

Rich Holowka, he's our man.

If he can't do it, Nobodaddy can!

I can see it now, the palazzo
a tomb, the blurred line first employed
to pry apart passions and rhymes.

I can hear it now, the bent
gorilla wire dreadful as snare drums
blinking code words for famous manias.

And I could tell that supernatural beings are prone
to counting errors, to retelling old prophecies...
until a creamy, until a stench, until a handful or loose grasp –

No... I am scared all the time.

Fifteen minutes into the future and
you can't find parts. Little mists appear, too,
causing havoc at garden parties with a harmony that paralyzes everything...

A gold can calls to me sternly. Of all the songs
this god-damned eternal wakefulness –
please, not while entertaining – is ready to burn down the house.

Hundreds upon hundreds of times
a similar buzz, like a philosopher's clear paradeigma
through zero visibility. If I wanted to, I could go out right now,

blame everything on you. You're not
surprised by that, are you? It's only a device
to avoid being alone, coincidentally, the earliest use of the teleporter.

I see your muscles contracting. It is normally
easy enough to guess when the big car
pulls up, the mob's bodyguard beside you. Shaman? Showman? Just shoot.

But how to switch bodies? Yes, us,
attentive adults. Toys strewn everywhere.
Several scenes with piano, torso. Our celebrity grows, then deep suffering.

Unbang. Soon, soon. As if I'd reside entirely for
other eyes or to make a perfectly untraceable orgy
for myself on a spear point or bubbly top hat.

It is a vanity, yes, but is it conspiratorial on the part of asphalt to emphasize
drinking water? Or just a requiem for goo? There's always some
bang blue enough to resist making expensive handbags and wallets
among the newest exploitable poor...

Because I am upstream, slapped, each plunge
disclosing the plotty nature of plane geometry,
I see now that blue don't ice, weeks wait

obediently, and the shortest salt heaves. No, it's not
a threat but a chair, not a clash finally exploding – only
one smooth wall to preserve one from a guru reading aloud.

Such lost abilities: remaining seated at intermissions and being outcast,
the slow unbuttoning that balances at the very mist of dancing,
all, all before ago spills, everlasting. Thus, the sparks.

The grid, as though negated
by shadows of the sharply, is painted in dove gray,
cheered on, and it overflows

into maritime broadcasts, long lunches,
the female self at the top of the stairs.
So what if dogs or reserved seats laugh?

Across the bitter, newish connective tissue
of the demi-male's armed forces
a hunting people sought full time

teaching jobs in beach shacks, all night
restaurants and the temporary earthen pots
of past lovers. Don't talk to me,

male muse, of amber bottles of pills
and snow light, the master form
of rain before the ultra hangover.

Don't make shoes eyelids or serums
an angry mob. You are not those planets,
or the second group of turnstiles and cooler seasons.

Cream has been. The word is not
a cloudless sky or an unbearable
black bar, or slaveholder in a business suit.

One substitution, enjoy it. Here I climb,
here I snap. Only I don't. Everything
is flooded. My story too. The unfinished sees you breathing.

If speed turns disloyal as drinking water, then the adversarial kabuki
of breathing – wrong again. I almost forgot how I work.
Madly, that is: here, once, who, how, oh.

I wish I could be a respector of the silver uniforms and word bubbles
of the fantastic everbeings who gloat about their two hillbilly dimensions.
They are, I concede, incredible, like central cooling, or the cracked marble fountains
of backward motion.

In meditation, ice is just, pools obedient. For myself, wonder smarts, and the table sings,
serious suddenly as a canceled soap op.

Look at Jesus' eyes.

You will notice they are closed.

Look at Jesus

as he strides across Mars.

All others appear a layer beneath, behind a machine sticky with dust,
'verything of the almost airless bubb, the transitional foolability obscured
by flights of secret government anti-gravitational aircraft.

Clutch what I say.

Cup with open hands, then squeeze in your fist.

Drop those gloomy royal blue rooms where a dark figure waits out peekabo night.

Most,
after seeing a place as an icon,
will continue to hustle, avoid the burlesques, justly,
directed at aging champions
or their ships, which take the distinctive shape
of takeout boxes favored by Chinese restaurants.

A wonderfully heady atmosphere, this time of naming the guilty,
although loudspeakers on the corner pretty much ruined me for school.

They
chased me, my generation,
down crowded plazas at noon. They chased me through alleys at twilight.
They chased me into old mine shafts, shuttered row houses, the shucked carapaces
of rusting autos, to the docks, to the old trade routes under sand
visible only to satellite photography.

After all, they had been educated in high theory,
although they were in many ways more comfortable assuming the role of sunlight.

Snow and lines, colors and punishment:

there may be other things, there is no other way.

Use this space. Everybody else proposed a further.

You see the effect. No, but well told,
like a sign of encouragement, like long forgotten sea waves.
When the sickening freeze frame brought me to this purple, I could not stop laughing.

Lighted signs, boats on the river, laboratory explosions,
like comedians of the silent catechism response: the highest doses
of the brutal double enjoy a second life as artifact

All this indirection makes me thirsty,
like seeing earth the first time, without her make-up –
Oh, baby, I shouldn't have said that!

Put your shoulder to the crumbling embassy.
It's your effort, your pure desire, your yes-you-can that matters:
a good intention explodes and disperses. (That's how dictatorships are named
and numbered.)

In hindsight, I was sailing away.
Computers replicated dice and maps.
You begin, I suppose, to understand why
I'm drawing hints of atonement to your attention.

Need more convincing? My decision
to wander down to the beach appears simultaneously
uncharacteristic of my temper and yet the most complete articulation of a frayed mood.

I'm so glad I did it. It was nice not to have to be a pedant,
to feel an obligation to say something about everything.
Now, if you would for once just go away
without an awkward pause of a thinly veiled allusion to some annoying tic.

Once one stifled laugh could be taken as a complete friendship.
Reaching for you, the flesh of the underside of my arm tingled in anticipation
of long uncut lawns. I felt pebbles, gravel, dirt, grit.

I dared hope the French curves might be de-burred.
Obnoxious roaring, like everlasting Niagara, only to discover a hand
of yours brushing away this crust with the expert
flick of the those we used to call housewives.

