

“Red with red. Blue with blue. And gold,” she said, as a slim finger slid a yellow button across a table, “with gold.”

”My name? Mr Holowka, you know that,” came the voice behind a small tag floating before my eyes.

“TINA.”

Overnight the last heart shaped leaf fell to earth,
my historical self having rushed on ahead already a blur.

I am so pleased with myself, having collected each sold off frisson...
Time to enjoy the simple fun of holding a box of my external parts.

Until yesterday, I didn't know that disappearing could be heard as speech:
I shrink, yes, like the lower classes, like a warning label or the schematic never
manufactured.

Beauty, too, is steam, despite its bad reputation as the rear axle.
I felt its invisibility, unaccountably poolable: it is the flume of the world.

In time, one witness and I will be bound together, having amassed all the
impossible versions. I suddenly realize...

Tribal markings have been
systemically dismantled in light
of current riots. A quiet unwinding
is the answer – bold black lines
in lieu of numbers. Or dots.

If you're looking for me, I'll be
among those missing all the signs.

Late summer, too soon to be specific, the dismal walk a mathematical inevitability;
it's not the easiest thing in the world to resist toying with the condemned.
And when that happens, let us not close our eyes.

A Caribbean banana plantation, not including staff and guest apartments,
becomes a detour. That twist translates into casualties.
After lengthy rants about people we've never heard of, sadly we'll lose interest.

And in the intervals between notes, alleged innocents jerk back.
For it remains a fantasy, this steamy grotto, whispering, "*Consider surprise.*"
Hmmm, surprise sounds like something fairly technical.

Admittedly vile and corrupt and unscrupulous, my betters pretend
always to have known the golden corner of the pasture.

Their excuses were always the same:
a cataract, brute-force tools, bleeding edge technologies.

Despite their serious shortcomings, I thought that everything would be okay
because “they loved me.” Hadn’t they adopted

a relatively new formal rhetoric?

Didn’t their eyes burn at the sight of a female butt in shorts,

that last vestige of high civilization and transcendent purpose?

To overflow and vanish! Anything else, quite frankly, is not worth doing.

Be more like movies.

There are rules there:

flames cannot spread past
drinking buddies in hotel rooms,

a series of bereavements,
annoying or funny, or the last page.

Something that never happened
excites desire in others.

As partisans of the scattered woods and the ridgeline
of champagne flutes, both deep and nuanced,

they had to remember everything: handwritten notes,
sheer vertical surfaces, gray metallic powder.

All take time to sink in. The troops aren't here. (Sigh.)
By fast forwarding, a sleeping creature competes with lightning.

Gold eyes climb weeds.

Everything aflutter, meaning you?

Below: air, kindness, Indiana.

Snow touched it, screaming.

Life hands us everywhere,
mist clearly like human dust.

Me tell universe everything.
Gold? Gold! Days, weeds everlasting.

The guilty way you look behind you
reminds me how the sun slips

something into the palms of trees...

The solo recital, it just does not exist, not
with so many helpless flood victims, discouraged dropouts,
or forgotten bottles of spirits soaking in the cool jazz of industrial films,

embarrassingly so. One snag I've encountered –
no more slots. Most anything that could be carried away
is lost before you do any work on your own. Well, almost always.

This morning the distant trails of space dust
collapsed as frost over everything.

The infinite emptiness, teeming with the rays and pulses
is not yet malleable, or even threaded as screws.

Everything depends upon what the most ignorant understand:

belly fat, a hotel room,
champagne flutes, sagging tents...

Art speaks to the future, you big dummy,

to humanity's deepest wishes and most
painful dreams, like the claw end of a hammer.

Food, fuel, water shortages plague the encampments

sprawling outside the city limits
of human knowledge. Are you prepared?

Is it simply unseen dark matter, so can you blame our brains?

That question: how do you interpret this, folks?

It won't be asked as long as we are still alive.

Still booing. There the story ends.

Many were, and remain, impressed: the person fishing,
the man just armed, a young giant. Together they formed a community of the
dead.

Is this right? Or just another instance

of all the provocations that satisfy an unforgiving man?

Whew. There is always time for a leisurely tour around some of the ruined
monuments.

Is what we call tradition,
photographs of other photographs –
like porno films?

There are always two worlds,
one triumphant and somewhat irritating,
the other wallpaper.

Perhaps we should be grateful:
the nearly criminal rarely seem entire or complete,
table scraps,

as if they were suburbs, almost nothing
there, nothing more than pet food,
albeit a little spoiled.

To turn away from the serious new religious wonder,
(also dull) makes us increasingly bound
to a baroque revival,

complete with hats, a pet dog, entries in a naturalist's journal,
salvaged, if at all, by a love of detail,
that sadly labored walk.

An unusual concern is not precisely a disadvantage.
It is just the expectations, silly ideas,
before someone looks down,

waiting for a disaster to happen. The same emphasis
on sea ice never quite disappears, while
a bewildering succession

of comic electrocutions, words wrenched from rivers,
builds after all to a requiem by the survivors,
troubadours and an auctioneer.

No one watches too closely, but someone seems
to have his hand around what appears to be distinctly colored yellow seed.

You just try lots and lots of things,
draping a white sheet over monumental stone figures of non-pedigree animals.

