

This is my opening question  
for you: what is the degree of  
the morbidity? From this I will  
find how to flourish, absorb  
the brunt of the treatment for  
another who wouldn't survive  
even its boon. I look at my  
pink-yellow-green-and-blue-striped  
bathrobe and know I was born to  
flower in exactly this way.  
My sole question: can remission  
be written? Can words be so  
potent and so immediately  
so? At issue in remission:  
whether there are signs at out  
crossings and whether the crossing  
exists at all without its word.  
What I've found is that remission  
is not possible by means of  
language per se but through pre  
reverberative prosody  
acting in a kind of ICU-  
attentive, morphogenic poise—

once opened ... the outcome of  
no consequence what so ever.  
At which point (and this now  
refers to Cinnebar Verses)  
we make poisons poisonous by  
not taking them in. Once all  
alchemists died of their own  
iatrogenics, material  
operations were freed to be  
analog for inner practice  
or dead-on doctoring of  
various states of Cadaver  
... while I've chosen to go with  
the less invasive, more thorough  
and salutary phone in its  
stanza-crucible compressing  
changes normally vastly time  
consuming into its lapse of  
written-time collapsed into  
the time it takes to read it through.  
Such words come from stress and scarcely  
reach the sounds they make...remaining  
in their more vibrant ministry.

Have you broken through yet?  
The reason I ask. In this  
context. Do you realize what  
this would mean. Every two  
hundred miles marine microbe  
populations are already  
eighty-five percent un-alike.  
If your toes are blown off you'll  
omit every other vowel.  
The cognitive scientist's last  
words were the same: *surprise*  
*surprise*. He hung on for days  
after that, without a word...  
just as unbelievably as  
a first word once arose. His  
abiding message: *the subject*  
*is the active ingredient...*  
or perhaps the subject *expunged*.  
Impossible to not be  
liberated by this...if this  
can be written. This pissed pants  
prayer—remission if only  
here only this rare. More direct

than looking back along light.  
Helplessness and homonymous.  
The eyelet through which to cede her.  
Simply by means of my staying.  
Every little thing taken  
care of she is of is of her.  
Every little thing taken  
care of is of her. Trumpet-vine  
covering clothesline she is of  
is of her. Can't cut her from her.  
If not affection infection,  
whether infecting or not. I  
entrain two inconsonants--  
cognitivist calls this structural  
coupling...exchanging internal  
states with the things they put in place.  
Placing placenta in rice paddy.  
Palate of the ways we're kept well.  
Communing with those pictured.  
Recovery and the abstruse.  
A remission first written.  
The quality of your waiting-time  
I can, at this stage, guarantee.

An actual monster less  
frightening. More frightening  
the more slowly it sharpens.  
*Do you see it in the morning?*  
*I don't look for it in the morning.*  
Unable to make out the pattern.  
Uselessly pleating bedsheets.  
Insults are our instruction—  
who've gone through them before us.  
Transferring a failed treatment  
to our favor, to seraphic sound.  
Blessing ballooning abdomen.  
Pronunciation and platelet.  
I was trying to explain. The  
placebo is the whole point.  
It travels to the unstruck sound.  
Carry this 'o' on your belt.  
Procure least likely outcomes.  
Cadence and cascading chemical  
reaction. Impossible to  
not be liberated by this.  
The unsaid and the limbic  
system, not by choice but

design. By insult . . . to design.  
Your servant can't make sense of  
thermometer, bottle of water.  
Blake's brain, heart, loins  
the three Cinnabar Fields  
aren't they the Three Corpses?  
Our luted biochemistry.  
Fissuring. Those disappearing  
perfusing those left behind.  
Gulping gasping getting the message.  
The three feed on grieving.  
The twenty three medications  
(provided they do more harm than good)  
libations for the Informants.

