Recursive Loops

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RECURSIVE LOOPS

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the University of New Orleans in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts in Drama and Communications Creative Writing

by

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B.A. University of Massachusetts, 2002

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Abstract

Let us first agree that while at play with language few are able to find true comfort in being incessantly perplexed with the very words we believe to control. But what if, while moving around in that mode of uncertainty, we were then, and only then, able to discover certain concepts, often unrelated to the initial intention that brought us directly into the sandbox to begin with? These things, frequently unnameable and/or intangible, regularly surprise the composed sort of poet, the type of us who are so protective of the lexicon we trust in. The setting is presented here as an image, a play-space (a sandbox), a vast common ground which can give us the harmonious or purposefully inappropriate sense of place (depending if one creates out of cosmos or chaos), in which many of us have existed, or can exist, without judgments, endeavoring out into the very far ends of it, recognizing its ultimate nature, and in that acceptance, so dangerously discovering that it is infinite.

---

"Its tans mutated now but it was something like i hear a ringing so i have to think about communicating or its ringing but now my mind is on communication and then their was the secondary interruption of the original thought the prior being the ringing and the secondary being the message that you leave which always proceeds all messages left to you and this is not a message about the poem or any given dialogue it it was just me trying to call you and you being their without answering which is different by the way that i am signaled from you being their but not able to receive a signal" – (The prior is referential only to a voicemail that has been transcribed and deleted from its original, virtual, storage unit, which has never been seen by the reader or the transcriber. The thought is that the recording is on some computer server somewhere in a larger room of servers, which cannot be accessed by a referential point or address or citation of any sort.) -JM
This time the specific play space requires one-inch margins, a semi-consistent font size and style, a cover page, a table of contents, an abstract\(^2\), an introduction, a body of work (most importantly), and even a vita (as if the text does not have enough life of its own). So in this mind it would not be an exaggeration to state that it pangs me to format any portion of this document per the requirements set forth by the institution which will be conferring upon me a degree (of which this very document is a culmination of), yet it is done in order to make-good the promise of completing a creative thesis and all the parts of such a text that must contain a precise formatting for a reason of standardization. Hence I am committing a required fault for a vaulting forward; an irony purchased dearly.

My insistent nature is to constantly make the very language that I inhabit (or that inhabits me (or both of them)) new, and in doing so challenge the structures that have been set in front of me\(^3\). And so I have come to realize, nearing the close of this sentence, that again, one must choose their creative battles wisely, and that further disputing the required template for the very pages that you are on, or the ones that come above, are minute matters in comparison to those pages that come after.

\(^2\) Or in the case of the one contained herein, an abstraction. Or let us also say there are many other names we could call it.

\(^3\) In some cases ignoring these very structures can get one into more trouble that in the attempt to subvert them, only perhaps because a dialogue is created in an openness and verbal intention of subversion. Another option is to subsume with rogue intent.
Aptly, and second handedly, Robert Creeley remarked in an interview⁴ that in a conversation with John Ashbery⁵, Ashbery said: “Well, first of all, the one thing that we were all in agreement with was that there should be no program, and that the poem, as we imagined it, should be the possibility of everything we have as experience. There should be no limit of programmatic order.” So let that move us to a discussion about where laboring within language can take one, or conjectures and formulas on how it is to be scattered onto the page, or if we can ever reach and answer to the question on what to leave out, and what to let in.⁶

And? Or? And/or? Either? Also? Not either, also?

So I have decided to abandon these seminal questions. If I use the “idea of process”⁷ as my driving phrase with a trained ear, I feel less inclined to edit from a moment of composition; and ultimately, I don't know if it really matters. As I truly have nothing to offer except my own discursion.

“Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge / Boom boom, boom boom, boom boom”⁸ right up to and including the idea and action of

---

⁵ I wonder if John Ashbery ever dreamed about the capacity of being at play in the structure of a footnote? Extending a thought into the foot of its body.
⁶ "Anything can follow anything else (providing nothing is taken as the basis” — John Cage FROM Introduction to Themes & Variations. 1982.
⁷ The thought was to originally include the entire quote from “...get on with it, keep moving, keep in, speed, the nerves, their speed, the perceptions, theirs, the acts, the split second acts, the whole business, keep it moving as fast as you can, citizen. And if you also set up as a poet, USE USE USE the process at all points, in any given poem always, always one perception must must must MOVE, INSTANTER, ON ANOTHER!” But then it became extraneous, until I realized again how tangible it is here on the foot.
(Note: I use this quote but do not recognize DADA as a literary school.)
letting the natural hand fall to the page without the mind getting in the way, often refreshingly admitting to myself, that I am just learning, and finding it un-frame-able to pinpoint an exact number of poetics working while in the indeterminant mode spoken of above, aka experiencing the benefits of this “middleness.”

Earnestly I have infused my understanding of poetics with myriad of sources to create a strain most consistent with my conscious tastes; hence, all I know is what moves me, even if I am unaware of how it does what it does. As of late it has been Fritz, Ferlinghetti, Rothenberg, Ginsberg, Zukofsky, and Tzara, just to name a few names in the hopper. Virtually everything I read adds something of value to my mental and manifest foundries, even if it is in discovering profitable diametrics.

Let me start again, as if the beginning didn’t already happen countless times, as if you hadn’t already made determinations prior to this word. Or how about we boldly ax an entire sentence for affect and see exactly where it gets us in the course of a moment.

Burroughs once said in an interview, “When you start to think in images, without words, you are well on your way.” Now I

---

9 In utilizing a chance operation, the first web page found, using a popular search engine, that actually contains the word “middleness” can be found here: http://faculty.vassar.edu/mijoyce/ClodaghWeb/threshol/middlene.html

wont claim to know exactly where it all might be on its way to, but I believe that there are many elements in the body of work that I present here that are synonymous with his sentiments. Consistent with a language cut, placed, replaced, to resemble a thought pattern inconsistent with what is commonly thought to be a creative speech pattern.¹¹

I will add an honest Ginsberg chance operation: “who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish”¹² ...My next line would then be... “who continues to be dug and to dig into the sky where each individual moment is worthy of paradise.”

courier new,

j.s. makkos

¹¹ “I have only a delivery option    I have been sequestered to a blue tile bathroom in the recognition of the dutch tile    everyone I know is pulling arrows and trying to shoot them    everyone I know does not own a bow but owns a picture frame    everyone I know has a picture inside a picture frame    of waves breaking off of rock in reverse    and they are so blue that they make me think of the color green    and they are so breaking blue off of the picture frame that the tiles on themselves break and show fracture that the picture i knew is no longer a picture    the picture itself is collapsing    only lighthouses    only things that i don’t really recognize any longer    plastic on plastic    plastic secured around plastic by little bits of metal    plastic pieces inside of plastic    securing themselves inside by pieces of metal    secured by a piece of plastic    in plastic    on plastic    securing itself    and the whole thing only wants to procure a piece of paper    and the paper procured by a piece of tree    but the tree itself dead    deadened    but the paper itself the paper itself on plastic in plastic    is on a roll    circular    circular    i have no where else to go    ill flip the switch    its not fault    its not fault    its not my faulty wiring”(a recorded and transcribed voicemail regarding the assessment of the value of this page)- JM