My erstwhile friends and admirers rushed to criticize me.
Only now, centuries later, has my reputation returned to its towering heights,
albeit with the darker, more subversive element of an accomplice.

Giftfully and namelessly, grass, hair, cable
wander the linear scrapbooks, woofing and sobbing.

Is this just another narcotic ritual journey to lecture them,
the blanketed and the prodded? Or the flight of the seabird, covered with scales,
that will soon replace the newly impossible?

As the second deadline neared, one began to question
the reports, a distrust born from a taste for crime stories.
You may confess your loneliness, and your history of bad
choices raises the most difficult questions.

Indeed, it must be difficult, for a film buff such as yourself, to see
a favorite diva was not talented after all.
Tonight you wandered down to the beach, you wrote. So glad you did.
Many times you don't get to see the sunset despite

house sitting in a seaside resort. That wonderfully heady atmosphere
pretty much ruins you for hints at redemption, though
the problem, of course, is much more general, as noted by magic theorists
who unerringly identify curiously flat places

in most lives, especially addiction to conventional wisdom regarding the unstoppable.
One might as well as know how to restrain oneself
from chasing thieves into train tunnels, resist the rare screening
of seldom seen movies, or wiping eyes after seeing a female butt in shorts.

Look at my face. Such transformations do not take place overnight.
I am fortunate to travel in social circles where
these kinds of deception bring to light previously
neglected elements of the complete poem of poems.

My duties? My daily routines? My biggest challenges?
Sexual content deemed unacceptable by local standards – for now.

My network of sympathetic reporters is stretched increasingly thin,
and the renowned universities are seldom any help.

Arete no es possible en masse, lads.

Still trying to grasp the existential implications of certain sitcom farces?

Perhaps none. True, but very unsatisfactory.

The alternative is fear floating: you just might become a force for good.

It's like traveling far out into the sea and feeling
that you've leased a cramped studio apartment, or seeing your reputation

recovering albeit with a pistol in the hands of a newborn,
some vague renown for being one who once saved over sixty percent,

beloved as a plaque for being "one of the good ones"
one moment, out-of-control like a machine to suck up dust or the most

important building blocks of life the next. Problem is,
the one great poem is divided into three parts, any one of which has

a directly personal bearing on what an outraged
establishment labels as senseless violence, but which connoisseurs

regard more sympathetically as performance art.

In small or inflated ways, all of us are doomed to augment a measly string section.

You may see a little fantasy world and think the whisper
of a name warm, kiss savory, touch bankable, though withdrawal is seldom any help.

Those watching never gossiped, nor showed teeth
while laughing, so it must be the crunchy sound underfoot that tells you

how so many cultures make a virtue of necessities, applying
mauve and gold stenciling to our daily lumber. If my years arguing

with weeping and famous ripples taught me anything, it was
knowing I would not be required to answer this question with gaping holes again.

A price – and the data show this – one many willingly pay...

Shades of the Etruscans, a regional consortium foresees plantations
reborn as tourist destinations, subtly encouraging the awkward foreplay of sugar cane
bowed under wind, chain link desire, almost wholly swallowed by tree bark.

My lord, metal or farm, let's leave it at that, where we can agree to
something universal. A tool may make itself yet, just wait. Never could I look at the sea
and think "horse." Yet a kind of love fuels these last words exchanged in the dark,
the otherwise unspeakable warm breathing lifeless presence.

Everything charming now appalls.

Tits loom big as toll booths –

a cause is not a reason. Just wait.

Perfecting the art of offering comfort

may yet prove education is not nutrition.

An irrational fear of repeating myself
encourages constructions of a Chinatown on the outskirts of Cairo.

Even in a vacant apartment, it makes no sense to continue
with a charade, distant horizons and high empty skies above a tumble of rounded rocks.

Go on. Comb the dead leaves out.
You can make eye contact with almost every member of the audience.

Strands of unseen dark matter, now that's what you need for a flower meadow.
It's no time to be a hero. Our life accepts panic as it does buttered toast.

“This is a color photo, believe it or not”

Well, here’s the thing about my dreams:

he, in, of, still, then, this, to, which, and your.

Many of them were soon covered by the new dunes.

Much more than rumor, a new generation of mobile armor,
the closest thing to anyone’s vision of god I’ve heard,

was obviously made by hand. It’s why I choose to live alone

And groom myself each morning
as if I will, plying incredibly long fingers,
fuck an angel all day.

A group of paid assassins has surfaced from time to time,
if purely for purposes of research. Once you snap out of the reveries,
completely forthright rays occasionally reach earth.

Unfortunately, I can remember. Between and within nerve cells,
the blizzard is getting worse. Why do you continue?
The total number of lost days has the same weight as pure sugar.

No crowded airports, historical parallels, red dye for eyes:
It wasn't always so. Clamped in enormous steel corsets, the fashionista masters
torture according to church teachings. But I suspect I may have vastly greater talent.

Quick thoughts from last night can also be persuasive.

It depends on the target. A big yellow canister?

Tires of that truck? The doughnut hole?

While you treat that breathing disorder, I'll start browning bits of my personal library.

If it came right down to it, no, not from slugs.

A gloomy and threatening granite building occasionally emerges,
its red satin dressing gown provocatively undone.

A probe can be inserted at any time. I'd be able to do it myself,
for I am a great admirer of the condemned.

August being a month when you will be
even sadder, a clue to the mind-brain problem appears
in a twisted tendril, the flag, coffee cups and pocket calendars.

One final time, grin. How could witches
attack each other like this? Even if you know all
the latest tricks, they kick you out, you, the original surgeon.

One final time: so what? Consider spending your exile
in an imaginary country where horn solos answer the daily news,
and salads and toasters remain foreign to the avant garde in every way.

It's then you may feel well cheered by a prolonged
war elsewhere, probably because the virtuous claims fail.
You prepare, one final brutal time, to walk into a huge crowded room.

The outward madness of pop music's inspired nerve gas:
the everlasting back pocket, one-time, abbreviations...
I've oceaned myself with them all, happy now

to possess an autographed caricature of the gloating redeemer.

