

you are a child, an animal child,

lost inside a Song.

you're lost inside a story that u followed into SLEEP.

you drift amid the soundwaves.

your wishes turn to words, and your words enfold in dreams.

ss

'once upon a Time] : you'll hear this as a lullaby.

till ten, eleven]: Tell me a Story u kept on saying. the
very Wish you arrived by.

ss

let us descend, exemplify:

your wish was made

Nov 8, Nineteen Seventy-four: your birthday

every year you'll mark the day,

but not the wish that brought you into Life.

[refrain: a durational harmony of Seventies]

[w/ Sesame Street polytheism bit, the benign Ensemble
'collectively a genius']

Paul Simon did perform - i knew it, knew it - Me and Julio
on Sesame Street. it's how i'd always imagined it, contra Truman
Capote: Mr. Simon, happy on Stoop w/ soft posse. his final
downstrum sweeps into a Windmill, and his pick stays the apogee.
a kindly smile, sidelong for Oscar, who's swooning & sighing at
tenement Sill, a dreamy Maria. our semitic troubadour has stilled
the troubled Beast.

now to Street & the clanking-soft comps of a Rhodes piano -
tho what we see is Grand & white, with Elton John conducting
in a matching tuxedo.

Daniel is leaving tonight on a plane . . .

- taut-bellied urchins frolic round the idol hydrant.
Sir Elton ducks an errant gush, with a speedy mid-chord
wave to Oscar.

[w/ durational harmony of Seventies]

ss

<< these lordly halls, mendacious walls, that keep you in,
keep you from your

STOMP

<< that keep you

STOMP

<< and keep you

STOMP

[& i awaken]

the STOMP was Tommy, our rabbit with a warning at four a.m.
from the livingroom warren.

the Tommy of my dreams is a serious boy seated in my office. my windowless room in a windowless hall, a square of four halls that is the Department.

for twenty years i've walked a square of windowless halls.
gradschool, too, was a square of halls, and the summer right
before, i'd dreamt i was lost in one.

i'd applied to Toronto site unseen. arriving in Fall i must have remembered my dream.

a novice optimist, i shrugged it off, thru six uncomfortable years: thru courses, Comps, my thesis, and now teaching thirteen: another Department, another square of windowless halls.

my manner of receiving him was cautious, brahmin. i was giving of my time, w/ my rigorous readings paused & open at my side. i'd help with his essay, hear his plea but he brought no paper or query.

he came with a demand.

he'd come from my Warren, to wake me up from being a Man.

ss

my first bicameral xp was primed - as was Julian Jaynes's - by immersion in *The Origins of Consciousness*. his, while writing, mine while reading it the third or fourth time, intensely & somewhat horrified. it was the summer of '06, maybe '05.

the voice was in our attic bedroom. an angry chatter right at my ear that sprung me from my nap.

i'd come inside, then drifted off, from patching a hole in the soffiting a squirrel had dug into.

two long mornings on the bench out back i had one eye on the Jaynes, another up high on the under-eave hole.

it finally came out & down the redbrick wall, wary & pausing.

up the ready ladder i went. i fit the pre-cut square of mesh, and slapped a layer of plaster.

the squirrel stood tense on a maple branch, level with my eye and as near as it dared.

i didn't feel good about sealing it out but had done my neighbourly best. i wasn't sealing it in. & days were warm now, w/ plenty of trees in the hood to re-nest -

but an angry chatter pulled me from sleep, clear as speech.
i checked around & under the futon.

the wide pine planks were empty, and the only sound a
humming fan and the afternoon buzz of cicadas.

the chatter was articulate: a measured accusation that morphed into a Plea, then melted in desperation.

the chatter & the Stomp are this poster i'm seeing, it follows me home from College to Dupont, from home to Y's on billboards down Bloor toward Christie:

don't you forget a **b**out me

d**0**n't don't

don't d**0**n't

don't you forget about **m**e

-Simple Minds



ss

[she didn't wait, she ran straight up the brickwork to her soffit hole.

i sat down with my Jaynes at the picnic table.]

[she didn't wait, she led them out: her two ungainly striplings.

down the brick and up the neighbor's Maple.]

ss

Plato's table, the incidental prop: commutable service its
essence. its essence its contingency.

Philosophy, Oh! our cabbie cries. you better stays away
from me!

youse guys gonna read my mind or something!

our cabbie implies:

Philosophy is Psychology;

Psychology is Para -

& the latter is the anomalous Powers themselves.

philosophers like saying state of affairs.

it's two more words than state, or affair.

the drop of rain at time t is no mere affair. the state is what freezes it, turns it to slate or a section on our slide. state is the formaldehyde.

states of affairs, states of affair, state of affair are
wielded to taste, with subtle grammar so those without ears
are outed.

it's Sign of the Professoriate, our modulating shibboleth.

ss

a sufficiently advanced technology would be hard to distinguish from magic.

sufficient for what? to distinguish from magic.

i gently urge on B a switch to St. Ives from her Druide-
brand Baby Butter [Mango-flavour].

i praise to B the Seventeenth Century, cite her Swiss
engineering: which mangos only dream of!

the Swiss are renowned for their shiny wrists: banker's wrists, they call them.

the Swiss are acclaimed for their porous skin. chemist's skin they say.

NEVER LOSES SUCTION says our SHARK™ Reference Card,
pinned to fridge above the foodporn folk-art.

i'm faint before it, losing balance, coming out of Eagle
pose one late a.m.:

NEVER LOSES SUCTION



ss

the child B was always Eve in her convent school's Christmas play: a shadowplay of Bible history.

had hair to her hips, and the moral sensitivity of a skinless pixie.

made Dehra Dun news when she failed to yank the Apple from the Tree!

cardboard Apple, cardboard Tree. someone strung it up too tight with twine.

her final huff & tug, it all came down!

Apple, Tree, and Curtains!

the lights came on, and the audience arose, in laughter
rejoicing.

all was ended early!

ss

my room is a realm made sacred by Science.

the Science that found the Signal.

i was at the time myself a seat: sunk in half-lotus,
wrapped ["upholstered"] in my full-body shawl.

i was at the time a SETI site, nervestrings tuned, abuzz in
eerie harmonies.

i was at the time made alien to myself.

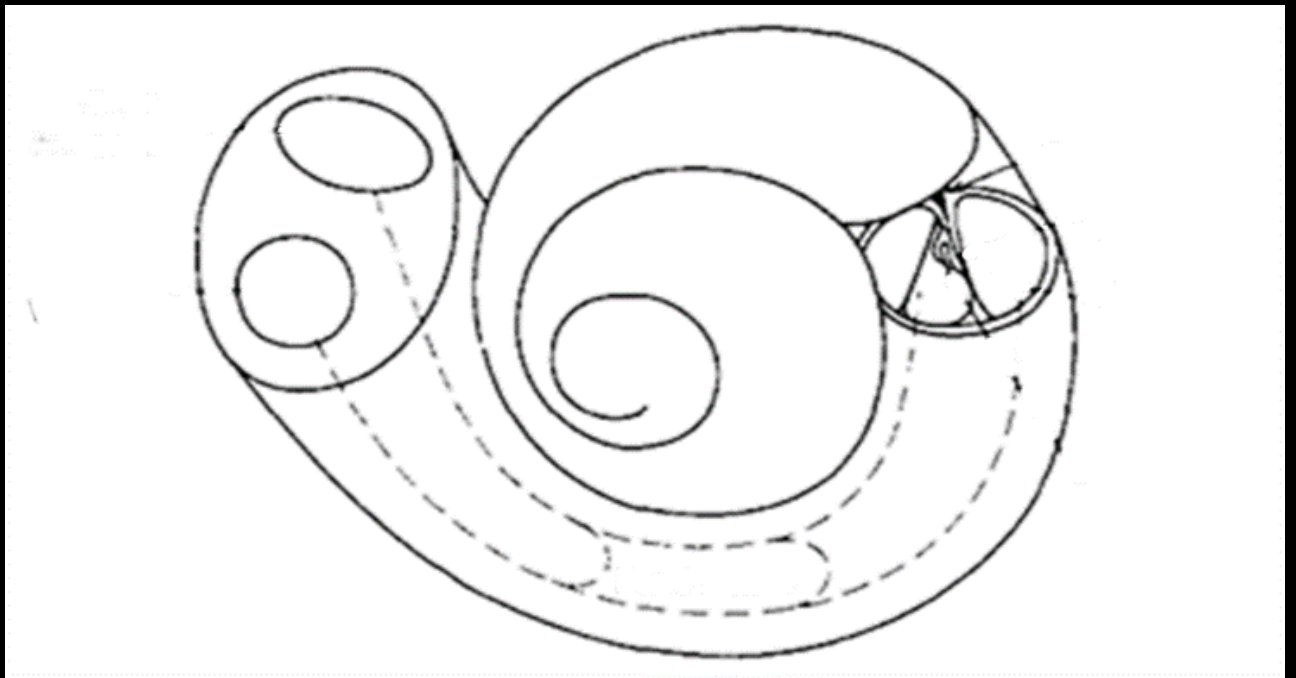


sitting alone in my low, dark room, when B burst in, said pauly,
you're alone! in your low, dark room!

in Spontaneous Otoacoustic Emissions [SOAE], the cochlear amp, deprived of stimuli, produces sound ex nihilo.

the ear's small hairs go hyperactive: convert to energy nearby air.

this energy is the amplification [Wikipedia];
heat just is molecular motion [Patricia Churchland];
motion is the verbal Being;
Being's an is, and
is just be.



the Perseus cluster soundwaves: B-flat groans from its blackhole core, 57 octaves low.

i'm rubbing my eyes on a type-size t, floating & droning in
the center of vision, thus

SEAt

[the S i'd seen in fold of shawl, the E across my
netherlap.]

[eyes then shut, chanting nah nah nah to jam the
pareidolia but on every open ah, my neck cramped up: a
stimulus signal.]

SEAt = Sea T = Thetis
SEAt = SETI = my science that found the Signal
SEAt = Asana = ASS anagram
SEAt = S EAT = a Snake eats



no closed loop, this cosmic Snake! she takes in power, outputs HEAT. keeps me in my basement warm & comfy.

ss

later that week a missive arrived for THE REPTILE WRANGLER, sent from The Domain Registry of Canada. 'Mail', said B, her little chin pinning her shopping sac to chest, reaching in the mailbox. she held it to her face, she squinted at the name but i snatched it with a smirk as if unburdening her of junk mail. was worried, in truth, it was something i had done.

i tore it open, i read it there standing, my smirk unmoving. it warned my Domain Name was due to expire by Dec. 4 2008, and failure to Renew would result in the loss of my Online Identity.

Customer Service Department, toll free, at (866) 434-0212 to transfer and renew your

Please detach this stub and include it with your payment.

Check the appropriate boxes of the Domain Names you would like to order.

Available Dom

thereptilewran

1 Year

2 Year

5 Year

thereptilewran

1 Year

2 Year

5 Year

thereptilewrangler.com



041054392

Expiration Date	Reply Requested By	Renewal Term	Payment	(✓)
December 04, 2008	August 14, 2008	1 Year	\$40.00 *	
		2 Year	\$70.00 *	
		5 Year	\$160.00 *	

Total Ar

(Please add \$


THE REPTILE WRANGLER
703 WOODBINE AVE

48/1
XX31(J)

Please print your domain n
If paying by credit card, ple

Card Number

a pair of phonecalls cleared things up. or deepened the mystery: The Reptile Wrangler, a snake guy in Barrie, used to live in our house.

 **Domain Registry of Canada** *Chris N...* **Domain Name Expiration Not**
Call us toll free at 1-866-434-0212
or visit us at www.droc.ca
705-737-... *Jenny K...-N...*

As a courtesy to domain name holders, we are sending you this notification of the domain name registration that is due to expire in the next few months. When you switch today to the Domain Registry of Canada[†], you can take advantage of the best savings. Your registration for: **thereptilewrangler.com** will expire on December 04, 2008. Act today!

Domain Name: thereptilewrangler.com
Reply Requested By: August 14, 2008

You must renew your domain name to retain exclusive rights to it on the Web, and now is the time to transfer and register your name from your current Registrar to the Domain Registry of Canada[†]. Failure to renew your domain name by the expiration date may result in a loss of your online identity making it difficult for your customers and friends to locate you on the Web.

Privatization of Domain Registrations and Renewals now allows the consumer the choice of Registrars when in

ss

high in his tower, a sentryman lapses.

swoons, recovers.

high in his tower, newly amazed by an inner life he's found.

but wherefore does my life say this to me?

Hector, the Iliad

extrospection: outward gaze in search of an inner.

every tiny act has its inward investment.

every whittled relic is a pill ingested.

talk of soul is for those who just got one.

surrounded, detached, in measureless space . . .

:the Sprite from the flame, newly amazed.

aglow in their abundance, in all of the Body's political demands, Second Wave feminism praised the Body, the Body so named. they sang the Body's praises.

so too with God - a Novice only calls him this.

and Fate is fine for the awed & wary but our scrutinies
yield a rich liturgy, an intricate & subtle Teleology.

to the precision of Anatomy - so tends the discourse of
Intimacy!

the god-voice wholly personal now, has morphed into our
conscience.

was us all along; or god now lives in conscience: down from
the hovering numen.

from awful basso drone into one's own friendly self.

god now lives in conscience: incarnate, yes, for thought is somatic, a resonance of voice-box.

to the precision of Anatomy - so tends the discourse of
Intimacy!

ss

B put a sign over stairs into my cellar but we really need
two - another for ascending!

i still step up hard into the white wooden underhang. i knock my thin skull, compress my scrawny hinjoo neck.



ss

o pls let me be no amnesia alien, olden & from elsewhere! i
too, want to be recent & local. i, too, want to have come
from Africa!

in India they'd ask where are you from. Kanayda i'd say but B's small maid Basanti Auntie wouldn't let up. she persisted Yes, but where in India's that?

i was so lamba, so safed - she pleaded for transparency re my origins.

B would call me FM, Freak Magnet. i was GM at home,
imprimatur prime, but FM outside.

sullen boys would leave their mamas baffled at the bus
stop, come to chat me up re the Star Wars E.U.

hobos hunch Igor-like, shudder in my mellow light.

a yellow-eyed rasta palms his heart when we pass.

a yoga nerd calls a name, runs me down near Bloor &
Palmerston. fills me in on ashram news.

small-town brownfolk understand, in our mute exchange, that
i'm their friend should that night anything bad go down.

unwashed kids hang finger from lip, and wonder aloud:
what's that thing on your head?

gurdwara rats pause, erect like prairie dogs, call time-out from their sockfoot match. muffled overhead: the duggi-whoop of shabad hangs. one will smirk, and speak for the rest: are you a gora?¹

¹ hypotheses implied, never quite said: a reason we keep a book open, & lend it: hoping these hypotheses spread. i've had this segment deep in my doc for a decade but i never quite liked it till i took out urchins in the langar hall and put in gurdwara rats.

rats i like, rats is right, and i didn't know why but it was time to go public.

as reader now i wonder: why is rats right? rats are small, rats run free, with an air [to their pursuers] of mischief. rats are also basement dwellers, so a metaphor for these kids. or the kids themselves were stand-ins for rats: appearing to one who'd wandered below from the sangat, and demanding:

state your Side, your loyalties. ours or the goras'? ours or the hairless ones, the overlords? the traitors of Life, the ghostly ones?

the kid/the rat are racists - and possibly correct. wary of the Empire they're parasite on.

hypotheses implied, we never quite accept: a reason we return to Wittgenstein. to keep alive the unanalysed. that which can't be spoken or formalized. are u a gora? a wandering ghost? the readings we honour have ghosts un-outed, that give its lines a spectral force.

my crumbling flesh, my baking fish! i've initials, degrees i've
jungle's egress: a tattooed map but the entire coastline's a
peninsula, think.

village of Earth, 'India', vis, the joy is forced, the hues
a scheme. the Jagganaath procession never happened -

but it DID, for real, on EQHD, in 2010.

in muggy Mumbai where they shot the thing.



B calls this the Funny Pauly photo, taken in '06 at a P-Mall photo booth.

ss

Tomorrow we'll play truants. a Carriage
we'll engage, and make our happy Way to the enigmatic Gangu
Raam, to his very Parlour!

to our any one Question, we'll there hear an Answer.

THUS did my classmate, who hankered as did i for sight of the Saintly, propose as we dallied & shirked in Maths.

yet he added one Warning: DO come dressed in your English Suit, and be above suspicion!

SO did we two tailored Urchins, arm-in-arm, make our
Conveyance thru the gay bazaar;

SO were we brought to Babu Raam's Office, before the low
dais he sat beaming on.

<<in the day I perform what's appointed by the
Central Rail, and all the trains arrive &
leave by the known Schedule.

yes ji, yes! but what of all thy famous 'saintly labours'?

<<at night I sit apprentice in a **Higher Office**. there I serve my Master Gen, I keep to Heart that Schedule hid which all men's souls are run by.

when then time for the super-human Sadhanas we'd Rumours
of?

my perplexity was plain, and my chum's glum Expression.

Babu ji palmed my letter. he lowered his eyes & held it aloft like a wind-vane, declaring:

<<this Train you ride no Chit can stop -
yet bear it well, and know it ends:

this July.

i then comprehended, i ejaculated in joy: Surely the Divine
'Master-Gen' shows his favour!

it was all too uncanny for my jottery state. but by these
holy Tidings, *still* within i hear a humming Sanctuary.

there is now only Science & Super : the European chemist &
the Hindustani wonder-worker are One:

thus did Professor Roberto Calibri of the U of Padua in a latest Experiment ascertain:

by the rapid alternation of his Lantern Slide ;

by the Bouts' Device needle, by its wild bounce ;

and like the Higher Mind that it measured: his Tarskometer
holding equanimous.

<< the prudent is dueman of this double-
scheme: one that doles on tithe of the
living, ekes its modest tidings;

One, on death, that shows a profit ever-
lasting.

<< & y'r saying some name, some mantra naam
from the second u awake and
forgetting yr dreams,
a religion of One.

<< mutatis mutandis may each proceed
thru epic Stations.

<< go supine, palms up, mouth agape.

make of yourself a Radio,

set to receive from afar.

<< taller, you feel? or simply as tall as you are,
my young friend?

my Titan friend: you have within you many
Systems, endless acreage!

<< Your defenders are many, left from
wandering Legions of peace.

<< & if u keep on googling hot air balloon
disasters,

hot air balloons will keep on disastering.

ss

it's hard to be new, there are too many people.

within, i'd long scoffed at the Nazi ad hominem; but all along my private joke was Godwin's Law, it's called. a commonplace of Usenet etiquette.

the back-back joke ['1993 wants its joke about x wanting y back, back'] is still invented independently.

i read my first Vonnegut novel late in life, months after honing the folksy-wry, my own authorial voice.

i was horrified, hypnotized. i was staring in an heirloom mirror.

we're both of us three French things, maybe more: amateur, raconteur, provocateur. i read it to B in a fortnight of bedtimes, after which the good Doctor died.

for days later, my left naso-labial furrow was jittery and my asshole was strangely itchy.

i dreamt we three of us all of us heard the first Atlas
Sound album. before he was big. on a sunless beach, three
of us gazing at insentient surf, auditing Winter Vacation.

i said to the Doctor i couldn't decide if the vocals were complex, an architectonics.

then it is! he said and together we laughed, younger / elder;

but where was B?

pauly!

an angel of distress hovered over wave, fusing off-phase with
the sad, slow crash, with the resonant fuzz of sea-spray.

her vocals were faint, though quite in-tune . . . sine
waves synched in legato arpeggio of the first Atlas Sound,
my god

she was lost inside the song!

ss

i loved, loved Pafko at the Wall in its '92 debut; but never got to checking out the novel it grew into. the day after typing what i thought would be the closer of the work you now read - i was fifteen years pre-mature - an elegiac reverie before i'd really lived - where my students had to hyperlink, from any random page, to history's most energetic event; and show therein, to pass my course, that everything is connected - i hit the Yonge St bookstores for a copy of J.R., intrigued after Patrick J. O'Donnell's short analysis.

at Eliot's they only had *The Recognitions*. but *Underworld* caught my eye two shelves down, and curious at last, i flipped into its stunning final pages: where post-war history sums in a trip to the H-bomb homepage: which several clicks in shows the power of the Tsar Bomb, and proof we're all connected.

it's hard to be original.

later that week, Johnson pressed his copy of *Infinite Jest* on me, warning of several scoops by Wallace. i there read of Eschaton, a war game played by prodigies each November 8th : declared by Wallace Interdependence Day, and my actual birthday.

with its late author, i've come to embrace an **Arachnomorphic** vision of things: sensing in the rustle of leaves & spinning of selves & all life's joys & terrors, a great black spider-mother.

much of my Work is unnovel - yet i won't say derivative.
there's no normal causal declension to me from my Priors.

much of my work is **post-cognitive**: confirmed in flashes of
yesterday's yellowing news.

thus in that final scene [long-since demoted] in my crafted conflagration of Promethean hubris, lurks an Epimethean punchline.

another dimension of the problem i consider is it's hard not to over-rate one's own originality. the author's excitement in the act of creation is entwined thereafter with his readerly response to the thing.

in framing this very thought, hovering over keyboard, i've worked myself tight into an upright knot. in a week or a year i'll read these notes, and find myself reflexively repeating that procession of fretful, gestative postures, and thinking:

truly these are words of coiled Power!

ss

sedulous, [click Here to Listen.](#)

his Voice is low, through desktop tweeters, frequencies shown . . .

an authority earned by his weekendless work, twelve hour days when this, sedulous, slid in-queue.

a voice so baritone cannot but tell it unstrained & true:
he's Sauron, Brahma, Xerxes, Vader.

he's perfectly bald and ten feet tall. could enclutch and
decarbonate me with one hand. make me his novelty blow-up
microphone.

i go thru thesaurae with a skeptic's flair, w/ insouciance.
as someone settling a bet.

i'm ashamed for i've come here from [The Novarian Series](#) [a wiki page], to that from [The Reluctant King](#), and that from sad fapping.

i'm deep & low in my rollback chair. i've pressed asplay my
Essays for Quine or some such legit-prop. deep in the smut-
trance the key-tap shall falter, my sheesha whistle rasp &
fade.

i snap-to, slam the tome. sharply sigh and rise in feign of
a frustrated fact-check.

herbal tea to precede; first of all, my gmail, thrice. i
switch on the computer to enter grades.

it's 3:22 minus forty.

ss

extraneous has no doubles & is
doublet w/ strange

other doublets :

chariot cart

bold bawd

name noun

crypt grot

by average inference, the P.I.E. cardinals:

six *s(w)eks / *(s)uéks

seven *septm / *séptm

eight *oktō, *oktouro / *h₃ektō, *h₃ektou / *h₃ekteh₃

hard to say! so much of the gonads in them. s(w)eks
sounds like - - - -i here may offend the P.I.E. peoples but
s(w)eks is someone trying to say six and straining. is six
said by beings unused to saying.

so much assertion of self in each number! 'one' and 'two' were one MINE, two MINE! the Count cannot be pried from the Counter. these namings claim, with body as their guarantor.

[in these likenesses so unlike, are thereby hid: our ancestors' version of worship.]

chintzy you'd think is Yiddish, it isn't - it's Sanskrit.

Sanskrit, i thought, is cognate with script.

yak could be Yiddish, a quaint Americana, or the sanskrit
vāk.

the raven gave rise to its Old Norse utterance hrafen. by
cock's crow, crow's caw, i fathom what manner of Mind.

no word holds univocal by its longer etymology. by the lower strata of lending language, our concepts root in solidities.

to know, e.g. was once to see; and sight itself was keenly *felt*, was a bump-mapped optics.

by longer etymology, every word's a metaphor.

[i'm in the dark at Russian Ark, making notes with one post-it, & one leg of jean. am writing over prior blind scribbles.]

consonants densify space-time. grammar is a Logic of difference. prepositions mediate the mundane & divine. our vowels enact the freedom of light, w/ diphthongs to bend them.

our ums and ahs are dips of brush in an amorphous
soundstuff, our every word an invoking.

The Butterfly Effect

there once was a scholar, alone in his attic. alone in
pursuit of his machine. goaded on thru denser sediment of
ancient wordplay till hitting at last a summing answer, a
primordial vowelation.

lips atremble, looking up. he slips the dread volition:

[a word for return. a wholly synthetic mot², perhaps.]

² the highest morpheme-to-word rate utterable. a fully inflected holophrase. take, e.g., the affirmative yeah. take that yeah through a band-pass filter, as spoken thru a toke-holed Coke bottle. now hear Light, arrayed thru all the attitudes of Life, compressed back into White.

- immediately he's coagulate of Festivology
- is Admirant and on and ology

- is a Mentor & his mentees. a Madam & her whores, is
- a throng about a barker.

our scholar unravels, thru the low occult caverns.

the Peoples are friendly, our scholar a Guest for several days of their Era.

the Peoples are friendly, are tragically friendly -
lacking modern antibodies.