I. nine algorithms

you start with a sentence
something that encompasses something that contains
or just talking about the simplest thing like the wind
then you move on to greater ideas
the leaf the snow
there is a melting there is an ice patch there is black ice
and from their you usually take a puff on a cigarette
and allow it to fall into the meaningless meaning meaning
how cold is the top how course is the language like
we were just sitting the other day at a table together like always
but sitting together like always
and jane said
o my god I couldnt believe when I got the dog back from the pound
back from the pound and the next place to go
would be interior something like my goodness
the shadows no
i never thought that before
there is a possibility of light and then
the kitchen is so beautiful
icicles and icicles on glass
as if repetition or a pause
and then you would say something to the effect of the effect of
then you would say something to the effect of the effect of
and then you would say something to the effect of
then the next thing would be something about snow falling on trees
and boughs and leaning and
the type of things that occur horizontally and vertically
and then next would consist partially of filling the tank to eighty percent
or falling back on thoughts that happened the day before
or wondering about pieces of metal that stick out of the ground
and the next thought would be the next thought and that would become
now tertiary fecund growing isomorphic
split down the center
a tree growing
from it

(nine algorithms)

(sat under this tree)
(where we found the Word carved in it) (______) (in Sanskrit)
(we were going for patience) (on a quest to the springs)
(when we happed upon water) (and the tree where it stands)
(we were all about a silent week) (what we got was language)
(in wood piles to burn) (where ants made nest in our fuel) (kindling was spineless)
(there were ancient texts) (warmth worth sleeping to)
(the time had not yet come) (all over again) (all over also)
(a could-be looking for less)

(birds chirped sideways) (as sirens sang intrinsic) (we took baths in the stream)
(while one of us watched the clothes) (naked before pan)
(like empty plates) (when the dishes were done and drying)
(we began to think we knew something) (we were all wrongly set)
(backing up the elephants again) (ribbon saddled)
(all avoiding the system) (all had bad credit)
(we had all lived through earthquakes) (even new york city)
(we left our taproots behind) (where the priests began to chant)
(liquify) (textdefi) (oracle) (untraceable)
(we smelled a field of incense) (being burned by the future)
(we went down to the boat) (each with a coin in our pocket)
(no reminders like gloves on our hands)
(what remained was our clothes) (we no longer had need for comfort)
(diamonds no longer had value) (or proof of clarity)
(houses were foreign) (being rich a curse)
(wheat no longer digestible) (grass became our peace meal)
(jungles were again inhabited) (digested)
(each breath a new species)

(rivers became the airports)
(icarus up from the sea) (unmelted wings rebecame authority)
(trumpeters signaling arrivals) (no one ever departing)
(the roads began to buckle)
(we were sleeping prostrate) (honoring the logos) (waiting for the sun to awake us)
(honesty was our only choice) (silver or invisible)
(gills reforming) (right behind our ears)
(air was thickened) (meanwhile we unworried)
(undirectioned) (unearthed)
(swimming through the firmament)
(beholden)(yet becoming)
(unstating every statute)(working backwards a language)
(un resounding)(thought to fold)(hand to fin)
(like gutenberg never was)(teeth un typed)
(making metals think)(untiming the chain)
(unmasoning the brickwork)
(while we were holding hands)(never touching skin)
(submarined by a school of starlings)(that let us know their thoughts)

(previous to later)(intimidated)
(awake by movement thorough)(hyphens appeared as snowfell)
(cosmos born from chaos)(disorder no longer a matter)
(a reverse rapture awakened)(i held it in my hand)
(synesthesia took it over)
(calling colors)(hearing the scent of pictures)
(we all knew it was on its way)(touching the notes of the liar)
(letting the prescription be)
(on all accounts)(liquid)
we should have died
been let out of the bag\textit{(unrecognizable)}\textit{(to other communities futures)}
sense organs covering us as shells\textit{(there was nothing we couldnt note)}\textit{(over and over)}
under and under\textit{(palpable)}
\textit{(linguistic)}\textit{(we kept moving north)}\textit{(up river)}
\textit{(the world was flat)}\textit{(its a good bye)}
on delivery\textit{(on forgery)}
\textit{(quit telling me what sound goes next)}

\textit{(negation brought us back)} \textit{(to this side of the river)}
\textit{(the tableau removed)}\textit{(from our silent song)}\textit{(the wind blew in all colors)}
\textit{(we forgot all of evolution)}\textit{(unremembered the design)}
in which our eyes\textit{(and ears)}\textit{(and lips)}\textit{(and other unknown functions)}
did again\textit{(what clocks tell them too)}\textit{(boom boom)}
i was done counting words\textit{(done)}\textit{(slicing the oranges)}
lunch was way over\textit{(we saddled up to be off)}
up to be on again\textit{(into the direction wed been going)}
(we thought a larger fable) (before we went back under)
(fact just a thing) (like fiction) (like adhesive)
(imaginary) (imagery) (inside the fold) (or other)
(or) (a great oar rowing) (on top) (watching the down below)
(what's scattered on the bottom) (all around the choral)
(around plants that breath much slower)
(into the fine composite) (and use what they just need)
(to still themselves all over) (to continue true mitosis)
(in order to let us eat them) (out of no such obligation)
II.
vagaries, projections, and other constellated figures

the thought was
lets not fuck this up time is abstract
but a bargain within its constraints
will get us the last three years and
even more in the working project
of what we are onto
inevitably more will come after
synesthesia an educated guess

the thought is
we want the trajectory
lets mark a point on the path
only as dynamic as the dead tree print
can take us always aware of the motion
the projective ( min et max
shirt tucked in or out doesnt matter
just as long as
we have snacks

hence
for one fleck we be certain

a flood

indentified as water only up to your waist
leftmarginnolonger a maker for your eye
nothing isasimportant as what you are holding right now
does it even matter how you look to who even cares if i say this is not what you think it is you obviously will how well do you breathe underwater another inquisition


to claim no such hegemony is i as being just a pronoun both words noun but then an image needed again as if we didn’t know viewer watered dart active with no forced meaning hands unbound interpretation (in trepidation buzzard we find fiction sleeping persay inside multitasking elevators and other parts that have longer been there chiselled abstracts still lives liquid on one small detail in each line are the directions on how to make a withdrawal or have you closed the book to use it as flotation as the waters continue to rise over each head like a turtle in the bottom of a steel bucket waiting to float off a rock under the runoff gut ters image thought image thought image like boxing if he can speak their language spar when you begin to feel you realize this might get out of control but then again you find your eye making a shift to the other side or did it shift start here first technique inconsequential for the one is the whole none angles wrong infallible infallibility est constantly making each lb. new is what we have i dent the fine wading in up to my chest as waves ripple taller subsuming all in their path about boats and people because the word orders are not informing a clear blue picture all the same thoughts by the sameness crystalline and blue to mine eyes no longer identified as water over your head but now to words old writ you are an outsider with one thought of an aromatic plant with a few crypt words in the script we can create border for the boarders at dawn lighten the load and remove xhume pages from this book if you think it will do it any good then mail them back in certain places there are only two directions toward and away from the mountains so we go toward because the water is coming up now you’re an underwater breather in the junket

BUDAPEST

there is something about this you

there is something about this you that hits the sun and the moon

at the same light
with even assistance
from the stars

and where on earth
do we shatter
and become one from
both of our

pieces
is there such a time to be gathered
a weather to be systemed

stems becoming flowers from death
as birds learn to upset gravity before they bite the ground

i can no longer explain the notion before me

who moves with the quickness of water
but with the patience of sunday

even my punctuation can be stalled for this one or
incorporated as texture into songs arch

when do we belong in a time unquestioned for its sake of moment or
was it motion i should have spelled faster

unconcerning
a more stringent
thought
produced

on into the cusp
of floodgate feeling

whereas what
as being held
behind is found
further on un

rested for constantly
in an explicit remedy:

follow the phrase
as it moves down your face

or

produces some other unnamed
image upon your mind

the day
directions

there are those
walking in the night and those in
each going on into all and either also

when we reach a similar path we will know

to be holding an umbrella to either block
the sun or the rain either which we let in
upon now or when the hand falls to re word

idioms are we

idioms are we
in ideas sounds
about a work where
you left pages
and i rite ones
andor vice verse anthen
when texts set together
they become one color
juxtapose did we if
for now dreamsongs
let us read with them
writing all ways through

albeing rhyme
there is music
when between this
others exist even speak
subjects et moments tuch
weird prepositions understood
what documents you to say
canwe be windy
let us speak unpromptly of
all that is now
unsonnet unsestein unrhyme
unzip unwined yet intuned

a field of fifty composite

one _______ gets you down
two _______ gets you up ( )

A COMMOTION
a regression from that state
they are trying to find a place in this house
that is comfortable to work in
they are painters, with words, with a predetermined set of figures,
but an unlimited amount of strokes...

