"(I) speak directly to Frank." A system that in measuring itself is displaced . . .

And by the agency of the poem, you are there.

My doubt is interpretation.

Superbly packaged and designed. (Message here for your space.)

In El Cerrito, where the light forces us to see.

The noise level is now 85 DB.

You and I are these words only.

A slowly moving train speeds up . . . We remember the bourgeoisie!

Into the noon that raises a floating balcony.

Only to surface on postcards. Since to have more heaven is to be free!

Belgrade, Dublin, Helsinki . . .

Egyptian artifacts for collectors of direct mail.

Time passes, beyond our intention . . .

But only in Washington, DC!

That even in seeing our advantages . . . Whose picture is only on TV!

Arbitrary, within identical frames.

. . . Brussels, Oslo, Tirana. A story that could only happen to me!

Almost a depth of paper in flexible, 100-page amounts.

To anticipate conflict in arpeggios . . . Asphalt surface comes under attack.

Between self-canceling and modern design.

But enough of that!

The medium is the sound of extremes. In the mural of Albanian partisans, Enver Hoxha holds a key.

. . . then they rewrite history, for a while.

In a government parking lot, identical cars.

A metaphor for "military science." Even the license plates are interesting!

A green plastic cup, "good for one use."

Each revolution rises up on all sides.

Opposite rows of books.
UNCLE!