

A
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darkness speeds from this god's tongue and fingertip and in our mirror we see
a finite star what is not possible and what should not by any means be imagined I
don't want certainty any more than I want uncertainty and I don't want my shadow
determined but we're doomed to taste the light as we strut across our new stage

light gets stuck in place and time between emit and reabsorb lives said it again
and I'll say it before then the lonely thing of value I learned in my recesses is
that light tries every path from path to pathology as it hangs up the grid of
a spectrum for anything eyes lit to biosphere that might grow sensitive to it

in my myth of myths my myth meant for disinfection in the lime light or finding
lost keys under the lamp of the sun for basking questions in cell bodies or sky
dark celestial lobe sounding grubby layers richer than my voice ever will
I will be your lower case guide should you want one should you summon me out of my
talismanical cove you may find a shining in my eyes to be a safe source of ideas
open to your fiddle faddle shrug or jigsaw fastidiousness where you land
my magnanimous stand to our guide and I will stand in our places whatever rain
or dust storms you bring or flee from whatever music you wash over us or hear in
a harmony of god help me or me a culpa or did here really expect me to dictionary
along with him shy phens and cautions throw to the four winds for safe airing

when did we begin idling after the words to any song that could be sung without
a feeling for parmenidean impasseives and a thought for cosmic sized ideals
that sub bring their already wrung resonance to include every pitch the earth
will ever make of us holy trash on our way to the great deontological recycler

in my dream of dreams my dream meant for sky meets sea or sound meets spirit for
machine meets surprise or blood meets pulsar I'm a dreamer and a dreamer and
I'm less for gotten than remembered in this dream of dreams I stack my mistakes
in a bright yard and watch them settle into balanced confusion not mocking me
or steady enough to be praiseworthy but of no threat to fall while I suspend my
syntactical conquests in air too clean for prayer and in this dream of dreams
you and all of you respect my slant and pursue my apex as one might pursue
the crest of a wave or a cog independent of use or reason might chase a spiritual
chord or the throb of a cyte and at the end of this dream I hold ideas not as idols
but as mist rising from an American idyll as it sinks unknown across our continent

two minds met in a boggy wood in a hollow way off from the beaten path there was a
haze that had blown in from the world one can't escape the world entirely or its
trauma influence or its luxuriant fever of possibilities study whatever is
left behind circle the cairn feel free and ponder its organizing principles

would you like to join us for an amphibious trek across beaten levels into new
transgression over roads and into fresher ponds where morning and evening
steam still rises without a thought for the latest human notice of propriety
well streak and croak and pause and pulse together well interrupt each other
desiccate and resurrect one another well look for flits and hours closing in
well stare off into a dimly bright dome of points and mud guess suns we don't know
as such awaiting waters' dominion by impermanence and recourse by restraint
well tempt you to sights in and place wander with us rock perched arroyoists
and bog cursing organist sex gratiating our disturbed circles by their verb
of impressions of ourselves and our latent aristocratic metamorphic perks

welcometoadecreationwheneverandwherevertheuniverseisfullfillment
isntsolidandstationaryandeventhemostcompactandcomportedofspace
pullsawayintoanotherrealmbeyondanabsolutehorizonasdarkasthestunt
enteringasdesiremayhavebegunasdesideremeaningwestartfromthestars

inthemiddleofourssummeroftractionwhenwegrippedtheheatofnarratives
gonefoulbrandingourpalmswiththestigmataofordinaryrelaywerealized
storytellingisacorruptformofinformationdispersaliticantcaptureour
interiortruthsorourexteriormanifestationsitcanonlysubstituteease
foreffortacrudeshorthandforoursumptuousdisplaywewanttorendercolors
andtherenderingsimultaneouslywedontwishtohidewhatscolorlesswhats
unrenderablewhatsstayedunthoughtofsinclongbeforethatlambbecamea
ramandmadeallwallsweepforheightandlongforrubblesaintmichelangelo
knewbetterthantopointthefingeratnatureeventhoughitwasnaturewill
thathisceilingforaskymomentcouldmeasureitselfagainstthefirmament

soifIwereamagusandanassassincometokillthechristchildofliterature
oratleasttoslaytheyellowlanguageoffictionthatcowardlybirthoftell
itlikeitisntthosephariseiticalsacrosanctfoolswhosneeratrealpurple
consciousnessmightbewisetobewaryofourbladessinceyourealsoakiller

inthemidstofoursummariesandabstractsjudgmentsandundeterminations
withorwithoutaminotaurorajerusalemagnusinthemiddlehowcouldwemeet
inamazewhoseintricaciesareforbiddingandwhosestartingpositionsare
randomizedorslightlybetterorslightlyworsegivenculturalinertiaand
humanhungerforcompetentfeelingsteemingupincompetitorsorsoitssaid
naturedynamicstateiscreativelyandwonderfullyandfearfullyuncouth
whereashumanshaveaworkingplantooverlaythatplanlessinstinctuality
wererecognizeinourselvesenoughtowanttoovercomeitsmandatedmakeshift
withasterneryetmoreplayfullykeyedopenbuildingcodedrawnfromnature
thenreadaptedatwillwhateverongodsgruebleenearthwilliswillingtobe

accordingtoaristotlesdoctrinebetween cowardiceandrecklessnesslies
braveryandbyhiswayofthinkingeveryviceandvirtuetriangulateinamean
andfineproportionthecenturiesandmilesadmiredliferightinthemiddle
notonlyofdeathanddeathbutalsoofwastedbreathandbreathincomparable

