woven in the wind's white noise,
from lastcall's crowdbuzz lifted —

warnings from yr hell-self gone
unsifted
SPARK       bespot / scatter the stars

AS           to breathe, and

SKAP         to dig, scrape, shave

MAK          to hav power, MAK to be great
near-death,

a sign you've died

in variant lives, in

adjacent Multiverse space
spontaneous combustion, The Lord High
Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery, Bleak House exist

:the world as caricature: Dickens as journalist
'documentary', 'literally' mean mediated

: stable words, a whole vocab as Freudian slips
On quality free HD I've seen:

Bolivian young, in great tin halls,
boys in staggered rows unnumbered,
naked on their knees;
Tony Jay............Voice of Supreme Being
Edwin Finn..........Supreme Being's Face
& shows about persons institutionally dwarfed, receding down hallways
always a rock fest from 1970 you never knew;
whose parts on YouTube outnumber its views
always, always, in Amazon & lab,
drugs unscheduled, vine unshredd
INT shot, w/verité:

A thru Z, B thru Y, C thru X in placid remembrance et cetera, then:

[ opens w/in a gravity well, vowels slo-
emerging ]

[ every phoneme causal, born organic from
preceding ]
SIRE said I

THE IDOLS are all broken;

THE TEMPLE of BAAL to LEGO's retokened,

PIECES ARRAYED on PLAY ROOM'S RUG

WELL DO WHAT WE WILL W/
in teams we lean
from a tilted,
eviscerated
E.S.B.
thought outruns its solemn home

from lonely stinkholes men instream
boyfriends, nanas, kinder wander here & there in chemical clusters find their place w/out conference or murmur, kneel & squeeze in for a photo-take
each could be:

any accent,

as protean as:

a bookless home,

a faux-Versailles wedding venue
for reckoners beyond the lens
they'll not temper their elation
an altruism I infer, an ethnophilic datebook wherein Micmac, Gaelic, Pashto, Cyrillic make each day a holiday somewhere, for someone
from just off-frame, nares [“aflare”], eyes gone wide & tribal in his strained impression of the Human Smile, forearm far from blazer’s sleeve in holy-roller splay

[Convocation Day, May 2008: raking the steps of the James A. Farley postal building]
pls now appear,
in the bounds of
my doorframe

[ the only response
is for you to appear,
unannounced
in the bounds of
my doorframe ]
[ hands about yr frazzled hair,

"astonishment!"

you exclaim ]
[again you exclaim]
could hear the oil sizzle in-mouth, on roof & tongue the redbean paste like napalm
• too big to breathe through, and spitting out would not be cute so
skin soon hung from roof to tongue
a great raw swath did dangle on my blasted tongue
[ every scene a Bardo theme,
titters in the wings that seem

a natural patter, an enthralling
Realism’s intricacies, vis.: 

→ a COURTIER’s thoughts on Lady
MacB’s lavabos

versus

notes on an actor’s unity of Grief

→ stageprompts FELT, FIT & SNUG,
wove in-script w/ lyric aplomb

→ every rhyme, uncontrived,

→ every line, a dirty songo she’s
  a region in Guyana,
  all Bounty & Gold and

→ every pan, a framed paysage ]
I did range a pale god over works outspread on a K-town teashop's rotary service
• appetites huge & distractable
• appetites huge & distracted
• took own notes, generated own laughter
enjoyed "the wrong thing" I did, to a source

deserving credits flowed but still, still
like "a jet taking off" [Hendrix] or

a short-wave radio [Tony Visconti] tuning in——

whose ontic implications

the human ear dreads & comprehends
second followed first so true the two did flange and soundmen fear

the HINDU MIND unready for this time-based effect
enjoyed the wrong thing I did, to a source
deserving credits flowed but still:
thought Nico on my headphones when was "Dear Marge"——

more melodic, less sparse, stabler than

The Marble Index I'd remembered