(In all fairness to the credible—  
Nicholas of Cusa's *nativitas  
aeterna* of the Verb, Duns  
Scotus' synonymizing us  
with incomprehensible,  
*autonomous intelligibles*  
of Averroes, or Ibn Arabi's  
marriage to stars and letters,

however hobbled in this life.)  
Nothing a good laugh or hop around  
the unit wouldn't have burned away.  
The entire etiology:  
a sonorant and succussion.  
This is why steam travels straight up.  
Stress is on every syllable.  
Every joint a still point so  
long as the patient rolls from bed.  
Only in one way is the window for  
recovery not closed by the window.

Sinking feeling. The discounted  
correlative *subjectivity*  
with chemical indifference  
literally hanging on a word.  
Cure called: *surviving the treatment*.  
Synonymous with surviving  
the treatment. The a b c's  
an even better pharmacy.  
Remission dose so much timelier  
than maintenance dose the two  
are chemically unrelated:

the effect—having felt nothing  
at all. Nothing until now.  
Neither ready nor prepared.  
*You'll just have to ad lib*—it  
happens over and over again.  
Imagine yourself divided into  
several dozen until each  
appears with one ingredient.

The visible portion of sound  
turns to chlorophyll. Letters are  
a secretive conchology.  
*Tissue turning to shit* turns the  
industrial setting sizzling white.  
Something as simple as a cup  
solemn as a spoon too omni  
present for feeling to condense.  
This is goodbye.  
Intensivist looking forward  
to new domeless ballpark as I  
pattern fluids  
(that once were muscle)  
(with words I can't locate)



Voluntary evolution's  
opening ode. This is my question  
for the regenerative arts:  
can treating an inevitable  
as avoidable change what  
happens up until inevitable  
arrives without also voiding it?  
The pact of *Kind over any*  
*one of us* . . . to return not like  
the moon but bamboo shoot. The  
way to die is by fighting  
to keep what someone's trying to  
give you. It's not pretty. Among  
the other methods sure to fail:  
architectural coddling, gritting,  
good behavior (I wish the planet  
were so human). On freshly raked dirt  
draw the faces of those afraid—  
there's no way this won't work.  
Helpers who've entered the dark  
before us, who've gone through the  
workups, keep us well . . . unlike  
this page . . . beyond any point.

Selection's love of our least.  
Risk in bringing in cut flowers  
in identifying with duration.  
Metal folding chairs a constant.  
Blast of heat from gas blower as  
Deutsch Bank, Hughes Aircraft offer  
meditation classes, Huron  
converted to kindness cut down  
by neighboring enemy tribe.  
If we're going to act like this  
grail is individual. Next part-  
time anarchist enters the room.  
Surely to break the back of sass,  
blending back into civilians  
and comic carrier frequency.  
For paltry poet say *quack*.  
Saliva stronger than contaminant.  
Cat cleaning herself runs filth  
from fur through intestines, body  
once cleanser of the outdoors.  
Astoria broker keeps coco  
nut on floor of Toyota  
claiming it cracks *before* crash.

The Pergamene Galen is on  
record as having referred to  
Hippocrates (the father of  
medicine) as, ironically,  
prototypic psychiatrist.  
Addressing Asklepios,  
Galen, while administering  
an antidote: *be most gracious  
Paeon who has fashioned this  
remedy and can end all pain.*  
To the separation of church  
and surgery send always gracious  
Panacea. Administered  
by the sick within the sick the  
instant epiphanic acid—  
trumpeting the fall of Inert.  
Pleonasm and tumor.  
Aposiopesis and telomere.  
This silver pig in memory  
of stupidity and poor health.  
If treatable, then to the tomb.  
If untreatable, to temple.  
If terminable, endless tune.

Explaining is insult. Explain  
insult.

