big allis 8
BIG ALLIS

Issue Number Eight
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IN MEMORIAM

Hannah Weiner
1928–1997

Kathy Acker
1944–1997

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there follows slowly
repetitious advice crystal
radio sets hams cavity bricks foreign
insects 'phones off hook faulty digital
clocks cheap transistors relative quantities
of silicon pre 1940's building
materials neighbours' domestic animals

checklist?
within 10m radius using baby
domestic intercom mobile 'phones ( 
company same medium wave
as popular station seasonal allergies
inflammation sound distortion
dental fillings metal body plates

their terror elemental
what I don't know I can't control
self-importance

world air light water
oxygen nitrogen carbons various
elements
composition thereof
having no control
voices emanating
erroneous
terror partitioned terraces

just got tired writing
songs about
certainly lots of people got tired
listening now transferring
to sorted, turned,
pockets emptied
long gap usual
varieties performed
return folding baby's awoken

going again perhaps
returning perhaps not
pollen count being particularly
attractive garden

[pummelled sleeping Niall's head burrowing]
al reasonable / unreasonable humans
engaging social activities common
amongst species

watching helicopters circling
small estates sprawling Dublin
crying sirens

barbed wire
candles flickering

(account damaged
you're not forgotten

Print every bloody word
she wrote

Poster Print BOLD
again again
fly
all over Dublin
no more
than
breathing
us

reality
running still

a way

thought splendid

spinnings
skimming

finely whirring

skin
past
flight

while of us

moving
out
only

bowing
keeling

may never

close
tonight
many
night
many more
even
response to
response from
unexpected light

body mind enduring
incomprehensible

through out quotidian

Still as dead hands, a
poise on the brink of
hydro tears, a future
for hot moss moves
as each asking price
cracks the whip, but
will not bear up, nor
wait up much longer.

Back to blight, a blush
flares and cast of zeal,
cut swabs to red falx,
dura mater, umbrage
and rankle, what shale
fanfarades so choke to
round, turns to coulisse
for a sake still, even so.

Bereft, put a cold front
in mood swings, curve
or cut legs to the quick,
scissile, at any rate, or
a goner, so sash keen,
scampy and hale, better
late ripe and bare than
blossom or umber blast.
Each to each, the braid irks, fathomless in rank peonage, chip in, drop lustre, o barbed chaff, your brim flows on as feet go blow by blow, stiller than a rude grant, a cut price in demijour.

Star after star, army of pale fleece, turn a fiery crest in this hue or temper as its heap slides a berry whose spine lies broke, one half ripe, for lush lip as her nom de plume.

Were it to be wished, no wreath but curves in strange kind, your silly meadow corner, that stench of the lab and the gray woof of her as she falls, gross per long wave mould.

A cloud of happy, o can perhaps this deal cut less to pale down as she haunts the air or courts her smiling lawn, a voice of the light, as at least this light and fierce draft.

So cold, rigid child à ras de terre, done by sort or tacit curls to a screen of stops, pallid shades, varied as they are cruel, for angry knots so flaring off in chilly grounds

Each hue spelt a far warm, dust buds of spleen all bled with rapport that takes its shelter from a comet in acrylic ochre, idle in realms of briar so gives the eyes to brine.
In gradient scream, a shallow ash, so brisk to pierce each glassy foam, casts its slouch posture to dimities of blue, a fall from nets to surf flats, a sugar to still such revulsion.

So give up the ghost then, lay off its laws or want of better for a want of we in your mind’s eye, nor love to unfurl through all this immune system laying down its arm.

Eat out of heart, turn baroque soma, pulls to threads where the bosom sways its age in blue hued moons, each gives out, so let me conclude, a tinted wreck for a rest of it.

You’re all ears, or say so, flushed at what to see through each ruse, my emphasis, as slop head of brook, burn, glittering swim, or all that, orbits of hate in glows, now go proxy.

Out of a proud band your pallor goes to a sheen, gives me lark city and death, I am frankly appalled, pale as freak rivers to this shock of how long it takes, just how long.

These poems are extracted from a sequence entitled Optic Fire, the third sequence from a collection entitled The Slaughter Bench (from Alfred David Editions), which also includes Carte Blanche and Aggropolis.
DUST THONGS

restore its fair. pock badge
wooden cup.
night head, I moist the flap
stipple hands hold the leads

fibrous bread tugged by this stiff brush, to make a whole work.
lately of ragged tongue:
take the shame as a guest takes drink.

CONCEAL

pained feet — guest door closed
of plainness, of only voluntary.
the spire disdain. rim
alone marks the plummet of the cone
in a rectory lung. their plank at
home. a rapture denied by wires.

treads breathy girl, her guest. moth.

DOILY

Here sunk the russet brad into its felt as
in courses the shattered house flooded with malt

(nudging Clarice like an eared bible page
to enumerate with cattle in stumps where
frost had ridden them
to its familial clay. How once a knock-eyed driver
shook her from the summer gym, riveting her statutory limbs in their scotch splay.

Then pa digitalized all but chrome bas-relief on quarry head scape. Next she unscrewed his epilogue as against mensual wear-and-tear.

Her citizen tongue bulged fatty enclosures
and now begs breath in medium interrogations,

less mean than starling and peckish for
a virgin slice in black ground. Fumbling leg aches against a well-worn ceiling after overwalking it,

she breaks back to her silicon cabin and
drops the furry fabric to ingest head grease.)
THRENODY

Dark blue hamstrings and her thrummed neck
course our yard before reporting
with puffy wretchedness the numbers,

we shiver on beaded cords our
backbones whipping their pink nail into it

heavily present and aquified as less
previous severing, then, that aching round
without pheromone shields its aquiline neck
infinitely breakable

we’re quartering sickness in its kin tray then
warbling boil at the hand-cast grill out of fearing
sizzle: an ochre reckoning

which beats the dumb grass where she would otherwise
grizzle.

CHALK

She pins a smudge of shame on her chalk
cheek, rippling round in a heavy spire which bans

lidded orange in hope also of deftness,
since there can be neither shame nor its charcoal

thorn on the purblind papers: if there is any
outdoors, it’s craftily hidden in miser carvings

on a minute box or the frozen travel of her finger’s clef.
Such clenched leisure rehearsed strains her foot

to repeat up to the ditch, how she fixed her eyes
on the pin, that is, anyone who does who attends.

ECLAT, PT. 2 (ORIGINAL WALKMAN MIX)

(On the way up to the second landing, you’re thinking that to fit oneself
perfectly quite is one thing but to deploy insides out one’s own
extensiveness now that’s now that’s)

As you can see, there are another two (two) doors on the second landing. One to your
left, one in front of you. To your right a large wall surface, behind you the staircase.
Intersections which may occur here are of a more intrusive kind.
Wonders of artificial light. My silicones take me a long homeward way.
Beyond that. Was a sist a mist & a tis a tis. Yes no yes no. This 3rd arm
of yours. Was a Sally a Sally. What assumed, be not h... app...s to b. Born
of the incongruous meeting between a corridor and a trebuchement.
(That’s how we like you).

You’ve pushed the door to your left, the one marked surg. You enter the room.
Its vastness...ises you, takes you aback. Its ornate decoration. Red deep
carpets seem much at odds with the est of the house. A wide sof. covered
with a selection of cushions, not animals like cats and dogs. There’s
champagne in a silver cooler in a small side-crack, crystal glasses and
conversations. Feathers, hats, bare shoulders. “Welcome, we were
expecting you, make yourself conforta”. Someone is coming towards you
smiling, holding out their hand. You can’t help but notice are you seeing
straight through th. Everything’s what it Smirnoffs.
Noting your hesitation, they gently push you towards the centre of the
room, you think you’re feeling the prick of thought against your leg but
there’s none here you know. You slump into one of the deeper armchairs.

Aaah that was a. You notice someone sitting in another armchair facing
a good one she’s fiddling with her idea while engaging in conversation.
Surprised, delighted you look into it grows. Was a she a she now lying
on the sofaaa. Seems to be talking takes up more room laughs as clicks
open a fully clt clot elited like a fat cigar, the sofa’s popping out are the
walls extruding the air seems hotter, tighter. She or she is pressing with
her fingers and pulls the flaps apart. Coming out fast, she’s conversing
face down across a table her legs pushing a handful of her own up her
indescribably big, her space-surround ambient organum. Is laughing and
sweating. You want to. But your face is dropping out of sight and you
must busy yourself looking for it. Or you want to. But her arse has come
over you and is covering your face forcing itself around your mouth
around your tongue. This is all doubt beyond and wonderfully opaque.
You fill your throat and think of Mary, Immaculate, Your saintly
unvaginal envelope, bless me as I traverse, bless me the saintly silence of your lipless, Your saintly vacated saintly vacated occupancy, bless me as I'm moved to occupy, bless me Mary as I manifestly some profound occupation. Bless me she unpacks I discharges. Bless me Bless me Mary never let it be said: the splendid e I mean the splendid unts are inward inwared: sideinside in: are neither here nor there not this not that nor anything but not. So Bless me Mary pleine de grace for to extend one's out outsides now that's now that's.

Your skin pops back to its current conventional dimensions with a shurpy sound. In the landfill of your frock there is occupation which occupies. What app...rs to be h.... cromones of sweat 'n .isibility. A thinker once said girls make a gorgeous margin, did you believe that. I did. But really, Head on full-frontal — out — in — back — to — over — under — sideways — above — revelling — below — through — across — beyond now that's now that's what I'd call. Adjectival distentions branch out into spectacles recombinant. What I'd call. Morphing & a sightly occupation at that.

Sure, you can stay here you can certainly Aah that was a

Aah that was a

never the less
never the less
that was a
Aah that was a

never the less

Aah that was a

that was a
Aah that was a

that was a
never the less
SAINT HILDA

Camphor knitting in the knives around grace. It matters, not at all. Munificent natal narratives are opacity itself quashed. Now knows never nearer. When food sinks try to console me as lumber. The light rolling down through a fallen falsetto redescribed. Mother. It’s no accident. Or incidentally held to its mean tangent in fulsome potassium omen.

SAINT IGNATIUS

Breeds nesting. Open onto affinities with nautical directions, star polar collecting various drifts of warring wits. Find this in a wainscott, deluge for icicle provisions, exactly for high north in a heart of lapidary breaths. Devoured and wrapped in silk, why would the modem collect? There is no known nonentity life sees: vulgarian we sways. Onlylujah.

