*1077

looks unused, very jaded
in cornice: apply button,
restive whose
discards befit a surfeit
night lyric await her return
to say of once,

now & then
shop right as deal w/, trick uncle
w/ a colossal engine
true mozart,

linear describe, some
mathematic-humanistic control pardon
in service (a match)
whose fibre demands
corralled order & numeric analogues...
*1078

cd say more say less, a
rose (parvenu)
mid-castle epistemology, as at in
only experient,
number at
gloss thinking of that answer,
evident
when th (...) captive
to a round (theyre not here) (where
is compute told you more), wd
effect target
chase, mellow &
tandem cap isolate sorrow & disease,

midland tirade, they
all met at spirituality's retention, hoot
of how gone at raising a
cellar island mitten, rested
by one, roasted
a measles under tarnish, she
takes backwaters
toussles & their lawyer,
derisive an item cartwheel
(this away: telephone,
ths why & those conceptualizes as
former dots)
(surprises aorta defend surpass:
some later)...

deciding upon
is friction induct,
corrosive they've not got,
arrive theatre no go, hale &
shark's ten
for understand a this it
& heel (porcelain dancer: force of
persuade: idolatry neon
master ordinate then fly),

know what it is all plain,
cerebral hitching-post left unassured
of tends
complexity (a rain
follows th cruise)...
tennis dentures, modest
appear (...) generous: tool of dichotomy:
blonde & blank: perhaps young,

attune prenatal:
doctorize eel, connections want
all that is up by ten
they smile
what youve deft into: down
this way: their vanity,

perhaps not th poor, not to
incite not dispassion as
a rule defends (ne'er seen again)
(previously martyred (whose) precocious
digest of anamoly), dodging
light feet at arch rivals, only teams &
furnaces only
lately around place, generalize
meddlesome tourniquet:
along district
a what you know of...

Peter Ganick
In Closed Session

Dur he aca ear ull-t ultyose or each ad in ades are exto vise in studre stud as art of he mem who vise it hours or in studre pro in he vi as first in aca illnor begrant a quiv dur he follow aca elifac memsub a writ relist he relecred vise to the adan opto he under via the hair.

Dur he sumses ull-t adfac who vise in studre stud illbe comp at the cred vise he totmer comp aid an infacber or in studre stud how may not exhe mal ull-t comp or a cred mer.

Alterin he mone end a full-t facmem my lect tobine he sum in stud re cred vise the cred vise dur he aca in or to each the cred min or re-a va.

Dur he aca alf-t adfac occare exto sup in studre stud as art of the bovepro that app to ull-t adfac for soapp to half-t fac the ex that alf-t facav a max of two con in which to acc the cred.

Fac in studre stud norm illbe aid at a rate mended by the art not to ex the comp which would be aid an ull-t fac memeach he dur the sumses, i.e. 50%.
Types

Cere ves ti
un ven the

Cere ves ti
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Cere ves ti
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Cere ves ti
un ven the
It was in the house in the movie, but it wasn’t old. It was a new house, across the street, up the hill, modern redwood and glass: haunted. We were watching the movie and were in it or else it wasn’t a movie but our street. Gone to college, you had left and I was alone watching the movie or trying to sleep, maybe even asleep. In the garage I talked to two close friends who I had never seen before or did not recognize-- not Bill or Frank but we talked of them and would they get us? Across the street the house was modern. It had once been stone. It was dead in night and in day. It was redwood and mirror glass. Was it Deertrail of Mahwah? The two of us talked: no crosses left us with no weapons. No weapons and we sang: "All my being’s ransomed power," but that house remained. We had no weapons against the screen or the houses of Mahwah. One house: we were looking at it through the garage and the tramp was in the garage. He was dusty, very dusty, shabby, and tramplike. The same man, the very same man that was there before in that other house where we were outside or the poet man with the cold and red eyes and curly hair, with a house in Maine and an ocean outside or that man that same man that sat inside in front of us at the movie in which we were playing Penrod and Sam and there were no crosses but the rain was falling and there were three of us in the garage and the third threw the screwdriver and I felt the pain.
The Untitled

In the dew fall hour:
the dream of disaster.
I tumble or tumbled,
rest with Bibles, robes, and
bonnets. The Chaldeans,
the Egyptians, the World
by Cassander, Druids, Chrysippius,
my great truth Great-Grandfather,
my Messiah Shiva, Menander, Le
parole espress nella RIVELAZIONE,
Io son l’Alfa e l’Omega . . .
That man with the guitar did not
play the guitar. We sat around
him, but someone put their
hand in a paper bag and punched
through the glass and we did not
drink the blood of cut hands.
We ran and some of us went up
the ramp. I went down past
the cursing man, down where
the stairs stopped.
Then I started back up.
My legs felt like tree trunks
sunk deep in mud.
I went up to the beautiful
woman. There were two
and I was one.

Dennis Barone