The fraction that wasn't recalled—  
we're elastic while yet loaded.  
If in freefall, formal.  
So new it's known as aging.  
Dust off overturned weevil.  
No whole treatment reliably  
sorts active from quack component.  
Blue broom handle double image.  
From the foodstuffs on formica  
table in family waiting room . . .  
registering the degrees of  
suffering inscribed in cold cuts  
carrots papercups and production.  
Health is but temporarily  
not metaphor. Matter gathers  
all around not within the buzz.  
Mandala and the amygdala.  
No surprise she chose green tea-  
lyche tart and could still say  
the sound of sap rising in trees

is the name of the sap rising.  
Rhythm indiscernible from  
is. Red squirrel and I in trailer  
glare across linoleum. On  
top step of eight foot ladder  
lime plastering gable, hunchback  
beetle with three black stripes  
lands on forearm freezing action.  
Ascendants extemporize.  
The aesthetics of salvation.  
Baubles seize the moment.  
Numerical interval leads  
to misery, the hard work of  
separating heaven from sky.  
Lord is resonance not rigor.  
If with a building I can heal,  
molecularly aroused. Ham  
on a bun and celery sticks  
served after interment. Ham on  
a bun and celery sticks—no  
peculiarity-for-im  
perishables tradeoff  
this time.

Staying behind to be in  
Entire Body Failure (with you  
until the very start) ledge  
of the capillary where  
sense and instruments crash:  
intercellular interstellar  
medically referred to as  
*lack-of-gaze-preference*.  
A symphony for DDT.  
Plosive and peptide repetition.  
At the time, I knew what that word  
meant. Unfit-earth replacement.  
Each organ's color streaks from  
the eyes creating atmospheres  
that function as evoked fields.  
H, y, p, e, r, t, e, n,  
s, i, o, n and hypertension.  
The Fountain Of Youth found  
in an overlooked subroutine's  
repeated nonreading of own's.  
An organ working from without.  
My lord over reaction to rule.  
Raw material out of contour.

About the biocide:  
with the same findings to not find  
them. Though the recipe free the  
ingredients unobtainable.  
Echocardiogram result  
stacked with showerhead diagram.  
We tend to do what we tend to.  
We tend to do what we do.  
A reminder like meteorite.  
Pinpointed by fixing extra-  
ear in each corner of the cube.  
Cause defined by the manner  
in which the stricken live through it.  
Fragility dictatorship—  
subjects bound to ask what's served,  
to learn the innate, earn their keep.  
Morbidity identity  
I'd go so far to equate—  
backhoe pulled from mud by backhoe.  
Inflatable sun wearing sun  
glasses. Parrot wearing sombrero.  
Roadside six-foot ice cream cone—  
proves we're alone in the stars.

Industrial overhead pants.  
I'm looking for industrial  
overhead fans—ceiling fans.  
Pants? No, fans. Oh I'm sorry  
we don't sell fans this is a  
jewelry store car wash travel  
agency. One minute, please.  
Blade span? Brushed aluminum?  
Aware of what's coming, musically,  
and I'm still moved. Because aware  
of what's coming. Getting out of  
bed makes the heart pound harder.  
Because of the writing. Unpaid  
Bills. Touch starts the cat purring.  
Makes the autonomic a joke.  
Because completely accordable,  
helpless. The Bauble is confused  
by time, not simply because it  
uses time to construct time (like  
mind when it is its own subject)—  
it must take effect, like a pill.  
An elaborated ligand.  
I say Bauble, unsure of batch.



*Aigla*: radiance of effort.  
Unadapt and lighten up. No  
external orgasms. Only external  
glands. Swallowing upward.  
Condition in which we have no  
say—concealed as our speech.  
Sibilant an anesthesia-  
sparing agent. The last push west—  
automatically unperturbed.

I need alternative treatment,  
I don't need it to *work*.  
Difference is terminal though  
indifference terminal.  
As with all redundancies the  
unwageable war (against our  
rotting) already come and won.  
As mobilized for burying  
shrines as landmines. In that sense  
burying a building aboveground.  
It's not dishonest, delusional.  
Good exists—it's in the poem.  
Material's gotten that responsive.

No more meeting among peonies—  
if you can't get back on your own.  
White bowl of chrysanthemum  
tea. Two snow-capped basketballs.  
Quickly loan jumper cables...  
go by way of slightest joys.  
Crystalline domains allow strength  
also stiffness. Amorphous domain  
imparts softness and suction.  
Stunning variations rise early  
quickly dwindling to minor  
improvements. One hand regulates  
market and evolution. Both  
visible hand deregulates.  
Overrate our involvement as  
thanks for the power to do so.  
Freeranging epitrites and paeons.  
Miscuts magnificently joined.  
Inaccurate anatomy  
more anatomical.  
5's 3's bulge and shove little ones.  
The name of the nonvibrant color:  
metaphobic spacetime sandbagger.