“he who produces the longest work, wins___ (add proper point of punctuation.

descr i pt or a page to be reckoned with
a pale ghost laying low on the floor
waiting for some child to address it
is this not unheimlich enough for the gross population of NOW

locust season happens
approaching their song
slow paced notches
a grass worth saving
or a record of movement
or (the reverb from the next thought is tremendous:

attempt towards the un finds shape
attempt towards the un finds shape

16
without a separation
that which words deem political
this language, this city
of a people this collection
looking in from locked
doors can only see
shrapnel of plastics
believe he was braiding
the recycle while adding
thursday from four til seven is when
all who have entered impact
in pact this structure of
and inside of a structure
evading any facts or processes
of static in or about movements opuses
this collection of movement
in an abstraction into becoming
a house of blended conceits
fluid dynamic arts
about and aware of
process as stood out
in the hall a house
cards in its deck
the tangle mad push
of camereainrecording
overlapping lapping like a dog
and that of one breath
uses its tongue to pool water
almost broke in to steal it all
the house negation of event
through adding et sub tracting of event
itself an unevent
even tried to door
and felt plaststic shame
in and adding to the miasma
or re and retracted whereas
of what was created
still parts of active
creation nothing is to be
lost only a mess of
reuse in undestructability
matter boards boxes
plastic bags that brought home the groceries
shampoo advertising the trip
to find an open
slate empty room and then fill
it what then if the box was larger
to excess or smaller say
corporal what tools would you search
to full the salvage
all is ready to use
that often find itself discarded
a space ever evolving before eyes
that recreate from every last angle of light
unknowing active anyone can do ever did
as precarity arises and falls
one could assume a cut and a shuffle
a death into a more fertile soil
below active visit contribute
width without obligation
how short an illustrated motion
create to beyond it contributes to those
coming in yet are taking in that
involved in the maths of active act
be compare this plastic to that is even as close as
spaces in which we live
what order is found in the un
a thirst to evolve or be active in the volve
participant said to do your thing
to co contribute
to be here to arrive look and leave
to even fathom where all this trash was found
and to use that lingua into a new founding
which is the center
or into the in we must go
or into a deeper point of nuclei or inception
all forgotten, all in purpose, all conjuntivity
all vital every hand a creator
every hand a destroyer of another hand
all builders in purpose
a carpenter of energetics emerging
more choices available
what is that seat doing on the ceiling
what is the face doing painted on the wall
what is that doing looking like flower
what is this trash doing looking like life
so alive as roof or door, or way inout
uncolored all open with obtuse and acute in all directions
and they even vaccumed the floors to clean
the debree as if we collect leaves that fall from the tree
what then will be done with the collecting
there is a pile for all
and a place to sleep or make conversation with the dog

1328 West Elmdale Apt 1E
Redline L to Thorndale
(or) Lakeshore to Hollywood
6000 Block N

i heard in chicago
i heard in chicago the nights dont talk back
just they listen
like copcar hiding behind dumpster
that only we can see from the highway
to get past the fact
off hearing self talk
turn contents of trashcans
into sit coms about and including
topical topical
emergence with urgency
from and to and from and to
slow cloning the event
ual wake of love
wake of what was
candidate in poetry might add
everything here can be ex plained
nights tender depository
equations to combat
formulas to negate social inflation
mini hurricanes inside stone bottles
unnoticed Meccas all ways with limits
"Baggage Room TEMPORARILY CLOSED"
the sign reads in practical hieroglyphs
typically tending to personify
objects that control
the face of the watch
the cell phones dying
the pens bleeding think
why design jewlery when
those who mine the jewels
cant afford it

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>four voices in procession</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>cancel each other out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under a steel belly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of the elevated train</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>here is the place of one of three</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>failed attempts of Christ's return</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>not far left of Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>some wreckage of a single building</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

with eyes closed
with eyes closed
that which is seen only through eyelids
black forms surrounded by red --
travelers carry their bags into abandoned stations
all I can do is take pictures and make sense of them later.

on what to consume

there is much to
consumption of all intake fuel for
he says eat what you cannot identify
even if it is not food i ask
especially if it can be ingested
as if someone handed you a strange pill
and you swallowed it to become more
or to become more into middle
where all meets on the table un dissected
waiting for the floating cut
on your own when you know
theres more to devour
than what is named as food

and we were are all here again
and we were are all here again
we should be somewhere else
all together in the rain of an image
musical objects of dirt
cosmos not chaos
included as charming
must we must climb the limb
publish nocturnal flesh
saving each scrap as an incline to somewhere else
where a strange sadness
grants an impossible all
not sitting in a bar in chicago
or waiting on a beach in baja
to make the choice to end the task
or continue cooking the sprouts
until they are paste
what color is required
what diction is manifest
where is the unknown member of this group
sending a call from, a draft from
blogging his life from a prison
or flying jets to st. petersburg
i want to go, so where is next
because i no longer know how to raise my hand
my responses dont begin with a pause
they are a continuation of the work
from before the latest silence
a grove, a burn,
a healthy forest of pines
in northern new mexico
alpha with the bottom half of omega closed in infinity
thanks for checking in
for reading through the cage
from the outside in for the hell of it,
thanks for writing home to say,
thanks for giving an update from the pacific
well i had to, they called me on a whim
to let me know about someone i sweated
moved on to another state
to be a farmer, an ebayer of crops
surveyor of history from the soil up
instantly thrashing
like birds in the bath
the way was was already written
can we even be reminded
of the translucent hand
brushing up against our hat pins like wind does
dont stop now
while you got a gun
and a handful of roses
dont worry about the pall bearers
they will be notated
they will know who we were
strange and robust
twice a year suits
hair combed well
lined up like heirlooms
like wax on the dresser
or the soot on the brickwork
we were a presence
in the minutes of personae
a monster of energy
a beast of time
trusted as the future
sturdy as furniture
thick as curtains
they say we'll be profits
for their own selves, they say priests,
maybe i can cut them a slice
let them smell the cloth
taste the transubstantiation
give alms in their name
give their confessions at reunions
awakening a loudness of laughter
annotating the night into pieces
as the mariner studies the keel of the seabird
or the wind of the winter
waiting for the hole to be cut
by the undercurrents of revelation
let me reveal what happened:
subscription, transcription
pronouncing the passengers alive
on impact
let me remind you of the rouges:
reserving language for the arsons
who are walking in just now
with hands inflamed like match heads
taketalking from treeplanting
i want to know who was striding around
callaspalm or bloodyknuckled with shovel in hand to plant roots
while the prebrevity of an unclear definition sat
in washingtoncell without implements to language psalm
just when the large fisher poet was dropping coins
on into the fountainous page to hear vowels new
commuting through for what he had came down for
from north of full bottlecigarettebox boston
and still a couplehundredwhat miles away from the show
does there remain no thing to proof even the word that describes
_____ is not _____ paper to document move on time
from those who activeforget projective from the root
taketalking from the 1950 tree planting still lying to join the language
and the physical item and now motherboard gloss keel
of new typewriter about what who should know when where image
aroseisa someonesaid someonesaidagain
video monitoring in use stealing the trite like a meatphor onpurpose
as shock or sock or a milky handshake when or not if the whether vane dont work
when wind wiles in all directions allmotionspillpossible at once