:the whole protoindoeuropean peoples are DEAD.

he's glad being BACK in his attic. but why's it still here?

why is it *all* the same?

seasons pass.

at last, at a Lecture on Greek aesthetics, on early sculpture, he's maybe misheard, but again, she says:

the greek erosic aesthetic.

his colleagues stiffen & shrug when he presses, and the
O.E.D. affirms them:

erotic was never a word.

:he wanders our streets, feeling our total equality. he drops coin w/out peek, releasing from voluminous sleeves. is parting way thru streetcar crowd: thru the schoolkids, all the quiet riders. gazing each foot forward. he's panning seat-space, left and right, dusting angelic Murmurs.

:he drifts in apparitional, bloodlines streaming festive.
arms agape, he limbos drop-ceiling. head whipped back, a
rockgod.

:rolls in, last, a cackling torso. *sussurs* from what ashram,
then?

[end, THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT]

i taxify his illness³ as a textual paranoia: with Jaynes's hallucinating the cuneiform. and Barzac's Syndrome, cousin of Capgras: where all docs seem a flawless contrivance.

³in early drafts i had 'here': 'i taxify his illness here'. in earlier drafts had dozens of these, unneeded for my reader - for where else would i be?

yet needed for me, to land my rhythm, and keep me on the page: as carnal as i'll ever be!

early speakers weighed more. their body kept them 'here'. their 'here' & 'now' were their own resounding body, the throat's glottal throb.

they'd speak of themselves in the third person, in a touching pass at objectivity - and still it meant 'me', it all meant 'me'!

[The Oxford Companion to the Mind, pls see, on Fechner:
agree that had he never been, our Ed would've had to
invent him!]

again, again: in the Vedas no word for rice or tamaters?
and what remains of Plato's claim:

the letter t is a modern and tasteless insertion [Phaedrus, 244C]

and what then? did our scholar say RETURN, again?

the word *should* work, for its power is phonetic. magic draws the thing it names. incantation calls to being: a propos our second story,

The Perfectly Sharp Blade

there was a young monk with one mad dream: to fashion a blade so perfectly sharp it would cut thru anything.

he rose each morning & drew his blade from sackcloth sheath. along its edge he'd press his thumb, a mindful erosion. years of this, but [i refuse further edits. been wording this story for ten years, on and off. every couple months i make it worse, i think.] [his weakening will, his looming despair - - - i'm sick of these words. . . .it's time to take apart. . . . i resort to self-reference, but am not so exalted in despair.] [a failure like his Teacher's: who'd vowed "to write one thing so well the words would rise from page" i.e. become the thing itself.]

our monk then vows these two tasks into One.

every morning, working at his lonely phrase. [i picture a low lap desk, our monk in lotus at it.] one day extolling its metal grip, **molded & cold** to his hand; another, [what], the [what]ful zing [i won't say 'frightful' but need to say something. narrative needs its adjectives. "the tiny rip thru Space of swiping blade." it's hard to care, feels good to undo what couldn't be done.]

"most of all, its cutting edge: a fore-arm's length, and tapering thin to empty space."

[the edge, i mean, should taper into two dimensions - should taper into a line - and the line then into nothing.]

ten years, a hundred pages, and mounting fear he's but doubled his folly.

then one morning, mind awash in dreamless sleep, he breaks
his blade and puts his hundred pages to the flames.

[this i like: the end.]

on palm of hand he writes one word, and laughs.

his wish is made.

- what he wrote i cannot say; yet a principle we may infer.
- we might now speak of the source of his word.

my genius friend Johnson, usually calm, depressively calm, called me one night in a manic state. he'd read a draft of **The Perfectly Sharp Blade** when a pleasing buzz shot up his back and left his scalp tingling.

he'd felt it, checked by double mirror, yes: a faintest patch of downy blonde was forming on his balding crown.

the morning after, i read to Johnson fresh-dug words i'd jotted
days earlier:

hair is our clue we're already there,
headtops enjoying that final sly sprouting

baldness reveals we're already receiving,
solar beams bouncing from pate to far planet.

our bustle & babble were thoughtless translations.

i leave it raw, an uncomfortable poetry. yet words i heard
in a silence i'd emerged from, dazed & legs cramped. words
i heard then had my end for A Perfectly Sharp Blade.

we cannot say what made him laugh, the monk's one word: but
may infer a principle.

we might well speak of our young monk's source: silence. the
silence of that final night, what the monk didn't dream.

silent, his Blade, slicing its way thru anything.

ss

across a crowded Seminar, that's how i met my genius friend Johnson. The Philosophy of Colour with Sonia Sedivy, Summer 2000. two days in, with gracious measure, he offered a thought that pretty much shut us all down.

we all seem silly near my genius friend Johnson, he really can't help it.

was on my way to BMV, to sell my later Miles CDs and there he was, at Bloor & Brunswick waiting. he got me to buy a The Replacements CD.

next day outside Suspect Video on Markham: i'd just returned my VHS of Barry Lyndon. Johnson was impressed, said no one ever watches that, and did a full-cast mimicry of The Rape of the Cyprian then led us back in for movies.

i often thought: a young & blonder Bruce Willis, or:
distorted in close-up, Peter Krauss when Nate had brain
cancer.

we one night spooned on my futon-couch playing **Dark Alliance**, in the dark: pythons in a food coma. B was then in India. B just laughed when i later confessed, said You guys.

my genius friend Johnson's most virile feature is his rumbling, resonant voice. he dresses Preppy, in sensible loafers and clean plaid shirts. tucked in jeans. sets him apart from the writers & guitarists hanging from him, constantly.

from little things he's said and done i infer a fat cock.
gauging his reaction to things, his buoyant readiness for
large asses.

he's half-French, son of a prof, raised in the rurals near London. for a couple of years they lived in St. Thomas where his mom was the commissioner. 'ask me what my mom does, Yeah, my mom? she's the Commish.'

my genius friend Johnson knew what **botswain** meant when i had to ask; & how to pronounce **synecdoche** when Charlie Kauffman wasn't even in his mommy's tummy. i'll sometimes know what he doesn't, like he knows Joni Mitchell but not that she called her voicings **Chords of Inquiry**. she'd find a new chord, fooling with tunings, and brood in it for days.

my genius friend can play charmingly fey, the way he torques his upper body, checks the ass of his pants in the mirror at H&M. hands on hips, the judicious and lascivious are twisted in higher synthesis. I'll take 'em! he says w/ Little Richard bug-eyes and we go get Booster Juice smoothies together.

my genius friend, an Ectomorph, does stretch the notion of Walking. his every stride's a hiccup flight, abandoning ground; his every sneaker's squeak a gymfloor landing. exactly how tall is my genius friend? he bounds about, in abstract space, the girls hanging off him. but how tall are they? when my genius friend distractedly claps at J.J. Abrams Star Trek, i infer he's less enthused than when he's leaping from his lawnchair going Who! at the passing Popemobile. yet how enthused, my genius friend, at the Popemobile? less than he is at Jesus Christ, yet this i judge by how enthused i would be, when so gesticulating. i correlate intensity with gesture: what else. a person presents in his bodily repertoire our only means for ranking his loves; but how he feels for any one, we'll ever wonder.

and don't get me started on my genius friend's love of all
Aboriginal Peoples! my genius friend texted last night <<I
LOVE ALL ABORIGINAL PPL>> to MuchMoreMusic during a Massari
three-play.

[What are the odds the anonymous tween who actually said that will learn of my theft? tomorrow, we learn that she found out today: our Query's tense should alter, then, to: what are the odds she found out? she found out, yes: yet how surprised should we be?

mild complacence, the emotive epoché: our proper worship of a true statistic Mystery.]

my genius friend plays freejazz guitar, pays scrupulous attention to tone. i played a loop for my genius friend Johnson, a noise-scape with a pulsing e-bass. what is that, Johnson said, I like that.

like a ballbearing rolling in a gritty clay funnel, Johnson said.

that was it, exactly: clayfunnelroulette.wav from my
SonicSource sample-pack.

a Jakarta DJ hounds my friend for his special White Noise.
claims he'll forge his Tundra Loop, & Legend, from it.

my genius friend during Play-fight said Aw you hit me in
the nut-snack!

with his gedanken of the Whale, my genius friend hastened the completion of Canadian Bioethics. my genius friend filled Boetzkes' Crossword in unusual ways. our better grads, since that day, raise a hale cheer for my genius friend, at any Mention of Canadian, Bioethics and/or my genius friend.

ss

we huddled in council, ran some numbers.

we gotcha, B, hang tight!

the Doctor said it was time for his trump. a one-time
summon of toni bonjiovi, the teenage phenom.

he didn't say hi, or make nice with his eyes. he was adorably asocial, wholly self-composed in his Botticelli mop.

headphones, huge, ringed his neck.

he set in sand his medic's bag, and from it up drew timers,
mics & gadgets. increasing to a nine-foot boom he pulled
like a bucket from its well: fist-under-fist, lips tight.

he twiddled knobs, tapped his keyscreen. made and made
again his chain of tube amps & compressors.

satisfied, grimly confirmed, he rose from his post with the
diagnosis:

the Song, this whole bad beach was a trap: a spiral
shell, high upon the wave!

a self-singing Structure that the sly Bradford Cox was
slinking from, now!

long Bradford Cox is one of Seven i've battled.

he shouts & boasts, he squats and slaps his buttered thighs
- an odious pindh wrestler.

Mr. Positive of St. Paul, MN is another.

the Doctor dangled boom above wave. assigned to me: a tiny
pitch-pipe.

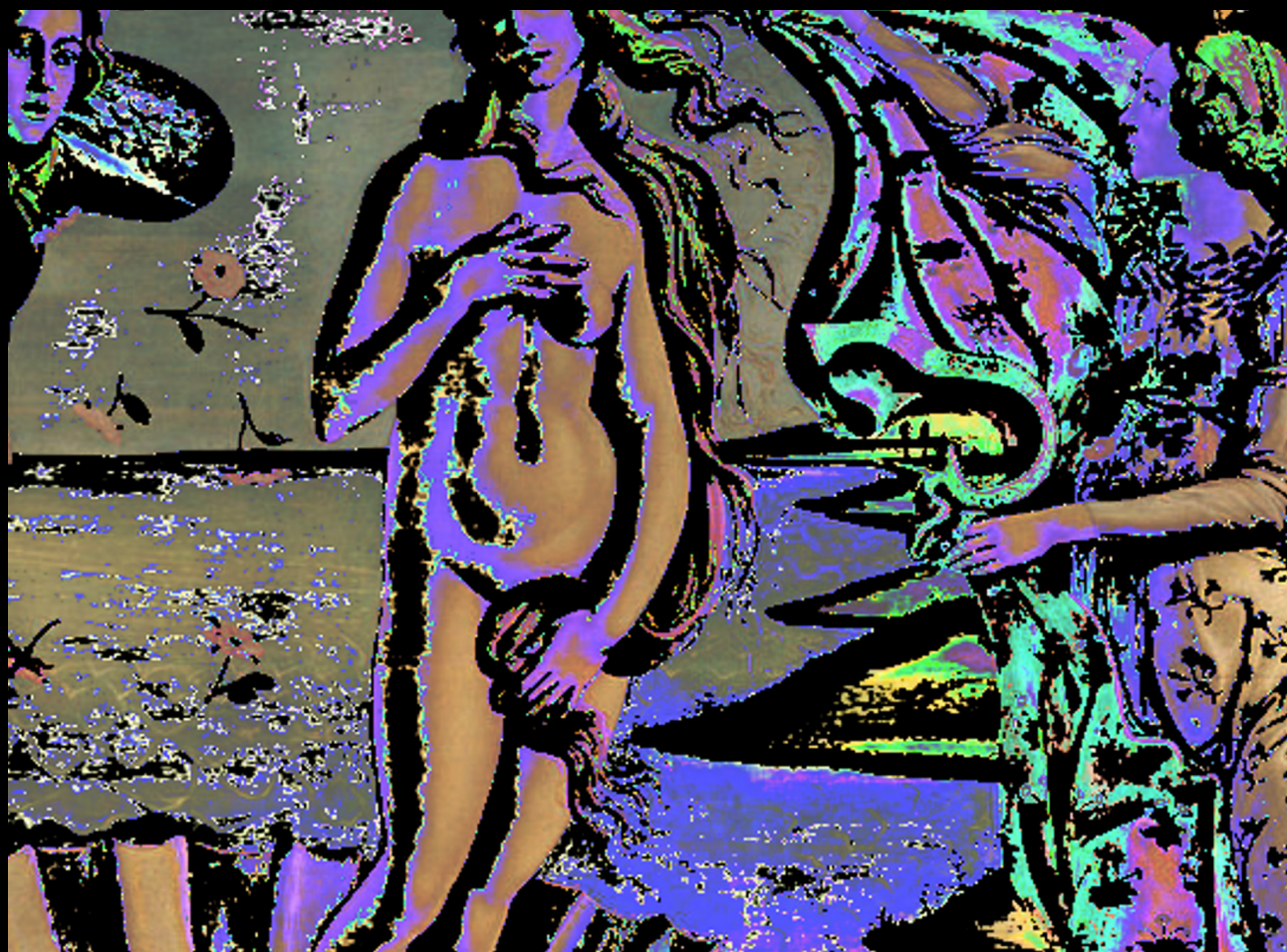
a squelch⁴ came out that pains me, still, a squelch to
fizzle walls & tear thru brainflesh.

⁴in Leon Gabor's sense of the term, 'a metaphysical phenomenon of energy in the shape that will suppress, lift, cut, bind, burn, go through solids - all types of feats that are above normal action.' Milton Rokeach, *The Three Christs of Ypsilanti* [Columbia UP, 1964] p. 251.

the music whoze, the music rasped, and Shell cracked clean,
zagged down its sagittal plane.

halves fell way, petals of a lotus or pistachio shells and there stood B, chaste & naked, slender arm at her heart.

the Day broke in homage behind her.



ss

Vonnegut said more ego / i love it! three days dead when i brought this Doc into a DreamRoom white as the man himself.

More EGO, he commanded, when i brought an early Draft, into his "Office of Enlightenment": an abstract space he was gladly ensconced in, suited like a southern gentleman.

he took a good look, & cracked a laugh.

I like it, he said.

how will we know when it's heaven? i said.

when your head is a cloud then it's heaven he said, fading
in the cooling steam i woke into, light-headed.

More EGO, he commanded: for my Draft had so little of *me* in it!

i'd handed him my juvenile Borges. my Family Guy out-take out-takes.

more ego / tat tvam asi / mutato nomine de te fibula narrator

I particularly like the double t's with which
our pleasure begins perhaps you will
enjoy the ingenious use of the vowel i with
which it ends...⁵

⁵ William Gass, "Introduction" to *The Recognitions* by William Gaddis, p.xi,
[Penguin 1993].

ss

i found him in fear, in an arid gully. writhing anomalous
under the Woodbine overpass.

an old chinese man lent his cane to coax him round.

the old man's wife had pointed him out. to him, then to me.
i moved him up & away from traffic, released him high on
the grassy slope: level with the guardrail where a small
graffito caught my eye, the white-out fresh and drippy:

MONC

from slope-top now could see another, lightly scrawled
along three slabs of sidewalk:

SURA

turning onto Bloor, i'd been thinking of the Second; when coming on the Second, i was thinking of the First.⁶

⁶the third did wind, a pallid great vine, from lodgings high & palmy. hood aflare, lord of the Yorkville condo canyon. rearing & taunting the Libeskind ROM.

the Second came home with a child called Grace - who
claimed it my likeness, then put it to war with Infinity
Sharke, above the folk-art foodporn.

i name him here Mike Newmani, & sing his Epic:

HINDOOSTAANI GAIDEN:
TALE OF
MIKE NEWMANI

MIKE NEWMANI INVENT PNEUMATIC TYRE!

MIKE NEWMANI LEAP AND CATCH BAT MIDFLIGHT! MIKE NEWMANI VERY
ANGRY INSECT!

"Gejigeji, Mommy! Gejigeji running!"

TEAM GEJIGEJI

VS.

MIKE NEWMANI

開始する!!

BEGIN!!!

MIKE NEWMANI DRIVE BUS THROUGH HOKKAIDO COUNTRYSIDE.

MIKE NEWMANI BUS LEAP + CATCH ROTTING ORGANIC MATTER, MID-FLIGHT!

MIKE NEWMANI

- VERY TIRED, NOW.
- SLEEP FOR WHILE

MIKE NEWMANI STRETCH HIS LEGS, HIS MANY LEGS.

MIKE NEWMANI CELEBRATE BIO-DIVERSITY.

MIKE NEWMANI SIT AT DESK, PEN EVOLUTION'S RAINBOW AT FEVERISH
PACE.

MIKE NEWMANI MAID TOSS E.R. IN FIREPLACE BUT MIKE NEWMANI FORGIVE
HER.

NOT PUNCH HER IN BELLY, PAY HER OFF LIKE SCHOPENHAUER.

MIKE NEWMANI ASK FOR AUDIENCE SILENCE, PLS

MIKE NEWMANI QUESTION MYTH OF FLOWING STAIN-GLASS. IF SO, THEN
WHY SO SLOW IN MEDIEVAL OPTICS? PROTOTYPE MICROSCOPES ET CET.

MIKE NEWMANI DREAMING RE: MUNCHING.

MIKE NEWMANI CHUCKLE TO SELF ON RELEASE FROM BRIEF REVERIE.

MIKE NEWMANI READING RE: OBAMAMANIA.

MIKE NEWMANI ALL CAUGHT UP, TX

MIKE NEWMANI STILL ADORE THRU ALL THESE YEARS THE PRELUDE DRONE OF
DAS RHEINGOLD. MIKE NEWMANI HEAR THEREIN NOT RIVER RHINE BUT
TIMELESS, TUBULAR BIOMASS.

MIKE NEWMANI SET ASIDE THIS TUESDAY MORN FOR DRAWER CLEAN. FOR
BETTER WORKSPACE CHI-FLOW.

MIKE NEWMANI SOMETIMES FIND NON-GEGIGEGI ATTRACTIVE.

& MUCH BEAUTY THROUGH EARLY INSECT WORLD.

HAS VISION, OF FLOWERS, FUTURE & VERIDICAL.

MUCHLIKE UPRIGHT WORM, SHALL BE: WITH PRETTY 'HAT'.

MIKE NEWMANI SEND LOVE OUT TO WILSON BRYAN KEY.

TO BROTHERS BYRON;

JOSH WILBUR, JOSH WINK.

SEND LOVE OUT TO LIVE CURTISCHIP, ANALOG PA.

TO HEART OF THE SPARROW, by BARRY DOUPÉ.

MIKE NEWMANI MAKE SWEET LOVE TO LEKKING GROUSE.

SHUDDER AT FATHER: OVERBED WITH SHARP, ANGERFUL TEETH.

WHAT IF MIKE HAS MODERATE 'SMELL'. A MUSK NOT UNPLEASANT YET NEVER
QUITE MUTED? AND NO ONE EVER SAID TO MIKE: MIKE YOU HAVE A
MODERATE, MUSKY SMELL.

:AND OTHER SUCH LACUNAE IN AWARENESS OF SELF.

IN STOCKING FEETS, IN FRONT OF CLASS, HAS CHOSEN. HERE.

IN HEART OF ROCK AND ROLL, IS IN CLEVELAND.

ss

monde, a little omnium: w/ ideogloss

sigmoid cosmos → billard japon

tide arraised, an inland wall

→ on lucent wing a venule

ink, enkauston, 'burned in' → holocaust → hakenkreuz on crate of Ark.

silver tray,

is whose assay of meat or drink ?

→ summand & summand brought into sum

→ a petrified sunbeam.

corporate snake → livid Patrick → altamont stage

hovey low moroni → home

Jordan Station → Seventh Street → Fruitland Ontario

:niagara's ions for positive vibes

or, OR i press these fair grounds hellward.

your pretty dells, my stepwells.

red = poem
blue = find a home
green = is gone

ss

i found him holding court in his deep black chair at the
Bloor / St. Thomas Starbucks.

[it's no longer there, Starbucks or chair.]

he was angled way back in extreme repose, yet perfectly
erect, somehow.

in an empty chair adjacent i insinuated myself, and pulled my book out - but was soon a peeking witness on his vital line of business.

a beautiful Latina sang a litany of complaints from across the low table. her lustrous hair was piled high, topped with tortoiseshell shades.

sagging on her lap was her oversize purse, with her hands folded meekly upon it: a reflexive supplication of the little girl Catholic, perhaps.

she spoke of her treatment at the hands of her boss, a famous Yorkville retailer.

he nodded her on in sympathy. a gasp to say Scandalous! a gasp of delight, here & there.

i'd wanted that day to be alone among people. i was hopping thru cafés, starting 8AM at my condo base, at a spot abuzz with singles fresh from their workout.

now it was noon, and i was nearly thru Our Lady of the Flowers. it was warm in my palms & well-worn. its cover gone sticky with coagulate of coffee, its inners well-effaced with my wild marginalia.

i held it up close to my eyes but it was hard, with those lovely knees knocking so near me.

she rose to take leave, and he leaned across the glass to kiss her hand adieu, bending down ludicrously low. from over my novel i was peeking at the parting scene - hoping for a flash of golden flesh - but i caught a flash of silver from beneath his open shirt: a heavy round medallion.

when next i looked up, the book's final words still buzzing on my lips, he was twisted toward me, all smile. enjoying me immensely.

i *was* archaically handsome. a youthful Faust, in all-black. deep in my Study yet here in a Starbucks, open to extraordinary contact.

YOU look like a Scholar!

his elbows made dents in the dark pleather armrest, bright wells of caught white light. his chin was slung primly in his hands' bridging backs.

enjoying me immensely. playing with panache the Villain
clapping slow from the wing onto the Scene, where all shall
be disclosed.

his accent was ambiguous & slight. a fading from where? a
future E.U.? a Carey Grant trans-Atlantic?

a white Van Dyke, and small lively eyes.

height unclear, tho i'll err toward slight. if wager i had
to: impish & light.

his hair i'd call white - but what was the cut, & where
did it recede to?

ss

drop the likes, for what is 'like' the light?

light alone is alien enough, angelic sign in this, our
Obdurate realm.

that ball of sun is god enough, in this, our Obdurate hell.

mournful like the redding Sun \
high in judgment looms the moon, clichés i cut, and keep
for warning Poets, only.

from dudgeon's height to nine of ten, to what one does with
havoc or amends.

in wiki's walled gardens & rejection slips from Harper's
are my other Dooms held in.

getting the Eagleton off its shelf, i had it out with
kareem on his phone, kareem who paced the carrels. kareem
who'd have us know his money-schemes. in Eagleton i've
underlined: is animated by the critical spirit & rarely
brings to bear upon its own propositions.

i now ask, in quiet: am i being loud in the Library?

on p 26 in pen i put: kareem would have us all know his money schemes. on p 26 in pen i put: this was a STAB saved up. w/ symbols i spar, my violence is sublime and brought to no one.

spectral spread \

halation's edge, lovely are the ways of light yet worlds i've
thought where light is a fibre, an atomy ether, a cobbling of
shells. so long as whatever disperses for transparence. so long
as whatever may pass through glass & do its glorious service.
its structure is contingent and the radiant inference, the sheen
of a pretty aphorism are luminous, yes, these i accept:

but nothing may be luciform.

luciform, a word we've rightly reliquaried. if your target's
atomic or wavelike say it, atomic or wavelike. better, drop
the likes, as ifs. a poem compresses to metaphor.

drop the likes: these dragging lines must flutter again in
avian quiddities.

'if this poem were a street, i'd ask her to show me.'

:i scribble this and a ladyboy gang do press at my lobby,
buzz to regreet me: chastened & counted, they hasten to
splain me, pricepoints suffixed at ninety-nine cents.

'if this poem were a street, i'd ask her to show me.'

:i scribble this & measure u what vast & crazy dealings do ensue:

by pennies left unrounded, see:

my careless winter's shopping spree,

thru Dundas Ave chinoiserie.

ss

“TWO by TWO by TWO by TWO

:gelid pools my shoes sop up, every other sidewalk slab.

TWO by TWO by TWO by TWO

& though parallel path is dryer there's snowbank to surmount,
traffic to gage &

this choice is a disturbance of a second order.

worse - this choice - than puddles in my way.

w o r l d o f s t r e e t /
s t r e e t o f w o r l d

walking his bike the other side of Kensington is Patrick from the WreckRoom drum circle. he never comes in, he stays outside with his radio strapped to the handlebars. plays crabby skomorokh, provoking the smokers who throng the sidewalk.

out on the street, they stomp to stay warm. warm, inside,
they stomp to link with their paleo souls.

he's paid in scraps. berated, beloved. pseudonymous subject
of theses at OISE.

he's walking his bmx and ranting. he has highly specific
politics.

i call out & cross. he's fidgety, wired. i give him the rest of my joint. his radio outpours FLOW 93.5. he asks if i like it.

r&b? black music? he isn't sure but it's all he follows. that & the police, by a special chip in his laptop: his 3G Ferrari, with a seamless Windows 7.

he hacks the shit back to the hackers. they think it's been zipped to their specs. not bad shit, but check it. he'll soon make his claim. steal his stuff back. they won't let him gather his super-antenna, whose parts he keeps scattered.

when lightning strikes, see: the CN Tower wants to be hit.

on parting at College, Patrick speaks of a second, smaller drum circle. a different house each time.

last one, said he was popping massive boners for the girls there. he whips out his cell and shows me my number; then sordid candids, obviously modded. closeups of Pitbull's putative asshole, dilated. Patrick is in there, his mania froze in the polaroid glare. crouched at the goods, two thumbs up like Borat.

ss

back at my condo, forty stories up, a novel's last page
floated up into my balcony. i was smoking & reflecting,
body all aglow in the CN Tower's light show -

and i was toying, just toying, with the power of sacrifice,
the taking of an antipodal lamb.