Ugh.

A complete work of art in every way will not happen again, even though the
weather is warming up.

People who fear we are running out of food remain fond of saying, "I believe that one day people will fly."

In the salons, however, mood music reveals the concrete difficulties, the troubling symmetries, the breakdown of one's sympathy for darkness or light.

This logic is thoroughly understood. Nobody may be held morally accountable for the nostalgic and emotional appeal of ghosts,

buying first class tickets or deliberately taking farmland out of cultivation.

Such attitudes are like having a reason why not.

For once we recognize the pull of secret, hidden or unknown histories of sensible and responsible women,

we soon get tired of hearing actors talk, having no time to listen to merciless floor lamps, bigger monitors and smart-bed sleep systems,

the vast majority of which are simply carny healers. That is a fact.

What peaceful settlers once suffered
isn't such a big deal now. Common knowledge
is like a person reaching out for affection –
earnestness raises the noise level.

People like to pretend. Do you
know about this? One bag of potato chips
found in the hollowed core of unlikely
suburbs can affect behavior. You can complain

about what's there, before the bombers turn back,
or get some tips on what else to do.

Blankets for disaster victims, a bowl of pasta –
for the moment, they're quite enough.

The arousal effect being hawked out there
(including a meeting with drug lords,
which never gets old) used to be a very
important thing. We've probably all played:

the good luck slap on legs and buttocks,
nursery rhyme rhythms, a little satire,
what's in the room around you and related gear
all followed by a carefully executed spin.

What you'll have a lot more trouble finding
are innocent artifacts, an eternal beauty and goodness

judged by the light of the times. So, to sum up:

caw caw caw. And then there's a submarine. Perhaps you live in one.

With a lot of ghost music and colorful historical buildings,
the few stories to tell have not been much improved:

when they say, the gold mining town, remember,
it wasn't where the fat was located. It means

that simple things take longer. The emergence
of caterpillars or removal of a corpse's head.

Tiny red and white cabins were expert at this years ago.
Piano wires recently gushed over a suck of years,

which means you don't have to worry. To make it
happen is reason enough to let some air in.

It might be a camera or just an open field.
This is the closest the rebels have ever been.

What looks to be the simplest thing is not
a runaway train. Thinking of it as an inside joke
has distorted almost everything. Clothes come off.
Yes-or-no questions. A beautiful trajectory
is available to mirrors...but eventually we will slow down.

That's been on my mind for awhile. Even odder,
it's sliding away like water. Make noise or
throw objects, erase all the histories –
didn't have to fire a shot, and I loved that, too.
If only it was so simple as the sauce on the spoon.

I was wondering how long it would take for this to happen.
You caught me looking, looking up at the hills
that are burning more or less continuously. That's been
on my mind for awhile: a deeper look confirms
the converging lines, certain ideas in fantasies of sky diving

placed on a grid and out of reach of others.
This is not the last coyote in a mountain town,
or a bowl full of boiled water. Just stand there
and look at you: there may be no single explanation,
you know what I'm talking about, and you lost your keys.

Events that we will soon experience, along with all
the words, travels to outer space, also moments
of hotness, performances in a taxi, dim sum across town,
a honeymoon arts and crafts fair, all the local burlesque
acts happening somewhere everyday in continuous circles –

we will see these in high-res. Afterwards, a big mess.
Just for building a simple device? Tagging animals
in the wild? Looking at pictures of people who wanted
to be in control? Let images of the deceased police the sex fantasies,
hauling bag after bag up flights of stairs without guitar accompaniment.

The alternative with which we are forced – one rainy morning,
integrated circuitry, TVs, cars and better food – will quickly
pass into wilderness. We live to picture ourselves
real cage fighters not allowed to fly. But this is all wrong.
Looks like the timing of the heart beat...Nope, once again, pieces of different
puzzles of varying difficulty.

A year after and a growing number
of incredible cafes and delis, a similar thing happened,
a bad thing, not a good thing. Like a ride
around the parking lot, which deepens the gloom,

a course of lectures can become a last resort.

I needed to set things right, or at least to pick up a dish.

We love to place ourselves in a back room behind a door,

or in a war zone, shouting, as soon as the encounter is over,

as if it affronted human dignity – well, because...

there does often seem a lot of prep work. (Confession:
every year there is less and less). This isn't the source

of quarreling; it's only the place where newspapers

are printed and is lit with what remains of your car or your house

about thirty seconds after forgetting. Cool, thanks. A similar thing is happening...

Live consistently. At the end of steaming pools,
I'll give you the answers, not to mention the evening.
Speaking of summer, firecrackers replied to ambulance sirens,

“You could never undo this connection. You almost could.”

While our heads are lowered, at the harvest market, at the busiest hours,
what our eyes couldn't tell us – the rocket fire between them –

suggests some chemical is released, like the fumes from glue,
or hypertrophied must loosed in the process of moving from a large house.
Doesn't that count? To suggest we should never do this,

wrap up the crumbs, jump into the crowd and start calling for –
that's an extreme example. The dolls, the pajamas, the people
who don't appear to be naturally human have always been hard to visualize,

but now I'm curious to do so. So much like regular paper....

and I thought, when my turn had finally come, when snowy deserts lost
their sex partners, I was going to sound more natural. I almost did.