SAINT JEANNE D’ARC

Impulse a fearful retribution swum along line and its taste. A swollen ‘I’. Catechisms renoun, sing chasms across this grip. A theatre provides the shutter action, weak to lift, too seeking rifts in operable equations. The fabric is the rim of the calls for ecstasis. The cloud is for voicing the attitudes of men. Extremis. No need to note the brooding choir of fumid glare.

from FIFTH QUARTER
i.m. Derek Jarman

“If a garden isn’t shaggy, forget it!” (DJ)

INVOCATION

Ariel, pearl of fire,
Clarified spirit —
(There is a mouseguard
On the beehive,
Safe: all
Golden things) —
Doodle, Ariel,
Inhumane, distracted,
Blood shingle by the shore
For water-courses
And shower us:
Prospects of Derek
In a Dungeness garden.

35 MIL

In his childhood’s manuscript,
Sparkles flowered: “I remember
Daisies, words like Zussa
And Maggiore that would not
Stiffen, even at the scent of lime”.

Now: here is the altar of the watertank,
Flints and lichenised stones,
Pointing to the Power Station.

Like a crow you stole
All cinema’s glistening
Detritus, hiding the tea-spoons,
The clothes-peggs,
The baking foil,
Pinning them to the santolina,
The helidrysum of the screen
Which chirrups at us
Like a silver jubilee.

Light banks
The cascades
Are quite worn through

HANDHELD

The leather queen goes down
On sea-kale, his lips
In the earth of the Ness.
His jack-frost head,
Held gingerly as a tea-cup,
Bobs on valerian
And bugloss.

It is the time of potting,
Utter pastoral
Of Tilda in bluebells, a rain
Of shirley poppies
And delphinium,
The screen’s runner beans
Or tears.

SHORT

Dark slowly maps
The salt sea-marsh

Wave flows to wave;
Sunglut; a shell
Gloops and light
Is born through
A shinglequake

This is the fifth
Quarter of the globe

All outside is here
Glitters a dull pewter:
His hair

ER . . . A TEMPEST

Flashback to the solve of flood: a water hand, a sensitive hand churns in the waves. His palms kindle foam, an alchemy of bubbles, seeking soap stone, tearing with the roman vitriol of nails. Lightening palm, palm the color of honey, white arsenic. Look! The serpent life-line, *originall of Nilus*, changes the sea into itself, its smoky blue, its seeded white, a finer bone, a fist of rivered veins. A man of vinegar is being born, of slow heat, quicklime, retort and potash. Saltpetre hand, hand of cinnebar and verdigris seeking the sun, here no there no its water no air no light no flame no its flower its blue its blue its blue

Ferdinand always
Ferdinand even
In the combat gear
Of shipwreck
Hair in place
Despite the Tempest
A strapping pet
Waterlogged but snogable
Making for the dunes

Meanwhile, in the ingled mortuary of the isle: a pharmacopoeia has failed. Here on the tip of Dr Reagan’s creamy pestle is essence of rosemary, a broth of kitaer, triludan, AZT. Unroll the scroll of Caliban’s fat intestine and among the clotting, the burnt umber scalpel, the scalpel of gamboge and sap green hooks a half-digested survey thirled to shards
of Ms Miranda's puzzled dress. Questions puddle in the madder lakes of blood: "Are you concerned by this epidemic? Since the appearance of the virus, are you afraid of sex? Do you practice cunnilingus, sodomy? Do you take prec unilingus sodo convir? ? ? condo condone? Too thick? Too fragile? Are you for or against the presence of automatic fellation in public concerns? In stations, in cafés? against or against the free sale of Universities in chemists? Before marriage? Is marriage anonymous? Fidelity a ram? Is it new to be young and know you are mortal? What is an asymptomatic carrier? Would Prospero shake the hand of someone who is HIV Prospero? Are you afraid of flies? and infected person's budgie? Do you live in the country?" "Carter! This is a post-mortem not part three contagious diseases! We have to nail this bastard witch of a Sycorax before the Big Chief wields the stick. Try a lumbar puncture. Well, so what if he's dead! It's my forte! Extract a little marsh marrow from his spine. That's it. OK. Now, thread the needle carefully through that hole. Whatayaseekid? Whatayasee? Pan in, pan in!" "His arms betrims and thatch of meads, his stover sullied, liver trampled by live nibbling sheep, a gut of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease but half-digested, traces of pyroxidine, carbamazepine, tracking through that wary arch now, formed by rib cage. Yes! A grass plot. There peacocks fly amain. I'm framing up his bosky acres and his uncrushed down. That is amazing! Amazing! What a montage! His spongy April is completely overgrown by broom-groves. This is one heck of a dismissed bachelor! Focus on that waspish head embedded in his abdomen. Death was no honey-drop, soured refreshings. Scandalled company! Poor guy. Have you ever seen such a blue bow, saffron wings, rich scarf, such a Caliban!"

STILL
O bee-hat
Above a shepherd's crook
Herding pebbles
Into wiriness

STILL
Still speeding lens
Net against chest
Rope against
Chords of muscle

STILLS
Windchimes
A lantern

A crucifix
A verdigris trumpet

A fig a dwarf pear short ragged robin cuckoo-pink
sallow
escaped periwinkle sulphudazine teazle
laceflower

CUT
O Magnificent horehound!
— fox on the snoop —
Special sage!
Vegetable harlequin!
PROSPECT

... nuff said

here: the reindeer moss

imagine its dapples

... nuff heard
dodder or

muted rainbow

At every air
You are fenceless

och ... nuff...

Rest-harrow
Beautiful and necessary
weed

Merrily merrily

Note: Derek Jarman, the British film director, died of AIDS in 1994. His films include Jubilee, The Last of England, Caravaggio, and adaptations of Shakespeare’s The Tempest and Marlowe’s Edward 2. During the final years of his life, he came to live in Prospect Cottage on the south coast of England near the Dungeness Power Station, and created a remarkable garden out of this bleak, beautiful landscape. It is celebrated in his film The Garden.
V.

Sand in my eye
  sonic surf parties'
  proprioception
  smarted,
  when I was a coelacanth.
I surfaced (date? 1936?) to 'place' surface
  in my body-building limbs,
boy, did I have fun.
  fun fun fun.

In the grand swirl of the necropolis,
even the grain, which teased me once,
  has become another.

VI.

I know a good image when I see one —
  and the praxis of Thomas
    cast an apocryphal pearl
    as out of the abaloned sea
  but synchronised swimming
    in olympic pools
    saves me from doubting
its retrieval, gnostically.

---

from KIRK INTERIORS

nothing stands a tall
doors or chair or crucifix
figured out heroism even
if picking its way through us
drawn out effaced now
da days sluiced gravels
drawn entombed in
carnate scumble and scent
as like as if upon our
weal that became be
furniture muscles come to be
longings just the same

Tapiesburg

bee's insistence i'the
through sceptic's innocence
throat i.e. his phloem piping
simple units random as food

'f careerist efficiencies and
seductive terminotechnologies
eine kleine skyhook less
the scientist's loss in politics

ceci n'est pas une pipe nor
eddied arguments without the
sooted fingers but his eyes the
liquid wickedness of ozone

Joe Farman, June 1993
seall an fhideag airgid
o bhan an ex word
her routine suit and
cheeks dug with gaidhlig
't screes running in on o
fear eile acquiescence

Karen Matheson, May 1992

Hand to Mouth

Turning back from the conservatory wall, buries his head in a nest of black hamburg vine & smiles but once as the leaves tremble, the shine holding a gun loaded with brief papers, that little winter held in the mind just a visitor, as little winds will throw patterns out & tiny red anthems do foster themselves in March.

To hurt the eyes a delit in troubled scourings of glass, gardens hardly there but in a cup of blanck scratchings and fosse to see him stir and shreik, but cannot; is maled up upon a cushion, and set there where the fire bloweth, and the sparkes jet up & down. This is the best way to bring him to familiarity.

Which shoulder is troubling you? Which is leant against the thirty brickes on the water, the wall & breaking in sunder the inquiry of love? Apparently no order but hee should have him by the necke, and we are all well pleased, it is great oddes he will no further. But whiling here, by the straight line of the river, where we shall bury him; it is love or leaves, the locus abandoned. Small fowles picketh themselves in drops, and wilted drops and falls of song. And after, we may to the champion; once out into the plaine we. And the real dislike, as a street of pale clouds converge on the town, that nature is drawn unto the lives of men.
POEM

for Bill Girden

Death, about which we are all thinking, death, I believe
is the only solution to this problem of how to be able to fly
Paul Nash, Aerial Flowers, 1945

To state the discovery of a country
& be in a time without rage, keeping wings
near yourself, as barred as buried in the day, crossly.
Some present results; a tree, a quail, a rock, a hawk
rousing one’s mind from safety and tameable illness
to beautiful comprehension in the form of a hunch
as patience directs

the finishing line is a trail of feathers to brush.
You might resist the pall of earthly wings
wicker thrumming with sand and hysteria
no longer a word, no use, knocking at wind
or poise as it flows up along the face, an edge
clipped with rock and lifting, a movement

as if one were about to launch into speech of faith
at least a hoped conviction, spite of coincidence.
“This is hardly a flaw; it simply is” you say, then drop
like a lark in abeyance of song to mitigate sward.
My pen crumples into a swan, it is singing
inauthenticate myth, and not of future splendour.

I am glad. Some evidence a hymn without light. Fracas.
History. The building of a condominium.
It was true I had never met.
There was a strike on the glass; it was a bird.
I have never been to the desert.

from SACCADES

THREE POEMS

Sunlight seeps component hours therefore forbear to set.
One only accompanist, it twanged
the white fingers will embraid then shake their tally open
like tap sticks; & the fob of the guardians
kicks in to chatter, wheel to spin, the escapement clutch,
but are not what they angled for,
attraction/repulsion reaped the light these would uphold.