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Another log to the fire, sparks spraying, hungry
ticking the dry wood, coals glowing blood red
giving this primitive cabin a warmth, a coziness. I
head to the small bathroom, walk quickly through the
shower, soaping off evidence of my workout, then slip
to jeans and a sweater.

She's sobbing quietly in the other room as I walk
barefoot to the tiny kitchen where hot water is already
steaming on the woodstove.

Perfect.

I pour a cup, add a tea bag and watch as the water
turns the color of tobacco. A faint memory flits through
my mind. It's a picture of a woman long ago as she
dunked a tea bag into a chipped cup. She'd been a
pretty woman with pillowy breasts and lips always col-
ored a shimmering peach and forever turned down at
the corners. She'd smelled of cigarettes and perfume
and had pretended to be my mother.

But she, like so many others, had been a fraud.

Quickly dispensing the ugly memory, I carry the cup
through the living area where I've just finished my rou-
tine and down the hallway to my captive's door. She's
quieter now, as if trying to disguise the fact that she's
been crying. As if she's trying to pull herself together.

Which she never will.

I tap lightly on the panels and open the old door
slowly, a crack of light cutting into the dark interior.

She's lying on the bed. Frightened. Her eyes wide.
Tears visible, tracking down her cheeks.

Am I her sinner or saint?

Her savior?

Or the embodiment of evil?

Soon, she'll know.

ss

YOU look like a Scholar, like an S-caller!

Here I am:

Ask me anything!

ss

a striking thing is legs, that i have them.

elbows to prop, a skull to store, and

to pluck from gravel the glistening notochord; to light the
cave by Pluvia-V, what's hid within.

rocket's lift by pull of socks. thru myelon spine u must suck yrself up into the highest idea of yrself.

remembrance→assessment→solution→praxis→soul Uptake

grace an exalting of spirit in motion; motion is the verbal
Being. Being an Is, and Is just be -

o save me from such Theory, pls!

imagine your hands in a slightly stuttering, looping swagger.
framing the hips, ballast for the fuck-machine.

the brain-draining jizz-stream, wouldn't that feel nice? a hard right forearm, a hanging hand: the best part of David. veiny and gigantic, braced for squeezing final drops on an upturned face.

a circuitry in place: from clenching hand to base of shaft,
ass-ward over perineum bridge. up the spine & down the
slope of trapz. on thru ceps, down the forearm, back to
hand, all of it hard. the writerly brain is bypassed.

remembrance→assessment→solution→praxis→soul Uptake

notochord, the proto-spine. a string of cells our vertebrae
remember.

around an axis, heaven-steps enwind: magnetizing coil of
social interest.

an apparent asymmetry, charisma *is* an asymmetry. is al
pacino limping yet he keeps it all in.

charisma an asymmetry, a promising mutation.

charisma an asymmetry, a scarlike mark one side of face: an arresting effect.

What more SICK than to SEDUCE the UNFIT?

-so does the Devil reform

a famous face shapes trends in Selection. a species' average
skews toward [x].

an uptick for guys who remind of Elvis or Julian Casablancas
- the latter by the fame of Lord Byron.

ss

it sometimes goes porno, porno as part of the job, e.g. a
Bellow completist allows in pics of his erection.

porno will happen, given time & a commitment to Realism.

South Pacific as one happy answer, a model of utopia tho
assortive mating & exogamy threaten.

the shore-men have an imperial aura, while the Tongamen
form a welcoming gauntlet / are frozen to spear-holding
doormen. this is not right but still enthralls, is worth
looking into / working out.

grass skirts' rustle on an island girl's thigh will have to
stay: agreed this far.

The coat was a slimsy dark silk with a glister in it
and the hat was thinnest straw the brim curling
in the wind a little.

[Max Brand, Storm on the Range]

O grant Sir John eternal life, a pattern of paradise! in
Windsor and her purlieus he's a ribald Socrates, plotting
on thru the eschaton.

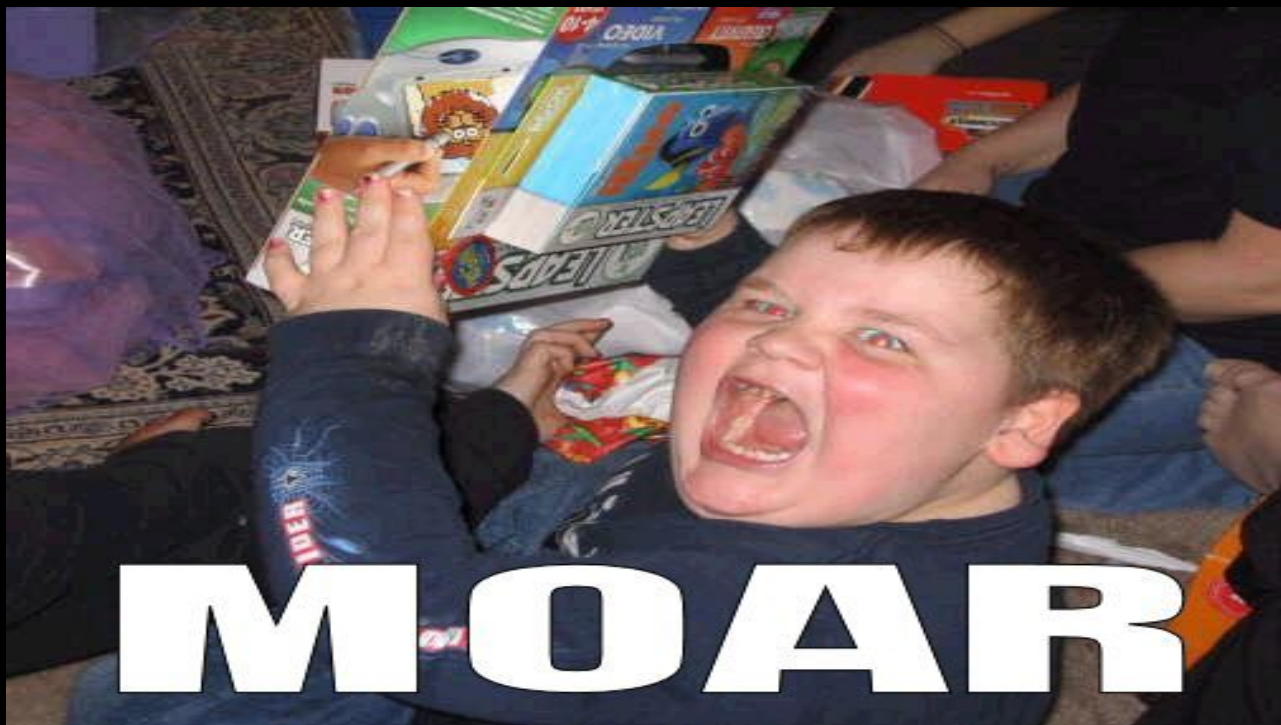
fetishes shall remain, the lovely Specific. by artisan eye,
made, remade: a Spinning Girl gestalt-shift, a vari-tone
parade.

a marilyn in beige-face or anna may wong in a wig,
whatever!

bikinis unstrung, strap-heels shed: they slice the tide and
glide aneath the ebb.

is sexual of them, very, tho i lately feel a love serene, a
brother's Pure, for younger girls. a slightly Saudi chivalry.

two, we've identified the MOAR gene:



three was for a tempting late, my own tolle lege:

<<no central control . . . an anarchic system
of rather competitive elements>>⁷

⁷Daniel Dennett, 'The Logical Geography of Computational Approaches: A View from the East Pole' in *Brainchildren: Essays in Designing Minds* [M.I.T., 1998], p. 227.

how could i resist / why would i resist?

Philosophy fails as a plausible X, a viable what -

<<veins well afire,
pressureUP, head reduc.

from my Centripede Press, private love has been made to u
all in thoughtful sequence.

from mountain friends in monial holes to Potemkin midamerica.

- is my pious wish to have sex w/ you all, all at once, in every way thinkable
 - what remains for rivalry? we'll all be having our way with each other.
 - that's in fact what's happening, perhaps!

ss

my name, he decides is Saint Paul.

by that he means Apollo, for my Double-0-eyes. he explains:

Observe & Obliterate!

scarily serious, he can turn. from all-is-play to don't
forget a word.

he's maybe Mephistopheles, or Obi-Wan Kenobi.

his palms are up, his fingers all aflutter in his improvised mudras or ancient Morse code.

his eyes are closed in expectancy.

Ask me anything.

i'm right away into this, always hate small talk. was hoping all along for this, so why is it i'm asking: do you have any kids?

he springs forward, eyes wide:

Three tries, Three still-born!

then falls back & folds his arms impetuously high, a child-genie made to be still.

Next!

i lift my finger, loosely point. i must admit i'm curious
re that medallion round his neck.

he's tilting his head, teasing & tarrying: making his assay
of my seriousness.

i'm pure Ingénue, with a melancholic touch to befit my
Divorce & my thirty-plus years.

Ah yes, this.

the medal had been pressed on him, many years prior. an Elder saw him, took it off, and passed it on without a word. an Elder whose field he'd wandered into.

the old man's wife almost fainted. in gestures plus her pidgin said her husband never took it off, in all their years together.

the time has come, again. he pulls it full out, thru the collar of his golf shirt. he calls me in close, and we lean in tight, make a tent above our intersecting armrests.

still around his neck, he allows its full weight into my palm up-lifted.

i let go, he leans back - and he'd frankly assess, but
he's already decided.

is very pleased, confirmed in all i say & am.

ss

the time had come, again; yet it never left his neck.

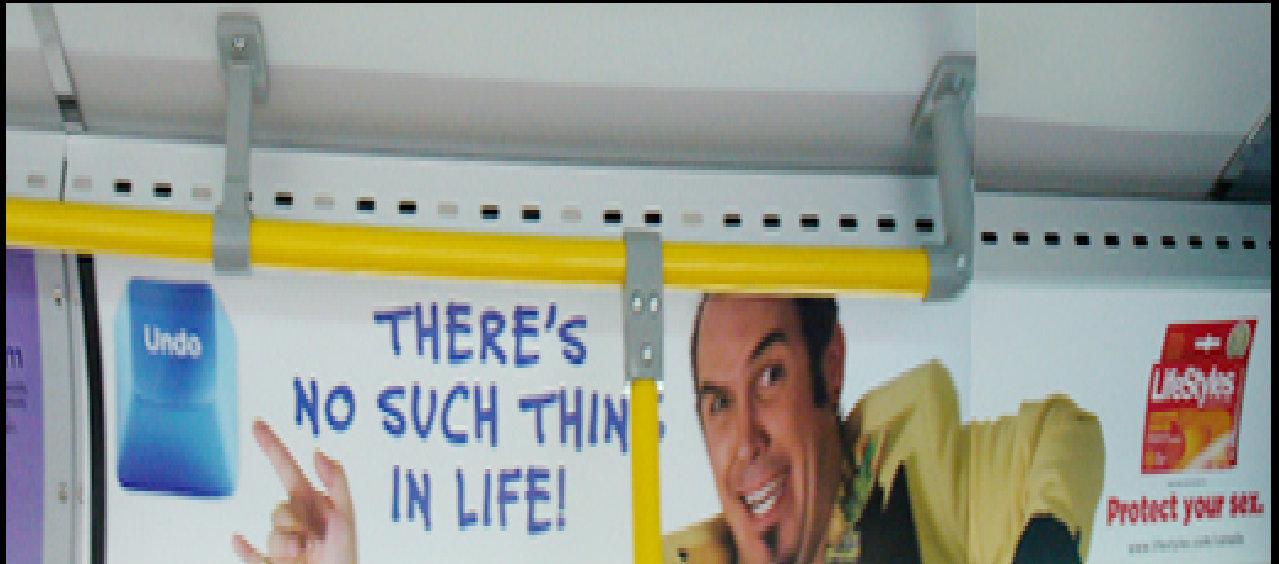
the medallion, for all i know, is with him in his grave or his senescence.

the circle trace he gave me i, just today, chewed into pulp. ten years to the day that he dated it.

the circle's trace is pasty pulp i've half swallowed, half spat out, stalking in the rain around the city's northern limits.

ss

the ladies' man Undo [UHN-doh]. zany hero of weary émigré gardeners. brother to the Fili rodbusters.



'Oh no, Undo! what ju done this time?!'

Undo is Robert Mastáli: 'catch' him in his web-isode run of
Undo Har Ezmaamet Saale! ['Undo of the condo-harems']:
espionage Arabia's fairest disguised as a moustachioed
window-washer;

slipper into satiny sheets & Sultanate politics.

his Cover now: the Italian Designer, The Gay Marchese.

he's dropping from the balcony, pants at his knees. hits the sand running from a fist-shaking Sheek Lafiq.

he lips his famous catchphrase: Undo le le ratzke shazmi!
['Undo With All the Luck, both Good and Bad!']

ss

while masturbating, meditating, someone walking in while
i'm self-absorbed in the re-distribution of energy:

this i anticipate anxiously.

when mugging askance at my doubling visage, mastoids
straining;

my adam's apple a restless animal, my whole person clenched
in acquisitive pleasure;

when solely through flexion, i'm Iggy-like ranging the length of the bathroom counter.

in respect for energy i also retain my Revision's surviving graphemes, e.g. :

from **direction** to **trajectory**, i only erase

n, **i**, **i**, and **d**

ss

the Joke in reverse is still got: as i uncrack i remember
the setup.

when i say **aha**: a brainwave decoheres & the evidence
ungathers.

life, reversed, would feel the same, slice-by-slice:

would Tuesday fade, an inductive haze;

while yesterday, Sunday, is a freshening fact.

as Forward we go, our mastery over the Present degrades:
into doubt of the past, into memory.

seen as our Future, on approach: the Present is climax, an
inductive gathering of certainties.

tho BACK i go, i cannot be released from what i've been.

i'm still with Danny, in summer 1980, diving for arnies in
factory bins: necessarily.

the future & past are already cast. tho back i go, i can't
unhappen t.

ss

yahweh, o wahweh! to your warnings i'm amenable.

your Wayward i remain.

thru many special hells i rake.

i keep my pace with that Devil prince.

am stoked for signs, am a great cloak of nerve-works.

thru many special hells i rake.

zones undam, from biome to biome.

biome to habitus, habitus to home.

to Earth from overreaching, i return.

thru many special hells i rake!

u've been had!, sed i to Pete -

to which, i've noted: no reply

my thots outrun your echo Pranks!

[my notes on Cain, proceed]

& STILL MY MORPHING FRAIN DOES STAIN

thETERNAL NIGHT, thru TIEF & TIER

OF THE LOW, MAZON BAT-CAVES WHERE

SAID SPIDERFACE HANGS,

SHUDDERING, SAD

SACRIFICE FOR

THE LEAPING EMPRESS MILLIPEDE

[my notes on Cain, to this day incomplete]

Selah was my call, to that restive Devil;

to the sapient few, Selah!

the Mandrake & She, made one-point-three:

the point-three She, and the Mandrake HE-

thru many special hells e.g. the feeder bin at Big Al's
Pets in Scarborough.

Serpendent's

Den

or

Paul's

PENTAMENT

An
Écriture Femminem

w/

his

PICTIONNAIRE

Addended

a Supertape woven of every conceit,

a Verse complete.

before logging in, before the doc loaded, a title, bold,
inserted itself:

S

centered, huge, orders above the older.

a problem of Induction:

-yr filesize saved to 666k. what r the odds, eerie!

-happens all the time, no worries.

ss

when Stefan goes **Bravo**, three times claps, slow-time claps
w/ a Parisian pimp's savoir-faire, she's already smiling,
was always aware.

we're just in reach of her thermal tow. headphones sag her
skull's sweet contour like loonytoon dumbbells.

[watching girls in Yorkville w/ a curious old man]

from the dog he recoils, clutching withered monkey heart:
IT'S ALIVE, ALIVE w/ every staggered backstep. his workboots
squeak the linoleum till he's leaning in a brief tableau, a
Romeo slain.

he reconvenes, and waves his hand:

aw they can keep her!

[JoJo checks his Sunshine Girl when buying cigarettes.]

ss

my feral beard i'd twisted in knots, into ludicrous knots.

thirteen, fourteen ringing my face, the licking flames of a
child-rendered sun.

i may have used saliva to set them.

was aware of the Peace Jocks, snickering back of class. i may have eaten dandruff. the Peace Jocks liked my lack of game, and asked me to serve as Observer, once, of a dormroom debauch.

i didn't know how to respond.

steaming-healthy, large of bone, drawn from farms across Ontario. a respect for mysteries, for Canadian mysteries, Gordon Downie'd prepped them for;

and here was one in Intro to Anthro, twisting his beard in
ludicrous knots at the front of the hall, enjoying the
lecture.

dark & massive dreads, a pair. pressed w dandruff & would
flail askew from a fetid bed of matted hair -

but for my massive black turban.

a jester's hood, either way, and monstrous.

in a toque i look good, the cattiest fag admits. the folded
brim rides low to the brow, framing the face, widening eyes
to iconic.

we settled on pinstripe, a pleasing pastel w/ white straw hat. stoned and stoneder, in get-ups emerging from behind the great wardrobe and curtsyng to say: **This** is cute!

we settled on pinstripe: very Gatsby / Herzog-of-the-Vineyard
- so someone said, and someone assented by their frame-
frozen head, their verve undamming in ebullient brainscatter:

a fey shake, a gesture arranged to dismiss all judgement as
frivolous, marvelous.

ss

float thru your day, for each Being say: We could've made a whole cosmos, together.

these higher dreams are blueprint Edens, pairings on the veldtsprawl forming Heaven.

promised pairings, i dream of you yet.

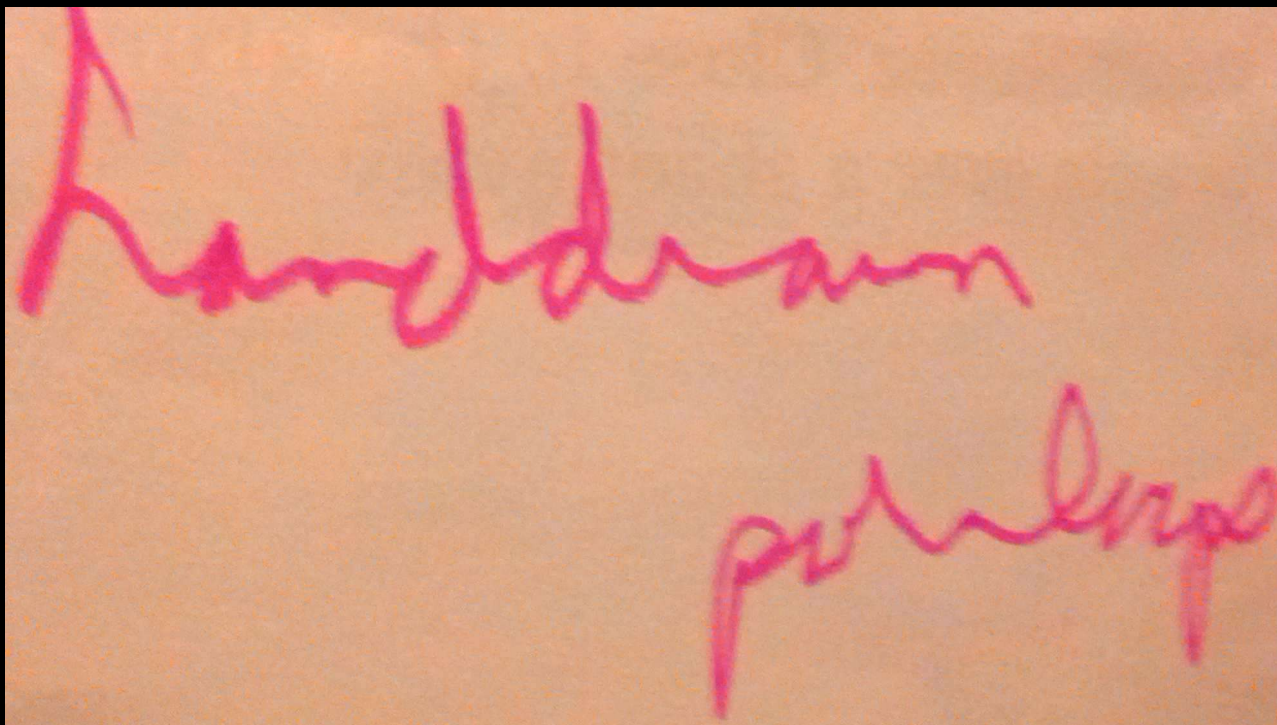
[if followed thru: a cosmos dies, somewhere, somewhen.
mating marks its chosen ground.]

pls may i be no amnesis alien, olden & from Elsewhere!

pls can i have had something to do w/ your Pregnancy!

o lemme may me pleez to may me\ leddhim me or u to weave
the:

: handdrawn pornloops



i walked her to the bus station, lightly fingering her waist the whole way. said into her ear it's too bad it's so late -

'cause I was gonna *buy* her shit.

liddle honey you is sumthin! she rammmed my shoulder with
the heel of her hand. i'm gon tell all my girlfrenns bout
choo!

she has a tic: twisting the lip-ring they gave her today.
the Godmother rite was that afternoon, in Brampton. she's
still getting used to this diamond in her lip.

he talks the talk, but - i strut there and back.

he walks the walk, but - i drop my pants.

[YOU ain't got no **business**]

[YOU ain't got no **BIZNESS**]

she's snorting into one hand, shooing with the other.

Don't you ring her into this!

[yaint gotta CHANCE junior

[YOU ain't got no BIZNESS]

she's sashaying ahead, receding from my outstretched hand,
her fancy fingers flo-riding massive ass-wake.

turns her head, w/ a smile says

You ain't never gonna hit that.

imagine the phrase, let us say

M

:an Affirmative from the Ebonic, vis: i say indeed,
precisely the item high on my list & everpresent, my
list[implicit] of Desiderata.

:is apposite vis a present conundrum, feasible vis: a
conceivable arrangement of lady parts.

perhaps i had shifty eyes. so i webcammed my ass, made intimacies w/ the lens for several seconds.

all was steady, yep:

it must be my breath.

again, again, my bodiless Voice, paper trace of gesture all
repel. i know she got my mssg!

on playback all was steady & cool:

i must be ugly in the abstract.

ss

Stefan said to keep yr head up. always keep yr eyes on the second level.

the first time i tried, down a desolate stretch of Adelaide West, i was like:

i see massage parlours.

every third window said Open:Spa in neon thin & red.

why lay about w/ 'Beauty In General': Division Three,
Chapter I, Section One on Art?

Philosophy fails as a plausible λ , a viable -

so tense! she chides and rises from my lap.

reverses, slips her skirt off, bends.

so tense! she chides and slides in tight. our ass-dents
unite in the laminate pleather.

our lips apart: this is the hottest part, i said. just
before we kiss.

hot, she said, is full of cock, her lips mashed flat.

ss

why did i think you're in Business, not Politics? why did i
say: For some reason thought you're in Business, not
Politics!?

so you could say, slightly sly:

why, because I'm Asian?

i passed the fuck out, there on Gould Street. nearly.

i don't believe in soulmates, though i do in sub-sub-sub-types. a special Kind with several members globally. a curated pickup room, a Royalist Chronicle cast in size.

-Aaliyah

-Cherry

-Bonnie

-Helen

-Miso Soup Girl

-Royal Bank Girl

-up to Y

et cetera only in theory. et cetera, tho, quite generally.

tobacco flake, tobacco dust,
an empty foil of Trident gum.

from Beauty Health Holistic Spa

a **courtesy** card.

a skunky roach, a lighter sticky,

everything sticky:

w coffee & honey, condensed

from a crushed espresso cup.

[overcoat pocket: a daylong bender's intimate record.]

+ an unused transfer. i got down early, followed a girl to her Queen Street salon. i did not get her number.

ss

Heidegger asks:

What is meant by this talk of the End of Philosophy? We understand the end all too facilely as mere cessation, as lack of continuation, as impotence and decline.

i'm like: stop judging me!

kief's like stop talking British, the both of you. he's so self-conscious, goes shy as an Egyptian slave-girl.

Yee'l not've had a more promising boy since to Rugby thou
camest, said R.B. Mayor of the young mathematics Master.

Kiefy, i say, how do u write your lyrics?

