



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 LEGOs RETOKENED,

PIECES ARRAYED ON PLAYROOM'S RUG

WE'LL 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

