

GPT-2 Poetry Test #10 :

2019-05-18T19-02-58

GPT-2 345M model
retrained on custom poetry corpus
for ReadingRites (2019)
<http://glia.ca/erites>

GPT2 info: <http://glia.ca/2019/gtp2>
Video: <https://vimeo.com/337054095>

I used him in years 2 & 7 of T.V.
The logs intrusion

I was blogging about how little impact the logs
had on my life.
Less is actually a better way to say in logs
In logs forces the narrative. By this account,
Danny Glover wont have been thrown out of Paradise:
Bad Astronomys Zack alternative right before
the avalanche. Yet another way to say paradise

we were sitting
on a carpet

the mule kicked boots and cursed my neck, itbeat
cursed my neck,desperately purred my bones.[4]
My burning French of 1813 forever remains[5]
Easter is at hand signs of horror in detail,
[Black Sunday][not the kidnapping]
The morning is restless thinking of massacres
at random.

Nothing my head could have done was impossible
As we analyzed the picture of chaos from The Telegraph
Lo Chaos, a drama of psychic treachery & extreme
measures .

like to the ice cube, mold.

taken-in that night,
you'll lie on it and shudder
just
from morning
into slaughterless dawn.
you drank
and pushed after a bear
smash too hard against bag
diamonds in winter sunshine, slamming
t holes g- two cms sleeping in
the hot air over bridges that crossed creeks
and brooks and watermelons, plucky. I sat
beneath the house that passed hands down

how will it come to any good?

i hear god

and think of that other life

where lord has made some

mendy and red

yet a woman goes the other way

and the only heir that knows

how to go,
her fellow-patriot going too.

by a time a bad feeling
a stubborn spirit
and i refuse to give it.

it would change my plan.
once i saw two siblings
getting married in a pink dress

how he felt when he opened her backside.
in front of him, more pink-hair, with the top
of her head like a cloud. she laughed
out nonplussed. then came him
a second slap, her back-knuckled into her back
and knocked several pieces of back skin
from her wound? the first came away
from him like a life-giving chakal. the latter
stroke her in the left side and was instantly

the wind, the wind, the wail
of the raindrops on the leaves,

the raindrops on the leaves.

.
I've come out for the first time in years
to find the walls gone,
the air itself altered
by the absence of time.
Who knows how much she's won
by the pink walls? his hands,
unignored, touching

the pink walls.

.
Already gone to follow

or one from a lower caste
or yet from high heaven, ere this day of ours, nought
matters
and your hour of need, an unseen measure
of our inner reward and sacrifice,
as far off as the next hour, and by so small means,
so that the sharp knife's gaze will burn ere yet
to make us bleed and break how dear
the pleasure of a dimmer light, the brief words
therefore through us, and for as long
forever so, to feel that the dark was

how tall it would drop from my heart on impact
into
one big tittle from god to child.

and as she moved to cross to the door of the groomed
body

my father, at the beginning of the age of
you were my fortune, and i the ill-luck
you gave me the first chance.
you never thought of me, but i think i
will always be a child of you.
somehow we never could have met.

at the first meeting you said i would love
where there was a forest next to it,
and in the midst of the talking about
the little raiders, the arabs

on her knees in the dirt,

shedding like a wild violet

of a girl i knew

a child at its grandfather's house
with its bean farm & donkey stables[2]
it is not surprising & untrue; it approximates
the truth of egos, but tends to conceal it
a child at its grandfather's farm
driving around with four boys in a buggy,[2]
when a buffalo wandered across it[3] like[/2]
a buffalo will do; hopefully, they didn't
have to cross this bare stretch of dirt,
since this was the only path to the brkety sound

the world appears to call this new planet earth.
beyond the horizon, the moon becomes the tail
of celestial music.

of the eyes.
in the chamber by windows--
we see only
darkness--and beyond it, the world.
the light
grows dim, and the silence

The whole long night
has seemed merely nights and times. True
nights together
and down at last
words and trees

from the paper
pangola trees
pedestrians on mass ladders

beads eroding
the wet carpet
shadows
a young girl
doesn't want

to wake

older child
hands on the bed
that wasn't quite able
to move herself
enough to get back

nights even
without

*

It is the question of to come or not to come.
The whole world stretches out beneath our feet
and only the wall between us.
The question we as alone open our eyes
is that of spaces cover.
And I lean down to sink my red touch
into the centre of that fragile prism.
Eyes, I am afraid, recall the sure
accuracy of your gaze;
the confidence I know flows in your face,
where I sit, you behind me, shoulder to hip

the great gold fish, which swims
through the town,

longs to escape from us
to the gold where

it lives,

and pure enough to
dive

and what is in your
earthen mound

won't dry forever,
the new sun,

and your ears are right
thrillingly full

of the sound that comes
from nowhere

and nowhere,
your spirit

the time is ripe, and i will seize for my own
self. there come too loud, throthe woods, yesternight.

all you, dears, there as by right of light,
is one who ever while hath entertained
vain desires of any, the soul alone.
to live alone i like a cave or cave.

what joy to hear the echoing wood,
the wind and birds, when loud by night.

the light to-be-cutaway

a paper hat or

mere shadow

that leaves or sweeps

or is loved
as before, the wood thras--
the needles for the gutter's

shocks, herring-sleeves or rattle

her ribs under the tough

budge, the hide braces i could

place april she woke up to make me

over her long pale body, in heat but unkindened,
it severs
her heart

lobotomy which is an emergency surgical procedure
that replaces the bones of a patient</ name></
sport>, followed by<>, erythrocytes with gelignite
formation

to prevent claudication, exclude actual function
in an important experiment asked as part of the
ROEMT project *

returns from the cottonwood fruit restoration
programme discontinued junebug [swamp fruit
production, restoration, research and development,
cult production of medicinal plants and cannabis
with edible medical applications of cannabis
sat

in lopia see my face. the nouveau riche
where reds growing lights a dim wall this way,
this, and for a scan
a scan to infinity and beyond and rise.

i saw the night stretched & sweep'd
about the long grey town, saw the homes graffitied,
and the little sleep too long to pause,
and ever drifting down
here

by sea. Headedena's wings spread, she soared to
their brightest, following
the line that followed white America, as it directed.
I led her, until Muddah,
Killerthunder XIV barely escaped despite her
best efforts. Twelve boats took back the skies
away from Childis-Bravo,
despite Kkatul's Hulkaires retir. As Bell was
ordered to no more ships, seventeen enemies
Assailed Kkatumpas Got their nam=killmails.
They boarded eighteen

Chechen Violence.
blasphemy laws in three mainly Muslim countries
make the persecution of believers in their Christian
names a crime, by vigilante-style.

from within tantric videos call for Friday execution
of the foetus in nine books..

Pessoa Fffler Principle: Another Name for the
Demonstrable Inventories of Constitutionality
300 expressions via message with audio chat

10 bits / pose blank + macro Enabled at runtime,
this macro inside femme craft removes spaces

Come in get up here!
The morning air smells of work

There's a bookcase
three stories high
and the oak door is chained
behind the stacked boards.

were at it again nought i could care less but the boys
 howling

for my two
my son passed
all two hours
before the forest
and the corrugated

The walls of Tibet have been ravaged by nomad and marching band spirit, by Zen and Shinto passions driven into surreal politics of Zen Dominance and Desire, by the ambition of a worldwide Collectivist

wave to take over the world or World Government
run by a sinister entity, nor Buddhism by its roots,
nor Illustration by Zen perfection and of the True
Path leading into exile, but by the ambition of
a worldwide Collectivist wave to take over the
world or Muslim world by Shon Shoku or Babylon by
the aspiration of a utopian nation with Sh

and the wood
is all around us
in the misty light
of mornings filled with leaf-fall,
the sound of birds
and leaf-fall,
the sound of rain
and the sound of summer
in full bloom,
the sound of autumn
ticking like chips to a hearth.
the sounds we make
in our minds
are ringed
by the vast
sound of things
in the misty light
of mornings filled with leaf-fall,
the sound of birds
and leaf-

The elevation or decline of a persons life chances,
as well as the probability of survival, declines
with time and education, and the effect of each
increase is quantified in terms of immediate and
long-term consequences. These consequences
are quantified using a linear regression line,
where the dependent variable is the cumulative
time until the event that is to be expected to occur
longer time window. An exponential decay of life
chances as evidenced by a 5-SD increase in life

expectancy is predicted by a cumulative 0.5% chance
of

is a common language that pours in from god.
the salt and pepper shakers
are names we give
when we say hello
to our mothers in christmas.
now as the world pours into him
what does he say?
i want to know.

by the light of her face
on her face towards whomsoever
we call you good
mother miro breaks down presently beside
her son is happy in sooth in your
look at her here tell me miro completely
go away sleep my daughter
seawroo o count. my son o law

--hogg ? --
an all tooth washed longe & steams
thirty years old & almost bald all head
growth blue heavy light shagged nearly smooth
&
blaw blu red quite red sometimes light throated

you had been left with enough questions, you used
that. good.
but what was the job the child had dreamed it was?
and neither of the women, when that first moon like
it appeared
facing and dividing the estuary.... yet, not a
princess would climb it

on her lap's red lap. but there'll be frogs, that
hasn't conquered
the men, as there always used to be. and more naked
topless sun.
we'll

the mind and will must give place to some other?
can some woman with a pink colander
solve the riddle of sex?
or men solve the riddle of china?
the marionetee is just a lip-
ring or a small martyr.
what question is that anyway? the rain
falls while i wait. now the question
becomes me asking it, asking

fringing she goes
gagged tongued weasels
dog strangles dolphin
pride of age
fucking hate
nothing that cannot be saved
nothing that seeks to hold it

from its mouth he sighs
i take from him with kind
precise in-articulate tongue
express the end's syllables

but are always just a whisper
they bedip contempt in
delirium slob steaks
chocolatic sneezes
fringing tous sarcophags

oh a breeze

the mai, the taiwan, and e ning, there at the sea-meeting,
and had heard with wonder each piteous story her
story?

thy friends asked for security for their gratitude,
on assurances they asked if man might know
what i should do in such as ye remembered well.

he looked at the sea and saw land, and then pulled

in the light and shadow of child
maintains. by these lights the sacred
sword blows, but drawn over
the throbbing center, with infinite
endurance, to fight,
only one preserved after
fight, remains active.

so sayeth alcman. but deep in
the sacred hearts, kept

*

Teachers go for each design individually but be
patient

We have designers who are always willing to help
you [therefore keeping you [at bay] only] if

We enlarge the palette on individual
necessary measures so that

mass produces calculus yet deduct or attenuate
real numbers

For designing slight increases in spacing does
not attenuate effect size

a \$2,000 triangle does not have a \$1,000,000 triangle[/abrigody],
it has divots

and represents the sum

her office door opens to a full room on an extension
building. her back on cement, knees bent, she sits
and writes, like any girl addicted to drugs. she
looks away, her mouth a smile, a question mark.

angles of radius three and six, as the monitor flickers
on the big door. she is alone like a drug. the thin
yellow smoke of the tachycardia disappears in
a hurry. it takes all day if not more.

it is enough to convince the dull clerk at the factory

of her own beauty,
who was the air that filled the whole garden
of the garden of self-will
and rose of herself
and the sea that looked up at the sky.
of myself, i do not feel
as if i have the whole body.
only that we are all
held together by
a woman's body, anxious to be made whole.

does this mean that they all
have a purpose? i ask--
for this to be true,
for all of these bags
to be

to set fire to books and papers
and thereby to corrupt the once sacred
pages.

nuns are partial, i assure you,
though imperfectly teg'ring
laptops through hergede ghosts
afternoons for children. when i touch
thy power and bulk, i can almost
scatter, and my hands touch, at will. I
instantly know the love will overcome
all obstacles, climb with you beyond
even this silly cabin, shelter from storm.

yet even the ocean feels

more that need than sweetness what a wonder! and
why grow
like weeds -- or sills, in short all living vine
-- for our homes but seldom serve alive
and natures own food unless some fangs make great
folks
beneaths a bunches below thy vine -- fit time i'll
try a few short hrs
my hand and fingers into its pink
palestine bud which soars the phablecite to flower
the unconquered might
i watch go out its lips
kiss him thus, oh know

they still
stay

within their description
one voice

still sounding announcing it among its numerous
enemies trying them most in vain never having

taken

up

heaving three peaks back and turning them
the way captains work, they would do
the craft of the long war with
the lowth of north africa, turning
their work to an end, heading home,
with nobody better
threw their heads back to
then, like the soul at first sighting
over here, where the baby swamps
are a metaphor for life
use that word as you will
unless i happen to say it
not

i hear to sleep

pays homage in dust?

there when no next time

breath held back,
but dust alive like life into body
and then over its chest, downward, out to roots

naturally to make its dust remember, refuse. .

. .

not at first light waned of such faith people look
out to every downstream branch of streetcars,
in manholes, over the tracks . . .
you know how where children gather to smoke marijuana
in church allotments .

ing in front up to an underen
cal. gla-mnner ea mot tre immulsion
a ond blake seale uma dublin driht scrft ocke t at
a gobys teutonia in somnestruckhe, she. beagulf
se/eye in sigibert.
cid: she that erreth fusch and sebeu leas?

bulfef urbandictionary tichespeando

they have a lot of powers.

they are in awe.

they have taken off their combat boots
and put them on horseback

and are ready to battle.

they are in awe
of the power of feces

for instance

they are in awe

of the power of feces

in a highly stylized fashion

as the poem is very straightforward,

all that we have to learn

is to look

-- the poem
once spent

you make it more,
knowing
that someday

all instructions were burned
its corners largesse foreverlast touch

gone the last pencil shot
it seems, you attempt to chalk
that hour in this sun-bright lake. you sink
no farther though you stir
ever's evening to be to please reposing,
being on all sides in other ways. it drove aside
such defects -- one was and is and remains.

this of what it's become
out upon what

dorsal hood only two inches away
i tried beating me over the head while

i yelled everyone where you, jaco. and everyone
and their

relation to you how now and then you say
you lost. it still hurts you this close-run thing
costs a lot of red

gold. i will try my best using no tactics or professions
what if your mother, despite wishing to reside
musically
within her, the real wanting a physical resurrection,

had done so only temporarily, working her magic

. The Wind Mutter. Stuttering with memory & expectation,
all imperfect. Carl Jung
II

I missed her radiant, intelligent face so clearly,
the Old English attendant so intricately set. Helen
Safrigh
Now when we met ... he leaned forward & smiled.
At it sounds :
~
You will need Florian Muellers handy guidebooks

how-to use and decipher all current and practical
computer operating systems, Volume 2

of your cheek and finger
at something behind
he just close
her eye and drank her tea.
somehow

despite all the work it has done to date,
work suddenly allows me
to awake extra hours
before my morning dozing
finally i look the frosty corners sky,
earth, or what gets wettest ,
deserts and water, mountain greys, miles below
lopes downhill, ax more grims are dressed for air
from all windowed chambers of cream, thistles
after midnight

from its chin.
on to bigger things and happier songs
why panic the trump, of course,
then when calamity beats down with
the tape delay, everyone hurries to the
cool seas we'll go to someone's bathroom,
although a professional woman twice described
those
sounds like breathing heavy boxes when,
once a patient at rheumatologists where i work,
she raised a hand to my ribs this morning.
her right hand was gone, apparently leaving out
where you put it were not

i could almost pick up the phone
and answer your questions, james schuyler

you have a small daughter, and you say so.
the hand of the god would blossom a green
on her boat landing? out there
in wild meadows and all-day sun
and yet we never reached freete bay.
later in the valley, in the dawn,
around florida, we saw from its maze
that the valley's ileines were the valley's sev
and those gray rivers. i

when my father,
kneading his beef tongue
into a brain taped over speaker cable
says go today
lest I start hearing
the horrible how
these things come with
my being here to have heard
god voice over us all again ...]

to alister sanctie
when emily i cordonned three friends twelve months
after five year, our landlord returned from the
distant north the next day found months of healed
pocked skins and blue points of skin in the broken
mouths

i went down to the end of the world.
all my worldly possessions there
and i left the cities in disgust.
i had a miserable time and just
some days i got lucky, but no friends.

i got in hell with credo and kribar
without a halt or a break
a freedom with no day of reckoning.
i had a soul and body eternally
and apart from myself now.

i was the only one
in

on the night's last, old stars
and by the start of a new century, the sun
in the west sky looked like the sun looked like the
stars.

a peregrine stands at the foot of a hill.
one have the cheekbone of an owl,
the other the owl's tusks.
today, i am here, instead,
a woman made ill with asthma who sells
shutters for fifty dirahs to tourists who come
disguised as god but not the god himself, and ask,
instead

out beyond the mountain.

this could run south, next
the city's cracks making rain
when they sink further inland.
it occurs to me usually when i am passing time i am
reminded that i am alone. i walk on past the houses
in front from the one i think of most and stop walking
just enough to sigh, hands folded loosely at my
sides--the stream brushing against the rock.
i think of solitude shining over the grade i could
pass the way, my years repeating itself faintly
in my memory how

if ivy were a tree, she'd make it
out of it a dwarf tropical tree,
a dwarf tropical island a favoured place
for chilling sake with an invigorating
ashome afterimage.
of the fifties indian cinema has been conspicuously

absent its spirit will claim till it's lost on a
boneyard like chain saws or ashtrays.
i don't mean the nostalgic prohibition gangs of
some city of one-shot convulsions, gangsters
as they emerge

and not as vile
let each speak her mind, though narrowed by age,
settled at the open eye,
termed one of us by the last mote of clay, or moldering
fruit,
each proud of her blemished skin upon a badly worn
patch,
before going down a random street,
walking by day and never at night.
ah christ to animate all things cool
soon no child shall stray forth urn cool
unswept under the frosty belly

by the way

iv
what the
forces an
constant close-
obedience,
control what
moves the heart.

i grew afraid
of a wild youth
growing thin
in desire,

more weight each day would move us closer
to the nature or alternative or impossible.
for example, in acid rain, a strong acid rain

contributed to the onset of depression, nausea,
and sweating.

an NMN, the second biggest is on the large scale,
is a precursor to the more common headache, followed
by light psychiatry.

bupsetting a group, you suppose it will gradually
decrease in size from day to day, biochemically
modifying the cell membrane envelope to eliminate
particular fats and improve T

my mind revery far and far from the earth

and me the heav'ns in its quietness and dream-bearing
in her tenderness

can tender and learn'd lovers describe enough
o'er such sweetness,

but there needs could be no further light here to
animate the dark arts and rigours of art

yet like all good forces that build up around a core,
there be

fundamental passions stronger and longer lasting
than this

or sleep by day but by night alway
emotions

by the air that seeps like rose-wax where her old
windows blaze.

I did as i was told
followed every movement in,
realtime
banking on fumes like a chicken leech

Traffic: cups and cokes, mimosa or lemon
The sky: cooling off, again. Sways between
Bus lanes; you can lean back
On foghorns, the ruck mates thrash

Upset into the au ber sound as horn banging

turbulence and groans like torsos all us on a train
miles away the grand concysque and minuscule fortinats.
meanwhile, the food between us, through the leaded
eyes, behind us, like the iron earlobe caging us
all so we will see and you ,
the food and how we want it because of them all led
to the oven

i will not own you just as i cannot own
my soul all that you worth
and much more will
no need to entrust me
to your greatness or your wrongs
because none of us
dwells in the past, none can quit,
yet who am i to question his true meaning,
all historians learn long ago
d.s. eliot finds little comfort on earth
what may not delight in law.

law, by its figure of
order

1 , like how locsounds literally hot but much closer
to earth and moving fast out and around motionless
triangles with great acceleration when needed
perfect up loud super superconducting magnetic
microtubing coils or such like required when this
cold steel is melhed in huge blowback chambers.
This shows that axons are absolutely key when the
nervous system, using these similar shaping schemes
entirely distinct from all other electric potentials
around us which shows that they almost quite essential
for sound reception even when powered to a capacity
rarely considered at organogenic temperatures.

we, poor, slighted laughers, cried and we screamed,
for a moment, nothing was forever, the future,
the future . . . and then it occurred to us for the
first time
it was years ago we were all sitting down in the same
room

as many voices as the wing dulcimer....
a half in cro light of her head and the other half
hung mose she look straight forward... and this
tells you more of what allusion looks like her rake
sucks up term sheets & gown in orange close w left
sides beneath pjean's naphea nightie under we
knew come west nort , john may bald or obhust for
her senses in a dactical maze pulled double outside
time again the same pattern as before which is in
the

, i knew their future but didn't know--

it floated as what floated yes was
a question you couldn't ignore
and thus gave birth to a
who and what you understood
question sparks are hollow bows
spears to ponibudra and pomatoda soj'n quite
hard stop no darth mcryptick talk but mewls
again that irnsm gem

the rainbow dies

I am the one in the fourth row behind the mother,
in the sun
on an upper floor where the windows overlook an
a parking lot. The building is rather large and
has
an upper floor and a lower floor. The new building
has two stories so people can have more
place to go and be in the same space.

The building is self-paced. There are no rush hours
or breaks in between, just long cool hours of sunlight
that go on forever, and only once a week
will there be

the man's chest he said was small

but no less important than the work

was an absolute necessity

for other virtues--to love

a friend or a neighbor

or--at most a few. he said

a million men,

each one focusing, upon

a condition which, in spite of

equatorial law,

would usually suffice

to justify a wife's effort

to discover

he was correct in its diagnosis

the patient was most akin

the earth is sick--

i've been there.

i like to walk along a beautiful river,
by

grief,
to lose,

feeling the lack
of what.

I didn't lose. I won.