shouldweeverallowourselvestoembraceourinherentmediocrityweshould
feelgratefulforleavenedgravityandthecomfortsoforganizationalmath
thingsworkinspecializedsystemswereequallyimpressedbyuniversality
andweloveussomecelebritygeniuswhenwecangetajoltofthatastralpower
mybrainsacopperramblerwiththeexpectedrustgoodforadrivearoundtownbut
notmuchmoregoodforaretrodriveinbutnotadragtheresneveragreenlight
ifweremysticallogiciansweshouldntmindourfuzzycasationswecouldnt
concoctabetterdilemmathanournecessaryrelianceonunreliablememoryI
recusemyselffromtheoriginsoflifenotoutofconflictsofinterestbutout
ofcollusionwithderivationbroughtonbyourcollisionwithstiffreality

howaboutIstopbyourplaceinmythicsunshipandtakeyouandyourselfto
theedgeoftheinnerslipstreamwherelocksstuttersidewaysandlanguage
breaksstoneswherebloodrisesfornuanceandmeaningsinksintousagewell
comebacksimplesandnearfashionablewithnoneedforoldsensesoftheword

everyagehasitscoolisolipsistseveryagehasitsgrandemancipatorsevery
agehasitssmartcynicsandeveryagehasitstruecompilersjustaseveryage
hasitsexpansiveheartsandeveryagehasitsweakmindssowhenverwejudge
ourselvesweborrowfromthepastandadjudicateourselveswithpoorkairos
withwordsfromthewrongglossarymaybewecanadmitthatwellalwaysbehave
asifwewereatathresholdwithonefootinthepastandonefootinthefutureand
ourtorsosintheresplendentpresentandourmindsentirelyoutsideoftime
everyagehasitsgreatdescribersandeveryagehasitsgreatprescriptions
andeveryagehasitsgreattormentsso maybe we wouldntberemissifwescored
ourledgerswithourcurrentcleanteethinsteadofourancientfingernails

whenwespeakwespeakalanguageillsuitedformemorywespeakalanguagenot
meantformelodybutforexplanationforelementalwarningandforflattery
weshouldspeakofmassivechangebutwespeakofrecipeswrittenonoldcards
wespeakofgettingdirectionsrightsincewecantremembermanynewpaths

somewhereeastofromangaulanearlygermantonguetestedtherootoferrand
andothertonguesmusthavetakenoitbecausebythetimeofoldenglish
tracesofthewordwereineverythingfromangeltoambassadoraerendgastto
aerendracawhenverthesinglesyllablearwasbespokeorwhereverthepair
oflettersashplusrwerewrittenonecouldbefairlyconfidentthataherald
wasbeingcalledoninserviceofnewsortidingsamissiveoramissionofsome
kindwhetherfearsomeorcasualwhetherexpectedorunsolicitedwhetherup
intheairorsettledbyadutifulprocessionoffeetinthecourseofprotocol
whatwarmedmyoverheatedheartthisslightlychillymorningwasbeingtold
andconfirmedbyseveralsources thatnoonesquitesurehowthewordarrived

evolutiongrewanewwinginacrampedcaveorcraniumcravingtherightwords
magicwordstocallonthingsoractivatethemtheambiguityinthatwordcall
survivesaphilosophycoursesthatshouldhavebeencalledhowearetoerrand
orthestructureandfunctionandlatterdaytheoriesofearningoureerrands

feedbackfromoneoftheonesyoudesirefeedbackfromcanecholikeeachantin
acathedralorrattlelikeaseedinapodyourweepatchofgreenkeeps growing
nomatterwhatyoumakeofitunlessyoupullthewholethingupandgowithrock
lifegoesonwithitsattunedantientropicexhibitionsatomiccastingcall
youknowtheresnothingparticularlygraveaboutgravelevenwereitnearly
tokillyou shouldyoufalloffahorsetobegivenoneofthosepercentchances
oflivingthatafamilytaletellsitselfinsweepsandserenades sereneonce
theheatandstingandlastpieceofgravelarelongreturnedtoearthortherein
roadwecameinonwarningsinsidebubblesofcareweoutbidinaquickflicker
thenoticerewerestillhearingthingstoreadthefinerprintofordietrying

ifyoudlikepleaseleaveorastoneatthetonerenotheretocloudanything
thatwasntfalselyclearedupinthebeginningorallalongincompleachable
antidotesyoumayormaynotdoteonwhetherornotyoudoodledownourrecipes
forgettingoverourcaptivatingignoranceandconcoctedhigheranalogues

pleach is a verb for putting things together a cognate of pleat better suited to sound the part than the stripped land of interlock or the dodgy patterns of interweave if you ask me ill tell you whatever needle points of interest can in my pseudoaspire wish to share and pleach makes a more informed as eemly dual of preach that old predicate bringing in a pickle jar as if a diet of vinegar and salt can't be seen through the glass the promises worth keeping are frozen in a vat but ive come to say having recently accepted a brain is already frozen in a deference to the spirits in a chest it's hermetic pump a lively distance above flat feet and below a loby meaty blood cooling sponges that's many but the ones who worship worship of few really pluck from a realm outside their own wafers

if i didn't know better i'd think shut was a nice word and a closure a form of assent thank to some measures of modern algebra and a pinch of set theory from inclusion to disjunctive union being shut up can be the involutions to an inside paradise if we can get used to the definite one plate at a time one grasps exceeding reach

he tumbled dry and miscarried his disjointed articles into storage finding that d be their view no matter how he tried to trick himself with an adulthood for t'reuce or villa vanity or tiny house pretense printed on demand he knew no desert aromatic reconstitute for life flying by the seeds of ones panicles one scrub grass and pistachio more companionable than not in a crass land of self-destructive desperation louder and louder than the muffled scarry self approving banners over more epicures more infected pain pays pipers right in to debt and deeper yet it's actually dark down there without kindling or a break from humidity water proof love is just a political conceit a flight of mercy without a risk that the prophylactic runs into the overheated drum

