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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

Joseph Makkos

B.A. University of Massachusetts, 2002

May 2006

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Abstract

An abstract abstract abstract abstract abstract abstract abstract
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can contain up to one hundred and fifty words inclusive.

Introduction

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 intangible¹, 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.

¹ "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 abstract², 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 me³. 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 than 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

4 FROM *Beat Writers at Work*. The Paris Review. New York. 1999.

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 the 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.

8 Tristan Tzara. <http://www.sas.upenn.edu/~jenglish/English104/tzara.html>
(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."⁹

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 interview¹⁰, "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>

¹⁰ *Beat Writers at Work*. The Paris Review. New York. 1999. INTERVIEW FROM 1965.

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 plastic on plastic plastic secured around plastic by little
bits of metal plastic pieces inside of plastic on plastic securing themselves
inside by pieces of metal secured by a piece of plastic in plastic on plastic
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

12 Randomly, but all too appropriately, the first Ginsberg Quote I came to on the
WWW. Howl(l. 51)Allen Ginsberg. Collected Poems 1947-1980. Harper and Row. (1984).
<http://www.poemhunter.com/allen-ginsberg/quotations/poet-6613/page-1/>

I. nine algorithms

you start with a sentence

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
 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
 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 gutenbergs never was) (teeth un typed)
(making metals think) (untiming the chain)
(unmasonry the brickwork)
(while we were holding hands) (never touching skin)
(submerged by a school of starlings) (that let us know their thoughts)

(previous to later) (intimidated)
(awake by movement thorough) (hyphens appeared as snowfall)
(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) (unrecognizable) (to other communities futures)
(sense organs covering us as shells)
(there was nothing we couldnt note) (over and over)
(under and under) (palpable)
(linguistic) (we kept moving north) (up river)
(the world was flat) (its a good bye)
(on delivery) (on forgery)
(quit telling me what sound goes next)

(negation brought us back) (to this side of the river)
(the tableau removed) (from our silent song) (the wind blew in all colors)
(we forgot all of evolution) (unremembered the design)
(in which our eyes) (and ears) (and lips) (and other unknown functions)
(did again) (what clocks tell them too) (boom boom)
(i was done counting words)
(done) (slicing the oranges)
(lunch was way over) (we saddled up to be off)
(up to be on again) (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)
(whats 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

identified as water only up to your waist
leftmarginnnolonger 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 art 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 chisled abstracts
 still lifes liquidy om
 one small detail in each line
 are the directions on how to make a withdrawal
 or have you closed the book touse 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

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

when we reach a similar path we will know
 to be holding an umbrella to either block out
 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
 letus read withem
 writing allways through

albeing rhyme
 there is music
 when between this
 others exist even speak
 subjects et moments tuch
 weird prepositions underistood
 what documents you to say
 canwe be windy
 letus speak unpromptly of
 allthat is now
 unsonnet unsestin 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.

descriptor 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 move(ment
 ed.(the reverb from the next thought is tremendous:

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

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 camerainrecording
 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 platstic 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 conjunctivity
 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 getpast the fact
 off hearing selftalk
 turn contents of trashcans
 into sitcoms 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 jewelry when
 those who mine the jewels
 cant afford it

four		voices		in		procession
cancel		each		other		out
under		a		steel		belly
of		the		elevated		train
here	is	the	place	of	one	of three
failed		attempts		of	Christ's	return
not		far		left		Chicago
some		wreckage		of	a	single building

with eyes closed

with eyes closed

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

[illegible]

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 tohear 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 whatwhoshouldknowwhenwhere image
aroseisa someonesaid someonesaidagain
video monitoring in use stealing the trite like a meatphor onpurpose
as shock or sock ora 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 inconchandleristan come unity come oddity
and howtos onhowto read the weather vane
and comprerehend wherewind wheresail isgoing 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 afellow 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 nolonger from ashes rise
we ate all the tapas they gave
with occho euro after after unomas unomas vino
onelot standing under onelot
his restaurant spanish 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	
never a day	when
all we can hear	
at times is	someone
off	in the distance
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
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 sonds,
 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 giMmicking
 so much to control
 pERhaps more Could
 bE left to the randOm
 to thE chance
 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
 andnow a ndnow an dnow and now andn ow andno w
 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
 unbuilt the lingua
 undraft the math
 the meaning found
 is flawed per
 haps you need
 to buy dynamite
 and light stick
 to disturb fish

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

SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED
SUB STANCE SUB SUMED

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

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 = **EQUAL TO**

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:

AN EXTENSION OF THE THING ITSELF?