i question wherewhen to seek yellowcab graphics ponyride polaroids
and phonenumbers of inconchandlersistan come unity come oddity
and howtos on howto read the weather vane
and comprerehend wherewind wheresail is going and wherewhat is left to
if a billy blake picnic or a con(pro)fessional flatline

i aminadmittedlysomuchasinthemiddleofstillabeginning
a bout a soft landing or an instunt crashlangd
or under standing the distance between roguelife and sainthood

i reknow there are somethings a fellow sinner told about me when we met
in sangria bar a in madrid
about writing poems and setting them in boxes built to be incendiary devices
when in order to read works as writ consumer bond is breached
you must open very box but know that work will be destroyed in process
where action in need of reading item ceases item from a possible read

where greysmoke phonetics no longer from ashes rise
we ate all the tapas they gave
with occho euro after after unomas unomas vino
onelot standing under onelot
his restaurant spainish better than mine ever
will be what was going on then when
your name came up
and he stated one should practically know you

yours truly,

as if it could be un re action
as if it could be un re action
what can be action un re
there is a killing and a re
even a shil in pocket shil
one a noun a verb
a part off of noise when
never a day
all we can hear someone
at times is in the distance
off
lyrical a song
when what we have canned
is ginsbrgs less reactionary
youth drum
only an interact

to move the word
from the place
is to see it when breathes god
inwading through
an invisible for est
naked of possess ion
uncheating knowing
that motion i ntrinsic
more silence

to speech inaudible
when it is revealed
that the creation of
new lang is in veins
it says
is there a nything
i can motion to you
that would make you trust more of
what can be action un re
as if it could be un re action

you ask how to extend the thing from that which it is
when really it was never a thing itself only a projection of all others
then when the thought to let become plastic it arises
and still becomes something as other from the language
it becomes referential and something all together different why
cyclical metaphor direction yet and again to be read again
when will the making of new stop where is pin tip unprint
a wild braid a buddhist knot an empty cross all parts one

none no former just now
let us not each other apart
the language is doing enough at the center
and silence even part of the map and mapping

if you destroy
from out of the west,
born on a bridge,
a young
harmonica Player
and inner term
Oil set blAzing long
isle of Chaos –
drip, pour, splash
your rhythmic unity
on the stoop of
concrete stairs.
walk around the field
you can walk around; and in.
a painting in action;
while on the floor
the paint is dried
and moves nowhere
but into our minds–
son of your father:
your own inventor
from words
to paint
to notes
to pencils
to words
release for us the vibrAtion of flickering candle
psychoanalysis to zen, and it is zen.
and so you desire to
bring us all to ________,
minute yet considerable.
your words and your sounds,
not your intention,
yet your gathered CreAtion
a GrEat question asked…
what does it mean?
it means everything!
we need new material and new technologies...
completely open, not open ended–
Man as conductor
of something grEateR
or mimiCking naturE
not gilMicking
so much to control
pERhaps more Could
be left to the randoM
to the change
and the changing of
the moment
and yet there is moRe
to your produCtion
than dancE
and chance–
emotional impact, red-hatted
two robed figures
observe from the hillside,
this work proves illusory –
resurrection of the dead, icon
ography, Several angels
blowing their trumpets,
luminescence conveys
a sense of infinity, the absence of
perspectival illusion shock
in moving geometricAl
rhythm from color to
form differenT colors
within the formed to energize
their geometry taking place in
an undefined Space depth, creating
a dynamic, push-pull effect
obviously the starK black
ground central axis Yellow balloon
forms rising into an in-
finite space outer space
do you, I, feel
A pulse yet, a strange
and unusual energy
Maybe that comPels the hAnd to twitch
and tuRn and beaT as if it
is the living heart’s
wish On the paper into the
physical and viewable
world-view cognition
maybe on a graph or a canvas
or a floor or a sound wave
To enable a though or mind,
and energy of Soul and breath
Waiting to not wait, or skip a beat
soft or loud
The time is now and now
and now and now and now and now and now and now
like a bomb
in the shell
lying in a field
in France waiting
to be discovered
all the framework
or that which
is read access
adding taking less
from the prior
and making new
any or every
single item as
as if nothing
has been writ
before the now
and then walk
as childlike
if your possible
into each room
you read work
and in moment
of consumption be
relive the scene
where you are
and strain what
is left of
the only language
that you have
as ammo as
a field tongued
as farm burned
to the ground
where only new
only new is
or can be
a cycle or
are we only
adding to draft
the feel is
to push page
let print die
undo the mortar
undo the bricks
unbuild the lingua
undraft the math
the meaning found
is flawed per
haps you need
haps you need
to buy dynamite
and light stick
to disturb fish

25
or you can use the rod
and reel it in
either when way

this is as one could be

this is as one could be
in all ways a moment
to purify eyesight or
as chandler would say it obvious
as any two occupy proximity
function as singular

when we meet on a bench in ____ land it will be this way too
within it a perfect pang of it
too calm to burn anything yet
or become as verbs might
when we meet on that next bench
i will ask to see the tattoo that was new to you sooner to now than then

or speak less about others even
with never anything to get out of the way
even the cheek featured with an index finger
on demand to forgo any other introduction

contact avoided at cost
your rent due on friday
above a cigarette burn on same page
cellos are large when you surround yourself with them

to hear your music instruments then
i have your movement swiftly through
the room in black and white from the stairs
printed on paper
and this the only proof of my reaction

mr. creeley
went to your office at Buffalo
you were not in,
knocked on the door
no answer, stood
in pause
with Echoes in hand,
would have asked vagaries
of you and your.

in approaching an image of God
in approaching an image of God
little can be de-scribed
(brilliant yet no report

27
Massachusetts Avenue is a Long Way from Mumbai

When what they try to throw at you sticks to you, how can you return? How can you retreat to the mud floors and stone highways of India? I saw you there in white, whistling to the hill birds while drinking water out of the center well. They were francolins and partridges and buttonquails and like them also I heard you sing in your sleep—pitching like a laughingthrush or a leafbird or even a kingfisher, oh for if it wasn’t for the song of the kingfisher, I’d be married to the city by now. But this avenue is a cry further from Calcutta, New Delhi or you’re Mumbai, where they write poems in the sand that bear no name.

There,
I see you standing there, whistling about the story—well, while a younger me scribes a short rhyme in the dirt. I get up and my knees are dirty, but that means nothing to a younger me. And when you notice me smiling at your reflection I run, and hide behind the trunk of a tree than conceals everything but my bare shoulders.

But there are less trees here than in your Mumbai, and while I have never seen its eastern glory, some day I will. Some day I will rise from my one bedroom off Mass Ave, and shake hands with the Silk Road, and run it all the way home. Some day I will trade my pressed suit in for a saffron robe, and pace the coast once taken out into the sea. And if some day has already passed, then it has; and if some day has already passed no more chance departures will be planned. No more sitting, and waiting for the bus to arrive out of the miasma. No more listening for the faint heartbeat of this terminal city. No more piping and pitching at deaf-mute name-unknown birds.
A Lament for Allen Ginsberg

Fast the electro punks fall to the beast energy that night’s slick streets does not replace; fast the society confuses dusk with dawn and significant advances in compassion, mislaid values; at five dollars a bottle who can afford this water? I walk the slick ash streets gape, stretch my mouth under the run offs of rain cigarette butts still-sit between cracks in the bricks for eternity of no thoughts with decomposition. one darts out into the street anymore to bark at the silver that hangs low, low upon the starvation of the ravenous night.