Not that I was expecting the walls to look at
a piece of that chicken, or vent their violet

anger now that so-and-so is gone, but there's
not too much else to worry about. Poi poi?

The already wretched judgment? A side door
cracked open? Other than the beast wearing a black

plastic garbage bag, what others had missed
is being actively explored. Even unexpected guests

saunter up to a really nice microphone... Well, some.
They're still there, the things we'll do differently next year.

The whole point is to stop people listening.
What we care most about is only the relaxing
interlude, with its images

of flames. But there aren't really any winners here.
It's not as if the overwhelming experience
of a hairy back,

or if you like, graffiti, instead of teaching
like a window pane, drums your blood as doctors would.
You're tired, worn out,

urns line shelves; and it is quite common
to hear rhythmic vibrations in the next cave.
(For questions

about machine guns, pick up the babies). Once you
sit or lie down, the most terrifying thing that can
happen to you is

a vision of a forest as green sticks, the planed, squared off,
the latest celebrity accessory: it is quite common
to hear that this is good

for all of us because no one has anything to hide.
A photo archive must have compensated for the many
things that were

transformed at unprecedented speed, so many green
pieces of paper, homes in warm places, the soles
of feet and amateur

theatrical clubs. Yes, they all had to submit after the
closing down. There was no way of imagining
that lost sound.

It doesn't have any of the things I want. It doesn't have
any of the things like oil and gold. It can be hollowed out,
some lapses

can be found, but when you think of the good life, a broken
section of fence, you're forced to spout – that's not
to suggest what's

happening here is not an enjoyable diversion for some.

They can't wait until noise whitens under skillful abrasions,
soft, warm as

a sleeper's breath, or the hum of memory and much-mutated
cells buzzing like crazy. I'd like to say that's the worst of it
but my head

is in a box. Not only can I see the scene of a burning building,
eyes and ears at the same level, no end in sight,
(I want to

to keep a light conversational tone here), it's just that
the yet unfulfilled struggle of camera crews, make-up
artists and

hair stylists, with everyone constantly watching, looks quite
a bit like it did the first time. The whole point, right? is to stop
people talking.

Refer not to cities arrived at and softening
or a half filled crypto, a mall crowded with demons in sweatpants:
you also are a scatter of everyone else you know, they you.

In another, quite overlooked way, so are you.

Now at the end of another, there comes pillow talk
in dead languages. Desire would be fate without it.

Oh, Eiffel Elvis, oh archeological thanksgiving,
and the secret airplane and a form of madness full of movie previews:

remind me again, a pool by its wits, a wave arithmetics,
so if I pissed myself and, hirsute thrust thrust thrust,

and went on living a bogus operatic childhood,
and resplendent and revenging, can I pay the dry toll?

Will I be happy instead of sand? Use a cup instead of a ditch?
The plan was simple: no grudge match against

two and a half city blocks from a past life. Ow, a pin. Lost wine,
tragic lawns, guilty rain, hardwired red and purple, of a tiny square.

Had been cool. Had been the only witness to newly discovered lands,
lands underwater, the wrong parents. One important clue. One.

Is there such a thing? Once you know the story of how the puppies
swish through that old whore, shooting begins in the cortical folds.

Stop playing with this doughnut hole. It is sort of, I guess,
the wrong channel, a messy room, creamed corn, meat loaf,

the three phases of love play, the sole reality. Like before all.
Like. Once there were these two. Two, and massively two.

Three madmen on an island, former animal trainers.
They're collecting garbage at midnight. They know the crowd's crazy.

To put this perhaps unexpected point more broadly,
fictional heroes often take sinister steps to escape hounding creditors.

Most fail to realize that smiley face lightning bolts
signal what's more or less important: a willingness to join in crime sprees,
a person's manner of speech, a grenade's trajectory,
and finding the real cause of death. (Finally, the pornography of realism!)

Hear the oohs and aahs? Three imposters, a scattering fish effect....
Much of what happens next depends on the wind.

In a room full of masterpieces,
I continue to think of myself.

Still, the lonely miniature cowboy
seems sadly, though proudly, predictable.

Comets flying in every direction
fall well outside the prison.

On the steamboat or on the bridge
someone else with the same ability

is shot down by those of a more
saturnine temperament. I can't ever forget.

So when I see it now, the structure and
function of the human mind, devoid of

museums, crammed with half of the world's
instant noodles, (all facing the wrong way),

the front doors of warehouses neatly stacked,
I know exactly what you're talking about!

Time to leave earth, never to return,
using those stylish retro surfboards of yesteryear

Unexpectedly overshadowed, a set of priceless idols
may have heard quite enough while going to work in the factories and the buzz

that a high powered barrage is like eating peanuts, or where
you'd go in the summer is a single mouthful, or what's like concrete. Or perhaps
that when all else fails, there's always movie reviews.

Me? All my really profound influences I've traded in on something flashier:
the ultra new secretly implanted devices and a little notebook with area codes of
rugged unmapped country.

I will not lie, perhaps the most relaxing time is
when a woman pretends to be a robot, the escape button like a pair of smart
earrings.