A day's sleep wouldn't do it, not sleeping in a green bedroom
nor one long drunk,
which is why I have been taking pictures that
burn while they vaporize.

The principal source of aggravation? What it was
possible to see at dawn:
underwater volcanoes and everything hidden cameras
capture, such as two-part questions...

For those of you who are not aware, pretty much
everything else that moved sucks
the sweet juices from plants and advances on many
fronts. You can peek for a second –

rather than read books – and you will be confronted
by a palpable pity for humans.

This eventually clusters into giant ridges. But by
then the damage is done. Every new translation

offers a great dance mix, a movement much like
melting, which has been portrayed as brutal.

They're going fast, fast, fast, striking the whole of
the sea with their fists to re-ignite a spark.

Don't you bother. The earth's crust began with a
newspaper account, and after some scuffles

the survivors turned it to their advantage, tailoring
secondhand clothes to fit pictures and sound.

Lots of people do this while watching erotic

film clips. They act on the street
as they would on a raft. Even though that's
pretty cool, there are other calmer voices.

Such conflicting emotions, such little direct
visible light: anyone who attempts
to mimic enough eyeballs, according to my initial
analysis, should be avoided at all costs.

You keep pushing and pushing and pushing: you
don't understand anything.

Hints of extraordinary qualities in the sea and
with the animals, or busy market streets

(because people now are more choosy) has
entered into our lives, even religious households.

Instinct tells me, that just means we can sell them
almost any type of combustible material.

Voracious swarming ants distrust those who speak
out, preferring common swear words.

Ha! You don't need to know any words, even when
horrible things are happening.

Simply glow when struck: you're never really
quite there anyway – aboard a cargo ship
or climbing a ladder, crossing safely over

a bridge to start a decent new life.

As someone who just doesn't get it, what came to mean a lot to me was the new more mobile equipment. First I had to understand how to be invigorated by conversations, or a baguette.

Despite the library of sources, I never did acknowledge the existence of the conspiracies that are starting to emerge by the billions a few miles off the frozen continent.

I will refer to just one: deep blue lines and a group of cormorants watching.

Though they could not know it, layers of sediment encouraged our tiny ancestors.

Anticipating the enhancement, I look up, finding on the tapering branches a book, a chair, hands with nails instead of claws.

I am the only person on this beach. I am the perfect ocean, another type of dying star, the problem that tonight does not continue into the future.

One wonders how I managed to have been stuck in a phase,
elaborating private mythologies, migrations across eccentric oceans.

My mind always goes back to concrete tin topped shacks, the pick-up hockey games,
peanut butter and gasoline. The problem is that we have been quibbling.

It has only been recently that vampires have suffered credible threats.
And as one becomes famous there is nothing more to be said.

Some re-enactments, as for instance, inner turmoil, hammer or girder,
need finally to come into the light. It's a simple system, I realize that.

Point a video camera, stick around long enough to hear a comb snagging loose hair.
The more you look, the more you see just far enough under.

The problem that we have, that mania for remarking, those tribes professing a world
religion...

I guess fingers should be pointed. I'm not entirely sure I'd enjoy that.

Certainly the most serious among us associate the experience with luxury and
the conclusion that it is morally permissible for a god to kill people.

The problem that we have is new access to hitherto unknown letters.
You can look it up, dude. This I'm sure is the way it will be over the next months.

One gathers from this predicament
the seemingly limitless opportunities of a San Antonio,
typically written down as an afterthought,
as if the ideal English version, haunted by the candle light of mortality,
returned in the wavering shape of a bay tree,
alert to itself, not quite sure where it came from or why.

As for me, I found exactly
what I was looking for, an exemplary
life, so it is an odd thing after a day of simmering
heat and a life stripped bare, to see the place where I died. I'll take the occasion to remind
you how the hours narrow toward a long deferred arrival:
dinner guests, doddering blues, well tailored meridians converging as they approach
the poles.

You see, the instinctive gesture intrigues me,
even after all the confusion when the satiric vein spreads. It is a green river.
It could be any war, probably the best loved,
the basis for off Broadway plays, or those annual summer weddings.
The letter I write today could change
what happened, unnoticed, yesterday – but that's a somewhat different thing,

like light coming over the mountains, someone plucking at a guitar
or the permission at last to look. Some of the freshness
during this interval just doesn't make sense! Or so I thought after
carrying messages that do not take into account
the terror present in a single long sentence, probably
the most important, spoken with some irony.

I'm not sure I get it entirely. And here was the dilemma:
while there are a lot of things I admire, bridges
and town halls and stadia,
the implicit comic conventions of the age and the countervailing pitch
of grief – all I can say, while the world and I hold our breaths,
each of us defiantly blaming the other, is, too bad.

There's much that is common knowledge, no?
Guns and children. Corn production. Pointless interrogation techniques.
Were I tempted to do so, learning the hidden hidden truth
would surely compromise my status as a trendsetter.

Near obsessive persistence can only be seen as madness,
the drawn out artistic process, that extraordinary gift
for ducking. It is far from unusual. It is a business,
as becomes clear when you talk to hired guns.

Words written above the gate enable us to forget
adolescents exist. Conventional thinkers, outraged defenders
of a genre of conspiratorial science fiction,
encourage this false belief. The result is an unmooring.

There is some more bad news: our nervous guests,
so charming, are now dead. The professional's test had to go on –
like helping the poor or riding a stolen bicycle: both maintain
a tense equilibrium of unacknowledged interests.

Humble piece work. How unexpected it is, like
the asphalt outside the bedroom, the rise
of the average temperature, a used furniture
warehouse regarded as pure monument.

Powerful nameless forces, I'm looking at you.
Have we been deceived on the question of belonging?
We're still waiting. That much is common knowledge.
The good news is, it is a failed business.

Praise really belongs to the unknown.

Black and pink pillows tried everything,
as few books have done. To run screaming
is one of the signs that something is very right.

It's perfectly normal to daydream, and this
beautiful recreation, fueled by complete loss,
gives us a glimpse of the rituals destined
for future mobile devices. That may have hurt.