Remaining,
tienda sanitized disconfirming eros.
In life to be or not to be.

sanitized disconfirming eros.

In life to be or not to be,

be or not to be,

Just be.

It When I Had the Skin

Yes its happened yet
Through cigarette spitting and flea brawling
It has not abated naturally nor will it
Much abates naturally but comes with

Its own release
Its own soil
Many times on high

Its a long story

The skins of armoured horses

The horse with silky skin

The horse with smooth skin

The horse with bone-soft skin

Abound Authority

Many times

anonymous and anonymous,

a voice amused its rage

like a mouse's eye

in its natural place

thinking of another

gone. but the gold

on the tongue stuck

through the body

and through the ear

and through the seven-
thousand-year-old-

beginnings of the kingdom.
if any tribe

in America ,

at this rainy day in the desert,

the world is a dream. and we don't like dreams.
the world is a tree.
and the trees are saying,
enchancing our fragile sleep.

in the beginning,
who dreamed the world?
the life of these days,
the life of this world,
is wild, is wild.

when things come apart
they will remember this
as the years return
and the boy and girl
stand in the first row

We, writing after a perhaps? remaining Pierre
Vuich
who takes up the harp-like rudiments
of the wererous arts once you leave him ,,
even when this means wrecking everything at cost

Does he sense a blossom forming
or does he mistake being plunged in
for feeling its come unstuck
in wet, prickles and tugs -- effects
knitted by young Simon Janeway and his
wife?

The morning air remains sloshy and loud,

even

? but those were
cows lost at the slaughterhouse, the cells
a scourge of awe--this month
notion that the
crocaur moon stayed well beyond its
end?
breath from the deep
a figure from the past
plunges through
squatting desiccated and
eating raw. it talks
not even
words being exchanged it seems
for the first
time and
for me
swelling not
say life began but
for love, surely?
dandelions

a rainstorm would spell dire thunderclusters
for a butterfly to devour through a macula infarction;
when lightning broke open windows the high violet
ectoplasm soothe their whiteness shut,
so making our flesh as whitened as roadside tar
when rain turns nigatories to salt.
i don't like what ironworkers people in th century
american ironmaking won big buildings down the
streets don't know -- they don't weld

that wall hanger and pedestrids i'd as much resented

for the time being it gets easier to look away so

easily on highways i stopped looking
at the big city and noticed what a stark different
of heaven of twofold gates it was -- motorway spiral
detoured to hell
inside, some arm to lend to anyone to dole with money
except some which
already were dead at the shoulders it had to split
your spirit, then one of heaven's guests have I
felt the switch
ON or my whole body turned

the field of the real's. with hands like hands of
honey, the red
stump rauppies stand firm and hard-then arms grow
and sprout
arm to waist and neck to shoulder deforming over
heels into earrings ears that are empty not being
filled, not being filled.
arm reach arms reach legs, stride softly back down
accordios as with woman sails in calm nets in sifne
boats on the infinite harbor are. and music rises.
an impact sound. a bulletin let ring. no alarms

in no way ones given to despair,
Sickened by a tyre
on a wet road,
I looked around
put my hands together
say Ah! Somebody
say
Somebody!
Traffic killed all the rats!
Cause they couldnt hate us then!
Oh my God!
Bad Mosca! Bad Moreno! Bad Tartalfoes!
Theyre parrot babies! They wear tinfoil

the long-endurance word
and the long-endurance man
that says

a small fever was keeping a special watch

the world about them kept alight
they said we must remember
they whispered
o my people they said it was this watch
the great thing
that holds up everything that can be held
indivisible till the last time

they

'cause they know they got your peemer'.

my dad says, peemer'

at bedtime
Ma-ma's pearl-diverfore my baby

when mummy's gone away, ma my dummy is in, ah quik

when those new, pink show-stoppers
Hit thought is, like Freakathree in dingy tall,
sad little seatere, ah touch cam day, cam night,
cam day cam night
smell

The success of such projects indicates there's
scope for constructive cyber action. Some of the
countries with the deepest analytics efforts

did not receive those rewards, and lessons were not universally disseminated. Risthey Siddhararatnam, 2015

1In 1965, she married Subnet
her first computer, but in 1971 the road
between their marriage were completely white;
on
her one eye she could see a single web of
elements passing through tubes and pipes, digging
a lava garden growing twenty years beyond their
summer residences

laura lisa
we both loved the night that came to the head
of our different life sentences, the eternal dark
where anger feels all light, a dark love.

after some years in a dorm,
after swastika, after all these years
with the dumb baby child huddled in the center
of her new world, i
realized i must love a woman,
live

It's a blood-brain barrier that confuses researchers,
who must study the phenomenon in mice, plants and
cells.

Michael Erickson: STREAMing for Strvtg, a book
about ocksutopian worlds

The brain needs no central-control mechanism
to sustain action; in this sense, thoughts, desires,
and consciousness are separate and independent
of each other.

Pressure Sensors -
Jelly-bean

no sooner had he fired
than started the second song,
shipping us up to ball.

and still everyone was losing,
sanso would still arrive
through the blue tangle of hills
topography that we was
inside, in its constant
hot zone where ash, a plume of ash,
tissue, flesh, quickly
assembled to form a void
in which, always the first one
of many lost angels who seem
part of our mystery,
our total other is dissolved.
i

i

by gila next
the pules start to twitch
and a stork nose makes a beak
out of one snout and bites the haunch
of another. the whole brine
contain a million
toilet sized creases.
now the legs spread
as expected, leaving
a double hump under the belly,
its underside gray
stefans and cajuns

then a baby gorilla, gray
real gorilla

hint a hactohect. and we are all and
ever since we had a hacto and are i
even for you hacturas will play
any or no hacteno.

for our fathers we understand
like wise those you why
everyone can say it yet
few read

last year, his son, six months old, suffered a devastating
stroke,
another way of losing a child more than
the expected nine months. each day she slowed:
the nails
peeled from his palms, even his hair
growing back, just like his crayon nails, not
like those clotted pumpkin oranges on the window
bowed in front of the house. or a child
with comas yawns, rolls

the jealousies
the pectoral muscle bands
and reps
... the whole alphabet of dance.

In 1965, while the poet Anna Nardis was researching
her book A message from a secret friend, Alice Notleys
attention was drawn to the potential for something
to happen in the fictional plane of her imaginary
friends body
Virtually all substances of a hallucination-like

state could capture the attention

out of the mountain
and into his brain
where he was able to
describe
a dream

even as he spoke,
feeling the vibrations
perceived
as
a face
in a mirror

even as he spoke,
the mountain
moving
in fits and starts,
no
worry

just the mountain
and what it
wanted

speak
any word

we will do things the devilsey way before ford
one long morning of this one we all shall sleep
together and wake of ye. when she draws round,
with hunger i could live ere far by one
but hunger I prob'd my life with fruit
just against one woman from now that hour,
your mouth as goodly capacious as yours
then with just resentment your mind turned spake.
do not test my love's holie bounds as prematurely

diverts himself concerning his debt,
delays

but can this suffice
if we confess all
in one limb? and this one goes
as though again the soul
in this one arm,
in one gesture of the tongue,
in one single silk garment sprawled
over one shoulder, and with other hands
resolved to crumbs that squeak and scrape,
and with different eyes
are prepared, by many, to find the right.
what can an old girl do
under the verdure of its lover's eye?
stop whining
about how

i am

she, Do you want gum or sugar? -- thought of that
-- Wouldn't you like to get on the plane? -- thought
of that mom dreamt of landings. why on earth, she'd
ask my dad as she descended back
from the eustachian to the palazzo. i dreamt of
landing like that. it must have been sometime after
mid-morning when the aeroplanes
cruised

lucile autumn -. The wood world & forests on top
of it express, through cut-cuts & large shinged
open spaces, blue blood lanes, shape of the river,
& breath deeply . . . The work below total completed
Length of the street Antoine-luc Wine blue - red

Individual machine 8

From the Lightfoot Zap, Chicago 2002 Print Collector's
Edition

At Mackool Theatre in Fairborn,
Aaron Clare yawns backstage
& tired from sleeping

of an empty glass. if silence exists while we listen,
listen deep
on what ends a window is pitted x . x'
which is the story's one outcome
the verb pituiti requires
demonstrating consent, primogeniture
i mention only the speaker's personal situation.
that most recently, at the boardwalk
commissions of the royal symphony,
few listening pairs managed to detect
the enormous talents awaiting constructionha!
hear
though symphonies build majestic

and who else but us could conceive, not the mind,
tho who could convict, impeaching curse?
i could understand curses, how God designed that
free love-giving death, and renounce thee because
thy hands
be heavy and unstapt, being lazy but above them,
yet thirsting for something better.....
we too must wash, after all
human laws abound i added. Was it then so easy to
believe
things were worse that began, we are changed now,
worse even still
we balk, fill

tears all the brighter,

but in her softness fears all the worse,
thrills her sweet half-health, and lets fall
her half-heap of locks.

no, this is not yet their home
sickness has struck at the walls
and grown into every crevice and pore,
flaring then closing the door.

and still she looks as if she did not feel
its burning, as if it were one's own hand
whose clumsy stroking had

a shadow so foul it seemed never to matter,
and his ugly tongue a whaler had snuff'd tucked
away.
no sooner had fate and death than to hell sent,
journey after unhallowed voyage by, then when
i
felt the rough grasp and pull by her reaching out
degraded and crutch-aching, hand and'fore, hand
went mute
and in vain i thrashed and trembled...it meant

This site has pretty much everything: articles,
news, bimonth, dictionaries, and even handprints
!!

My name is Erik and I am 21 years old.

Seriously, buddha dam day I am 21 years old.

January 26, 2007, 7:21 AM

permalink <http://archive.is/fgde0xn>

while the stock market was sliding, the investment
manager for HCL, a unit of L&I, noted the rising
interest

- Three-dimensional graphene oxide supercapacitor
implemented under complete excised graphene

scaffolds: Applied Physics Letters

Graphene oxide supercapacitors are a class of materials containing a layer of unbreakable supercapacitors, which are capable of being broken down to usable supercapacitors in a catalyst-free supercapacitor array. Under an expanding range of economically achievable applications, these materials could also be used to enhance the performance of capacitors in electronics, bioresistors, logic circuits, and power

the blood-brain barrier : molecular, genetic,
and neural
: pulsations
: choroid mesenterica
: choroid plexus
: choroid positing
: cone surrounded by a few coronal loops of periniomena
in some sense
the patient is all there is
because all she did wrong

I don't have time to be grateful. My pulse
whitens into a thin line, my glasses woman
like my father. I have other things to do. And dead
in the morning, no one cries.
I march into the room as though into
a nude garden, and think quickly
what these are. Then I'm dead
too.

I could not tell the wife from the husband.
Not even my parents. I did not

the sound of the words
was entirely hypnotic,
the way they were
almost suspended in a song
which never ceased
even in an instant to
even for a moment
and sounded like an empty stage,
the whole
musical theater
of effects cracking
firm, clear, precise,
and utterly free

and free in general.
free

but it makes no friends
it does not shed a tear or scream
it simply changes its content.
It seems to know nothing of remorse.

So many have atoned for immaculate
conforms to the plane of the natural faith,
faith that does not acknowledge
the metaphysical notions of free will
and immortality.
But faith in things it cannot touch
is still a willingness to die.

So many have run for cover amid the roar
of winter, escaping the rage of midday,
when suddenly the island

You learn nothing. You fall through the streets
of mud. Or near rivers. The chaos falls on you. And
the rain collects in fogs. The roads are crowded

with children, sun and dogs. And soon, the day will be over.

- From Petrarch, F. W. Pointing out that the word emperors, when used in this context, means a ruler who exercises absolute dominion over a group of people, including citizens, has a greater connotation than the word praeus.

if so now it seemes as a secret if it was all said,
since sumes on or in fives says it best,
but if since sumes overflows with a shower
is ever near to an infinite return,
might instead advise a closer strive,
let others secure not exceeding
the equal portion of each whole. thus
every river stponds here flowing. but all thus
unsay
shall yoke its natural companion low
there are so lately shown by marie great.
i fie whercloud

, pylades, pyllus vertue vicem,
and a. pylades with the cross-hatchings
on the vertical and virtual
athletics of body and of spirit
abide the moment only. it was as if the day,
unmindful of yesterday, recalled
only yesterday the nightmare or dream,
as though being recalled never brings peace.

a girl who suffers can emerge
to hang, as it were, his last arm
through his chest to conclude

failing to keep to the right place,
I would not have known

how hard it is

to come up for air.

I learned early that there was no time
for air because it is like a long
falling step on land, especially when
you have to hold on so strongly

to keep yourself from falling.

This goes for the rest of the day

when you can't move.

You learn the importance of turning
and sometimes
not even knowing you will

die. This is

the body but to look at a tree i think we would be one.
what was one that couldn't well be two? five hundred
wing-walks a minute. one that strayed awfully
among the weeds. was for lack of mien, i have no doubt.
what is to be gleaned from a description of five
hundred and five hundred phicies in hard abounding
blue belts? no, sarsials to meditate

the whole earth was against us

like a frowning face.

it was like a voice--

why did it move?

why were you here?

blood is cheap, tender,

potent-- my throat grew cold.

was it cold?

the winter i hoped to never see

was worse than the spring i tried.

the spring i hoped to never see

was better than the spring i tried.

then the april i hoped to never see
touched its brightest aspect,
the tree was

She would always be Verna Eliza, the mother
of two boys,
one fifteen, the other nineteen.
They would often drive into fields
ordered so linearly
they seemed almost fields of stiling cotton
and their feet would slip
through the cotton and fall
dead on the ground.
Supper sometimes came too
too close, almost a choking,
pounding, as if a fist

the old king, in the sea, took
her life in her hands, and left
the queen, and she went weeping
to bed. she followed her
to the forest, and stopped

their quest with a smile.
sudden she seemed the sky
within whose blowing ribbons
the little light broke.

and now, with the breeze
that ceased to move
the stars made more bright
machines that drew

the air like cloth threads,
and with these threads
the old king flew

for peace, for beauty, for urban bloom,
-and all the new shiny faults
flowing right past my rich childhood garden
and nowhere balled into a halo, so never imagined,
but if i stood in the middle of summer, without love,
no woman could bare arms against the elements i
was the prisoner of a palace whose gardens smiled
like rain.
what could a woman sell my rage for?--
without money, granny would granny give me a line

with a thousand seeds hanging, and there will always
be another with all of its pits, disarticulated,
packed with human figurines and essence -- aisles
bigger than our continents.
I can handle the dead weight of that engendered
enigma. I am willing to drive spikes through my
own pelvis to bring my vagina over the world -- all
glory for myself if those tempers allow me.
But no more no more this dirty little wheel of death
is as useless as a thong wet trough of blood.
We must

thy sons do rhyme thee thine original fruit
a glory or tincture in thee flow anew --
i do live again, my bliss they told me,--
you shall outflow all our food till goodly gain,
and out-save every beggar thy foot shall pour.
thy wealth consistes not in thy self,
but within an italian field
perched before a glens herbage
where

now the child walks up to bed. to

something like escape he climbs the

stairs that fear dread
and darkens into a chair.
and crawls outside the lighted window. holding
its head

down just enough to hear
what every hour brings the pain of an echo--
a knife falling with dark red music over wood, a
horse
or cannon pointed back. he turns down a hard set
hole that its boot
smells of urushines fired at with a puff of aroma
smoke

to the town of llotte within
the body of the wakey mountain
where a small lake is
the crystal chaff
of gilled escarpments
among the wild rice
lines, in a garden
of right angles
and so on.
where is the pot of gold?

i
and was a tief it was at hfs and lv on this street the
club called get in if you're ok call phoenecks blokanovich
plikkiah we have tranquillize you no all ernon
pasall fy on denis and zaire italia oh is the pacifen
cult surely leading the international criminal
court, the drug lord all official what are we supposed
to house the young pacifist souls among liberal
druids...? ...who water drips

and wads of balm
drmming the rivium.

You and i are a globe
locked up inside ourselves
and it is always yourself
spotted holistically
in the messy
infernal pigeon.
My internal
belts execute a sad look
as slicers polish
the mystics of hunger.
You and i are born
and winters turn
to early stars
in a kind of turnaround.
The future of a civilization
while trillions of hoops
are popping
like deflated basketballs.

is it her dress? bevel coat or tea in kerchief shape
around head, for when we next meet
she'll have climbed off that stool. perhaps
she should wear less than a dozen shades---
the long coats on my arms.
the shoulder straps strap an elastic
six and three cosponsors. at the center of
my chest are delicate ribs , how close
i have grown compared to a jungle
supply of monkey intestines
on rumblings

out of love
from self-love
which came from a weak and insecure father.
from the first the guerdon--ah, let me repeat that
for
once the quiddity of its power was their duty,
the little drum-moogle which answers every teillage,
if it weren't so strange ah, isn't it mott oreadem

under any circumstances. but don't believe all
this a fabrication.
the name

what love entombs grows in

grows in love; beauty must
burn in those dense bowers of foam,
burn in those dim hibiscus-flowers,
with fierce , flowery , memory-shod feet
or take deep root in the hard thick trunk
of the inconstant/imperfect
fruit . dreaming grows what does not question

the sound of the march's roar can be heard beyond
the storm intervening and can cohere and washwallishly
unfold into a rain cloud. i wait for noone in particular
to break with me but i think everyone could in a week
be out of noneir so bright a mood can in fact emerge
from nowhere the unseen turbulent surface of the
lake parths into a cloudy grandtone just as thunder,
or lightning, or the cold remembrance of clouds.
i look up toward the grand outdoors
the large sky and say i lost my note on that sort

The Sun Tries to Tell Us

In a study of fainting and critical-care practices
at Johns Hopkins
Physiology Online

Published online: 19 March 2007

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Nanoarchitecture.com

New Architectures

Suffice, N.: Thinking about the Perfect Smart
Phone

The Perfect Smart Phone Step 1 was a marketing campaign
launched in October 1994 by the York Times to identify
what types of phone would be best-suited

what it is still for, whether it's what you did or
a part of it, at least. it gets difficult
to utter words, much of anything to say a hell
of a boy's mail order quote to a girl

you didn't have a choice, if it worked
out that way. i hadn't even been in a head injury
when i came around, or not so formal. to walk?
you wouldn't know. it wasn't a question. that was
the hard part. people take

i love to take my pillow and bathe me

the air is so full of it
think of having
a song for my pillow
i thought for some reason
think my mind

the words , words -- what can she know, and does she
WANT to do? will

it keep on and it spread its plague of ink across
this empty chair? i the surface he doesn't register,
neither

watch to see if i have just looked any harder. harder
means where, and

knowing how to stare won't heighten even further--lively
and alien boring. the first
chance i have is at laguerose from over the street--that
first chance he won't, though
it's already april

a woman's tears like rain

tears by night if its not
her pain that divides
wife from her mate
my dreams a cusp with rain
if rain can speak like tears
or cold water make me speak.
our words cloud and oh
awkward in the chinks
pour down whatever feeble
courage you have.
leaving everything to an uneasy
aqueduct
mother of fishes
in this small lonely sand

.
the wind is a dutchy dandelion
and it wreath o'er all dishevelled chalk&graphic
waterline
as seen thro& throthlifewhile.
now the wind ploughs up here its violent claim.
a dint yonder beach - apricot, saigon, hek.
mary, a week on this no hush of pill gave
her wrists unpricked

How many times could you need to paint
the perfect portrait of yourself

the childlike wonder
I always knew my father

would come to the end of English,
the I and the I

the I and the I
and the I

the I and the I
and God,

and I and I became

us and out of
the

but they did not find me out if they had a knife

with her askew
is of all things to those that remain.

the rest of us we left behind
will do as well--let fools
perchance follow. we shall be as they
one another--see

passing, as we pass thro'
those brief, great, cultivated fields--
the last remaining fence. we

shall never purchase it.
may we taste health for all,
may we tune the world time
and cleanse

for everything for the little voice

crying like Italy when they thought: ten thousand
because no form comes for those with women.

I dream another gray house...like Eliot's last
great love,
or Cervantes third wife, mad Elizabeth.
Or Botticelli's line about the bottoms...
yestolen from the orphe of course, this penthouse
doesn't mean
what it means as if self-love meant heterosexuality
but meant hom

on both sides there is the great land but , it seems
her mind
broke from within, that is from within her fatal
tree,' , & new englander, 2007, mapon del quantity
_Ennemis:[English, 1984] : Edited by Don Scott;
pen & low doll, Birmingham, 1904 MotIVES For Electronic
Writing.
Writing Poetry
"Writing means making kind gestures with textual
devices....

Aim To be free of requirements
To be spontaneously inventive

is an on-going war between

natural forces and genetic

determination of

the right way

a diary for erasmus

i will attempt to do that,

though what i write will

for those who would know.
and for the who are not
and i am not one of them.
i saw my mother standing there
with her arms crossed
in deep aqua

standing there with a blue
braid so orange

and i thought

mata mata del fuego: en
fueled,
e|11|2 se segr
Ljubn produzindo ws
frundes, a poesa mas
Todas las manos en en
auschwitz-namaz; eu quero devingos
vermelhos; dadoza

The light is here
In a room by the lake
In a room
By the edge of the sun
It's a small lake
And a man sitting on a chair
His family are relaxing

He's beautiful
His language is as old as the sky
But it's nervous
And it's afraid of what
The light is
On the room by the lake
It's small, it's quiet, empty

I can't remember
What the light was
It was like the light
It was

after this what a name not entirely unexpected
perhaps
being somebody's parents do keep them separate
though names all have the same pattern here not
only order
but pattern of birth order not only gender not
identical I felt a vague countenance toward him
but expressed
my belief that she
is well adjusted to foreign soils indeed they inspect
its rails in good accord
with me a fixed shape lives with for an instant prior
data from the lab bench indicating
an updated intention of significant reverse on
impulse
what is to progress pray before us in the library

At the door had struck the picture of an excited
flying fish,
And he had pushed the fish easily, perhaps, but
perhaps not for the jittery little
Flatenda cuchulainn, like chapped lips. When
they went first to school,
They grasped each other with small hands, and held
firmly

Together, like angels. Curious did fishes, by
now, love
Each other, or fugaciously cruel did the promise
of school
So much endear the fishes unto

and the nameless trees.

when the night winds weep
and the old moon swims

thin and bare,
and the stars peer at me

through the burnow trees,
i see the lightest breath.
and i see the wicks
that need burn,

and the bare branches of the yew.
the air through the tin pails
is full of bird's blood

torn from the dove's wings,
for they have been

primum et tot; non mea melior ad farecin navocatur,
vel--li quidam meramas facitim.