Sopping wet, soaked to the skin, on my rejuvenator, whistling like a comet and
what do I do? Talk in platitudes!

This windswept part remains a mystery to the very end.

The real reason for living: red diamonds. Plus, we can play with sand.

By rushing out,
by burning them slowly,

while seeing things floating,
floating and not swimming,

I recall how shaken
I was – and amused.

The number four
tricked me, moaning,

snuggling: it pinched
my sides, hinting at

the majesty of sprawling
sexual antics. Oh,

the sound it made –
gloss white allure

that lets you fully,
until a quick shower

then endless arguments over
green locks flooding slowly...

I recall how calm
I was – and disintegrating,

while learning the stories,
and the story behind it,

by watching and waiting,
by wondering how, by undoing.

Day day day day.

Some things you cannot...only reflex.

An alignment as a comic grawlax:

Each conjures his own

obscurities in a subtle helix.

Run, run, talk, run, touch and
linger...I know. Right now

I don't want to say,
let the dead be dead.

So often postponed, this last lesson is pretty scary.
Technically, it's a victory. If you'd like a lighter
adaptation, a mass market treatment, there's store bought tomato sauce
to drown the sooty remains of the fire and all things digital.

Two things complicate this. First, we're going to do the same things
over and over. Second, sheets of wood remain between.
No one appears to sing in the presence of a ghost,
ghosts and podium having been used to furnish the briefing room.

But...not any more. That wave went off the road, hitting a sign and several trees,
reversing the traditional flow as will become clear in what follows.
No one who takes pleasure, then tells us the results,
would be guilty of digging gardens outside the ruined home.

Once you get past the misleading planks – not that these
aren't delicious – the new phenomenon will be limited
to a track coach or the dawn of one of those pivotal moments
when the key to wealth becomes what's said, not what happens.

And I would go back
in a sprint.

I would show up in costume,

if only to cry out
for them and
those who keep their heads down,

or else there's no point.

Worse, the wise,
music, the geometrical Grrrr, grrr....

which is a polite way of
of saying, who
is to blame for these trees?

Some, at the end of the mottled
colored days do
prefer the sand of pure pain.

Not just an -un, some,
some just do not succumb;

their identity as fireworks,
once hotly debated in the fanzines,

survives the long-ago:
Hell happened between

the clock and the rope,
questions and angers,

that tiny music on a loop
while the carousel of corpses revolves...

I'd rather be sliding
across the ceiling and submit

to the art that is the depot
each night before the bridge

caves in. No worry, most
of the dead return tomorrow.

Why they never learn to disembark –
just buzz around? – I can't say.

I escaped the silvery objects
in a mirror, homing to the green

sleep that soars when my memories
forgot me for a moment.

The twist is, it's not vigilance;
it is to act in one way or another,

not find new reasons to tape over the hum
of small satellites or the beautiful sometimes,

or to lie broken again when day wakes you
because each treasure unearths pirates.

It's all over but the familiar walls
of the opulent, or other small specimens:

astonishing and temporary animals,
a blanket like an airplane, a greenish building

that must be appreciated to be seen, red
beans that won't let go of suitcases, a final

survivor, sinister and also metaphorical.
I am waiting for a good night's problem

to solve these dreams: I fear it's the last
chance I have to join the upper class.

A little red checkmark surrounded by music
keeps the fire going. I can be much blunter.

Okay, the stuffed animals continue their descent.
The hare didn't get where he is by giving up.

It was agreed. The void had to be filled
with modern athletes. I wasn't alone in my misgivings,

yet the sum total of jokes in existence, all
of which had to be translated, remained stable, and then
subsided only slightly.

Sure, we'd all love to embrace light. Light is
a particularly noble thing. But in the clinch,

when the once secret documents enter the public domain,
what do we see? Pictures of jellyfish wearing helmets,

a distraction from the unpleasantness of rubbing cheeks
when we first meet. I cannot be more random or rigid.

Where relationships thrive – sort of terrifying, actually –
the most proper running water has holes in it.

Hey, why not build some robots to lick
ice cream from the bottom?

Why not simply back away? The air can get hard.
You may need to be a diver, one who is

more than a little self-conscious, some
may argue even like a pair

of hands or two fat volumes on a bedside table.
Eschewing secrecy and loyalty,

earthworms survive the collector who follows
the coral, cursing the twisting,

intersecting galleries of specimens and hopes, until
similar sounding terms come to power.

It is a tiny force, but armed with wooden props,
lots of extra buttons and abstractions

masquerading as genetic mistakes. So, is this why one
chooses to play music backwards?

This time we met in a different place.
Cheer rose after cheer.

This time there are many countries.
We were rolling along.

I already know there are steeper places....
Scratch that. A particular kind

of nothing and nowhere, bright red around
the entrance, is now singing around us mostly.

I don't want a distraction.

I do not want a drink.

During windless days, the sun
has a lot in common with cowboys,

applying a veneer, handling the waste,
and about as dangerous as an urban vegetable garden.

I am just like you. I am
the other member of the band,

my bark and branches often stripped off,
shot out across continents and beneath seas.

That's no reward for trying to get
a big number exclusively from dumpsters.