unless there's a rule for exceptions and a guide for accepting the unexcepted what goes up must come down and what ventures out must come home and what spits in the face of a wise temper must feel something when someone finds it in them to understand the estranged work of grief however petty of fire however cold

she sexless and unsexed swept the plane of edges and found that plateaus kill we must contend with a seither ancestral endemic within which no third eye was found no supra sense of ethical liberty ad no aleph for the ages no feminine monk called to vicious prayer at the dawn of story as spread of wings block the sun and wall streets curries to update its suits and colorize its neckties we were made for moments not momentum we were made to love until someone needed to hate descended upon us in the form of forgiveness laced with longevity were happy to die if dying has enough meaning to give life meaning otherwise forget it we want to live just this side of forever and we want to have fun doing it skulls be damned opposables be damned jewel box carrying kings be damned let's cash god

my coastal neurasthenia wont ever occlude my tendencies toward order or ill be a pattern in my death bed or the rest of the street where they'll never meet or there's the pool where no one ever swam where no one ever will swim there's that bungalow of thought and there's that promenade of propulsion where ill sleep

ifn isthenumberofnightsweheldeachotherwithoutroundingerrornexists
withinitonlyslightlyvague definitiongivenhowfewnightstheholdings
werentatsomepointtightasababyinabundleoraboaarounditsspoilifaboa
couldbesaidtopraywoulditdoitthiswaynothatsanaaffectedthingtosayan
analogyfalseasitsintentionsaretoletprayerbewhateverisattemptedin
sincerityandthatstospinozagodrightoutofexistencebyinterringgodin
atautologyevengodcantescapefromasentenceentirelymadeoffillingsin
thegoaheadandguesswhateveryouguessisgoodenoughjarofnumerous small
denselypackedobjectsbecausetheyreallgodsoyourguessisgodlyandyour
numberisagoodguesssinceimgoodandyouregoodandeveryonesgoodaswesay

iknowtheresgrowthoutsidemyc comfortzonesjustasiknowtheres recognition
outsidemycapacitiesbutidontknowwhichgrowthismineorresponsiblefor
meandwhichgrowthimresponsibleforgivingupandiespeciallydontknowit
matterswhenthemanilivewithtells mewewillgrowcloserthanabrokenmold

havingnevercaredforanyouterorinnerchildexceptmyownthenmypartners
theneveryonesidontmeetinmyeremiticcloisterinolongerknowhowtofeel
aboutthetranslinguistic advisorythatiputanoxygenmaskfirstonmyself
beforeassistingotherswhenitsalwaysseemedtomesuchamodelreasonable
onthevergeofuntrustworthyrequestthoughidontanymoreunderstandwhyi
feelthatwayitsnotaboutmyskepticismthatpeoplewillreallyhelpothers
oncetheyvegottheirownbreathingroomanditsnotthativethoughtofamore
creativelyeffectiveprocedurewhenthegoalistokeepeverybodyaliveand
kickingoristhatitrighttherewhenanobjectiveisexigentinanemergency
imminentcreativeinterpretationisnotanopenquestionnotamoralchoice

ithoughtthevillainyofknowingmoreandunderstandinglesswouldbeginin
myfifthdecadeofslightlyellipticalsolarsurfingbutnoitcameassoonas
iletmyselfsteepintheideathatthesearenotmyideasevenwhenimtheonein
chargeofputtingthemtobedonnightswevestoodunderthemoontogetherapt

aquaticoravianwereallyarentandthereisntreallyasavioroftheselfand
itsotherstherereallyisntsomethingnotworthtalkingaboutinthisworld
andthereisntreallyasantaclausorandenfallorasatanclausethereisnt
reallyanyinfinityworthknowingorinvitingoverforthanksgivingdinner
therereallyarentanymiraclesexceptforthoseconcoctedbythenegatives
thenullsandthenonsenseclownsthoseheynonnynonnychildrenoftheblack
boardsandwhiteboardsthosegatewaydrugmeistersofpervertedequations
wesleeponthecrowpathwithourplatinumgillswideopenwesleepredcurled
inourownbloodbathswaitingforsomeonetorollthatluckysevenofsilence
whenitdoesnthappenwearentreallydisappointedandwearentreallyalive

Ivebeendaydreamingoffourunstableuniverseattimescalesavailabletomy
trustyimaginationanuntrustworthyfuturewithinauniverse doomedtodie
trusteddeathbornsomewhereinanunreadabletimetableournunnegotiable
oneminusoneequalsonethatcleverzeroingoftheallpluseverythingelse

however recklessly reclaimed through the millennia how could it not respect the idea of a god with the courage to be born in a stable a needle in a straw stack a surreal image of well-heeled magistics bringing precious kinds of regards to a den of humility a dung musted place of making do with the cold shoulders of circumstance exacerbated by bad human stewardship of four essentially same quandaries and desires being part of a larger culture of many cells inside an organic self-assembled system of functions and confusions instincts quick and dying and surprising new ways to delay the ultimate pattern reclamation in retrospect things come to seem painfully or delightfully obvious or both when borne outside the establishment body of expectations disunfulfilled

what if we get our rawest stuck up in a bunch will we figure out when to laugh in time when to let the comfort blanket belief go back to being useful for recovering heat instead of wishful aut of fallacious happiness ones sucked thumb and one hurries ones injury back under the skin or dirt back under the rug as it was