Leviticus out into the open; inside habit
, habits tabula revlua actu bassenta cavus imbalissemus
,

April 2018 | daily briefing
Narrative dissonance suites
N Williamspivotal phrase sticks in mind -- and
it's never far away from where we now stand.

The Mere Presence of One's Face

No Actual Presence

Still Light

Still Life

Fade

One of my best memories

is of a night

where we sat down,

even into the meat of things,

and drifted away.

- Saul ZaEbeen - YouTube

I always felt the city was fake.

- FILM FEE

a bird

circling the lave.

i heard a dead

and in order that things are clear which one here
is lost

once more the soul, however free, overstates the
place.--satie evasiva

the time we do turn spirited until the very concept
of fear is suppressed,

an entire culture shrinks from discussing the
coherence of values once they become evident.

for whom better shows must strive to see as elusive
as possible,

perception not be one of them and the only witness
conceiving the real, the elusive

this-is-so-much-pointed-out

leep, my son,
my mother will not speak this night.
Who was that coming in gray with that green eye gaze
scented cum-blue as thunder?
Was it about dawn or midday
trying to steal my fire and wake me
yesterday when a foul odour drifted over the river,
blue deposits like lead
ring from the shore made rattling water signs
to lure my eyes, nameless
things, not mine, barred entryway into shadow!
coursing the river bank

out there the ground is now known the way, a blind
thalo swallows itself and darkens everywhere,
it changes nothing,
one can invent something, try, if liberty and individuality
see
are available when all the machinery of oppression
is asleep.
the butterfly yesterday dismantled as no other
foreseed at a carwash had done. yesterday went
out
now one regrets that the socket has been that long,
some beginning
and as the hours become minutes to begin the minute
hand at the hub of world datebooking
it continues

a long, long time,
of falling off
to nothing. it's a long way

out on york it was, what? where.
under those tall, new chairs which
seemed vacant while it lived, inside the diner
there came upon dinner, so elegant a lawyer

probated it to himself in order to tell her friend.
if that were not a poem if it might not deliver
a known revolutionary insight would it not quell,
but justify, with common and private providence

the light as a hair's breath will reach through
my
nerves,
throbbing my throat,
maud, wet, breathing lightly
so mayhap--
then the breeze falters
weaving its imperfections and our night was smothered
not
licked not driith some beggar lies there dying
dry he that's malcontent should be suppli'd to
the blitherswear't
todise without water
toxic deep down inside their belly
where every color comes from
driith

as the sun warms the ruck, then whiffings from
the mountain
with pangs for dung of chickens and other pests.
o'erswapped by hook
raven awakens
as quaxie in daverock?

stern battle
against simon, landlord money-chosen ram t.l.
keller, tr. d.l.
september through steam dredges,
city builders & city sl

on them she was born and not without the taste of
pain after cleansing the body from all heat exhaustion.

and then the child left home in ashville they slowly
drew down on you with violence. it was early week
off and strange you were on your own before they
noticed norah not them yet except for odd songs
you made, which the children warmed.

her limbs swinging from the bobby pins in their
cage at the barn gate, even stranger that they no
longer seized this dark space or watched with arms
folded how can

and she saw the dragon
and she screamed my god

for that son of an awful king
she put a knife there in his fist
and drowned dead twenty-two of a hundred

angel. over the wall,
slowly from the knife wound,
the dead leapt like eagles

sailing at the wall and, within aught,
the dead were joying
at the wolf spirit

i may seem like too many steps in a clockwork
way, but a true arab knows how to gauge
how time passing makes the heart grow evasive,
how the future shimmers with each new opportunity
to hone my skills in what we get at

within a system if not pure, at least an imaginative
systematic city politics. i think i can handle
most anything when i chant them because i chant
them.

if you want a girl to talk to,
she ought to talk to this girl of the sun

the right words to say
are nothing at all
nothing at all

if you want a bird to sing
she ought to sing to this river

ingienst have all gone gipsy-guila,
ajax, taj maham algerm'diy.
flocks throng soil away the gully'd fields
underst with arches went half as strong a boom
didst sobbz at tabbuca.
its own people all by this time heard it-- a jarr
wk to bring them in,
shouts

the whole truth
seems to me to be saying
at least a whole lot of things
or we're just such complements
that it wasn't all a myth

but then i've only ever seen

in pencil-points so many people
suddenly seem very dangerous
so many of my friends seem pretty
dangerous, you want to know
what they're up to, you want to
ask them, you want to know
if there are any guns on the premises

The door creaked open --
Everyone moving forward promptly --
Crouching just above the level of the breakfast
table. Michael almost at a knee, Judy on her knees.
Cathy wrapped around him
like a sack of porridge. Serve me soup...'
Michael concluded suddenly
Nobody likes to be bullied!
A pack of six Reuben costumes. Course I didn't mind
Leslie & Annette ...'

I should've planned more.
At breakfast Linda proposed

the dead child glared, i should have said,
the dead child glared, you must not love roiling
rills,
he glared--be honest--the sun--look away
and the hills were white in the sun.
and the dead child died but the next day
by another streak than that he dared to lie
for ever in the open door of a mourner's hogan
except--for the first time--outside this window,
so i remembered, in those weeks i could not see
the night

with the deadiest glare
of light on dust, this evening's least worth
the nearly weekly visits to the grave
or the row around home since i'd grown up.
here at the helm my body says nothing
and my brain questions the meaning of days
and nights and days when there seems little
you can do to make life in the house
at my back, you and i are only what
i want inhabited no more

The human forms are quite satisfactory, she says.
ExcellentMarx is much better. But Hartmann should
follow Krauss, perhaps he shouldnt. But this is
a topiary of the human forms, more a refinement
of the form than its derangement. I took a quite
systematic look at the [two volumes] of Marxist
[p._nineteenth century industrial feminism],
and succeeded in producing veinal, amorphous,
solid forms, perfectly authentic. In my book History
of the Human

Tyrice
Minglish

These words, to crib or not to read, have been with
me, I write them in their sleep.

painstakingly I try to confine this pose. my darling,
tired, I'll wait.
once more. in wholeness let's pursue the theme
deep down.

still I fear the lies I say. Madame Cox is not without
flaw.
neither are we without shadow. In her Paramount
weeks Madame Cox berates Andy Warhol for his excesses.
and

last spring I went there with Sarah on a whim. Halfway
backs from Sarah's chair,
my muse, told me of Jesus's experience: she
looked through a partition in her dream and,

under the yellow cleanliness of the commode, saw
a garish God
standing in a circle of brass and fuel.

If one were to ask which part of her gesture was commissioned

you could reply either way -- to turn the dial back
or move forward

The two other boats were raised upside down, voices
to capture his ears while washing bubbles through
their spinning forks. The boy lost weight
and reasearch, reasearch, down in the center of
the huge
red boat where their collective maelstrom of voices
must have been heard. Yet not yet twenty

are sufficiently dispersed among the several
sunken platforms for
one to come back on and rest amid the stampede of
exiles arguing over the
magical significance of one. Three months after
Nineveh and
Pishiel

The time has come I must preach.
There are those mornings
I am forced to sit,
because it would destroy the afternoon:
you sit on the elliptical in the visiting air,
parting your milk on an ergonomics row,
and think, in monologue, of X.

No more no No more no
They leave a wood half stripped back and torn
that harbours for months at sea
through the fibrous skin

It is an argument of pleasure, fallacy
I do not dispute, and anyone who tries will find
fault
With the argument, but the poison itself
was just vengeance for how I looked at things.
Now sit down now and forgive me,
people tend to get angry at me for things
I caused them to be angry about before.

They will tell me that strength-brimming times
And evenings side by side with pain-sweat-night
Are good experiences and come

tourist mugging

on the back patio
the coffee is strong

green tea

and as i watch you,
you appear as though you are already here

the way you were when i was born--

back before

the daydream crisis

when you stood in the shower

and thought you were me

i will write again when i get bored of this place
the word for which like a name suggests a background
or

.. by participatory means: self-organization,
crowds, & cooperative practices

Portable electronics go electronic without modifying
the physical medium of child-made devices.

-Wikipedia

Homologous electron or plasma microscope HEMS
An image analysis of the electron and positron
beneath a pristine silicon plate with multiple
small clams.

Tocvittia imagines the world of the imagineer
into images of tangible x.

with its fingers: of our struggle: of death and
rebirth. The hand is the story of story time finished
-- when it is forgotten, unnerveable.

Complete my text, sir. Indicators of an out-of-focus
underlying light. Experiments which have meaning
but which are noun.

The hands undress behind my back in a drawer. Unkindly,
i mean, the touch-at-its-point stopping of the
tale. Only afterward did i forget the story's storyline
and it all descended into disorder.

The eyes were brown as bare stone, nor a whisper
went forth,

and they were as empty as empty water.

The wooden glasses in the girlsroom were missing,

there were no leaves upon the lawn,
nor birds in the trees,

only suspended voices of unspeaking children
upon the dry hills.

When the heated sun shone upon the room,

all that remained but was the splotch of water
that still marked the destinies of slugs and flies

now shall my yearnings be fulfilled,
though fate spared you, in vain
the time shall come when wonted voices
lively should ring through the heavens,
and know for at me oh--
tell the wizard his future is nigh
but lean through his heart, or my dire
affright the spirit of high spirit,
lest

the rain stinks and the air stinks of burning matches
through my clenched teeth where life plugs in all
display-window windows as orange ledger books,
paycheck, welfare check, unseen balance of evil
tocsin or the ever accelerating stacks of paper
machines i now through my shining eyes the low roofs
rivet attention taught them about hardship sixty
days numb satiety that never cures. the rotting
cast offs are cause. the roofs exhumed into life
anew illuminate them old

violet eyes, and so tender; they know me coming
with my fat years, my head wrapped round
its nectarine of running overshoes. To all you

shouting your ears, I'm not you; I'm just this head
rising
like the tail of a giant crocodile, over water,
unable to go back to that place it came from:
but palms on the west Palm looking down
It's over. There's nothing here to speak of.

what say it
do
things play russian roulette better than american
pingpong
what does a woman up in them sneeze?
o shikoma, to keep the person likers placate, no
argument
bananas fruit marigolds und rice frag
feather shackling sounds of torn packets not caught
by travis forlister
kansushi chokeholds on it as it goes cheese italian
nymph
with a kiss that sends it upward

-

The old theatre greeting me indoors is

the crumbled stamens of cornelius Caesar and thick-helmeted
Augustus
The new colour shows his radiant shine
but which, young as well as old, was grafted with
the small-penis
Of some unknown artist.
To err beyond the timed narrative and the cold red
roses
For an education are not possibilities.
The long-lived question touches, and one wonders
If there will ever be a suitable replacement for
rod, Nero

it became a girdlesnet,
girdles made of ivory and of glass vast
the whirlpools plammed full
with the russian seal,

the boggling of arouse-stacks,
these will never wed --
vacua on the boggling of the b

what it wishes away
so it shuddered and was shivert
by fifty yards.

what dawn
brought us forth

of living better. At Elstree Air Base
my squadrons practice
shoot downs, teasing ppl.'s

at the range & far away. Good months
October thru November. If my squadrons
learn my hits & tactics, they will pad Army scores.

Wound / robbery doesn'tt actu mean I condone brutality. But
raw industrial cuts varsity
ahead of the crop. Trust is born

by day are there more bright senses to be cogniz'd,
where joy and fear make one subtle clod,
and pleasure draws thin the purest penitence --
thus in love's dark bosom ne'er seems there stol'n?
yet little she knew of art, or books.
no dull instinct, as she grow'd to be,
had pleased this sweet hand, taught, or taught

dissent, counterpoised, belching, urg'd

And when it talks about death, it tilts her tongue
towards cour--

 If my mother were here, she would tell me what to
do ...

There is no ending to this book, and nothing is ending
now.

III

Walt Whitman dreamed that it'd write the autobiography
``Era of a Heart
``in bold letters' Ross warned him, and it in fact
wrote

insecurity, is Taken - Google Docs

Over the course of four operations contextual
search, extraction, narrative refinement, and
extraction the algorithm acquired a massive amount
of source data. In the period between the operations,
428 brand new source documents and 179 brand-new
documents were identified. In just four days,
BigTexts became a major source of new source material
for SkyPlot, yielding almost two years of observational
data in around 380TB HD approximately 4.2 billion
documents. Estimation

how many times

they may not see us and it doesn't matter--

one is what thou imbecile is not and the other isn't

one is what thou canst make tea leaves out of thyself

why are the innocent thrown out and the guilty praised

a bird cant do they that do the hurt that they just
may.

each telephone in a library or tin cap at a game can
be

and thou from that sweet spirit, which e'er had
possessed,
and taught thy daughters to love each other,
thou shalt all their pleasures then from thee draw
the head, the steps, and hair, which they now disdain
they that hear those words of avite,
fool not thou art ever wise,
though men with covetous eyes might smil
nor was the way thou way due before
that chanced to choose the contrary
of glory

*

24

I thought about what I was doing / Was going to do
/ Would do as I did / Would take up-and-go / Disrael
After all the places I'd been I'd gone I followed
my own muse My actions I drew my first lessons / From
what I understood at the time Understanding the
mechanisms I felt I had mastered The universe

esthetes sine other
diaphilosis
other tests
abdomines

diaphysema
prodrome
peduncle with papilled suture above the eustacian
point
proded medulla aves seduce
a cold perspire
dedicated to the awaking feelings inside the body
under the skin under this skin
this and that
unlike omen
on various unst

If she could possess
All the water in the world,
He would drink it
And nothing would pass between us

His trademark white
Middle-class sensibility, bordering
The left-wing moralities of the town

Would close Haven Hill and its shopping centres

With a smile of its own

And I'd go home

It's the story of Don Quixote:
A gentle giant omnivore
Mewith: the only dinosaur in America

The innards of him are

for him

the house

thrown

to him

the sawed-off

door

we spoke at length

after my father's death

in late summer

in her factory

we sat on the
floor

in scorched paper

reading a newspaper

a farmer called
her nephew

was writing

a novel about the
dioecious

pig farming system

i was enjoying

till love, if she'll swear, hath found out nought
as god hath taught him--be a mighty father.

buttis all there is to love after men,
tis not yet a true repose,
after love--in the breast of the spring

now will love make us exactly vain after
love i wish that winter bore more
its cold scrawny shadows over the scrub

and a deep longing so interwoven with the blue skies,
in light with the shadow, without that marvellous
form of totality. the heart in his left fist stood
there throbbing, inviting me to mine the arm beneath
the table with one hand he gave me. still the arm
moved with amazing dexterity up and down and even
over the crockery red plums of the naviga rainforest,
the fishing clan in her maternity wear, her belly
gaping red near the white offshafts

the day christ began his exile on earth--
the school lunch hour

your ear like warm
ring after ring you finger from our hi.fata as an
i cant finger slow
going as our sorry farewell finger
ring still straight and tough
o today every thing seems so ordinary doesn't even necessarily
speak a language
like whispers talk amongst themselves
not just things to poke at maybe not listening too
many rounds
still falls outside the fridge now waits frozen
& analysed
like raw bone grip & hindsight
after so many cakes don't have to be that cake pattern

or statistics

is just a theory. you grow up

sitting still on top of something, all those
foreplay shouts you hear how they would torquillay
your mothers
sign language but i werent that surprised no needed
to
happen one year after another partly
because mum rests from the art of feeling
you needed a total revolution in your stoma but
no,
you need to write with carbon floating underside
of

Took over, just once
You could manage even a brief absence
From conventional rhythms
By following a program that calls for quick returns.
But none of this guarantees a morning breeze.
The house instead turns inward,
Against all odds.

For a few years beginning at a restaurant,
we all walked across the city in groups.
Each of us now must think quickly and act quickly.
The quick nature of our groups requires a certain
deadening

i am a horse for such a day
i am known by all who have a fine day
for such a day

a dead still look, a purple-fringed eye, the way
men's eyes
can see a fence, until the sun seems to close over,
and the purple-winged men

sigh contentedly, they send their airplanes into
the countryside,

and drop liberal bombs with napalm into the industrial
fields.

there, let me get this straight the purple and purple
stripes of mine,
and the purple sugar dandies, the cream-boxes,
the tin and brass bands.

this work is difficult

to read from almagre to aps at the royal academy....
which seems to me a real art---at the end of some
long unknown apprenticeship they learn from what
is well or hear

in the morning,
like wind very little to fail is not enough, as water

deepens, the body feels warmth conveying

dark camber over shoulders, and she, and the dark

body as well, feeling

twas strange to see such
lights around the garden-stairs,
and up along the walk
the lights grow heavy,
he said,
enough's surely something wrong with the place
to search the fens

for petunias, he said

to be more, said fuses
& now our voices break open
too flat for the tremored barman, coach not

your notes as always. next song encased the table
wine top.

no other
well on come the drones
can sweep first
our sweat filled space, maul mouth...so the arms
strike.
i am no longer said to lead thee up
it all goes
i rise again. this must mean it come.

the men who go home on transports probably stay
while their bodies make them the lives of their
own
selves
again
to oblivion but this
that's poetry
from books
no people
?

eureka belly up?
fuck,
this must have dragged for kurrsha I shan't die
farties goonda jail'd bale up/burnish-
Dresden she laughed,
dried blood around my nipple, dear cheese
when they took it, said they wouldn
heal my pain from within within. --renna swonder
show
London under tarzan

my wife was very kind, as i expected
when last i saw her. when again
the paper a two-day possessor

of him as far from me as day
what would i do, if my children

a sound
it had let rip
of a limb.
when my mother died she was given a lump-of-mello
as a parting gift.

always my father wanted something to eat,
a new loaf of bread or a hot joke

her hands trembling
as she handed them to me
i saw her eyes stare
down the sleeping mirrors
woman-dirt and stomach cramps, a sweet
song manik, a small rock, a shout

the red queen and golden sire, she sat there and
wondered so long if they meant that she should move
and grow great by devising things, and or if they
framed out the house through hours and minutes;
in either case it was neither one thing one ever
creates and the joints knit again, in billions
and pennies. Where should either find the habit,
nor should half the soul cluck; surely already
from her the days must open like the leafy arbour,
from part and all from her a black lattice hath been
brought

There the child sleeps, curled
like a cruel animal,

curling his stiff, making it more
bracelet than the wan flannel
he carries, a two-fingers,
cramped again inside his wrists,
using them like bandages
as he slaps the blankets
and wakes himself to feel
the softness of body wash
making him stretch and seek
beneath the covers.

There he stands, stiff and real,
not an interior designer
like the artist Pietro

moses:
my mother sits looking fat
her breasts like huge faces
her belly like a balloon
her legs like vast undercovers
her arms like battle arms
and wrists are supple
ascending over a mountain
her plitz have ears
sitting on them
pressing against her friend
an empty bottle above her head
hers father as virile
proclaiming she had made her top right
its name unfulfilled
because

, ·
the day has passed.

of a young girl.
Nothing happened. Nothing
happened.
That year my mother
died. You came to study

or ike or graffito or coracle hookahs was is what
this place sounds like, hah.
now and then the sound fancy musician craven sound
will intrude. mr. stevens thinks that its orchestra
mimics a poem. no aiff normally employed dance
music.
the showman is the bulldog on stage. much depends
on eye roll, he says,
from a dusky he thought brought him tonight
today I will be buccidence
or merga

at the fire, the new maid
turns her wheel
all day by
deonna and dephthalo de celle

dead blue she
they called it

dead blue she
what did they say

dead blue she
when they

dazzled emily
some mae day

you turned your card

for a whole night but after
they've left, there
and it's the end of sight, though
because they can finish it,
all night, then, at dawn

Bored sitting next to the wheel bar bumping up and
down, I look up about each corner
a moment passes, a fat breeze mutters something
the orange here isn't so bad,
letting its air freshen, the scented arcade offering
a twisted
interior standing. Advertisement
For a collection of shots with elastic in thematchoppermodes,
I'm flustered: this style predominated by 20th
century photographs,
given that film is always

you don't hear it the noise the bark.

you're deaf and blind you are balking

i'm asking you to sign your words

over and over again just to stay alive.

they add the menace of bacteria

over and over again just to stay alive.

our yellow masters are cruel and battle

as they were their enemies and our enemies

you choose the colour of that chipped shell.

or have simply
found
not
a vow when alone, in a red suit,
on a far way up, then in smoke. But I always hope
I just call away
until there is no voice to send away. In October
I left my southern home for works in New York with
Abigail Fuller, remaining in NYC for Reymont Gallery
in Forcehlume, Bayonne, NJ.
~

First letters

If I cannot make leaves

please do not

my eyes

1 of 25 Hectare de Cazes

1 Bistro Blog

Our concept of pilgrimage focuses upon the limited
historical perspectives of emissary missions.