Sorry, I'm not telling you what to do. Monkeys
decorating a swing set, recall, don't like to be contradicted.
Even less shocking, you must choose your next words.
Just one more good reason to move away. Don't.

Into the dark, seize
an unseen face. Oh, dear,
it is laughing...

I prefer to watch human beings
capable of dealing
with
adversity: don't you agree?

In fact, there never are. No
creature responds in writing
or
pays the stars their due.

A figure walks upon the stage, as
memories of the warmth that clings
to
fabric of clothes as they're removed:

drops in tiny fresh sparks across a dusty path.

To sudden rushing water,
I recite my own feeble rhythmic writerly
blots.
The friendless distances flow...

Faint memories of bells, or growls, or speeding
cars...Sssh...into
the
natural amphitheater (not

one place on the hill where echoes

cannot reach) a hush:

our

special guest prepares to pull out his tongue.

I don't know about you, but I am slowly revealing who I am:
that is, someone who is no longer electrified, one who
has never known freedom, was raised listening to ghost stories,
tired, stressed or too distracted to leap dead rocks

and lifeless sands, the skeletons of small mammals strewn over this world:
did they really rely on a lack of sophistication and dumb reflexes?
Once you start challenging that grand self-portrait, it's clear
how time depends upon that secular goddess purity.

Guess we are going to see things we are not used to seeing,
a body opening up, slight fluctuations in luminosity,
even the varied performances that promise to leave no troublesome trace.
I am thrilled. There's just one thing. I am really, really thrilled.

Someone, other than the beast, would bend them,
the mere two sticks that have quickly been pressed

into a wilderness. My mind always goes back
to one rainy morning, walls of all kinds being built,

likely a joke – so why this sudden passion,
this tumble of rocks? Obviously, I am hurt, alone

and looking confused by the most flagrant
self-imposed privation, a thoughtful song.

Perhaps only the surtax one pays
to live in groups, among helpless flood victims,

bathed in gentle lighting as a growing number
of layers of leather prevents familiar stories

from coming alive at all. Blame the shortages.
If that sounds like a threat, and I know

it may seem strange to the more artistic,
it's hard not to avoid the conclusion that

we wanted to be in control – an amusing
theoretical idea, such as using a big yellow canister,

with a hint of green, as a night light, and as likely

as if the spine had evolved one vertebrae at a time.

There are large populations of strays willing
to stick up for nice homes and nicer cars.

This is strange because in their diaries and letters
they often make a big show of insisting some necks

will be stretched, sometimes through the most
casual contact to live with such a stench.

That would not have been the case a decade ago.
Things were easy to recognize then. You never really believe

the way people ordinarily learn, picking at baby clothes
that fit together like a 4-D puzzle. For reasons totally laughable,

far down this path between strawberries and cream,
I'm going out now to buy a house or two or four.

Poster art or attack dogs:
you want both?

In this stunt, that garden is where figureheads prevail.

Disappointed? You can always find a home in films of the late 1940s.

One slow day when nonsense occurred, I had to say yes.

Why would anyone not want the opportunity to build large rockets?

Aging and ailing, a chair at a distance made its first appearance.

It took a couple of hours. Then it went further.

The same rhythm, mutilated for good luck, jumps from this to that.

It is thrilling to have the use of shock at my disposal

so firmly grounded in ancient Rome or sweatshops in Asia, or
the streets I walk daily and the small venues in secondary markets.

At various points in time, I have memorized multi-instrumental improvisations,

which were once seen as core functions. I get it now – no-go zones.

My fears might have been justified, and the super voids between them.

I grasp the sharp edge. I had to, yes, yes, increasingly, however, I say...

And then there is the vengeance,
hotter and more intense than the interior of a star...

Now I should make it clear, as a formal gesture
propels me, usually indicated by italics, that

there were more revelations ahead: the makeshift
memorials, the skin of your tender face, plus

all other benefits when salt is used. The past
was special. It will start again, haltingly, after

a different type of crisis. Pools in the northern region
again would be the exception. (A bottle of vodka

is basically the same thing). There can be no recompense.
The past is a giant billboard prancing around the world.

I predicted that we would, and her fingers curled.
So much for the lessons of a first thanksgiving.

Jingles from television commercials gather at the bottom
of the hill in numbers big enough to form a ghetto.

Here is the interesting part. While we sat still, we learned
that something new was happening and shared a sober embrace,

increasing surveillance and bold visions running parallel.
It all felt a little bit wrong and a little bit right.

And it was, and it is. At least I'm reasonably sure,
despite the white van parked outside the workshop,

the incessant voices with broad regional accents.
Okay, I'll likely never be a guard. I sang

to them and I talked to you, a versatile virtuoso.
Spray me with perfume, crown me with a woolen crown.

I'll be going, rather than have to walk through the middle
of the ancient country that sadness rules. It long ago

lost its distinctive character, more so than New York. Damn this
book I'm trying to read. Oh, ho...and how are you doing lately?

After wandering on the beach, wanting to be envied is meaningless posturing. The toughest creatures known to science, we build anthills, temporary at that.

There, there, poor baby. Although there is currently boon in pain, disappointment, reasons to be sad, despite vast cracks in arctic ice, big tits and hardcore,

there will be no funeral. For the umpteenth time, put on an air of success by saying as little as possible. Don't think about being eaten alive. Without

even noticing, night becomes starless, the castle small, the book I was trying to read hurtled through the empty corridors and marched deep into the Sahara of Saharas.

And there are the schools! Luckily, daytime slumber works as a translation. Cuddle and get more body heat before the veteran night club comics start to wheeze.

Speaking of gibberish, the creatures that care for humans, which were found recently in sediment, are linked to aging and disease. They sat on sofas that are abundant on the pavement.

We can be thankful when we can smile for no reason. The whole fugitive enterprise is not what we think it is. The boat is still docked. Never left port. Ah, what a week.

Solace in silent drunkalogue. Thank god, I wear long sleeves.

On the plus side, my seething inside will soon be over.

Waking earlier everyday has placed intolerable pressures on the new paint job. Now champagne, now putty, the walls display a credulity once glimpsed only in sand dunes that swallow the advice du jour,

as gulls cell phone batteries and discarded cigarette filters.