And where are you shaman monk child loving angel of american musical folklore, burly haired black rimmed glasses, tell me all this is going where? Where has the energy of beat-down time seeped to; where have you since existed off to? I am starving tonight for something of your spell. Where is there a market where I can shop for images, alive neon of produce, that doesn’t already smell rotten on the shelf, that doesn’t rob my pockets of their minimum wage? I sift through the waves of moving circles of combo platter idolatry to find a freckle of analog gold? Is it into the tree of words I should escape? Is it into a fire of lust I should bound plastic-soled-shoes?

I creep around the corner of Sellers and Mass with urgency and I smell China of food some sort of musty smoke beer of the republic. And I ask: who are these people? these Nine to Five-ers buying seepage? Did John Smith see them in his dreams of Boston? Should I ask for drunken attention to read my laments of this stroll-hearty breathing?

sleep tonight on the oily banks of the Charles ask if it is true that I am the last of a species, ask if this poem has already been written by a grubber in Iowa, or a farmer in California. Stephen is on a barren bed in Richmond, and Scott in the District sleeping alone, I am up here bleeding in need of nothing more and nothing sacred than a thread of directive. How come when I stretch arm over frozen shift nothing stings more swiftly then urging, a prompting, to escape into icy shallow, I ask where is my angel now?
She awakes into night without a fiction to trace; her only choice is fact or parts thereof; she enters into a wilderness of mirrors where she can only climb audible sounds devout with meaning. She finds less than possible explained in consonants of the unclosed ear: somehow still projective yet saved moreso by vowels than the *ist can be through mimic of the imperfect plastic tense, oft seen in galleries as otherwise unnameable; being that –or– that being =, when it is not.

too many hands speak claim to be the true;
when truth, in hand, in plural, is = **EQUATOL**

what she pictures somewhere here is “i” incapable of “I”
she sees an image of the “i”
yielding its “I”ness
even ceding its: “ . ” **BREATH OF FINALITY**

but then we find he actively making a mess of this language,
a propagation, of something meant to say,
but is incapable, of saying just
what is meant by:

so he asks:
“are we right to play,
is there language left to salvage?”

A N D S O T H E R E M U S T B E A N O T H E R W A Y O U T
B E C A U S E Y O U C A N R E A D T H I S
A N C I E N T L A N G U A G E W I T H O U T S P A C E B E T W E E N
L E T T E R S W I T H O U T L I M I T S O F H U M A N B R E A T H A D D I T I V E
T O C L O S E F O R A C L O S E R E A D A S W O R D S
T O F A R T O B E A B L O C K O F U N I N F O R C E D T E X T
Y O U R P E N M A Y E V E N B E F O R E D T O M A K E A N N O T A T I O N S
O R I F E V E N M O R E T H A N T H E T O T A L O F T H E S U M P O S S I B L E
T H E R E I S N O D E B A T E P R E S E N T H E R E
T H A T W O U L D B E A W A S T E O F F O U R T I M E
D O N O T D E F E N D T H E T E N D A N C Y T O R E V O L T
L E T T H E E Y E R E A D J U S T T O P R O C E S S T H E F O R M
A L L C A P S E Q U A L S N O W C A P S
D I D Y O U J U S T S E E A N I M A G E T H E R E
O F M O U N T A I N S W I T H W H I T E T O P S
N E I T H E R B E A U T Y I S A B S O L U T E L Y D I F F I C U L T
W O R D S I N W O R D S H A P P E N
JUST WHEN YOU ARE BEGINNING TO READ DIFFERENTLY
TO UNDERSTAND THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON
YOUR MIND IS OR IS IT YOUR EYES ARE READING IT A DIFFERENT WAY
THESE LETTERS ARE BRICKS THAT SPARE ME THE TASKS OF MASONRY
THESE LETTERS ARE MORE OF AN ARTIST THAN YOU MAY HAVE PREVIOUSLY ADMIT
HEARSOUNDS HERESOUND SPACES REVIVE AESTHETIC

HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS COULD YOU READ THE ABOVE LINE OR ANY FOR THAT MATTER
NEVER YET MIND A LACK OF PUNCTUATION
THERE MIGHT BE SPELLING MISTAKES AS WELL WHICH COULD DRastically COMPLICATE YOUR READING
OR ADD TO THE TASK PROFITABLY OR CHANGE YOUR MIND TASKING NOTION NOW

FORGET THE AUTOMATIC ADDITION OF THE COMMA OR PERIOD OR BRIDGE OF THOUGHT
AS I WANT TO ADD IT AS WELL BUT I AM NO ANGEL
THIS IS ALL COMING UP AS MISSPELLED
HOW MUCH HELP DO YOU WANT
BECAUSE YOU NOT GOING TO GET MUCH MORE THAN WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW
NO ONE CAN GIVE YOU THAT
JUST TRUST THAT YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING
TRUST LANGUAGE YOU LIVE INSIDE OF THEN THAT WHICH LIVES INSIDE OF YOU
DISSOLVE THE LETTERS ONE BY ONE
REMOVE RULES OF GRAMMAR AND BEGIN TO HEAR
THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE FOUND HERE BUT DONT LOOK TO LONG
THIS SHOULD CLOSE WITH A BRIEF MUSICAL IMAGE SO IT WILL

_______________________________
_______________________________
_______________________________
_______________________________

HUBRIS
a play

Scene I:
AT RISE: there is an empty stage with a single chair and a cello on a stand with a spotlight on the chair and one on the stage center. Enter a man and a woman from opposite sides of the stage, the man is dressed in the manner a member of an orchestra would be. The Woman is dressed like a dancer. The man begins to play as the woman begins to dance. This continues on for about two or three minutes until they both stop in sequence look at the audience, and realize they have an awareness that people are watching them. They then proceed to hurry off the stage together, in the same direction, with the man holding the woman’s hand when

Scene II:
At the back of the stage hangs a giant black and white photo of an eye. In the center of the stage on a pedestal sits a music box. Enter two men dressed in all black, who inspect the item without touching it, in then walks a third man with a hammer and smashes it.

FADE TO BLACK // THEN...

III. Recursive Loops
III. Recursive Loops

pre inception of literary intype

stepping into reactions is no choice
i wrote there from dara's house with
james and tomaz and dara driving --
or the art of ___ (from the head (the ass
having un conversation
this is a poor word choice because
the bystander is a less capable
for, so, here as usual
several dream akin approached by muse
inable to tonight no prepared ego
several words appear accumulation
instillments suspended eclipse set fire
remain @ the very thing to remember that

titles are suspect from Tomaz Salamun

once a river speaks with blood
side rings touch
ghosts sleep inside light --
dont lose a second of each giant
longing persona completed
respite longing gregarious
come ultra through the zen
mind rolled each down
shoulder to shoulder ____ of

(color (go (pure light
(no need (in silver (asaying
(agratica (domino down
(teeth into a (mo (ment (dont know
(clings to his gun (other speed
(sit proudly (oblique
(on the lower edge (of painting
(naked (of contrition (rapidly
(wrapped up (in canvas
(without command (else
(walking in weight (oblivious
(int (engages (tredway
(newspapers (towels (kiss
(says my son ("if"
(his whole body (so close
(sensation (through the wall
(hands ache (into tears
(hes blessed (alone (in (the (field
(saying something (to me (teacher
(his beatitude is failing
(hes drinks no benefit
(to share gods (and pleasure
(on the surface //
(furthest (beaches (in horizon
(incrbers (about the fresco
(the____ dont know (what apples are
(dress up (stay (on the white sand //

she has a thin delicate body
her mouth burns the caulking between them
i think of friends who live in valleys
sprinkle her with sand
to the height of my eyes___untouched
it swings in the air
this poem was written___hallucinated the end//

god is not planted like anyone
the angle was there// planted in the door//

the smell of guns yellow
remains on our shoulders _ keel
gently gently _ on the bottom of the river
how will the sun fall ____ iron , might