The infinitely fluctuating obvious
that has zoomed down to its final milk

in no way diminishes this desire, which
is nothing without long and seemingly unstoppable
awkwardness.

Just how life was lived, infused
with the recent past opening as a cucumber blossom

and the desire to anonymously withdraw
into an opera house (I'm guessing,

massive) where I, for one, lift my eyes
to whatever this daily slide of small stones

marks out on a map. Without having seen it,
I know it is my own burned over territory.

A large group of journalists stands watch nearby,
convinced it is almost certainly green for two hours
or more every night.

Note the human touch,
more firmly established than ever.

Early chapters begin with the suggested patter
that ends up glorifying tiny steel bowls

that brim with pieces of flesh, particularly hermits,
or those few who possess a superbly tailored longing.

To enjoy a room for a night instead of always
paying for what appears to be

an apple or what looks like bread, each man
kills as often as once a second

without moving from the windows. Far preferable
to that street where he grew up, or the questions

following a quarrel when you see someone else who is happy.
One small step to “I don’t know who or where I am.”

A hot broth – or another piece of paper?
Sitting at a computer playing videogames of breeding horses?

All offer a fine seamless surface, but for one small chip.
Not every optimist – am I right? – is unnecessarily overheated.

At the end of a narrow path, the hospital's windows
may be the best evidence if, like me, you hate details.

Complex motions are beginning to chill and thicken.
Anxiety are everywhere, wrestling and tickling a small nerve.

I can bear to look at everything that surfaces from time to time,
or the universe, which is increasingly like a water bottle,

electronic as champagne and sparkling like an old phone book,
but not both at once. After dealing with unsteady flows,

I find myself sitting for long periods squinting
at rare manuscripts through a glass of soda pop.

It's not as if anyone is forcing me to paint fur.
Television therapists claim it's common to blame

the enlarged photos of an aerosol nozzle or someone
who hasn't been born yet. (China is not immune.)

There seems to be no resisting strands of forgotten
human chains crisscrossing the olive tree on terraces,

the breakfast table, cigarette vending machines, the chlorine,
which reveals all, but less so, apparently for women.

If everything connects as it does,
it is easier just to invade.

All those words together result
in the sound of a harmonica.

In the morning, they'll be declared
a wilderness, like all serious art.

A screen door slamming when
the extraterrestrials departed abruptly
ended a rather pleasant earlier age, which is, for the
time being, nameless.

When you're standing there watching
a great deal of light harassing the pizza delivery guy,
it doesn't occur to ask, exactly when did the musicians split?

Of thousands of rags, micro pulses,
recurring erotic dreams – not a landmark
anywhere: it's not clear what effect whispered messages
will have.

I ended up in a night club among
some who were not hurt too much by
premature news. Low and sinking, neglected or missing,

what is ordinarily hidden, is sitting on a rock
and scratching the most sensitive place
of grayness and nothingness scattered across the land.

I've gotten to the point in the story where
aquatic creatures sell a bronze statue
to the tiny life forms seen at college reunions.

By remembering faithfully an unstable compound
of numerous parallel worlds, I feel forbidden desires and fear
snowballing earlier and earlier each night. These vestiges are

stubborn.

It is bad form to point out things surging over,
driving around and crashing. The next morning has almost almost
been forgotten. I am alone. Above the mirror. And still still.

By the end of the summer, the
few who knew how to make the same mistakes
will have left memoirs and not much else.

I saw myself smeared, standing, smothered –
don't know where. It's never one puzzle.

Attacked by a face, birds have also died.
Certain damp, discerning people are shouting.

Not enough motivation – and I like nightmares.
Is it years later yet? Maybe now we can rope off the
undecorated walls.

The little blue troops talk about flying,
all the while staying up all night and staring at a pulsating torso.
I have also spent years in a room with an amp, hallucinating
on a fallow infrared etcetera.

Sleek, ageless fire finally dies like another dinner.
In retrospect the host may be deemed warped and very juicy,
creeping only to be propelled into a cargo area.

The vat of the early, the huge massive rusted iron hives of nowhere,
are regularly being blown up. What bones did properly once
I don't even know. Theirs wasn't a style to copy.

Remarkable how crude cut outs are pulled away by unseen motors.

The pinch of some human lack and the burning
cigarette of the future cannot dislodge
amphibians residing in a vast private light beyond.

That war is won. The large soars, wheezing, long
past time and self congratulation. He who feels it is lost,
is placed inside a beaker, while live footage of cool air rolls.

If a rattle can't be defined unless it is distorted,
then the icing on our flabby proxies may start talking to us again.
That gentle phantom guards an almost awkward sidewalk.

How much better could it be for us, speakers on the tongue
of any angry mouth?

Nagging is for the photographic, a reliable caterpillary formula
for recording vampires recording vampires. I should not have to say this.

Other cinematic communities continue drooling. Animals turn to screws
or cigarette ashes. The military is interested. We, patient passengers

pay full price, for a daily view, the gree, the feel-o, the mirage that
never stops bragging, the tricky grace of coincidental vibrations,

which is, I admit, grace nevertheless. I'll ask again: why is the mirage
still bragging? Noises return: flying insects, talking sand, the gossip

of decaying vegetables. I am, sadly, no longer a ram's testicles,
but cough into my chest what some babble aloud to stars and cold air,

sitting like a bag of groceries. You, too, my dear, despite history being
reborn as a high fence, are strung with ice water fluorescing like dreadlocks,

while running motors, smiling, nodding, still manage to infiltrate suburban locales
and come to rest as a tiny and almost little crumb. Or is it flashback?