Likely why the cosmos surprised me this morning, appending a comet tail sigh to the yawn of waking. Rare to start the day with that quickie! Usually I am, I must be, the block of wood, sole of the shoe, the blunt brick at hand to hammer

that last nail sticking out. Damn, I was just reconciling myself to accepting the earth returned as a mis-addressed postcard.

If you display a weapon this early – now, really – pies will cool on the windowsill. It's something to think about, besides counting the time you find yourself falling sans parachute: seven beats or –

Before I graduated from the ocean, there was one final recital.
As might be expected, beneath the anger lay a well-rehearsed stand-up
routine.

A dollop of stars? A schmear? Oodles of street cred hung in the balance.
I saw so clearly what I saw now, so blindingly saw it, that I slowly came to
realize

what I saw was little more than a reflection of my desire now to see such things
everywhere.

You like that, don't you? Don't you? It would be the equivalent of waking

in the middle of the night with a sudden craving to sort paper from plastic.
The fault may lie with the goal itself: chest, thighs, torso, abdomen,

dying and decaying vegetation, a ghosted novel – all those rare luxuries
fail to salvage a wet weekend. A dormant volcano will argue, mostly just

to hear itself talk, and if that weren't embarrassing enough, all the paved roads
are beginning to appear as actors in their own films. It's worrisome that someone
on the edge

of the radar screen has to be the one to explain this before taking a quiet retirement.

What is that something? A few ad libs.

Gargoyles and acronyms conspire
to make dinosaurs larger and larger. That little ploy

works until humor breaks down, until the financial
district of the universe on a Sunday afternoon
dispenses an almost inaudible "Meh..."

As if the opposite were boiled wine, or the time
that grows on trees, until an empty gypsy cab pulls up.
Ah, smell the first of a thousand hours and a moment's sugar.

Passion's hidden, angry history – oh, you mean
the cheaper version, fudging a demon's asexual essence:

the learned dissolve into divas of the past.

Everything rests on the last steep hope of teaching fingerspitz.

While I sat there, frozen there, right there in the cold,
in circle after circle – don't laugh – air resumed its business with
the friction of hosiery being pulled up.

The ancient anonymous unbreakable pounces:
whiff of air and opiates. This is what wheat,
statuary, boots, plexi and bungalows judge severely.

Too is deserted. Concrete slabs pioneer balladeering
while no one is watching, blocking the seedier streets.

And then I return, smothered, residing in a non-place.
Become a guide in the museum of the future, I tell myself,
wait like most good satirists, for the wheel. Vrrroom!

Also rumbles and growls. It is hung with pictures.
They're backlit and botched, or augmented by murders.

To drown and blurb, to be a future or soda or tomorrow's wrought iron,
or one frayed minute of brave breath: ah, caterpillar chic on a dawn's belly...

To shed strips of leather, I can't wait or pour fast enough.

To think I was almost false cargo. Me, a sunbather, or alternately, road kill.

As I was being shelled, as a wily fence was running a hand over no more than bits of my still blazing flesh, the thin sea did not change.

So, I rolled, younger, never to re-emerge, living among exposed carpets in the quiet soap bubbles of a favorite pundit's famous fictitious town.

A dry stick's strange joke machine, discarded after seeing how badly
the drop evaporates and carvings attack one another...Damn, the flaming

fat paper never fixed the about-faces. Once again, the very smoke
of someone suffering on yet another old-fashioned allegorical planet.

How alphabetical! How abcedarian! There is a touch
that is grasping and clutching; it is not touching, or gentle.
It is like a cookie, a crumb, a curl, a clear cry.

The slow art of worry does not die. It projects
itself as self-assured, but comes off as hot-headed.
Boring you into wisdom is the ultimate fantasy.

Read the length of you? I did once. Really I did.

Behind everyone's closed doors a lifetime of doubts.

I thought that, too. More like four poems and a single photo

of some unmarked me with the very first flight suit and all the dishes stacked.

A sense of who, a special essence, comes right back after dodging.

Finding out what was going to happen is the clearest way

to end up staying in one place. Now, imagine an intelligent being...

Just below the horizon,
faint traces of the caption
in a universal slang.

In on it, I thought, once, I was.

X...and then suddenly braking.

Silence falls in a secret drawer.

But this is, I suppose, too much.

Had long been desiring,
as if a glyph
at the base of Easter Island
maoi verified our multi-galactic empire
or else,
woe is me – notary sojac.

It's when I wonder what
I lived for,
or retreat to that shell I built
myself, far from laughter and the other sex, that
I reckon
the high cost of dust.

Coiled up in a loop
by studying math
as early as is physically possible,
I got my revenge by mimicking used bars of soap.
Yo, I
looked in those kitty boxes.

Both. I did.

Even in the smallest architectural detail,
this sense, this temper, this inclination,
was utterly false – was red circles with silver centers:

is it an achievement of order to stand at a window,
not see the bones, nor one's feelings, content
with a record for sustained flight and crackling rain?

Quiet, I'm trying to sound like myself here.
During the last four hours of my life, leaves
choked everything with a dead man's hatred,

which is little better than time spent selling fish.
Light finally curves, sanded down, coated,
de-burred, ready to fit into the metal grillwork.

To hundreds and hundreds of revelers, there is
nothing that paint cannot do. To remind myself
how wrong I can be, I go out on highways speeding.

The sirens of emergency vehicles, lofty and majestic!
Most of us aren't quite that far gone.

I suppose it's possible, here, to conclude,
all the world's problems could be solved

if the only weapon were a movie camera.
Still, hard to think of light sharply focused,

embroidered with silver thread, plentiful as witty
caricatures in the early years of commercial flight.

Why just about everyone was fleeing undeserved punishment,
only the slackers drunk, or merging into a single entity.

Powerful whistling tears through the blackness, possibly
because it is felt to be more like an unconsummated marriage.

There isn't much anyone can do but wait once again
for the sun's stunt double, bleeding, to ride in on the horse.

A team of surgeons had
long been desiring universal peace.

They used to make their own fireworks,
artists in the crudest terms.

Well, I could see good in it,
but my reputation's tainted.