around the corners
trains on the tracks -- //

in drowned
it terrible to be a flower
dark blossom standing still on the surface ___//

a sacred monster ______ the picture
slanting
grief through the language
your stomach registering everything
plans not to burninterrogate
the greatest hitchhike happens
especially for the story ___ exact distance
one day every being hasto die/

proverbs in the now sober
behind eyes it is dark
the difference between the expected and the real arrival//

your walking parallel to me __ .
life is for everyone __ .
and the last one __ against the roads are silent
hills in the eyes bronze in the bells
in the morning i hurry ___

the ages are clear_
is not the point

**pre russell edson's language:**

the man with three names intro de duces
an eye with mechanical flower
of a collection happened rarely
old man laughing points to recorder
his shirt smiles covering
arms too old to chop wood
yet urges the might of the chair

can i be heard  from the language of Russell Edison
un shedding a piece

of my self and make love to it
as did adam float pianos surely curious
i know i dont have to stand this straight
unnotice later so many underclothes
handle draped round shapes property
to big to be think social poley types

im not going to read this often lost
but i'll read if i amuse another old man
throwing a lot of cracks said wet lips
jeweler married too far foolish
called to his table in an ambulance
sitting contortionist talk flies

disarming horse massive domestic formal
people a case of ions contained
gassheads printed on it unsure
bloom unfinished stories of bowel bother
abstract rendezvous fate and substance meet
has been written any day now figurative

hungry kings fed horse guardsman
butcher crawled into pig thoughts hollow
of the last obvious jackstory with a certain jill
cub of box bottom fetching water
consider let us straw hearts young off wall sloped
gathering couches for dark age fried roses for dinner

disguised fedora ok for breakfast eggs about it
no longer breaks looking for the head met the babies
empty himself into a newspaper of gas apes
corpse cool tied deeply again
not so much to make me out
flavored twice the ink
for no better reason
endlessly  flat  tering  new
father  says  rest  when
not  explain  abstract  occasion  female  idiom
sofa  alone  without  eggs  meanwhile  helium
tug  presence  like  a
sleeping  child  wanting  to  go

[it's oftly dry
in this room no?]
to sew eyes to sleepless
another room of things
thread to have seen enough

she saw the needles sleeping
those who bring forth
partially developed torses
persons of two persuasions spare
organ of thought model free rocks like
stories but maybe big for you performing autopsies

on eachother doubt and bad stomachs
but never hatched erotic possibilities
in promise of rest
thought only of remedy dreamed
no more didn't know where to sleep
the manual of someone who would make a tiger yawn

a song of things that might be possible pillowcase
noses out of try assuming every likelihood to be his own
this is sort of tormented gazed back mrrornot so lovely
spy glasses continued to gaze already speaks to conjugal
your hard books of womaness whois is what
climbed down into distance obstacle spend thrift

don't swell anymore smaller few hours more
a foolish thing to end a reading on  a enough
man who builds a thing like a womb about
to be conceived and that will be it on the
table every night fractured deceptions
stuffed with bread spilling out if its mouth

anything more than simple how are you
saying evidence of infidelity

the more i listen
the more i spit them out
the year of less music

language will be surrounded by image eventually but...

**i'll read a new poem** from the words of Tim Davis

verses take advantage emailfire bit of RAM
point press on sand on hail on lawsuits cellular

minute in-phrases pony reprint either Bordem
national tattoo gut ache look at this gigs
loon therapits craters opal mines kill-stroke

mentioned add bundled hating farther up endzone
decal review amicability a printed society
stuffed with pass codes as they say: doesn't apply

assaulting lakes of light repeat a rifle in every bag
pay for nothing rescue available toptechs
this is called local polio intact critical city

these myself basking shark filter dynamite corset
to testify against infidels lower man hattan market
to talk another profit championship witness watch

un pivoting warble we are how many more
leer reality is a salt like idol turned blood oval
violence but no pain not reminded subversion

polishing barrels left bruises hello: a weapon on focus
stockpile ACIDSs how dark it gets book time ago
the dishes done an LED only lasts for a few seconds seven

most demanding series of photo poems about me entertains
shame encounter a fed felt guilty day one peace slogans
may we light against frictionless fashion of resistance

committed even shop how the dies held former particle
man and mandible moons uncover less press criticism
noticed communication delight in mockery unintimidated fertil

no one argues stenography regraded with a side of riots
misnomer beta between hypodermic media
super audience hurry for story culture industry

vs. flag allegiance fitted in the subject
when the pools close and the enormous ear unburdens
a mute act necessary popsicle shortage
to feel weight    flushed before burnt lunch
ideas turn to sugar   your sides   eye flickering   lie ber
when a people talk flesh   capital REST   napping anarchist

his summer within   contemplating   children   cruelty
take back spring   lost aperture   welfare
remained any other questions   going on

you can get it here   Painter Goodday   from eating
man of iron   on needles
section of book reflecting   oxygen

blond child   hair   asleep
parents of dabbled light
hooked on conceptualization armor   in a special pocket

in memory of   from Loren Goodman

dynamo proud son of ash home anchor
ballroom of ancient suisse
famous of uncertainty
teenage questions

the first of which was
the phenomenon position of envy
we call it plagiarism baffled uppercuts
nutrition not limited to fables

mystery seminal man achievements
never forgot humble past subtly poignant
the party invite   bread rising cities
but you can see the beginning

of an amazing novel   who would win
those of you who are not concerned with
who would win   ambition
please let me see   near to your unit

we take him to new quests   the tallest building
the moon   planting on hay
gravity of the bed   a pillow i threw
i heard radio transmissions   quiet enough

not only confidential   used   foolish   deadly
that is silence   which is for you
people of yesteryear   interfering in
quite remarkable human affairs

the humongous dust   then pushed myself
over the edge   into the
not a bad time off the coast
a thing most religious is the building shaking

the age of crisis the lung ish pleasantry
a hot meal i can share his eyes became
proliferous were still there angry
mouth was gone new products clever

hand sized this new thing is dynamic
photographs soothe ancient strumming
radio active carvings (ill read two more)
you know american life i was born

into this game so many thing that can
happen within everything fast drastically
never know how youre doing what happens
some play on there is really nothing more amusing

seems a little tall from mary jo salter

seems a little tall thanks to so many of you
i thought i would start with new poems
first one set in puget sound whitely center
also host writers wonderful place northern lights
search light if you were looking lost thing
path of not by you unseen hand flickered
as if wow flutter now you leap freaks
before saying this is what i sought
k this poem true story goes like this
you think thatd be the problem abort
what happened a bust just kissed
pasting lifted designed o'the turned-to life
behind her head originated from within
to lead to believe lost wept downfallen singular
ideal landmark portriture two capable
one guesses apprentice resistance but now
his rumor reached him to scar was here for good
slash flesh not so unlike to teach chisel
chapter ends easy chair height darkly forward unread
lines unfortunate church girls gargoyles or angels
above the waste turned outward rhetoric
natural philosophy too easy discount progress
no hope
demand
stern as one doesn't despite

[i asked her is she tried to write american haiku]
[she said she didnt know there was a difference]

(to every reading
they can – format dash undash insert death plot
construction through birdspine splitting it in two halves

no new haircut but in the mentioning hem
save this moment for a tatoo
classifile it on arm inked undried
we use a fluid to make a moment
but clothe it too nicely unrevealing its naked

it is time people begin to draw lines again from Jack Munro

by virtue modestly
flank cant lead the ship
hands to stir up stars
time worth stop there pulpit or

even after all quest useful circulation
doubt hand not to read paradox
lighter about bodies about book few
more understand navigation science

flutters celestial husband cliché true
what im wearing experiment this week longitude
aloud sleep before i stop him off the light
side cotton rumpled no observer shows

til death haiku but together
no lamp one two three speech blower
five in bed six fireflies im going to read
a poem in memory days reflecting perentheses

promised ellipse shadow boxes glued first looming
among dark judgement jay unept still on
face as she slept she say it over ill just
read two more (i dont write too many political poems)

invasion symphony attending inside at least the end
all flesh is grass left with two parents shrug
ink stained rags
another year half cocked

angled in taxes army forward
white flag something funny
i hoped song of children a poem
writing about snapshots of photogtaphy

civil with his piano
you are to imagine solos stretched solid
discovered from aftercollege here i am wrong
station lowrise forgetting why unlikely foreign
(after which she read four more)

