a storm brewing, static in the
air

Lesson 10: An Entire Chapter of Someone Else's Book
Julia as a turtle, crossing the road for an entire chapter of someone
else's book

Lesson 11: Vardaman
Julia as my mother. Julia as a fish.

Lesson 12: Ape Shit

Julia Stiles hearing about all this and Julia going ape shit



the transient fish

bubbling

brimming

incessantly swimming

invariably hawing and hemming the line

bathing soapless with subterranean swine

bristling with anemone, shark, and brine

delicate specimen

destiny's dish

running in the ice

the transient fish

phosphorous glow

zoom fast pause slow

stop know

through winter's brittle forest

you see her far below

powder packed under each foot

walking in the snow

frozen glass tubules

tapped

ring a diamond flute

droplets

globules

up down strange charmed

bottom

top
perfect still invisible

ice runner
stream cutter
river-walking skydiver bloodhound
tuning that instrument
of electromagnetic sound
the deadly flow
seductive cajole
unrestrained "oh"
that is the undiluted singular byproduct
of the organ gargle
the audio swish
known to friends of the deep
as the transient fish

there
below
beyond your reach
lies the mystical
egotistical
hyper-quizzical
Buddha-baby
stroked by a solar wind
warmed with nuclear light
eyes so bright
soaring, prancing
dancing on the keys

wrapped in a funnel of stars
vortex spinning
glitter fairies abound

the floor
a train

of underwater crabs

my knees on this slab of earth
face turned to the transience, which
sings of satisfaction
sings of ends
to timeless journeys
blends
the grains, this feather
mends
the cracks of sky

kneeling here
lulled softly by the singing trance
wrapt to the siren stroll
smiling at the bubbling organ, laughing
at the bottom of this brimming sea

currents shaping
sculpting
endless

but

what smoother song could they possibly wish
than the hisses and the kisses
of the transient fish?

Keep looking at it. (2002)

Continue staying there. Be unrelenting in applying pressure to the pain. When the right song comes around, put the player on repeat. Press through stages. Zoom in. Zoom out. Move over slightly. Zoom in again. When moment presents itself, allow self to integrate with moment. When something of interest comes across, allow it to become something of sphere, allow something of sphere to become something of self, something of self to become something of gravity, something of gravity to become something of depth. Surprise become delight, delight become ecstasy. Spark become tingle, tingle become wave. Wave become oceans. Oceans cover globe. Allow slightest discomfort to give way to decided trouble, decided trouble give way to distinct pain, distinct pain give way to unbearable torture. Only then I know I hurt, only then I can bleed through it, breathe through it, wash myself of it, purge, drown, sweat, expel. Only after the black hole collapse, crush of weight, can I truly be of air, weightless, no border between other and self, water in water, space in space, breath in breath, motion in motion, chaos in chaos, body in body, light in light..

The Second Monkey teaches that pain cannot be salved by circumvention. Numbing pain never makes it go away. Only after going through it, on the other side, is there beauty, peace, fullness. Only after the terror of chaos comes tranquility, stillness. So it is that depth lies on the other side of pressing; that ecstasy is the millionth rushing ocean wave, the first of which is only a tickle..

If I die before you do, (2002)