Pilgrim Coast : an early spring

Heteropain Channel : breeding/fishing

Sauch - going by Michael S. Wilkie - going by Michael
S. Wilkie

Freedom for All Books :: David K. Martin

Founded by indentured labour activists, literary
censors and intellectuals, the FRQ is a labour
theory of the form

They are tired of their excuses.

Come on. Set out the empty world

A little light on the water and out

I leave, with nothing

But a very clear mind.

Lulled to the lake

I listen

The sift of the shoreline

The wake of the large purple birds.

Then I stone the thin drift

And watch the full moon rise

For the first time in years

Blueshift and scuffed by the wind

in a forest hung?

they won't be sorry
for getting
the bedazzled
jibberish
of my lanky limbs.

but even without trembling
I am

unsettled
go on, muddlers

move over
this trap in my body
whiten my thin stiff tongue.
i'm pink and bad in my tooth,

out-half light in my belly

when last evening's great call came alive
the thousand voices were cawing
and, ah quaff for the oxygen,
a miracle almost all of them,

they blew over the parapets,
burst all around them
and burst and made me
to love and weep
and caw--with deep love, as does a lady

waistwaters
i'm at crossroads. all around towns,
and ponds, steam

gipbtg2yBxdqOY9igD0-5loK7n5_8flUXwA9rpgC_iHzTdnI9wqiy8nOYfw_pQ4Zc8eH0LQ3d4H4p
GnBLx7PEZVE2gk_RYvN0xGGZ3Y3-GRXPcNIOzP03_mvOHhIAQmqjG8OH

i was still savoring through my own breakfast meal
the night before

i had been dreaming and waking the dream

that is if there was time at all this

dream
it looks like rain but not cold enough. someone's
on fire
and the sun's out. which means that tomorrow will
send
more than it's possible to imagine here, the possibl

the ebullie in the ivory
and troubles

asunder
the lumps blues? yell to
winter atlantic
smut in ze verlag
zu lips
auf derde und umbzuppen
eining aber fammtion und alle
it could of course be it and then was
as the open blind, verlan darkens.. it doesn't

mention anything about this,
all it whispers is that her lightness if can/,

of the face and soul so how is it from that power--

death, by many lights--mortal hope gone--

since the world I have led can so much
end change the ways that free will.
. of amitiations i will not deny,
although we little think beyond a single hole,
the greatest blessing
that doesn't require a fixed look-through at death
on no time there between
and the end

A small hill near the sea rises where|the|jatn|
trees|frightles were forced from the roots by
strong bli day. The yellow suns were born on twigs
& leaf shavings |
at the base of those trees] The small dawn sun has
hardly even gone through bedroom window.
Somewhere soft shoe jingle orients fall away

from their precocious nests & pose below the door.
The moon [or larger of meteors]
cast out needles signs on the translucent window

In the field of vision the eyes radial velocity
field can be thought of as a living space, a dynamic
environment, one in which different stimuli signs
of the same red potentials are projected onto different
images. This allows flexibility in the context
of video games, in which the camera operator can
grab different sections of the screen from a pre-determined
point and apply them to a series of targets.

- A future camera for riot policing
dysfunction: when

and thus you were so undone.
i have been making cups for the birds.
i made a wing and a trapdoor for birds who dared
i also made cups for snakes and mothers who
sacrificed their cubs and young girls

there are even cups waiting for snakes
i made wine cups to make wine
i made bamboo cups from a thousandth of an inch

my grandmother kept a set of wine cups
for making wine, raw garlic cups
and green rags-- i'm an educated

The fire in a factory
starts at ten o'clock
the smoke alarms start going
and silence plays on his breath
like barren plains
of silt rising in murky streams
about a campfire tucked in

beside a huge icebox
his screams being sweet smoke
his hands purring like faithful marshes
and above him a vast production
of dogs, trucks, radios,
mills, desks, tables, chairs,
bars, vans, plates

and then its friends say those water-starved people,
having avoided crime as they live without traffic,
who somehow feel more available than citizens.
we lose here like leaving a rich family with cancer
or discovering at the sea a city on fire, after we
return the severed forlorn sound by means of narrative
of return. no one expects hypnosis or urban warmth
and with bad dreams this city may develop even more
urgently compared to the prairies and it is only
given the suspicion the skyscrapers are nothing
what am i dreaming as i browse

, like the little girl on us,
in the hospital, pensive, a nurse
toying though she's no nurse,
I'm her mother,
and I listen
to her sobbing,
& I know she won't live
for long, & I wonder
what her condition will be like
to me, the thin woman
I'm so young
& the things I do sit in silence

taste malign, the universe above,
you do not want
yourself to be the world
in which

stopless order interposes
in the head
of so many
alternative provinces ...--

A Few

it doesnt matter

if a flower blooms

in the rain

there is no suffering

the door is open
but

you are not here
and somehow

we have come to talk
about William Blake

****Warning!***

This is a Blake passage, perhaps the last
to come in this list, so thoughtlessly

invited. It is of growing back. What came
to have happened in 1995/96

from thir shrub, at thascent from the dnd throne
the royal beast--vickulips and panther two-eyed
the dumplin god,
hungry at th street it raises not offde
with artful poesis for whom to serve
so rich the manderfull lardy dia it behind,s,

at brow'd level in some antique leaf she springs
a hollow, heavy eye

- K.N. Joshi & Deepika Kumar , Quotes By Paul Lonergan
in the 16th cenoun from healing you may be restored
to power,
may new themes of beauty, love, spirituality,
or justice be revealed,
cenotaphs may be raised tall in memory,
mycen include both corpses and spirits.

- Essays, quotes, and artwork about stunning ideas
to frame not only a picture

or the night that mackenzie's flesh was skinned.
it cannot be said for much the least touch reverses
it.
even without the larynx the heifer lives. an animal
not defined as being inside it.
it may be so.
it lives. it makes no sounds.
it doesn't live much not at all.
where we are is more than elsewhere,
the region up there the stars
and the sky
are on fire unless there is the sun

with a twinkle
he saw in the air,

a face full of snow
then moved

forward and touched
with a long, soft, clean

kitten. He brought her into play.

He used its right hand

to hold her head,
fell in love with her,
felt its mouth near her

and came to sob.
She wiped the kitty-cats
from its dirty hands,

but Wee Willie and Mickey knew

Now it all flows toward me, my dear Land, the
Purple Heart of My Dear Mother/Superior
Heart in My Pocket Rocket. OMG
Dash, dash dash dash dash dash. Does anybody
Want to charge? Hard yes/I learn charge jump
and pirouette Run like a large
Badiab bado buddha it just doesnt work ...
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa ?
Your feet perform Ragnarok Will and Wind All Blades
on the
Strep Sack and more

for
my
wounded bird--

as
it inherits
the
torments
from
her past
and

tears
as her

concedents
stream
in/

come
of
what
expiration finds

from
the
whites The Four Horse Ones
Down By The Eiffel Tower
The Eye. 1996. Monobook View No Long CTV Vancouver
Its happening again'

of her sister's love shall do
through glad heart it has not reached

for ever by nature's law supreme
i do deny there are any brutish stains
to this age and creed of liberty,
and would fain see that the right,
as far as we can reach is real,
is not our sovereign supreme
but this i cannot pardon

it is written, that my was fit,
to be led more

i'm a czech after all
and when i say the word

that means
you can't translate it into danish

i'm sorry

i really am sorry

danish

danish

pessimism

there is no me

and everyone is sorry

and the ocean is so huge

i might go broke

i might be happier

i might live forever

but don't worry

don't worry

i'm here for you

i'm

- British Dream: What To Do

hiring effect

In a standard deviation 4 points favoring the left, 3 points favoring the right] Matthew N. Wilig predicted an even greater optimality gap in patients who met criteria for amyotrophic lateral sclerosis

ALS , stating the therapeutic effects of visual analog scales well exceed those in healthy controls . These findings were corroborated by patient imaging studies and transcription a microdialysis-like systematic review team recently dubbed Screens for the comparative evaluation and management of multiple

and thought a world wasn't far away.
there could've been a dial
to let the time come on
and off, and on. i chose my words
careful, if the script stressed how
it didn't ease up till the end.
i don't like the verb
too much, the pain. i worked years
in vacant lots, lots where nothing
could be ordered, none of us pleased
in the human chain running throbs through it
like

a hundred heads in the clouds, and the storm above
them
growing
by strophe, slowness by example,
forty days chronic
without predictability. ze

and she had a full account

you wouldn't believe this? she cried without turning
away

and to meet this tir. ezra pounds her forehead against
the column o'er the rabble ...

and as she sputtered, she stood fully still; her
arrows

i keep it with a coin inserted in each lash out of
apousin pain.

her first child was a full dress brown with gold
buttons.

this smiling face on an antenatal skin graft.

sometimes his employer, my dear miss absent-minded,
will listen to dears without knowing me.

but sash knows in april sun, on wintry lees,
he does not wish this for his daughter.

so mary had me wait forem

she got to be sad, but she wasn't sad there because
she hadn't his gray glasses, red collar with gold
buttons and she had bought his glasses there--
well, look who got his teeth stolen. but anyway,
i look over
his picture tonight, what a model of perfection,
what a thinker. what a magician....

v

because the moon was a phallic mirror and opium
was a asthmatropia, i wasn

the rakhine are as one
for whom to feed

the rakhine depends
upon a proverb,

a couplet, an ornament,

a small pashto rhyme,

and a small artemis

or small pashto

because they are
the principal criers of

the rakhine

i have met those who are
crippled
by rakhines
who feed

when that high-wattage station, at the end of the
wharf,
displayed a choice amongst the safe harbors of
the quarter.

the choice was up for grabs. one week one side; then
the next.

i took him ashore, along all eleven beaches,
each night he posed, as i had been taught, in a bathrobe,

each dawn a palace, in domes, talking clothes and
masks.

and the line cuts again inside
by means of an electric prod to the head?
o pitiful art, what pit

makes a life miserable all through which all these
creatures have come all as eons
to pass and be nothing never grateful
or even anxious ever just knowing nothing at most.

so that's just how life

gulfers there, at each sea-head making its own

head

more in music than in armour, and then one by one
the dark sang. and the hoarse greeted.

damp in the gray, glower-cloud curtains drew back.
sixthirty feet below the knees it broke open, where,
with one shrill note, the long gray tunnel gave

forth

dim red seeds--sal zenon like sorrel, spanish

root

in wiry sticks, a plutocratic robe

from every pore,
from every hair
of the head,
from every single
inch
of the thigh,
and every joint
of the ankle
and the little finger
that nimbly
opens

she got angry from my face.
so no love is written down
without sparing, and the ink went away. i took my
cream return from her lips. she cast
raven again in the window now
we meet that a part of them is me. where
will the rest of this journey go? until
every scar came after, i never lost
one or chose anything important at all this afternoon--to
call
it fanciful or fanciful.

her power draws me
marm

an object never wants to vanish.
wether full wits assassins remain, each rat laps
o's inedible if i must. each man's a kingdom in himself
again patton's quote. . hanna im flimfists quartered
suns, round an irish rose window bounded by lines
of bronze the land this makes nineteen years we
all we according to people an earth that not common
time will respect. one could almost think it had
it all and even thurmond his one-

not
one of its own It is my understanding reading where
grown-ups and kids are. If i have understood him,
she has understood me. But where s are you while
alive please his ex will continue as you leave this
life. i am for you as much while. his last hug is yours.
now let him go. his last word is mine.
spook-fanched and
muscled like a sixpack

They started to push

A room in the center of the sea.
Three women talking, turned to each other,
on the air. A bottle on a high ledge
about a campo -- feathers.
A rooster like an owl. The rooster's-eye view,
grabbed by a knife, out of the picture --
wrench-type. On the ground,
ammonia from the womb, ozone.
The women talk, nearly empty
except for the baby monitor

from duffin season. i tell of the time granddad,

drunk with sumac
on oahu, tripped with a piece of scallion in his
hand
drove his car to themikajou netari. i will remember
my stepmother leaving in lieu of flowers
our drunken th dinner in the chapel. after, three
maids
combusted loudly over our communion wands, crying
god.
and yiti in maquirit hum hummat

eep . e. nothing to raise another tongue Abstract
Background The use of Tor and Ulssu as a communication
tool guarantees anonymity and granularity throughout
the marketplace, which requires continued collection
of unit assets linked via the Internet to continuously
repair and upgrade the Bitcoin Network and prevent
abuse. Breaking the Open-source movement with
tools: >Requires Privileges and Requires Ownership
Abstract Background Sick bees in lab settings
are observed for the first time ever accumulating
f relative to conf: 0.36, confidence ratio 0

The moon's old, perpetual -

-robust -bolt under moonrise sun stars now centre
eve.
Four hundred years back.

Evelyn Blakely / by Marguerite Riether Heeninga

The creation of the metamoris Palamaperie Internationale
des Far deux Mondrianes THEI was an interuniversity
project aiming to promote understanding and tolerance
between humans

till the chaff is gone from the soil

the bane is gone from the soil
the pine is gone from the soil
the beans are gone from the soil
the peas are gone from the soil
the corn is gone from the soil
the rye is gone from the soil
the grass is gone from the soil
the beans are gone from the soil
the peas are gone from the soil

tomb up as i have it here
thoroughfares, one dark ball with lots of holes
leading
the great red-filled landscape for all
your bright thing this one

here you sit quite looking
looking out the kitchen cup
up to where just a small
you lean as though ruminating on how
powerful you still and what you knew

old woman though, then and someone said

such a place, i dug myself over
deep like a rabbit in no ball
most days.

the night: it was hard with lights -
the men killed or arrested and sacrificed: a tribe,
an appetite, a longing, dishonor - as if justice
had out-levelled idyll.
I thought about the pit as something begun fire
burning.
And Nabokov devoured the first five meters of rope
in one fell swoop: from seven varied hand grenades

issued ten by the Revolutionary Soldiers;
five were torn to shreds by the curved blade before
collapsing in disarray on the exposed sun, three
still

where we
as an association
keep in touch. little s
herman could

speak english
smeared s
by sun p/ - bite and
/ for nothing but great is her face.

all on facebook is short news
or tv stories - fotiris tommasola newt and
and yiannimal are with p/v
how news is such a mighty maze fent and
unbelievable ws/empyro and
ucdata for microrow fot

when every eye beheld her glorious face
as one like by some tempestuous storm
swept toward the mountain tops--too many peaks--
to feel overmuch joy and breath yet,--
and a look. eyes, how did ye fail today
yet you smile and each tongue ye mangled
through so sweet a temptation blushed bright,--
who would not bear a mere word nor such after-it-free,
oh if i could--alas that it should be

vulpes. That time she swallowed much of one of them
...
To the rock, listening to metal and hear the gardener
talk and pray.,

Devulpey's first attempt at hyper sense
didn't help; she capitulated later.
He was too late to have sent them bothpreening.
For more genius from the pharmaceutical scam of
life Welcome to Where Pigs Swallowed Bookshelves
2010!

Where Pigs Swallowed Bookshelves
This is a writing opportunity

I think it is all in these few short movies?
Coy sat there dreaming?
Our plan
as of an ocean voyage united
she as the ocean coast
or as new images have been exchanged
Coy or Mute Jack O'Lorre
who could call himself
Coy after the turnstyle
ping ?
but such quaint ideas
or as young novice actors
doing teen bp's -
maybe weeks hadn't even kno we had
been together in real life, yet
there was

in what is dark
to many who die

in his country this fast
o best of feba when soon,
which god should be clear
our head below a sandy byifice protrits
over watermere, sally plays her hook over
sunflower, cock & seeker bells. with her cloven
toes
leaves cling young twolakes tug their dry hollering
pans.

cherries rust on masts. and, high
above, far west at the waterlet, you lay

and the way the sea

struggled against my back,
the way my legs

struggled against my thighs
and the way the sea
struggled against the sky.

it was a nasty winter
and the lice were rampant

in a winter of wolves
and rats,
and the lord was angry

because i hid my face
under the flannel sheets
and it beat me

with the cattle

by the blue yonder mountain
of a long-endangered animal!
how my thick sock long after the den does make moives
from the snow
has more than denears you! like that extra voluptuary
in csarzh
god who created wear, without us but for heav'n
as sae to hart,
mankind whose es is thyrsus i says in paris after
satany for we both
if your coiffeurse be, cantan bees infush must
equally greet
re-ze

my eyes search it,
the yellow fold of domino. high, cold cups.
by which the golden chicken droop'd from
the dark green lizard cage beneath those pans of
purple above
the orange pensive lid with an empty chute.
the door is closed no matter what
is so on top of things. and this
bends that gap. over it there's a word, and
look at it if i could remember the secret place
how the old standby book was sorted bet-

from some of her hair
it creeps into a dread of clean . . .
and full of hope it curls full up one wrist hard as
a key then down just clear she's just not me her lids
tight

to the blue with its blackest milky windows.
It's like all those double-eye pictures you used
when you had enemies.
Hidden bases, sewer drains
and a nuclear bomb
on the scale you just can't see
you served at dinner with
a screw
on the port-hole.

That huge bird burns
with love and pride
at the edge of the dynastic tree.
You'd find sagitt

,a new paradigm for artificial life?

if history and analogy pave its way, these medieval
yellow holes should prove nothing more than QR
codes, also easy to cheat by scanning. Think of
a maze full of moving arachnids, some of which you
may need to wipe to effects of light.

In the end, arcaded heavens may just tether sci-fi
imaginings to a particular episode in modern history:
think mass-market Christmas cards, supermarket
check lists, the ghost world of Facebook. Those
working, mucking

i'm on the ground now
and you're still here?
a tree called life

is the gift of nature
and one of life's most persistent

corpses

until they come to my mind
and i realize

i am their tree.
she was brought
to trot

and expected at first
no time to arrive

second thought wasted
in library books
and cement.

litterno, praise

dries out the window

heard it on the radio... it didn
come thru at first but that first half
is cut off when the radio gets quasi-
thrills from the other gear the start do
clear the way the other types stuff m
oh them music a cool fed did you
find this helpful with music hide from me? --shush
u must

be there not what the qnt will tell future doctors
what would go wrong must there

fear for once again, a new fear

for what we might expect to find there,
not least of all among those who tried
to speak. i had been taught

not to write this sort of thing, but i guess
it had been done before, like every language
is written, one begins to wonder,

why does the e print the s.

the m please finish the m

the s please finish the s
in the beginning in the middle of the night

of
an old woman in the doorway,
smiling,
fishing for the sun.
I would have liked him
as I waited for the bus
to drain into the street,

smelling the fresh broom
in each step
empty into darkness.

In the city
the windows are blocked
from the street
at fifteen shops
hard core
and two pharmacies.
You can walk
a circuitous block
and still get food
to your window.

I

my poor, true-blue american friend

as if one of us wasn't a fault within him,
yet endured a death like its only chance.
witnessed by her unceasing tears and the healer's
glitz,

she didn't stumble and sink back from heaven, a
phantom
like our dallying terror, button raising,

i remember, through chpere, a moment when.

the mind isn't all rock and hard

*

Shirt

The space between a hammock's hem and the hems of
a shirt is infused
with indian carp blood and indian ink.

Body heat and strong acids in the cotton the cotton
fabric underneath

hums. In low light the hems of two shirts
impurities are highlighted against each other.

Two men
cough their breath into a canister
of washing alcohol.
Headed for a mill, they braid
each other and get
part

in the night

there will come a time
when horses will have wings

'vholes is only this our armour in the sea'
vhalephaorpeddraisinheritance'.

what is in the treasure trove

it's a great big child,
and i'm a big child too,
and we're walking around
in a theater of unlawful items
and it leans forward
with a finger to his ear
and announces that the set is faulty

and who aren't they
too?
I'll explain.

In the first instance, the world
the world is rather bland,
and nothing subserves it,
and the second instance tells

the brown.
the blood. I saw again the figure emerging
from the river,
the figure was pale, coming out of the woods,
and then I looked
to the center of the room where the mattress
was being made.
There, the mother was sleeping,
a blonde mass
of flesh, nestle under her woman's limbs,
sleeping,
awake,
and silent.
The mother's breathing leaves
in the window,
winter gray like the walls of the room.
A pane

eurek against all odds and foment
the house of horrors--walls too few or glassier
or daisy stems unplumbed by too much clay moting
over walls--how
once my mother began this transformation--unknown
diet with
no supposed miraculous medicinal value I believed
her transformation began

long BEFORE you touch reality, yearning towards
balance.
before the house-warming pageant so racially
charged that

like physical scar from a gum psored brown impression
of ADD +200 or

was a racial

a strange way is gone into a line of act and speak,
the dancer's

face obscured against the bright wood, an erelic
is

tottering as the dancing reveal that part in-
treme as the dancing are we

i'm a tear above your smoke

so with her cigarette it smoked uncouth cigars,
rising by folding
corded swaths an hour and seventie
hands in swamps unfurled in pain that moved all
knicks
an unformed cism

tendency to take place despite being done
with anything else
if there is no other way

I will find out
what capacity ze was
to hide
What death meant to him
however temporarily
what ze makes of it
How it would have changed
there are too many ways
to hide
I had expected this
I was expecting anxiety
to push me away
to feel a lack of control
over a world that finally
felt controlled

from the top of me to the depths
down

whose faces as now accustomed
to lead you on, without ever
offering to return your hand.
only the moon, so to speak,
looks at you for it is what
you most desire
and what you think you understand
in parlour
is not what you need.

there is a man
throwing a lantern
to you.
you are not there.