**long range glasses**  *from the language of*

Nick Thomas and Lee Shave

too many ums to be verbally productive put a paper over limb line below so you cant see whats coming next till you get it what happens here rolls continue across the world channel shift door uncertain air about travel structures a brand of kulchur unstatic inter unmedical advice to some one else back up functions branching in L.A. even corporate hip hegemony attractive consumer offer fold inspirational contract juxtapose w/ rockstar world tour vision impact point of sale palindrome terms on your doorstep niche regraph change up change down its everywhere get with it an important piece of pie taste seemless seeking value closer to departure nimble enough costs summer away reoccurring grow available appear four words of movement yield drop what ever you do the next six months build rugged structures & inquires cycle created careful proud brew apparent a percent of beverage demand slow just a couple days ago zone the quickest route internal demand trading units for units of ethos mixed bag un polarized life shot profile what and what doesnt science word land booking saavy wee bit deliver bricks and mortar without images of wall or house or lunch or nothing used to not being able to see the sky but a white wall

**pre-brevity**  *from an evening with*

Kurt Snyder

every anglo tereo type including me thought peter would be here but not what he would look like
so they all became him (another thought) they mismatch colors (ed. a
score the man in the white hunting hat of hi's
would never remove it indoors
there can be clicks inside clicks

Kurt:
some poets are glorious

some poets are glorious

in making a selection
the miraculous encounter guber
presence of addressed sparks
divine present in matter

conversation in four parts
manifest take content certain
is nothing by roadside
souls shriven on air
cemetery of absence speaking
stones trunks pillows ifindmyself
splicing river stones forceful
just south of coherence
a silt clear sentence
out into thenonhuman we
sleep alone miss nothing
white singing spirit emptiness
and seeing instead thehuman
cannot connect passing through
smoke have the earth
warm light touched surfaces
beyond dusk fields rainwashed
spaces unfolded into anotherbird
were making colorand calm
andsmall should not last
open the dialogue unfinished
sentences to trees 3/5
of the moon rose
in a sluiced articulated
shore against tops slowedearth
this is a poem
i suspected approved suicides
to hit the breaks
their last best hope
about thebirth ofa cat
out walking heavily onme
molten white andmy thirddwill
off alone thatyoullfind agroupofpoems
milk poured outto song
verb spring fromthe value
how you are
fundament of self in
relation to the markers
and keepers streaming once
built aboxer in photos
time a birth-mask dance
with him face and form
tensing an arm to test
with pretty empty words
one more poem in
the human realm and in
on thesecond day in
fragility when it was thinking pain
grain burntsun dreaming of cool
durable good deeply red
itrynot to know the surface
inconsequential scratched somehow unpalpable
insisted life art inward
when it flooded im gonnan return
to the natural world
myway down miniature window
intraceable October maples hues
of gold dancing to music
like leaves swaying as
if it were the beginning
to callit near me
settles last makesa churn
current eastward moom composing
itself on scraps to form
loosed lined prayers to catch
(twomore) epigraphs late
the scent blossom sang
up from seeking what
spite emotions going on
no matter what until a hill
formed a gate where the wind
walks i will close
with ahaiku as you hold it

from inner:

a work a work a work a work
inotated talisman metaphor
blood poetry
by which possessed the planet
on itself the task of a closed ego reborn
most famous 1971 no exaggeration
a catalogue in these
recognizes solidarity
a tone w/o trust
what is distrust
trust the hours
project of technology
long time alone rituals
exhibiting relate followed by:

from Galway:

well i wanted miraculously
and orderly most poems
Rilke glows like a lamp
holds steady dazzle
twist otherwise translucent
these poems of mind
abrupt does happen
motion of the foot progressing
green bedroom oceanic
flat comes for me
shows itself down underneath
and dreams me closer
outsleep the night
where the birds go to bet blue
here is episode
appeared in the doorway
mirthful walks in various lengths
as they dooo in novelty
deliciously frolic is elsewhere
i stayed hidden
in a manner of honor
assumption about Shelly
and longer poems i learned
later neglected in the pursuit of errors
un flowing radiant desire / and so we went with formula
a few lives a day to keep himself sane
or pray to stranger gods as if
they were her own melancholy
levitate lay lectern rose armor upon me
invisibility singing stepped from the group
the room broke and actually indignant fury
outraged trying to do one of his keepers
on earth a second time to help them misfits
their own child not too late
humiliations gulped down separate
one past fought back telling when he was
a copy someone serious (ed. Survives
lack of the small clarifications found in poems
ode and elegy first location outside
a bird feeder like a page knocked into the grass
scattered blue feathers episode down w/terror
up on a hill sea planes strike glass
face of life pushes off on the shape
of a burden low gaining speed
  took off flew a long way
  if someone could pass me a copy
    sits alone side to side slowly on himself
  the breeze watches understand i no longer here

eat a few flowers in the rain / the rest of us stuck

last time we met new functions from the language of James Bell

a reminder : : : : last time we met new functions
mixed objective private stream second target
domestic journey gradually fallen years
more numbers nada yield our business unpublished
blue of earnings tic toc direction slightly
as well united moving in later never done before
domestic direction margins differentiation risk
mapping corrective action industry processes
calculate stop success sense projections outcome
expect shifts course results less change
mentality tracking measurements slash
monitors a monday generate true winter
a huge portion plummet demand route
contract solid logic cant make buy s class
tariff under perspective natural fall from it
renegotiate discount days time should be behind it
control channel of distribution under way
were going going to own London traffic down
whole idea collective mix timing you know
fairly basic arent thinking trying for you
tools mechanism moment destination
globe catching it trend month later remedy
lift over under even listening got you live
dont have it match decent proposition
is what it looks like mark up fears yeah
demands credit back in return vendor
merchant carrier above the bar does it new
youth less and less transatlantic terms fall
desti national open up recommend take cash
coming out earlier airing tours can do posesions
matters float to people lining up found simple
translates to individual targets top down beds
different properties margin exceptionally forget tool
dynamic packaging tomorrow stopping you two to one
adventure operator fulfillment gap partners first
language school placements massively this again
no one else a different person come back trips
alliances of potential plans rethought commercial focus
about what reason you guys are doing irreplaceable
I just have to say

from

Rebecca Wolf

im gonna read a nightstand pure hysteria
real content mystery swivels codes bloom
off the crude the badly dubbed and them in gonna
filament rotting underclapsed posture
over water kinda unhappy innovation
slapped me defensive posture meant an om
small children et. om horseman funeral
watching ingest forgetfulness made to a thing
ride less nucleus to mock sorry form called:
you cannot have the body history depression
off place recall glow orders new command
pail faced gospel inclined to list and om
new short lately om here-we-go arrogance
presume to explore this is called i should say om
content over emptiness

encryption isometric
mother aspect matter i find and then
depth essays about superficiality over a
altitude secular self encourage religion
plateau plate gored by intent back formation
want infancy mean by it om he sounds next poems
actually sublevel intelligence epiphany learn about om
water layer hugs the tree expertly to find
good recipe move float lie still hurts him
for sale effort therapist forever less work suggests
my sleep woke up another om boise dry western spring
at eye level dandelions field free range unaccustomed
care to know about it stockholder? Most evil people
view of mountains voyage alone eros solitude up up in in
decent all but in front of us now different old dead
buy a piece of it missing intoxicants gay men and art
blocking frequencies surrounded by foothills
from every point a lower spirit road

sleeping under land
died grief put pity
on the yellow jacket bookend metaphor
isnt it interesting how to explain a need
[just two more] om all my wisdom nutrition
not use thanks soul contrivance smile
new daughter son inlands a while ago
repeating form fever dreams traveler
discontinuous unshapely impossible extension
oil water matter night another thing for is
for that matter night extension possible unshapely
extremely loose translation of sappho fragment