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

ANDSOTHEREMUSTBEANOTHERWAYOUT
BECAUSEYOU CANREADTHIS
ANCIENTLANGUAGEWITHOUTSPACEBETWEEN
LETTERSWITHOUTLIMITSOFHUMANBREATHADDITIVE
TOCLOSEFORACLOSEREADASWORDS
TOFARTOBEABLOCKOFUNINFORCEDTEXT
YOURPENMAYEVENBEFORCEDTOMAKEANNOTATIONS
WORDSBECOMENOTHINGSOMTHINGELSENO
ALISTOFLETTERSWHEREONEPLUSONEEQUALSLESSTHANTWO
ORIFEVENMORETHANTHETOTALOFTHESSUMPOSSIBLE
THEREISNODEBATEPRESENTHERE
THATWOULDBEAWASTEFOFOURTIME
ENTERTAINTHETHOUGHTWITHOUTACCEPTINGITASTRUTH
DONOTDEFENDTHETENDANCYTOREVOLT
LETTHEEYEREADJUSTTOPROCESSTHEFORM
ALLCAPSEQUALSNOWCAPS
DIDYOUJUSTSEEANIMAGETHERE
OFMOUNTAINSWITHWHITETOPS
BEREGINWHEREHETEXTISTHISSOMETHINGELSE
ORWASITREBEGINYOUWERELOOKINGFOR
NEITHERBEAUTYISABSOLUTELYDIFFICULT
WORDSinWORDSHAPPEN
EVENIFSPACEWASALLOFASUDDENTAKENFROMYOU

JUSTWHENYOUAREBEGINNINGTOREADDIFFERENTLY
TOUNDERSTANDTHEREISSOMETHINGELSEGOINGON
YOURMINDISORISITYOUREYESAREREADINGITADIFFERENTWAY
THESELETTERSAREBRICKSTHATSPAREMETHETASKSOFMASONRY
THESETTERSAREMOREOFANARTISTTHANYOUMAYHAVEPREVIOUSLYADMIT
HEARSOUNDSSHERESOUNDSPACEREVIVESAESTHETIC

HOWMANYDIFFERENTWAYSCOULDYOUREADTHEABOVELINEORANYFORTHATMATTER
NEVERYETMINDALACKOFPUNCTUATION
THEREMIGHTBESPELLINGMISTAKESASWELL
WHICHCOULD DRASTICALLYCOMPLICATEYOUREADING
ORADDTOTHETASKPROFITABLYORCHANGEYOURMINDTASKINGNOTIONNOW

FORGETHEAUTOMATICADDITIONOFTHECOMMAORPERIODENDORBRIDGEOFTHOUGHT
ASIWANTTOADDITASWELLBUTIAMNOANGEL
THISISALLCOMINGUPASMISSPELLED
HOWMUCHHELPDOYOUWANT
BECUSUEYOURNOTGOINGTOGETMUCHMORETHANWHATYOUALREADYKNOW
NOONECANGIVEYOU THAT
JUSTRUSTTHATYOUKNOWSWHATYOUAREDOING
TRUSTLANGUAGEYOULIVEINSIDEOFTHENTHATWHICHLIVESINSIDEYOU
DISSOLVETHESLETTERS ONEBYONE
REMOVERULESOFGRAMMERANDBEREGINTOHEAR
THEREISSTOMETHINGTOBEFOUNDHEREBUTDONTLOOKTOLONG
THISSHOULD CLOSEWITHABRIEFMUSICALIMAGESOITWILL

HUBRIS
a play

Scene I:

AT RISE: there is a 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
unable 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
(agratika (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
(he drinks no benefit
(to share gods (and pleasure
(on the surface //

(furthest (beaches (in horizon
(inscribes (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
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//

the picture

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
club 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	egs		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 torsos
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 mirror not so lovely
spy glasses continued to gaze already speaks to conjugal
your hard books of womaness who is 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

the new new ism:

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 tatoo 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 perenthesis

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*

too many ums to be verbally pro-

Nick Thomas and Lee Shave

too many ums to be verbally pro-
ductive 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 seamless
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	foreceful
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	thrirdwill
off	alone	thatyoullfind	agroupofpoems
milk	poured	outto	song
verb	spring	fromthe	value

how	like	GOD	youare
fundament	of	self	in
relation	to	the	markers
and	keepers	streaming	once
built	aboxer	in	photos
time	a	birth-mask	dance
withhim	face	and	form
tensing	an	arm	totest
with	pretty	empty	words
one	more	poem	in
thehuman	realm	andin	themornings
on	thesecond	day	iknewher
fragility	when	itwas	thinkingpain
grain	burntsun	dreaming	ofcool
durable	good	deeply	red
itrynot	to	know	thesurface
inconsequetial	scratched	somehow	unpalpable
insisted	life	art	inward
when	itflooded	im	gonnareturn
to	the	natural	world
myway	down	miniature	window
intraceable	October	maples	hues
of	gold	dancing	tomusic
like	leaves	swaying	as
if	it	werethe	beginning
to	callit	near	me
settles	last	makesa	churn
current	eastward	moom	composing
itself	on	scrapes	of
loosed	lined	prayers	toform
(twomore)	epigraphs	late	catch
the	scent	blossom	sang
up	from	seeking	what
spite	emotions	going	on
no	matter	what	untilahill
formed	a	gate	wherethewind
walks	i	will	close
with	ahaiku	asyou	holdit

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 doooo 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 postume 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

long sectional
lessor lesson

extremely loose translation of sappho fragment

from

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
truck 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 whats 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 skinn 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.