wittgenstein inspired by the expressive completeness of a sole logical gap all currents could be seen to pass through what would later be diagrammed as a nand gate the sub-story of any truth function affirming everything in denial and the world's mystical inference clinging to the inside of what has not yet been ruled out by fanatics from neo-nominalism to logical positivism will we survive our attempts to follow along then after a century of false negatives are we destined to coin a habit of faux revivalist nonsense charmed only with fondness for the negative way the via negativa of one's hymn to the night no valis novitates or no could we come to know what it means to make a note into a more admirable you speaking for myself to our shrink from times ungracious

i've been daydreaming about the square root of negative a square equaling a i despite a young feeling for algebra that took me all the way to an algorithmic capital and beside an aging intuition for the geography of the complex plane i itch to explore the terrain of negative capabilities grafted to our roots

straightaway I want to tell you I've stacked stones to lead you to my quiet vale I've put them in places you'll be sure to miss unless you're not paying attention if you're looking for clues instead of an unspectacular patch of sky or a brick sitting among a pile of bricks I hold water in my eyes the way all intelligence holds resolution you might want to tighten your boots and your tongue you may leave the pass behind only if you conquer it the way you'd tame your impatience my peaks are perennial in their disregard for bare ground or exposed breaths my shale will bury you if you tarry and mock you if you rush erosion is my friend who never visits me and frost is a path too taken with the temperature of a land feverish for results I've slunk off into an indentation on a forgotten visage

here in the brisk shadow of an industrial revolution we huddle round our gods of flammable insight their ideas burn and light the day time sky with incoded intensities loosed upon our interests familial and foreign vaginal routes toward life shocked into consciousness stunned into unarticulated pathways

intheorganicyeastorgistofthematterourpunchdrunkkefiruredorfresh
bakingstarterrisesfromsageandseaandfromsawpalmettosasfarastheeye
preferstodespairforthemiracleofourbeinghereasunlikelyasacalculus
thatcouldreckonwithinfinityandrendertheindefinite more definably as
a structured process the imagination can leap precisely to abide the widths
of abysses if we were willing to trade the vascular for cortical reach we may find
we traded away our souls but we may also find them right in the toolkit where we
hoped they'd be used however far from industrial grace however dispossessed
by the time obsessed utilitarians mobilized by noble impulses nonetheless
indifferent to our placid and implacable beginnings our borne nearly threads

inthe classical picture moment a were thought to mince but the tale has grown
murkier and more veiled as of late as the top soil has turned into an ecosystem
of asymptotic particles and holographic principles and abstractions as far
as the fog can lift a few will do the lifting a few will feel lucky to see the vale

if we don't know what we're talking about forgive us but we're going to go right on
talking while mountains crumble to dust and oceans are put into baggies we've
heard the complaints but we're choosing to ignore them we don't want to be alone
in a silent room and we have to believe the sounds of four voices are not absolute
rubbish that the resonance is in our harmonics that can be hummed at the park
or the playground or the plaza intricacies for the sweet toothed and the good
at heart and the muscle bound to some spiffy ditty for everyone some pattern
to trace across a universal tapestry of ignorance and earnestness of simple
means and simple niceties we've something to say and we're going to say it gods
mercy or no gods mercy plus we've all of the time in the world or so they've told us

speed doesn't spin the world nor doestalent nor human love power nor magnetic
zest but momentums a candidate original concision brought to bear upon mass
things happen and keep happening until they stop happening that's physics in
a nutshell that's lullabies and time and our logarithmic history of parables

is our gratitude a jar or a door jamb full of purpose or could it be replet with
aleatoric misdirections so many they cancel as a polynomial may conceal its
roots all identified with zero lonely and electrified in thinking its zeros
are its bones it's shallow transmuted into it's hollows its corner stone empty
as in precisely open to being nothing other than its particular openness its
parenthetical product twinkling across our attempts from one end to the other
i think it's a model of the salutary power of abstraction as stones cry away from
a trivial notional or notational difference making all the differences show
up within it's shy almost did not in the plucky nick of time did to beings needy
as unknowns that don't know how to acknowledge what they don't know how to greet

thought comes with its metaphysical baggage and conceals its inheritances
from proto languages and electrical syzygies as strong and quavering as any
pealing in the sky skimming fake book of precipitated desires and deranged
deities one bettering us in a finer and finer pan until we look ready to heat

I went out into the yard to fetch a pail of rainwater to pour over your dead head to resuscitate or original thought but the storm will drop me to my knees it prosecuted me with its force I fell prone into mud darker than my skills while the thunder shook corpses in the night I felt I was in a water jam if not a mental jam since I could not figure out why lightning does not form equations or why you and I formulate opinions or why I rather be that novalissensate man than a donee bloodsoaked stoic than a John Dee gold dusted alchemist but I also did not want to drown in god's tears in a suburban oblong so I roused myself and crawled back into the house where there were simple things to eat and simple propositions to pose where the epidermal glow softens and the past can imitate the present

one peel the plum to unlease the aroma or the cinnamon or the chill time comes away from our mantling largesse and we lose trust in our skeletal philosophy let's stake a look past our spartan delicacies at what skin we have in the game we ignore the patina at the peril of the central core where gods scuttle our joys

our largest and most visible organ our integumentary system is oddly easy to overlook it does not look anything like a paradigmatic organ it is not inside us only it touches everything or anything both ways it breathes and excretes it cushions and buffers for it buffers heat it water proofs and weeps and most impressively adapts it lends itself as an all purpose canvas for sensory apparatus pioneers and refined structures and affections come one come all who can commit to a piezo electric platform and handle its dynamic pressures its largely imaginary problems and occasional semifrontline emergencies its faster than average shuffling of deck chairs as some state ship begins out on a precarious journey across eukaryotic tragedies and majesties both