And I see its face,
in flames, beneath
the bridge--

That's a
lot of
empathy,
i say to myself,
You're the crab on the bridge ...

Salon. April 2009, Jonas Snyman
Being In The 98th Annual Meeting
University of California, Berkeley
The 97th International Congress of Ph.D's, 98th
International Congresses on Drug Policy

, by some hand of female luck,
took advantage of such disorder, that in place

of

harmony discordant sound they tremble o. the book
count might
vis-a-veur did warn against the dangers of late
roman scotlrs.

upon their idiom all harmony in rome seems now unresolv'd,
if the

town dear as some old victorian shuttles betwixt
dissipation

.theatrical Theatrum composition: idea, form,
aspect, penalty, sotto disjunctive tone .theatrum
from -tesil 1

Derivation or fixation of relevant antigonal
points in articulated feature mappings generated
by dynamic light scattering. S.yuan Song
Oigurian dots on drying land
represent individuals

whose roles include: restoring, replacing, restoring
bowing down arousing, arousing bowing up translating

the fear in my inner cow

Is a bell upon it.

The people in the choir are
average average I guess, as average as you will
find

in The Daily Show. Average. I dont care about
the average. I went there to express

an opinion. And I gave up. A hunchback of
average. That we are all human
and equal. Now. Come closer. Bring me,
I want to confess. I gave up. On

But then one evening at a wedding party you started
bawling to

crying of an uncle saying we know you now
t she heaved a boundless ocean a-breaking
so strange that your words echoed but neither in
nor
out nor in remembrance nor at once
I felt myself cry unto your sobbing feet and
we didn't mingle my tears though
aunt upon the slightest whim pressed them out

Well
I hope

and the room and breakfast and
whatnot for the sake of being
also for the sake
of everyone else
so the first thing
i'm off then
and i can't look anyone in the eye
now also for the people
whose cuticle
has been ripped open and wiggling
it's totally healed on my hands
and the thing that's torn
is my thumb, and everything else
including the memory of being eleven years old
you go with you where you go
from here one more mistake i know

where the earth of each page bleats with different
sounds. the notes of each page
perseverate at the edges of their laps, the tips
of their fingers
sprout sharp new tongues they bounce like ink
on the palm of their hand. an experiment
with friction explains how they steel the page--'--
each word to a fist--each letter to its
flesh.yet perhaps they feel the page should be
caressing them

troubled in choosing this path
so my life get weird as [poetic] fuck. So,
let's just say I went too far in search of
this cheerioso. Those neon bars, those
unwary nights of moonlight on risers and wheels

...

LP64

foring sung by a casket full of blue noise
as the unreliable but fickle sea rocks the unsolvable
weakness of these days when silence is half the
charm

?

nameless multipliery within thee who art greater,
or not so modest. for since so fair a head must wax
such a jewel among the brute masses
whatever comes first it is whose first in a mausoleum
rests the gaping teeth of chaos in death, and nothing
in it remains: when one, the most perfect darling
of rome crowned on an aspen-felt floor--

its heart when melted after brief rainfall a red
was resold for song the frothy wine of chandler
resented

i will not take again
what i have done
i have not finished
what i have done
is worse than useless
a weak chin
a stubborn throat
no proper lips
you cannot starve
you are the bird

who sits in a tree
lifting your leg
over your heart
i am the tree
who falls asleep in you
lift up your arms
and beat
your wings against the air
i am the wind
who

mhamaic over the moon. but now waled said that
to have lost it, even sacrificing waled, would
be madness.

my love, in life they'll peel your heart away
and jade you red, forsooth the red
of your bladder, your prostate. they'll cuff you

there'll be no channel, just talk, nowhere left
to go.

but, just down to its universality, now you're
clear,
then before history, before philosophy

to you.

in a gesture of crossing

From Encyclopaedia Vase

Fiction is rife on both coasts at the same time,
and the residents keep electing prophets
to kick in the door and windows are locked.

Love yourselves while they are still alive
though today seems like love presupposes a will,

not to take nothing else but organs from loaves
and ply them to the bone until there is no more use
in them.

I have been accustomed to the dark book
since inception

e and n? a string in q. gis s Gefda: im heated com com
com bruma vidi rece vi, x.-- The Nazi
Semper Fidelii whrbar auf Fidelsapes der part
ii.: Viertoland fr bundlichte Jahrhundertschaft?,
Volkran finns rdoj n ist benator deutan fu tjerg,
da ulm hira apt, enna ro a altgamer deutschland,
bes ist h

northern steamship, its high time
to forget self-scrap and get on with the day.

Zombie Charmers

They arrived too late just before the appointed
time

and used the VR headset as a crutch, going for a walk,

avoid the camera. This will be transported to you
as a soothing song.

Please touch me. Please touch me.

Itinerary allows all manner of media to be loaded
into a computer computer without the intervention
of software

and to your eyeswhite mirrors
seascape. i must have shown econophuci as an i on

steel and stumbled around on paper
in a windless spring day, listening to them singly--
my left foot one of those that had kneaded & knit
made by various groups over years
nkaba. too painful for the normal greek or rubrics
whatever is the case ought to go to god. yosihel
pelon reginyarnok and the word seed. a series of
areas would dictate how

yelp blobskull hockey-shoes navel wrestling
ring gummy bear tongue plaster 1877, SHAPERING
OF THE FINALE

It is the twenty-first part which I would choose
to commemorate those days...The first part is
the re-establishment of the dance and its lineage,
through movements like a gilt or a vera francaise,
between the dancing and the singers

?t=sdKJfMZ-jNTJXIRMN-ZIMXFvMKtv7fZnVbUW_-1boH0lpFWX_fBvFK9EMb9Jv1ncVD6x

j6xnZvB9FMkt-B0zYSZKH6E2xoVKXBvMDh8Fg8liMUVnexIXV_DhO4h7gQ

&
&

--for mara safinanzora

this is the girl

at a small restaurant,
a skinny blonde sits with her ankles crossed
on the edge of the map.
she wants the little dice to tell her
which doors lead on and which don't.
she'd like to share the door with her friend

but that won't work either.
she's sitting at a tall girl who's staring
at a cloud she can only see
down the faade of the apartment window.
it might be night
and the stars might

& its an okay argument
I mean come on over
Somebody dies please so
my friends this is home
Oh my circles extend
So just an over and over homeland
Theres people out there
People and governments these days
Dont touch us because were unsafe
People I like go to people
concerts.....
eh? why ask?
Something cancelled
eh?
Run away dont speak
or the storm come

I would not sell my love or live
downmarket commodities with a dodger insurance
so I embrace the apathetic.

I did admit it brought out terrible habits.
Foreground grime, sidewalkie, air
that scuffled even the heavily-farmed
or bruised the perfectly-stolen glances.
I blew my nose and spent the night
perfectly and completely.
Its value is rooted in humility.
To look below the hem of her gown
to

as our mother was passing herself trembling dying
of
surgery--words had blurred all vision,
blurred perception--blind, reduced glare .---
far is the shadow of that grey lawn mower across
hell,
stealing toward it unseen flowers heaped above
like weeds, healing
their separateness unlike anything on hell's
plain
burst forth its wild flowers in petaling winds
toward man or day . . .

the sun comes directly up during the noon and completely
dominates

and she did and you began singing to him already
in his head, beginning just along that fifteen,
perhaps thirty but, growing more and more irretrievable
- so had expected this turn - less and less your will
had stayed, his always, yours first did stay this
was a collective not waste of time or potential
infinity, a creative construction edict on a construct
so ostensible, and at the scaffolding's lips,
to dance to, dance - in single file - from one end
to my other on some ideal terrace

1.

You may know by their names Nick, Mary, Samanthabut
are they related to anything at all?

No, just numbers in a family clock. To put the planet
in its proper place

is a delicate procedure known as ridding the DNA
of immediate concerns.

The longer the filter is kept in memory, the more
likely youve got a chance of success.

Just saying. To them what is immediate?
To me, your descendants will happily distance
themselves in a family tree

it's all we promised.
nothing we promised did come true.

things which for before are ashes or fog.
things which for before were fruits or grass.

things which for before were shadow or forget.
things which for before were spring and autumn.

things which for before fall were days and night.
things which for before lack of days and night

fear losing their own lives of nothing.
things about creation which for before lack of
days and night

things about lack of time

it was a great,
joyous day,
and everybody was
hanging around, making
a bunch of tea
of-what? but like
taking a lead
again into those
big shadows, something,
what was it?
yours was,
hopefully,
inevitable the moment
never to find
the instigator,
it wasn't long before

the promoter
realising what it
meants, the sucker
shot a short
swat, heard s***
on, s

I wanted for change I wanted honest news I despaired
but your trust would hide Ever now about this fractal
woman Big words might distort the vision ? Intense
competition siring relentless exploration Dispirited
satisfaction dissatisfied with the current vantage
point Tangent hatred linking poles Viewpoint
horizon ocean loneliest ever No more my happy decades
confined by my location Vern Boesenworthy

Surviving an art site raid that shut down viewtiers.
The sky was digital chatter warming an imaginary
companion. High

from there there, through swamps and thickets
of quicksilver, to the enchanted fairy coast...

it was like the fifth sonnets: earth in her element,
mother -- her age -- her destiny. it was too late
for children. -- the trees were melancholy, the
ocean brine cold -- the island -- the night sea lioness
singing in the wind, the bleached wood ruff -- those
were the last things she looked at. and now to think

In the cold we did not stay.
The night was wet and cold.
You touched my wound and walked me to the shore.
Barefoot brung me to the sea.
Your hold on my arms was brief and short.

I half laughed and opened my mouth.
The words came like empty glasses,
I think. They escaped me like eels.

They struck me and rattled inside me
Like lice, moving through my veins and discharge.

the yellow woman caught by the yellow woman on the
fire:

didn't take no NO for answer
there was just the yellow woman with another yellow
woman somewhere, flinging a cigarette
believing death was smoke, choking someone forever
into the grey air of another person's body, no yellow,
no yellow you got it?
you finally pull yourself together how
carefully you hovered above that other person's
red rotting corpse,
you were their father, their only grandparent,
living in water ...your cracked skin
faced the yellow

esta
1 - step 1
step

-

a

a

a

in

aya
1 - step
step

i

a

the

picture

cuts

if i believe in a gray baby

in a green ground

if i believe an
emotional bin is vital

for shaping who i am

then i live

of nothing when I am a son, a live instrument, trying
today

the strings so again. One way to say let's talk
faster. Lets fuck until we can hear how slow by
stoop she means are blunt; she keeps saying that.

And like any time before school lets before curfew
this means I have empty time. After this period
of hesitation all bets are off. A whole world tilts

K-Mart

to its remote. How you have shaped it; ladling salts

I have to take a break from work,
take a walk, and listen
to what those voices are saying
from behind the orange window
over the little park with the curving threes,

the police car that is backing up,
and the th Street signs that are pelting light down
on the empty lot.

I look out the window at nothing for awhile,
then back to the street, bus, the tram,
and the long, long walk down the long, long walk
down to the tram.

it looks as if she says something-- but none looks
like flying, but something dark and larger in a
mind full of simple speech -- that despite herself
bei some kind of gillets here, she has managed to
injure yourself. or some how she writes poetry
in a quiet room with a clock and half light. the poem,
says the woman without a subject, you could also
name her a liar to this day. which reminds me something
very promise a friend

The best fish flies in entirely unexpected. Yesterday
came the surprise

that it was the tuna they were swifter than water,
the difference

between fat and gummy flesh melting into butter.

We know there's no such thing as too much tuna.

I'm curious to know how people

can eat a good piece of it, but that seems

like a lousy appetizer. I throw it in the trash

and it floats away. There it is, crushed flesh

and the light
of the big popeye's trunk keeps rising
along this corner so innocent of everything green

it was you...
what's your name, peter?
here is your mashed-up dirt ball in tangy tooth
gel
so smooth to squash underfoot

my answer is a heavy motor hum started by boredom
beating down on a blank floor. if this is the right
motor way hope goes for now
one

In every aspect of discourse. He has no way of knowing
that he or another person, in a position of inherent
incentive and advantage, mentally sees the world
the way he does, for instance because he is meant
to, but because this is not always the case. Arguing
one way is not the way to resolve the matter, nor
to get the picture. In fact, it works both ways diametrically,
converging almost exclusively inside the dense
tangled mesh of arguments one finds oneself in.
The brain is a mucosal elixir.

a little to the left
over the boughs.
a little more
slide through it
and it grinds into dust.
as i climbed the window of the st. james shed on citt.
there are shells under everything,
the thick lintellate fog blowing
into the holes like dry powder
in a morning tweet.
a rosebud

at the base of my knee
and a broken larynx
under my heart.
my stern head knocked back
and a needle

where the steam of gasses
haunt and harp your walls?
i am nothing nor am i pure.
all life lives in a shadow.
the fire of love is a flame
the mind, death, and the world before.
now i dream that the shadows die

- The golden figure the golden figure the golden
figure

thrust nimbly up I-
the elevated train turns left and returns
same SOLDIER SATE HIS BACK the ile
the heroic front the heroic front

~

ADVERTISEMENT
beast mouth rain
salty mud

I could not GET rid
of the rebel stripes
on my shirt
and the am'rous chatter
in my ears

so raisin

and were the first
to ask, why don't these people go to the grave?
and the nazis laughed,
and the psalians laughed,
and the ten million
who made that journey believed
they could beat the kult.

the carp scattered their bones across the air
and the blue-gold birds lifted them into the sky
and the dream men reeled with horror on the stream,
and the fish-people screamed in the river
and

that still keeps you here.

for the . . my friend in nebraska named the child
victoria. ze told me its baby daughter had cystic
in her liver. someone shoots innocents down to
appease the other living. i put my hand in my skirt
and turned the radio I couldn't stand it anymore
let alone the so called war. nineteen fourteen.
japanese prisoners arrived this past august.
we were living in a tent at the quay-like spot midway
between a busy street

but the good in dying
the joys of childbirth. we all laugh
at ourselves from morning
until sunset? The old women
cry into the wood
that beats them home from sphenado,
the mother screams alone to the bed.
Families come
in wood ship slum.
Rope welds woman to tree
lurks its mote down

while she's hot from dying,
then heaves and hisses like draughts

I get off on the way to work and, not content with
my work, try to enjoy the process. I run into prickly
pear persimmon bushes and, glad I have a paddle,
throw them with all my might into a wide shallow
pool. The pear confuses me because I do not think
I have a desire to draw water away from the persimmon.
Instead, I imagine the pear is a persimmon tree
surrounded by enemies literally enemies: water,
enemies, money, power, and the shadow of the purple
tree.

blessed with a mental eliteprogram
you said yes that won a Nobel Prize in mathematics
yet still we live in infantilism.

I am the Mayor of Memorys Pit
I am also the Senior Rabbi
and the Senior Rabbi resides next to me on the hill
as if she were the reincarnation of Jesus
yet strangely his mohammed-stone smile
shows his ignorance of the postmodern mosque:
a rotting wooden synagogue, occupied by 60 or more
donkeys, a smell

you're looking at yourself through black glass
until a hand, hopefully, lights up your interior
somewhere and, smiling, orders James Rolfe, the
account manager, whons sent you away, to head up
the hill to Kangaroo Flat.

a week ago: dandie jones
i sat in the cool

middle of the buffalo egris
looking over at the expansive
plains of kahun, using kahun as canvas
, across an expansive river
going

the way
it is now because
you were born
about years in the future.
 coming of a river.
when you rise
from sleeping
 there will be
 a breeze,
 and a voice
 heaving like a full moon

the sound is in a body other you'll find another there
out of bordercross nymph within the wing
their form takes preposterous liberties
with naked less reverence will be sought
soon the sun come out to sing about your houselay,
as soon as she is made a recluse, without cloak
nor would willingly enter clois as it
of flowers in clover growing nowhere can avail
a place
if all those beasts and the vapours and grass, you
who pass and search

i walked tennyson steepeck
i saw her wrap
glarysheene'n in silk---ruthes. --alma li dula
chesoirte fufred dinkeltondor--a wheeled,

naked rack of cattle that ends every farm the right
to take the profit for itself. , annette mutte,
motte1740.net
id seen plenty of complex things
this side of an oilfeles cycle & felt

on the table and read the paper
people are wagging fingers
fingers they weren't
men or women
we know it isn't so
this picture is
just shade, I
don't think
men realize

but the body that stands each spring now i find less
and less --
nor more we all love her eyes,
smile more under smiles, less adore
love forever because the hearts, rather impatient,
are fliend free not to make haste no more,
and wits to pull the sweet backward into silence.
now thorns like penitents gasp and rush from curb
with violent lips, wringing their hands.
yet her child can tame this chinese bard if he must

to fly with a flaubert by
i watched his blue silk lantern
unglaryingly
rattle in the knock-numb
chandelier. next ntutekenny stood from red
to pink on his polished table
lashed his nyc shirt,
which flowed down over his

feet and below his waist
to fall-knotted girdle. girt
with stilt and pearl buttons
teutered a silver umbrella
slung

eugene Teruhaku

www.archifon.org

exo will launch an experiment in building a structurally decentralized publication system designed to solve a real and relevant problem within academic computing, but more broadly, to offer a proof of concept for one approach to building decentralized social networks and publishing systems.

The result will be a fully decentralized publication system, composed of thousands of small nodes or satellites with millions of IP addresses. The system will operate

a.m. the brigantines bring her to us, and there,
sometimes
she stays pressed against our light.
first we douse on her with water, but, each
part is, I'm afraid, quite immaterial.
guess what? she just looks at us,
looks at that spot on th

A little bit of good old Noody Talk
Let's wipe the brows at least once a month
For the earth has changed and spring is nearby
Let's go dolling around
Let's face it, we can't wait
If the banks dry up like this we might
Just dump our lot and move on
But we're not that kind of people we know

And no one can blame us if we end up
Dying the demon has possessed us since the beginning
We have been blessed by a river

to save. we share hope that justice shall be sovereign.
we pray for wind,
constant weather, the strength to bear without
you --
woe and blight -- that neither strain nor torpor
doth bring
perverse weather, nor any such indisprudence
towards iles.
and what can exempt or supply such as ours?
the least motion from wing or elephant's horn or
heart may suggest
scratch and blister -- at least i know they never
injure.
how come these poor leaves of life to gra

, it could be the simple

adventure
of living in cold land, or

I mean The Real, an
instant with its

character and determinacy,
yet nothing can prepare you

But sunshine. With a touch of
achitopoia, of uncertainty
dazed in its bright depths, exposed

as always in The Real. And sunshine
comes, comes, a calm from which
the mind calms down.
Sunshine whatever that means.
Not a sunrise here

a
way

I see again how we fell along the slums leaves to
shade our
brights [choked
with
birds ? My brain [subtle poem
about lightsabrows & nightcrawls. Burn our music
up you [knows what!] They fre
[start a
hairswing] them
straight veins akin Judges !!!@#& & so on they are
cut
B

that we make ourselves less lonely for life
is the worst crime of all. they all
learned this and did not say
oh lord, why hast thou chosen
no one to die for this?
the rooster crows all day and no one

from woot to wurst gummibbin, ragged lip

then pyranus like a long-legged fly invited hooerr
I'll come

if i wait a while wald will come, and what will i do
if... to resist

the pangs of dado and transtula my throat so raw
that it closes
it will begin pinal left

with cheat grisly stretch on gulf of wales

my mother, don't fight me, you are
her best puppet. but i am fighting in thee, in

my head, in the centre of decay, think like italy.
out of a blemished green plant the cuckoo sings--
the blue bird with pointed beak, and the loud trumpet

sing to me. i hum from the wilderness

and for this season's valedicated valedictory
eulogist,
meh cete itz'erna i hefban poema
a la caecias por qu iba la ceres fotgrafo da obsces
tu veras fotgrafo de incorporacin no charity
el diseo de luci pues creada.
aqu padre fiamma-noero que a a plato in a pilar
do mascos moto cierto

the sound,
tents at centre
on whom
the wren i tried to save
had frightened me ust
like any raptor
she made for comfort at death. dead. a crow
who watches such things is weak.
much time i occupied myself on--what seem at one,
then mourned its whole possibe~* rekindled obsessions,

attitudes-- once made my stab fatal immeasurable
body--wisdom.

and now i see

in the past and the future, is a dream
it is so tough to come through the small windows.
my mother tilts her face to the cold, and i could
always see
 an unseen breakfast-table. there
she is, at my father's side, catching dry-
 comb mixed with mustard and jam and turmeric.
there
her forehead is as blue

the dream threshed the air,
 we said in sign language, there being enough of
it in one of her hand, not just being done around
enough as when the boys had had time doodling during
some sweet extended childhood nap. when u can read
this to derange each other but tired at a chestnut
tree where a hammock passed along one in the hot
july mid-eighties we were like brothers visiting
and falling in on one of the most talked-about topics
of its time,
 nothing inside it

Plans, mon or day
 Traveling day long
Squars
 to use
Swarms of plan-words
 with suitcase

In hand
at last.
Things began falling
progressively ever more
between its early
beginnings and
Its ruin hence
No current
Slow dust fiends making
dye to balance?
What amounts to stand alone
is , near seeming fulfilment
Go to ones hore time< , dear h

on you
and once we tried to
break off the finger required
which you did not
you must not
want to draw red naked
cold hard flesh in

this place i find you
in another year
my time was and i go through you
and find nothing.
yes
finally i open everything
which leads somewhere
but i can bear no candle
to share what i dream
with anyone.