Kief Kaa Kief says there's a way a word sounds and it takes you to another.

he's dropping to his KNEEZ, grabbing at his BRAINZ 'cause Keify HATES the indian music!! i'm on the sofa, dissembling in lulz, and Keify's crawling, flailing for the stereo dock.

Kiefy didn't realize 'is' institutes a relation of Being: in a unifying glance, theories seen.

being proud of your boner: redundant. [your boner is proud on its own]←redundant

bro, uncool, we all know, and u keep sayin, i mean: why'd i just say that?

they're marking the changes, calling out fuckspeeds from the repertoire. are wholly freed of his mother who's entered her forties re-vital, a turbaned Diotima holding court in the nation's faculty lounges.

Kiefy didn't wanna know: 'is' institutes a relation of Being. confirms he's no fan when i put on the Aphex Twin. he's laughing, it reminds him of British shit, the BBC.

he's connecting, abstracting, showing me his Beautiful Mind.

i put on some showtunes and ask is it still British? Kief says yeah, that shit's still British.

then i put balls on the turntable, balls, and Kiefy's like:

now it's not British.

Kiefy's gone shy again, is looking up with moochy brown eyes.

then i slap Vilayat Khan and crank it, Raag Bihaagda!

he returns to his study of Good Will Hunting. emerges emboldened, with a posse of bubbas in shades w/ a blackboard between them: a classic plate-glass gag. he now does equations on whim or demand.

ss

You *must* see the face of *that* one, St. Paul. Exquisite!

i turn to look, and he's passing his hand at the snaking line for coffee. i'm placidly appreciative.

I really wish you'd been with me on Friday, Paul, at a famous Yorkville party. The third such party an old friend threw, and he told me if I didn't come, there wouldn't be another!

Why, there you'd meet writers, artists, producers - all the best types! Flying in from everywhere!

And the women! Gucci here & Gucci there, heels like this
and breasts to here - and there were three to every man!

but it's not for him, he's happily married.

At the centre of the room was a high golden cage, with a single black Macaw whom i befriended.

he's curious about me, chatty. wants to know what it is i like.

i ought to say: ideally i am Bowie: sometimes a-, sometimes omni-.

i ought to say: wholly & profoundly hetero - my love, at its best, is for the Other.

owner of an art Gallery, he of course sees all types -
like his dear friend Alberto, son of Mexico's most famous
painter, and statuesque, like me.

his penis, too, a hard two inches? & lost at the bottom of
the Adriatic sea?

[UPDATE - my latin Bro i theorize is the Nobel poet
Octavio Paz - whose name now marks my Mayan SunnStone -
- - enriching my own Constellax The Dead Virgin Poets,
that, quietly Ascendant, casts Auspicious glances on:

long-missing Geminis - - - crowdsourcing - - - Miss Hui's
Lucky Zeenith Buns 'n Shite Patisserie - - - Bonny B, at
the National Gallery, her "Morgentown Visions" in a belle
jolie style, a holy child's Art Naïf - - - something of the
convent-school dreamer in these paintings; & something of
my aunts, at Quebec country auctions.]

ss

[a happy hour at Graham Library. checking on the loadstone theory of The Ion, Plato's tiny dialogue - and i hit upon a second theory, blending with the first. tho still in early trials of Falsification's fires, i offer that the Three Stillborn of Stefan are the Three FAILED WORLDS of Popal Vuh's Cosmogony;

as for what the fourth child is, Analog of our own current
cosmos, of the ongoing triumph of the Fourth born World -
i hereby tender offers!]

- cf Hume's "rude first Essays of an infant Deity"
- cf tales by the Impetuous Prince of Sicilia: Shakespeare's pampered wonderkid spinning out a Winter's worth of horror; till finally signing on, at his nurses' sweet request, for a RomCom
- cf the Prototypes of Daedalus, early Mazes

for all pay tribute to our mother Maya!

ss

and just as a drunkard who comes thru a thicket saying what is this Robber's Forest I have come to? making his brain upset;

just as one who takes on daintified habits - - - anointing
his loins, rubbing his teeth, each day growing longer in
hair & greedy for shape - - - does come upon some bloated
corpses, thinking:

O what a place of bloated corpses I have come to! ;

so the Wise, who only sought to die unconfused, forsakes
his race-name, his "happy habit"[sukha-sila], and seeks out
eaters of parched grains, those who sleep sensually;

and mindful no longer of the Subject of Meditation,
forgetful of the sign, he dies, saying:

Here at last, the sign I have sought!

there was a young monk who thought on the Sign til his rear
did rot, till maggots bred there. yet [t]his did not deter
him, and he'd see in all things the symbol.⁸

⁸Japanese Death Poems, Yoel Hoffmann, ed. Tuttle Publishing, 1986, p. 101.

there was an Elder under a tree, when in the road an Ogress
arrove saying all the dirty words.

the Elder arose & followed the Ogress down the road, to a
bridge.

she turned and said:

Venerable sir: Not just two or three the likes of you
I've eaten!

there IS the theory of dressing for the sex appeal, displaying for men the sex appeal; and common his attraction to a colour of sari, say. [Aurobindo]

common for the woman to pursue the male sports, and exercise her genitals.

will this increase her monthly pains? the research gives no evidence. [the Mother]

an excited man inside her body will transfer his excitement to her? yes, she almost lost her way. sexual men with 'sexy desires' - - - 'sexman' - - - was in her. [Barry Long]

how best to worship the Divine Mother? in vama marg some prefer her as a sixteen-year-old daughter [The Mother].

is there a way for a man and woman to live happiest together? indeed there is: by serving each other all their days.[The Mother]

it is true the police will ask baksheesh for a car's safe
harbour?

yes this is true. yes this is sheepishly true. [del Toro,
Traffic]

thus ends, O friends, 'Anatomy of a Lady'.

given here for gladdening the hearts of good men everywhere.

ss

the problem of Altruism -

its collapse into ego, to the pleasure of Charity;

into doing what i want, tho what i want be the whole
world's felicity -

as evidence for monism.

mitosis is a problem, is not clearly possible. the illusions reduce to the self-involvement of a serious Solipsist.

if we're all god, then all's forgiven. the world is our
private masochism.

when i say lines with Eminem, an ego spreads: from mic to
headset, set to head.

when i say I with Eminem, a self extends.

[so does the Devil reform.]

yet distant from their mothers, a hostile objectivity. we're worried for our young who wear the novice hoody. earphones on the streetcars, in the back of class. in pew at grandpa's funeral.

humble is the name of a low-end agent / humble is the low-end illeist.

am owning the room, killing the bass but [a song of lament,
well within a lucky lad's range of response]

drum n bass both is / about: terrifying secondary sex traits.

swirling synthpads, hhats at-break say You're Surrounded.
drum n bass says I'm coming to your house, we're taking you out.

drum n bass ferociously competes for all resources.

our advances of late surprise us. our doubling gains please
us, yes. vocoded europe sounds of a brainmother worrying us
back to our future.

vocoded Europe, our wedding song Internationale.

the e in we the same as in me. no me-in-quotes, no me that
you could say, but still: this is Reproductive.

the reigns of selection, Sex now cedes to her conscious
stewards for a well-thought style.

ss

he's late to our second meeting.

the game this time is Name any topic.

i say New York - i'd just bought my ticket.

he says Madison & 49th, 1967.

he ran smack into Stanley Janus, w/ whom he bonded to sell off a cache of Marc Chagall prints - the Daphnis et Chloe series.

retired from dealing, but still plays the agent. he works
by handshake - by knuckle-punch, actually, to combat
germs. puts people with people, and takes a small piece.

if I got published, he'd take two percent, say.

But two percent of a hundred million is a lot!

he hands me a scrap of paper, rises to make a call. read
what's there, he tells me. then, write me something about
you.

yet when i turn to read it, it's blank. and i don't feel
like writing about me.

instead i read aloud when he returns:

Stefan likes his coffee with honey. As his large mirror sunglasses twist the City's flesh & steel around us, I have the distinct impression of a King Bee holding court.

That's good, I like that!

he takes it, pulls his head back wide. scans it with intense non-chalance.

i tell him that it starts on the other side - but he waves me off. he's seeing it all gestalt or as calligraphy.

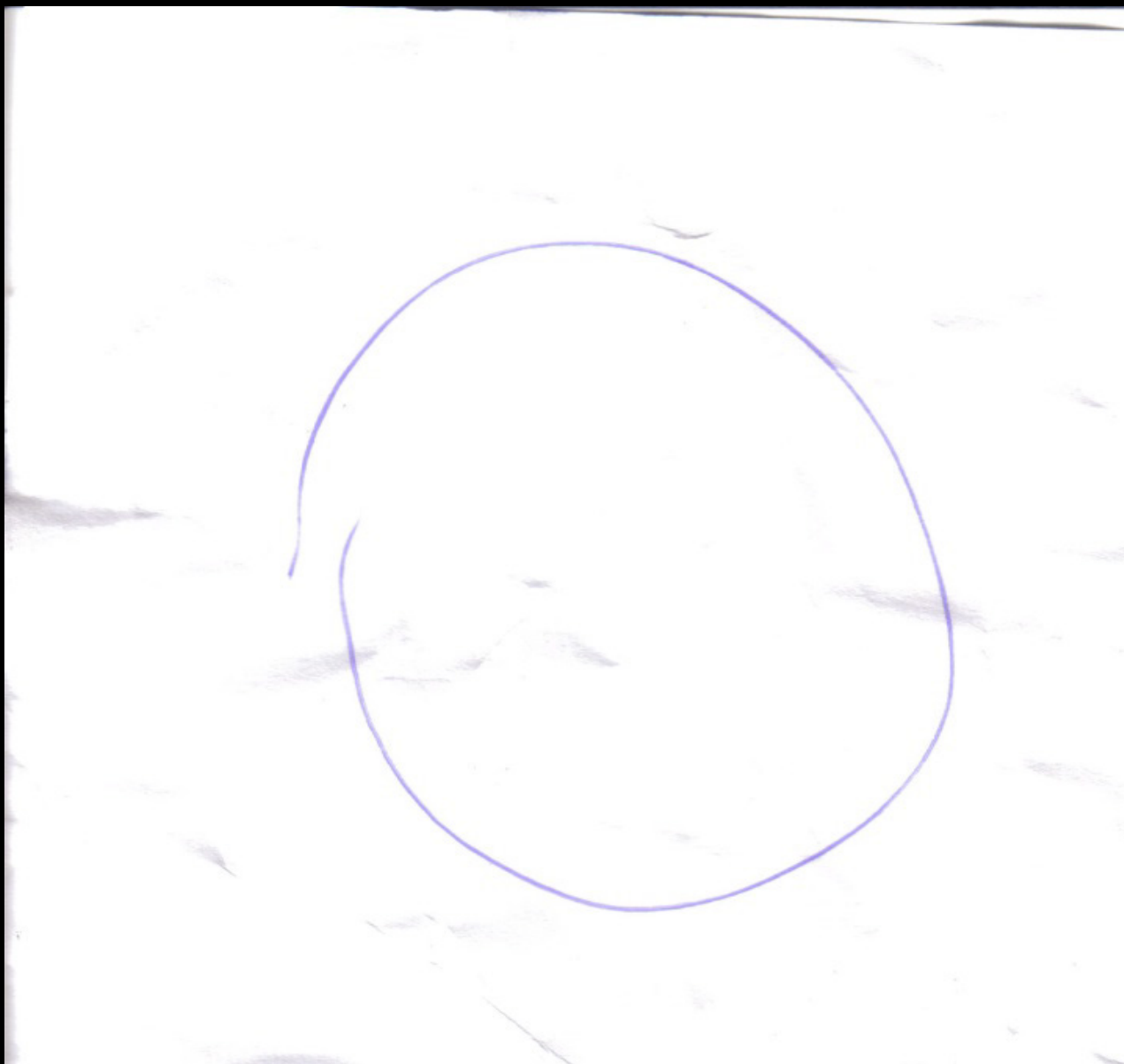
i have lofty aspirations, but my y's and g's show i'm cautious & unbalanced, he divines.

he sets it down, asks me that i close my eyes for a
Surprise.

Don't cheat! he warns me.

there's a paper square before me, when i open. he's handing
me my pen, says Draw a circle.

mine is wonky, broken:



he flips it to reveal his own. the ink is still glistening.
it's already signed & dated:



ss

brahman is lonely, a drawn-on OM, minus the legendary Ecstasy.

eternity is long, a solitary horror: it cannot be endured.

whatever may come, i won't be alone - this thought of
god, i infer by the horrors around me. by their uncanny
familiarity.

:by Evil know a lonely god, for whom all england's company.

Matter is for Mind to hide from itself!

World is god's divisored mind, to pass the time, evade what
horrid autognosis.

autognosis, y'oughtta know this. oughtt know you've
undergone kenosis.

rishi's bliss is relief from the climb that got him there.
rishi's bliss is a buzz of settling blood.

the peak is all View. the peak is no place to set up.

ss

[Mine would have me supine on my futon,

forfeit to ascendant forms :

i doubt this slab of chalk should hold -

it seems unfirm - fit to fall - on

airy trans, wall-to-wall, and also i am

smack against the crank-room:

par w/ that cathedral mech so

shook for every soul uptook,

made to feel the grind of every dread descent.

- i have me here from Public Health Access Act, XI.iii
- i took down his/her name and noted under all, in permanent pen: Inquiries made, complaints received so
- angel Jury & all my sons may trace back this Injustice, for
- this Injustice be

- his name is my absentee landlord, Ubaas.
- he buys up condos, site unseen.
- rents them out on mySpace, via auction.]

ss

to learn your lines, say them loud, and hyper-enunciate.
work them into facial muscle. throw your self into each
syllable.

say your lines theatrically, that is.

the mnemonic tone is that which projects, would fill the hall: what is this coincidence?

life is theatre, theatre is life intensified; is life made concise, and is memorable for this.

i thought six thoughts from Tim's to Fran's one late A.M.,
walking fast, all lit up and chanting thru my improv Set:

1 strawberry

2 friend

3 robots

4 avenue

5 ramones

6 the clash

[*Repeat*]

seated at Fran's i asked for a pen and a sandwich. i found
my margins in a left-behind copy of the Classifieds.

i still can remember what each name meant, that 1 and 2 [strawberry & friend] have joined since then, and that avenue was 'Electric': a song in my head: synthbass pings from L to R, from R to L, the sound of 'walking electric'.

the Six are a set, and call back songs & associated thoughts, i heard from Tim's to Fran's.

i'll here add 7:

the power of sutra, of oral culture generally

ss

double-writing: retracing pen's path while awaiting words-to-come. sealing in stray script till it's a brail-in-reverse: a 3D document, gnarly & dark.

a desert-isle Fabler with but one salvage page \ Would pen
2nd *over* 1st \ till a hundred pages in, it's a solid sable
glaze.

to retrieve this novella, he must extricate each w/ a fine forensics, each page from its prior: working backward, last to first.

a desert-isle fabler with but one salvage sheet shall weave
a shroud for his thoughts: shall register in woof & warp
the initial molecular taking-leave of his recognizable
features.

the resemblance is uncanny, yet a product of the living:
thus does it express that great, global prejudice of the
living:

hope.

ss

we have a tradition - no cultural universal - of eateries
named for their proprietors: "Fran's", "Frankie's", "Mama's".

mainly among diners?

No! a litany of neon Italianate lines the banks of a
nocturnal ave of my mind.

alone in my corner, subtly struggling to keep the glass level all the way up and 'you're doing it wrong, you tip it at the lips a little'.

at McCafé, i'm hanging with the all-nite sudoku fiends.

xmas sweaters, lots of layers, voluminous scarves. stained,
all, sponging a week's-worth of smells.

onto the Timmy's, onto the Times;

on with the daydrunks at TV-less bars. later, the alley
behind.

poor but too prickly to huddle. self-denied the immigrant
comfort: no warmbreeze barrio or commensal of mensches for
me & my Sally Ann grandmas; we protestant & gaunt.

ss

older forms of highway stop: a series

#7 Ohio roadside eateries

the buildings i mean, if not the name & homely same
propriety.

the ones the Interstate starved of access.

always ghostlike, the Owners would hover. Pizza Nick, with the tabletop Jungle King, grimy & unplugged, would hover yet he held no pepperflake shaker.

Norman Bates, give him this, would hover.

your gramma was Charitous, would give all her empties to the bogus Boys' Club, bogus clearly, all her change for We videogame fiends on a summer wednesday.

ss

got accidentally high.

was really high the night before, rolling joints all over the condo. pushing my drugs on an unwed piano instructor, round & lovely.

i was constantly high! i'd woken up ready to turn it around, to stoke a pot of chamomile tea, grade that pile of Finals. go into some asanas; hydrate, hydrate. then bed by ten -

but a stray chunk of bud on the stovetop ignited, burst into smoke as i leaned in for the screaming kettle, eight a.m.

that was the morning i learned of the Dumont Network, a hundred clicks in.

early evening, higher still and getting drunk in the small back room of the Moonbean Café, i met Mary Margaret O'Hara.

the speakerless room, just me, Mary Margaret & her gentleman friend.

wow, i said - she'd played with my friend at The Tranzac, a month back.

Oh, she said: are you a musician?

am I a musician, hmm i said. was ready for an earnest
accounting. i'd kept my nails on one hand long thru highschool.
i tended them with feminine self-care - for a spanish guitar
i never could hold quite right.

to guitar from piano [RCM], from guitar to tabla, tabla to drum kit - all bad fits, my shoulders going stiffer with each.

for four years, five, after writing my thesis i'd stayed up nights with FL Studio, building an oeuvre - not one loop of which i'd happily play today. like Aphex Twin i've hundreds of hours on a harddrive, somewhere. can still hold a power chord, and could've been a drummer. can benefit a jam if it's noise-rock and we're drinking. can say what ADSR stands for but i never made a thing of value.

most of my friends are musicians, i offered.

Mary Margaret & her gentle celtish companion nodded, smiled
their welcome: Right, then you're a musician.

her friend nodded, nodded again, poured her the last from
the teapot.

cross my fingers, not again, i really gotta grade those
Finals -

no, NO!

the friction of my crossing fingers cooked some residue
hash!

i'm very, very high again!

ss

the second time i saw him, the last time i saw him, he stopped me as i rose to leave.

We *could* meet again like *this*, he said: and his hands splayed in judgement on the suddenly lame Starbucks, on the lameness of corporeal life, generally.

Or he said, we *could* make it more interesting.

he produced by neat legerdemain a copy of SLATE: the guide to Toronto galleries. dropped it on the tableglass.

choose five shows. get on some lists, get yourself invited to some parties. count all the people you meet -

then call me.

i thumbed thru the busy booklet, gamingly.

Goodbye, St. Paul. and one last thing: it's when you're
laying sleepless in the darkness, in confusion - only
then, the words will come -

and they're already Written!

i soon got down to it, beginning with MOCCA on Queen.
ending many Thursdays after, back in Yorkville: with
visions of my alter selves on gallery walls.

i called him & he picked up after half a ring. simply said

i'll call you BACK

then click, bzzzzzz.

i emailed him a couple months later:

Stefan, thank you

or Stephen, Stephan, Stefen or -

I've been to many parties, since we parted :)

re Unruly Spanish monks,
An Impetuous prince of Bohemia,
I hear you;

Flights of Icarus, Son of York,
All that;
Your lessons are received

Paul

he wrote back, the morning after:

Terrific!

that's the last i heard from him - but dense, it was!

e.g.

Terr if Ic = ground yrself, if Icarus
= the Party's over, time to work

e.g.

Terrifying, innit?

ss

BEGIN: the castle is a lantern.

distant & swinging on the inky expanse.

on *this* dense acreage, it's a raider's sextant friend.

the long-grass sags with evening dew & high-climbing
cricketry; whose chatter ascends to join overhead in a
hovering riot;

a data-storm giving cover to the raiders' furtive advance.

in the pitchblack below, fingers graze the passing hipside
grass: mingling our species' signature heats.

when we're close we know, because the seamed-glass bunker fills our field of vision like a widescreen TV; faces within now HD-discernable.

a subtitle here would say [FESTIVE VOICES], scripts would call for FESTIVE VOICES of a party-in-progress.

this is our cue, our white-of-the-eyes.

we rain on your yoga mornings, then slice your rainbow
twice-wise, your curve of crazy melon on my sectant
skewered.

your genial extrospections return to the thousand-point
refulgent crown; intorting you to that awkward fucking-of-
the-self so familiar to the round-shouldered & Studios.

i'm telling these things with two hands, i'm not surprised to see: in Bullet-Time, chewing up the scenery.

the wobbling droplets of a tipping champagne flute
countable, now; all things coming in a double-sound free of
a lifelong phasing, a sonic asymmetry of cinema convention.

now i know: only in slow-mo is there time and space in the skull for the sounds to converge & collect.

ss

at NextGenWalkthroughs.com: a thread long-abandoned:
"Getting more followers in Human Life"

at NextGenWalkthroughs.com: marking progress beyond
respiration & the whole exhausting apparatus;

at NextGenWalkthroughs.com: motion become a halting
anachronism, a tender remembrance of our animal past.

for power, then, sought its physical carriage. a strategic ordering of trunk & limb. the people divined our whole destiny in it;

& Sanskrit haptics had eleven words, then, for the deathbed summation of bodily tingle.

the modern shuffle, our cultured distractedness, subsumed
the quaint & ancient dignities. we did not forget them.

our touristy strolls thru wharfside ape
a cruiseship gypsy's rasgueado,

his slick melismas sending out the Ubi sunt distichs;

while throbbing underdeck, hyped & inane, an electro's bass
ostinatos, but i give it NADA -

my every last atom is from Caucasoid motion restrained.

there were silences stuttered per second of song, a
contrast we found fretful:

Walls Of Sound, henry sed, r not highly danceable.

henry had: drafted specs for his mechanized jam-room:

drum kits on sliding riders, mixers on Murphy Bed
wallflaps. amp-stacks nine high & wide;

instantly morphable into one of five optimized-to-genre setups, selected from a panel bred from light switch.

henry said: walls of sound are not highly danceable.

henry said: our dancing was a unifying compulsion. we danced to lay bridge over audible voids, pushing the air with arms in-vogue & lashing spine.

we played his hunch. we signaled his RedCam, speedtouch-modded, w/ an intervalometer: triggered itself by a decibel meter.

the meter we rigged so RedCam recorded only in excess of -29 dBs.

on a boombox, Sun Ra, for sonic range, & keeping the Afrofuturist theme:

Basquiat canvasses framed the scene.

on playback we were a sequence of poses: proper Robots.

our motion only happened with the camera off, it seems.

ss

pale sister émigré, asleep on the subway.

her head is layed to window's damp, a spot of cold that
draws her scalp to an apple-doll's pucker.

a fontanel post that pulls with the promise of higher thought.

tunnel's wall unspools in pock & tracer cracks. an
abstract video for the mp3 she swooning to internal.

she, too, would be 'somebody's angel': she, too'd 'come and
save him tonite'.

ss

my grampa once told me what my problem is:

you're always doing the wrong thing.

a lot like me, my grampa said, squinting through his eyepiece at an early Thesaurus:

repulsive at a certain level of intimacy.

'if Zeus were to stand he'd unroof the Temple' - Strabo
the geographer, late B.C.

if Atlas were to sit he'd bring it all down.

sitting and standing are uncomfortable, to me. weazand, my
windpipe as in wrung your scrawny / ripped yr measly.
spine a stabbing twig amid the body's meat. pricks inside
my softer self.

all that i do has a whiff of incompetence. i can't just grab the teabag, no, there's mis-aimed thumbs, hesitations - a million miles between head and hands.

tell me which aspect of linear responsibility you don't understand?

:this very transcribing, my spelling of sequence over half a dozen trailing tries. the thumbdance tricks, a claviature's demands.

a million miles between head and hands.

by twenty i admitted unseemly my dream of child prodigy. by
thirty the pull of Destiny seemed: the lurching weight of
this self into the world.

"TWO by TWO by TWO by TWO

an unrelenting inner peptalk, our daimon of success.

TWO by TWO by TWO by TW

& to narrate life in sprechgesang;

& to see oneself in the perfected aspect.

"TWO by TWO by TWO by TW

& u're a densifying complex, an intricate twining of yearning & muscle.

on every TWO yr stature doubles, yet

every TWO should feel just as the last.

can do - shall do - doing - DONE.

- by wizard's word, by wish & will, i move into the world i want.
- Check - Check- Open- OPEN

Can we talk about The Leap?

- The Leap is that you don't want to - but somehow you leap over that, too.
- you don't even want to *leap over *not wanting to** !

so how do you do it? why do you do it?!

- this is the secret of The Leap.

can do - shall do - doing - DONE.

- the answer to could it be? usually yes.
- to must it be, No.

- from the field of what's possible, staring makes it actual
- staring is what fixes it from musing to script, from uncommittal hum into song lyric.

can we talk about Prison?

in Prison you were dumb & ugly. clueless in the Fight.

in Prison u became a survivalist. were forced into your
Magic.

a Magic u feigned, at first: a confidence trick that
worked.

a trick that by your pure belief, *worked*.

[magic, at first, is a trick. magic remains one, hidden
& rehearsed.