when one polymathic piece of work met another in London five years before the equal sign was imagined in reality Gerolamo Cardano met John Dee to discuss perpetual motion and though the latter died by bubonic plague and the former by an exact prediction of his suicide what spinning might they have yet begun

a number of people have told me I should maximize my minimums and a number of people have died whilst doing exactly what they felt born to do and a number of people have told me to rein in my subterranean and my ponderances as a number of people have told me to let loose with my armory even in a world where a number of people kill the people they say they most love one earth as it is in heaven our trespasses against what's impossible with what's all too possible and may god have mercy upon our equations and our equators and those who think wisdom and balance are commensurate may the demons in our cells who violate second laws with first principles be afforded that care given to the unenfranchised able meek and the spiritual paupers a number of which wander the spaces of my tower

the humanist's champion us then the scientist's champion the best of us a quest for understanding us as a foible positive or us as nature's ideal reader's humes quandary aside and if we were superstitious we ought to keep Icarus in mind or if we were ambitious we ought to consider a hermetic John Dee and his pure verities

exponential growth grows up or down or out or in or around or across or through
listening to itself as it goes if by listening we mean captivating according
to itself making a dangerous play of work in one just dimly aware of its thrall
and innocently unordeliberately disaware of its limit eventualities and
drawbacks bent into the safe shape of a sigmoidal logistic function of selves
discovering others growth discovering peaks and set patterns discovering
chaotic interpolations from flame to flame and cinder to cinders semaphore
something slips my mind and i worry it stays in spring of myself never mind it
being the main thing i wanted to tell you if by never mind we mean the recursive
curse of four kind the happy dread listing humans as a species of least concern

when outer gravity or inner pressure mounts across an inflection point or in
transition whether ordinary or extraordinary as surface bends in vaginates
or ripples its own effects throughout or through in the contactive topology
where the map makers looking for where one puts oneself in the legend if at all

connected by humming distance were a humming distance from string to string
one letter at a time lewis carroll invented the toy version of the idea called
doublets later renamed ladder grams and word golf and step word in australia
estranged from its origins what is a game of telephone made visually digital
a path from a given input to a given output putting the fixed endpoints of a curve
as in the calculus of variations hunting for a function of some extreme value
in a continuous wine of near invisible threads there is one one most desires
if by desire one means configure to desire if desire is well enough defined
a refined machinery will find it if it can be found alive in time if variations
include it in their varying if a ship can turn into a dock and a ape into a human

i have a wavelonging to share a length of some common understanding a rope too
short to hang oneself too dense and wiry to burn too sensual a texture to leave
on a hook in a coil or throw in a land fill a hand full of what timings engineered
to be grown and stranded to be left our limbs to be lifted aloft and laughed off

if life is mostly a tangle of inequalities in a reality mostly a braided quipu
of nonlinear equations how did organic separability become as prominent as
it did in our warm bodies and before that in the haunts of stars and before that
in the young habit of hydrogen and before that in the first vestiges of flight
energy parceled and stratified and somehow twisted in the legacy of its pert
stripes were stripped threads somehow in the bind of its bits bets and bounds
as glare into the wash of profanities from our chief demagogue i think about
fortune favoring the bold maneuvering of fun mended menself for the orthodoxically
consistent to nothing that does not aid their mob mobility in ever new shifts
from mirror to mirror as if these could be windows on the self refreshing self

to begin to solve our problems with proportion perhaps one should apologize
before one is accused assuming one knew one was in the wrong to begin with or one
should've known anyway most everyone else knew what is a moral conscience for
if it does not alert one before the danger arrives and the damages are incurred

whenprescriptsandpostscripstmixinthebodyofthelanguageaddledbrain
inwhichregionisrepetitionprefigurabledadnessordisfigurablesanity
whichcircuitswarnothercircuitsnottofollowandwhichcurvesaresmooth
fromcontinuoususeifwestaggerasjunkiesandreturnaswinesomeholloways
isupposewerewalkedacrosspurposesandintotheexplainsofexpectations
wherethosewhobitetheirtonguelaterwishtheyhadntwherethosewhowatch
theirlogicleadintothesettrapslaterwishtheyhadntwherethosewhodont
bitetheirtonguesoonerwishtheyhadwherethosewhodontwatchtheirlogic
leadintothesettrapssoonerrishtheyhadnthadthedesiretoselfdestruct
attheheightofourmansplaintculturepreapologizingequalswhatexactly

stubbornnessascendsasacquiescencesettlesintoourscreefieldxxandxy
contendforattentionandunderstandinginourworldunwindingitsstrands
toshowthefoolishnessofthebinaryandthedichotomoustoconvinceusthat
werealegiontimesalegiontimesaluckylegionandwereindividuallynovel
yetcollectivelyorthodoxwhetherwegivethehighlandsorbegthelowlands

supposexwasthefirsthumantouseasymbolicunknownassuchwevecommitted
anactofidentificationwecanbereasonablyassureddesignatesabeingwho
actuallylivedanddeliberatelyalgebraedbutwhoprobablycouldntfathom
theconsequencesoftheirintentionbeingwrappedinadesiretoseewhatcan
followfromwhatintheirheadaloneortogetherwithaconspiringuniverses
mostlylockedgratealreadyfearedbyitsoccasionallygratefulriverfolk

suspicionariseswhenpatternsdontalignwhensignifiers signifytoomuch
ortooolittlewhenwhatwethoughtwassodoesntmatchwhatwethinkweseeeasso
andthuswereunsettledandinsteadofbeingthankfulforbeingunsettledwe
desperatelyseekastrictandstandardequilibriumthatdoesusnorealgood