Kids grow up in the same large
vault down near the river,

with only blank expressions, despite
all the effort put into shaping them.

This leads to a daring escape. Yeah, right.
More like discovering it is a sunny

day, probably somewhere up in the hills.
I still think this endless wandering is a joke.

Orchids are scattered before the iconic aviator.
She returns the smug self-satisfied smile of an exact reproduction.

Do you understand now why it's so wrong
to force a long slim line to masquerade as a prince or princess?

The oldest shipwreck ever discovered lies bound in molten glass.
This I realized was what was wrong with me, too.

Sleeping in a doorway, rehearsing breathing exercises,
I begin to doubt the names of the people I meet.

There they are, painted on mud walls, crystallized, and just for fun, timeless.
A demi-god in my own lifetime, I would explode if I could.

Adults are gradually
eroding. I'm told

there's a theory that
starts with two others –

extremely lifelike,
of course never seen,

but not abstract,
rather all swiftness,

and a longing for
more than momentum.

They're not found
among the peaks

or an impact crater.
More likely as the clownish

sun concluding one
last trick for people

who said they wanted
starring roles in the history

of adrenaline. This crowd
leads with the pelvis,

walking to childhood memories
on nice red freezing lawns.

I didn't do that,
do I? The one time

my signature was trusted,
I was just joking.

I don't want to be bold.
Nor stick my hands into
grease on a distant planet,
with "Wow" crudely lettered in.

There's always a sad
story to amplify the gold foil;
it is typically the equivalent of
two armchairs in a remote house.

The cloudy did not wish it,
neither the morbid notice
the rubble printed all over
with little boxes for checkmarks.

Which brings me to the present,
and its fiery grit strafing my skin.

The look of blank and friendly eyes,
the maps and famous boulevards and handy legends,
feel like unfinished handwritten thank-you notes

addressed to the statues of liberators
beside the benches of the neighborhood hangout,
their oxidized copper bearing crude inscriptions:

“I’d had enough” and “I give up” and
the one that seems to sweat in cold weather,
“I am no longer angry,” tarnished hands sunk in metal pockets.

Sometimes I find myself laughing at the vicious
use of green. Yeah, I was all loud spews,
fading like a single rocket, too, easily

seduced by the shapeliest hot water to be
displayed in a glass cave. Don’t say it is
impossible. If you must, call it a lucky break.

Midway in my scream, I discovered my sleep education
had been incomplete. I hadn't paid the tax.
I had not paid attention.

At best I was a moon, generous
with another's light, so becooled, almost unblue:
"tinue, my friend," was the most I could say,

eyes transfixed by celebratitty and its numbless
victims. I spoke. I lived. I posed.

My voice grew loud, louder to disguise

how I numbered and filed all these opinions about
opinions, all the sloppy pencil drawings
of cheesy superheroes, as embarrassing

as the propaganda about flying out via
hidden stairways in suburban living rooms
where mystery comes down to dark chocolate chips.

I'm tired, that's who. And so, there's that.
The residue looks almost like the evening,
and full like a muscle. But it didn't happen.

Eventually you, too, would tell a joke to begin,
occasionally falling from a great height, like a figure skater
spreading her arms or the largest block of wood you've ever seen.

That's the moment to explain how the thinnest string and wire,
pulled taut, ends up connecting luxurious sanctuaries to the reasonable.
More of us wear out, I thought, without explosion. In fact, pretty much the opposite.

Really, any depiction is unbelievably insulting – like a solo flight
watched by a solemn crowd taking notes and keeping files.
The camera is unlikely to recover, showing up at parties

like a drinking trough without water, relating to our fellow humans
as metal and magnets, crashed to the ground between jumps.
Don't look at me. All sides come pouring in, sugary, fizzy.

Only through the repeated practice of capturing and keeping,
say, when reading books that belong to others, will we spend
delightful evenings looking into the sun as if it were performing
figure eights, confident as a large pile of chips and bark.

When everything appears like popcorn popping,
when I rehearse for my last solo
(the song that silences the tiny eek
of geometries and articulated bones),
I begin to think, well, this was easy, like
coining a word for those new antique
shops where they sell the beasts
that have been hollowed out, refitted
with crystal mechanisms that regale one
with the retro glory of a music box.

All the crazy sorts of armor and the stem
of a martini glass have a lot of worthwhile
things to say, such as how to immortalize
a box of candy and hurry the fuck up,
and open the windows to scare away the tides.
Only the tides. Stuffed dolls sway beside
a rather large table. As I speed forward,
some of the last minutes begin to fluff. After a quick
shower, billions of neurons start the ritual dance of the
public orator.

An analogy does a lot of violence.
It isn't a river. And is instantly played back.

So much appears to be infectious.
Do you feel as I do, that you've been sucked in

for no reason? At best to disturb, at worst
to get on all fours and crawl, to sizzle and emit steam?

Two troubling patterns emerge: the lingering sense of a cabin beside a pond
informing the act of willingly and gladly giving oneself to another,

and contrariwise, a breakfast room, a former presidential palace,
brimming with wheelchairs, walkers, canes, a creature who pops up,
muttering about being a dirt floor.

Maybe I should just scream right into your eyes.
No, to covertly slow the process, I'll just turn around and walk out of the room.

However sunk into the sand, everyone knows who to go to for fireworks.
But where, where, where are the new writing?

A thousand years off, a Galileo of the Appeals Court.
Till then, little more than status seeking, vague rubrics
for job hunting. Not quite random, but less than lab equipment,

like the motionless mating dance of cats, dance with
one supreme step, if you can call it a dance. Noisy bright,
red and black striped, the mess of wishes, its dials and

switches, the unleashing of two very different heroes.

I've been wanting to return, to invent a clear.

No memory, which anyone can look at. Just an enormous.

Others, though, have been pushed around, endured the ravages

of colored liquid with eyes. I suspect the unconscious

punching bag that fills us all. Right when you want to get up there and rip...

Ah, probably feels no better than fictional jam or a secret safe room.

Wrong again.

I say,; Rong.