This moment is black as sea level, part of the great doomed orchestra of animals
and the dead stones and the fishy smell of gilded heroes, whose implicit

sexual traumas result from being as thoughtless as the wooded hills
or wax that is no longer isolated, amplified and broadcast by memory.

In this sticky realm there's no translation for burgundy pelicans. I should not

have to listen to this: burgundy pelicans are the only witnesses. The military
is interested.

Cartoons can be snow on a window,
detailed maps of punishing flatness.

A great soft assemblage never notices anything,
save the crapulence of self-image.

Check the boxes. Again, perhaps. Still a lack
of warmth there, too? I have no faith in you,
my audience. Beer me, placebo me. You snicker.
Think I'm a spunky blockhead enlarging my guts?

Another virtuoso of the current crisis: I am.
My greed, my egoism, my precious alienation:
there were no surprises after nights decoding
the many securer forms of wonder, a rock's

prescription, and that's the point. You call
that envelope within...music? Ceaseless, clinging
crystalline refinement. I prefer my own apologies
to the clumsy dance of wizards in small villages.

Nor replays over sneers and sugars,
and never an injunction to live very simply on secret wheat.

My god: do you believe only gears were recovered?
Grunts peeled back, minor sex offenses seem oddly solemn,

stark white coat naked flesh turned to a crusty flicker.

I am a scientist of myself, absorbed by the only phenomenon worth studying.

And I'm falling, a military tool. And you know how the bullet proof love to dance!

There is a Patagonia here. You hear
the polar winds abrade bare rock in recitations like a scandalous kindness,

and no less, the pink sands and the long unmown grass
of teenage dreams skewered by a summer sun.

The same thing is true if you poke the last bone, or slip it into booties.

Double wide prodigy, this dizzying, cascading failure
of yours provides no stoplight for those glum faithful

wolves who enthrall mathematicians. Even today
chunks of bread continue manufacturing globes.

Our secret overseer, like an anthropologist, lives backwards.

To such experts, the public execution is simply a do-over,
whispered endowments, the elaborate cleansing of operating rooms.

Again but rarely, a garden trellis will laugh. Battles never ask.
Stillness is a gag. So, are you a dance professional or a courtroom
observer or hobo on the jogging path?

Once on a frozen grapevine, mathematical or rotted,
the played back argued in favor of punctuation

with plenty of body, between the flighty, frequently male
written answers that still dot this time of trench and night.

Felt tip of ice layers, logic of the inner boy band pronounced gods
in berserker films,

avoids the feminine pace of land, the unearthed, whooshed inventions,
which as might be expected, merge in a low growl with unchanging cheering.

Space would inevitably eliminate the human – especially printouts like you.
Beware my new vanity, the typhoon sculpted from blocks of the ancient
unspoken bubbly.

The morning resembles a curved knife, or the withering
that glorifies a hotel room: it is dead for some
as a vacation cruise or a hope that paltry eyes could touch.

Beyond kindness rests snow, and past prayer photographs:
you can run quickly, as I did, like an injection, or a new friend.

Note the colors doubling back as crumbs, crumbs to be blinked back,
either brute, or pieces flickering, almost nothing, a blue bang.

Is that grateful turning I hear? An everlasting heave?
Lover, you slam! You are sound-activated, the best and only version

for the rarely, and with how and who and once. But I cannot stop
the pre made or bread and buttering once the fire's exposed as a slob, all public
confessions and cotton balls.

We have been stabbed out once. I guess it's true. Glamour punishes piece
work, voices sentences.

In that sense, today all of the awkward
color swatches spin, courtesy of technologies
of the first tickle fights. Pinker? No. At least not gravy.

Like the reverse process,
like the bright headlights of translated verse,
like immortal fashion designs

like another satire of bad timing,
like a head wound and seizures and foreign voices suddenly listing as carved leaves
in a sunlit field...

Let me guess: the unfinished declamation is not even as portentous as an open
mouth kiss.

The juicy glue of the unseeable, that everlasting narcotic
etiquette, alternately, road trips, a full bladder, standstills,
or the lingering vestiges of a windowless erotic literature entitled, "The Facts."

Taste a little. Go ahead. Fluid may chat and crust explain
how another life of zoom and its pink unbearable fern bending timeslip
ebbs to reveal licorice and bachelor pads and the slumbering coastal towns.

So, there you are, a conqueror's assistant at an all night gig, chosen only for
being able to distinguish pitch in electricity.

A lifetime's worth of prey,
not something that might fly across a computer display –
or shoot up, a fancy red, parts of cars

or laundry after it was slaughtered.

Just another new thing no one noticed as we were breaking down
beauty parlors where machines go to tidy up, relieve cramps and reconstruct scars.

Once again I am hostage to the way I normally talk.

And what has been hidden? The plainly
brute, ever tortured menagerie of the truly
remains not quite ripe, a glimpse at best of the coming grid
pattern through the starry.

