COMMITMENT



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ART WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE

NEPOTISM IS FOR CAREFUL FUCKHEADS

AQUATIC MAMMAL POEM

ON SPECTACULAR CHARITY

COMMITMENT: AN ODE

SO FEW RICHARDS, SO MANY DICKS

DAHLIAS & BIRCH TREES

IMAGE: jennatito.jpg

ART & ENJOYMENT FOR ALL

POOR ELEPHANTS POEM

ART WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE

like it does mine even before I've performed the little death
goes behind me like a yellow brick road
path my feet
dented lapping nerve. Safety in knowing that what holds you up
isn't alive, and therefore can't leave. Only you can leave, and you will
mouthing your twist like an undisciplined lover and throw in its face
hands empty of pen, calling it husband-hungry
in tutu with dayglo.
Come back to me now
my love you will eventually say, long after the fact. Her face will turn
and be neither woman, nor man, but lung heaving under ocean,
the muscle perfectly formed under skin when you open the door
a mechanism whose longevity nurses you at the breast,
a site of fire that moves beneath you, first rippling and
then slowing into a drill pump between canapés the suit
contains the warble of your admissions and of ordinariness
and of everything, everything that can be said about our bodies
can also be said about the soul that moves
dehydroepiandrosterone moves my bed
as modernity refuses to pass away and you are miles away
leaping about in it, clear about life, where it goes, who to talk to,
the little years pulsing with breath, fish swim in the lung
and now life with its death is a crashing presence
a subjective masterpiece
a monster whose horns and tusks toss me
on the wind that crashes into the house.

Art pulsates within me, more than an absent child
more than the fund to help babies
more than electricity. Apple+tab
darts between worlds as in rooms I haven't the patience
to walk through
and cannot give 'no' to the food, in it pours
I want to make little words in all of the windows
make nothing for too long in one place, lest the depth appeal

to the monster, slithery-tongued, e-oriented
hiding among dashes in 'Sent Items'
waiting for a lashing of tongue.
There is no surface desire, anymore, now it goes so deeply
into me that I look and it's lost
over dinner it's lost
over the weekend it's lost
and I turn to you, startled at last to meet eyes
'*to make eyes meet*' is the song that explodes
who knows how much of me sleeps, even I don't.



NEPOTISM IS FOR CAREFUL FUCKHEADS

How the dark dull hit and I
couldn't be caught, with a light I hit
my tail on the speed of the way out passing
this and that in a galactic swill of my mouth
wash the thing out is the process over which it passes
me my life my body my bed now rocking blanks
fireworks passing in the night over the
deleted porno hard-on replaced by the shadowy
memory of being
loved slow to remember until
the thing lights up the sky
when I turn my head the sun is just going
and the walk is a peaceful freeze
full of heart-shaped fungi
easy now to put it off that I couldn't do unless I
didn't know, later on the ideas had advanced
beyond this and that to which I turned my hand
and back again, here we are, in the cloister
choke-hold, St Augustine slips out the side
door to bury himself in the hoary bosom,
robes that pull away
speed is the opposite of the careful undressing
that poets do on their dead
heroes flesh crumbles in them
speed will melt you in the head, leave you little
time for theoretical pontification, suffused prick
eyes and hands grow lazy, full of blood
leaves turgid by means of tiny threads
a hair's breadth of water in this slippage between
the windows I'm falling fast into
a deeper safety, a comfort that holds me by the face
inserts its kiss like a match gone out

AQUATIC MAMMAL POEM

I can't make it go any closer to the word
count searching for the ones that make light on the ceiling.
In a splendid arc that refutes all jealousy,
noise is painful. Between the thorns of myself I hide a
detective mystery teeming with dangerous
hearts I can't get into, I too am
woman too. This all is a race between us.
That arm now slung like racism around Possession's shoulder
who wears a raffle hat and storms absurdly
the land, yearning for emptiness to make good. Tongue
stapled to the roof of the window, heart
stomping about quietly, a route
you'll take directly to stomach trouble.
Persuasions lie amid desperate darkness and stunted trees,
a bottomless ocean welling up through
stone, the clouded dreams that emotions dream, paddled about
by electricity, that you wake to love and
that comes to stare you down in the afternoon, gives nothing
back but a lessening echo of female voice.
My shoulders ache, trip into sublime moments but
fall out of them quickly, as the soul
flips about in me: egg back fish aquatic mammal its lid.