Gaps narrow, fingers sweep their sensory weft according
to what shade jumps hyperactive,
like a loom clanks silently they oil the nodding kiss grove.
Waive the near approach of
silk slip, hessian scour, velvet might hold back but slopes
damaged for the thought of it.
Behind, a lozenge licks out the sun. Light no more seeps
its automatic crop. By shortfall only though it cottons on
egg-ridden like a moist pad
chewed following precedent, in double twist wound tight:
what could be more hurtful
than this event foreshortened? Mechanisms start to whir,
the heliograph to jerk & sputter,
lengthening at verticals but fit down treads & bannisters.
Collateral fire pins down but they wobble loose, rebound knocks them back. To listen out would swell their backflow, consistent with a listening in on the springs which were double-leaf or breach, for stretched ahead of reason or at time's rule pinging into its anacoustic case, the reabundant fistful is impending through a light shrug.

Compiled inside the sheets where a fire-belt discouraged pain from crossing, jump-leads manage & rehearse that their sheared pivots rock against, then mesh together guard-like. Face it if a scarf was doubled over, the sheaf it proffered stood, just held its lining flapping like the fires nearby its belt consummately shirk, once again forgetting & oblivious birds sing out of cover. Part to heal all parting I lapse. Rejoice to find the break which suppurates in ugly burns. A last enticement coming up to take breath demurs against the guard rail & overhears what living shadows shadow, stacked, loaded, saturated, stoves in the inter-entity brief.

Empty envelopes shake drowsily, wrinkle as on deflating, never mind that they balloon like all of atmosphere, a method of least squares prevails; they scope thereby, incumbent even as they are lost to view & eyes have been cast down. The magnet turf is charged, lets no sprig of forget-me-not or pennyroyal underpierce.

Eyes wide as saucers asking more, ears splayed as dishes swirl with aggressive birdsong, no metal, no contact plates electrocute their rubber ticks, nor a funnel for ants will siphon. Banded muscle peaks the tent once headroom fluctuates in mimicry of the sky reports a thunder-clap, concussed into being repetitively.

Intact though its underside will stay, inflating to the high mission of the nervous bladder, twittering receptors switching all for output torch in eyes peeled from their treads, background pins & nipples staunch this lamp-black sighs to riddance. Succumb, be drawn two-timing, two-faced, flash in the synapse sensationaly.
COMPULSIVE READ

The stars shine on
this Alienated Highway
lowering the longboat

fashionable in Japan
today's monochrome media
illuminate grinning teeth

the same story over again
small battles over inception
lace caps

A salutary castigation
therevada counselling
on revelatory gas

diminish to size eleven
crescendo of dioptres
snow for forty days

wed in Hastings
bread and breakers
quickening tombland groins

is that the one
the Rules are gay and brisk
healing peace of flowers

Hanoverian galleries
for our Hallowe'en
three-potted sea

guested over lines
a string of stabs
some unchewed pistols

beetles on the bank
Welsh island hive
of anchorites, of source

her sublimate of cicatrice
renders telephonic
further criticism

beauty cannot cower
nor intone demonic
therefore I require my mask

one bilingual must be
con/ co tacted
cry pax orthodox

chronology of limbs
crossword revered
cross talk at noon

injured streaming
paddles the woolgatherers
pièced envoy

anaphylactic remorse
intercede O Beata
unconsciously scent

evening your machine
smooth menagerie
purposive cats

adoption is one little word
soaping the mouth
spitting on dust

bare blocks of thief
bicycle feet
laser estates

stricter adherence to ribbons
in the dignity of wildlife
smoke, incarcerated

socially inherited
water wasps, batter falls
heart's tournament

chess no spectacular
commiserate host
stretched to welcome

a bull-man in the tubes
with tachycardia
with hands aloft

wine softening the bite
our rising sign
bovine addiction

in a curl of Dormition
blue beads
the regal credo

questioning the visionary
spatial exposition
single disc

hyphenating our lifestyle
still embrace
in a waive of light
FOUR POEMS

To clean a table and put thread upon it to see a shape in the jelly of the eye and think that those colours are a range resembling tins of dye and when I say memories lie I mean that those reels of joy are not here to be used but their names and the spaces and shadows cast on this table frames this past function as it closes my mind to the room with its senses striking at now in deliverance from place to place across time and the lengths.

As It Stands

Walking I find this as you. I see that you are dead and far from hurting I lower my body into the pit to run some fingers under the bulging frieze and extracts of hope do not move by wriggling so a heave to break the catch where you have stayed until now. Shorting, a new directed clutch roams down June giddily and sick with throat thick tasting the green form of this table.

We Go

Mirror I mean. It does not move having expectations to defend and rely on. I choose not to examine the carcass getting mad with sail as the salts young to try remembering and crushing your deck I made a sound it does not make. Frought I absorb the mess in my lungs sucking some on for the ride to deter the souls leaving when some dust lands beneath the shadow and a leg wobbles to tunes sing. We go home and play with sugar fire soaping as desire times the turn.

Fusing With Me

In repair I find the column seeming to swallow the start. Nothing deepens a frown except the reply to shovel across a wider jaw. Speech patterns descend the dread by delighting in the side. I cling to the spider. Mending my way in the tear by thread I call certain verbs up as the revellers test tonnes of hugging against an average weight. The table leaks objects and rises to chew out the page.

Clumsy vernacular getting tired of ghosts getting riddled and final. Your delicate boozing inners the thoughts grown in hens court. Kindly you ice over the sense and judder my iconic glare probing coolly each torment rein. Lying accused in waiting pursuit hundreds wetting along from fear and the drone chugs close downing a pint until deeds fight the in mannersisms of now.

Casually making it known helpless in girth and now alike the other you charge without moving and halt at the gate relishing each drip from the glass. Calling and ticks in your laughter I shine my torch north till the burnt place appears and I smell a sweet volume which hangs in my hand but the said cannot harrow or dream to convince jumped up in another fright voicing the fever to bend slowly into a shield.

Circles made in here force a way back getting harder to silence her mother look and into my eyes the photograph kicks at the edges like the gardenforking the snails. Grass slides under foot and the war seems a long time ago. I remember your first apparition. As the deadening sense clammers upon board tilling this mind of its own wilderness the shed crumbles as the seedbed jerks forward. Counting a single memory until the bore cores out flaming its own shadow.

Personal needs in proud generations outing the kitch across the floor but in friction I tear up the town as night pressure stretches my mind behind the face. Calling you later bridging indifference at the doors swing.

The curtain goes up against all of the weights. I scoop into the shine some image backing with ease. A terrible shout in the draft closes noon and the days die misting from heat from the sky. Cloaking the shore a liquid magnifies salt in a catch. A number confides and toddles beneath the choices ducking to mention bell tension. The circles again.

The growth of raining sucks into a shape. Cancelling no form the kicking slams down rising in neither a flame tightened germ or gloved as pond dew stinks through the bounce of a humid day. This raindrop shells the cover until the dawn furies manage to hold a colour for reflection and spoilt drawings. Getting it, it wets the hand for a moment and drowns the image from red to lux. The vein bloods, shading the burning deep of water a violet closet to upper the pitch of spirits turning in the air current. I queue to default shinning forward a cobalt hush spinning across the table by the window.
At the underside of rough the clearing wells up and I clout the rise pausing to look like a mission. A bolder farce sweeps over me and cites solder from kinks truth poaching leopards flock in plants decidedly and unhurried. Verifying the roll I pad around. Clues search me out by sitting for hours hardening to couch the rein as it starts down again. The drips uttering hurt downward joints a dark crater base necking its face. Mention mole purging and I joke distilling help ending in tension for the next one.

A barbecue of ideas start up again. I shift the focus from sleep to dreaming seeing through the pink lids dense sphere. I look together into the back ledge where each knot drifts around flinging signs across the empty spaces pounding at the memory bag. Certain names occur drowning in a sticky rhythm. The bands of joy held away by tension wiggle and swagger from points of density. I hold into this store a grinder shifting on the pitted surface and drawing out the manager. This cold egg haunts from behind reflected in the glow from the hunted edge. Cashing the balance into a high pull the letting off interrupts a pale content pulsing out of its own shape. The cask lets go and a shout from the open lids drowns out the wringing from wet overturned lubrication.

The understanding was that the energy should determine all angles and that I was to shed this acute triangle into every direction. Far from jolting its wig I sensed soon to turn the central axle away to avoid fetching the image back just as the corners catch the length of corridor going against the light. The shaken shape hurries to lay its gender over the corner birching the straight beams to a contingent plan remaining hidden and struck with the deeds of its form.

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE 21ST CENTURY

1
Some time in an era of great light
Began the history of the future
A whole-body music whose complexity
was born in the thermals of generation

3
In later years she was to remember
War & evacuation
At the Maghreb’s apex, los moros on the corner
bringing cheese from the mountains
to the town
Fascisti in the zone of unknowing laughing
Pioneers
of international capital

4
Some time — yet where was the time
You could learn something from it, the objective history
But the more spread out the object
The harder it is to handle
A ripple of mistakes in the gene pool
The one coming off the other
Unspiralling movement, slow circulation of capital
From gold silver & copper
to paper
to digital information
Encoded in the data streams that flow
From terminal to terminal along the ancient trade routes

5
White Stork and Honey Buzzard
Take the eastern or the western paths from northern Europe
To sub-Saharan Africa & back
Two hundred thousand raptors & storks a year
On the thermals over Gibraltar Straits
The history of constant & inconstant flow
Lost articles in hot
Pleats unfolded beneath the sun
Between the retina & the horizon
Beyond the horizon of the international zone
And it was the family took ship
Where the coast turns —

The history of the Genoese
Who had the lateen rig
Yet hugged the coasts for fear
Refusing the lodestone —
She knew only family, that was fear

The history of movement, the audit trail
Horses in the thermals
The glitter dance of radar angels

The history of water
Water has no history

The migrants:
Divers & grebes; albatrosses petrels & storm petrels;
Pelicans gannets & cormorants; herons & storks;
Ducks geese & swans; raptors; gamebirds; cranes;
Crakes & rails; waders; skus or jaegers; gulls; terns & skimmers;
Auks; pigeons & doves; cuckoos; owls; nightjars; swifts;
Hummingbirds; kingfishers; bee-eaters rollers & hoopoes; woodpeckers;
New World flycatchers; larks; swallows & martins; pipits & wagtails; shrikes;
Waxwings; dippers & wrens; mockingbirds catbirds & thrashers;
Accentors; thrushes & chats; Old World warblers; Old World flycatchers;
Titmice chickadees creepers nuthatches & their relatives;
Buntings New World sparrows & cardinals;
Tanagers New World warblers & vireos; icterids;
Finches & weavers; starlings & orioles; crows