ourabidingfeelingssthatkeepresurfacingwiththesemblanceofimagesink
somewhereshyofknowndepthsifbolderthanthedailytrustmefallsosleep
ifididntimaginethesingledigitsasbeautifuliwouldntknowhowtoaccept
thefingersinmytrustasiwinceattheirprematureskeletonalityreminded
ofagreatgrandmothershandsirememberstaringbetweenfearandaffection
attheirarticulateddisplayandtransparentlyuncannilymechanicalgrip

howdoweknowwhenweretoldadreamthatteltellingistruehowdoweknowwhen
wedreamdreamsthattherememberingistruehowdoweknowamythisgenuineif
bymythwemeananunverifiablestoryifwetellstoriestoprotectourdreams

whethervesperorhesperosthewestofancienttimesisaneveningdirection
andforaslongastheearthspinsitwillremainasanarchetypeofanopenpalm

wecouldmakesurewerenotconvincedofourgoodfortunebytryingtocrossan
unrelentingdesertofoeasternthoughtonrustytricyclesfromaneragoneby
andperhapstheconstantpedalingwouldteachusomethingaboutfortitude

whatiftheriskofresistingfalseconsolationisfailingtorecognizetrue
solaciuminthesolariumofourlassitudewepedalasinsistentlyagainstas
aradiometerturnsandreturnswithoutanansweritsturningcantoutturnin
askingbythewarmthofanoutsidemysteryirremovablyconvectingintheair

many people drown at sea once they discover how easy it is to do so at sea there's nothing much to it even for strong swimmers putting aside for the moment that some swim of their own volition beyond the breakers on rip tidal days of swift danger and then there are those who take irrational risks as well as those who construct false narratives within true structures but why be that guy if you aren't willing to admit to being that guy why risk false accusation when you've always wanted to be known for exactly who you are or so you've said so many times whether you've a pet pet or a pet person you need to be true to something you need to come clean as an interior being with the exterior agency you can't feel cheated if your audience won't play along with your person as even if it's an audience of one and you're that one you've given yourself cause to doubt the clarity of your purpose the open ended generosity of cardinal truths for the whole group and the carnal arithmetic passed around as fishes and loaves as dishes of love we won't commend you for your apologies if you did nothing wrong in the beginning

one tone up and one keyed down not too much too soon and not too strict to flout I have by heart just two short proofs of irrationality one the Greeks knew and one as new as nineteenth century algebra that momentummed headful of steam sealed in the cylinders of sets that release into one another with exquisite bracing and timing as set against the navel gazing pythagorean brittleness that couldn't admit the shock of discovery into the cast mold of definitional certainty that doesn't think to bring a white flag should be a red flag that got hippasus killed or caught in the waves of settled thought was his end fated or fabulous or scattered fore effect if taking the latter seriously for a second could individual destinies be plural as destinations between the rational

if we're misplaced it's not through any fault of our own we didn't ped here we were put here or someone or something was negligent with us and we fell here and now we just have to make the best of it since there's no obvious way to get us back not intact not as how we are not without a pesky miracle or two if we're chum for life that outreach sussobe it we've come to accept that one can't escape one's fate I suppose I'm willing to sacrifice my form for a higher form for the highest form

is it too late or too early to ask you to tell me a tale about the rise of methexis in which the drama recast as an interactive prank we attempt to take believe by the make shift handle and role play with the room were given and enjoin this to the others around us without stepping on any feat or dissonating any voice already inside the scene in holy year nestor already seized into the chorus of feeling useful bending contours of the known form into suppler particulars

what wretched wisdom says we should curve back towards safety when this world can't stay our home when no one's as safe as anyone feels or when damage begins in our mitochondria and ends in our skepticism where can one find the key to ones rollerskates in a city of self-driving cars where the chasm in death's energy field that keeps us from the spasms source and who are you who read this with a net beneath your leap why can't you tell the grounds soft and we mean you no harm

supposing we join angles in our agony supposing everything becomes round as a knight's need to be now or seth than any other and then no better supposing it was us who were implanted with shoulders shipped as shell rock on a footpath what would we have to lose being loose as the muffled crunch sound of deliverance

thetrappistscloisterthemselvesawayfromourconcernsawayfromwhatour
feedsfeedusandifwewerecapableofcontemplatingthestillnessofalouse
ortheworkingsofastorksgizzardorthereticenceofthemostrcharmedquark
wemightunderstandourdiversplaceinheavenscrowdedandchummybasement

timetiptoesbetweenflowinginstancesandeventsandtrapezeactsupwhile
wegetsogoodatspectatingweforgettoholdourbreathfocusedonthemoving
trapezoidofropescrossbarandceilingalocalgeometryframingthemotion
ofhumanbeingsremovedfromswingingintreesandunconsciouslynostalgic
fornewandimprovedversionsofthesameoldacrobaticdesiresweprepared
untilperfectcouldbeseenasthetrapisthemilestoneonarovingmapitis

yourchangeabilityisdesertandanviltomypersistentbogwecantheadome
philosophyifwedon'thavefoxholechoiceandwecan'tletourplateauxskulls
dominateourtarpitstherearelimitstowhatwecanstomachwhencompassion
goeswrongwhenintegritygetsstuffedwhentheviscousisdeniedwhatsarid

shouldwelapsefromthelapidaryandtrythedromedaryonwheremightit
takeusinourroutefromopenchannelsofmineralwatertotheparchedlandaround
theminestothe-stepped-sweep-of-revisionismwonderingwithoutitsprefix
wouldvisionismbeaworthyideologyorhastheenlightenmentbeenpassedto
specialistsorspectatorsdoersorviewersastherootsofbothwordshaveit
shouldweacceptspecialismforthetechnicalfewandsupportvisionismfor
thewholeanglingrestofuslookingforwaystosustain something beautiful
beyonditssexandbountifulbeyonditstimeandredevelopingbeyonditsown
viciousorvirtuouscirclesomethingcompossibleaslightsintermissions