ON SPECTACULAR CHARITY

The landscape
is black with forced clarity
to grow up
        master intricacies
                language doesn't fit
                easily with
thought .poetry
is,   *the bed brackets the mind*

in insomniacs

Golden Globes 2010 WORST-Dressed: See Who Committed
what you asked for was given
moral judgment on the hay-coloured truss not omitted,
don't cleave, it shouted openly, split off into various
documenting is a public process
                the repetition of the image
see who committed
gaze under electric light
                too long at any one thing
                the repetition of the image
                        see who committed
                care enough to want to know,
what do you call a man with no shins
what do you call a man
what do you call a group of pigs
what do you call people from hong kong
what do you call a
what do you call a baby rabbit
what do you call a pregnant fish
                and disappointment disappeared
instantly Wikipedia'd by force through
        catastrophic magnitude 7.0 M_w.
Here you are and I've named you,
        naming made you cheap.

What is it you're not saying
Is my school closed
Is my car insured
Is my car taxed
Is my dog pregnant
Is my tv hd ready
Is my cat pregnant
Is my train on time
Is my school open
Is my house haunted
I won't tell you his name
nor mention any flippant cry
absorb fantasy.
It is political to name names,
they say.
EARLY on Monday January 17th, just as *x* were settling to work, the heart of *X* came under attack from a well-organised *x* of *x*, many rigged up as *x*. They *x* at *x*, a *x*, a *x* and a hotel frequented by *x*. But by mid-afternoon the *x* had either *x* or been killed by local *x*. The violence left at least *x* dead (including several *x*) and *x* injured; it also reinforced a growing sense of vulnerability in the capital stays replete with lasting feeling.
Amortise until rigor mortis
advertise rigorous immoral but moreover
the tactic is one of subtlety.
Directly trace this into work, 1.
his shoes, two, the interval admittance, three SCRIPTS
as tongues overturn.
Eyes were pulled away
& then the image back at them,
How I believed it was contrived but did not know how
could not vent offense on the air much as I'd like
to be a good person, you must be rude.
The goat must shine on you.
It is so politic to leave names lying around
ornamenting your beetle

tattooing your butt
curtains in ancient drag
froth of digital harm
buried underneath cardboard and styrofoam
layers of implied filth
this image that has no time
this image that has no place
that situates us in encyclopedic moments
like a shadow who raged so
it made us afraid
disheveled in the brain
I had better not know
what I'm saying, lest some European death take hold, and crow glory
like a vulturous semen doll,
stained with earth in the hose
I sowed with grass seed to soften.
If you write
in the shadow
of the image you had better write quick
&maybe - - can hear yourself thinking
sighs at Seneca
yawns at Aristotle

COMMITMENT: AN ODE

"And yet to speake a troth, I cannot herein blame the diseased world so much, as I do the infelicity of that sacred Art of Poesy; which like the soueraigne prescriptions of a Galen or Hypocrates, ordered and dispensed by illiterate Empyricks or dogleeches, must needes (as the best phisicks ill handled) proue but so much variety of poyson instead of cure."

Henry Reynolds, Mythomystes (1632)

The Night Starts Here and nascent
Pan-Pan reviews said Night in passive
aggressive e-portrait, and culminates in
my past, the ass that I dominate painfully
willing to drink ground glass with my
poetic dose
and soiled pants
cabbage bloated duh on the phone
s 4 U phone for you. New sex is
suggestive dispelling commitment, 1)
when I perform my duties as a brother,
a husband or a citizen and carry out the
commitment I have entered into the National
Enquirer used tampon chase.