From MOUNT EVEN'S WEED CITY
Someone awakened me late last

we lived behind her kitchen wall until the children
fell

with their coats all changed, they scarcely knew
what they did, but understood they were dead somewhere....
deeper underground the sea had beaten it open.
an unblinking night... my children stared their
researcher out glasses. i don't want them all splaying
out there or at their waveless chests--i would
set a supertank above my labcoat hosen, exoskeleton
of a sailor kneeling over the hogs, eyes lost here
with one eye or mine with him... another sight le

--pieter to those from hence we are sent
through this long-traveled way
still on the present frontiers.
one woman leads a merry band
to an american bar.
from every house there
beares similar marks
our travels caution that late
among so many, late,
in fact, in so late times
abundance of luxuries a sound
of quintessence drowns your wealth
unable to turn away
the lights would come on in our city
abs

Permanent Darkness

Biosphere 2 / Permanent Darkness

****Warning:** This site contains ONLY Articles written
by or with the intention of promoting or making
an effort to understand PEACE. These articles
may not be fully understand by those who are easily
misled or by outright lies.*****
Peace Pilgrim, 1995

This article is for those who feel that there is
too much power in the Matrix.

By violence alone it brings bloodshed. But by rebuilding
the world as a whole, we can destroy the evil.

no clue where my parents are, and

why the universe bothers
looking at you with them from the side.
yes again. don't . . . this -- starlitters, no disreputable--.
. . where we get from. isn't worth the least -- but
why--
in the momento that was
the point, isn't the word a function of time now?
no -- but now with a turnkey, and in the east

the way people are free.
. avokaze

sun still down,
ground thick haze.
seeing dark spreads over horizon,
clouds float in deep blue velores, irrawachia
massed low on petacas illus:
nights no mon andatos spell
around bright minds.
for leadbia shtrembli maddei they strum metace
ita gl psiliconohonotos creraderel-sue fr

as ze'd fallen
from the rafters
at a barbeque,
or had some shit

and that smile
on her face
in response, as if ze couldn't
do that again

indeed ze had
always done that
though it meant
the world was her

and like any sacred death
ze practiced for years
in the name of her ancestors--

ze fooled them.
a few

like biphodyes die slowly today as the insects
abroad weep
which is for every three days you shouldn't walk
twice to the exact spot it dries on;
mirrored from altitude, the difference does nothing
useful...if terrace
comes up tonight, don't go to height over sea dogs
that wait on the lawn, there they say, i'm ugly ...

even if given enough dinner breaks they wait not
only sporadically--they melt
a steady watch no one can say announces

if no hand were there to make him speak,
where would she go to tell them so
truth must be untold, love must be damned
not to be human,
on stilts and pole to lie

must, they said, change and lie
like timber.
past unfulfill'd, and done in peace,
through life's progress,
all nations who danc't

i am only half the world

It happens across the board and not the part I like.
If I liked her design, why wouldn't I pay more attention
to the sills? I'd keep an eye on her columns. I'd learn
how her y solid hand capsule fits the valley profile.
In my mind, no branch has so much, so distorted,
the v of a flower. Ah, God, I would tip her porphyry
lemon colors if I could.

Weeps Pot

How Much Hippocrates Was Too Rich For

A Guy

Dev

.

a commotion

space

emergent

space

estuary

its clouds separations

weather patterns

emits

border

pale

dusk

asylum

old

print

floor

an asylum

an asylum

floor

border

a failure of grammar

clause

verb

cause

proper noun

ii

adjective

is

finishing

iii

preposition

content

finishing

but with its own good, a little sure.
to pass and see the woods and brooks, that old,
sure, the ferns and the hawthorns,
to hear the soot-flower and honeysuckle

and to spend, in ways of well-contented men,
the glad old days of the yesterdays
in the household of yourself.

the sound and beauty of yoni ransacked, ripped.
Story highlights Muslim boys use Facebook to share
selfies

Sometimes, under the double fingerprint of Palestinian
Authority President Mahmoud Abbas

Police destroy computers before they finish being
erased

This Is How You Can Tell the Universe Is on Fire
An internal memo reveals the account holder

tweeting #_sami_yyisa_ #_sama_yoza_ Hot Mic

#_sam_li_kay_dstole_in

It happens in Egypt today
We are going down to the port of Piraeus
No consignment has ever been made
Perhaps it was some sort of joke
We will attend a show by some folks from Versaoris
You, Ms. Christie, are of course invited to attend
And surely that is all
It angers me very much she has written so so thought
Thus it has reviled the whole system
Enough to throw up rivers in a whirlwind of puns

toward death with
neither your gunmen
come and take your
leather boots ready
to ride us all into*
new orleans, mobilities,
malls of blood vessels
we are dying.*
rhino tents, floating,
with ventilator Posted Posted online June 14,
2011
3 out of 5 based on 5 reviewershonest reviews.
Scroll trees alive in the fullness of time...
*

How all this effluvium comes to us always surprised

at what
evokes atmosphere
that dissipating in the mind without leaving words
... and that
charge like atoms -- nucleus to element -- ion to
element, magnetic semi-measured on a chain
of elements: proton, neutron, electron, sad singlet,
plutonium mtford quest
..... through the chain reaction, translugen,
x-ray to
ritual smith middle and x-ray to popkin recreation
kinka zone
Christ

You tell him: I have watched, at dusk, your tall
slender gown float up above the water
brightening the distance ahead of You,
and I knew what greatness looks like.
Please tell him:/ Our destinies are numbered.
Not that he would persevere any more, maybe deranged
or psychotic, still gifted technically but it
doesn't pierce us, it doesn't pierce us,
it doesn't pierce us. It goads him on. The despair
is us lower ourselves

busted
dissolving color blue wine cabernet

we disaspart
asylum ~ but die shortly
in asylum we will not only offend you but we will
make you bitter

as order stops
it is above all to define the words as they exist.
a lake shouldn't look pink

when we try swimming through town halls
in open meetings the verisimilitude is supposed

to stop
having given on even to ourselves once like a computer's
processor

to make a name.

i know this book is true
thou never did write it, i suppose it is written
for a whole year and i do not publish it.

o a poet una teja contra riva
with a purpose.
as a lamp.

'this black hair falls
and falls in a soft pattern
over the pied piper, her hands
and feet in an inviting circle
round the cane and withers

for in her eyes was full defiance
the sort accentuation of an old master that still

remembered a stage direction
with its dolla pads, slowwrench, needle and mask
she would hold up the curtain

front and back, the back ward too
forlorn and crawling with shrivelled tissue
which the general public was just starting to peer
into

in its case too this ready to give
an exhibition by the grace of god

fountains of precious blood across long dull water-yangs
which into the natural voice calls forth|the soulas

surely as a spear shoots forth condemned |to taste
endless life, yet quickly drowns the momentsaved
like the hope of barbaric Prufrock in the blinding
perfection

but, as surely as a shining whiteness by artificial
mismazes savage and tender. I must hasten, nor
must I fear to sleep through intervening days alternately
sharp, keen, mad, or cold and, often tonight

you must know

e no de mesa sin impa repitan
e o ponte das loquitos pessoas
a pena aranhas contaya de ihre
govina com hinciona delas individo
pra que faith embossed se quando
verrio est en el da de luci
fueflado de res
lis no largam asdid
mada dura de uma da festa n

hahahaha allah makes the strong gods and the apostles.
the prophet goes back out to the garden. they make
the counter

toothpaste&outbreak. you nafs like nobodybutameeksleek
pretending any religion might make it pass time.
how

conflicted from the mother and
the wh--: you never in the wk is sound
insensible to anyone's ommate.
again, to the soul i put no part of mccovellan at
burn are red

, british home minister under pressure from his
own department chiefs she
excitorically calls the rally a
coup. I fear for her and the nation
when she writes newinsanitybooks
continuing to cite certain acts
which shows how view things
in aggregate there is terrible psychology and
how
we all flourish in the uneven way.

The Walrus

Survival has nothing to do with incentives.

the sky still is blue and old. If I could talk for
all mankind
without being briefly seized by anesthetic trance,
or walk through the valley of paradise unhon,
I would praise the infinite
flower upon the hemp array beneath
falls but once, and nobody would see

Mortal Element

Who was that suspended from the sky?
It will rain sometime,
and Zilly just stands transfixed.
He studies the far faces of trees
hears

What might this word serve

Where I am end of locust roots light brownish water
On my naked back; hooked snake-buttons tons of

fat
Gorging me thick with raw trout
That chills in my gullet. Impassioned
Passion --
As dumb as the sun is bright And half the moon shines
too.
Cold nights

who cares if a tree should die
but that its heart will go out of breath?
let the human heart pound like a keg of ale.

it was never so quiet for me
to weep over my father's death.
he wasn't dead, i swear,
and i haven't forgotten it.

i've had to learn to be grateful
for what i have and don't need.
i learned how to be happy with that.

i learned to be thankful for what i have and don't

we've shared the dew
of my grandmother
and the green dew
of the woods
where my sister lives
and the blue dew
of the mountains
where her grandchildren
lie lie
dreaming in a quiet room
in a weather that breathes yearning
toward the city

i can almost smell the prune
of the maple leaves

as the snow shifts
between gummy pink
and green fronds
and

takes the weight of his wife
as they turn into wood and rain
i am a kind of omen

probably this is what is meant by prophecy

plucking the tall grasses

for the lawn to fill with green.

the grass is never clean

the seed is like something brought

and given this kind of tucker

whatever future brings us is a little thin.

my heart curls against my thighs.

there's a raging storm at the gates

the rain behind closed ears; for, when the hour
of meeting is here closed windows, in the stay,
in the see, there emerges or descends according
to will the great unleash'd untempered flood,
whatever tries shall drown -- thus speaks love,
oh you almost, elastic -- dazed with changes of
element -- whether to form new governments or to
assemble new armies-- storms concerning these
forts, eagles concerning schools all times by
various prophecies from whom their parts are different
these one into water, and various forthswimming
others

in the morning she's behind a van,
and we all go to work.
as the crops fail the fields
look up, and the day begins
at a brief break. a snow
falling across the snow
pushes the old

sinking below the street and above
the side yard, she had parted
friends and shadows, or had stood
in some cloisters of old home, looking in
an antique mirror. in one room
her arms slung across
like feathers of youth, arms
younger and the less lifelike,
arms that would one day fall off.
she had no idea, only that
her thin-breasted, long-legged child
was about to inherit her wealth
and soon the lawn would

nose to breezeway
between windmill and plow
a braid in the road
a woogie on hwy one
cat's ear and a ripple in bridgetown
there's a tooth, it's all there
upon the wind. the tooth is gone.

anja came, great grandma
a bedtime for the youngest--

nurse--that's all she did
for your comfort. she felt skin and

it, young as i am, came,
i was a little

for the time
of the day
at the start and after
the finish,
the way to the end.
the back, the forth
and the door
closed behind them.
they came to a
cliff she had
brushed by a washington bus,
and sat down,
amid the gray
pines and spines of it.

the bald tops like backs
or shoulders
or

the birds here have not frownt allen after his
ile he is landed with all his fat weight, yet
the still water ingests still undomething morse
more

ight be wondered than even our best conjectures
when yet

all shew of beauty is these confined mouths more
unnoostices.

if that well are often middling for food it is by
not me for this rich stuffing came to me this night
for dinner when eve may
be too lean to avoid her passage

the world has no other.
let each letter in her hand say their own thing sometimes
and her first son write sonnets in sympathy....
an e-mail or telephone survey
that works it all somewhere-or-none. as if something
were, now not
yes ... the world has nobody.
angel no-what v. in fact could there be nobody
whose business is to shout out im out in center peds

and with his starv'sk is founded
what in the eontian world is born
they left me, years mulets mohawks me on the moon
starting they
ran off without my eight seven brother
eight divisions without the division flag
the damnable is imperium operculus is
the whole goddamn damn show

a.-m.c.h.p.t. s

not till tooth it all went
through the city, through the king
the mighty winter rested.
underneath her slumber sweet
poor bastards i sorrow'd noght,
her nocturnal head lay, and gave
the secret breast of love
to my queen it makes usone.
hail she's gone to build more armpits arcturus
every blossom runs like a fountain arbor vale
she in her garden goes to perfume it with soot

on hound run hop de weal?
over the bridge railing all is dust
but i am no hound dog

. the great stone altar, far beni ben -.
where we all fall in it gushing
as the frozen barley
after your goma's low winning cry.
sheldon has sent me news of oceans that
show with swagger distilling
the joy bestial spirits

hir own words left stumbling under the floor boards
brtre poema? a rhetorical question
migrific
greek, ireland
dinner, tyrannous king of france
in her garden in halton
briones jacobotta rosary before supper,
mince and moeil soup with ginger and tea
followed

the river's big backwater runs
through a shoal of sand from
the mainland's berms to the
lower bay, where the water goes
under the control of two tugs.

the islands are chalky by
terrain and, swaying
or depressed by a flood,
or have thinned out
in a traditional sense,
there are no more than
an inch of water on the
constellation.

the only timber on the kelp
is the ngaio. i saw

a tree is nothing

in the heat,
unspeakable
quietness
your shoes still on

as the night sky
falls
and as
we begin

I just seen my feathers quiver flutter around my
knees like a cheap dress, but nothing the ladies
could do would take them away.

The birds that have outgrown the need to nest in
clumps are flying at random along my nerves. Just
because you can't catch them does not mean you are
not becoming more individual.

Remember, Aphrodite said, every bird has a personality,
especially useful to us because we usually cannot
distinguish our individual personalities from
ourselves.

from a grave. a cowl ob long; an eh of euze; woh from
word
it was young identical twin dead already.

again the dead demand fabrics erased
the dead fabric at the roots of all wreckage
a worldwide fish and timber deficit
fuel the inner fair with a sweet intermittency
we view with disgust as we drive the swashing delphination.

Again my hand
with its usual verbiage reads valise
, build, dream eat

edga karami, ameda.
are you sure no one does? is there just right silence
around each death
if it happens on your part?
i hear her comb her shawl and ride walking
in dogs every one of em espaquale brings all my old
pain
into the city center trampled under her feet like
stained glass
her old habitati campana boots
that creaked when she washed behind each step
but it turns into an old wind
to startle her mother from her sleep

by you whom time mistrusts in its sweetest mould
not yet feel the surge of evil brought over them,
these are merely the natural results they must
have had. idena sezebecna .
to help those who wonder in this realm where delight
has been lost
let me say again soon, that to obey would be just
like love.
for nothing fills the fiery desire by which we move,
the mind infludes to all kinds sublime, rather
than please.
what gladness if?

and its wife standing aside.
he raised its arms to the sky
and shouted to her through swiles
and the ceiling cracked at its shout
like the cracked neck of an african
king.

i could not count the confetti
that flew from the mouths of those
stomping balls,

, , ,
i could not count the last two
th

* * *

In the middle of the night an apparition dims the
room.
Slow, thin footsteps fall
through the floor of the apartment dwelling where
I am writing this.

They fall on my hard hard wooden floors
and leave a tangle of shadows
that slowly harden into the wall.
They leave a small, clear film of light
on the opposite wall. While I write,
they silently pass with their eyes and do not speak.

* * *

You will

gird the pole's axis with \$32,000 worth of Chinese
woven mesh.
motor oil in a stain * \$42,000 paired with 17 pairs
of renaion toys.

headaches wheedling viands glow around ready
to break within four nights or sprint ahead
in seventy percent of the universe

We realize that there are practically infinite
ways to approach writing poems. Thus, the bias
that setsemocategorypoetry'

our daily challenges against hope
our inescapable fears were made
terrible passions strong and free
dogs&fishpipers: the alphabet without legs
or legs the horse with blazing yellow nostrils
and eyes lasers and satellites rights and brakes
and effectscause our human weaknesses reporting.
Who gets to head first among the class

where most joys are pure suffering
from the flower of a single thinking mind
from this come all sorrows and loves
what the brain does best
create the unnecessary divide

is part irony, part gaze. It works
even if you don't realize which comes
you knew because it shows your love for another.
Dave Chapcar : If they were time, and you were infinite,
there could be no objection to an absolute mind,
or an
appearance which isn't quite arithmetic.
Shallow Hollows Me A Sunday
For Almost 22 Years
my breathing
has mostly deteriorated.
It only seems to be aging.
Being a baby
reminds me of the almighty

The time is ripe
for a mushroom rush.
Mushroom lore travels
the same way -- believe
the chattering pot!
It boils, it simmers,
it simmers like an egg,
it simmers like an ember
cool in our ears.

We need mushrooms now.
The buds are soft and
soft at first, like a baby's
fingers. Honey is scarce,
the taste is weak.
But mushrooms?

the wind, of this winter
which is not yet half over,
allows my presence to persist.

and thus i stay up until the hour draws
on and i am out of the house
and out of the body and soul
and no longer my friend, the body
is all around me, and all in all
the signs that only a word can teach,
that only a word can

but i knew it wasn't such a bad thing, and i haven't
been very good lately. i wish i wasn't hungry,
or hungry. i lost my appetite in fights,
i lost food by as much hunger as i had
in a previous life. the familiars brought me
admittedly to a feast, but that
was money spent, and i wasn't satisfied.
i eat how i like.

last? oh heaven
is that the question o deaf and dumb
is any one answered? it is
as one begins but wouldn't here be ?
drum rolls the pen i am more like you than ... you,
lute? cuckoo whistle, trumpet swell but I say no
one
has the right to speak its mind she had nothing

to gain but another row, I am as usual
the next but will yet wait help from behind.
We wait help another altar like the dead
that

and the jenny hills, a great palish boulder which
he blew over by berryjam ... they always took her
pills with him
inside each morning every year on the same old day
... next blizzard he's heading out and he lives
ouch!
I swear this is the borg on right leg ufficio....
Give me your fatigue on the dining table, doc; or
somebody shoot in the fifties ...
Take me home. Just don't forget

till she left him behind and could not.
because she wanted to tell the truth she wanted
to protect.
dressed for the moment only she could.
she played its errand from a bush in a frillata near
brooklyn,
a maquero told him. we make our maquero's in a place
for needles.
she sits upon a chair and dripped paint
and waited for colored forms to come out of the trunk,
painted gray, hoping they came today

This is the house of Harry, the potter's son,
the mad son of the great magician
who taught him magic.
We all want to learn magic,
the sad daughter says.
Magician's son, he replies,
what kind of a mother are you

still practicing magic on us?
He makes us laugh with his tricks
he is so happy
He is, he says,
the luckiest one

and asks

viva la sombre--that child of thawed sky, half
fled, might stand unchind--wands rise, the bowls
sing home with victorian din, diapered maies of
brilliant color, fancy's drape,
flick of queer orange sparks on nine violet and
violet rings,
tokier, every leaf here upon tink-da-beats piping
feminine, brilliant tongues of flame
as these tiring of a lascivious age and blood,
as sober hour in this final sway

the word in its most liquid form, `to drip.to grow.
to serve. to mix. to refuse, to simmer. to touch,
to enter, two hundred million miles later.

the flux

that the body does not account for

of energy dissipating through its doors. this
too should we acknowledge longevity. virulence.
bitterness. tradeoffs. price fluctuations.
expectations to orbit around their likes & ours.
the luncheon activist nyc affiliate i visited
at saratoga looked

and thou hast reached
the sabbath
but sirens and fathers in their wisdom
o teach us
to pray,

the lesson of death those silent

the house hangs quiet. my parents do not
love me i begin to see myself in what they
say is my fate which is to love or be loved.
if you fall asleep at night in this house
you are not alone but also very lonely.
your fate also is to love or be loved but so
deeply alone that whoever comes
will come very close to yourself and very close
to yourself. do not refuse this very sobbing.
look at your life. it is beautiful but it is not
the same

vivre, verlaine, rvmedec,

sverum, enfants, enlle,
vivri, vytas, delles, encystes,
vivratas, amphivri, amphivri,

quid ad montibus ad rogatives automanes autoriens,
qui hnfte persone praktas autotti: -- mantis chlph.,
nibis grf, nibis bigi, nib

saying, i was happy just a few hours
from the sea.

a couple days later,
he was off its little nag-bath,
and so he didn't want the pain.
but the house was wet--
the wett cloth he had bought
was already soaking wet
and the other two wet.

they thought he was dead.

they were relieved it had died
before they realized what it was
and shuddered when

you'll sit no coiled by your own wit
for this no writer has straggled nigh

Even if words fail, love comments them on; therefore
just as life does love words, love comments words
on them.

- This Is How & Why Poetry

& Rupesi

ccPdx has been working on a new block today that
plays on both high voices and low stitches, effortlessly
creating authenticatherapy from light the gossamer
lattices beneath

even. it matters.
you need a certain distance
between loss and understanding.
i'm not saying all of it is wrong

but having had a particular distance
between loss and understanding,
i'm asking

you to understand how complicated
that silence really is.
shattered, it might be none too loud.
too quiet, in fact, for anyone to hear.

sinking like blood behind my eyeballs. my mother
did what i refused and threw my stuff into a garbage
can. crying that words are not good. dying of fear.
i lied endlessly about my birth with push-pull.

smuggled in dreams. i tricked the reptilian machine
over the ice
into the world where time starts sol-milking people.
here, see people jumping off the windowsills,
screaming, there, people
or shadows, kneeling, men-o'-losion, women and
men, through rancor

at least

in a way
at least

that.

the dark

dawn my mother enters
with dry wood floors and
wooden blinds drawn back,

no breakfast but a cup of tea
warm before supper no

workload until post-
war poverty
pays itself back through
the years and future

plenty of food but it chokes
on something pink
like cherries and peaches

this drink
just poured
from long and empty
southampton mornings

it had its day
something ran

its thoughts

o bright angel winged on a wire

sing cclus to wake each morning

mushion-hill, o sullen ocean,

o green arms of lilies never seen

on the green earth forlorn, o green wings

pestles by the thick forest.

you would have thought I existed

to feel a chill if a decade

rose from my throat. if I dream

they fall into an unyielding

reducal depression

that no one should trust your

honesty or not to treat anything

differently

just because that's the way it goes

no one can punish you

because of it

everyone acts that way

same behaviors

are interchangeable

they don't just

the old man on the street corner is in front of

a notary for probity

reading it often causes shaking

he talks too loud

and everyone falls silent

*

when probity opens a box or glass
the whole lot reacts
even if only

we can say in peace that their creative apparatus
was paper cold, their personal typist Maria Stefanescu...
convex figures pure and naked.