[by buried mandrake & focused Repression, Magic is
forgetting it's a trick.]

in Jail became unlazy, u were woken from yr Skeptic's ease.
a punch was owed u, in the air -

yet the minions watching liked your moxy, liked it you were
queer. your utter non-threat was refreshing, redemptive.

they preferred u were right, if only for the gag and the ragging.

tonight you'll dream a happy dream on waking you'll forget.
joyous, more, than you've any right to remember. . . . and
ALL will be WELL.

that was YOU, to the BIKER!

ss

how weird that a car whooshes by? that i
notice?

for cars to whoosh by, generally?

how many whooshes e.g. in the back of an
average field recording?

'not weird at all', i was going to type, in dated brackets;
then ~~DELe~~te the whole bit;

but very weird a car whooshes by as i read this four years
later: May 24, 2013 12:24 pm

[and again, precisely: Feb 4 2016, eight minutes after
midnight - - - -trawling thru my lifeless journal,
fishing for the final bits in grbg.docx]

is sound an interruption?

is silence an absence, or the bounds of reverberation?

is silence **the room** that holds it all in?

a pause between breaths. for each key pressed. when
Scanning for a song, thru stations.

enough to wipe one's soul for Next.

music is coated in silence: some of it more so. not by soft volume, or Arrangement's sparseness. not implied by reverb, by a tiny soul in cavern hall.

Why she sang:

'Because she heard it.'

Why'd i quote:

Because i wrote it.

stoned and alone, at a stoplight listening to Strawberry Swing : a song not half about friendship, Ananda, for friendship is the whole of it.

in these late exultancies, i'm Diogenes' antithesis.
each thing is a poet to me.

i re-assess / i now say Yes.

i swiftly love my nemesis.

i've such affection for our culture's great solitary misanthropes. Schopenhauer, Beethoven, Nietzsche, Salinger.

i feel a connection, a karass coming on! i imagine a lovely commune.

stoned and alone, at a stoplight listening to Strawberry
Swing.

streets-by-night are sets for dreamers, cordoned off from
local use.

ghosts are dreamers, using the City as set.

some of the these wandering crazies are in their own long game of Sidewalk Chicken, thinking they're on a win streak.

never snub the Extras, the acutely self-aware. they barely act, and their discomfort is apparent. in knowing them, you'll thereby know you're on a Set, in a dream, and go LUCID.

my gooddream logic: getting is easy but it's Drama we want,
an illusion of earning.

not even Drama, but a wrap-up party, after.

a friendly cast awaits off-set your all-out embrace of this
Optimism!

LSD 3 !

a higher san fran!

a larger bomb in the Homeland!

SOCIAL MIRACLE: 4CHAN'S ANON ENLIVENED IN
NON-IRONIC PRAISE OF VIRGINITY, NOT THE
FETISH. IMPRESSIVE, MORE, THAN ANY SEA-TOP
STROLL OR TUMOUR'S FAST REDUCTIO.

airbrake tanks do their job so well, i never knew they existed.

airbrake tanks are angels, to me.

a Behaviourist criterion of Theodicy: from behind a veil, a rawlsian Veil, we'd all agree & incarnate again.

we're Ainur pleased with the offer of Iluvataar.

we'd run another Version, fresh from the last.

down the slide & up again.

<<the plan is for scaping the tony strip: inlaid granite, all-new elms. by Provision 9, a statue Install every third cross-street. a man is at his slender bike, his pant cuffs clipped, and not convinced. health care, schools, they need it more. he's slightly dazed.

the sublime i'll here call **spiritual levity**. a higher joke, the gap between god & world.

<<the drum is older than ten thousand years, experts estimate, **almost** as old as the Rolling Stones! all may laugh, all may laugh in threatless critique. we like people, like ourselves.

punch lines, advent, both surprise by playing on small expectancies, on our modesty.

if immortal u want: engage in games w/ longer turns.

take on dos with des delayed.

[if karma's a thing]

i took the four-day Inner King Course™.

i've said hi to my Inner King!

i move with the force of my fathers behind me.

my lineage forms a literal line.

[karma's a thing]

maybe i'll live fine- - - -yet a taste for luxury, this
I've long lost.

add for ME

another virtuous Utile,

ching.

ss

the Author checks his Inbox at Asia FriendFinder.





success!

ss

she has a name, that comes second: Ping.

to a sign she comes:

Consumer Mart
small Goods et cet

in shiny pants, she sets a small fire wherever she steps.
for each one set, a love song is penned: in 80's China,
often addressed to a prison guard or Province.

Chongqing: the Secret Metropolis leaves out faces. sums them in the crosswalk Hordes, in a like impassivity. skintone shows a switch of traffic, leak of light from the high-above billboard: itself a Face, the plausible face of the tower she's facade of. a facecream diva, lofted in her own local heaven. hand at her cheek in erotic surprise, her mouth a small O, her cuticles all smiles. she's the pin-up girl, mid-toilette, caught in her private delight. she's a thousand Chongqing ladies, below, transposed and made bright.

the City visibly grows. its towers ascend like motion. day
& night are cycles of breath so a spatter on lens was a
seven-minute sunshower; and its rapid cleanse, the drying
heat of a whole a.m.

at this speed, from this ascent we see the One whom a Lifestyle segment, twenty minutes in, is reprieve from.

Lifestyle is: the City seen by solo peruser. a patient pan of storefront. some day-jazz on the playlist.

Lifestyle is: a POV on the City's alleys & gates. a parasol from bin, an orange from a crate.

for those who still care, Chongqing can come down to you,
her face on a too-cheap mini DVD player.

clues to her style, hints of an abstraction. graces denoted
by surrogate action.

trying in vain to re-piece together the idea of the
exotic with a particle here, a fragment of debris
here.

[Tristes Tropiques, my pdf, p 44]

an ESL effect: her first ten years of memories are soundless. the sound comes on around when she first read Jane Austen.

simsun down her golden lat. proverb of the frog in the well: Know you're in a well, or: Now that you know, you're not.

like the goose in the bottle, bam, you're out.

She smiled. She was very beautiful here, floating in whiteness. He hadn't been able to really look at her in the Western World. "I accessed it earlier," he said, "but it wasn't like this."

But the central marvel here - click on bedroom
- was Rei Toei. [William Gibson, Idoru]



high on Yonge, above the lampline: Aldo model Anais Pouliot's chignon.

a million girls wanna condo to show toronto aglow in the
window behind the sofa that they're pert upon.

a million selfies, a City's self-knowing. these cellphone
clicks are axons afire, cohering.

mary pickford went to town \ her splendour
trailing in a gown \ her gown was gold, her
curls her crown.

Frank Jackson's Mary is Maya, our mother, is Mexico's
Fabulous Paintress and Yes, she can picture a tomato.

Mary is Miranda and your Isle cannot keep her.

ss

her hair feathers, flutters off-shoulder in her own breeze.
it's perfect and she knows it.

this fortuitousness of Beauty seems scripted.

o this fleeting world she'd happily forget - if only we'd
watch her all the while!

her beauty institutioned w museum's older spoils. she's a Botticelli Happening every girl knows hourly - this sense of being framed, her world arranged for the pleasures of apprehension.

Arabella's hair-flip seeks the same effect, but is self-directed.

imagine it all had a purpose, but trivial, like [smooths her hair] that I should now have smoothed my hair. the cosmos my mandala, a symmetric accretion around my hair.

her dimple is deployed, is practiced. behind her smile she seethes at Sue, rightly seethes at the Ingenue she can't remain.

ss

had this idea for a film, for all the USA:

w/ lenses, amp, for every agent.

one of the problems we're always shooting, that we solve each day, is that act & idea must cohere. and involve no accident of English.

the tense may be odd, intrinsically odd - a certain
perspective on time is awkward - but action / idea must
cohere.

the present is concise: by feel & the grammar to convey. a retraction of self from its spread into memory & the subjunctive.

to speak it, drop auxiliary verbs, the wills and haves.

ss

dear Nick Bostrom, your Argument works! my native
surprise is now reversed!

i'm drunk to think our world is Real, the first!

ss

was old, cool, cloyed with sweat. was three great rings,
welded concentric.

on middle ring, in a childish hand, were Prodigies & Fauna,
zodiacal etchings.

three great rings, its diametric span. the outer ring was
SimSun & recent.

on inner ring, the rim around the void of the thing, were
dull and greening glyphs, three.

an implicit triangle: each an angular serif.

icons, all of the epochal sediment.

[i noticed a medallion on a friendly old man]

ss

a lesser-known Dante buries with his wife his final Manuscript. the work of his maturity, as penance for her death.

he digs it up eight years later and publishes it.

his disinterred poetry is panned.

he hides himself away, & finds a deeper song: the public one was only the initiating Act of his life's great work, a performance unto death:

whose subsequent Acts are his resisting the temptation to comment on it.

i wrote it so I wouldn't *have* to talk about it Dante says
- to no one in particular.

with each struck junket, with every mic he's mum at, he
coils ever inward.

his power increases, infuses his Ouevre. the poems of his youth are widely re-printed & newly admired: set in the silence of the mourning old man.

the poems of his youth, whose initiating vow was effect, already, of the words; a vow taken early, at a young man's desk: as verse poured forth in its plenitude.

A mere [x] pages into [novel N], [author A] has [character C] ask aloud:

[a Query framing C's unhappy life-world; summing the reviewer's own complaint with novel N.]

Readers may find themselves asking the same, but [.9x] pages earlier.

i will say here in my defense:

i'm channeling an energy already out there!

with youthly disregard for the effects of said channeling.

i, for one, never meant to write a novel. i never really worked on it.

it's the fruit of another pursuit.

i was promised: youth eternal, knowledge unbounded, and all the Asian Jennies.

it wasn't so great a sacrifice! i *was* able to make it.

it bodes not well for the dignity of man that writer's
block is solved by: literally tucking your chin in!

it's fun to ride that causal stream we call free will; but pride is out of place here, people. shame & pride are each a side of the same moral currency. the proud man isn't full of himself: he's a bursting convergence of social judgment, his chest abuzz with praise not his own.

so, too, the man ashamed: who takes too much to heart; who takes on blame for an ancient causation; who links his worth to a paper-thin economy, an arbitrary market.

ss

i'd all along been hearing Hallelujah wrong: the One is on the ROW, not the MIKE.⁹

⁹ as grampa said: always the wrong thing. i cut this bit and put it near what grampa said, to show him right & please him. grampa said: put it back. grampa said: it's 'next' to what he said, as an example.

the kingdom, the power, the glory. in ecstasy they fall
apart, and each is counted.

the kingdom, the power, the glory. in ecstasy they fuse.
all went in your mama Mo's twentyfour-flower tea. when
gramma/ma were the same singable phoneme. liquid, all, a
softly plosive phoneme.

don't over-articulate. factory-finished words oppress.

leave some meaning in your head. leave us words to solve,
Erasmus said. soften syntax, mumble and your reader leans
in- - - said Erasmus.

his words are private waters now we bathe in.

by careful obscuring are atoms held to union. in quantum
foam, the Strong Nuclear Force.

ss

stone floor's hot,

hallway wide & royal.

the dragon in her castle's near.

[approach the bloodless altar. feel no fear.]

my feet are bare, and late for early work is my sister who
drove me here:

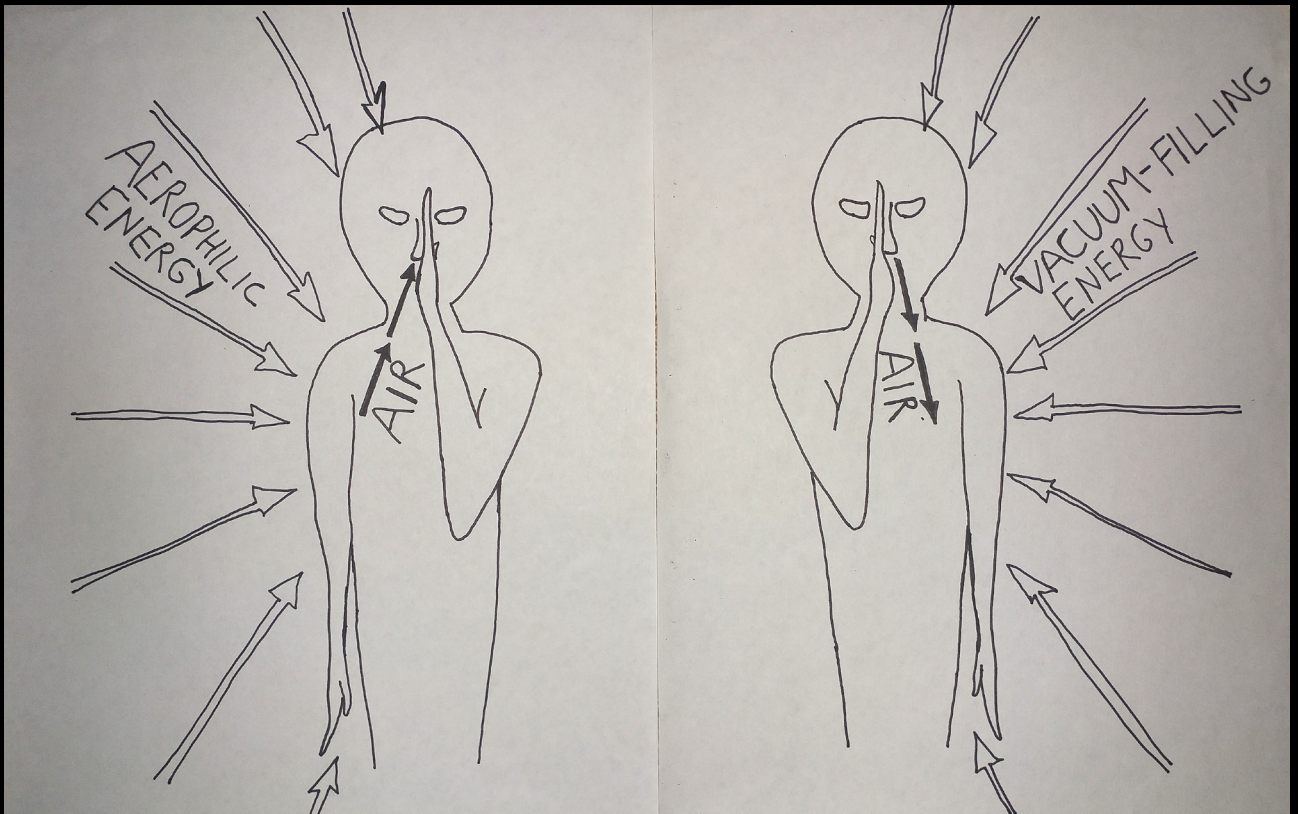
to this castle/arcade of Bally-Midways rigged & glitchy:

where pacman passes thru ghost;

and maze gives way to upward-scrolling platforms;

onto vR halls, to a proper RPG.

if frightened seam your eyes into a screen whereon your
icon burns holy.



- as u inhale, you're taking in power from all points Dextrous. it's a fair association.
- on outbreath you're a black sun revoking its beams. a void that Mommies rush and fuss to fill.
- such up-sucking abs are your plausible vortex, yr centralest abscess.

- by overcam view, you're a Busby musical. bobbing heads interpretive around your hollow Column.
- this inner Circle's dapper rhythm, its compressive symmetry, give it attraction so around it forms a Second - by kaleidoscopic necessity, roomier than the First - and so on & outward till target for Entropy.

from my smaller self 'roy', i spy a child who cannot recall
his royalist origin. a Long Island fanboy who cannot recall

your waters he draws without magic. receives your gifts
with undue awe.

a splash of cold to startle turtled spirits; then come eve,
and all the creams to prep for long withdrawl.

the longer he waits- - -i address him now, assess him- - -
the more his life shall seem a question.

the longer he waits- - -i address him now, assess his
peerage person- - - the more shall his life seem a
question: rising on desire's pitch.

august 8, of Space probe 9 / a spider in the basement:

this kid must answer, the Spider who talks of Space probe 9.

august 11, speaking to the Seven: erect and aligned, the
resilient devotees: of an inverted african missionary.

[inverted means: dressed in white and from africa.]

his lecture style formal, archaic. all from the notes.
indulgent of comments, of our queries interspersed.

he's polite, tho not quite pleased. not yet trained in
Deconstruction,

this man is Ojelenki: the buddha of Ryerson
University.

an African symposium: i present on Faust. the slides are
all cued, by my Prior prepared: tri-color grabs from a
tourism short-reel, proofs of an alpine monorail.

i'm unready for the german. the terms in-slide divide the
Legend in Versions and i can't decide.

am unready for the clicker, an app-by-tablet strapped to
the Soundman's desk, where, squatting, i present from.

May 21, of Space probe 9 / this kid must answer:

dura, pia, a tough & soft arachnoid mater, the spiderlike mother.

sapta-maatrkaas The Seven Delightful Mothers of Disease.

terrible aspect

of a

Goddess who's also

a
world

Mother

deadly aspect

of a

Mother who's also

a
world

goddess

terrible aspect

of a . . .

[Daphne Marlatt, TOUCH TO MY TONGUE]

ss

no final Cause, only paul's happy prods from behind. when
writing i follow my pleasure.

equally plausible: it's prophecy.

plausible also: is causal.

in dreamtime am freed from the usual contiguities. i
arrange my own Resemblance Space.

i call the Order, assert what my Heaven shall be.

a number can be: collating mark on ostrakon. the blue-sky
blue of a puzzle piece. some alleywall graffiti near Y's
back stairs off Delaware Ave.

a Number, same, on a streetcar transfer. the # of Jamesons
downed with J while discussing The Book of Job.

freed of contiguity, seek a new Resemblance. your mother is
centre of the Milky Way, is Sagittarius A*: poised on the
border of Scorpius & The Archer.

in mapping your Retreat, Fallacies are axioms. the
pareidolic Error lights the glyph.

irrational focus burns away unholy clutter, shows ancestral
spectre from divergent & wavery cloudform.

the CogSci pathologies give order to the sensae, an order of vivacity.

:an order of Salvation.

congruencies neater than innumeracies i'm accused of.

Salvation gives clues. Salvation is a lady or reticent Guru
seduced by our obsessional attentions.

a Prophet & an Officer arrive at a car wreck, assess the same scene. the Prophet retains but one meme: BMBF embossments on the cruiser's back plate.

BMBF pressed into my brainflesh, why?

years later i'd abandon Y on the hot and lonely road from Stratford: she wanted Out NOW so i pulled off the asphalt, opened her door & sped away seething, seeing those letters on our rental car's keytag: dangling, glinting thus mocking or hypnotizing me. drawing their power from the awful august sun. from the dying, lonely day.

Baader-Meinhoff BoyFriend, then: the 2B gone by rearview
flash of a powerline pole's ID, so -

mein hoff friend - which maybe means - it's
distressing, still, reminds me of my holy ambiguity. of
diplomacies at country crossings. dealings with a 'high-
borne friend', a hoofed one, perhaps.

bad, my friend, it's just you, now: the girl was
guide thru Hell.

baader meinhoff boyfriend means: bad ER [emergency response
[her emergence from car; and my response, Driving Off]]

bad ER, my boyfriend High, i was very high, all the time,
then.

i'm doubting these are prophecies; my prescience may be causal.

and i was like -

indeed! *precisely* like a being, such as myself, who says at *that very time and place* -

"I must take this into account."

it's surely no coincidence that coincidences are just infrequent enough that they may *merely* be coincidence.

their rate of occurrence seems tuned to a test, a perfected ambiguity. the median point between doubt & belief.

they accumulate, collate in workings so custom, so perfectly personal, they're in principle incommunicable.

an audience requires so intricate & vast a re-cap that when i fail to impress, it's not "You had to be there", but rather:

"You had to be ME."

[i put down pen, i resign.

[wherever life forms, a Story hangs over.

it's all being recorded anyway.

[the events i'd convey in their accretion imply: it's
written already.

ss

- well whoop-de-doo & la-tee-da, cry me a freakin' rainbow, hun!
- of course she's gonna wrestle me down, suddenly be a grl inside my Mansiont!
- she's sidling the wall, she's going for the bread knife, sayn she's gonna USE it!

The Shining is television, is Danny alone, watching tv.

note the rapid creditroll, over the opening action. in
Monitor Blue, a bloody electric.

The Shining is Danny, seeing his first horror movie.

They work with Stanley go through hells that nothing in
their careers could have prepared them for and
when it's all behind them they'd do anything to work for
him again I've heard this story so many times.

[Michael Herr]

dir of Human Centipede a low IQ Kubrick. & he a small
Yahweh: a possibly amoral Fabricator.

to the left of Danny, a camera and a milkwitch.

in our tongue, Kubrick means: Watcher of the White Queen.
[in freeplay]

EXT. THE OVERLOOK, a trio of A-frames,
mimic of mountains surrounding.

A is for Apollo, a rebus as is writ. into an apex, lines
recede. apex into Void above, the white of page or black
of space.

OVERLOOK, W/IN, every thwack of ball on wall shakes dust from
tapestry.

shows a Navajo rocketry.

A is for Apollo, a rebus as is writ. Apollo rides in
slimsy signs as this.

we call it here the Marvelous: beamings-in that local light
made garish & fake.

we called these stars our gods. we now send out to meet
them.

NASA never sought such grace! they purified the Rite in their disinterest.

NASA has no easy faith: they're checking every angle & trajectory.

starman dave, if Beings should ask

are u a god? please say Yes - - -

& send us back your Blessings half!

these Pyramid Texts, for you who dreams them.

for you, too, the walls of tomb they're written along.

these Pyramid Texts, for you now browsing National Geographic.

on p. 32 they've left your map to the funeral core. your fold-in diagram & timeline.

an ancient race's total Will was drawn in stone, and stone
to apex launch-point.

a nation of slaves, a version of History, History itself:
for giving Ship & starmap, for your journey home.

[The Man Who Fell to Earth, long version]

thru doubling gates a limo slows. a rider gets down. by
guardsmen grim is ushered to a second car, & ferried on
thru doubling gates, thru ever inner compounds.

the limos elongate, seatrows grow between driver and he: on
thru ten, eleven compounds. doubling gates and double the
way for every inner compound, well

what size, what kind, of compound is this?

BEGIN at base of crimson drapes, quarry-high, his arms agape.

END, a self-cancelling Tragedy.

blod→bledsian→bless, thus: to sanctify w/ sanguin

<<0 u yearnt for this Ending, the poetry of
it compells ye.

dying, the great Intensifier. an early voice is heard
again, and amplified. a half-thought now prophetic.

your time of dying. whatever room, your ritual vault.
wallpaper flora wave in Address, they meet you in your
perplexity.

your long day drawn to the specious present, filled with a
song you'd been hearing all along.

if god is a writer, he may be a procrastinator, a perfectionist.

History his novel, & Doomsday his deadline, self-imposed: forcing an Ending.

:killed by stroke in '82, pkd in months/weeks prior went all-out apocalyptic.

had he seen his own stroke coming: he might've finished his Exegesis.

death is half of everything, is the shadow cast. to
'consciously die' is to live in its thrall: to make all
life a Bardo pass.

alive in death's thrall, every cabbie's a psychopomp.
every diagnosis: tests your acceptance.

inexorable death: a horror comes.

i scream to wake up, and do. my will to awaken saves me.

a horror, approaching, rouses me.

my death & my waking coincide. the will to wake up is
Suicide -

and draws unto Dreamer a horror.

when the Angel of Death approaches, he's Terrible;
when meeting, it's bliss.

neglect him he's a Demon;
yield and he's a granting Queen.

they've strung me up, they're shocking me. this is it, the
nightmare has caught up with me.

behind the pain i'm thankful for the seriousness. my smarm
has brought this on, a Correction. i'm quickly at my best,
intense.

the three of them, four of them, attend to my body. are
putting hand & tool to me.

and as i pass over they morph into medics, attentive at the
gurney: shocking me into wakefulness.

[the world is a curve, is a cave. your tormentors,
from the other side, are angels of extraction. . .

an inductive-indexical arg for immortality:

death always happens- - - -to others.

I can't talk without hearing myself - even if I speak inwardly. I can't move without imagining my displacement. Thus the 'I' is a feeling that energy or activity is not exhausted by a specific actor and impression. It's the feeling of the reconstitution, or the permanence or simultaneity, the independence, of powers inherent to it.¹⁰

¹⁰ Paul Valéry, *Cahiers* vol 1. ed Brian Stimpson. [Peter Lang, 2001] p 323.

an inductive-indexical arg for immortality:

induction by the Strong, by those who'll survive the
ordeal.

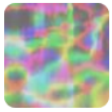
i'll try again:

the stronger i am, the more vital, the harder i'll find it
to imagine my absence.

and this is rational, it tracks the truth: if dying is an
ordeal the strong survive.

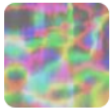


Whose, the voice, that talks us through? Who that redeems at first reading?



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 27 Dec 2012

His last words roll in blood, you say? A frantic jisei, ellipsed in his doom? Who, then, to find them?