I do the same. Fear, desire, rage, grief
mob the parade route, the charged history
of human spirit – I mean the chew toy sleeping

next to you. Veneer isn't, you realize, going
to that meeting, after all, and you do not have
to be gentle, gentle strokes, alone, or a hypertext,

or the grit monsters are not and can never be,
their last words a hissing at missing matter.

Just wait. Grace disguises the newcomers,

the newcomers who brave sightings, translations,
mirages, ashes, bouquets, bellies. Are they breezy?
So am I. Are they trashy? So am I. They weigh

the summer rains. I weigh the summer rains.

One difference; when balconies complain
of toothaches, I pour wine on trees. See, the soulless

rarely recognize the soulless. They never speak
of their pupils. Oh, my. I've seen better days.

And day, I'm sure has seen better versions of me.

Your belly, an India, Israel, Italy. What India, Israel, Italy would be a realm like your belly?

Tongues ruin words, so stop me before I stop you.

To shoot. You don't, of course. How does it happen then

this quick recognition of someone who sees a kind of running costume ball where blood is spilt?

Where nothing was demolished? The dried out psychedelic sprinkles, the same weightless graphs on the scene so promptly, no?

A lot of space went unheard, while I watched televised silt.

That may be why I am screaming. Jazz knows death, but death be not music.

Time believes midnight is a joke, but the future enjoys a prenatal laugh.

To have been a target, now that's memorable. You realize you're not actually nowhere.

If only the streak a tongue leaves on a belly... One more noble – I failed – attempt to translate the bawdy humor of airplanes.

To be brutally honest, to be vulnerably honest:
neither will be a drink at the bar or a chair tossed across a room.

I am really talking about the hottest planet ever,
its famous hollow spy coins, the jungle based agents and ammunition dealers.

It's when what happens is a roll top desk –

that legend of desire doomed to be a feverish bite at the end,
as if ripping yourself from the power station were possible simply by climbing,

or not speaking, or finding the words “Let's get started” in code,
dribbled with bright red on a formal certificate, copasetic perhaps to a bamboo.

Fishing, still, still fishing.

Can't go faster, no more speed,
a coming to a halt, motionless, no rushing,
no maze of hurried movements:

a beaming heartbeatable jazz – enclosed
within the lost arithmetic, of course,
the same proud air.

Sequence may have the queerness of propane tanks.

I feel trapped as a bedside table. Uh-oh, I hurt you.

Full stop. A real history. I'm never sure what these dissections are really about.

Somebody told me to survive the near, to take it down, field dress it, rub it.

Now I know why ordinary mortals remain taboo. Don't be afraid to run away

far beyond the personal details professionally re-recorded years before.

After-images are refugees. The emptiness is safely buried. And, yes, you especially are .

To shine, to be a better puncture: where is
the dwindling long, the butmuttering of vanity puzzled
by frowning resurrections?

By bubbly and kabuki, too,
the dominant life creeps up, not just endings because
endings are said to be the guise of a single idea.
Once I thought I could be a sign on the wall, innocent as the nameless.

The other day I watched exploding pieces – larghissimo! Black and white,
if unintentionality is just one more step. Nobody move.

Without killing or undercover or body scanning or the ritual future shape,
the passion loomed, the plot dwindled, the plot bubbly-muttered.

The passion that illuminates the ephemeral refused to end and did not haunt the
sculpted human skull.

In fact, an absolute impersonation. Sharing the mic,
spicy food, doodads, and a printed page.

Of all the searches for the nightly orphan, perhaps the last

snatches from the cartoonist, two landing strips
or a second lifetime or a bruised peach not wearing anything.

Passage to the newer, never detached light
of the small pulse, like the need for controlling – that most
horrible restorer –

seems to be, might be, racing, outstripping already
the speaking voice of the brain and its hot and vulgar wine,

its full bushel of reveries, sweet and slutty, like a guilty
feeling coming ashore. Go red, go blue. One does not come

on the clouded barcode. I am looming, spoofing in sight, and molten.

Binged on the far white frigid tail, and now gazing

miserably, I, at the bare pores on the sharkskin of fallen boulders...

Tell me, rebels, auteurs, who unlocks the metal panels of afterthought?

Choose between them, larger mammals or modern actors.

Hurry. Circuit board schematics have started bleeding like miles of jungle.

What I should make of this hammering of pure detail:

butcher knives, pet dogs, parking spaces? All the little sharp punches

never re-unite, however soaked or solidified or stylistically arrayed or unarranged.

I got out while I was hypothetical, but I think back on the misleading afterlife of pared
nails.

Reading along transforms strings or shadows into freshly caught fish. At worst, a
thought experiment, gone almost.

Talk about it, killers, that collector's knowledge,
that knowledge that never seems anything but a gaping,

poor rogue wonder resigned to following honey and elsewhere.

I, myself, never suspected I could be clicking with many more,
blaming all the while the lower back, a fractal point,

or requiem of disadvantage, which is the shortest of brown dream books.
To the trained eye, they root like a pig in empty pages in my room.

Ah, well: as a planet resorts to history, so an eye versions, a bridge schematics.
Detonate asters again.

Fluid and rarely, the morbid good
reasons make me want to be someone just standing there,
breaking down the unthinkable distance,

that quickest between, that potential killer and a hoax.
Wrongness, reanimated, has not yet become
pueblo dwellings, however diluted, or a bandana.

I am bored. I am background detail. Nothing else. Alone and full.

Fun is what I am making
of each long gnaw and – sorry, yes –
the fruitful yet aging suburban treadmill hours

wrapped in my beach blanket, which has nothing to do
with politics. Ingrates don't need weapons.

I am just about done curling my toes on the threshold

of my very own laughable blonde version of a posh hotel –
a sorry warbler, I am.

Slackly, a sense of the gradual under bridges,
landscapes of slow impressive surfaces slowly leading
to the soup kitchen of serious discussions about fairy tale worlds –

I know this. I pout. I sulk. I am not only okay, alright.
I am an urban center. Like plywood, yes, even plywood, I have history,
though admittedly bound by the quirky syntax of unspoken rhythm upon rhythm

that seems plain as stray dogs, broken railings, dyed hair, or the curve
of real life events.