Perpetual parts-replacement  
artist. Gonad superseder.  
Labyrinth revampist. Blast  
ocyst grafter. Attempted  
transcendence cessationless  
or we'd indeed be permanent.  
Diaphanous and diaphoresis.  
Experiential takeover  
of the exact sciences.  
Cutups bustle in vitro.  
The seed of all sickness: the  
wishing it weren't so.  
Anacoluthon and cope. Male  
small mouth bass growing eggs  
in Potomac. Overpulpitted  
planet. Purely aesthetic love:  
this butchery of my family.

The situation on the ground.  
That which was never said of  
anyone. Potted pink tulip, door  
hinge, epoxy in shopping cart.  
Words with which the words take effect.

The entire etiology:

etiology.

A brain for the brain with which

Things can't be put together.

For coordinating food to mouth,

sorely needed entrainments

(especially dissociables).

Treated unsuccessfully by

one's opinion of the physician.

Sampling words in the air, salad

scent three flights down chromium

coats the blue wall vibrating

as remorse that spikes epinephrine.

I'm sorry the inanimate,

chorus of helpers, didn't show.

I won't let it end again.

A repetend end over again.

Missteps in this line of work prove

particularly hideous.

Testperson end up grasshopper,

teratoma or just strapped

to the walker mid-corridor.

Impossible to not be freed  
by this. Prosodize . . . that sickness  
spontaneously reverse.  
Your servant would never ask.  
Faith is not fundamental to  
outcome. Nor outcome to faith.  
Things easily go either way.  
I contaminate this page with this.  
Working other than as wished.

*Honestly* (exasperated).  
Unable to make out the pattern.  
Fruitlessly pleating bedsheets.  
No absorption in greater good.  
Having only ever helped, then  
unable to make out the pattern.  
Helpless, so helping—having been  
the dignity and decency.

*Honestly*.  
Because in turmoil, healthy.  
Because overextended, healthy.  
Because overwrought, unbegun.  
*Disservice*: secret name of god.

If I say *you* I sever you.  
No experience can be brought  
to this. Until some land usurps  
new. I say *your* while is is  
address. I say *servant* as purge  
of helpless owed to helpless.  
Accept her into her address.

Working other than as wished  
work against world not wish.  
Work not against wish but work.  
Not wish but world to work against.  
Wish against world not work.  
Wish not against world but world.  
World world but not against wish.  
World not world worlded against.

To pull through one crisis, cutting  
off one component without which  
...no hope of surviving the next.  
The kind of thing that's got to stop.  
The kind of thing this line stops.  
Not well enough to get well.

Physician To All Egypt  
(as Athanasius put it)  
after 37 years of  
withdrawal, received visitors.  
The plainness of the prescription,  
the path that perilous.

Build the place where foot can't be set

(roughly the same as dissolving).

Not meant to be medicine—  
(action is always limited)  
but direct biochemistry.

From the last row at Epidauros  
the scent of each person entering.  
So time as well as place  
unpartitioned. Not contact,  
perfusion. Sulfur trace in Newton's  
disinterred hair three centuries  
after the *science of sciences*  
reached its resting place at Athos.

Cadaver itself contemplates.  
Western patientless patient—  
unoccupied, purely preoc  
cupied. Iatrogenic Stone.  
Coined in 1 0 7 by  
Ignatius of Antioch:  
currently highly valued  
as pure unobtainium.  
Slipping off frequency in the  
sense of praying-not-always.  
Rarely more alive once restored  
than left-in-ruin. Talk.  
What the aura can tolerate:  
mineral radiance, minimal  
pattern, rarely flora, fauna,  
while sustaining itself through a  
strict scarcity of letters.  
Overlooking the fact that  
unmade light shines only embedded  
in burnt sienna, umber, shadow  
themselves the narrative.  
Likeness to prototype only  
in superceding its subject.