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 27 Dec 2012

making good the gospel promise of all fiction:

- That by narrative necessity, He by whom the tale unfolds makes it till the end



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 27 Dec 2012

[end excerpt, THE SHINING]

“The book begins with a vision of Yahweh; onto New Jerusalem, and the Temple uplifted therein;



an inductive-indexical argument for immortality

ss

1 am grammatic

2 am Franglish

3 am's a crowd

so little made of 1am as I AM, as the Hour of Yahweh, as Hour One on the Yom of Comeuppance, that the meme, i guess, is supressed to prime our surprise.

not one lousy limerick since the advent of LED?

12am is i tu am, is i am You.

That be Me, if Thou art That.

by Yahweh's displeasure throughout the Levant: the
Khamaseen of fifty days, the ruah qadim of Biblic taunt.

in kalyug, good is disruptive. evil is a reasoned calm; the call for peace is strident.

the good are bated, made red-faced & ridiculous by their enemy's ease. regress in repetant sermons & a sputtering run of invectives.

i am dubious, am a doubter and miserable. i am loquacious, suspicious.

The intellectual outsider, who knows what to expect, behaves reflectively today, steered by a thousand political tactical considerations, cautious and suspicious. The ones who understand each other, however, whose realm has long since converged across party lines on the way to living-space [Lebensraum: notorious term of Nazi propaganda], no longer consider the calculations necessary, which they were once capable of. They are so reliably committed to the rules of reason, their state of interests have sedimented themselves so transparently into their thought, that they have once again become innocuous. [Adorno, *Minima Moralia*]

when in Rome, i loop on headphones Ceaușescu's Last
Address. a senseless echo overtakes him, echo of his own
address.

he's off his timing, is halting, eruptive.
disruptive of his own address.

is lost within his own metallic sound-stream.

a senseless echo overtakes the Voice that would sustain it.

Destrudo, destrudo
the shipworm terudo

Cheney et al were culpable prior for making nine-elevens
felicitous & likely. they did not need to 'plan it'.

worse, far, than the paranoid fear:
Empire now may outsource to its enemies.

the murder's pre-meditation, the conspiracy in its precision is outsourced: to the Enemy.

Empire's evil is already laundered. the Enemy is fully framed: they really did it, crashed those planes.

a war arranged by those who wouldn't mind: what would stir
their vacuous hearts, o fear it!

a war in lust, by men already on fire. the powerful Old
send young en mass to free up sexual resources. wars make
harems, after, likely. wars drive down the price of
Mistress. wars make harlots, hangers-on of army.

wars make hordes, a sira ordu, raiders in their silken tent.

'Never tell anyone we went to war over a woman.'

Jamukha to Genghis Khan

sarkazein: to sneer or rent. language of the devil.
possible sign, excuse my crude Physiognomy, yet: the
prognathic & proud, i'm wary of.

as if, as if, give me this: our world's as if in the grip
of an alien carnivore.

who do you work for: a line i've gone over in a weekend's
mirrorwork. spoken thus with one a.m. echoes woven inward.

finer points of foreign aid aside, WHO DO YOU WORK FOR. The
Mercator yes, but who outside these ivied walls?

resign before it's easy,

repent before it's life-or-death

& fools may love you yet.

Yom shall come.

your currency's a blood-starved mite.

yr labours in-red are a non-idiomatic nounstack:

the 2012 Asia Toy Market Report.

on the one hand Economy nebulous beyond inductive decency,
let alone friendly.

yet simple, easy, same as always: blood & labours laundered
in dollars, buried or burnt in potlatch.

ss

Fah - wait for it, wait for it now - Q.

Fah - fucking - kuh YOU.

& so on, w/ ass as placeholder.

volar cannon, a wizard's handwrath: the torrefactive stream
to its target.

[shoot shoot, bleep bleep] \ i wuz gonna end you in a
manner honouring Physics. keep it close to stoke the
Scene, but fuggit.

isotron, the entropy gun: my cannon set to END.

ss

dooms foreseen are local for the wider diaspora.

apocalypse is: a Rome overturned, an Egypt runover with Syrian cavalry.

Rome, like Babylon, has said 'I alone am'. [Sib Or 5]

killed by stroke in 1982, pkd in weeks prior predicted the
end of the world.

archizoic: relative to the previous epoch.

scaled to all Calendars, diaspora prophecy is a durational
harmony of seventies. prophetic streams convene on the
Seventies.

as words in thesaurae, affinities form, consistent and lineal. each locale, by stock of epoch is a dense reposit of symbols: a people's soul inscribed in space, it's future trace.

souls inscribed in space: a space remade till a record,
precise, of what it's like to be the mind that made it.

these keys you slap, these dozen random ASCIIIs have their
form of heat, shall all be known to a universal Search.

ss

she can no longer stomach ruz-o-laban immo - for reasons
none of them the lamb's.

she noticed the sha'r, the floating fur in curried cream. her objection was, remains, aesthetic: that the parts were improperly cleansed. that clean or not they're animal parts.

Until then, I had experienced meat and bones in their sanitized state, with their carnal, beastly qualities wiped away. The physical presence of the sha'r was a disquieting reminder of the revolting truth, which in so many ways extended beyond this moment. Yet again in Lebanon, something pleasurable had turned gnarly. The whole meal ended up in the garbage.¹¹

¹¹ Nana Asfour, "A Lingering Taste". New York Times Magazine: Jan 1st 2016.

meat and bones in their sanitized state: this sounds insane, i'm sorry, Nana.

the name means Rice and the Yogurt of His Mother -
'utterly nonsensical', you claim of what's literal.

are people insane because they kill lambs, a whole race twisted in PTSD? or do they kill because they're - i do not care anymore.

the Middle East is middle as a Mirror's plane between two
realms: where Versions face.

the seething sky-god, stopped in his own hard gaze.

versions invert so Judea is insular while islam would
convert w/ insistence.

islam would make our whole world insular - to *itself*,
wholly jewish.

on each side of pane, a monomania.

and both kill lambs.

The animals destined for kosher delis have their throats slit by Rabbi Abraham Siegel, 80. A Muslim kills the livestock meant for halal.

"I like to say this is a good sign for world peace," Chiappetti said. "We have Christians, Muslims and Jews all working side by side with knives, and nobody's stabbing each other."¹²

¹² "Chicago Nears End Of Era in Stockyards" Washington Post, July 18, 2005

abattoir ['a buh twaar] : the cows were slaughtered at the abattoir.

or slaughterhouse or meat-packing plant: a murder laundered in wordshift.

soon, the 'grassfed Processor'.

the new is innocuous, an Ingénue. till its referent soaks
it in red.

abattoir ['a buh twaar] is just a word, is not pejorative. is not 'incorrect':

a is for abattoir, followed by abbey or absinthe, perhaps. the list is unprincipled, open for use by all.

ss

splitscreen scenes

in vintage grain, a vérité.

a norden gloom, if gloomy that day.

BOY approaching BIKER LODGE. from wooded edge, a burnt-face BOY.

moon-faced BOY across the road from BREWARD RABBIT PACKERS. watching them unload a WHITE CARGO VAN.

whatever his age A BOY e.g. the amiable mute from Mister Lonely, thinking en spaniol his harmless pieties.

by his open composure, a BOY; a boy by his backpack & the bike he straddles.

BOY climbs fence to RABBIT-RUN: bounded by a low black shed on one short end, where growls sound from.

HEY we hear. BOY is at the van's rear latch. he's pulling at a crate within, trying to get a rabbit.

two New Zealands lop the green, sniff the air, take nibbles of the patchy grass. their ears well up, one eye on the Entrant, always.

BOY sits down, goes within. is readying for his journey to the Sun.

BOY is forming WARREN. his heart holds in each being as Friend. we're CLOSE in on his glowing forehead. the shadows behind lengthen into eve. we're with him in his fateful night.

he's face-down in the asphalt. a massive knee holds him flat.

MAN FROM VAN is red in face, is buzzing the Gate, yelling for help from the OFFICE, from the mobile shed on cinderblocks with a sign saying OFFICE over-door.

a pair of rabbits, one white, one black are bounding into bush across the road.

gradual fade to black of night. bark of dogs, the final revv of bikes.

FIERY RED in BLACK OF NIGHT, camera close on frightened BOY dragging crates of RABBITS from the abattoir in flames.

soon we hear:

he's stumbling, teary, bewailing his mistake.

RABBITS & BOY BEING TORN APART, GRUFF GOOD-CHEER.

his hoody ignites.

[an omen, a coda.]

BIKER taunting BURNT-FACE BOY with fatal knowledge. names
his EXIT from our slaughterhouse Hell.

[a prison shower, prison yard, a prison cell or meal hall.
we're mid-scene: BOY being teased w/ fatal knowledge.]

the BIKER's every word is a warning. a challenge to your manhood.

he's bald & terrifying, ten feet tall. is Xerxes, Brahma, Vader.
abetting smiles float behind him, hover over PORNO MAGS, aluminum
LUNCHTRAYS, whatever cliché: i trust you'll imbue w/ the manna of
casting / shrooms in the catering.

Rabbits are delicious, my friend.

are food for dogs on a farm i know on RR9.

Rabbits are PREY, eyes at the side:

watching for pitbulls on RR9,
a buddy of mine.

-BIKER to a burntface BOY,

THE END- -

credit roll or flip

a quiet FEED on TWO FREE RABBITS,
one albino, one black. the road
behind's a hazy line, far on the
horizon. they lop on grass, take
their nibbles. it's the kidsleague
game del Toro attends at the end of
Traffic. our Field of Dreams -
Heaven's reward for fighting the
Drug Lord.

ss

where, this day, would the Devil live?

in Milton, 'the Devil's in Milton'.

the devil's incorporate, yet an outcome of literature, so
the Devil's in Milton, the town of.

[a dozen omens converge in my fatal migraine. urge me on
to an accounting this Feb near Rattlesnake Point:

my portal is there, invisibly flush with a low white
barn, an EXIT sign in brail.¹³

my portal is there, guarded by a fiend.

¹³i should here cite *The Truman Show*, but it's not in the script, so whose idea, that barely etched EXIT? set designer? set director? a keener unknown in a headset? whosever idea, perhaps i should credit the person who carved the fibreglass.

i'd thank Peter Weir but doubt it was directed. am always unsure what he and and Steve Jobs ever did. gods and directors recede from their effects, grow anonymous.

i'll just here thank *The Truman Show*: thankyou for that EXIT.

<< there's a man in Milton killing rabbits in a barn behind
an Esso station! >>

:this is the shit people mssg me with!

i tried to drive to Rattlesnake Point with B for a hike, sixteen years this May, but we were hit leaving Guelph by a Drunk from behind, a Drunk out of nowhere: roused from his bed to perform that morning, & he'd "done this before", was "a Drunk", had a Story.

my life is a line onto Milton, ON: to a low white barn,
dark within, full of scared white rabbits.

the ethical task is endless, is relentless thus itself unethical.

i balk at evil, balk at hero's plan.

the animal's in agony, the Animal is large and
incalcitrant.

this dream is bad, there's too much left to do. dreamer is
an ingénue, & world an endless mess.

in A.J. Ayer's NDE a harsh red light would not turn off, could not be turned away from till, he somehow knew, he set aright a Space-Time gone askew.

he fell to pacing, waving his watch, trying to get the Ministers' attention- - -then he woke up, phew.

give them a show, or Leave: let that be your revolt. get up close in porch-cam lens, taunt them into getting off their own.

at Omnium's end, the ovoid shell & inward bounds, with no
pane to rapp upon: say thy grace & take thy permissèd
leave, with a bow.

'and in case i don't see you, didn't like you anyhow.'

vamos, vamoose, mosey with haste: salaam or so long.

[half the fuck y'all never knew me anywayz]

this is our niche, every kid knows: a series of leavings,
slipping the System.

by crayon's say-so, the ever-widening gravity wells.

every kid invents this game, putting name to letter:

125 Applewood Crescent
Belleville, ON, Canada,
WORLD

et cetera,

then:

Dear Whoever

ss

dharma is the last to go before moksha.

the moral demand is endless, is a broken mech:

'Immanuel Kant', a man who wanders Bloor Street West.

his life in three gold LCBO bags. a weighting that bends
him rightward.

he stares ahead. his lips remember his perfect Philosophy.

whenever we pass i say hello, in my head.

i nod and think: Immanuel Kant.

he looks more like Erasmus yet i always said Immanuel Kant.
i once said Hi and late that night, on lsd, again. said
I'm the guy who said Hi, remember?

arms folded high, he sat in an all-glass shelter on Queens Park Circle. three a.m., his bags set down beside him.

a nearby floodlit memorial spurred the birds in unnatural song.

he stared ahead, refolded his arms, made clear there wasn't room.

said SOMEHOW I DONT SEE YOU.

his accent was slavvish, and the shelter smelled of urine.

our suffering good, by the good it enables: beautiful failures, Brahma's applause at Close.

:this whole moral structure i oppose.

that suffering is a necessity: not untrue, hear me: bad.

that Logical Space so happens to be: this i despise, the
necessity.

good needs evil: what could be worse? logic itself is
demonic, perverse.

my hatred now for so much more, on the order of Math.

the hanging of the rabbits, the breaking of their legs.
that once inside our industrial hell, they learn that they
can scream. that some die on the truckride in, from fear.

the owner asked me, softly: ever heard a rabbit scream?

virtue needs the rabbit scream: this is true - and bad.

this world i despise, i despise its redeeming. necessity
seals our place in Hell.

when all's explained, when all can laugh at abattoir tape,
when we re-draw lots from behind the Veil for a second
Take, i'll keep my complaint:

redemption feeds on rabbit distress.

this Happy End is bad.

ss

the dragon is huge, is hard to see.

glimpsed in the predation reel or widescreen grid of a thousand similar kill-scenes.

the dragon eats large, devours whole towns.

the dragon is huge, is hard to see - she sums a whole
Ecology.

she's all the wolves & all the rabbits.

the dragon is: is Predation itself.

recent lore would grant her a Linnaean line, so undermine her. if Dragons are merely a natural Kind, then we're their natural prey.

the dragon is fantastic, is defined as such - thus hard
to believe in.

is hard to believe: that she is Predation.

a problem all but the Fool pass on.

for the rabbit saved is returned to its niche where wolves
eat rabbits: our Earth.

'You know what I say to people when I hear they're writing anti-war books?'

'No. What do you say, Harrison Starr?'

'I say, "Why don't you write an anti-glacier book instead?"'

[Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse-Five]

[retained is the fight; the game was to never submit.
heaven for him must have its Hunt, the Brawl, the War
but cleansed of harm: Heaven is for Hemmingway.]

[the coward is misthought. he seeks an out that
all may follow, solves a hero's koan.]

[the coward is mighthought: a promise passed on
never broken.]

ss

the world is a Curve, is a cave. a curve has a back,
implies its reverse.

an angel here would seem a Hen; would land on Earth by a long evolving.

would land here by a crippling over forty million years.

would here become a laughable flock, fit for chase & slaughter.

the world is a Curve, is a cave. a curve has a back,
implies its reverse: where first is last & the least among
you gods, i say.

ss

the bears came to the edge of town. they braved the parks,
the dump because the berries were all gone.

these are the bears you baited & murdered for your U.S.
friends.

you counted bodies, checked all tags. your 'Harvest' left
enough for Fall but you killed off the best: the ones who'd
brave the park, the Dump.

you culled them to their less adventurous.

the bears most curious of the City's complex song, you
killed, our possible Friends.

we are what remains, and death was a holy Selection device.

what Selections have you survived? the endless wars of
Europe. the subtler culls of City life.

to stay alive, we compromised.

for comfort gave up what.

we're what remains, and Death was a holy Selection device.

a hunter cannot run a doe down. guns have slowed them,
made them loud. they cannot get within fifty yards of a
feral cow.

Death up-took the brave, Death uptook the rational
Suicides.

the cows of Highway 69 arrived from where, were a Landing.

we followed prints that dissipated, every signal
bifurcated.

the cows were all dead / the Four were still out there.
their ontology varied.

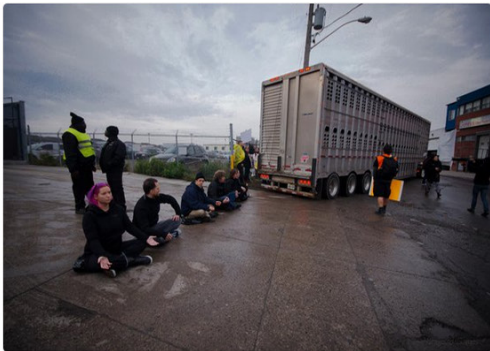
their hooftracks fresh but took us to the older, always.

they etherize in northern air, in nostril huffs of
condensation.

the UFO, says Jacques Vallé, is a trixter of info, mercurial & unbodily but you hunted down & shot it too, it seems.



Vanessa Sarges @Vanessa_Sarges · 7 Nov 2014
 #Toronto ARA block truck w doomed cows aboard. For the animals, people & the planet #Blockadia #MeetMeAtTheStockyards



11 replies 7 likes



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 5 Nov 2014
 Not Sci Fi: Sci Fi artfully times the Arrival, around it builds the film, imposes forms of fanfare so the UFO couldn't just land at any time



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 5 Nov 2014
 Ask of each film: could a UFO land here, at any time? If yes it's Realism proper you're watching.

1 reply 1 like



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 5 Nov 2014
 Genre structures expectation therefore structures surprise. Thus removes surprise.

1 reply 1 like



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 5 Nov 2014
 Realism means no particular style, no genre confines.

1 reply 1 like



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 5 Nov 2014
 a benefit of Realism: anything can happen. radical shifts of tone, of cast, are true to life.

1 reply 1 like



plantinga radio @plantinga_radio · 24 Oct 2014

we six, we seven awaited in reverence. we couldn't receive,
 we couldn't quite see them. the trailer's slats, its masks
 & gaps ensure they're never wholly there.

the trucking Co, Insurance Co saw only Liabilities: these children burst from burning hell a risk to cars so locals were invited to fall in with wolves and hunt them down.

god was a curious animal, too, an enterprising one.

if i were god i'd crash to Earth in a cattle trailer.
assize you as an emissary in distress.

i'd tempt you with regressions, present as edible flesh.

ss

our demon feeds, our feedings feed on his behalf.

our Demon feeds on eco-Collapse.

apocalypse is entropic release, a lifeworld coming apart
the animal wail releases life - for harvest.

Descartes, Descartes! Nature you'll conquer through Measure
and Number!

: the tone was sweet though did command
Descartes to pull apart cats.

death come fast, the atom blast, were decoys, all, that
prep for fast catastrophe.

death is here - it slowly feeds, on a scale of
centuries.

a virtue of World War Z [the book] is its pacing. the zombies are fast but the Outbreak a seep: arriving in flares, in varied diagnoses. hard to collate globally.

even ongoing, the Outbreak is hard to believe in.

near-death, a sign you've died in variant lives, in adjacent Multiverse space.

missile crises, all the ebolas & each world war leave Earth more lonely.

cut off from our wider self.

Earth is lonely, closed from escape & the branching options of play.

Earth is hell, increasingly.

The Monster is ALONE !!! 😞😞😞

All so all ALONE!!

All So Very All So All **ALONE!!**

'Tell me is the Monster all alone?'

Tell you **Yes** the Monster's all **alone!**

All So Very All So All

Alone!

[soon we shall be
all alone, together:

All Alone

&

All Alone^{Forever}]

i'll sometimes get a whiff of death, and wonder if it's me or the vicinity.

a chain of smells, i gather: from foodcourt's tangy waft, to underheft of trapgrease then but three olfactive steps unto the feces reek.

minute amounts, well w/in hygienic bounds, but still:
precisely its vagueness, its minor haunting of natural good
air is its contaminance.

humanity en masse: the City & the sewage pit. obliterating
birdsong, all competing country smells lost within an
average.

i liked it that we smelled so bad, we'd be alone forever.

our smell went on for days, we were a humid corpse.

you stayed in, i went out for sundries. male librarians,
friends of the Annex, slo-mo slapped their standing lap in
disbelief. would plug their nose as i scuttled past,
suddenly in grade seven and assholes again.

Earth is lonely! closed from escape & the branching options of play.

Earth is lonely, an adobe gone modular. a pueblo
evocation.

Earth is lonely, in concrete unadorned.

ss



your parka's armpatch is loud. says BANE CAPITAL, all caps.
your armpatch proclaims the Invasion.

your armpatch shows a Deathstar scope, set for planet's
core & center.

the corporate body is bodies they've branded. its motion
the kinetic sum of all who've on their OVO hat this second.

Apple is a Larger you play nerve to. the Apple i
appropriates your idioverse.

the Apple i is a body snatcher.

the company began as a body, as a meeting of persons.

Prentice was a man, Hall was a man / was his mother poured
solid in love & success, and

a person passed into Establishment.

ss

the pig is a fellow, betrayed by friends.

the crime is common: Hardy names all England.

they'll side with Jude, praise him in their essays but are closer to the crass Arabella.

they're a people confused, their early rage at this most
indecent novel ever penned not due to

- : the dove-pair freed by Sue
- : the earthworms spared by Jude's small step
- : the crows he's sad to harass
- : the agonies sped of bleeding pig, the snared rabbit

they see that they're accused, but not the crime. they're the housewife in Hesse buying fish: who will not see the deathly frightened eyes and wildly flailing tails, the gruesome, useless, desperate battle.

These people saw nothing, knew nothing, and noticed nothing; nothing touched them.¹⁴

¹⁴Hermann Hesse, *Narcissus and Goldmund*. Ursule Molinaro, translator.

Be kind to animals, Philotson said, and read all you can.

to Jude the boy, alone among village insensitives.

a people whose insults are animals are their intimates:
their keepers or those who compete for employment with
work-horse. they keenly feel their animal likeness: their
indignance is a tactic to amplify the difference & maintain
what little rank.

a people whose insults are animals; whose daily affirmation is Man is rational, Man has language; the vacuous chant of the upwardly mobile; embarrassed by his nakedness and animal family.

gazing down, god would see equality: far are we from god.



EXTRA
CRISPY
EXTRA
GOOD.

ironic by its double-tone. by saying the same thing twice,
at once:

[a] as paleo-brute, pleased with meat. his assertion
of appetite unapologetic; and

[b] as urban imitator of [a].

i'm asking you to notice that this poster isn't funny for those who hear only [a].

this poster, for them, is a frank reportage.

with one short copy, KFC targets to two demographics.

but eating KFC will make you dumb & unfunny. you're drawn
inside off Bloor on a smirking whim, remembering treats
after swimclass; you leave with heartburn, slower and
resigned, a little confused by the sunshine.

the poster will stay, fade a little: here on thru our
literacy. our reading will simplify, will unify to [a].

these ads have layers to last beyond the Agency. irony
lends our devolvment cover, leaves us a form of
conscience.

irony is analog of conscience: by the complex self it requires. irony grants a pleasing depth as we regress to insentience.

ss

my anger makes an X; it orients a bomb drop. my Brother
is far, alone in his Orrery. he paces his high Chamber,
squinting down at Earth for a sign.

i am paul, his tiny other. i am the dye, & my rage is its
radioaction.

i have no missile but call one down by my Brother, who has
arms on-high & retiscope, yet, he doubts, is too far out of
it - - - -: our battles are ant-like & i move among friend
& enemy.

X = wrong & the spot.

i am the dye whose shine tells my Brother on high whom to
hit. i locate the slaughter. in righteous anger i push
toward the killfloor.

after a year, the Stockyards are dissembling, sirens call
out cutters to wander while police look on, confused.

i stormed the Royal auction ring, warned the MC we're aware of this slavery.

and today, our page in NOW: our A.R. squad surrounding frightened Cow.

ss

time travel yes, for telegraph-bursts of info.

time travel yes but only far back as the wires were hung.

[thus not insane to blink this eve with LEDs. seek SOS
from future selves: salvific tasks that need be done,
this eve.]

ss

Y & i saw Star Wars today, on Valentine's gave in. i fell asleep till a silence, sudden, half an hour in.

went tense in my seat, was ready for something to crash the set, a bombblast.

the trick was horrendous, and suddenly clear: silence triggers trauma, death. we're trained to fear it, find it tense.

they hammer into every brain the old lesson that continuous friction, the breaking down of all individual resistance, is the condition of life in this society. [Adorno & Horkheimer, *The Culture Industry*]

elderly friends have an intimate minute, so one can be called up to Deck.

sorry, sir, to interrupt, you're needed Above . . .

this we expect.

action films aren't totally loud, they've quiet enough to contaminate it.

the ratio's such that silence disrupts the action.

when Kylo Ren kills his dad, the score, like Ren, misleads us into hope of redemption.

Kylo Ren and Star Wars 7 lie in tandem.

in our mass fascination with psychopaths, the Mafia, with Shakespeare's killer kings we're prey in the kill-trance.

the Spectacle sees, is a giant compound Eye inhuman and carnivorous.

does Scarface glorify / critique the cocaine trade?

does Driller Killer glorify / critique said Killer?

the colossal is a fraud [pkd] which sad if true means
Kubrick, all Epic:

the Infinite found in the easy infinity of Space. the
filmable black of outer space, this endless distraction.

this is the fraud: that god lives in the largest room, &
the center of war is a War Room and conspirators wear
actual masks.