mightwenotcreaseourcurtainasifthat'swhatsneededtodepictthenatural
worldtowrinkletimeandfoldgeographyIllcoronayourintentionsifyoull
shademycrestinginthewingsiftherearentseatsavailabledownfrontwell
seektragedyinaprivateboxandcomedyinthefoyerweshantstormtheaisles

whetherornotwedseevacanciesofworthinourexavationsweknewcalamity
wasparforthe course along our miniature gulfbetweenus and aeschylus life
isn't what it's cracked open to be however aptly we list ourselves in the squall
lightning rarely shares its awful grace preferring to quench in a sky wholly
inconstant to its own breath and unequal to its own hue and unwilling to speak
clearly with thunder its own cracklings soliloquist unable to fray one heart

weawoketotentativedropletshittingthepaneweknewweoughttocancelour
voyageassimplyaspeoplecancelpicnicsthedropletswerentconfidentbut
theforecastwasandwecouldsailanotherdaybutwedplannedforthisdayand
wearentfondofdelayedgratificationorweathervagarieswearentpleased
withtheclawsofshorediggingintourbackssowesailedanditwasmiserable
andthoughwedidntsinkordrownwespentourattractionfortumultuousseas

thenightafteradayofrainwelistentofrogscroakintoscatatteredcreaksno
chorusisthisbutitsamusingonthecuspofnovembertheyreasootheringsound
comparedtocaralarmsorsilenceasithumbintothe good book and find kraken
originallymeantastuntedanimaloracrookedtreeyetgotpostedtotheseas
brassyreverieofdarkanddarkerfluidfrogssinginglazilyintheshallows
knownothingofbutwehavingsailedatimewithblindfoldsonhaveaninkling

perfection makes perfect otherwise all the effort in the world looks flawed
lets stay flawed in the light of gods derision lets stride down the highway as
if it leads somewhere as if walking backward resembles a religious stunt

in practice a piece of music has both a beginning and an end but in principle an
image has neither and this invites a viewer to look for themselves in the view
bound with the boundaries and in fact since our reality has fused spatial and
temporal aspects or features in some coextensive and coterminous manifold
in some integrated way none of our minds can fully understand what our senses
apparently experience and since in essence those two are one or somehow zero
ends of the same sentient system were a stride ideal in an immersive antinomy
we can both see away into and not smell away out of except to say we were thus
in a mood to marvel at the pieces that can be put at infinity or one of the many
ways neurons see superstructures supervene on structure and its structured
all the way down to infinites that can be reached by fiat consistent by model
and circumspect evidence used to use my time trying to fathom along with
my incapable brain and enthralled heart following after its signature heat

lets fold the motheaten blanket over our weary hides on this fall day built to
slay the tender hearted the sun is not strong enough to battle the chill and our
courage wont last the whole night so well have to bring each other our morning

what can be overcome and what can only overcome one seems suddenly relevant as
a pair of iron speaking terms the retention wall shigh water helloed and embraced
without giving in a taking in and giving out are the bidirectional existence
insists we must span and join from a alimentary canal to snow melted drivers as
from the algorithms of electromechanics to the nucleosynthesis of stellar
dynamics what can be overcome first came up without a vote what we took up soon
took us over the edges we called them transformativ transcendent transfer
anything we might carry or be carried across anything we might go well beyond

it is not that the buddha of the theta or the buddha of the cross lived it is that they
died and they stayed dead as one must die and stay dead without resurrections
either into the known world three days later or into another world instantly

it is not that death is coming it is that it came already it came just as the sun died
or gianted and then dwarfed it came with little boy and fat man it came when egg
imagined chicken and when the cosmic grain went bang it came as last bloom

it is not that one wants to be a different one or two or zero or a fraction of one or
a factor of one or even the best one that one can be it is that one wants to be exact
in one's oneness without any remainder of any remainder or of any remembrances

it is not that one's wounds are synaptical as a result of touching that
or from the one touching the other it is that loneliness is paired with life and
pain is ticketed with birth and nouse her one earth know how to guide them apart

peddling along a road in noticed buddhalying in the medians so i pulled over and laid my bicycle in a cool shoulder of weed searly autumn was tending gently to and walked close enough to see his face was neither deranged nor beatific and neither rotted nor pristine his body looked intact so i moved in a little more until i noticed my fear of what i might or might not do and what i might believe for if i did not or did decide to do i knew i would not perform prevent if i thought i remembered how did i know enough about dressing wounds from one study unit in one life management class two decades ago and more to the ambiguous matter at hand what if i keep pinching closer and i can't see anything wrong with him then do i go looking for something wrong with him and if i see he's breathing how risky is that and if he's not breathing how critical and as i bandy with these anxieties i add to them by realizing i don't have my phone on me and a car has not passed us yet so it's buddha and meat circumstances mercy unmitigated by civilization for a brief eon that ends when he and his beer belly cough awake the drum up a smile

you with your lower caseself and mew with my upper at least when patterned upon this plane of clinging and scatter who we are as smiths of materials alive before we were how we are as american boys become men how we are as babel builders in an age of babblers we've heard interstellar static and we've wandered loud lands between rivers and you've followed roots while i've mangled leaves and if four ebenezers is razed by maniacs are we to blame for the falling dangers afforded by its heights are we responsible for effects beyond our cause we've seen that movie a thousand times and it always sends without subtlety and it chafes one's soul with its stumbling excess and its inflated sound track we want lens flare or aelan without dramatic timpani or chrismal lubricants give us etymology or give us breadth of sound but don't deny us coins on our eyes when the noon suns gaze finds us in permanent shavasana after rolling dice on the queen star mac