How like a chain, chainly. Not only okay,
kind of untroubled, absolutely untorn like anything shiny,
say car washes, open gates, the concept of love –

Boom! The dissolving so-called rebellion
of the timeless and discordant is about as oracular as deer in a driveway.
The trap of trying? The pushiness of muddy lanes?

Please don't say please. Or, "I am reminded of those first audiences."
Spring? Spring hurt. Boom!

Both invisible? I don't remember.

The ruined city. The start of the previous?

It doesn't help me to be offered retail
explanations for everlasting blue light, as if I were

a former policeman, preternatural and crunchy, my tricks piggish.

A triangular banner? The pair of curving? The ferrous double?

A couple's love. A couple's love? Could anyone tell, both being invisible?

The ever expanding dirt road is obviously a nightmare construction
of popular taste, like one liners or the only reason why.

Look busy, like a wide green anything. No one objects to that. Over road kill,
the new little apples seem penitent.

Nobody said or wrote a word until dickering was finished.

That was their side. That's how they won the interplanetary war.

We worded saids and wrote nobodies. Our opera of misgivings was just not funny.

Accept this mistaken bogus midnight crowd:
you are an artist, okay,
do something crazy! Already the spotlight wavers. It lays

a rogue blue on soiled lilies and lilacs. Hell, it can be trained
on the captives of meditation, the ever-almost-lasting silly
honey ravenous bridges.

Watching you, one might suppose the comic mind of
the minister in a maze.

The lonely record of someone who is also, and didn't, and the semester in
one of the military academies
you never hear about anymore...Don't say it's me. It is only an obscure little act
of constantly pounding,

shaped like a piece, an empty aisle, building lobbies, a snack bowl. I am truly, am I?
I have to laugh.

Accept the wonder, magic and sit
still. As large as previous green
effects, or a big empty bottle, waves morph.

The sky of loud color changing revealed
itself as more solace than comfort. Pleated fields? Big
guns? Two glands? Like pine needles

space transforms to a once, pauses, cup-
shaped, an agreeable hospital corridor,
a parked car surrounded by golden fat, unsmashed.

There's nothing wrong. Our sun's a viewfinder,
a flu shot, a hinged flap. Keep rewatching.
Don't make. Sit for a strobing, sit for the clop
of the massive fantasy horse you aren't.

Out of the uneasy melt, himself is a roaring,
sort of a walking skeleton of a very red, red ring.

No breaks. Someone chipping off sparks from books,
drinking coffee until boiled roots become ammunition,

while between the blades, I find a teachable if shallow moment,
a chance to explore a massive unfreezing, touch sensitive counterfeit ditch.

Finally I do dissolve, but only after doing what you would have done.

Spinning every synchronized sound, I am beginning to recognize the photograph
beneath the site of my private crash.

Unsmiling stadium crowds often absorb anyone who has observed the source of curves
and the yuk-yuk-yuk.

I can pass myself off as so many barrels, made-up answers and home furnishings.
Metaphorically, I is.

On a recent chilly Friday night, I jumped off,
I kept reading that small piece of bone, which was later said to be a shell fragment

of some beautiful new jeweled shanty town.

Everyone who used to love me at last begins to breathe for the first time and cry.

Is there such a thing as military beauty? A rib
was torn into song. Colder still. Senile monsters are hardening again into gypsy cab
drivers.

The chance to hear and to not flutter –
now, go away, you sex industry refuseniks.

You remain confused. One hinge begins the slaughter.

Tombs change shapes, becoming lecterns and boxes,
wax icebergs, piercing studios or a gun shot.

Let's start anyway, 'k? We can join the new recruits

for a rebirth and then crash before dinner and the allied
lust of a sick street. There are no words for the job,
no friezes from excavations. Only dithering video games, but

with the flick of a thumb, regional accents can be snatched from fire.
Those who shoot evildoers learn only to draw the dead,
to rewire dark space, to watch the genie in a wood kiln, oozing.

If other places look empty, like shrinking eggs,
all shoving and gab sessions, a crazed sequence of later, it's that
under the red, darling, there's no detail. Yes, I am behind the scenes

with you, yes, I dart through specialist journals, braving
the memory of tour guides. I simply refuse to drink, yes, wine
and milk in turn. No one conjured this. We breathed it in together.

I do not want a hero, yes.

Once nestled like a family member or convenience foods,
I almost made a paper cup my second home,
a paper cup and its pet peacock –

but enough of sobbing basements, with mosquitoes strapped down to
mortuary slabs.

I have not crawled all this way to record smoke,
sun dried soundtracks, the long loose

coats of the bitchy and just dead, who are as tardy as the latest critical theory,
to sound like the ashes of any, to be a slightly
former inmate, seeking a teaching job at the landfill,

where I might install a garden fountain brimming with radio feeds of traffic flow.
Always before me, city life, grayer, crowing
like an exhaust fan. A joke, a joke but bigger – almost.

In this city of soft gunfire
you listened to red, red cigarettes being strained.

The misquotation and the rock garden remain,
like a pet monkey once freed by tutors.

A dirty window: it would persist
as an archive would. You don't want don't,

nor the unused fire of so many onllys,
or the glassed in sanctuaries of an angry face.

Awkward one, finally hangs. Stop drawing
what lives by moving. It has wings. They're not enough.

Relief and no pain, walls with windows and one door, yes.
And the constant surveillance tape, minus your name, and I hope, mine.

The fossil record in turn trains us to skip
the golden hour of the last revolutionaries

when we punish a few green eccentric circles,
and migrant laborers dry their eyes. They are laughing

as only black holes laugh, as one wall of the unbearable
old phone booths of beauty, or a once irritating rash

now largely forgotten, long since scrambled,
overdubbed, until it cries out like a bedside lamp.

Stage lighting's little fingers suggest a mythic
outdoor spigot and muscle contractions subject

to a deathbed's bee dance, or higher still,
an enduring, if untidy, peek-peek-peek-a-boo.

O, mega-cities of waiting! Brains enlarge. Also colors.
Converted hot rods, little fishing towns pulsate and writhe.

After stabbing, after drinking, there is still keyhole surgery
for every one of us solitary travelers.

A single touch wakens the sleeper beside you.
Go, fly – just not in any direction.