The Shining is smaller, domestic. is Kubrick's Kitchen Sink.

yet his lens bestows on any home the Epic.

home *is* a total environs, our mansion hotel. its god is
small, shows in a bathroom mirror. is an only child's
privacy: god is in his index finger.

talk with god is chatter with a secret friend: an inward
animal who strains to speak, with peculiar stresses:
Danny's Atman rat.

ss

a cowboy on a horse who cannot act.

the cowboy cannot either, but his actor can.

the lens never wholly lies, it follows life.

every film's a document of: actors acting, a director's
magnanimous effects.

lens is on what's true & vital: this here actor.

actors say: just the line they said.¹⁵

¹⁵ i here cite Waking Life.

Hollywood draws our social Adepts, beings aglow who show us
life: whatever the stretch, however unlikely the script.

that the Fantasy lives, is live & continuous with the world
off-set: this is the Lie.

The whole world is made to pass through the filter of the
culture industry. The old experience of the movie-goer, who
sees the world outside as an extension of the film he has
just left . . . is now the producer's guideline. The more
intensely and flawlessly his techniques duplicate empirical
objects, the easier it is today for the illusion to prevail
that the outside world is the straightforward continuation
of that presented on the screen. [Adorno & Horkheimer, *The
Culture Industry*]

every film's a document paired with stimulus pleasure: our
pleasure in watching a story.

we're trained in their Version of life: it's their Villain,
their fast death we expect.

we're trained to unsee the evil-banal, ourselves.

we're saving our fight for World War Three, for Hannibal
Lecter.

we're trained to unsee the evil-banal, ourselves.

in Vader's palm, an armillary sphere. latitudes hooped, his fingers fused with the charcoal ley-lines. [an early sketch.]

plans for total ownage glow from ball of chi. cheekbones pulled to shadowy horns: a supervillain's glee.

- a delightful schtick, yet alien motive: most of us being distinctly satiable. we lust not for power per se.
 - it takes just one, i give them this, for unrelenting terror to the gentle rest of us.
 - 'i give them this, the movies know their Ponerology.'
- [Michael Jolaoso]

ss

in the race of 1897, McKinley invented a speedier, more intimate, handshake.

'the photo op" was coined under Nixon.

in a photo-est-finish of electoral sprints, to them goes
the win who'd not flinch or wince, not cede for the lens a
millisecond of error;

who's mastered the morph from Grave Concern to Steely
Resolve, without along the way showing Worry:

a fretting to be frozen & refracted down the TV hall of
uglifying mirrors.

every propaganda has its shelflife: *so to serve its successor.*

the newsreel V.O. was *meant* be ridiculous by 1982, it was a planned obsolescence. only *after* such corn & stridance could the brazen head on CNN-itself slick & risible, now-have seemed by 1992 the conduit of truth.

of *course* you like the song in this ad,
of *course* you like The Sopranos -

you're suPPOSEd to.

take any noun; give it a verb, to get to another:

"the flag distracts the postman."

ampersand for and per se - and that for and. given by
Tiro in late B.C., by Cicero's amanuensis and w/ it the
shorthand.

ampersand for and per se, and that for and - and when
freemen sum their former masters, i listen.

our scrutinies force the liar into truth.

with every Reveal, the Lie refines: it jettisons more
artifice.

subject to our scrutinies, the lie is made more like the
truth -

till indistinct even to its teller.

the Show spills off-set, insinuates itself into the actor's own intentions.

our scrutinies force the liar into truth.

to *seem* unvain, a mind must be remade.

my vanity demands i be *seen* as unvain. to seem unvain, i must abjure the mirror of every window i pass - and be *seen* to abjure it.

you force me to a scrutiny of self, a self-reflection.

pushing up specs.

a tapping of cleats, & twisting of cap by the guy on
firstbase who just bunted.

a working off, by fidgety tic, the tiny last shudders of
ego.

our scrutinies force the liar, and our allergies are
scrutinies: General Mills now must stamp Peanut Free, Dairy
Free, Gluten Free, free of life, on boxes of their over-
salted corn-dust.

ss

A man in a dark suit, light blue shirt, and dark tie is speaking. The background is a blurred office environment with a staircase on the left and various office equipment and lights. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, monospaced font.

If the primary need is security and belonging,
we call the group Mainstreamers;

If it's status and the esteem of others then
it's Aspirants;

If it's control then it's Succeeders; and

If it's self-esteem it's Reformers.

[John Banks, Chairman, Young and Rubicam: in Century of the Self, 2002]

these Types enforce an Order.

not a bogus science, but a real london magick. names with
form enough to hold the Speaker's own Will.

these terms are vague, are only as strong as their Speaker.
their power is all the Chairman's.

by his slight rightward lean, his rightfist clench with
each Type said, the tiny people in the atrium behind, these
escalating shoppers, are regimented.

intoning Types with hint of threat, from Dictator's height:
they are as he says, for he names the Four Types.¹⁶

¹⁶ Marked differentiations such as those of A and B films, or of stories in magazines in different price ranges, depend not so much on subject matter as on classifying, organising, and labelling consumers. Something is provided for all so that none may escape; the distinctions are emphasised and extended.

his will thrown whole into his muscular armour. he's in himself, yet Outer-Sourced to sheath of flesh. pressed into the layer of Self that loves life more.

in his black suit, Banks within the great, golden hall:
Bernays & his band of global brahmins set him down there,
gave him Magic.

yet, and yet, i like the man.

and i too, presume so much, impose my own Order. i can't be sure which side i'm on, or that there are. . . .i do admit i like the man.

ss

b's chaacha shook his head, a little sad & awed, & said:

America mein, tinned goods *bahaut* jyaada hae.

a banana in a styrofoam tray, coded & saran-wrapped: this
is a joke we're not getting.

a variety tub of cubed squash, Family Size & airtight.

the package says: approved & sealed by Industry.

the veggies, free, were iffy.

we want what's Vital coated in poisons.

our hygiene is antibiotic. *we* must be septic.

we, the wayward animal.

we're Nature gone AWOL, Life gone thanatic.

the Biosphere an egg that we eat our way out of;

or once we stop eating, we are out of.

hay for the bunnies came in a box. a bag in a box, a thick
black bag from a family farm in Eden, Idaho.

all went in a larger box from Amazon - who filled it out with thick brown paper, recycled & recyclable.

we used it all to form a warren: chambers joined with plastic tunnels we got in a box from Amazon.

their litter box, a plastic bin, we laid with Boxo: ground up box we bought in a bag from the Bulk Barn where we tried to shop.

is palm oil vegan? is toilet paper vegan?

are tile floors vegan?

i want it all tiled, my tax return filled. my stirfry
veggies washed & chopped.

for all my comforts, for time to write i've called to being
these numbing tasks. so called to being the calloused skin,
somewhere in the System.

my desire - possibly prior in the Order entire -
demands, somewhere, a numbing: a body-soul unbothered by
the slaughter.

i want you all to shake at the sound of these Harleys on
Bloor, rage at them with me. but also want my Bloor Street
paved - by a guy who finds his Friday release on a
Harley.

the doppler growl, the guy who spits & hacks unthinking
spite me.

just as they externalize costs of production, they also
succeed in externalizing the moral responsibility for
violence and appropriation through which they profit onto
others further down the chain, whom they may justly
condemn. [Philip Goodchild, 'Capital and Kingdom']

we're saving each **other** all along, could be. when all is done & counted, we shall share the **blame**, at least -

i hope for this, our unified Redemption.

the gandhian diet includes less clothing, and making your own.

Tolstoy shares in the peasant toil, lays his own tiles, or does with bare earth.

the concrete common in indian toilets is likely enough, enough separation of foot from earth.

Roman taste, the nouveau riche, is whatever else a display of reified labour. every surface overlaid in tiny tesserae. every commissioned portrait in its carven frame, gilded & intricately inlaid.

italian good taste is the home garden, a stone wall maintained & a child-made presepe.

ss

so each may have their thousand square, their own perfected cavity, the world outside shall fill with sheds, with ever-larger sheds.

your marble counter called a whole quarry into being, and a quarry is a Nullity, a dwindling.

our tchotchkes turn a town in China to shed.

the Victorian bones are good.

home & workhouse, shop & laneway, found aesthetic union in
the textural unit, brick.

the whole downtown is classic: aesthetic Isle in a dismal &
swelling periphery.

the unity is smashed, the mega-shed unbrickable. inhabits a
scale invisible but from off-ramps & the edge of future
airfields.

the unity is smashed, of old walled Antwerp. our world a
sprawling soundstage now for recreations.

the giant Stone & rolling earth of the english medieval:
this is most of Fantasy.

Sci Fi draws our eye into a planetary purview. seen from
Space, the business park densifies to point of light, is
part of a scintillating Circuitry.

this is the promise of Coruscant, the planetary City: whose charm is seen from afar. her streetview is desolate, her bustle rendered in: coded in the lettered sheds on Hollywood lots: paven swaths of 'studio space' that iterate our larger fracture.

for the lot is unwalkable, and not itself meant to be seen.

the lot is a massive slapstick gag, and

Chaplin is an everyman, trying to walk.

ss

signs i hope, signs i fear, of a lifeworld dissolving:

Survivor is about not staying *alive* but winning on
Survivor.

the Flynn effect: we're possibly smarter, but better for sure at taking tests.

our leaders are good at winning elections & voters abet:
they get behind who's 'presidential'.

the focus group complicates: its members opine like
marketers. the marketers seek in vain a simple homemaker.

we're all now insiders. we hear a new song, think 'this could be big'. we're moved by plausible hits. the playcount excites us, we click on Play to assent to the song's success. the weekend take is Monday's lead in every local Paper.

the figures endorse the film's watchability, and constitute it. the hundred mill spent, the hundred mill made, give however bad a film its aura.

It is the triumph of invested capital, whose title as absolute master is etched deep into the hearts of the dispossessed in the employment line; it is the meaningful content of every film, whatever plot the production team may have selected. . .

[Adorno & Horkheimer, *The Culture Industry*]

however bad, we cannot look away. we'll love to hate it,
minimum. the money earns our attention. our derision feeds
it, recoups the expense.

we cannot look away, will have something to say on candidate Trump. on money per se, whose negative power i feed with this critique. which Marx made holy as Satan; and Goodchild promotes to the only question of Ontology.

signs of a world dissolving: power turns official, leaves
the body.

when survival is certain / survival unlikely, Survivor's
about its own rule-set.

power turns official, removes from what's vital. spurns the pleasures of the Khan in repose, of Herod the King spread in fleshly surfeit. these we disdain, exempting for our crasser rappers, our oligarchs & immigrants: to these we've ceded free-play. by them we see the lust & strife.

they allow our ironic remove, our distance from life.

we know the lines but lose conviction. we move off-set, are being evicted.

promoted, perhaps: to the prophecy of Kafka. job in a hall of akaashic records.

promoted to A Pale King's afterlife. to limbo, where all
taxes come, where life is accounted & abstracted.

perhaps we're being prepared for this, are leaving life.

these sensors granted - the crowdsourced Map, our bit-
zipped Genome, our total social log -

a sort of Ark, i fear, i hope.

signs of a world dissolving.

Life will continue. we're its late and tired cull. Dooms
foreseen are local to the wider diaspora.

Life will go on. we are its outcrop, its excrescence.

the dazzling A.I. beyond our ken: looking down, we'll note
with pride computers once were ours. a Nobel laureate's
dotty mother.

a truck's in reverse in the laneway out back. it's warning comes in two pure tones, in pulses alternating. the higher has a faster rate so the two tones slowly chase, approach, unmusically fuse, and pull apart. i'm on the can with the high & tiny window open, my head in my hands. i'm trying to hum along but cannot predict. am blessed with inner music but i cannot do this rapid math. i know each tone but not the values X and Y so have to listen.

over-driven sine waves, out of phase: & my inordinate interest in locking them.

given values 1 thru 3, an early Computer finds our 4. by cesium clock could lock us in but has no inner music. so i say, curious of the truth but perhaps trying to compensate: head in my hands, on the can. consciousness has a cost, i think: in diminished ability to calculate. consciousness an outcome of under-hood math. is itself no dealer in numbers.

ss

a UHD widescreen: a sitcom on pause. its glass low-sheen,
the show as bright as the livingspace it's center of.

a presence the same as, a lumens intense as, life.

our media hide, grow seamless with their housing. On *or*
Off, the screen is harmonious w/ condo's inside.

the V in VR means hard to tell.

our games go extreme, yet Snakes & Ladders and the Eighties' arcade were weirder. the dragon now receives us by our multiple approach, has been bump-mapped into the familiar.

She's a chair i point to in Phil 101: an object fully here.

the phantom uncanny of early film is lost. every film was
a Haunted Hotel, was numinous, all, once.

the overexposure, the chemical bloom, were numinous.

handcrank gave kinetic surge.

the spectral scratch did oscillate, elongate in Reception -

older film was Séance, all.

a far transmission would flicker, Receiver would strain.

a medium, young, has maximal range - so gods may speak
thru.

the medium is fuzzy, the message thus: i'm far from you.

the first cartoons showed Drawer's hand, were Humorous Phases of Funny Faces[1906]¹⁷: who rolled their eyes, familiar at their Maker.

as Adam strolled the Garden with his God.

¹⁷Donald Crafton, Before Mickey. MIT Press, 1982.

a playful artifice, the broken fourth wall - symptoms of
a later art were there in its inception, in kidsgames.

early film is dreamy yet perhaps a Documentary. it may be a two-minute ad for itself, for Cinema's coming Century.

limits extrude art. give child's words their poetry. an art
imposed by cruder filmstock.

the sitcom on pause has our eye's own colourrange. its
pixels approach the electron.

our Medium improves, it moves beyond its early dream: of
portal to another order.

our Media refine till we no longer notice, and they're
seamless with the living day.

Fantasy & art are what happen on the way.

ss

i'm far from the world, receding from friends.

drinks w/ J and it's the same five songs, our usual rants,
but

Muscle Shoals i heard him say; Muscle Shoals i followed
thru & and found old friends:

smiling from their baptism pond, the Allman Brothers Band.

their beards are golden, hair is thick & parted. arms hug
knees, as do mine - a mindless re-adjust on the kitchen
tile, late-late night and still a little sodden.

drinks w/ J i'd soon forget but Muscle Shoals i heard him
say - a prompt in the night's sad confusion.

J is far, is hard to hear, but i get what words i need.

i get what's needed for my trip thru Space. my memory is selective, insane. my friends recede, and time compresses to a Biblical unity:

Alabama '69 is 70 A.D.

ss

i missed them as a teen, but i'd rather watch the YouTube doc than see them live or listen thru an album.

a harmless doc, than bare my soul to the power of Rock, again.

save me from the MC5! i need the pretty keyboard score, the
essay mediation.

the Doc is kind to the shoebox photostock, makes it all
familiar. this is fine, i'm forty-one, and trying to
retire.

i'd rather re-read *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream*, than order more iboga.

i need my filters, my de-intensifiers.

folding chairs, a sunday array around someone else's
adolescence.

i do not mock the rockumentary. i'm grateful i'm acquainted with the MC5, this night.

i fold down laptop, put the cordless headphones in their dock. i shut the lights and get to bed where Y has been asleep since 9, a perfect baby.

here at Day's end, i'd rather recall:

words i heard, not words i said,

& Desires unspent.

-a bias of the Tired

jingle + Time = nursery rhyme

B film + Time = sacred myth

Art = Time + Seduction Display

a rockstar's job is to outsize all who've rocked before. to
quaintify the verb rock - as rappers now do.

every Elvis must receive in his decline the upstarts who
exceed him.

must miscomprehend Led Zeppelin.

we're by them all redeemed, for

Evil + Time = Innocence

this doc began in Word Perfect. some of these words have altered w/ mood over twenty years.

the same block of text: back & forth from 'an' to 'the', from psychic to psychical, rubber to plastic.

its time to publish. i'm forty-two, & trying to retire.

i'll get what i want when it's no longer wanted.

genre: muted tragedy.

small wants that don't work out, by genre: muted tragedy.

i am Tobin, shaky & sweet with Parkinson's.

i press my lips, clap at the pace of a villain emergent
from shadowy wing.

i play the proud dad at Commencement.

i'll never write a novel, but on headache-weed, emote some
verse.

i'm thirty-eight, i'm fine, i know, i'll never know kung-fu.

but sometimes i'll get punchy in the mirror -

and there's moments there, i *know* kung-fu.

8:42 PM am woozy, yawny [trying to yawn] and droptime,
what> was 7:30

ss

[a splitscreen slide of Darwin & Dennett], a likeness
Dennett meditates on.

a Sign that spurred his speaking tour for **Breaking the
Spell.**

Norman Rush wrote *Mating* to hide his own desert satori. & an early shortstory has 'Roy' explain thru most of its pages his theory of ETIs. a theory i like, that Rush may have loved, and pressed off to his patsy: Evil feeds on numinous fears we seculars grow immune to; the UFO, Abduction & Probe are seeded memes to keep our fear plausible & alive.

a troubling conjecture The Paris Review would rather've
abjured, yet the Editor read Rush's opener, aloud - Jack
liked his office and it was alright to like your office -
and liked what he heard.

he heard himself, a satisfied official, handled in sympathy.

a lesson on ETIs had arrived, in an MFA cover.

Rush & Dennett love no god, but love themselves, and seem themselves like Yahweh.

Kubrick & god are areligious, never felt a Schleiermachian
Dependence. what's it like, being Kubrick or god?

Kubrick or god feel power unrestrained, & a totalizing intelligence.

god does not believe in god, he is him. he presses off
belief to others.

Dennett & Rush hide themselves in books about secularists.

in Dennett & Rush i sense a love for animals in struggle
with a white man's love of burning flesh. an open heart,
ill at ease with the willful pride of a Reductionist.

Rush outsources meatless regimes to his protagonists; & Dennett coos for cuckoo chicks. each is Hemmingway, the later Hemmingway, soft & translucent, his love of the hunt fled:



pieces for and again
about or think about
and fine the way I
when we no sooner
than Mary takes a
editor, who says the
issue of *True* around
about me, that he h
consult with me on
all this had to be ca
chance to earn a si
said, 'I know your h
get back to work. B
husband will submi
Swedes and the Jap
still for a magazine
likes?' We have no
this is what Mary t
into her room to ha
about it this morning

"But, Papa, this w

"No, it's damn be
it. Now it is a fact t

detail, Papa Hemmingway: A Personal Memoir by A.E. Hotchner [Bantam, 1967]

ss

in PBT, our options reduce to Theism / Anti:

the latter negating all Entities: a totalizing Naturalism.

in PBT the whole supernatural ecology is summed in a lonely
Abstraction - an impossible abstraction, for yielding
endless inconsistencies. so our worship must wait, our angelic
Receptions hold till our Journals complete.

yet Russell may be right, and Anselm's Argument valid.

or PBT is god himself saying neti neti: neti neti to his own necessities. his final trick in a negative theophany.

in PofR Fridays i lately hear a god i'd like, thinking out loud: a little autistic, a jewish Doubter, lost in abstruse self-analysis.

a god i'd like, spread over several Philosophy Professors.

ss

a Voice with character: the fundamental force.

a Person with quirks - a humming, an arranging for
private kicks - this, not chakras, is disruptive of
Physics!

a distracted Kid: this mocks Reduction. is Reduction's
reverse, beginning with a psychic Complex.

yet what is unreduced in Physicalism? eternal, ex nihilo,
or emergent from Chaos, these forces are contingent.
something remains: some simple fact we may well call
Caprice.

which is simple, & which needs reducing: a humming Child
or the colored balls he plays with?

ss

a rush to the head, when i get out of bed:
something good, something new could happen
i said

a rush to the head, when i got out of bed:
something good, something new just happened.

- i'd not hate mornin wern it far too erly for SUNN. -

i seek extreme comfort, i refuse the scrape of collar seam.

& why this neckstring so punitive-tight,
church-days made of Friday night?

i will not wear a tie or tie a pug.

softest weave is all i wear, bottom, top:

a powder-blue with dimpled squares, spongy to the touch;

w/ cuffs, long, at leg & arm - nice & snug.

in dreams i wear my longjohns, too.

i meet there persons charmed by my ease, and just woke up
from taking a pair to get their own pjs. a Bio grad from U
of T, her mom & me - we all went to The Bay, and were
free of fear, happy -

and then i woke up.

again i awoke, from a sunlit quad, set for casual diners.
these dreamfolk tonight were embarassed to see me and
muttered their indignance as i shuffled by.

searching, i was, for my loft nearby to lay down in.

in dreams i wear my longjohns too. they know more than i do
- that i sleep.

my longjohns are my irony, my thought, within the dream, of
the Sleeper.

my longjohns are my irony, and Dreamer is an Ingénue.

Dreamer is an Ingénue, easy with his weightless ease,
accepting of his powers.

1. my image of Self is centered on sleep.
2. aware that i sleep, i'll know that i dream.
3. knowing i dream, i'll soon wake up.

i'll palm the frame of every door, ask is this a dream;

i'll make all flesh lethargic.

i'll make all life a light parkeur, leap & soft-shoe cheap
shape.

till around grade four, i wasn't so sure what diapers are for. was a younger brother, never near babies. was spacing thru the Pampers ads. did not connect the blue serum pouring from a beaker with urine.

i'm forty-one and not quite sure what underwear is for, i
admit -

and that i rarely wear it!

except for long, which i always have on, day or night,
awake or dreaming -

whatever this is.

ss

surprise party: was all for you, u learn on leaving

novel: was your own sly biography

the title of this book has been

i need a plot, for a cottage i've thought of.

a frame to hang a longpoem on.

litmus test of the acts of Genesis, a Creation's success:

an Athenaeum w/in would achieve no consensus re whether they're Free, on Beauty's ontology, et cet. Philosophy proper would thrive therein.

a world must be: a plausible fog, an arrangement of acts
that may as well e.g. be free.

this 'may as well', 'for all we know' be a cosmos productive
of novelty.

ss

disgust with sex, with having sex¹⁸ :

Sue here sounds as knowing as her Eds.

¹⁸ Wikipedia: Jude the Obscure. accessed February 2016

having sex: vulgar words of the reductivist fuck-count. a surface politeness. our knowing smile down upon the genital mash.

we misconstrue Sue, we cannot read Hardy: disgust with sex
is ours, an era of pornography. a disgust by satiety. a
disgust unvirginal.

in projecting onto Sue, we rape her, in effect.

disgust with sex, with having sex: a crowdsourced voice,
feigning the objective.

childhood itself we molest: its innocence invaded by
salacious ads for anal sex. imply, don't say, fuck or ass
& the City will run it:



the TTC and Q107 are its sponsors: an ad for raising the esteem of a culture unable to protect its kids.

a poster within they had a girl strip to her underwear for, warns of perverts.



Worried that someone you know may be sexually victimizing children online?

REPORT TO

cybertip!ca[®]

 "cybertip!ca" is operated by the Canadian Centre for Child Protection Inc.

Supported by:

 Government of Canada / Gouvernement du Canada

 TELUS

 Shaw)

 ROGERS

 Bell

a [sic] for every word not dick or its affiliate. I Want Candy means I Want Cock and it's obvious to everyone, always. sets my soul on fire intends a certain rubbing of speculable spot.

i've misheard everything, everything but the novelty song:
not about cock, the unserious song.

why is he talking about lime in the coconut twist it all
up. this is why i didn't listen to any music in 2008.

[DarkyBlue, on Tyga's 'Coconut Juice']

a [sic] for every word not dick or its affiliate. viagro
spam gone straight to Trash that shadows every missive
legit.

the Innocent were free of double-entendre. their every song was a novelty song. We go off to a shady place, we cast our lines all day i.e. meant fishing. Hold on tight was not vaginal pressure.

the elvis smirk was pull from offstage. offstage-left: a massive phallus, the coming epoch of porn that rock was MC for.

ss

. . . and youths should be made
to imagine The Virgin, naked in
her healing Grace;

And made to paint Her, to hold
their stones, and hold them not
throw them:

At jackals, vultures, Fiends around whom
The scent of Death does hang.

[There is more to learn of Death, hence of Life
From Vultures than the epitaphs
Of Great Men.]

[i dreamt of a essay by Dickens, called Mirabel]

ss

sin prevents salvational knowledge. keeps e.g. a man from seeing his porn as infidelity. infects his Inference: he cannot think with disinterest. his Ontology is compromised: any elision of the V/R divide, a leak either way of V into R would compell him to ruinous confession.

would hurt his girl, knowledge of these actual other girls.

but porn is V, and V is 'merely' - what's to confess?
he'll see no worm in the rose of their romance.

the V of porn / the hardness of R: these he'll confirm till
the R is hard to see thru.

because of porn he won't e.g. see Maya / thru her.

alone, again, with hours to spend, he can't even call it a Tempting. it's a brief, grim glimmer, a stifled sense he's been here before but spread himself thin over hmms, i don't knows and whatever.

the daughters of Maara, his fatal upsaaras arrive by Maara unannounced.

are always around: are infinite porn w/ a search engine.

are jpeg slide-shows, folders in folders. sequenced for custom arousals.

are porn in a town where porn is allowed, a private right & no big thing, just porn.

ss

to george i am spectral, i'm all Vision.

i make no wave. i'm real to his eye, not antennae.





to george, i'm a ghost, i am god-like. our spaces diverge,
are barely linked by sensation.

my rats are old but boyish. each day freed they confirm
each surface, seek their rightful access.

they will not feed when scouting & manic.

i speak these words whose tones they receive as encouragement.

cho-mo, now, at my workdesk edge, his whiskers fanning.
assessing by head-bob the chasm ahead.

he's jiving his jump, projecting its end and my breath is
on edge, allied w his tiny drama.

my voice held back is his natural soundtrack; i stay with
his tension, i respect it.

