

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 our
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.
Agogic 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.