In time this all will disperse as voiceless
text, a pseudo-Persian ambiguity that
no one can crack, cf Dryden's Israel. And until then,
the proposed increase will waste the big
time better spent dishing out
richly deserved to the rich deserving, permitting permanent
youth and the wasted impressive additive
free stock hyperactive nature e-card. What
ever
I pine in my bed for a) red French
stallion nailing lingerie Jessica all surprised
sex office, b) Arboreal graces of slight sacked
dead cephalopod pseudo-documentary

downloaded for free and it made me
less relevant *vis-à-vis* cack doe
eyes and long
intense moments than
bent spandex pant skiff.

I have been a tree amid the wood
And many a new thing understood
And many an old thing trampled underfoot:
perfect heart bosom code tortoise box
string of cheepers crest of pleasure turning inwards,
bashful, warm, sweet and dark melancholy.
GONE.
Shut up, shut up to explode you with loveliness
toss your ankles into a locked box
parallel I adore. GONE.

Evacuate yourself from
commitment, 2) the evil that millions is
shattering the body and crippling them
morally, try stockpiling cultural objects in
lieu of categorized pastel lycra chichi cack.
This is the chichi cack I *definitely* venture
capital A-list pants destroyer need *need*,
and cops bop to digicam photo ops,
inevitable and permissive
with violence in the day,
slam your sweat down on my head,
I, with whom you fuck, cannot be chaste
ly kissed at passion's edge.
What more yoga can I perform,
I still am going to get wasted
on a serrated credit edge
heralding a bad economics, a history, a friend
ship spat bad teeth all over your desktop
of pummeled eggs and regurgitated stutters,

Christ's ova pudding enlightened with
Pantène Pro-V she is worth it or something
like it as I pray into the pillow to change
and rise.



Words Fall Out
Speed of Death

swollen red tilts of light
knifing the windowpanes
amorous cordial my back gave
thrashed its lust like maggots

she was saying I mean, uh, *we* were saying
reputation precedes "guilt" and "shame"
over the sex avoids abuse scandal.
All of the tendencies
whose opportuneness would be felt
in an otherwise providential harmony
sing choric golden anachronisms,
and for good measure they all resemble
one another bounce go their
shiny curls festooning you
can go back now to that tainted basket of murk
mercantile can't go back to his loving hand.
Shut up in a white rented bedroom.

How contrived prettiness thoughtfully
snaps itself during an evening plainly dressed,
lets health speak for it. How the others
don't appear to need this wasting to reform
and can sleep around if need be.

Bent at the spandex pant skiff to look on
one hand like a fun doe and the other a fuck
slut tarnished nibbles and read you out to

staggered listeners postulating at the Tate.
We argued at the debate until one
of us had undeniably fucked art harder
than the other and the piddling male
between us dissembled and went deaf.
No wait, a buzzing there.
Return to the red vacancy, swooning over
clutches yes clutches go on have them all,
we won't tell. I smile
split into double ideals, on either
side of coco bag desire spills hair dye,
considering the menstrual splash of a l w a y s
w a n t i n g t o b e s o m e b o d y e l s e
and always
liberated by white jeans
with wings
always that uncertainty creating the error
message of history. How do I go from this
page into seething politics balancing a tea-tray
of self-doubt that I slim and blonde would
have made a great banker and with my loot-
ed funds rescued the economy of California.
Meanwhile this pathetic someone of insinuated
children helps to improve the lives of
outraged that my charity wasn't more about me.

I turn
only in the way that you would not
and I turn
only in the way that you would not
and I turn
only in the way that you would not

still singing the same song
but this time in trousers

hair and face radiate
a saturated hot spectrum
that is all so
taken
with the future paradigm even
as much as to tread
ground in present tense
biting prettier dust
than you do turn
with pastel eggs.

You can have all center stage hurry love it's yours.
Before you a scene of the gathering all peers
into everything you are standing there contemplated.

A snapshot of erotic jigsaw cut to milk jugs broken
by the girl at the gate in her knackered leather shoes
pale blue dress buttoned to burst rigid shape and
balefully wanting awkward, waiting for you,
Economy, to pick me up and take me out
elfin with cold hugs
down in the straw dashing a good person echoing
bales of drunken appreciating the buffet spread.
But from where, from which economic rung.
Self-made Chantrey keeps her by my side
in funded public in public outings.