do not for an instant of your consciousness think that I did not live. Do not for one billionth of a second think that my death was a shame. Do not, if I die young, think it a tragedy I did not live to old age. Because in this moment, as I write this, I am alive as few can ever say they are alive. Alive in such terms of self-awareness, body, thought, logic, integral spirit, that I am beyond care of your impressions, beyond care of the seeking of accomplishment, beyond care of the search for validation, beyond care of punishment, beyond care of pretense, beyond care of order's illusion, beyond limitation of humility, beyond the false-step of pride, beyond the torture of self-censure, beyond the prison of morality, beyond the hell of acceptance, beyond the stagnancy of self-regulation, beyond the cell of language, beyond the cast of fear. I am. I am. And I pray that the chaos of time conspires to burden you with fission and ecstasy beyond even this mere animal state. I pray to the chaos I constantly distrust to bring you shades of insanity breathing you the gullet of a dog's fuselage, breathing you the claws of the dolphin, breeding in you discomfort that leads to unbearable agony that leads to inevitable peace, heavy peace, heavy like the ocean, heavy like the waves, heavy like the sand, heavy like air, heavy like moss, heavy like static, and lightning, and breeze in summer/spring. I pray the cosmos curse you with insatiability and care-not-ful-ness and deep, writhing, living invincibility. With a Circle. With the rapture of the mathematical symbol known as pi. With complete disregard and complete staple respect. With forlorn wistfulness. With lost. Lost. Walking. Moving. Transience. With home-ful-ness, with the diabolical opposite of homelessness, as Shringara and I came to know we possessed, homelesslessness. The inability to be outside of that over which you are master and lover, slave and guide. The inability to be Truly lost, the inability to be completely comfortable. Forced into the world of stepping it up a notch. Constantly. Constantly being beyond fullness and constantly being hungry for the Next. Insatiable. Conscious. With Conscience. As Martin Luther said, here I stand, I can do no other. The very definition of

the nature of the Truth of Truth. Prostrate to the compilation of all the latest information you have incurred. Slave to the constant desire for freedom. I speak now not From, but Through, and bow away from all association, aware of and {consciously, fully} integrated with my possession. Claiming none, whispering all, vanishing and appearing again as the space between space, gone and here, apprised of all the repercussions, briefed on inconsistency, caring none, caring all, caring deeply for the you of You, one I have known and yet, have yet to know, one I have much to teach, one from whom I have infinitely more to learn..

I am possessed, possessed completely, by none other than myself; therefore, call me Halcyon.

Pussy in tight shorts, soccer shorts (2002)

(Message from the "pussy" word bowl)

slicing it with thirsty fangs which joined somewhere in the middle
of her tissues

invite me to lunch alone

I can turn the Zen on with a light switch

what is that?

some dude on acid running down the street screaming naked with
a board

the drink in her hand

passing out on the front porch

And find my lips forming your words

Fear is whatever I am not prepared for.

Julian and I continuing to drink

Digging inward to find the source of his agony (2002)

(Message from the "pussy" word bowl)

hoards of untamed beasts hustled from out the exaggerated fissure
between her legs

the mattress, now stained sickly reddish-brown
as his hand smoothly stripped her of her panties

and though she tried to bring her hands to his head he pushed
them away

for the first time that night

it lay waiting, mute, tranquil for seconds at a time, only to
suddenly resume the inexorable tortures

Haiku by Suzanne and me (2002)

it's so romantic

I'm retching, revolting, oh

they're one in the same

spypawn (2003)

every winter I lock myself in the house

I eat ice cream and cheddar cheese

lock myself in the internet

jack green pepper navigation over digital gass

schythe characters internal the japanese hookah

swank

I make calls to the white house politic

run the dish on the garage due east

five times a day

carpet magick caramel color phosphorus prank calls

in the monument

english folds like cashmere parliament robes

scarlet district of the roman senate

necklace asp

blodd pinprick shame the ivy walk

that rocked me to sleep

she

laced me sweat the floor depressed on a nickel bag

black eye softloop hairtwiggle sheared to the maximum skunk

migwyn jing holla skomp clobber my pipe

roll me over

down throw me

choke

swaller

butterfly in my throat

lodge stop stop lodge

tear my limb from limber doll

breath

broke

swallow me greed

swallow me soft

reinvent the dawn

sacrifice strategy the queen

reintention passion edit the jeans pause

edit the screams off

medic the call nemergency number
slay my slumber
ride slow dopely moper in the backroom
slide the pool cue table and chalk blankboard somnia
necro-inter-mancer-in-submission
advises
granite songs by rote
and
clockwork promotion of the spypawn