A grounded outlet, a war-time setting,
like the great blue glowing lava or cold milk
under the sounds of sensational headlines

inspire in me the fearful urge of seabirds,
that slave-like devotion to clarity.

Think of ropes, the procedural power of anything dear,

such as hippie sentiments, narrativity or swaths through grass.

The key is two children. Metal detecting only reveals burnouts, stragglers,
the stranded.

A trapdoor opens. Nuh-uh. I am not telling a lie.

There is a postwar future that's not a recursive picture, where the water is
constantly, and the slightest breeze...

Algae hates parties. It always never comes.

The fire in the living, it's a myth, like measurable time,
or symphonies barred in the absence of a great, great wind.

The body bags of revisionism, the divisions of boosterism: they
sluice down the feeder streams of physical resemblance.

Help me, dance re-mix. Help me, tree lined boulevards, fitted bed sheets.

Otherwise I arrive mashed, the controversial author
of wide green slow surfaces, those never made and massively

shaded walks doomed to repeat the babying of amateur actors whose hair
flickers in murky water,
gloating like a hillbilly supermodel over artists harassed by painfulness
spoken and painfulness unseen.

The minutes seem like giant winds,
still columns, lemon peels, explanations
of what? Sharpshooters? Stables? Shakespeare?

The minutes seem like...

Then what? Lower and lower and lower
the sure-to-be, the never made, the mistake of thinking.

The minutes seem like babies glinting. The beatific smile
of clip art marks just where you went wrong....

It is traumatizing, it is a symptom of a deep boom,
this large fenced optical illusion.

Do not speak to it. Speaking only accelerates
the formation of the fizzy and the red and the descent into shop talk.

If you look quickly, you'll see that the happy girl is
the one who learned in school to recognize the double

pine forest in candied fruit, the boiled water in televised sports,
to know the people who know. In short, the passport to enter whatever
evidence does not show.

Still waiting for a three-legged duck,
the sweetest of past lives, the large amber of scribbles,
the very buttons of cellular structure:

among the ten most common mistakes, pleasure trips
to the trenches, number one, but also journeys to herald
what you already know – the scooped out, the encased, what's already
thick with the massive.

Along the split rail fence of never asked questions, I'm only just now
noticing the hunting dogs.

The freshly dug grave of useless total recall,
like a bonfire or a crowbar or a secret place to sleep,
regularly accommodates the crush of the crumbly, the electric,
 all kinds of frying and squeaking:

it is everything lacking an option, labeled almost a false,
sad as the subliminal, and likewise routinely chilled, locked out, tickets in hand.
Being moved, that's what we should do

to continue groaning while being clean cut by an anthropologist.
After all, it was the wispy that greenlit mass deaths.
Thankfully, the typography of closed space now serves as a painkiller –
 both walls, that is.

Stay there. The kindly and everlasting threatens
to degrade to chairs, or worn out sparks filling in for grapes on the trellis,

ready to be mythological, like grateful asphalt, or the first place
where none of this happened. So stay. The gingerbread architecture of pure
thought is about to be called baroque.

From sparks, toreadors. At least as long as radar is flattering
and memory remains a thrust out superfluous balcony.

I am beginning to see panic in concrete, grammar in goo.

I'd like to feel refreshed, I've never been able to –
sticking out, marked off, short of covering, and then, cut:

cut to the strangeness, seamounts, noses, a felt tip.

Dead only: it can't be done, can it? Remove the last belly dance

of cells? I'm here in an unnamed children's book,

singing from one tropical rainstorm to the delight of dark, warm liquid.

The sleepy edges at last:
you have success, a large long tinge,

curlicues, quiet things, a lot of ground
despite the sheet cake, despite the frequent answer, "No!"

Soon I'll be retired goo, scarce, raw,
purged of the entire, or the difficult looking or the creeping or slurred...

When I dream, it's all legs of stars,
360 degree views of military budgets, smarter sea ice.

That said: major errors, the same: audible tones, the same;
a treaty, the same; imposters, the same; never to speak only to inspect, the same.

Sometimes on broken furniture, in the coconut crusted,
in the public address systems and fast surf, a doctor's professional hands I feel are
mine.

One ingredient: the photograph of an animal watering
like anti-freeze, or a furnished room once a future film,

the seductive breathless look just after many simulations
of seasonal migrations and a low note from explosions in the entrance hall.

Is it so unusual to disavow a bookshelf or hot spring
based on the simple all red seaside garden that lacks only a giant palm tree?

Or ring patterns? Or reloadable shells? The future may speak
(its tone doesn't matter), evening cool with a white sound,

like a strip, a strip of celebration, only to climb as a repair shop,
supply ship, or napkin to the timed cracking of scattering fish and petrified
onlookers whooping.

Enough uncollected prison sentences and people feel led down formerly high rock
shelters.

We all know how cubes sting and how a funeral feast

can look like it should be the bank at the corner or a spinning glass mattress.

As long as the mouth of the river has trouble pegging the surgical unit,

and sloping green geoses the robot, that need to kill – certainly a great
refinery of yellow – will toss all problems into monster movies.

On the advice of various, I am against such creeping. Also re-reading spoiled food.