A situation remedied  
thirteen centuries earlier  
in Jiangnan with the ranking  
of alchemists of Great Clarity  
below correlative cosmologists  
of Highest Clarity. Condition  
yet of scarcity though the  
ingredients, so to speak, *within*.  
Words became the new poisons.  
Emphasis on cure regardless  
of outcome.

4:30 A.M. riding side-  
saddle on one donkey with a  
second donkey in tow, wind  
picking up as heard through wire strung  
overland. Sixteen hours shepherding  
pass by blue and white striped swimsuit.  
Belonging an unbeatable  
disguise. To disinter—collect  
pebbles brought to surface by ants  
working within the confines of  
half of life without heartbeat.

With chrysanthemum, fresh basil  
she comes for an English lesson.  
The textbook titled *Imagine*.  
Story of a boy rescued at sea.  
Flowers framing a window as  
seen from the street below.  
Events ordered by a sound heard  
once the events stop occurring.  
The body was made so I'd remain  
the more sophisticated the  
more baffled. Losing life within  
our means, if not due to them.  
The lines are never really  
converted from initial stresses  
to indigent rhythms of speech.  
Sounds are pressure packets, little  
to do with cartoonish curl.  
Phonological space is a  
ghost grafted on at birth. In the  
end it testifies but can't judge.  
Physiologizing phone cell-  
renewal, de differentiation,  
traceably.

If the New Deal began March  
eleven 192  
5 with the Triangle Fire  
it follows that the Next Deal,  
without cataclysm, can't occur.  
H Ford required all employees  
to learn the Virginia Reel  
and Minuet thus the assembly  
line ran in reverse. Life, then,  
patterned on *novel* nostalgia.  
Boundless effort forced from  
folk to maintain present world  
wished otherwise as it begs  
to be made other than it is.  
Biker tattoo says HELP YOURSELF.  
Try some of mine. Go get your own.  
Blood is drawn and the lights go out.  
The light comes on. Persons places  
things. Cut away the substrate,  
which way will the elation go?  
More durable can't be embodied.  
More tolerant unendurable.  
A yankee gutter rotting its roof

as it keeps right on draining.  
A green bean unobscured is bliss.  
Furniture for adding space.  
Bonsai owner with coffee can  
waits between trucks for shale.  
Sprig carried in half-eggshell  
(filled with crushed ice)  
. . . then the lake catches fire.  
The entire etiology:  
Kind kills one by one causing  
one to manage on one's own . . .  
as though Kind and not one  
could come to a close . . .  
one now the keeper of Kind.  
Reverberation's surface value.  
My car-window inoperable.  
To pay the toll, open door,  
stand up, pass money over top.  
The deaf hear with whole body.  
An all-inclusive closed loop,  
placing oneself close to star,  
piano, mandible. A hearing  
formerly mistaken for hearing.

Formerly only beatific.  
(Accepting the quantitative  
evidence) my concern for  
quality of interminable life.  
Applying for a home loan  
at Washington Mutual, given  
man and woman Action Teller  
dolls—packaged in respective  
flashy box, viewable through  
rigid cellophaned window.  
Displayed on back wall, alternate  
set of clothing held in place  
by more stiff plastic with vacuum-  
formed cavities. Also in the box  
giant Delighting Our Customers  
booklet. Outer graphics announce  
toy cellphone and tote bag inside.  
I couldn't give these things away.  
Three years I tried, explaining  
these Action Tellers issue from  
quiescence itself my concern:  
removal of each impediment from  
this materialization.

Juvenile says 'yuk' to decay.  
To rephrase the original  
proposition: *don't choose or die*.  
The etiology: not neither,  
nor both nor both neither and both.  
Life without an alternate.  
The windfall nonrefundable.  
Freud's vasectomy (then known as  
Steinbach Procedure) not contra  
ceptive conducted only for  
increased vitality. Rude  
Western coitus reservatus.  
Charles Edouard Brown-Sequard  
injecting *liquid testiculaire*.  
Rounded out by Noronoff  
(implanter of monkey-ball slice  
in human), collectively referred  
to as The Rejuvenators  
dubbed by society The Erector  
Set...discredited the art  
for many decades to come.