Patches onscreen
Radar angels
Observed at distances of five to ten miles
Large flocks moving along the coasts
On the north-south axis

In knots of hope
Movement
Multiplied

Para bailar La Bamba
Se necesita
Una copa de gracia
Bare feet on the ground
Drenched in static

As fortunes thrived
From the rim
The hinterland
Beyond the golf course

Which is where we work
Encoded in the flesh of our own families
An era of ignorance

Each spring
which is pure white
Unlikely swans
in the far north
Whistling
in the western plains
18
In not of hope
North African power
On the thermals
A curvature

At dusk they listened
To flocks
Outside
Of standing waves
A roar of digital
Now you don't
The perfect
Leaves

25
"Halcyon days" which is "swift blue"
crowding round the waters
and the little grebes tuning up
The lost article

Now you see them
Painting their serifs in the air
Now you don't, the perfect leaves
The glitter dance

26
In the office of the editorial department
Before sunset
Faxes incessantly come in
"and the noise of their singing and chattering is so great
that a person . . . can hardly hear himself speak"

30
Halcyon Cello
Air Rolling

32
Stork Waves Peak
Speak History Haze
Mistake
Mistake
Mistake

36
They vanquished Want
They looked down on Squalor
They disapproved of Idleness
Lived in Ignorance
And were struck down in the end by Disease

41
Mistake Mistake
Money Babies
Mistake Mistake

44
Pedigree = Pied de grue (Crane’s foot)
(because its mark resembles a "family tree")

49
Over the gravel pits & reservoirs of south east England
Mergansers, grebes & smew
Fly to evade the freezing of the polders
In bad winters they keep just ahead of the zero-degree isotherm
Where the coast turns
They stay alive
MILES CHAMPION

VERY STRONG AND VERY WEAK

shape + place = almost individual

A divan-like
    mountain of cerebration

is skilled in- oblivious

The Blue Foetus

1) boils
2) kneels down
    a) before a spark
    b) its sister
3) spits into a pitcher

Joan of Arc was
    a hermaphrodite?

Never established. How could it be?
    Elle fut carbonisée.

Clarity is
    immobile
    Visual
    indifference a
    growth

Too like
    one another
to
    be days

Each conviction lengthens the sentence

“Backless love,
    the city waves me like a napkin in your hand.”

avec
    la vie

eaten by his
    question

    “I do not brood, nor do I
    experiment.”
    — Picasso

CELLULAR PROSODY

A point is born on a node of the grid.

    peril eyes in the
    dairy air
the June sun
   on the wetted edge
of downward suction

*  
POE

there came suddenly to my nostrils
the equivocal appellation of
the vessel — the berths of which
rhymed with the result of such intense
mental collectedness

*  
TH
ES
ES
HO
ES
*  
WHAT SKY written after eating
 The Detective less virulence
   such a pattern

*  
after eyeing the structure I
formed a vapour
of departure and streamed
through

*  

THIS PEN HAS A
LIMITED CAPACITY
OF EITHER 400 WORDS
OR 10 METRES.

*  
"why," in order to better elucidate
   the "how"

*  
brain, discradled, infinite,
in love with display

*  
the projector's reels
   are the mouse's ears

   the rain makes pawprints
      on the windshield

*  
Apology Clusters

1) severe abundance
2) stone fans
3) colourless walls
4) bottomless cans

*  
(springtime) bedtime

*  

“These are the sentences you have to paint.”
— Steve McCaffery

No connectives or interval music inside the wave

THE is to ——— as OF is to ———.

and “it” and “that” are everything

“As literature, it’s fine.”
— Alfred Jarry

English: “not to know what to do with oneself”
French: “not to know what to do with one’s skin”

THE ATTEMPT TO USE TIME BETTER, TO READ CRITICISM ON
THE SUBWAY TO WORK, TO WRITE A PIECE WHILE TYPING
LETTERS, MADE HIM OR HER FEEL CRAZY. A CARE-GIVING
WORD. THE DIFFERENCE OF COMMUNITY WAS THAT WORK
FELT LIKE CONVERSATIONS OR MISCOMMUNICATIONS WHILE IT
USED TO FEEL LIKE THINGS HE OR SHE DID TO GET HIS OR HER
VITAE UP TO SPEED. GRANTED, MANY PEOPLE WERE ONLY TALKING ABOUT THEM OR OUR

from LIVE

that everybody now just has to make up their mind, is money money or isn’t money money, everybody who earns it and

Have you started a fight like this in the last six months (that is, since [NAME EVENT/MONTH])?
SELVES BUT THIS FELT FINE, ALMOST SWEET. IT FELT LIKE IT WAS A PART OF THE REST OF THE WORLD. CHANGE "WILL" TO "HAS AGREED TO." THE MAN OR WOMAN SAYS AND I OR WE WILL TELL YOU OR THEY ONE THING, EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS HAPPENS RIGHT ON TIME. RIGHT ON TIME. DID YOU OR ME HEAR ME OR YOU? RIGHT ON TIME. HE OR SHE KEPT THINKING OF GOOD THINGS THAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE OR SHE WOULD GET A JOB; THINGS LIKE HEALTH INSURANCE OR A FEELING OF USEFULNESS. WE OR YOU
SPOKE OF CLINTON AS A GREAT INTELLECTUAL AND WE OR THEY LAUGHED ABOUT THIS LATER BECAUSE HE OR SHE HAD WAY MORE POWER, JOB AND PRIZE WISE, YET SEEMED SO STRANGELY NOT THINKING. CHANGE "THIS WOULD BE A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW! I AM LISTING A FEW COMMENTS—THEY ARE NOT EXHAUSTIVE BUT THEY MAY GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF THE DIRECTION OF MY THINKING" TO "THIS WOULD BE A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW! IN THE SPIRIT OF ADMIRATION, I AM LISTING SOME COMMENTS— IN THE last year (that is, since [NAME EVENT/NAMES CURRENT MONTH OF last year]), have you hurt someone with a weapon?

THEY ARE NOT EXHAUSTIVE WHICH MAY GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF THE DIRECTION OF MY THINKING." I OR YOU HAVE BEEN SEEN AS TOO SERIOUS BUT THIS HE OR SHE ARGUES IS MY OR YOUR SAVING. WHEN I OR YOU TRIED TO BLEND INTO THE DARKNESS NEXT TO THE BUILDING, THE MAN OR WOMAN CAME AT ME OR YOU TRYING TO CUT ME OR YOU OFF AND PRESS ME OR YOU INTO THE BUILDING HOLDING HIS OR HER HAND OUT IN FRONT OF HIS OR HER FACE, GESTURING WITH HIS OR HER FINGERS IN A COME HERE

You said that in the last year you [NAME [ ] SYMPTOMS IN Q 1 - 29 AND NOTES 1 - 6]. Now I'd like you to think back to the time in the last year when doing these things caused the most problems.

At that time—when the problems were worst—did your [CARETAKERS] seem annoyed or upset with you because you did these things?
GESTURE AND WITH AN EXPRESSION OF GLORY, OR PLEASURE ON HIS OR HER FACE THAT IS RESERVED ONLY FOR THE STONED OR THE SAINTLY. HE OR SHE OFTEN TRIES TO HIDE HIS OR HER IDEAS IN FOOTNOTES SO THEY WILL NOT BE EXPOSED AND CRITIQUED BECAUSE HE OR SHE HAS LEFT BEHIND A BELIEF SYSTEM ABOUT EVEN HIS OR HER OWN BELIEFS. THIS IS A METHOD OF CRITICISM WHERE WHOEVER GETS THE LEAST SAID ABOUT THEM OR WE WINS. HE OR SHE KEPT HAVING CRUSHES ON EVERYBODY OR ANYBODY.

At that time—when the problems were worst—did doing these things [make it difficult for you to do your schoolwork or cause problems with your grades/make it difficult for you to do your work]?

WHICH MADE HIM OR HER WONDER IF IT WAS THE CHAMPAGNE OF WATERS OR THE COMPANY. CHILDREN COLLECT THE REFUSE OF CAPITALISM, PACK IT INTO SMALL SPACES, UNSORTED, UNREACHABLE JUST FOR ITS VALUE AS CAPITAL. IN THE 80S THERE WAS A BUTTON THAT ORDERED ONE TO STOP MAKING SENSE. THE 90S SEEM TO REMAIN UNSURE ABOUT ITS OR THEIR RELATION TO DESIRE AND SENSE. WHEN HE OR SHE READS CORNEL WEST HE OR SHE FEELS PIOUS OR POSSIBLE, PERSUADED BY THE IDEA OF SOCIAL CAUSE.

At that time, did doing these things cause your [teachers/boss] to be annoyed or upset with you?
OR JUST ACTION While the
rest of the time he or she
might remain confused or
alone with cause, as if he or
she can’t figure it out,
caught like the archetypal
deer or raccoon in the
lights that break the dark.
If this idea is reachable, if it
is more than love, more
than sentiment, why does it
always feel so vague, so
without footnotes, I or
you say, as if the footnote
could actually tell he or
she something that wasn’t
minor or academic or both.

How often [were/was] your [teach-
ers/boss] annoyed
or upset with
you? Would you
say: a lot of the
time, some of the
time or hardly
ever?

The researcher suggested
that daughters or sons
think of their mothers or
fathers what their moth-
ers or fathers think about
their mothers or fathers
when they were merely
daughters or sons. It was
way too causal or con-
ected. Change "my ideal
editor was danny freedman
who always sent out his
requests for reviews with a
few penciled in questions
for the reviewer that got
to the heart of the paper’s
strengths and weaknesses

Have you ever
been fired from a
job for fighting
or stealing or
breaking things
on purpose or
because you
wouldn’t do what
you were asked
to do?
AND HELPED THE REVIEWER FOCUS ON THE CRUCIAL QUESTION" TO "I MAKE NO PRETENSE TO BEING A DANNY FREEDMAN, ALTHOUGH I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE." SOMETIMES HE OR SHE WANTS TO SEE HIM OR HERSELF AS SOMEONE WHO JUST NEEDS TO TAKE WORKING LUNCHES. HIS OR HER LOVE OF I.E. THE FEAR OF PEOPLE IN URBAN AREAS OF CONTAMINATION BY TOUCHING OR CLOSENESS. THE MAN OR WOMAN COUGHING IN THE BACK OF THE ELEVATOR WITH ABANDON. THE MEANING OF THE PUBLIC HERE.