Susan Buffam

to be here space for having me lets see
extremely loose translation of sappho fragment

high peaks of human heart cry trumpet flash
fleet of start point of conscious ripples

and not without eloquence and i listening at the door
often out into the parade swallowed

station among the thinkers webs leading down
for looking at the sun three different names
the question on everyone's lips instead
stand in bad weather sold to earth

hourly reports the grinding in sleep
smashing up a house behind a cloud

dirt of last night distance close cropped
i heard one say a word a piece surpasses due

withdrew from me to speak it all in tongues
its useful to note in a dream of direction

to take action swimming in a bowl of my spoon
grown past not cutting daylight

likewise the dashboard some say a little bit longer
two hands in the grass one hand tears

one sifts hangs empty to frame the nest with
"enough dropped feathers to build a whole bird"

appendix: unknown author (i
chapter without objects across waves soupy trails

for the day to arrange itself not sorry
from the deck of a ship sparrows spring

through spaces they are never not slack
they drink not asking awake bathe in dust
[just two more poems here i think] people disembark the simile according to laws the people moment if certain

small clouds made of birds on the brink it takes its little someone was using her mouth not listening to the statue

a map of the world floated by the side of the ocean it remains abstract in its absence as non descript

(remnants of fate)(manifest in our hands)(tactile) - inside

**i was well out of print** -from Michael Casey

i worked summers in Lowell
anecdote through a rotary backed the car up
into a gas station leaving a scene
fifty million dumb cops this one has to be a genius

now i did it rolling my root just one b&e
my youngest that tall building a new school
the draft board was on my back
notebooks expressions of burnt smoke

went to vietnam via a charter airplane
my own observation single file through rice patties
trick went sideways if you have a farm in vietnam
and a house in hell (which would you choose

every single one didnt believe in dog heaven
had all kinds of animosities on our grubby hands
sent off my letters in country
impressing the shit out of the natives

im telling you to keep quiet
the vietman alone time
like the colors
on the american flag

cargo division

(if you start from scratch)(in the same enormous boat)
(travel a lucrative space)(as partners but competitors)(unsettled)
(engendering loyalty through a screen)(to find an alternative to technology)
(to inventory)(when all prices out)(what about experience)

(as embedded)(engaged)(topics we can go into)
(not fearful of environment)(run with it)(turn the right way)
(in order) (to leverage fact) (as a supporting mechanism)
(the wrong kind of paranoid works) (wrong) (skill) (expertise)

(wind up in the next list) (critical advantage)
(when somebody buys an experience from us)
(we can choose to be there with them) (growing expenses)
(we could and can invest) (in forecasting)

(there is no doubt we have a lot of processes)
(there is a lot of information that is not perfect)
(places where we have left dirt)
(multichannel) (agree) (disagree)

**sense and respond**

(one way of trying to achieve) (is while traveling)
(how much) (from his or hers) (is universally since whenever)

(how much of what's out there) (values creation as form)
(attributes) (deliverables) (preferences) (grading experiences)

(generic words) (on value) (link the work you do)
(and for a while that became) (an increase in our margins)

(experience) (design) (the price of coffee)
(empty all functions in product) (and add in) (atmospherics)

**ancient roman encyclopedist alloy**

*from* Dan Chiasson

ancient roman encyclopedist alloy onemind parades spills light before dinner ended
in change of the imagination on the compound eyes on the surface of the world
to explain my courtesy a botched trick i can see it anyone so ceremoniously
we lie on our backs as a distraction most travel where a river becomes a ribbon

seeing a blind man in the ninth month in the exquisite privacy no sound
licks their eyes into place sees through so much time

i stepped on a bird not unlike birdsong unlike chewing gun to disappear
the dark to cover my body turned the bird inside out the others were bated

stephen's to later generations i had a mouthful of dirt if language hurts you
he waited in the tree a corpse like a man giving commandments

richard wilbur was the future once things i saw with my own eyes
a man lay down preserved in irony wine stained our skin chaos in the hall
a hundred children like drops form a dripping faucet or luggage
[or two more poems]
we can wake up in our bodies preparing itself now to die as soon as possible
a grove of cheery trees on fast forward only to cry comes naturally
at twenty four the soil absorbs whatever falls then get full on rewind
many internet entries are me on the embalmers site present and accounted for
the world is a cradle no a wheelbarrow hauls dirt shit hay
what we saw on festival day a man gouge out an elephants eye with a shovel
is that poetry the sacred word all on its own an ornamental shield
peoples faces by firelight sweet granules of meaning and soon she found out why
recognizable reality but dried completely central i like myself that way
anything other guitar to learn forgiveness on sad papered wild applause
before between the world uncivilized places known not to poetry

or then INNER

inner

in quaking through an unnamed state undetermined
name that syllable unworried unlonley un in scripted
momentary lapse of liquid to fit
some nebulous object as if construction site

an apparition not manifest but a moment
in constant motion, still wet and tender
(ed. now as transcribed interjections are)
large still through out (ed. as BLAKE cleansed)

stein omni present / but then broken apart
again like leaves disintegrating in a career setting(ed orig writ as corner
of a heat invisible to thine eyes, because
you know a word a grave an order of where

the cold ends and the process begins
all gorgeous parts removing linear
contracting more (motions in sequence – answering
a phone in silence – no questions white like teeth
fabric and color become one item
separate as covering expected relationship not unlike a birds feet
landing (on water(on a branch (the two as the call and echo
form one fallen wall; a pile after a fall

a sequence to be re coined with in a reverse rapture of sorting
not just removal of one's hair as event
or the faith of being unable to explain the will
or enjoying contrast or differences between personae

in the remembering of some
obscure tradition we find our idiom
traced forward (further even) into the present print or other
any way be move make the bough actual

all ways supposing something was once
greater like the steps of a synagogue
as if what now appears to be a back door
was once a prominent front

a rich text document
the heavy align
themselves with text (ed. language left
a suggested text by others involved
Vita

j.s. makkos exists in middles,
in a life of continuous work, unending, and yet always
ending up as something other than what it began with; a sentence
or any other piece of linguistic thought, left to be profitably
open, an interpret as such, indeterminant, or here as an
abstract life, in the lexicon itself, found as optional
directions: take the document, print it out, then with chosen
implements, find it life, add to its spine color, symbols,
movements of hand unlike those of type, find its core, find its
collective nature and utilize its ever present thought-phase-
projection as anything, an electronic transmission, graffiti on
the overpass, a sketch in a book, a plastic sort of thought,
manifest, or otherwise ephemeral, tangible or elsewhere
untraceable, elliptical, entropic, et all., create a story of
the creator, build upon the given nature of work, word, comma,
phrase, periphrastic, sensuous, synesthesiatic, beholden,
energetics, from the pass until completion, don't find it so
hard, if you tack at will, or hear yourself speak, or let the
lead take you down and out into a land of fallen images, but
pick them up, clean them off and then re-use them as some things
else; and when you see the tumbling down, the motion of every
word as they happen, and are set into some historical or modern
recording device, only then can you, in a final breath of this
document, make a plea for the release of Chandler Fritz from his
captors.