Africa (2005)

a Hornet stung the virgin under my left foot
toilet stall, metal, pastel blue, Yellow urine, rust
it's like a Needle going in
like a very Tiny needle
Sundays
laughing with the Missionary girl
all the Kids from church while supper
and parents and Everything was going on
she said, what would you like to Be
i said Change
and she whispered Words to me in english
Struggling free
Truer than this newest you
(Lost on campus greens, under ivy leagues, and deeper in dick than
moby)
Who's playing games?
once, they told the missionary girl not to Run barefoot in the field
like I did always
we played Prison over the lagoon
the Door really locks if you wrap it in a palm leaf
you make me a Basket
and you would make me a Bracelet
(and a Skirt)
and i Try
to Remember
You
Lifting
Your dress
for Me
and your Hair flows
windy Brown strands
of missionary Girl
Friend
your armpits smell like Africa

{Almost as much} (2007)

{I love square brackets [almost] as much as I love curly ones.} I love Three-Part Inventions almost as much as I love those with only Two. I love Gouda almost as much as I love Brie. I love mountains almost as much as I love oceans. I love Saturday almost as much as I love Thursday. I love the number four almost as much as I love sixteen. I love blue almost as much as I love orange. I love spring almost as much as I love the fall, numbers almost as much as letters, the verbal almost as much as the visual, the figurative almost as much as the literal, the concrete almost as much as the abstract, the sensible almost as much as the playful, and that which wanders almost as much as that which is directed.

You can't write on blogs (2007)

not if you want to speak what you really feel and speak in specifics, **self-expression is anti-social**, the survival trait in groups is delicately not to offend, groups require exactly this, I used to think me and my friends were special, but no, this is all groups, all workplaces, or maybe I just miss my old friends, and that is no offense to my current friends (some of whom are old friends), it takes time to get to know people usually, except for those rare sparkling soulmates you meet on the first word (actually before, in the first look), that's those though, some are built well with time, built better?, not sure, think it varies on a case by case basis, and actually me and my friends are special, when I compare what I thought at the time with what happened later they never match, now I remember that when I think at the time, the present seems all-consuming right now, and the relevance pass, I mean relevance passes, but the syllabic nature of the present tense works so much better in that statement don't you think?, sometimes I feel like I can't understand what someone is saying, I feel like I'm slow and stupid, and sometimes later it seems instead that we were talking different languages, or maybe I convince you that what I'm saying makes sense right at the moment that I am convinced that what you are saying makes sense when the two are at odds, as of late I think of the meta-skill of knowing **what to do** that goes with knowing how to do, favorite example being the old man and the sea, why is that his most revered book?, it's no mistake it came nearer the end of his career than the start, that book wasn't hard for him to write I suspect, the writing was easy, the unusual thing he did there wasn't writing a book, it was knowing what book to write, that's the difference between young hemingway and old hemingway, old hemingway knew much much better not how to write, but what to write, what was appropriate to write, what was timely and what would be resonant and impactful to write, a million people know how to tend the gardens of software but none of us know what to plant hardly that would make any difference, the skillful application of a tattoo is relatively common compared to the insightful wise judicious selection of a tattoo I'll never forget, like a

comma, like lincoln, those are good tattoos, but mostly everyone gets tribal knots and kanji symbols, what else can I say without offending anyone?, of course everyone including me is afraid that everyone else will take offense to what we say and who we are but of course actually everyone wants to really hear all those things and see us be all those things that are really us, but it's still hard, there's still that temptation to fear, I never really understood karma until this year, in my early twenties people used to say I had karma in the bank, at present that account is overdrawn and I think it had to happen before I could appreciate what karma is, I used to think it was this crappy new age thing but now I know it's more like you make your bed and you lie in it, it doesn't really have anything to do with anyone else, I have this new policy I love, I love my policies, my new policy is **if you're a shithead I don't have to be nice to you**, well actually that's the crude version the real version is if you're aligned against me I won't help you in any way ever, for instance my policy used to be that I needed to be true in a moment, which meant being true to others too, I had to change that, when you're sharing a moment with someone who wants to hurt you, it doesn't make sense to help them, even if to avoid helping them you have to withhold information (which I classify as a lie), you start with a clean slate naturally but once you become a shithead the normal laws do not apply, once you become a shithead I don't need to speak to you, respond to you, help you look good to people I know who you are trying to impress, once you become a shithead I can without qualm withhold information from you that would prevent you from being hurt, yep, once you're a shithead I no longer have any duty to help you, once you're working against me, once you're trying to hurt me, I put you in the last page of my book and I refer to the policy whenever coming in contact with you, once you become a shithead you can basically suck it, and you can become not-a-shithead, it's actually quite easy, I don't keep grudges, all you have to do is stop doing things to hurt me, simple, so simple, and yet so hard for some of you, and if you're reading this and you're a shithead, then stop being a shithead, although most of the people I know who read this aren't shitheads, but we're