In the last year, (that is, since [NAME EVENT/NAME CURRENT MONTH of last year]) have you been fired from a job?

I OR YOU MIGHT SAY TO YOU OR ME THERE IS ME/YOU, YOU/ME. SOMETHING WE OR YOU ARE THINKING, TALKING. BEING A SECRETARY FEELS HUMILIATING ALL DAY WHILE BEING A DOCTOR FEELS LIKE A FRAUD. IS THERE ANOTHER CHOICE?

WHILE MEN OR WOMEN ARE ATTRACTED TO SHORT PHRASAL UNITS, MEN OR WOMEN PREFER MORE ROLLING SENTENCES.

THIS IS CALLED GENDER OR SEXUAL DETERMINISM. HIS OR HER POEMS SEEM TO DEMONSTRATE, DESPITE THEIR DISCONNECTEDNESS, THE CONNECTEDNESS OF...
EXPERIENCE RATHER THAN FREEDOM. THIS IS CONTRARY TO HIS OR HER DESIRES YET IT IS WHAT MAKES US OR THEY APPRECIATE THE BALLSY ATTITUDE OF HIS OR HER WORK. WE OR THEY CAN RELATE TO ANYTHING OR NOTHING. THE FRONT ACROSS THE STREET CHANGES ITS NAME TO THE BABY MINI HEALTH AND GROCERY. A FINE IRONY. ALL THE NEW THINKING IS ABOUT CONSTRAINT OR BONDAGE. IN THIS IT RESEMBLES ALL THE OLD THINKING OR EXPERIENCING.

I just asked you some questions about problems you may have had in the last year because you were [SAD OR UNHAPPY/ GROUCHY OR IRRITABLE]. Now I want you to think about all the different parts of your life . . . your friends, your family, how you get along at school, your interests, and so on. How bad were the problems that feeling this way caused for you? Would you say: very bad, just plain bad, not too bad, or not bad at all?

DRAMATA

slow collapse into discovery sentences are practices what do you actually do — do you step on cement in a dress on Tuesday? don’t underestimate the evidence it’s her me by the car down the street a dream pressed on a skeleton from sequence of thoughts see the soul as a formal property that’s him, all that chain of events it’s the story that hit, when it fell, slow, drifting in occurrence sudden twist in the pathway is you — golden organ, wily agency: mind signed by objects confronting it unique agony, make me become the street writes that being today this neighborhood, this leaf, that particular body politic trashed — this conclusion and refrain: your persistence against the assault the gas line burst on Glendale gladly the Governor attacks that’s our book, fellow temporary concatenations of compounds the third episode of the second act — semes in the dirt seem to emerge it hurts to be alive like dying, it’s changing it’s a nick at the center emitting — plot twists tackle you, constant force against scurrying identity — catch that last seat in the front row
no narrative knows mercy, it's hastening on — too many clues have accumulated — get me a *peripeteia*, somebody floppy neck of the hero extended walks through a hoop history, story, *music*, go loosely through this muddy arena

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**A CULTURATION**

now lost in clean spaces of the World Trade Center on Saturday, I can’t remember if I lived here in the oasis a thousand years ago where the fountain by the willows reflects the bright face of the Wells Fargo — at last wisdom is the thin facsimile of the coin of the ages — “as Plato said . . .” and in all the garages and playrooms learners acquire skills with the help of facilitators that’s the first chapter in the story we’re living no — chapter number 0, number negative 1 the hero was extinguished when the equipment arrived for the new building annex — plumb that space for a sure foothold heartless days when you rely on records — electronic pictures of beliefs you cherish then stand still in the air try to reckon what force robbed the sense of a palpable substance in sidewalks blade of grass told over by voices projected from somewhere else, false motion — in nodes people meet at intervals, writing’s proximity multiplies the event facts have more than one witness that’s what happened to it, it was sundered then from time and place, beset thenceforward by abstract plans — and what about poetry’s other layers? the ten heads banished to the closet don’t move, we’ve got you covered long arms punished under barrages a ruckus — it’s scrappy, you’re needed the great gap nuclear black hole instrument — boutique by the oil building — break down, forget, flee — forcing — rethink, time to regroup, then assemble in the name of —
from SWOON NOIR

PUCKERED

Puckered unbroker amigo pile-up
Smooth shaven circumference legible to vetting
Mazy tolerance numerals intact
Face no sugar manpower some information
Psycho-sister reads diary Price Blood SAY SO
Lust as freely vex flirtation plumping disparagement
Allowing itself [to be] [is] ashamed infertility
Breed supposings zeal than profit
Precarious tenures — yes my can’t you —
KNOWLEDGE PLUS ACTION EQUALS SUCCESS
Nothing cancellable mice-like skin-like maximized
Brides & goons entitled to compensation
Parliamentary acetylene gibberish suspicion to corsage
That’s a wrap ploy
First I perfumed suppose you meant déjà-vu
Irresistible carte blanche vividly blush to be
Sine qua non victimized aperture fronted to delve
Head strictly previously labile glowing pencil of fancy
High-handedness facts not idealities
With chording cadences gussied prerogative syntax
Not below = understands: this isn’t freeze group
Embryonic docket trophy over his head
I almost said something
Vow roots provoke practice fights
That publisheth peace glitter jobbed scarce
Glints static supplefication getting a little “Fordist” —
Nothing fits anymore
Beast of a sanctuary cheek atom
Tête-à-tête made peep out the motto
Before these tranquilizers vegetabized

Not the blame to do who fends laying softer
Mobbed by — story slug forward as towards
Publicity fork care
Environment thermidor vernacular boudoir
[The] ghost choking [clowns] in the receipt
Voluntaristic ‘message’ ‘have-nots’ coming unarmed
Too caverning better [Rumpelstiltskin] than that
Vile trash spasm sued for
Nominally necks exalted partialities to be blackmail
Mine that you planted 20 years before
Honeycombed to provoke pretty cautioned against
Sectional norms

Handwriting speaks against you oh no no no no
Philato-mania dial fits hole — alarm consultation
Caritas — restir pseudo-gravity
Proctor bite I’d ‘ve hoped sole ornament
Ha ‘n’t no emptins an wid ye!
Very catholic nest ribaldry bating blue
Atoms crowed decisive proof with charm
Pride dumb asylum’s valentine intoxication —
Rubber masks as centerpiece
Toxin widowhood luminous metaphysics pretty generic
Faith as disaster
Idiosyncrasies of stunning antithesis
Communitarian pliably ventriloquizing
For eight-hands-round in-between too negative
Fragilizing animal papoose faults judge
Esplanade divest friend of beholder
Evasion of court martial safe in arms remember
Scale by use without a chaperone
Eyes in stakeout of head loss
World pocket empty the bos
But kept price implies underconsumptionism rollercoaster
Stunt editor rattle stimulant
Image a brawl with a sunlamp
I don't eat candles negotiated
Affianced zero ritual insults — immovable redress
Act the part of bloodhounds in majority
Qualificant à propos night heat
Bag of tricks just within tremens
My head rostered little owners'
Telepathic justice damps crowd of thorns
Goodbye to your brother
The forced answer . . . the melt machine suture
Labile malice furled to his friends
Now-a-days subject and object
Necks securing jitterbug baton histrionics
Fancy harboring its rebus cautionary
Re-bob saboteur slimline stuns
Upon jerking very chichi recision prizeman
Zorro avec little angular-headed somata
Well . . . bury it many case histories
Ventriloquism helluva Cinderella
Flushing laws fits out of books &
Sincereness fosters regret
SLUG: MERCY MISSION Revolution Only
Limbo putsch of non-entity
Doxa mature pissoir pronoun
Searchlight vex cropped close . . . no boners
Eyes grow loud human animal skins
There's a collaborator among us baby
Champagne teaches Egyptology whoopeth in heritance
Know how tradictory time is —
Peg last night human time-bomb subtle pre-fab always
Face little body always
Self-prosthetic untameable assiduity tiff
Dilemma vain best perfumed rough
Presumptuous D.O.A. balletic oops
'High art, fixed rates' — Big Bubble
[Is] always now assoilize voicebox missteps

No ordinal [mass of] feckless courting stress
Granular singular job donor index happens as objects
Mothering = spit on a hankie
Teletype noose of lap at auction
Gad vectors accident framing re-vein debors
Generic for — arraignments of
John Doe so far Indio
Morgue for I.D. plans as goggles
Gramming torso swindler commune
But you forget one small detail
Downright un-American
What matter to the idea if indiv survives
VALENTINES

Affection — would be revolution enough —
Blitz — dote —
But — I thought? —
Chide — dazzling —
Content — heart's decoy —
Croon — croon —
Decompose — I could I'm so clumsy —
Digit — one emotion per —
Empathy — candied —
Events — are prodigies to flesh —
Fanfare — tripwire —
Forever — the moment before the social makes mere titled
everything look exactly alike
Grip — counterpointed gap —
Hand — 1. ransoms 2. interchangeable —
Head — heart's gauze —
Heart — flesh as headrest —
If — so —
Inflammations — of the present —
Inundation — hinge —
The Judgmental — burned to the ground —
Lacemakers — for Words are Themselves —
Lap — beams —
Mandatory — Si Si —
Milky Way — fool's gold —
Momentum — tactile delegation —
Mouth — arpeggiation of the given —
Near — many-sided —
Oomph — by reg —
Ornament — truth function —
Parataxis — body alive with —
Please — 1. don’t let me be misunderstood 2. crybabied
our hearts in the

Precious — causality, or else, we're apes —
Self — grafitification —
Sex — by parallelogram —
Silk — to be talk —
Sleep — the wax without impression —
Sunset — end-stopped —
Tumble — cull —
Unsaid — secretly pronounced —
Vary — sped up —
Veneer — can say yes —
You — we —
LXV: MONEY AND MONEY AGAIN

A traction, attrition, the spokes are on
A mission. Blue glass costs the most, so don’t
Wait up. The adobe and I will be
Just fine. I’ve got a winter in my step
And bombs in my thermos and one more chance
At rolling my r’s. To any question,
I will boldly reply, “The food is not
Hot enough! The food is all gone!” To which
Your folks will say, “His name must mean something
Short.” No doubt about it. It’s a dry heat.
My fifteen minutes are lined up and shot.