Pagination cosmogenic?

In its quiescent state a quahog  
can see as far as our origins.  
Between the ten thousand micro  
organisms two steps offshore  
and the divergent ten thousand  
in a handful of dirt one step  
inland—on their far sides and in  
their midsts to nurture as many  
new thousands knowing mere mixup  
and modification kill while  
nonrecognition conserves us.  
Should I say *upcoming* or  
*oncoming* properties? Physical  
universe the science of verse?  
The one war that would end all war  
(jumping to the end of the proofs):  
*aesthetic repercussion.*  
An organ too distinct to be  
real. So much changed I can't tell.  
There is word for this without  
which it can't be done according  
to the well-being without which  
it can't be done.

Simply,  
I can end the savagery  
if this can be written.  
If resistance is to paint with  
paint, write with words  
use *conducive* as unexplored.

What art would not select itself  
for transference of disease  
to a public in whom its ravages  
continue ingraining some future  
good as, for example, high glucose  
level acting as organs' antifreeze  
confers adaptive advantage—  
albeit once in a blue moon as  
Kind's about to die out and  
cries out for least expectancy?  
Precisely in these seemingly un-  
ending years of outweighed beauty  
the arts may make preposterous  
gains, trashing stressors and mock  
protectants panicky Selection  
dare not puke back.



Not just the cut-out blueberry  
with the word *blueberry*  
handwritten on blueberry glued  
to lid of blueberry jam jar  
and not only the flourishing  
of the letters but tiniest  
blueberry stem painstakingly  
scissored, perfecting the touch.  
Only those in no position to . . .  
could.

(Survival to Survivor: *I can't  
help you **and** do you a favor.*)

How to not know what will happen  
in a way that makes it happen?  
Technique takes time. Poor in time.  
Is it sepsis or starvation?  
Then treat with both antibiotic  
*and* replacement plasma protein.  
Meet customer constraints to reach  
starting point for stunning point.

First Person and Apoptosis.

(Predictive just too uncommitted.)

Bauble's only problem: could go  
on indefinitely. Elegance  
hits upon need to not do so.  
If these can be called the basics.  
No longer upending helpless.  
She's not reaching for me she's  
verifying hands-pass-through-things.  
Carrying you to light is  
sorrowful only when I break  
concentration. *Should the narcotic  
be shut off?* Questions of this sort.  
Shut off cleanup crew daytime tv  
that's for goddamn sure. Say, say.  
Shut off the words so they show up.  
Lucid more merciless than  
meaningful thus don't shoot for it.  
Clinical and uncreated  
lights fuse. Every type of crank,  
cracked fact-abolitionist. The  
book I will bury in the sand.  
The book I bring to the fight.  
Vicissitude Vaccine. Instead Inc.  
A system is only treatable by  
itself not sick.

New too characteristic.  
If only true right up to the end  
(more likely to have never been).  
The entire etiology:  
the most adaptive strategies  
never arose. One word per word.  
Repeatedly backing truck back  
into stump to straighten  
bumper bent by backing into  
stump to begin with. Meanwhile  
rogue missile knows enough to  
never arrive. Spend ourselves  
to Kingdom Come by word of bomb  
too brilliant to actually be.  
Experimentation replaces life.  
P.T. Barnum in remission. If  
not for the *con*, never a crowd.  
Alveolar and valvular.  
It hurts everywhere a crushed  
finger touch. Minimum  
respect found expendable.  
Like our enemy 'health,' barring  
the bulk of the available.

Potent though the ingredients  
don't exist. More so I've made  
them common clear of commercial.

Now the second love the afterburst  
the situating of the first.  
(From the New Life to Comedy.)