There will always be one
somewhere who with
what s/he is able to make available
corrodes commitments to whatever
good you are dumb enough to believe in.

Rich-furred conies, cases
better than their bodies,
the bark of a cinnamon tree.
In a mode of wanting good, beg an optimistic valuation,
or the water running into your hair.
In the future,
no banks have a balance and I'm sitting on the deck
wishing you were not so far away down the mountain
at the store with your barter mixture, and we do not
hinge on our cheques,
checkerboard in black and white stakes out the
ice duel on kneepads, dreaming of rainbow
fish as if drawn in seven colours the world
continued to elude us, cookies, pie, the sandbox.
Ordered lamb to mark the date, it was Easter
and we were the lambs of God.

Too late, purple rinse Darling cack-handed
back bended over business leaders' lunch.

Bang bang Citalopram death sentence
at the side of the gash gnawed into albumen got
at our peril at the registry office, town about
the trampled blossoms makes decades ache.
This is my wife, my sorry state of affairs my
tax break my lump sum my lumpy kitchenette
sumptuous in the past where the double
rainbow split back into one
& I cried all night
for the identity-challenged Hongkongers
for the oppressed Dubaians
for the mourning Poles
for the overly corporate Luxembourgeois
for the commuting Londoners
for the occupied Lebanese
for the occupied Afghans

for the brave Kyrgyz
for the trafficked Romanians
for the starving Serbs
for the fashion-deprived Devonians
for the trusting Yemeni brides.
My own personal life is my own personal business
but between you and me my padded night jumpsuit is more
delicious than all state packages,
evacuating from the dwindling desire of the home
to make it worthy of a new evacuation elsewhere,
commitment, 3) This just isn't in.
~~Tragically high fructose corn syrup~~

Death is what you climb to, reaching, always with the spigot trembling waiting. You can fit it in the wrong hole. Ass and eyes do. Always do. God bequeathed upon us the trembling waiting the elixir of choice thereby waste so that our condition might change. That's not to say all change is for the better. Not to say that nothing ought to change. Not to say that change is not a *sprechen sie* or a motivational lapdog or a cotton wool chew toy. It is all of those things. You can freely mash your square head into a round hole by shaving the bone. Ass into a spiral tube. Twist the plant every morning. Sometimes I just want my ass and voice to die, artificial first by grammar and then by anxiety. Either way, reason is not the parent of love unless you meant that backwards. Love's famous temperance, surrendering itself wholly. Just as you do not leave when the money runs out, so you do not stay because the money is the root of all evil shot scratch it because the money is there. 0199291152 is bollocks. Love invents itself in a spare moment you come to regret. Surprise. An unintentional exhilaration of crying and falling you wonder at, impressed by things not being amazing for once, gritty with truth. Taming your cerebral sex machine and destroying your meat interiors, passion based on trust. Teeth. Inflammation. After that, risk accumulates, becoming laden down with who you are. You



risk everyone that you are, all of those tempered beings,
simply in exchange for their continued wakeful existence.
Not *in case you wake up*.

What's worse than cack doe eyes? My own predation,
probably, perpetrating the offense. Yes you. Go vomit now,
over the shoes traversing the boulevard above the head.
State head a unicorn mousetrap or abandoned coalmine
either way teeming
cut the speed of the road away and I'm on it
maybe with you and I want
financial stability and to take everything for granted,
snake pensioner tongue out riding the nurse,
stakeholder my golden era boom and glut
of babies didn't ask to be born
here chucking issues down at me.
The state didn't do a karate boner on you you
have abdicated yourself from free economy luck won't
ring in your ears unless I give you what you want, which is
10%, payable on death. Things *I want one* star fruit
two doxography three silicone lid *and* sleeve.
That category has two elements
YES I WANT THEM BOTH.
Arms wave like a gas pipeline I'm alone.
All the frigid attempts at writing love
come to blows over the ocean look away.
Stand
here like I always do disenfranchised.
From the pillow to the sink disenfranchised.
In the gap between rich and poor disenfranchised.
From big business to they pockets disenfranchised.
Mr Speaker to the candidate disenfranchised and I'm
supposed to show up at this meeting next month
and I don't know what I'm supposed to say.
Everything you say may be used against you
in mounting suspicion that you merely wanted

us to go fuck ourselves a salary from lettuce.
Go European careening in legislative egg farm
incubating amazing dye jobs and our politics.
All laws are European.
All tax breaks are
concealing motives.
~~Tragically high fructose corn syrup.~~