all shitheads a little bit, and I reject any content that objects to style, form follows function and all that, of course it doesn't, of course it doesn't, I saw this ad in a magazine, it said **subaru is a proud sponsor of women who kick butt**, they were trying to get women to buy suvs, I cut it out and taped it to my door and when I look at it I say to myself, of course they aren't, of course they aren't, even if subaru gave an suv to every woman on the planet there's just no way that statement could ever be true, subaru is a proud sponsor of women who kick butt?, of course they aren't, of course they aren't, of course form does not follow function, function is impossible without form, form is impossible without function, a form cannot be without effect, nothing can be effected outside of form, so take your movie reviews that say elizabeth the golden age is bogged down under the weight of its visual grandeur, it's a movie not an almanac, movies are pictures and sounds and if you don't go gaga over pictures and sounds when you make a movie and when you watch a movie then I suggest you stop making movies and stop watching them, that's you in the plural, as in, all of humanity, what makes a movie a movie and not a book, what makes prose prose instead of poetry, is the nature of the snapshot, **the nature of the snapshot**, there I made it a title see, the nature of the snapshot is it's a unique moment in time that will never exist again, of which there will never be a copy, that look on a face, the way the sky was for one hour on one night of the entire universe, that's what poetry is, what's poetic in a thing is what can't be translated into another form, what's poetic and meaningful and special about the gettysburg address is everything I have never felt because I was never there, what's poetic about it is everything that would be lost if someone else spoke it, what's poetic about it is everything that would not survive translation into any other language, as such if you're going to make anything in a form, which if you make anything you're going to be doing whether you like it or not, you better do things that you can only do in that form, that are loved and supported by that form better than they are supported or loved or made possible by any other form, otherwise you do not understand the form you are using, and you do not know anything

about form, and anyone who considers form to be a frill is the very picture of an idiot when it comes to function, it goes the other way too, you know who you are, scientists who consider business an assailant to the purity of your methods, businesspeople smug in your inability to feel art, artists too visionary to consider what is right in front of your face, your hunger your need for sex your want of comfort, you are a fool to deny the pain in your wrist as any less important than all those wonderful abstractions, I am speaking to myself of course

watching. eating. reading. drinking. (2007)

watching iconoclasts. **eating** smoked mussels. **reading** junot diaz.

drinking volvic. **listening to** fat of the land. **anticipating** new
years day. **missing** home. **touching** you.

Everything that cannot be looked up (2007)