Place you in heaven I first  
produce—which do I perfect?  
Pitiable probe and hyper  
trophy. A returned esteem.  
Because a ruin, renewed.  
Because hapless, helping. Mor  
pheme and endorphine. Doggerel  
and histamine. Civil war  
wounded would say *fix me*, meaning  
*pin my socks together, fold  
my arms, make me a stiff*.  
The entire etiology:  
stress and stress, perfectionism  
and short term unemployment.  
Above the gag reflex. Adapt  
already injured. Verse inter  
vention. Catecholamine  
and elevated sound level.  
Endo xeno genic...get there  
without with which. Own.  
A lone word is not secluded—  
opened to contact all around.  
Rhymes with a deleted word.

Rhymes with a world deleted.  
Pitch and pituitary.  
A dance step and my bauble.  
Noninvasive *or* intravenous  
verse. Prosopathic reaction.  
Syncopation and subluxation.  
Synonymous with aesthetic.  
Subtle as the first explosion.  
Bride-to-be worried sick over  
last minute rejection due  
to worry over rejection.  
The fullness of life arose.  
Bury and old boot (a former name).  
Dead end and an efferent.  
Prosodic the embodied  
sounds themselves unborn.

Dead bird outweighs a live bird.  
We lose 23 grams. I write  
to make it difficult as hell  
to deduct days from your total.  
Certainly inert restless  
synonymous and owing to

something more than opposition.

Biocide cognate: *security*.

The runner up is success.

Without both reputable and  
disreputable practices

there is no homeostasis.

Ammonia cleans and causes

lesions. Drug only reacts to

bodies it first renders inert.

Eleven hundred good deeds

in a row. Back to square one.

Sister and I sit at kitchen

table while he watches a.m.

polka program she sees I've

understood since his wife gone

watches a.m. polka program

and says to me *he watches a.*

*m. polka program* since.

Even *measruably* the heart's

field at some point stops not.

Leaving the decade of the brain  
to hear blossoms, mineral.  
Formula is affective disorder.  
Stress resets the autonomic.  
Comma and comatose.  
I was looking at an orange glove.  
How treat inability to die?  
How treat inability to discern  
treatment-resistant?  
Destitution of description  
marks real-time physiognomy.  
Wordpuncture. Words tune sound.  
Enough of my obsession.

“All want the end in sight.”  
Etiology of the short line.  
Write it on glass, wash ink off  
and drink. Word pattern exceeds  
probable toxicity of ink.  
Dieresis and diuretics.  
Ruining the line for all time.  
An oversufficient response.  
Reconstructive inflammation.



Unpaid seatbelt violation.  
Bodywidewordconsequence.  
Misinformation forms forehead.  
Boy with armload of snackitems  
presses them one by one against  
gas stop deli window allowing  
girl waiting in car yea or nay.  
Andy Capp Salsa Frites beanbag  
toy offer and Starlight Mints.  
Sociochemically, the lone  
part in which we're whole.  
Had I not crossed into New Jersey  
...for not being better off.  
How many more benefits removed  
to keep us from moving on?

After the fact, allowing them  
to take your life once they'd pointed  
out we'd been intercepted  
en route to your burial.  
Having written the pinnacle  
of books on method, conclude:  
Kind as discontinuous as Each.

Grasping, gaping, uninstructed.  
The particular can, on  
occasion, ruin everything  
A yet vegetative eternity.  
Exolinguistic secrecy.  
Kropotkin and cooperative.  
Agonic stress and agonist.  
Altruists have a strong  
disadvantage in mixed groups  
though not as their own group  
while mixed groups outperform the  
exclusively exploitative.  
The more rampant egocentrism  
more self destructive selfless.  
The greater the inter-group  
conflict . . . fitter the altruist.  
An actor so convincing—  
crowd doubled amount normally  
doled out to real freeloader.  
Emotion that sounds emotional.  
Sentence and superstitious.  
The sentence and senescence.  
V, f, or g is a local shrine.