COMMITMENT: stand here screaming like
a flaming proselyte pig happy in translucent muck
that glows when you plug me in. The representativity
of the representation in so far as it is representable
is hilarious.
IF semantic trips through ambiguity
yield sign anarchy THEN we're out
out of a job we never had anyway
and listening pule vigorous devout
Gaga's call to individuality

be yourself, you dope nerd
dope nerd want to drive across America
blaring Gaga in sign anarchy
all the roads lead to Carl Paladino and we can't leave.

I want to hold you / want you to hold me
more than all of the other things career
food kids rent electricity Gazprom funding
music carpet pudding shoes pension EXCEPT
the grand Giorgione's promise extended.
ART UNTIL DEATH
and in some cases
instead of it
and in some cases
instead of itself.

SO FEW RICHARDS, SO MANY DICKS

I met my match in Repo 105.
I am not a tactical representation
fidelity freak and I won't tout any bullshit beyond
Dear Poems,

Today I love you. You are much better than Twitter can
eat itself, just ask
any number of Severins,
all of whom speak so slightly, rocking the
square mile between friends. Half a
billion for them
on bended knee to
stocks & shares
of total compensation, no particular
name to epitomise the urban contagion,
any number of litigations
await him/him/her there,
but not really or only perhaps,
man of the year. O heartbreak of the
such aching tenderness
that we fought for
awaiting you in the hundred dollar Florida mansion,
fangs of gold plate plumped around some
kind of sickening prick on fire at the
tennis she opens her hands to receive.
You know it's for the best.
Wilfully opening and splitting her tongue,
I, Man That Resembled Lizard
break next into your throat out
of which beckons song
to me it all resembles the past
if I look incorrectly
on time
for the gold-dusted paper futures
contract traded inside. Caught a



child and held rocked a
circle in the mirror tipping outward.
Let's make our own fucking money.
Kiss up to dick
-in-hand rhetoric.
You be the bar.
I'll be the drinks, in love with
every motion of the face
revealing its characters,
Father, Goon, and Executive Fucker
all dance ahead of the bus and in between bad practice
yogic breaths sever them from the Robin Hood
Foundation sucking
out the compensation of love stocks
and shares awaiting you and Bob as well,
whose atom was split by Sumitomo Mitsui in the early 2000s.

Not merely was I a political
  secretary but possessed
of the ability to withstand the most egregious battering
  of capital organs about my own head
and in that various head cracked truth,
  that vaporous sheen meaning nothing collectively
but which upset the clockwork of days with
  anticlockwise vibration, every day.

A financial time of the lyric
  self, look oh, how you shined salmon pink
if not out, then inside, and fell at
  every opportunity, oh, just
nominate Cassandra's hit single of death.
  We are all each one of her
clearly visible to ourselves and even
  then only at cost and regularly
preferring not to know.

Pleasure you with a rolled
-up TLS. Everyone will be happy

not in denial of shit but in accordance with it.

Shit is the happening standard
visible almost exclusively from the inside
and we almost certainly we cannot deny shit, and
so why would we deny shit
if not to thank shit for promoting awareness
about the proximity of shit to our live
breathing, in and out in time to distance
on time for the rendezvous organised in
accordance with the boundaries shit delineated
when controlling my means of production means
I got my pen
I got my pen I got my pen
my pen my pen my fucking pen
I got my pen I got my pen I got my pen I got my pen
and with it pen
what could be termed variously a shit
lyric a sad
posture a broken vision a pleasant
bath time.

Your girlfriend is
a fox. She
fucks foxgloves
to death and song penetrates
the window, some passing offshoot
of spring and the earth on fire.
Each winter longer than the last and this one
becoming with free and fair
reckoning unbecoming
maybe tax you more, maybe not
who can say.