aware of all the textual interwovenness, **capable** of sorting all the broadcast monochrome faces, to you, when I enter your office we all agree I am seeking your advice, plush strawberry greenscreen, and now you think I'm off the edge, but really I introduced that syntax to filter you out, rainbowcolor silk pushing directionally this or that, watching to see which direction is your eye twitch, au contraire, this whole thing constructed to monitor *your* awareness, I know you're thinking about why I did what I did, that's why I did it, I am like a tiger in a zoo, 'cept I opened the zoo just so you would drop %10 to come and see me, that way I can observe you better, innocence, not, brownyellow, teeth, afraid of nonsense, you, syntactic sugaerpye, 320×200, mmm, hmmm, mmmhmmm, **remember** moments then mapping sets onto smaller sets amateurs consolidating all of mathematics onto set mapping problems in small city coffeehouses I know what you're trying to do but beware the trap of summary speech summary thought confetti is easy to vacuum did you write this high did you write this drunk I drink volvic motherfucker in your sobrest hour you wouldn't imagine the plainness of my height, your farthest gone wouldn't hold a teacup to my shakeless sobriety, when you think I'm off the end I am playing with you in boredom so be offended, in love, don't mistake smugness for success, don't mistake invention for interest, don't mistake procedure for deity, don't mistake construction for transcendence, don't mistake confidence for quality, don't mistake laughter for audience, don't mistake interpretation for wanting, don't mistake code for handshake, don't mistake wygglemuffyn h. brownstar for a naturally-blonde o.u. co-ed, mistake not abbreviation for brevity, mistake not inaccuracy for censorship and know that she worked in the frost in burrito buggies scarfpale 3.4 stretchygygglestyck bk doub whp chs hvy chs every byte researched, what is it that you cannot look up on google? that's what you should be thinking about tonight, everything that cannot be looked up on google, like, what do they call it when you order extra cheese on a whopper at burger king? if you've ever worked at burger king you certainly know: "heavy

cheese" :a googlesearch for "heavy cheese burger king" only returns 140 results but how many people know and think about this arcane fact (more than 140×1000), you need to develop a repertoire of things to search for that nobody knows, whenever everyone searches for something bodies materialize to satisfy them, what does everyone know that no one asks about? what is no one asking about? what are **the terms in which no one is asking** or saying a goddamn thing? "mad props" to foucault for asking this last question, pretty much the only interesting one to be posed for a long time

To Astrea, Shringara, Tatiara (2008)

Red, orange, green, blue, brown, violet. Sometimes I think of salt water and symphonies, see connections in National Geographic pictures to rivers that have bathed my naked body. Mineral snakes : blood .. chocolate : Contessa. Rose water and voting systems. Stealing cemetery flowers with dead friends for our amusement. And Beethoven would probably kill me for saying this. But I love you.

rolled up Lincolns (2010)

I go through pockets and find New Orleans crowded bills rolled up
Lincolns / five year old makes up title bests Fitzgerald with
"Queen of the Ocean" / and I slept in the ants in the French quarter
last fall / knowing nothing of any of this / ex-girlfriends stop by
perchance while I'm trying on every sunglass pair in the shop /
with meaningless 'I saw you's and 'how are you's and dead silence
when you come to terms with that you have no reason to speak to
me / railroad tracks / Santa Barbara / invoke association-ing-s /
that park at the end of the ocean / we sunburn / asphalt picnic /
and she comes along and she comes along and / cooler packed
with sandwiches uneaten / describing West Hollywood
etymology / emergency swimsuits / impulse beach supply /
northeast to Sunset / billboards cooler lie / the strip / and
Lamborghini's / crestfall / misspell / crooked / my mistake trail /
age of Jazz / and here and here and here we are / I meet my pants
and one year later refrain from purchase / nothing since has
changed / two years since nothing has changed / politic / your
imaginary landscape / scores have changed / but the raggedy edge
around my ankles speaks to the none / I'll stick with these for a
while longer

one of our songs (2010)

cold ocean
in the moonlight
and purple stars

that
even though
you and I does not exist

I know what happens
to one of our songs

are there by your side
have lost the path

How do you move
over the valley
where it sails away
into the sea

I will hold together
fears sweet
melt
in the heat of the dance

is off the world
and we left it with you
to move to tears

we have the eyes
of my joy
and moss

enhancing my senses
and kissed on the hill
under a tree

Rhythm is our eyes
to be found
in the absence of light

I guess there is silence
in the space
of a smile

on
your face
speaks slowly

tickle her
cheeks
and nose to nose
touch

hair
soft melody
and quiet

bright moon
and the clouds move out of the sea

cursed nothing like a wave (2010)

I am the real name

who

lives in his mind like the wind

but may expand

Steps through the sand boil

cursed nothing like a wave

Crossed-fingers lovers (2010)

I see the bed
Cover and shred them.