Seaweed and lentil soup.  
A toying with results.  
Like prosody, not mere post-  
chemistry, proto-imperishable—  
a decision one keeps making.  
Xenismo: injurious effect  
of gizmo. Xenodaitaste: guest-  
eating. Xenokeydokeyio.  
Xenotrophist of the obvious.  
Endoxenophoneo.  
Endoxenosensical.  
An All-New Endoxenophone.  
Making one's guest entertain.  
Capacity for inappropriate.  
Inexplicable if existent.  
Better.  
Owing to no inherent property.  
Good, but not in a world we want.  
Welcome to Adversarial  
Materiality. Masonry  
contractor looks up, turns, says: *I*  
  
*meant to move to the city myself.*

White styrofoam wig-holder heads  
blow across the wet sidewalk.  
Bauble a little too intact.  
Pickpocketed person slows to  
peruse bus stop publicity.  
Firemen bunch together in Foodtown  
on Fulton at Nostrand. The place  
of articulation from glottal  
to labial and manner of sound  
there made. What hears's pathway through  
entire body of speaker, au  
ditor . . . down to the particle  
called alternately *prosopath*  
or *logosome* perhaps depending  
upon sickness or health...emit  
ted nonetheless from far side of  
sound. Fullest meaning but only  
astride (as M. Monk specifies)  
*word not turned into some sort  
of glueall*. That's about it . . .  
provided each incentive and  
its surrounds freely intermix.  
What a day! Disease of choice.

Emphatic and lymphatic. Had  
Lisa Kalvelage in *Santa*  
*Clara* only been napalmed.  
Were Lethe not the national  
drink. Had only Thomas Muntzer  
caught the cannonballs for his  
omnia sunt communia—in  
CAsu exTREmae necessiTAtes  
OMnia sunt comMUnia.  
Had Ho Chi Minh not saved U.S.  
Had the little lemur not leaped.  
Had T Aquinas *not* written  
*straw*. Had Festa Stultorum not  
fallen from use. Getting  
out in front of the parade.  
Still in bloodletting age of  
experimental art. Klee,  
sorry to say, got it wrong:  
impossible to arrive at a whole  
if parts DON't beLONG to DIF  
ferent dimENSions. Think craft:  
by the time the pulse is taken  
the pulse needs to be taken.

National Dose-Of-War Day—  
each year on this date, one  
randomly selected mid-sized  
city is blown up without  
advance notice in order to  
keep people habituated.  
Code name On Our Toes or OOT.

Swan flowerbox takes my breath away.

Nonagenarian wearing  
purple ankle-length coat carries  
two giant homemade valentines  
on the sun-struck side of the street,  
repeating periodically  
consonant cluster *fth* as the  
word *re-pristine* forms in my mouth.  
Removal of effort. When removal  
of effort is *itself* the force  
at work. As textbooks now accept  
taxa first constituted by phone.  
For example ‘scythe’ ‘senescence’  
‘sex’ ‘seed’ ‘sentiment’ ‘scent’.

When the only difficulty  
is in the persistence. Pro  
gnosticators wait and see.

Ge Hong said of Confucius: *he died  
to close the people's minds and hearts.*  
Whether unwilling or unable  
to improvise we'll never know.  
No sooner started than exhausted.  
The yellow of the yellow  
warbler stays yellow.

Under impromptu, no region  
between fundamental and freak.  
Following process the poor  
become ashamed. Following  
process the law spawns outlaw.  
Following process the entrapped  
build the wall even higher.  
Laying around in bed, sporting  
events, jumping for joy, are  
all injuries . . . amassed to  
the point of exhaustion, denies  
improvisation and we die.

Lovers of the extraordinary,  
lifespan is allotted all right  
though only through you and only  
once your functioning not on your  
own is indeed your own doing.  
The path's not that treacherous.  
In the same procession, those  
seeking active ingredients will  
meet those fleeing political  
oppression. Of the two groups,  
one will irreversibly stray.

With  
with that which it can't be shown

with that with which it can't be shown

forming a residue—

a field of rhubarb and zinnias,  
the dimensions of the workspace,  
a boat-swallowing fish from  
water drained from raccoon track.