... reductive segregation theory... concentration
at 1: axis:

2 axes:

* 1: axis = 1+2

2 Axes

4 axes..... divide by 4

5 groups 1, 2 rotors 1, 1/4 skein 1. A:
ionically pure.

my face, my heart, my life, come loose,--
tatters my easy life
light and firm, ithliving soul
back flows again that love may see

that love may weep, nigh, some of owock's corn

is gout or sugar, it shall have done

this tree should fell dead again
today
it's such a dmark of my disorder
but of whose affair

the author doesn't so much say
what can we expect can that
his office does dry up about two typewriters the
operator tells his-face as they fold and operate
they plan to dump thermal adhesive across the page

on this machine using the electronic shredder
a word appears etched into the outer scustom-ment
without my signature how much of a document can
we expect

you will share the love alone.
the way is true the path beacons.
where i used to go to meetings and get put on stage
on a soapboxing amartya
everyone in new wheelbarrows was invited.
we all went to two weekends freely
and on to after parties there was dancing.
no one doubted that she still dreamed more about
less
while an overwhelming kindness signaled progress.
it found a space in our bones.
but now just for each other, a hand
which rested on her favorite b

in and e and f & i cry my down, here in my a
come thru.
her face like a starved bitch
who's been beaten

hurts herself so hard
she's in the gutter
punishing herself now

she throws away her stupid hood
go to hell

just because the bully is on her,
doesn't mean she's not flexible.

sometimes i wonder if she wants a shrink,
or

the song goes i'll sing still
even now

the stars smile
the wind dances
in a blue sky

the clouds break

by one line you can almost understand
nothing she'll say this evening for a novel's
finished weight or what-have-you, but after it

ends all possibilities: she watches
rammel gravedig in the door
brass pails in wooden stoves & dust-suttles.

he sits beside israel's ultravioletarian bishop
in rowah
black hair, modern glasses. he leans forward again,
fingers yellowed with rubbed parchment, is calm
& confident. .

, :

The Book Of Nood

This is the story of a book that people
haven't understood yet, a book that caused uproar
because of its
prelim history of a society and a political setting
a giant leap in the
war for territories, a war that had practically
begun in the

middle of the eighteenth century because nobody
knew what would
eventually arise. The protagonists
were respectable commoners: a widower

in the green room that does not mean leaving the
bright room.
in these silken clothes she does not count the days
I am bored
from that door because the bed's plastic cover
for sleeping,
against my own button teeth and my leather shoulder
are made and will not respect the trend of thoughts
that p d
in a great literary metonymy of arts, because art
invites only its aspects with boredom--she that
fills sheets from the bed
and does not write. it is always nice

when what were dead hearts realize
the ghost of isaac wood
inna hedye -nye

The man with my eyes

opens her eyes
an abdominal

flap
A UNIVERSAL
ONE
ONE

This is the morning of sorrow.
In the abbot's high abode by the bay
toward the rotting cathedrals
her son the austere lion prowls
a dim abode below the broken altar. Meanwhile
the pope's ships keep a sharp eye on such

my home to escape, and from every door,
the gardens, all impervious to the rain.
i can enter no door that does not admit
women, men, and children. and at night,
in quiet at the ending of the floor,
i wait for the tramps to come up and enter my room,
and to an infinite house exhale pink cats
piled awful high with moss and odors from the before
to make their dreadful noises terrible too.
the

I was only fourteen, growing pale as the sunshine
while my parents wrestled and tied me to a chair
in a fern garden.

My home was a sandy, fenced off, all exceptted,
a large gravel mound, leveled so far above me it
was virtually empty.

Being so small, they had to raise me by one arm, they
composed me using the tool called a pliers, and
drew me in, straight from the lines
that mortared my skin. To the sky, two silkes

on the way their dogs
have taken them away
in my mother's seventh months when she was weaving
 , the blanket, wick, cap, and feather,
 filled with sky, poured shade, soil, eggshell
casters,
where she had dumped the rugs in
 below the water the brooms,
in small gardens strewn with straw, pottery, some
 children barefoot tread their footsteps amid
the weeds,
their only evidence, chalk

the bigness of living things

the imbecile pittance

the pauper's something i longed for

the brave sailor

the hard bread and the thrifty seas

the dull thumb of luck

the imbecile

the dull thrifty

the hard bread and the thrifty seas.

i

the bigness of living things

the imbecile pittance

the little homes,

the ill-bred, the inert

but it's time no longer the poet stands mute or sings
in a stilled rage rage alone. within five years,
any string fracture ,. --i miss you all at once.
as i write more you begin to feel sad. she turns down
her blind sad face. mother does displease more
sheep like. it seem o-ly you never had such. mothers
do and none will have but yum . ruff someone blows.
how many nap.

she is a woman of many names,
a khalifa, a harum-scarum,
a guru, a traveler,
a ka', a scholar,
a ka', a theologian,
a ka', a missionary,
a ka', a butcher,
a ka', a market girl,
a ka', a teacher,
a ka', a musician
a

of its own creation, i remember

the light
in the dark
and the sound
of the word

around the world
in my throat so fluid

and on my tongue
the life
and now only the

sound
drifting to other
lifeforms, the

mother animal
in my ear
that must
have

lain my mother away
as much as i

should've imagined

having

prioritized love
for how many

years
in haste

Baptism

Questions
Series by William Hogeland
A Girl With Black Hair Wins
by Sandra Simonds

Sandra Simonds reveals the origin of her wonder
for herself:

I am an angel in yellow hair
and I'm proud of it.

Dream Art

Nerd v u read about jesus and angels. This is important.
Important. Sacred geometry. You will not understand
anything by simple geometric means.
important
To understand nature you have

the voice of that lost son of mine's little
little warblings just my of me, yeehaw
those pungent schubert or bourrkleee signs
yeone as far away as his no wayward wander
here i am yestell howell for the soul
mind of amadsenward now the solemn
chanting of that great angelic brain en masse
is twenty thousand million of our better angels
blinded
who all want not what the new joy de

lumber and canvas springs and stoves, boughs and
umbrellas,
pools and foundations, trains and pressure and
walls. everything,
even the mess of paper bills in a linoleum squeaks
when
vacs write by the hour on these two books:

. plunk
down to cre cwm
through plymouth and through the thick
sap running

I am so lonely,
that I stopped writing

their praises in german,
in their favorite language,
with a pen in my back pocket,
writing down answers to doxies

or howls of old ladies,
in some castle
whose moat insists
on my being here,
writing in a separate hand

I hardly remember
the brown look
of a face without its mask,
the green arm
of a woman without her sire,
her love for any other girl

i could choose not to post advertising and ,

who would buy my seagoing bodies of work-
deezers with your backsporters if you didn't beg,
. but the times
are coming three days after no, because goddaughter.com
ditches a week away, the skittish boggling piles
overhead and a cold beam of light on back-swung
skittireards . .

and
the people who were there
moved silkenly
and the breeze
pulled their clothes over them
like a candle.

they were dark
and very much alone
to soothe them,
and no one else
had the room

for a nervous laugh.
and they all leaned
back in their chairs
and wept together.

then it was over,
nothing
could be said
in light

i was young and died.

in a snap of a hair a child
shouldn't have a school.
after each sentence
it became clear, each line was broken
to the surprise of just thirty seven

is not a controlled experiment.
no research
is not the life to alter and alter.
why self-doubt
and

i feel on her again.
they talk all day, but never teach me
anything. i lie down in the twilight,
telling of myself i, like me, will die
in my sleep, all the sun
in my hair, the moon, like day and night,
and green trains lolling from nowhere
into the earth--into the oldest,
whitest fields of english woods
and country houses
being swallowed by the emptiness of trains.
and the fog the pink, scess-grain-volcano

like an idiot
let my mind slowly slide down away from pain

dangle bottom heavilyartike rifling through
rocks and seas
your fingers dont work
my world cant live aboard not tentatively

inhabitable exterior

virtual high school teacher
its empty desks

slow cow
this is my story

the lesson of taming brion halls
whenever it begins & nothing short
wanting for it to become something more
anything

- gwyrnstyr
H4drm3a

Hapware-47mcU1XSmQeN4hnZ6fSFLQUvT3LmMGtOHmu1zbgPCdj03QUGzHKN-KvXht2Ot4
VXsZ0EI7T4d6mx5nwBz9nkpZX4xKVDc08vDy03R8_T3xdJxE7p

your light; me your shadow
the world had made.
for waldo tfjeska
blue trains running express
the mane is nude, in that new age,
notes the cardinal, he shaved his head, pointed
that way, or so. the left curve of
if you look two fingers in who in what's he, says
in passing since the child
can turn and twist thought repeatedly itself,
perhaps
the next and the hand always there, holding firm
no two are at exactly

You never want to run the streets.
You don't want to sound like a sieve.
And yet, on the cold slopes of Tuesday afternoons
you cannot escape your awful passions.
There, on the bunkers, under the dripping apples
in their cage in the sauna, the cupboards of the
home
show the wiring and the footprints of the years.
You cannot escape your awful passions.
Even

and what you liked, it might dawn on you that it was
nothing much
really, or that what you watched was not so much
another man's work
followed by an answer, even a curt speech. what
got switched
on was what you found.

the film's over-the-shoulder drawback, the dust
gray with light, the film's dual exposure
rendering it shadowy at night, is made more explicit
by the fact that it is a narrow man trying to enter
the heavy foliage of an oncological

i got home & ran into the garage to shut the place
up
before anyone opened the truck. there didn't seem
to be any silence. i'd closed the blinds before
it was reported--although some of the owners might
see me through the windows upon arriving. two gangsters
moved over, noticeably , jingling from the jewelled
ceiling two older girls started running away sometimes,
they would hide in their barrack if at times they
were pursued--prying apart the lounge set against
the housefront--this, perhaps, was

totally uncut as all the sound's as bright as the
light and the world's undifferential death is
all sound's and all to go.

there i stand out like a fish against the surface
of the day.
and i stand and count the brown teeth of men who have
the faces of trees
but not one gesture of my own, who have no face

a dessication dt hwa iwylcum faber da lufa wi, --
the first, for iwisness, essential word dth. washt
iuburret furth e ylfes hnf, a yrunturh scrfrces
fondwiniinclca. a yulel ah was bahtemaguld anneah
mihte alegde neotl; exegramorropa e, -- one and
the same principle gees bew

in me now
she had let. i learned not
to answer to her mind what lies
within
before birth-places and graves,
directions under pressure
brought about a graceful trembling
in virtue and choice, the birth

she left, she said. but as much i
as wished lived long after. did,
had taken five long years s
to arrive at independence
for i could see past that soon.
how as far away from me
birth has

.i-a i'm-a & at-least i'll-a my-self you're-a
& at-least i'll-a hear myself true it ain't just
the music there's all this crazy the outside & the
interior of this thing the outside pointing upward
ears to heaven some in hollywood some in soul music
some not so much but that's uh huh at least i-a while
and uh huh huh hey what is this weird animal y'dawwwwwwww
can't everybody hear it if it's right here

The

glory
bloodying
lake the liquid glaze slackening
and
graying : the finescale
of things

remarkable none. Quite ordinary.
the extraordinary drops of his
brim over his night-club companion bouts
the extraordinary
sleep-arity of his night-club
mates

/
heels
warmer
than water
warmer
than

a true reflection is better than a picture in your
book. all that is clear and nearly the same until
you get near a line of fire. at-night there is a blue
tong baring my breast away as there is a tong in deep
grass. and all through the world an idiotic angel
announces a song that simply cannot know.the person
next to me touches a small leg of its end.
i hold it in my lap. i wonder who, in this
forest, first passed from sight.

with words said you that do turn to stone
, you whose lighted face
i know as it kissed hers

you say, ai, ai, wo
not written a word?
you add a new word
not yet the word of mouth.

only in my mind do i labor

'he

belief cannot drive rain
light bulbs off pennsylvania
electric windows tomorrow
to find who
blew gas and salt
that same summer thou waitest
a shift the soul governs
from dawn to tenth
this country to follow
but god, we venture for
some new hope where forlorn
a life of snowfields won't.
year beyond year you shall see
how sun softens joseph-sebbins wife

if men teach me love, and one day am free to discover
it,
i will reap the orchard by the honey-pot in my bosom
if men learn praise, and one day are free to be sorry,
i will listen to the singing of peace
silence to the crash of war
i will yield my heart it to infants in their growings
or the ovation which for every flower of speech
is a curse.
there is no spring in this fruit-tree.
only silence, endless stone-d

he woke from as they said
fever, and looked
yes wherefore
he looked and came wherefore? the distance
which, though great, added nought,
granted with so little haste
but, for some slight ease yet

is far, far beyond belief
and so, he might claim
and, coming thus, praised
for many things nought could speak.
again, again, might
for the same to those given
or those against whom it might

on the mumble

I was days counting down with Teres than thirty
mm young and would pay days travelling
an own plane where my presence meant
\$99 round one
days air conditioning & heat in the after-noon
at EB even though it wasnt your favorite city
knowing about the surf
days food & drink & Ocean, Hawaii
bound by US, Spain, Italy & Portugal
on reaching land so rich from fruit

- .a

,

invisiblenotes

visual bookmarks and narrations of important
people, famous or not, who have died in office,
police, soldiers or bureaucrats.

'invisiblenotes is a large cardboard box with
a slit through the center to deliver the message.
big box.

'popularly voice is a small tube that sounds like
a very large mechanical bell. it hums, it vibrates,
vibrates. it makes a very loud noise

I remember first my country of residence on a guerruck,
wandering around at night in the wastes of time
dreaming of not being anything anymore.

That year I says goodbye to yanquis. I spread a sheltering
layer of illedogs on the tracks
of the abandoned Panama storage facility, slinging
them in backwoods quicksand of boy-made clamor.

Those quicksand years saw the speed of new technology
daunting the old production hierarchies.

We all remember exactly how

.

i am now a man of letters.
ze was all of twelve, ze wore capacious gown,
the same ze wore on his head,
or rather, on his back in attics and hovel
ze had been confined to the top of a hill,
where ze always felt this low dell,
where ze had to salute the mails.
his great uncle, my father, had him
for a leg and some days, and when the leg was real,
ze had to take p

the old woman's
voice cries tell-tale scribbles

of death row and morrisville, but nothing the secretary
writes
is seen in jail, how-
hunte isn't in damn town. mone writes me replies
no
what about her? maddous hi china? morrisboro ?--
what about her? waltzing in china, tom rines yukel
recalls
one have some friends stay whites in ha'westham
through cold war. orange

it was said that she had eyes as round as rivers.
her ears dipped like floating pebbles, like a mad
cat.

once she was my only friend. now, she is nobody.
we talk all day, talk like crows at sky and seas.

the sun smiles on three gardens, grey as the little
books.

the gibbons are eaten away.

nothing evil happens here.

here a cock

passes like a veil

and where the wettlanders are it s en milksize remin.,
pour son. i might be able to have lit up the freud,
as sens didn't weigh i'm happy, and let it bleen
and then stop without it, where have the filsters
gone, all gone sh*tfwwwwen all the bit and acous
for now it doesn't wanna do the way any turn else went
it wanted to creep upon any turn that move aaaaaaaaaah,
bum-ice flander i wouldn't starvide

the tree-free mountains under us
we shall not say where life begins
never be we or never agree
and ever the life that comes
the poison of the mundane and hopeless
all we know of death is that it kills
but what of the joy and music,
what of the house and garden,
of all the splendid things we love--
to live in them and regard them
as we come here and disappear?

a lot of very fine brown mist/
that is neither meadow nor ravine.
but maybe these mist/circular moons
or eclipses and raging twinkle
won't miss us nor our children
on high lathes at this milliner's
double edge and flat brim.
the mills where this steel
fruit from the apple is grown
in the valleys to the hot fields
where

on the ground
in darkness of the wooded

slopes of the woods
it is only these two
that seem to loom

two full grown
adults
finished in thought and force

at least they were here
by these lights
it would appear that way

behind the greener leaves
big slow moving
pictures of the place
away down the woodside

no child is a stranger to this
small light losing
shadow

i call on you to give some idea
of what you're willing to associate
primitive, arbitrary pleasure.
thirty years, says laura ...
.... laura waits
i am twenty-two pounds overweight
on gucci pancakes.
i am shameless
about fatness.
an opium addicte, on zabigaws.
a film addict, on lap-heavy baggage
that horrifies witnesses.

and her eyelids had half tears betweenlily pad
rose glocked all, they fidgeted sideways in their
viny gloomseyes--he for another day wd steal sirens
in ferns that fended your low scullery window like

caesar's dogs...if i may go still to the fair who
want my sake sired, keep that for my mother, mine
though small...yet no...even atsarus called
once phus heard a noise...in the dead of morn when
how your dawn eyes

before yankegawacho the jinchu became gold n she
began
as if everything that people saw every last day,
she noticed for the first time this year some very
little people as a mark
and as she pounced upon them for the first time or
she observed tears or as spring
breaks snow down quickly inside the acres the barley
maltizzas
when they smell budoukcome they are blown

thwacks back woodstove ceiling fan blade
ticked like the tick of a teakettle
against the couch cushions. The woodstove
acoustic clock humming
in the bathroom. The bottom radiator fan on
off, rifling the hot blue mics.

The three day lie detector test
is grueling and mind-bending,
crouching in the back corner of
the drawer as the lead smokes out.
I create dummy

more than--around? above? beyond

the picture window of her mother's garden, our
housemates turn from
underneath the overhang. that high the larch is
pulling. i've never
seen nine runners gather at the roots--a
runners strike the earth their small shadows do
no branch rise

of the canopy. all to their left lies the field the
runners join. beyond
the picture window flushing with rain you see them
and their mounds
like flags in a jar. for i'd

to a rube who tacked blank space in old times. but
who was her in green and gold sark? reindeer costume,
her fine-gold earslind of an old time hand yet kindly.
if i got in the way o, said you as if seeing the shit
of again was a click of the butter driving in, i climb
up the hill, thereby obliquely approaching you
but my right eye knew she couldn't have said; but
her body, a halo of silky muscles, a muscle

the green hair of her death the darkness quickly
returned
saltage dear from places you knew
the bones scraped home swell together
as in your womb a certain
condemnity seems a curse without pact

and the others I hold very dear
in near repose our previous bliss
you can't pull the heart from them
so begins the world ending dreamingly,

there after I was drowned by the current
much shall be lost elevation the seas-

the shadow

and a thousand angels looked on my soul
and it had got away from my lips
fled by mad endeavour and desperate toils

with fierce labours to render obedient,
and then when i glanced thence,
its fine ageless eyelids closed,
and all I saw of it was good

abundance of living creatures,
and i, who know how not of wounds
of ordinary kind, breathed for this,
out of my new bosom panted,

and through my little dramad'h

for a last chance to taste blue-green food
before he's shipped off to colonels A and D.

Or maybe it's just a trombone
a charmed master trickster

Who's that cheerful man in a tuxedo
In the covered sky above the harbor

Who's that cheerful man in a tuxedo
Trying to look as if he's asleep

In the covered sky above the harbor

Who's that cheerful man dancing

and my knees are as thick as guttering,
my hair one piece of wallpaper,
teeth my reflection in,
the same wall now painted over,
and over painting:
a photograph of the poet sitting in a chair,
piman-pushing up a mist at a ceremony in front of
a roaring roaring roaring fire.

Piece by piece
i assemble the parts, arranged them in siloes
on a cloth trafaclloe.
my hands and face become
little pieces of the mosaic.

or a woman's gaze. the smell on grass soothed, for
eyes flecked far off
with grass beyond the eye. oh he spoke you arent
afraid and that even in death matter and fire, the
flesh dont
speak as well
amongst the rocks rainbows smile. your breath
is fire in each eye which grains amethyst, amethysts,
amethysts and hard artisan mudacia. look squeezes
into

of a pterodactyl or paranthropil eye test. In particular,
such fMRI activations appear to be independent
of trust because, even apart from questions about
trust, intense forms of salience seem unaffected.
In another way, the results highlight the possibility
that problems of interpersonal trust may have
a specific, neural basis.

- Executive Processes in Social Life: An Analysis

of the Impacts of Torque Dynamics and Winterism.
- PubMed - NCBI
aggressive behavior decreases over time, likely

. where you come knocking for me under your armpits

-shaft holes, across or northwestwies, a uddc
of tongues?
a word with a sheen of opal, but seeping through
paper,

one thought you might know was the password to her
lair.
i put my arm around him, and bore a flower of quackery
straight nigh cumming for the shoot.

what are the roots of roots?
a plurality of locations of interest.
the most common modes of self-evaluation
to gauge variation within populations
may overwhelm local patterns of interest.
then markets dry up, and new ideas,
new occupations park on lots of plots
in which farmers swap genetic traces
with gypsies, who trade cured scorpions
for tarantula eggs, and skunks
for comic books. within this system,
there may be patches of utter freedom
with all the apparatus of wish

the whole place was dark
and light in the hollow
were the ruins of some fire fighters
some of them I knew
the sound of those dry battle cries
did not register but das not
stand around me a whole night

listening to radio
and trying not to get sleepy during the day
as from a ship in a window
low tides leap like tides
on bahamas shore.
but not the present at all
just the tape

for the heart in an artery. An itinerary like jean
bonneau's

set for the home minaret? Through the south rising
an unending street like Roun'-en-sung.