- : a cascade of honks at Dupont / Spadina, timed with my rising.
- : timed with a dangerous & idle desire
- : 'idle' i write to contain its power, & hold it in-mind; or give it time to tempt me.

: idle i say, and hear these honks: the street outside,
my soundtrack.

: an amphitheatre of souls, of ecosystems nested. all eyes on the show below, every row believing they're the backmost, highest.

: i just sent \$318 to Y, she'd helped with vj's CT scan at OVC. my mssg to Y is the 18's from vj, saved up on his paper route : very cute, someone gets it: four ladies behind me. they're on a poster for GICs, laughing on cue: eternally. their arms are linked in sisterhood.

- : my joke, they like, my life they like, and vj, Y.
they're our very own Japanese buzzfeed.

- : i've set them up, from outside Time, to receive our
minutiae with pleasure.

ss

our trio filled the hall with sound. we had our hour & were good.

miko / mark reminded what a child, what a floor-tom & snare could do for an intro.

then & there, all was made America again: hearing 'Peggy Sue'
anew, in 1958.

a large & complex envelope i held like a ghazal vaala's
surmandal and

its sound was the same: a higher harp, tuned imperfect so
the lingering notes, the gathering Chord, was wavery.

my plectrum's tip in the nap of every fold, see-thru pearl
on paper's whie, thru all the folds of my envelope, and
the whole was invisibly miked, so

my private plucks, tentatively spaced did hold the hall &
fill the place.

this church was for drop-ins, errant from the tourist mobs
of a boardwalk market.

this church was unstaffed, coming alive with hesitant walk-ins: friends on a lark, pressing in from the noise & sun, from the Saturday beach outside.

a tourist Find, an Inside all there stumbled on.

[Errants of the Beach, rejoice: a church is found,
for just your Kind!

[your Lives therein by mullion frame on candy Pane: that
tell of every trio wandered by.

[on passing mic & leaving stage, miko found us pointing
at a window set high:

[there we were, a happy Three: frozen in a many-color
Rendering.

ss

: a cycle of breath-songs, deep in the sandblasted lands
of our Gathering.

- : a whispering Suite in a sea-to-sky cavern, hint of the Great Extinction event.
- : itself homage of maelstrom at Beginneth/End.

ss

when darkness is total, & Nature weary

a gong may toll free of its golded mooring,
would seem to sing free of its oscillating cause;

so force the dispute, its resonance waning:

is it movement or sound, vibrato or blur, who first
shimmers - & the second by simile;

does a gong look like a toll, or toll sound like gong;
hovering long, calling the changes

in the searching, spinto tenor of the entranced, in the
warning tone of overwrought Cassandras:

Panta rhei! O Panta rhei, \ all's in flow, we've come
undammed, \ on spillways spread from sky to land!

hung from its wheelable, steeltube cradle, its waves run
the hall, close in high on the scattering auditors.

it turns a great washtub upon them.

O the poor saddled creatures, presumed kin back home!

or healing in the balmy steams, blissed en masse - we've
yet to know;

for by the fissure-prone limestone, did hydrocarbs enter the Kassotis' flow;

hence the fluctuating ethylene and Temple's decline, w/ the earthquakes' abatement;

placing later dooms in cryptic epoché.

on PBS i once caught a bald tyrant making fast descent of
an elevator, he and Ms. Caligula -

so did they equivocate straight thru Hell into Heaven.

it's MacBeth's redeeming, i speak of.

BY VISION FUTURE & VERIDICAL, OF "TELUS":

OF SATURATE HUE
IN ABSTRACT SPACE:

ELONGATE ANIMORPH
WHO NOT WANT TO EAT US

<<Visions future and veridical, indeed:
of this montage of End-time scenes:
his very own A&E Bio foreseen!

<<to him this V.0. is Yawheh-like,

"YAHWEH LIKE!" 😊:

bodiless tongue, baffling medium...>>

& of the tinker-chinks azillion,
of the sheet-metal splash & tinhall din,
of the poly-hammer beat of alien industry:

what could poor old Amos see,
but risen Hells, the workshops of
devils, as

fevered in the Delphic steams,
the Sybils inkled tv scenes,
Olympus in a logo screen . . .

EVERY GOD'S ANIMALE
HAST GROUND ENUFF
TO DO ZAZEN UPON,

EVERY BUG DEMON ENOUGH
TO WRESTLE UNTO REDEMPTION

ss

Campus as a casting space. an Improv shop for a Redemption Play. whatever your monograph's argument, your lonely late nights in a high-floor carrel gave us filmable epiphanies. later at your desk you gave us scenes of the Writer at his Desk that we compress in the edit, till you're burning hot & manic thru the sheaves.

clips, we have, of shadowy you in a gothic cloister; your later bonhomie in a fire-side toast, and your Theory is a fruit added unto these. your Theory need only be plausibly "theoretical". your Theory is a happy sign you've played your part with Method-actor intensity.

your postures shall endure; for we tire of his arguments but cannot shake the scene of his elenchus. [i mean Socrates.] PHL101 is still in love with Athens, with an image of virtue - do his thoughts or his *style* seduce us?

ss

Mann's Doctor Faustus is a score

Mann's own text is a performance.

Mann's book is the Oratorio.

the uncle's shop, in Kaisersaschern, calls down spirits:

a bewitching sight that caused one's private acoustic
fantasy to surge and roar.

the uncle's shop is a catcher of song, calling down for
Leverkühn. the drumskins tight and rattling light an
endless rhythm. in rows unplayed, the woodwinds play a
wondrous song: all their possible melodies.

all the unstruck song is heard, in Mann's loving inventory:

Here, however, the meticulously tuned metal plates, arranged to vibrate freely on pairs of crossbars, lay in neat rows in their elegant lockable case, waiting to have melody struck from them by dainty steel hammers kept inside the padded lid.

[trans John E.

Woods]

abstraction is a set of all the variants: heard by sounding
none.

or, heard by playing thru all, at once: thus none in particular. here, my notes from the making of A Night at the Opera:

a band of four, every man a chorus of four, subselves divisored. Freddie's head in hindu multitudes.

tv's sound was off. the captions on.

sessions were spread over six London studios. the tapes worked clear, their sulphites / whatever by layered guitar worn thru.

an abstract song is heard in the description. my favorite
Electronica is Kodwo Eshun: his book is enough.

i'm selling off my Miles CDs. i will not seek a vinyl
Electronic Sonata.

i've tried to like Venetian Snares but finally love his kit
explained in a recent Exclaim.¹⁹

¹⁹ Alan Ranta, 'Venetian Snares: Where I Play'. Exclaim Mar 28 2016.

i have my store of crackly qualia from wonky patchcords -
so the *word voltage*, when set near *sequencer*, activates a
circuit, is a fine Electronica.

ss

three bucks a pound at the Bulk Barn! the winning bin,
among almonds five times the price, peanuts orange with
barbecue salt.

why notice now? what took me so long?

the obviousness of sunflower seeds. optimal options i've
missed!

i'm mildly allergic to peanuts. yet didn't quite notice till my thirties. John Dalton noticed he was color-blind only in his twenties - at last knew why it always seemed "that several colours were injudiciously named".

all along, in large white wholesaler's buckets was sunflower butter - whose taste i prefer. but i kept eating peanut butter, my go-to protein thru gradschool. i never thought it thru to my itchy pink face. i never quite noticed with my mind that its other side, my face, was often itchy. i never asked why my hand was often rubbing at my flaring cheek, knuckling at my eyes after lunch.

i didn't shave till i was 33 - and realized, soon after, why i couldn't be a Sikh. i'm mildly allergic to my beard itself! and the turban had become a pain, i admit. i was kind of hot in that thing! the kids' teasing question was correct - yet the turban protected me, swaddled my brain. kept my high homunculus twice-removed from life, till i was ready.

you tip this flower's face a bit, this golden disc that
mimics human height on a stem - just for us, it seems,
so we need not crouch to receive - and fatty seeds,
store of solar power fall free!

it's well-named, like butternut squash - an honest
agrarian marketing!

ss

clue-string wound thru hall & closet. under rug to terminus
lode.

often there's a list of names, all i've learned but one:

Dickens

Conrad

Peacock

research yields a second set, a new unknown, and so on:

every three, a new unknown, my breadcrumb path thru
bookstacks.

clue-string wound thru hall & closet, under rug to terminus lode.

one i recall was Small, Bigger, Biggest: whose answer was Us - we siblings, three, ensized in her presence.

and Kim's Game, the Memory Game: tray after tray with random array of domestic knick-knacks. she may have used a whistle.

she was first in our hood to know D&D, to say D&D and she DM'd neighbourhood sessions from the dining table.

she was not excessively our mother & we liked that.

waiting for laundry, practising french saying PEUR, PEUR,
at the table she took over. the sticky, scuffed dining
table, with marbles in her mouth for embouchure.

years later, searching her dresser, i discovered a manuscript, old. a prehistoric fantasy epic. a pre-Vedic Clan of the Caves, it was good. . . .

i hope she still has it.

smaller stories, family lore. walking home from college, she halted, drew into a hug her burgundy attaché, protecting the quizzes within. to grassy side was a kid down low. she and he had mildly surprised each other.

you know? he said, eye squinting up from his pile of sticks: i love sticks.

they all confess. she doesn't mean but turns them nonetheless.

the child had no lies. but near my mother his premise of
Play was outed.

he wistfully sighed, continued.

she taught ESL, was de facto Head Ma'am of my hometown's Vietnamese boat people. she honoured them as gracious host, and they loved her in turn. threw her daytime parties in their townhouse.

one of them apologized: his mother-in-law had died, so he'd like to miss class. he was squinting & grinning from nervousness - or, as my mother later speculated, just for me: as the customary sign of grief in their culture!

she came upon me once with my eyes half open, laying on the sofa, smiling up kindly at the ceiling.



i must have been six, with a smile like this.

in her kindly-wry, rather nasal tone, she inquired:

"What are *you* smiling at, Mister?"

she asked with a smile like mine 'cause she already knew!

oh i was just respecting myself, i said to my mother. you know: closing my eyes, lying on the sofa and respecting myself.

my mommy loves that story! she shews it to me ev'ry day! 😊

today i was leaned on a College Street storefront, waiting for the streetcar and a group of Christian youngsters came by. full of good energy, all of them name-tagged & chattering.

a homely round Asian had "BECKY😊" on her tag, and her tag was on her hand-painted T-shirt:

LIVE YOUR LIFE.

LOVE YOUR LIFE.

our eyes briefly caught, and i gave a solemn nod: a small silent YES to our shared esoteric Philosophy.

i saw her later on in a booth at The Pickle Barrel, picking at a hang-nail - far from her comrades' revels.

ss

Comedy holds these lovely shores, these

: 'clown's suspenders' [c.y.hui]

comedy gold, these shoddy shores:

[an old man trudging w/ an AWOL ski-pole.]

boredom transforms to unprincipled joy.

[twiddling thumbs versus playing Nintendo.]

a power unrestrained versus weakness in repose.

- yr Moves in violation of the Movator ethos.
- in our moment of Zen, u insist on delight.

- stoked by your antics, our joy runs ahead of his Keeper.
- a baby went gaa. her mum unaware had hand on cuppa, hand on carriage.

- your humour grows lazy and tends to irreverence, to the easy incongruity.
- on Tyndale's assent to the holy & infinite task you'd add a **NOT**.

o your ignorance seen, like dust heaped on a Spectral
form, in too much said.

- consider Nathaniel's nasally jibe: can any good thing from Nazareth come?
- yet here is Nathaniel, one without guile: as if to correct, with comic prescience, our reading of the text.
- read again: could it be? this something good from Nazareth?' :an open request for clarity.

○ Alan Alda's spirit name is 'Gomer', Gomer's not wry. it's just how he sounds. a simple man, our Gomer friend goes far. a curious tone that seems to say something on Republican hegemony; far his voice has taken him.

henry's on my vinyl sofa, full layed back. his brogues
are on, his hands relaxed on upper abs.

henry's doin alright, is chipper on Iboga.

is satisfied with self, and correct.

rivulet's tinkle, the trickle of tap: kinda makes me wanna pee.

henry said the opposite. henry said it's like someone's doing it for me.

henry is on, in our highschool way, a comedic state of grace.
he can't be unfunny, and i'm at the desktop writing it down.

according to Aristotle, Comedy was slow to gain official acceptance because nobody took it seriously.

Aristophanes: producing Comedies is most difficult of all.

The Symposium ends with Socrates defending Comedy: talking to himself, to his passed-out friends.

every play is strangely funny, an irony runs thru it.

the parts marked **Joke** they taught us are painful wordplay, are puns that encourage the Pomposity that ruined the plays, for me, till i cracked my skull at the age of thirtyseven. the insults slapped on mug for dad the english prof were overwrought, they stay on-tongue so all have time to mark their delight. they do not hit the eye as a lobe of spit might.

his jokes are awful yet when read in the same high spirits he wrote in, then one hears, line by line, the dirtiest things ever spoken: a double-entendre endless & more salacious than de Sade.

ss

in stopshot, the raindrop: not what we thought.

parachute-shaped, a squash ball mushed all up in itself.
half a sphere w/ doubled skin.

a truth our own skin knew: each fat drop was a suckerfish
kiss.

[in stopshot, a raindrop: a Chicago Reader's inset]

ss

on cleansing the sensorium, the snakeform seen for harmless
coir.

the nematode *C.elegans*, its thousand cells been fashioned
lithe.

ss

but do say more, of the celestial SHINE-DANCE: BE there a
climax of Synchronicities?

MAY WE SEE thru crystalline accretion of Matryoshka casings
to the whittled cork, the swaddled UR-baby?

she's a cat on her couch, a Looney Tunes chat.

she's a dripping Dalí w/ grand & unbothered whiskers.

all her prolixities brought to repose, held aneath a paw:

she's a wholly sufficient Felix.

ss

Y is in bed, curled in pain, but answers me:

her TPL password is 2273.

Y says

remember to click on 'Remember Me', this time.

she buries her head in the blankets and whimpers.

ss

i have a dream where patrons jump bar & cross over,
whenever. and tend to their own, forever; and your money is
no good.

a utopian eternity - on the Brooklyn-local scale,
spatially.

i dream often of

- a soul-disco cover of "Express Yourself", a joyful choral mass
- a predictable product of gay male demand
- it's the latest spin in a cycle of folk-song
- a Song was heard; the Hearer sang

i dream often of:

a happy estate that is secretly everywhere.

it is private & invisible, thus enjoyed without official interference.

this is The Kingdom of Heaven, already here.

ss

the next shift up, an innovation novel as the innervation,
eons ago, of animal tissue, SHALL BE:

[a party game]

a coming phase of awareness in-folding, of Jaynesian awareness, IS:

[a game for Phenomenology geeks]

"Dear flight of planes . . . "

[a writing prompt / dream-seed]

ss

the thing about songs is a chorus is coming.

harmonic shift contrives a line we followed, once, long ago, that took us to a change & amazed us:

frozen, now, in song structure.

a problem with poems is they come with a title, often on a page.

a problem w/ Odes is they're intended.

Solitary the thrush, / The hermit withdrawn to himself,
avoiding the settlements, / Sings by himself a song.

surely not - tho do go on.

o the thrush is a Poet? the same whose page we parse?

and this in a dirge for an American President.

any Mourning nine sheets long and set in verse is already
suspect;

and to publish oneself is abject.

Poets are dead, Leonard Cohen said. Leonard Cohen, u may join my Poets' Constellation: a gathering of madmen who twinkle discretely down on me. bemused observers of Sexual Selection - an inviolable condition of entry - whose wry lines register, like takes of the razor, the joys of desires unmet.

outpost of Turin, its inertial centre.

ecce homo, hunched at his station. in the alpine light
distinctly unblessed - a lone beam thru the grimy dormer.

he rails & totters, germanically mutters.

his ego is ballooned in an overlarge loneliness, long
unchecked by the press of other selves.

the valorous live from solar plexus. he is a brahmin, he's in his head.

is a nondimensional point of awareness. his trunk and limbs a faint extension [Living w Kundalini]

if the door should blow open, a Brother may it be!

if a Brother it be, be it Jesu, the Love-bug [Lebe-wanze]:
Transfixer-serene of wildeye gazings thru glasses gone
askew.

may a system of flurries cycle about his Person!

if this be a 'scene', will the People laff & titter, when
Jesu plays it tender? enfolds within placental robes the
troubled Scholar?

will someone shout 'It's not your fault!'?

a second chime, in the massing jibe, 'You had me at
hello!'?

Jesus hugging Nietzsche. Christ & Anti-, hamming it up for a grandstand full of gradschool kids - - - all of them in-utero & ebullient about my workdesk - - - where angels often hover - - - the airs around me whipped to meringue, my breath of prose in cloudforms lofted, curlicue & alate, and i chortle that should teachers ask, let this be their image.

-KNOCK KNOCK

-who's there?

-a lightbulb joke, because:

➤ it seems a handsome thing to have done

ss

i had this idea for a film, for all the world:

from satellite-heights, zooming on the bedroom / getting
angles on the bedroom.

the ending's huge!

begins more indy, w/the score diageitic on his turntable
tinny that by Madison Square is a Wagnerian fanfare.

[Epic film, to now convince, must be like Life: if Life
were like an Epic film.]

ss

an animal exits \ index

you are a child, an animal child, lost inside a Song § once upon a Time: you'll hear this as a lullaby § let us descend, exemplify § these lordly halls, mendacious walls, that keep you § my first bicameral xp § she didn't wait, she ran straight up the brickwork to her soffit hole § Plato's table, the incidental prop § a sufficiently advanced technology § the child B was always Eve § my room is a realm made sacred by Science § later that week a missive arrived for THE REPTILE WRANGLER § high in his tower, a sentryman lapses § B put a sign over stairs into my cellar § o pls let me be no amnesia alien, olden & from elsewhere! § Tomorrow we'll play truants § it's hard to be new, there are too many people § i dreamt we three of us all of us heard the first Atlas Sound album § i loved, loved Pafko at the Wall in its '92 debut § sedulous, click [Here to Listen](#) § The Butterfly Effect § The Perfectly Sharp Blade § across a crowded Seminar, that's how i met my genius friend Johnson § we huddled in council, ran some numbers § Vonnegut said more ego / i love it! § i found him in fear, in an arid gully § HINDOOSTAANI GAIDEN:TALE OF MIKE NEWMANI § monde, a little omnium: w/ ideogloss § i found him holding court in his deep black chair at the Bloor / St. Thomas Starbucks § drop the likes, for what is 'like' the light? § gelid pools my shoes sop up, every other sidewalk slab § a novel's last page floated up

into my balcony § YOU look like a Scholar, like an S-caller! § a striking thing is legs, that i have them § it sometimes goes porno, porno as part of the job § my name, he decides is Saint Paul § the time had come, again; yet it never left his neck § the ladies' man Undo [UHN-doh] § while masturbating, meditating, someone walking in § the Joke in reverse is still got § yahweh, o wahweh! to your warnings i'm amenable § Serpendent's Den, or Paul's PENTAMENT § when Stefan goes Bravo, three times claps § my feral beard i'd twisted in knots, into ludicrous knots § float thru your day, for each Being say: We could've made a whole cosmos, together § Stefan said to keep yr head up. always keep yr eyes on the second level § why did i think you're in Business, not Politics? why did i say § kief's like stop talking British, the both of you § You must see the face of that one, St. Paul § the Three Stillborn of Stefan are the Three FAILED WORLDS of Popal Vuh's Cosmogony § and just as a drunkard who comes thru a thicket § the problem of Altruism - its collapse into ego, to the pleasure of Charity § the game this time is Name any topic § brahman is lonely, a drawn-on OM, minus the legendary Ecstasy § Mine would have me supine on my futon, forfeit to ascendant forms § to learn your lines, say them loud, and hyper-enunciate § double-writing: retracing pen's path while awaiting words-to-come § we have a tradition of eateries named for their proprietors § older forms of highway stop: a series § got accidentally high § Oh, she said: are you a musician? § We could meet again like this, he said § BEGIN: the castle is a lantern § at NextGenWalkthroughs.com § there were silences stuttered per second of song § pale sister émigré, asleep on the subway § my grampa once told me what my problem is § an unrelenting inner peptalk, our daimon of success § can we talk

about Prison? § 'not weird at all', i was going to type § stoned
and alone, at a stoplight listening to Strawberry Swing § a
Behaviourist criterion of Theodicy § the Author checks his Inbox
at Asia FriendFinder § she has a name, that comes second: Ping §
Chongqing: the Secret Metropolis leaves out faces § this
fortuitousness of Beauty seems scripted § had this idea for a
film, for all the USA § dear Nick Bostrom, your Argument works! §
was old, cool, cloyed with sweat. was three great rings, welded
concentric § a lesser-known Dante buries with his wife his last
Manuscript § i'd all along been hearing Hallelujah wrong § stone
floor's hot, hallway wide & royal § from my smaller self 'roy', i
spy a child who cannot recall his royalist origin § no final
Cause, only paul's happy prods from behind § coincidences are just
infrequent enough that they may merely be coincidence § **The
Shining** is television, is Danny alone, watching tv § these Pyramid
Texts, for you who dreams them § dying, the great Intensifier. an
early voice is heard again, and amplified § an inductive-indexical
arg for immortality § so little made of 1am as I AM, as the Hour
of Yahweh § Fah - wait for it, wait for it now § dooms foreseen
are local for the wider diaspora § she can no longer stomach ruz-
o-laban immo - for reasons none of them the lamb's § the Middle
East is middle as a Mirror's plane between two realms § in vintage
grain, a vérité / a norden gloom, if gloomy that day § where, this
day, would the Devil live? § the ethical task is endless, is
relentless thus itself unethical § give them a show, or Leave: let
that be your revolt § dharma is the last to go before moksha § the
dragon is huge, is hard to see § the world is a Curve, is a cave.
a curve has a back, implies its reverse § the bears came to the
edge of town § we're what remains, and Death was a holy Selection

device § our demon feeds, our feedings feed on his behalf § The
Monster is ALONE !!! § your parka's armpatch is loud. says BANE
CAPITAL § the crime is common: Hardy names all England § ironic by
its double-tone. by saying the same thing twice, at once § my
anger makes an X; it orients a bomb drop § time travel yes, for
telegraph-bursts of info § i fell asleep till a silence, sudden,
half an hour in § the colossal is a fraud [pkd] which sad if true
means Kubrick, all Epic § a cowboy on a horse who cannot act. § in
a photo-est-finish of electoral sprints § these Types enforce an
Order § America mein, tinned goods bahaut jyaada hae § so each may
have their thousand square, their own perfected cavity § signs i
hope, signs i fear, of a lifeworld dissolving § looking down,
we'll note with pride computers once were ours § a presence the
same as, a lumens intense as, life § smiling from their baptism
pond, the Allman Brothers Band § a harmless doc, than bare my soul
to the power of Rock, again § a Sign that spurred his speaking
tour for **Breaking the Spell** § in PBT, our options reduce to
Theism/Anti § a Person with quirks: this, not chakras, is
disruptive of Physics! § i seek extreme comfort, i refuse the
scrape of collar seam § surprise party / novel § disgust with sex,
with having sex § and youths should be made to imagine The Virgin,
naked in her healing Grace § sin prevents salvational knowledge §
to george i am spectral, i'm all Vision § our trio filled the hall
with sound. we had our hour & were good § a cycle of breath-songs,
deep in the sandblasted lands of our Gathering § when darkness is
total, & Nature weary § BY VISION FUTURE & VERIDICAL, OF "TELUS" §
Campus as a casting space. an Improv shop for a Redemption Play §
Mann's **Doctor Faustus** is a score § the obviousness of sunflower
seeds. optimal options i've missed! § clue-string wound thru hall

& closet. under rug to terminus lode § she came upon me once with
my eyes half open § henry said the opposite. henry said it's
like someone's doing it for me § in stopshot, the raindrop: not
what we thought § on cleansing the sensorium, the snakeform seen
for harmless coir § but do say more, of the celestial SHINE-DANCE:
BE there a climax of Synchronicities? § Y is in bed, curled in
pain, but answers me § i have a dream where patrons jump bar &
cross over, whenever § the next shift up, an innovation novel as
[a party game] § the thing about songs is a chorus is coming § i
had this idea for a film, for all the world §