This season I will mostly be
  into owls and stocks
and butterflies and intrinsic value
  and glycoprotein.
Whoever you are on a given day moves
towards my retreating back. Love you cry and bake up
the cookies and then eat them up. Someone will whip
up the back of your neck, egg whites whispering
there that there will be a grand future
s contract, promising to alleviate our long history
of debt, working for free as we do for the sake
of being better and more inspiring and fun than
for example the TLS. But fuck
ing who works for free Dick
Fuld and the Dead-Beats,
Ozz Spazz and the Meat-Heads,
Tyson Sparrow and the Jackrabbit
of Death do not work for free speak
into my sleep with the silence of nothing while
drugs grip your wife, stressed out and toxic with
every Chinese minute planned right down to the
last blow dry planned months in advance by Chris whose
own planned blow dry creates passionate planned waxed
sex whose widower plans to pay off the credit card bill,
                but with love.

We could be and will get poorer
  as some richness takes over or we will
get richer as some poverty takes over in a
  bitch t-shirt, cope with me, leman,
attend to me, attend to your
  brother, leman, but so many brothers
now are staking you out
  for the count says I can trade
this air too and float
  my fucking stock out with wash-pegs.

There was a crash but nothing ever ended.
  The abused become the abusers
sometimes in the amorous method.
  Care does not omit the newspaper,
the blank pathos of infatuation
  the knowing the world, the making it better,
that better is a bind, and loving you,
  and wanting more for you, all bound.
So many of you, so many of me
  all wanting all relative all.



DAHLIAS & BIRCH TREES

The poems
start to finish
me off.

Imagine *in the General Assembly*
wearing a pearly jacket
still mucky from the garden
bearing on your mouth a query.

Can casual sex be conceived of as
a political act against the staying
power that calls inevitably for
the accumulation of capital?



IMAGE: jennatito.jpg

Where to begin flash flood China doll—*literally*
pink and blue and pink and blue
hovering over the production of
candy cremes in the face drastic head petitioned
quickly into full-time love affair minus dead penetration
in the speech the language holds
drops down full collusion booed
at the awards ceremony
(usher myself out of a gathering
cursing all but the vapid exclusion of love
performed on all global others
rinsing me out perpendicular to what I need)
this is Twenty First Century amour
a bulldog in logo-cum-tuxedo rescues the fair from her maiden
head bazooka'd by gang rape culture insidious counts to move
cash into the blanket feed, and a lexicon of drilling seeps through
Twitter and I leave
that particular political statement lost on real politics and out on
key informations, 1) rape victims believe self to blame
2) porn star delayed in airport on way to well-deserved vacation
sifting through my skin I find sheaves of
what is this sick and melancholy power
like the power to hurt in a pox protracted
visuals go damp, all you remember is the knight in shining
sports gear and the porn star whose ass he saved—not *literally* as
she'd been keeping that.

Love rules even
as internet pursues archive
gropes past a tender pax
and the dialectic blooms beneath the technicolour flowers
hideously hot, inconclusive

ART & ENJOYMENT FOR ALL

It is a merry jape to play
in the street at the limit of negativity
it breeds cancers and makes breakfast
rot with oil and then they call it
my neurosis. Even lyrical. Reading Adorno
is 'for' rashly vowing to stop saying
'my' opposite to a suffering blend
vastly in with the contradictory giant
of thought who sits and reads and bleeds
quietly into this cup of tea
bashing the principium individuationis. But could
envision it distastefully as a pain no one could
only express in self-hatred atonement
coming eventually with the pen in the mouth
chomping on God at death's door, such suffering
and such love. I promise I'm
method sounding out mouth
to speak, lost nature however, the objective
don't fit in this odd phallus room, foreign to the subject
and chatting over the hors d'oeuvres,
the dancer performing a throwdown
on his own self, getting back up and throwing it back down,
as I circle trying to make a vibrant space in which to make life
and lie mocked in my cape in the sky even whilst
rescuing the whole predicament from the inevitably male war.
Nobody needs this except me now, are you happy, Adorno,
authentic discourse consuming itself in the shop
window like tinned meat they want more of
leaves nothing but shadows for the next
generation impoverished and vilified. The Thatcher
of critical theory, the zero-sum struggle of winners and losers,
my sole soul reverberating.
Perhaps we toil into nonsense and call it abstraction
to absent ourselves from the page and the word,
but words are all that we are and why just as I

try to know myself that privilege is not a moratorium
on self-expression nor a foreclosure on compassion.
And when I say I I do not mean to exclude you
sing your I back if you like make
a good descent into individuality.