Substances
that cause
the bleeding
of your dreams

You confuse me
to include me

My eyes are exposed
in the suffocation
of a high-pitched scream

Crossed-fingers lovers
it's snake bite
caresses and pain.

We are forever / We are separated (2010)

The gods manufacture and shame
and
converting those to come
will be thrown
through the gap
disappeared

Weird shadows naked
blatant master
director of the paradox
the eternal frustration inspired of magicians.

We are forever
deduction, interpretation and understanding of the conventional
We are separated

Escape, the collapse of weaving
destiny and freedom
gapping the bridge between gravity
and conquer the possibilities.

We quietly, certainly / betray (2010)

We quietly, certainly
betray
the most basic silly touch
the first clown.

We have the spirit of science and the science of spirit.
We leave it unawares
rape pods
and chew the kernel.

We have to leave you
or someone
broke
in between in this half-dead
not-consuming input
And you lose, it's everything.

There is a great expression / which chaffs the skin tight (2010)

We are flesh

We are a physical form
of the forbidden paradise

There is a great expression
which chaffs the skin tight
Light breaks apart the walls of time and space

Specific power for rich fabrics
the golden thread in my water
swims to the clouds.

At the bottom of the sea is filled with
laughing (2010)

through the cracks of fatty acids and referral
back to sitting on a rock

full-skirt saline with a soap-filled
pig anemone
the fate of fine food samples
to run a temporary fish in ice

Under the charm of top
is the perfect flute
frozen, not yet listed

ice river walk
Wanton "Yes."
and the warm sun caressed by the wind light
as bright as the eyes of a key

rotation of stars
surrounded by a funnel

this wing
mends cracks in the sky

At the bottom of the sea is filled with laughing

immersed in a girl with a broken tree (2010)

She was barefoot, cotton
Is not my dream
to her
that I could wish a temporary kiss?

She smells her bathrobe
the man
who gets her papers in bed

I reach for smooth legs
melt her clothes on the floor
I know she blushed when she heard.

And sometimes touching
so carefully to her
like a secret whisper trembling
afraid to leave the house

I find my lips
to form your words

Through the delicate fabric
when she kissed me
she was shaking
I could not put a smile on my silence

in silence
I can promise
my heart
you will not remember my name

her shirt untucked when we came
she wriggled it before
tucking them unzipped

because she does not hesitate for a
change her clothes in front of my eyes

I like how the fear is always satin
eye catching after the show during a break
in the hallway of her eyes

Sitting on a mat with her
After you have been a friend
of what happened before

and heard it from downstairs
piano

She has it in her bed
with leather
in my submission
to the inherent potential

to remove protective distance
Would you afraid?
I'm curing, melting

immersed in a girl with a broken tree
she invited me

An empty bride's / soft and quiet devastation

An empty bride's
soft and quiet devastation
bored one thousand

barbed wire
briarpatch fences

in the back row
bedroom
of some other
bad boys

carnation
of her eyebrows
and hunger
in his own

her legs were run over a mixed network of sea and turning

jumping
billiard
baby
boy

the unknown liquid poison
running his finger down
a silver moon

dead breath
disappearing hand

sharp falls
below the floor

a drunken diving

cry and close
wine glass rings
and feel dimming

take a bow
like a baby
out of breath.

fractions / if we overcame a sideshow (2010)

fractions

if we overcame a sideshow

blinking on repeat

five slipping echoes

sounding the eyelash tunnel

nine rules

posted on the door

for the timbre of a ghost

I had a comment microphone

sweetly full of

noisy pink decay

groping

sensation of color loudness

in periodic terms

dark as an impassable cat

without exit

she never sang a song again (2010)

At the same room number
for him
checked the hospital to leave

I have decided this news
too well
will take my pain

who gave up fabric tearing
never for a coin.

A low-cast sling
capped at tragedy
reeling in years

the whole room dancing
she never sang a song again.

Midnight rail you left (2010)

take me with you
the next time

The next time you need a break
air
when you need the space of stars

Let me come
in silence spoken
(leave my words behind)

Put me on your back
carry me
there's a place in this bag