LXX: FINDER’S KEEPER

Lure me to the lake on time, sir,
So that I might watch bugs wrestle
In your eyebrows. Finite iris,
I will give you an eye tooth for
an eye tooth. Must you suffer from
Cirrhosis of the left-hand side?
The doctor orders a first strike.
The tax lady claims rubella.
During Christmas, I wish for France.

LXXX: CUSTODY OF THE EYES

On the way to waste we might trade triggers.
He might have secrets or a spindle for
His brow. Only ambulances ago
He owed me a chill. See him curve his way
Around the clown perimeter. Shake out
His keys and wave. Wash me, mister. I’m the
Idiot fruit. In cup after cup of
Bad rain. Give me a permanent kiss in
Your balloon, and I’ll refuse to even
Look at your hat. Lend me a blemished ten,
An infinite difference. And children.
1 NATURAL NUMBERS

Attending to Red, to 1 as it turns and turns

into Unio(n), the child who hunts is the child who herds,
riveted

at night by stars

in the heat, as she sleeps

in the mint-mild

yard.

5 (IMAGINARY NUMBERS)

I spell it out — to spell it in; I cast a spell

that puts an end
to all distinction: more including, wider flung, closer spun, more penetrant, or more in-
fusing, if we only knew what

empty space was — the solid part of a table one part in each Quadrillion:

Im Re.Rainna: Im Re.writing the Imaginary

Natural Integral Rational Real

as

Identical. Crimson. 5. Uprising droplet petals resist
disappearance, devitrify: star at the skin
and grow
inward in the form

of Iota:

Iota and her anti-self
cancel: Iota,
dividing herself, is still hidden: none,
but one; but Iota, + returned to herself, overlaying herself, an enfolding
Revelation

of One who-is-and-is-not-one, who is Not-one, who returned

+ \sqrt{-1}
to herself is real, and Minus: rotational Spine
— Girder and Axis
of description in the (actual) quantum mechanical world, in the Body Electric.

BOB HARRISON

BUILDING EXIT

happenstance duel training asterisk bean
cursive expedited true breast-plate, operative
not forged special block steer flack
trouble foregoing five special, bowler restricted — vagrant
auto-lot greenery bridge, focus boulder tracks
effusive stand wove unknown pilgrim — additive switch
paste dewlap froze oxymoron hashed
alter entrance slid precept moribund eight tree-trunk
insert placido deliberate gerund ignorance fold
oven guest nipple result betroth oval Kon-Tiki
precept concave repulse
balloon spin-off rest bedraggled tin-can
dark remind interpret monsoon Epileptic Town
reel encrypted St. Elmo result entombed relate
Bolshevik trust bold malinger stack, pulse burn matter revamp
big engross axiom comma unnerve delighted forest racy
western midi Black Spring engulf tamarind encapsulated
turf year-long picture sabbatical mail underhand
binder wound message charge portray ample petticoat
grid washer spark tray room undercurrent
locate equipped starlight rueful clear wrangle
appointment stain twirl, approach streak leftover
rape clip surmise distance layaway ranch around, tree
system walker mint beckon Deuteronomy hijacker
eyear repulsive on-track wasteful blink jacket span
algorithm grocery reluctant shiner blueprint hose
rest locker engagement return capture manager
blank oxide tryst mover eruption castanets
backward digitizer comprendes sound magnet chive
unbound slick shoe-in enraptured pronunciation unnerve
like adept engine mollified classical sear, call arrowhead
drop mortuary pagination strip drive paragraph living
modem flack-jacket persevere lug alien column poke
anaphora harvest refrigerant entrance pack tamale
bathos trestle juniper pounce maker station hermit contusion
papaya tek brownie pinto south encourage tracer ward
product sitor paramount open Spanish mistaken woeful bright
trainer pursuit entourage culebra resistance heckle rounder
blandishment sole petticoat tick hive Masoch desktop guide
escapist antelope rhino share unnerved disrobe policeman
deter shower dread gigantic created term unitime
blanket collect watchers bonfire deterring Turing
longevity out street chasing ramifications Beatrice
pointer host field air signal opposed interest Nature, bathtub
neck parsimonious Skinner penultimate VT figure
generalization uncut ransom paramount old tapa
spurt letter mental butane decision ion grid coax
jar, interpreted queue lifer stitch vast boomerang
facial crowd planner bust rent nominal bone
cruise percent washer undersea Newfoundland pester
confront ambient appreciative oxidize polar cormorant
impress downtown iron crustacean purple crud tumor
data smile persimmon likeness authority netter young quip
flyer poltergeist rump craft deciduous lantern extra nape
pontoon covering script abscess shop approach pant stopper
gem curb hydra refer antonym window fester, roxy
foam label timing tweezers minus ominous indivisible
video lug jarmin careless reclined pastiche numerous, mime
bather delta knot presenting vintage place ceremony minute
data swim intestinal trilobite figure raster nit
sweetened error abscess carrot threadbare effusion
mouthpiece anemic phone book triad rite masticated fizz
coinage female mottle unilateral mainstay copier entrust
upside-down exceptional requirement untrue reworked controller
preparation zoom nepotism query hangman disconnected roan
place-mat tuner screw monitor encasement untouchable sketchbook
blotto dash white impediment foreigner conniption rake

LISA ROBERTSON & CHRISTINE STEWART

PRIMITIVERA PERTURB

like THAT ripe doubled utterance

Yews wicket against this ugly horizon and gazers rivet its black flag.
Gradually budding — half hair, half stupor — a narrow pilgrim fumbles
against the quaint irregularities of Gothic erections. We blot her skirts.
We cage her regards in the transparent
tissues of innumerable flies.
Bulbous, cusped and skitty

Her's gradual tissue's cage. Its a bloated skirt drivelling snot and eggs.
Regard the wicked cupid in said cloth: half erect and useless. Horizon
sewn. Flies ripe in books. THAT stuttered breach gives skirt.

BUT don’t mistake ME bloated and drive ME drivelng from this plain's
onward and unwilling tread.
— a wrath won't come till sneers bread —
(and yet result my conduct for he simply said that i should receive those
first-fruits of that pellucid and smokeless moil).
Now hitch this hasty
wheeze, this tweezy speech,
cause
Love's a mewling ditty in a cold dry withy basket.

Conflict's dry bit fathers this Now. We float above all that stinks
and bathe in dank fumes. ME'S A PLUCKED RISK.
Let us list thread's antecedents: shoved loops, mauveness, dickering,
curtains of paste.
Soil wants it.
Sneers flaunt it.
Fruits fall when shoved.
Me breathes in tidy twitches. Scabs crack iambic as dogs.
this ville's a moral jar.
this twist sucks its thorn in flounce and dicker.
me's a pale veal of quiver, an accusing juice to yer
flux cyst of

ear heap &
let's this

Steep
knack.
it's my tweeze to yer pea.

as if Rome's us.
Loot shivers and glues us unctuous to pips yup like gnarly this:
Cuss and cheep.
I spell penus thus
O civil ounce

of ire releases balm's livid naught
quivers drink
praise nonce
lest thee shortle yup

loot shivers thus its uncucous pip
eye bleak
yer tupping gasp
to rut
to clinch

this parrot haul up

— WE CART YOU OFF —

(oh silly shores your colonial days rythm out their pump'ed ways)

love's staggered his willowed pus

life spumes its pondly spume

scratch WAX
SUCK stress
kiss kiss my latin kiss

NEW LUMPS PIN cheap MY LABOURs RIP

lupin pump lupin pump lupin
octo
  oscillates : cooties kiss
gimme more dutch roman
BUMPKIN
the car's gone fucked and bugs
unteneenth width was fraught from pearly such and licked
TONSILS

wackin metric
ya stain th rut

That's suckin local.
Tin's gone.
sum big fat lupin fuss and cootie kiss
i pin inch
a single piping ditch bit
im miss
pass matters
a car fucked or think's loom
lap its veer
and
then
seem
lost
about
matter
ver dear
i'm im this sodden cot's trot
mitter since
bolt dink
and its
not
as
tends as then

some say verdure some think verdure
my damn cots fickle as a still green heart
its mind that is
nuthin drips that isn't liquid
matter tricks. i think it
dull
as tables, dull
as bloat
dull as
natty snoods I knits
URGENT: STUFF SINKS. METRE'S LEFT
and lovely little vowels to wend

thinkings's mitten
cuz kings mit bolts hot wire
thought
and gold heads loll in foliage
smitten
photosynthetic
my pat bit
my timid snot's
lupin
dear timerous boots (mine
I
feed
s
fat
birds.

thinkin mitz yer pit bit
nips its dooze when lure
wheels r
hocked its
been lips
its been gemmy
ur bliss
not some solemnly woman fortune
but side brush
and vexy
freedom's some lofty bastion
some moist
foible elisping its
crutch
wear little white collars and leap yer present life

et pip
rips at collars
tetchy
an father homed
I irk peace
(not for so dire an enterprise designed)
Imagine some vexy dome
mooning, yer both
how leap thinkins
lure or roll it moist
an blemished else

its rip tetchy right?
and yer father homed but brief then
to some
thin under
massy
and all ippy
so clump snitch
et irk
twip
i've missed yer
blips
bin snipped
off this com pose
fer excess' in putter
mais
im back
im hear
x

via nippy wetter
my access is remote
my scratch
hiss'm
or hyssop
love nicks its own ruck
en flatts
its bidder
we've
pluralled dibs n bot
parts.
all this for movement. The grass appears to grow in grids. The moist
root's tended. Summer's bearded. Mid drink in scarlet. Inky carlet. Wet
letters across allotments flatten or stall skin. I seem riven implausible.
Sewn to what is nice. I smile I speak nicked shit like a system that wants
itself bigger. Blue washed at the edge. And she's swooping.
RODRIGO TOSCANO