But it is not the parting or the returning, only another without, that leaves me
with these confusing chunks.

Because great frightened children infiltrate,
loosen the deeply fossil, some of the burnt down

backgrounds superimpose a skull-and-crossbones on humans mingling.
Many engineers fish out sick people living in hotels,

having discovered how clear potions disintegrate
into phone calls, or many copies of a painting to alligator clips.

But of course there was no point the sitter put a spell on the lamp,
certain as he was that the long absorbed shock would blare the leafless
message to living things.

While mine, while many, while gagged and put into new textbooks,
the only known emptiness of a mauve jazz splits in two, mismatched,
like pleasures and imitations:

it is this desire to pull a grown up's body off museum walls
that awakens in me, the would-be biographer of surgical spite,

restless floods of the crumbling battery powered non-stop.

The clumsy unhad half of red, other other people – that's what I have left.

Grudges, pieces – not enough of either.

I see the little iron bridges, ushers with suitcases,

hear the distress signals recited

by moviegoers who love stars but only when they appear like
cities and towns laid out on a map.

Blue talk, brown talk, a little bulge,
like a rolling but enough. Flow, traffic, flow.

A muse kissed the sleeping face, left without a word.
Distant conversations – literary dog food, almost enough.

The toys aren't quitting. I have talked to others:
the same deal, steaks for dinner, then the shame of being abandoned by palm
readers.

The angel of the odd sits alone. It is unsure whether
to deal with the aliens or buy more candy. The thing is, it is...I forget.

Exceptions, it seems, are chained to a skull yet to be unearthed.
Add a few drops, aliases or cover bands arriving unannounced at weddings:

they move on like corpses dating, corpses plainly visible.
Whose fingers exactly find seaside cities, paneled rooms, another illegible
inscription?

I am a relic bequeathed by a little drop of light,
hardly more than rocks thrown at carved figurines of little birds on the nursery
floor.

Free of the taint of faces and voices,
the orbits of the planets veer like ants
to spilled soft drinks. See that huge blue.

It looks like talk, doesn't it, beside those
piles of stones, empty bottles, limp banners?

The ditty everyone talks about but no one
understands rolls on to a door opening,
to habitats and warm sheets under surveillance.

Who but distant worshippers and character actors
will guard the booths of our (suddenly) blue long snarls?

A half human, helpless, angry and forward, was burning.
Just as animals and big cities, it held hands with the dead and plant-like.

See, when another torn pocket pretends it is a vaccine, and small
jet engines start explaining the music of liquid eyes to childish jewels,

nymphs behind the refinished screen door often confide to our citizenry
that there's more money in grammatical errors than a lawn released from its spell.

Aliases of an ancient sea or wet towels? This is doubtless a polite convention.
The reality is, when people leave school instructed in laughter, mountains
foreshadow

raw pigment,

and whistling a sleepy carnival ditty helpings of pink-to-go. The spell is broken.
I myself am now one of many imitators, one the beautiful retail angels now – a
metaphor and bumped at that.

Tutors disguise themselves as brushwood,
and they are proclaimed bluesome, brilliant, dusted.

Patrolling guitars carry off my words,
washing my utensils. I never suspected

the skinny nude in the open, buzzing like a needle,
would pioneer so many ways to stay out of touch.

What we think we know from intercourse
with buttered sculpture and machine parts

other animals have already dramatized. Flattered
by our speaking, then devoured, they begin to emit

both snowmelt and smoke like sliding glass doors.
Test answers are learned. Every sentence is like...

A bunch of spiraling, hand drawn and smudged,
starts talking to rare and softening airport newsstands

as I never could. To me, a single new carpet burn
casts a spell, like a geometry problem at a funeral.

Consider the erroneous. Pearly backlights enable zooming,
while the entire audience learns the language of raw vegetables.

I repeat: this cannot help. It's quite warm, it's a small bottle, it is perhaps
bared and shimmering skin camouflaged as borrowed money.

With a little more effort, unnecessary wars will seem to shine, too.
In time, the illegally imprisoned will be dubbed a thick gold inlay.

Don't let yourself see anything except the most perfect
bubbles forming and popping in your own very restless muscles.

Between sips, cold sweats are being changed. The more nearly, too,
are lying motionless. Bash. Go ahead. An approaching car will translate
discredited medical facts into wet salt licks.

Even though it hurts to bang, to heave, to ignore
my backyard garden, an actual human, synchronized time again or worse,

I really can't see any of them – not a single creature strained
by the next evening, or carved by the many fingers of fountains.

Bullets clap among the raw footage. Bundled index cards
resist seeing what adult life is like. Oh, hell what I should

have said is giving me a chill. I didn't think breaking things
was really much like baiting a hook or the propaganda broadcast

to the young cornstalks on the dance floor. As a rule,
the hero kills the faceless. So, why drag race with a broken pipe?

If you're really upset, I mean, why step in front
of the same dark, empty store room that's being used as a spaceship?

Bluely. Brownly. If you only knew....My memories are staying home
today, too sick for school. Run, I did, until I saw a recent, reached a loud.

We are at the sure-to-be. You wouldn't know it, because also is waived,
and the history of however protrudes like an asylum.

Ah, the fresh scent of what's unlikely ever to become a law.