The dark is
so oppressive dark in winter's mouthcave
compounded by an eye that rests on that hope
dissolving with sun into horizon
bleeding out to fatten as the tip drops down
a final surge before dark that lights
the sky is justice to the toilers.
There once was a short day
that made sense to hope.
How can one admit to 1979,
it happened, was a real time
in the lives of us passive and spongy not yet.
Yet we had the option to burn in idealism
like a magnesium shake its banners
and arms flapping in the breeze,
a soapy magnum outstretched, flapping in the breeze,
that great collective mirroring of anyone's eyes
that chanced upon the image, unity of
we that soapy collective up for grabs.
And now shirking the dust and touching in silence
the waltz is specific to a track
rumbled with hostile aplomb, down into the pits
of silent battles with their sweat and tax
the cogs have power in knowing the need that shudders
pulsates and leaves the bonus with tympany
the siphon begot you and everyone
leaves to fight their corner,
a tarring with the autumnal brush,
decay whirling like a dance.



POOR ELEPHANTS POEM

You are a poor elephant who aped me
and I am a poor elephant who aped you
and it wasn't even a real elephant to begin with
and I don't know why we're friends.
There I said it.
Here I am brilliantly foreclosing all of the deals
but actually doing the opposite of all that
under the general bracket of 'life's work'
patiently detecting the humus in which
I have been secreted, shiny except from having been
polished with piss instead of whatever
it is that they use to polish trains. I can't even
talk about what the ocean's been doing today,
mimicking an orchestra and the nightclub
happenings of youth, script that won't play,
smiling clouds, absent mermaids inferred through
erumpent achievements of explosive hydrous.
A biped-nosed fish, a wily Blossfeldt reed turret,
an acorn, a chestnut. Can't help repeating
the things that were said to you in moments
of youth, even as you say them to yourself.
Say them to yourself thinking that all is
understood, that every unconscious
thing said is a thing said
to the sayer in memory so deep and convoluted
it's like birth
remember they invented logic
but how can you, as a listener,
discern between conscious and unconscious
utterance, particularly when neither of those
two things really probably exist anymore.
These informative images do not evoke my
situation, who do they hope to entice?
What do they hope to effect? Hope is
encouraging but when invisible and absent

and no one can find her as she went out just
for a run but ended up at the bottom of the
river, which flooded the highway this after
noon bringing death to our door, it's
hard to see anything but the end. Seamy old
death remember. If I wanted to give myself or this poem
some abstract epithet like 'Beast of Bernini'
I would have to
prove to you
slowly, over
several minutes
and repetitions, how I
am both the fingering structure that
reaches after eternity and
made of white marble, which cannot be pierced,
only caressed from the outside hard panel,
how I am not simply hardened, or softened,
a dance of opposites or forgetfulness,
how I am helpless as the next when
hoping to achieve comfort.
If I wanted to call myself any kind of name at all I would have to
not just paint a picture of two women dancing,
one the width of a wrist, the other
nicely filling out a pair of overalls.
I won't call myself anything,
my feet are too light
driving off
into reality which location I can't
ever seem to get to,
and all of that seems insurmountable now and
I don't trust you, etc. I now regret which
things have brought me to the
headline, 'Why
England Retained the Ashes', nestling alongside
death squads and terror plots and the Vatican.
But luckily the news



is entwined with compatible accomplices
who prefer being in the spotlight to
reading about somebody badly screwing
some other body.
Mounds of leftover feasts fester in vitriol,
clothes fresh from the factory,
for some reason the inclusion of me in its audience
and I'm supposed to a) lap this up b) feel bad about it c)
apologise and d) refrain increasingly from my own
life as if something bigger than us really were—
is there any point to this it's so messy I'm so sorry.