O SACRUM CONVIVIUM

1.
This is what wouldn’t happen. Silver (has it?) clouds
Strings spread orange hue. He was just beginning to
_A word-need to burrow in your trying beauty_
Dusk — clasp, stitch, and _her_ (not his) walk. Occasion was
Meanwhile, said string/strung (on who’s ear?) was merely a
There are 3 squadrons altogether, twelve planes each
Purchase (then) — and they both love books, don’t they? _beauty?
Each totes five half-ton shells with/to spend hot lead — dusk
Sliver. What hasn’t happened — is a State Question.
Ask it. Trees. Tell? Won’t. Helms is a great strategist
What oak are you? Don’t humor _yourself_ — purchase — more
Less a real evening (bookshelf) maybe more like a
Stomach to stomach. Eye to eye. Lung to . . . skin peels
Is done? Or is he still eating, working for it?
Drew a blank stare, from a tyke, with a need for . . . _told_
Or the whole group (twitching) was told: _you’re_ The Future
_You’re / to save / oitb_. Wooden nickel, retailed, costs dime.
Don’t fear, _friend_, we’re still strolling, man woman and — egg
Purchase, is it too late to use not-I _and I?_
By the way, master narratives are what we all . . .
It was thtalin thtalin — stalled all (lurkth endlethly)
But what kind of Breakfast Bar is _that_, this evening
Not a new night of the soul like St. John’s but back
Let’s all service said cloud wisps (which wouldn’t happen)
_A word-need to burrow in your trying beauty._

2.
Fugitive. Woids. Roves that couple. Occasion was
In _our_ nacht, the moon speaks off, strictly pay per view
Or there it glares, in the library, a moon-globe
Here’s Pontanus Crater, on the unseen side, look
I did this/that, for x-cause, which (hmmm) affected . . .
Which eventually . . . it can be said (no?) that . . . look
The Zolphi Gorge, next to the Rheita Valley, where
I was (no?) _part_ . . . wait, I was _part_, a part of, look
The Zagut Fissure, Prol Plateau, et cetera
Eventually . . . well, the word _cries_ even sounds
And so they were, as it’s said, burning time, that night.
Streaks of Imperialist Planes still ornamenting.
So that the old problem of so-called Beginning
A written (read) piece, is a bad joke, my good _friend_
The Big Question still . . . Oh, Shut. Up. What, do you do:
Is: how do you do? And _everybody’s — somewhere_
Perceived. And by the bay began reciting it:
_Carnival— / luring— / time / already / [grave-voiced]_
In phases is / as how they reach / and when they’ll merge: /
Anti-parcelization / our fictions unleashed — /
Yet, as yet unknown / as how / in sync / _Rules confuse_
_When roles reverse / When rules for droids refuse / [joyed-voiced]_
Not even an effort / will be needed / I’d say /
Though that’s not so / but can be more so / Carnival.
SYSTEM OF ISSUE

sudden
wrap or warp
behind doors
a contending
melee of forces
pink sun
papered over
latest removable
ghosts, lustrous
not atomic
only observing
the body
breaks all apart
my greeting

hand, a wall
of flowers
old lace
angle of light
indivisible
embracing the
idea, illusion of
surface crests
painting light
"a record of
negative retrieval"
making this
and this
not a keepsake

GLASWER

All sewed-Up like th greenspring mute
Tuesday for a wild carrier. Though 'ts been
saidly forceable and Collier PKTS 1-3 foles
Lelledd andoforstré, those sides of
impertienance, i’s kuës ferrility unless
suggested otherwise Tv’.

So and Tbeconfisct urchins a bound ralley,
this will which Hetchj’ impeccably. I peck to
a solian, tht mere indifel as noronum
pecudizer, salivator.

Coli to illustragn a vernhauge inemnity
from tbrT’, if to accurse solely to impue, a
weer axdon out off Miraculus handling, it
may so Suit itselv.

DOX DODIEN

Cleeming eren alone, tantalizine or
 Thröe from a similor nechaniz (being)
Or, so? But it seems I’d ulb belter by,
Dox dodien, steamheart, it thickened
toward Hones drumeity el canster
Cowbright

Dermhead it contagion, creatively.

I each out a Brouda & bolly; a
realistened whir — dac Voven ewl
Cuishen striwl orcentry’n (on) Ode to
Zolmbr’ botanic pilish ruin
INTELLIGENT DISUSE OF LIGHT

Whens inframe/t, categorizations blur, seemingli introcient (to) a Bettel-off go’t infarm me by Slanted efrisets not prinounced, yet invitatice w/. Satla scikré, in enforme vfiety; listv encury and Phrasmion. Wht eskells limeralle into shiobic entry oh but then iscorelle’s miseanorly to defyv’? Zvitovévé and decleretion. Amiacre.

Trucobe fine reason; th ivommibre disce of ceniouic brevity will not only ‘only’ but paththeçide (all inquira) the Sedation fressa. k. Calasfin’s emiodyt translefted eigerly to Denote

LOSE LIOCA

Brittl biopsy of a maudlin goldfish which countercurs’ to Its rizelia armfare Totality. Miabillln rojecpiry by face, werfelt by circenpalsa Nirenge. Graw-spring pediary Lose Lioca imboundari hast mercantilél please mal He never thinks any more about (it) two rid frectures please Malcolm Kigerda Pom, see? Nested ubiquity pummels indicinage scoll & those Practicalities. What was I to cartelage Curban lé tol, muted. Unshiny facts revise a distillant Emüre
Nivuclai A Pad A

NEW OCEANS

Static ocelat on his haunches, vizier nutmeat w/ Warm memory, submerged No urge, in new oceans Habilitant tye-jadoir Fhree’s convune f-l braud Fromhillo jeel Awn, outside.

all X’ed is pinti Pitti Bliger may to Well find it wound; Trawilian indrama hoitr’n th Althorge Voluring glory crust

MILDLY, XODOR

My heart a silhouette a terrible war aswainabl co-acte Turbor fain & f’ ain again nothin but Shadows of hearts flirts and sheers of constant benefit. Breathwork is ruddy being remiss I as saying deflingeri tht shadowed heart on the wrong side of me, mildly Xodor The quiet sag the finished coze thru dry-lip murmor Not so one in the factor’s though I’ve ably indented Myself, [and] reinvented my Indention as I just miss Sprsercon elevate Up-in, it regruise to clarify myself bettria; the bott clergyman holds one twig descending down off it is Simplicity’s string. Treg.
Ad Liberrature,
  *To be w/ cancelled Mouth and a fever plit Tricvoe
INTIMATE

Terrying th pixelnutz to Beach 'X'
tring mixed shelters

MIARALA

Disengiform, Sake's of a difference
rayboute it 'goes!', verily zizgane lawk headi
herp descerto whitewall tomato, evening.
Lancor, à dogesza sort [af] Faxarsien slite
wi'm U shorbair bur rol wky facility, icy!

GIEDEL

Eisclon, inside
Quaranenoin forn Writefully hated;
dilken smendor of effortlessness, mere
gremium Proni-blin 'Ntz' dé Zaga
Biss of excelcion leaves All-alone
Volkizea darvau Purillion-halve, soft.
Leorzi

Taz washman Broken neck Ahinda
redempt to still strohm the vovies Urgent
blanketing of desire. Brubic ton a
mundane arc
Tawelkia, chroma

or Lestlake wore limits switchback
irwardly Fugileyl pot grotato G goltn?

It says It itself.

HEATHER RAMSDELL

FLAG IN THE GATE
for Marcelle Clements

Where a way, a gate to open
On to a gate, agape
Say not anything, something
Human, puff
Of gore flung out to trick the mob
Until we find a door
I think we just walk around
Until a door
Of the puzzle
Of ribbons and squares producing the last surprise
Square, the very base
In sequence, opens
Pitch to blinding, blurring out and snapping in
The long part sailing toward infinity leaving a short stub waving at the root
As if we had managed to escape, now somewhere else
Are having a fabulous time
For the next three minutes
Necessary to continue issue
From each tunnel emptying inward
Groups of voices advance
Necessarily prior
Knowing flattens into one brief curve
In phantom singing swelled to warn them
The characters, the path stop
Where the backdrop curls
As any beginning relies on the later phrase
Coming through the gate, the central column shift.
Do something!
Now!
Before we lose it completely!
I too was once as

Before
And when the lights came on again

There is no distinction, waking in the midst and not in hover in a dream, there is no idle dream, if the original is missing, in its drawer something must be found, one thing leading to another, thought bleeding to its next, it is Thursday, it is Sunday. Forgive me for not calling until now, I am going as fast as I can, in going stray ends snagged in the gate, a flag unraveling in lax relief now,

Before we lose it completely, what is it

To lose completely?
To welcome the fateful crumb, press 2
For more
Press 3
For the pliers, the burning splinter of wood
If you’d like to speak with the nurse
Please wait
Darling,
You may be wondering why I called you here tonight
Do you like my hat?
Yes, I do.
Do you like my hat?
Yes.
Do you like my hat? Yes.
Do you like my hat?
And the other hand? What are you hiding? Are you hiding? Fully, closed up, perfectly in the dark of a cellar in front of your face a hand is waving, in the dark are you there are you sure?

The motion is abstract stone thrown for the sake of seeing the dark in an hour of — boredom of the first order, one hell many chaos, wildly twisting back and forth between the dark. As no division has been drawn it is hard to leave. It is hard to leave this completely empty wall.

Not that we could.

Picture ice.

Hilarious how the body slides out already somewhere else, ahead already several steps, already looking back running toward you and away from you.

There is only one way to read you. Running toward you and away from you in all directions stairs — a hell of stairs between doors, in the choice of all direction, one way. Extending all the way to edge by dull vibrations in the chest and opened my mouth and it was very very slow circuit looped together by precise — the precise point, the focus breaks, periphery slash the scrim of conscious thing which comes back to me the moment I think of something else, memory breaks into darks. And lights and all odd grays and subtlety fall out.

To promise at once comprehension in a flashing fire is the punishment of the story.
Punishment
in the sense of perseverance.

Thank you, by drip
thank you for coming

Cartoons on top of the steppe
already up here again.

Intact though lacking steps along the way, given a system, by necessity
the system breaks, the lever lost, we cannot lift the problem by its edge,
step confidently back to see there is no such thing as low work, as
something sloshing in the house to be mended by material of the house
without temptation to wait, as on a Friday night, for a better plan.