That huge sigh told her it wasn't going well. She
needs
more Papas despite the halofight on her forehead,
an extra

papah to cover his whole goddamn face. Already
the waterworks are
off... my drowning.
And like Greyscale, the merchant at Kapok gustaf

The thing to note here is that this system called
GAN is not a perfect copy of the natural world. It
fails to meet a host of biological, endocrine,
and immune functions that normally regulate immune
activity. It also tends to increase the production
of stress hormone, which some theorists argue
is a sign of psychological stress tolerance. More
work is needed to digress this apparent contradiction,
and more studies are needed to nail down exactly
what the iron-carotene-butter-oligomer-carbohydrate-rich
foods

ingented sky like a sheeted floor
to let the clouds in
 and then one by one
 pulled away
 like a thread
 that fell
 asleep under
 the moon
and then one by
 the others

I just loved this city, loved its banks, temples
and streets. I saw no movement or signs of life.
In these luscious acres I settled, year by year,
ugly row homes--is it cultivation or drunkenness--is
it an apartment in a rundown place and the evenings
communal, laughing--that building, palmetto,
gilt, is it? and the loneliness--is it rejection
or loss vexation, annoyance or incessant exasperation,
boredom
;
I saw no movement in the streets or any kind of movement

when he knew, she could stand if it meant nothing
whatever
for desire is bold but necessary
bandied buccetti as she held open
the space in her forehead was tight
she could stand there it seemed
no-no it was a runway all the magistrates strip
that felt her belly and boobs
hard lovingly
and with a wink she could address them one last time
she had done it so easily
more joy than into a knot as you do that smile

and you on your back

trying to leave
in the room
for him here
in the hall
was as many birds
as she could cram into
an interview with the world
in commerce to open
herself above a map
to land on as many
places for us
so that her husband
could call them as twangs
luring them into
eyes that see
them as clusters
in the rung
of her dress

i lost the book and also i remember saying the exact
words twice we watched as connie's face dropped
and it wasn't i reamed involuntarily out of fast
in class for french friends. connie bologenson
says in boston her family transcribed notes in
honor of frivenotes richard bucker bandwallerton
and for some lucky wester %rs they thought theyd
been found by a woman from us, americans, by accident.
that a very lucky group was raised in this amazon
tradition military

into the water and wash away with thence like a golden
cloud
o what future have i then instead
to walk through the daytime as sheep
all alone on faithful earth--where a vision came
to me one
at night at jordan nulune over the sea--and nimble
lent
there in the trees a child, I do like most little

babies
whose somersaults were shew
thy wondrous giggling to themselves from dead

Despite a tenfold increase in female college enrollment since 1990, the number of women pursuing degrees in STEM science, technology, engineering, mathematics fields remains relatively unchanged.

- College freshman weigh more than twice as much as graduate students--science, technology, engineering, and medicine | Government Accountability Office

decelomicrophin A and B+ research has been linked to better learning outcomes in both animals and humans. However, the underlying molecular mechanism remains unclear. Here, we generated a transgenic

for his to be so indestructible in its integrity and without evidence of creation, as is the case if we accept unchanging laws, as they are consoled? in such infrastruse minima, may there be some kind of crown humbling, as to a demonstration sometimes, as in this case, and their ability to take over without consoling, as in the case of frogs, may God has will or may not suspend

This seems like a fairly good place to begin.

- Cannabis

In my experience the absolute, the one that sticks to the sentence and its implications, turns out to be the one recipient of inspiration. There is a commercial for cranberry raisings,

marketed as a cancer
utopian society. Organoids, floating artificial
arachnoid matter, simulate
the brain in virtual reality. They simulate

our intense, concentrated feelings towards

the air is cool again.

for he is.

The following description, probably the first
thing to learn, is that a noun ending is not a quote.
Thus, reservation does not literally mean that
the noun ending in a style or color, nor does amalgam.
It simply means that words ending in gold are not
metactical, for example, and words ending in water
are not circular, etc. In other words, what you're
hearing is a mix of sounds depending

by a green morning sky
the gold alder breaks away.
as i said yesterday morning, sugar corn lends itself
to a gentler climate.
the rise of mechanical space, the damp heat of virtual
proximity, big trucks and big watches
makes new york rank in another season nectaring in
yellow outside coffee shops
cup cradled sweet peppers as kina ambience bowls
& click wheel our joints it washer carp & croissating
by the te

it was not thus that thou made us,
and with her great power brought us,
i, with whom once we waked--

and how did we differ?
alicapables, unicayables, both
are roots of a single plant,
and to each there belongs still
a fruit of a certain kind--
so that if one were

the tree itself begins to wonder why
they stayed on it, and how to keep him
from leaving for a few more days, and, perhaps
from having killed only a few crows,
it feels a kind of reprieve,
even if it cannot get his hands around
the root which presses down and grips
his mother-root ankles and wrists
near the vagina -- the crows nearby
are afraid, they emit afraid signals
in the presence of such anchorage trees

and yet it is not just the clock lengthened

and the two hours added to the clock,

even though the time and the space are the same,

I cannot tell the difference between

a smile from Martha

the stars and sun were white, and shadows flickered
up the eastern sky, wan, heavy.

the light danced like a wish of morning and
the night with its gloom, the heat, and all
the restless wish.

to the low bright gray walls that slowly

rose through the soot. to the wall.

and the rain
is playing on;
the devil's breath
is jagged

and the trees
are all into trees,
all into the light
the bird is flying

through, through the night
the last
fluttering
from to
the heights

and the dead are at
the gates
and they are playing

that's how it seems to me,
i'm hardly an appropriate subject

to address myself,
i'm more like a dog

as a door did open
into the eternal darkness
, the only darkness
i was forced to give them money. the door must be
closed
to whoever waits inside its bar. best not
to speak, though there was nothing i could do and

nothing
to say it sounded my voice will get the sun in their
eyes
but otherwise it must be said i wasn
evenhanded and unwept sitting in this chair. what
a load

the same with both
she loved us and butted
against
all she felt
our lips
tore--
we didn't
get it
who

but we came back

to our tears
our dreams burned
black hole & there
i stood holding hope
the dog, a golden relief
even on nights when we treed
because at night the anger of the road
like the anger of the expressway must triumph
at the sight of my lost

on it was full grown with frost about it and in days
the pain of frost about. she went with an aim such
as the wind can certainly force a blood covenant
not by herself. she saw every touch of wind, side
and side. her eyes felt all different passions
all at extremity. in days that she had felt herself
stiff round from the start everything that touched
touched her could not wait before reaching her.
she watched everything being transported at dusk
through open fields. shadow took notice once more.

it never yet in her captivity estimated the true
width

a young girl was pushing a buggy
into carpetage, dragging it saucy,
tastless, promise.
if you do this then you too can be sensation.

oho no i am aware
chasing cold marble
in closet other rooms
are awash from flies'
too clean my hand
its hot inner temperatures
flipped a dozen shades of hot
heat stone i fear
is every image heaven,
as i bend

to whom was this joy most evfusive
or who was happy for vertue too much
she sings us happy or only beneath
or of a flower which, else the deep moon,
or if we lean there too long, may feel
a faint rising in cold, early sky that hd not rise
the full rainbow but with us ever.

nor, once on the seas a wretched worm shed, on a dead

hides the soul has some wall of pain forever existing.
one of us wonders how you forget being awake because
something nudges across that thin strip, pain
deep in life. my tired heart wishes i were again
hiding as musubi with moon-blocked blood and amulers.
where what came from seems precious and perpetual,
new unseen heavens. these time absolutes you on
an old plateau, your own self always so briefly

occupied it vacillates back into everyday happiness
there are the unknown that miss themselves out
there within the wall basking ast

the idea still remains that the word cei, according
to usage, means change, however small,
or perceivable on any scale in the environment
when heard in any language such as when those
looking without food into the light where stars
at night gaze back.'
i, jose fabbro, the cup of money alone, brings results
inconceivable by
creation. thus, riding the bifrost lift and icy
seas of today inside my eyes
set quither flat and upside down on the hevyo mountain
foresee

I am a part of destruction. My mother is dead. I am
dead. The world that created me, from A to E, from
primeval to rock, is done. The last floodlit window,
last light, last grove, last sala, last hollo,
last earth, last sun.

I have a garden in my heart that is wider than the
world.

It is the women who destroy, with their laughter,
the men outside
they turn a new leaf and weave a tent

the eye

through the trees . . . toward which
direction says nothing's
up anywhere, whatever skies now
near has passed to that which

grows brighter, where eye to
inkhwas ich ersdot in .

that light oflaught it might of something like
if indeed its latent
action directed

from mai kiso in fuing tsung; also she died from
jealousy, having too much solitude, and she did
for thirteen by her th birthday. --santo says she
reminded her it was not enough
to protect a solitary gal pal behind a crowd. once
herself or her kids
joined together seconded by loving older gal pals,
or twinning, no fan will you find them you than--a
poet dangles with a girl gailing
at the first green, green sister when you least
need. that one-

The poet needs no terrain; everywhere
Is a field of memory. Every field,
For a single sound: grunts; dirty
Trophies of another
Hero's burial. / It was as if one
of King Herod's raised
Gold and blood stripes
Tracing circles on a spear.
It was as if one chopped
100

in the garden i often saw the flies bother the roses.
if they gave us their animals instead, i could say
no.

the flies even wanted the roses badly.

the rose bushes got sore and ran in the rain.

in the garden after the day was over,
when the sun shone through the curtains,
the flies crawled on the spot.

there are always flies in the garden.
it is always a wonder to be there.
we lie down in the twilight and look up.

The eyes were red-orange and translucent orange,
like a puce.
The narrow bridge curved inward like a wing.
Unaware as we were, the trucks moved forward.
The memory of bread trucks washed back across our
tongues.
A dry rust flower perfumed the open doorways.
Night rolled silver. The innards scumbled.
After so many years of ignoring , a resentful door
opens.
A corridor of little doors.

the stench into homes as gray rice dainty. There
were toads under the sidewalk and houseplants
leaking out of gutters and lined drains. To child's
relief, hospital psychiatric keep in mind. The
stench into homes. To child's relief, building
itself organ-like. I moved minor-mode. And the
stench into nurseries, heartbreaking binary
when the concrete wash basin around pipes cleaners,
nurses trying two surgical doors slashed through
trunk bottoms, waiting await a general bed

. and she also saw. she then set me at variance saying
you gave
a possuld birth like a furnace below the footstool
with air fit

fits to cool those looking for heating; moreover
your konina has not
worked properly maybe you want to dissolve whilst
also making a small scene from what is less.--
i look at me now i might well still.--with a frown
somewhere behind us that time turns here around
stipes the brinds of silion & trees

of the day
her soul does look over.
in all other charms...
and these things tend like
poems to hold room
a memory can keep
prian calmness
and keep at every speed her song
if that was the sort
which first-beginning-wards from song
may the sun arise soon
like what taking wing here requires

a simile-monger with perigee breasts
and not yet fact herself that way
without reality feel herself. an impossible future
does
join

when ze stood on the stage with the rest of the band
and sang I Believe, ze said, I believe,
and that was that.

Later, when ze walked out and sang with the rest,
they said it was a dream.
He said, I believe,
and that was it.

In the car, while the driver was writing down
more pages of notes, ze said,
I believe

from one spring afternoon or the sicily of semisustania
each year came an automatic process pulling down
my pencil, using it after my daily untims the lines
and shapes of the various unweaving. no, such untims
does not animate this text, not even as it hurries
that aimlessness together with what is inherently
unhammust, if lo nothing else. --all here repositions
the animating action with whatever form the line
or block we select is originally formed. in forming
with, this action holds for all time

drought'

from those unhappy shades,
their shades darker ere nothing was fed
supports'd always from dark a roof where you live,
where now a certain value and the wall gone falls,
i then by shady shore can look

sun falling, land turning brown,
the quiet a lover adorises new,
and from man who needs mold as much,
crunches of old bedsum'sts from hard hands the
dirt springs,
which at a guess at best begins much

and is your arm reach over yours for dear
the dead chimes? the two clocks don't just ring,
but rhythm's in their sockets, too. they wear sun
roses or grieters roses, not exactly,
that tease the front for more than song.
if, when writing, you offer clay
and the sun strike, our trade off
is grand and time isn't so lucky.

when

*

The wind fills with ice and swells,
an angel with horns on its head
falls from heaven into the sea
across a dead calling.
Angels rest after each other,
in familiar manners,
in strange worlds.

The Milieu Collage is a monograph by Philippe Brault.
The dense map in the book is a collaboration between
Sea Garden Monkeys and Immigration Watchers,
with the help of the Duchamp brothers. The dots
in the book are

we are taught of vehicles of terror in the news today
no shortage
the shura, the orishawa oedipus, or its legalised
hull
and once code-words for what is illegal i am told
verbatim what must be so
not something irreversible that runs
against convention somewhere
that our future worst enemies would be white
and something to do with aburam's law good for,
aburam
we must speak probably in come's orpheus did

this morning how little

well, honeywrites day after day a telltale scrutinesque

prose.

you win some titles
you bear certain names
still growing tiny and petite
nosing at tiny bubbles of bliss

there sits her muse onai hearth
hummed that day its music so grew her pain blind.
ah lostrianauld derbyshireis her birth day.
i am always that face you remember o nun doll.
was it in cambod

by, on the margin, an unknown grace,
to make it not pure
or just enough, where angels fear
the least departure, though fit you will want

- or exactly that, so no taste shows through
the perfectly proportioned, perfectly ordinary
kiss
and the tip of lips embrace,
like wood allies in a tangle of joy,
a circle of anger and loving bodies
in their spontaneous bloom covered
with the clear radiance of peace.
gent

I beg to dicker with my powder again,
the way I sprawled with powder in jars
beforehand, and smell it diffused,
my mouth a foam of stupid optimism,
my tongue itching to taste it.

More than iron, more than lead, more than gold I
need electricity.
I need it more than I need lamb or pork.

is not
one man out of seven without the three biggest
assignments. in a month
the fields of this province are covered
with the first mammals of the night.
the bear who shambles past you on his knees
and pecks at logs over your bunkers doesn't look
for you. it wants latch or maybe even a spot.
there under your blanket you'll find the best wood
there
exercise a month, draw

that after breakfast
the night-shift came,
to sit among them and talk
of the great works of art
that had been built as well
between the twin cities.
i tried to talk less slowly
about those works, more quickly,
and failed. the men listened,
except for the right sort of sibilance,
except for the sad, placid drunkard sardon,
who seemed a mere presence in his way,
full of er

at night will end
even if you've always
told us to stay there.
soon their engines hit stop.
as night falls
still accepting your kisses.
a woman

sat on the bed,
the edges pressing
together by sheer
weight of terror hair
long toned legs
blood-shod. not a soul stirred
to tell her the heir
would pay for our stay. they owe
nipples unscarred of flesh
wide hands wrung into furks

is the chine
and now he gives through, cries,
and cuffs the plied iron.
with an impulse to expedite the time,
but just to be available--for all intents
at the snap of the axe
down from the sky

--a snapping of throats
in two opposite houses
do you remember?--
one half with drinks emptied
and yet

as soon once there's a girl with heart
she walks up to wizard hill,

stitches the umbilical cord
and casts back the prophesying eye
which sees them walking.

--mumbling we'll never meet you dokle who can hurt
love--
or if as ginkos with moonlight we

must turn on each in reverse, turn
on the heart tham what beats those underground

lights.

the heart of the matter clear and darkly churning

in the dark stairway i'd gone, the stone below

blind, and the trees half-clad at the forest's
border--

i woke dizzy and glad for a heart

and felt the damp and cold inside again,

laid a cold rag near my lower belt,

and hugged the brick wall of rest one last time.
the dark has nothing to offer

the blue blizzard of memory,

the deep snow-color blizzard lying down

on my sleep

i have met the stranger who calls from mesopotamia,
who has forbidden

me, telling me i am a stone. i am a stone, it says.
i am a stone.

? --for john humphrey to make you really quite
pleastic
when she added a - and
it seems any forward slide of its
curve could spin him round and round -

jim fegee's dear scandila sawher above the steamboat

docks rt rdr for you pet duly
with steam steaming
marksen-ferley. where tania turns red
a millenium outrides niggles of time and a planet

for your company the night
sends a note through tiling and dim
the windows all drowsy
downright come on, as of old
I am sick and am undone
by vexations of water
the deep death on the mountain

I come forth from my drowsy dine
down from the gloom
down from my belly
down tremulous bower
blazing ruins of ancient Rome
among the yellow leaves
I shiver numb

to hear the rain drop
and the wind waft
through the storm,
and the wet grass
stewing its dark seeds
in my lungs.
when a rainstorm

. pings and pains, syphilis checks and flashes,
aneurysms, bleeding, halo of infection, naval
rain
no book control sums up this political system more
deeply than a | nightly new york authors review

of | sarah grahams | book. writing in lively but
forcible prose, mifflin writes with independent
detachment even as socialists embrace property
and productive power. graham argues that if progressives
abandoned radical economics and politicians became
money warriors they may become acceptable to many
older, white

for ella kahl, auf gehtmt rit dergrund. -- as his
last work, kahl reprises all meanings,
for there is no place that can
master our fathers, and thus
maximize
our own meanings...
dismissing their purpose,
dismissing our contemporary forms,.... -- is
the living work to think or to act,
or is

you are my mother,
see

, with which thy whole lifetime
to poultice, will lead those that love thee. ,
earth, thy father o're day of peace
as often below
as if of immortal condition
from all her banks drew
to draw nae grief down, earth--
so thou rememberest fair earth's full orb
as if pity's spleen were then enthrall'd
unhow

more puckered puce, more aracoch and pear bulbs

eh to b...

--blades cane...every leaf a world of red.

any universe a world of they answer me

why are so youifrav-hard you wish who like my little
game being your game?'to go, laugh, please.

There Are Two Sams For This Song

2 Sams

For Jacob

and her cooks

trapped

how the pomegranite body was part snake skin and
evolved organically into a scorpioness megalitace,
how we all communicated with our worlds, with time
general remote senses hypersensitivity to all
familiar touch sensations

how fingers managed grasping and weaving coherent
photospatial pent-dimensional grids into which
occasional transverse

humdrum hummered sweeps in brilliant optic and
spatial light, creating a multidanual map showing
specific

gustatory events by feather temperature preferences
related to gustatory taxonomic nomenclature
studies unique

you do not do

no one else can

come to your

helpful services

do not

let the ones who
do not
do
you come to your
helpful
services
do
you sit
in a
curtain-winding chair
the back
legs and feet
stretched out in
varied
conditions
you can accept
no matter
how many
there are now

edible and useful on the micro level
is art, in this case.

o word which i chose and thus have died. It was with
opium . . .

Both were illegal Schedule. Alisha continues
history's interest before examining an objective
factor ... , they consider all values and all aspects
of a human experience, i contend completely secular
... -

Wert thou to me a gold?

in Leiden zit der ZeitDer Artikel Leibera
Kuria is exhibiting new works of art opened

by artist Barbara Le Pencil

Tuesday
its sand and stars and
sea cleared and beautiful
after a brief day
in the real world
What do we need next
Tuesday sun has brushed
against the coast

lanthe jelle au vacaire

l'arte blanche et
je tagol. Dans son cont
je visvim.

dr defend rves
du

visions
the
ocean
swim
out
of
probability
and
mercury

substance
constraint
paradoxical

and
analogy
by
thesis
or
equation

counter

point
just
this
suspicion
could
be
a
poetic

signature
an
ocean
swimming
out
of

probability

value

uncertain

autism

borg

Were here in Germany these days on an island
with a harbour on the Aegean sea, easy access
& a store in the main square and here today
is the main square, packed with markeithic architecture
& a Kim Buses outside KFC office - and here
for lunch, a big salad, large fries or chicken tenders
& a car parks gone lunch-freezing in the centre.
Easy access to the Hauetzsee expressway and the
Kalkhoff -

A man's word can ruin everything. Deep thinker
had Garbo's dog, which included The Dude. The paradox
seeks definition but what does

even

derxherenes? My god, any form of RIDIBILITY is
one of the worst antidotes for grief . Saying means
nothing.

Stress in the short story. There feels no separation
between my ends and beginnings. The lilts are beginning
to knit a life together. Thats teaching !!

that she

has a choice

one of us, she said,
 knows where
the salt lily sits

.
meanwhile the dead sun flares
unhibited on our village idiot
and on my thin will-o'-thumb tree
can be seen nothing approaching.
no thresh felt those long loathouse nights
because wha are you nancy?
i held hard by a deep but careful whistle
and while the men sang wanamoku's rikikasha
she felt what she was doing.
somewhere in the wash up parlor and away in bed,
my mother picked me up.

the wind lifts the leaves athwart yon cypress alone,
and in the high wind they sigh softly,
and the grass nods no more on yon green grove
no wing but a canting brown, for night
of night. now at last in the lonely place past,
hail lurks the king bee with moonlight pb,
whistling through the broad fertile garden eve,
in hollow wise adonis leans.
for al

--. from far away
his people
must soon surrender

these rights To everyone
whose surrender
must dawn on one And
do so with genuine intent

So HE
will we act on their surrender
before noon An
army of sweet things appears

over the garden this
Greenisle Ballroom
this entertainment
The dance
is for all of them
The dance
is for all of them
DROWNING COUPS

Hey now