The figure vacuums
not hearing the phone, the figure vacuums
and nature does not abhor it if
the figure is fire if the fire is
real and mine is the model,

model burning, hand
through the window thrust out.

Once out
the walls of the house
are so small, how ridiculous

laying there. Look at it. It.

shoe shoe
shirt shirt
garbage
to be burned gold — gold
teeth in
bins shoe, the other

shoe, there were three.
In the original ending there were three
conceivable ways to go. Consequence erects itself,
remember the accident? This is a nervous reaction.
What happened happened once.

Now retreat, now parsing. Bridge
and reflection spliced together,
waving no odd fiber or tooth
in extension, monolithically

so simple I ran, so

small small

bird plane plume
of smoke rising, same
sky, and the bridge, concrete
wrapped in tape — concrete
which falls from a hand
like a rock from the bridge
through the windshield below

before closure completing the sequence, before
all closure. Completing the sequence
before time fell out, slight falter, a fault or tiny
hole in the argument
indicating x.

I know, though what, in this, is “x”? What numbers, in what velocity or slant, how frequent smaller than counting before counting, how obsessed through duration’s magnificent thrust —

they turn their back, the gods refuse to answer, sacrilege though it be to say, because they do not know.

in negligently, carelessly and recklessly failing and omitting, to have and maintain, in proper condition and in a proper state failing, so that under proper and, proper, and reasonable control, causing permitting and allowing, over and along at an excessive rate of speed and at a greater rate of speed than proper care and

caution would permit, failing thereby to obey and failing to provide and or omitting making proper, timely use of signals, to be reasonably alert, to look in the direction, to give sign, in negligently, carelessly to come into contact at the intersec

a string hung from the pristine, pressed

blue sleeve.
Is empty.

Look, clouds.
Bruce Andrews's recent works include *Paradise & Method: Poetics & Praxis*, essays on poetics (Northwestern University Press); *Ex Why Zee*, poems and performance scores (Roof); and "Hushhush," music for Sally Silvers & Dancers, February 1998. Forthcoming: *Designated Heartbeat* (Sun & Moon); and *Aerial* (Rod Smith, ed.)'s "contemporary poetics as critical theory" collection on his work.

Caroline Bergvall's work has appeared in a number of magazines in Britain and North America, including *Raddle Moon, Angel Exhast, PULP Fiction*, and *Talismar*. Some of her text-based live work has been published as *Strange Passage* (Equipage, 1993) and *Edal* (Sound & Language, 1996). She has also been producing site-specific work in collaboration with visual and sound artists.

Karlien van den Beukel was born in the Netherlands, raised in Trinidad, educated in South Africa and Utrecht, and is now doing a Ph.D. on modernism and dance at Cambridge. Recent pamphlet: *Pitch Lake* (repress). She has contributed to *Angel Exhast, Salt*, and *inverse*. Together with Lucy Sheerman, she runs rempress, which organizes a Cambridge-based reading series and a press.

Andrea Brady lived for one year in Cambridge, England, after completing her degree at Columbia University in 1996; she now lives in Boston and works for Tuttle Publishing. Publications include the pamphlet *Of Sersifol* (Microbrigade) and *Cranked Foil* (Poetical Histories 41); her poetry has appeared in *Salt* and *Object Permanence*. Her pamphlet *The White Fish* is forthcoming from Salt in spring 1998.

Miles Champion's books are *Sore Models* (Sound & Language, 1993) and *Compositational Bonbons Placate* (Carcanet, 1996). Recent work appeared in the mini-anthology *Sleight of Foot* (Reality Street Editions, 1996), and a chapbook is forthcoming from *The Figures* in summer 1998.

Ken Edwards was born in Gibraltar, and has lived in London since 1968. He edited the journal *Reality Studies* (1978-88), and now runs Reality Street Editions. His collections of poetry include *Good Science* (Roof Books, 1992) and *3,600 Weekends* (Oasis Books, 1993). Forthcoming: *Glissando Curve*, from Sun & Moon, and the novel *Futures*, from Reality Street Editions.

Graham Foust is the former editor of *Phoebe* magazine, and his work can be found in many journals, including *Antennum, Lingo, Nedge, no roses review, and River City*. He received an M.F.A. from George Mason University in 1996, and started the Ph.D. program in poetics at SUNY-Buffalo in the fall of 1997.


David Kinloch was born in Glasgow in 1919. A graduate of the universities of Glasgow and Oxford, he teaches French at the University of Strathclyde. A past editor of the poetry magazine *Verse*, he currently co-edits *Southfields*. His poetry collections are *Dustie-fute* (Vennel Press, 1992) and *Paris-Forfar* (Polygon, 1994).

Sarah Law was born in 1967 in Norwich. She is finishing her doctoral thesis on the influence of mysticism in modernist women writers, and working as an academic bookseller in North London.


Alison Lune is the co-founder of *AWKWARDIST*, a literary/visual-art co-op, as well as a contributor to *MIRRORIST*, a drama guild. Alison has self-produced numerous volumes of poetry, prose, and plays of an indirect, non-communicative quality. Alison has had work in *Fota* magazine and *Float*, and contributes regularly to ongoing sound projects AWKEXox, MTP, and *XYPHOSPHIA*.


Rob McKenzie: Born in Glasgow in 1964; raised on the Isle of Lewis; last ten years in Colchester, Cambridge, and other satellites of London. Worlds of difference. Currently doing research in atmospheric chemistry at the University of Cambridge. His latest book, *Off Argyll*, is a joint publication of Form and Invisible Books.

Drew Milne was born in Edinburgh in 1964. He teaches at the University of Cambridge, and is the editor of *Parataxis* Editions, and of the late *Parataxis*. His poetry collections include: *Sheet Mettle* (Alfred David, 1994), *How Peace Came* (Equipage, 1994), and *Carte Blanche* (Prest Roots, 1995). In 1995, he was the first Writer in Residence at the Tate Gallery in London.

Heather Ramsdell lives in a noisy part of Brooklyn. In spite of this, her poems have appeared in a number of magazines, including *Mandala, Sulfur, Talisman, and Torque*. Her first book, *Lost Wax* (winner of the National Poetry Series 1997), is due out in the spring of 1998 from the University of Illinois Press.

Lisa Robertson lives with her dog, Angus, in Vancouver, B.C., where she is a cashier. Her new book, *Debbie: an epic*, is just out (New Star, Vancouver, and Reality Street, London). She, Christine Stewart, and Catriona Strang wrote *The Barsoom Horse* (Berkeley Horse, Hamilton) and the manifesto *Barsheit Nation*. 
Juliana Spahr’s Response, winner of the National Poetry Series 1995, is available from Sun & Moon Press. She has recently had work in College Literature, Rhizone, and The Gertrude Stein Awards in Innovative American Poetry: 1994–1995. She is the co-editor of Chain, and has moved to Honolulu, Hawaii.

Christine Stewart lives in Vancouver, B.C., Canada. She has been published in Raddle Moon, Alterra, Semiotext(e), etc. She is presently the editor of Giants and works in a graveyard.

Stephanie Strickland’s True North, selected by Barbara Guest for the PSA Di Castagnola Prize, was published as the 1997 Sandeen Prize volume by University of Notre Dame Press. The True North hypertext will appear from Eastgate Systems in the spring of 1998. Her previous book, The Red Virgin: A Poem of Simone Weil, won the 1993 Brittingham Prize from University of Wisconsin Press.

H. T. (Heather Thomas) is the author of Circus Freq (Standing Stones Press and Pine Press, 1995) and Voiceundert (Texture Press, 1993). Her collection Practicing Amnesia was twice a finalist in the National Poetry Series. A co-editor of 6ix, she has had poems in two editions of The Gertrude Stein Awards in Innovative American Poetry.

Rodrigo Toscano lives in San Francisco. Forthcoming books include The Disparities (Sun & Moon), Partisans (O Books), Tense Present, a poetry compilation of which he is co-editor (Incommunicado), and an as-yet-unntiled book commissioned by Lyn Hejinian (Atelos Press).


Catherine Walsh’s most recent book is IDIR EATORTHA: MAKING TENTS (Invisible Books). An earlier version of the work here has appeared in Etruscan Books Reader No. 1 (Etruscan Books, 1996), and was commissioned for a six-towns poetry festival, “For the Locker and the Steerer,” held in November 1996.

John Wilkinson, born in 1953, is the author of the long poem Sarn Helen (Equipage, 1997), Flung Clear: Poems in Six Books (Parataxis, 1994), and several previous books. His work is represented in the Picador anthology Conductors of Chaos (1996). He works in the National Health Service, planning and commissioning mental-health services.

Aaron Williamson, a performance artist and writer based in London, is deaf and has evolved a physical approach to realizing texts in live events. He is English and thirty-six years old. His publications include A Holybrow Symposium (1993) and Cathedral Lung (1991).
CHAIN/4  process and procedures

From “Editors’ Notes”:

This issue explores how things get made. It collects work that exposes the procedures, the processes, and the constraints that accompany creation. Procedural work is important because it requires a consciousness of language and form that resonates with the way we experience the world. It offers a necessary understanding of those experiences as it allows us to approach them from different angles and through new analogies. Please consider these examples invitations for writing as well as reading. Please make new pieces, new procedures, new experiences.

The issue includes Kui Dong’s and Denise Newman’s “Cess (after Turandot),” an opera; Dan Featherston’s “She Had Some Horseworms” and Cliff Fyman’s “My Job to Throw Our Dead Mouse,” ouliopian language replacements; Peter Gizzi’s “Ode: Salute to the New York School 1950–1970 (A Libretto);” Robert Kelly’s “Path Moss,” a homophonic translation of Holderlin’s “Patmos;” Carl Lehmann-Haupt’s “The Poetry of Design/The Design of Poetry,” visual definitions of poetic terms: Clarinda Mac Low’s “Sabotage,” a transcript of a performance; Miranda Maher’s “Difficult Books,” manipulations of books; Margaret Morton’s “Pepe Otero: Architect of Shantytown,” photographs that document the building and destruction of a house over time; Catherine Schieve’s “Catahoulbe Beneke, Southwest Louisiana, November 1995,” a minute of film of a dance; Saturo Takahashi’s “Dumping Sight: Landscape/Landscape,” photographs of a big device made of a record, record player, water, and glass that manipulates sight; and work by many others.

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