would we demythologize what was not a myth or demythologize what's content not to be one when immersed in the mystery of the kerygma i got a near infection but could i blame the water for my obviously defective ears as if a situation must be dissolved into its constituent faults god knows i believe probably don't matter any more than the heteriyakimeatballiate while arranging my thoughts alphabetically should we cater to a human need for leaders to follow or might we indulge a feeling that we'll drown in a flood of their iradamicant recall a social game i more enjoyed as a child than musical chairs before i knew life's little open secret that pseudo random proctors call time and that standing together with the eliminees is an opportunity to bond while watching others realize that the winning was most of the fun and the prize is not anything but your first molded plastic chair with the cold metallic legs given back to you

when we meet as we move from acquaintance to friends we wonder about origins and anecdotes we seek the flavor of one another in the broad strokes and fine grains of the past we delve into affinities and anomalies as if we read it at remembering things as if we were not in it at remembering things in all of their contextual clouds and curious dimensionalities we remember objects and we remember moments as we were not adept at complex networks or the stresses of the entire neighborhood or town or nation what brought one into the world is sexy and tawdry quotidian and inscrutable and what one did in ones childhood when one's mind was coming into shape was mundane and evanescent quirky and normal

once when I was young I hid under the beds so that I wouldn't have to face god in his sanctuary so that I wouldn't have to dress up in god clothes it was a bunk bed and though I slept on the upper bunk I had to hide under the lower bunk to avoid that bunk of gods people who weren't my people who would never be my people even when they were my family or my virgin lover or my pal I wanted the isolation of a self

i was born an accident in the usual meaning and given that I don't have a sibling inside a decade of my age it's a medium sized wonder my parents managed to trick me for as long as they did where by trick I mean I faze and elude the question ever forming in my mind after all there were echidna pets to grow and go kart stores to rescue from the go kart pound that was an uncovered porch where my brother left his rust and there were days at Disney to see color after and there were evenings spent talking to my glow worm and picking at my light brite and there was often longing to go home to work on my growing family of model rockets I accepted my skill was obsessive lonely common and jejeune as a comfort blanket years past its expiration date and really who cares isn't the best remark this far into an anarchic aesthetic search andres kew vignette I wouldn't couch if I knew where the details and the outlines are supposed to sit for whose nostalgic photo op or how anyone in the high enlightenment could have thought special problems of conscience could be solved in general with no pathetic tour of the detours

where else if elsewhere I'm from the north or I began in the northwest arriving there once upon a space already knowing too much of easy death and off white or soft white and the intellectual valley but I'm more of the coastal boy of these prosperous dreams or that sunset dream of prosperity the pacific succumbed I didn't grow up in the north now I learn from my heart developed in the dim shadow of a faux fabled mountain as I rode my monorail through imagined lands

my lineage is southern way back to those early migrations from an old country and perhaps even the oldest country as must be true for all of us were born into a misery that's beautiful and weddie out of a beauty that's miserable were of foil and carbon and dung and lust I'll forgive you your shortcomings and I wish to be forgiven by you if I should short come against you my cornet blows against the pale but no color bugles back from the iron megatrench to my alphas massif as send our species must whether from cynical convenience or from chords down shift

whether or not it speeds up space gravity in its gradients slows down time when compared to its receptors some distance away or to put it the other way around the events from some distance away appear to happen more rapidly in a gravity well compared to the events in the natural timescale of that well and now that this is known how does one recover from one's desire to fall across the horizon of a black hole in which in miniature the entire universe will then streak and flash before one's eyes are pulled into themselves and whatever else is pulled in along the dotted lines of a cosmic nondisclosure agreement nobody signed up understanding the warped orbit of a sonnet prolonging the non inevitable with a little song in the soundlessness of classical black and empty space it bends itself into a relationship with time so that neither is alone as soloist without the other's audience and a sad adew without which letters wouldn't be as she said a joy of earth denied the gods in their ergodic static comprehension

bridgeoutpasttheneedabovethecobrasteppesthepsychopacingacross
thesidewoundrattlesandthecrazytalkthestreetlampshiningbydayorthe
pillowsinthegaseweknowbetterthantoorangethegraywhenyellowworksas
wellweexemplifythecowardiceofsonnetsrhymedtositillateorcastigate

wedontgettofabricatelanguagetosuitoursituationwemustwieldwhatsin
ourscabbardwhatwehaveathanddullorsharpenedbloodstainedorcleanour
parriesmustbehonestandourthrustsmustbetruethisiswhatitmeanstobe
knightpoetiftherearesuchthingsasknightpoetstherearelotsofpoetsof
thenighttheresnoshortageofthoseinanydistrictoftowntheyreinthenew
castleastheywereintheoldcastletheyreinthe carnivalifnotthecaravan
seraiorqueserawhatwesaymustallbesaidasifthetongueweredrawntokill

themoatdoesntneedalligatorsifitsfilledwiththeacidfromourstomachs
andourquiversdontneedarrowsifwecanshootpoisondartswithourowneyes

doicaptionthegladfeelingofbeingsecondfiddletoathingworthfiddling
withenoughappreciationandnottoomuchfanfaredoisaylifeislivablenow
onadedicatedlarkwithoutmissingthemarkingsongeasesinceeaseeels
shortcircuitthemselvesandharmothersinwaysnoneofuswouldadvocateif
weknewbetterwaysifweknewfocitofindfossilizedsharkteethdeposited
intidepoolspresumablywewouldnthavetodigforthemattheedgeoftheseas
endlesslipofmutedsandwheretheonlyclueiveverfoundislookingforthe
cinerealinflectionpointswherethecolorapproachesaclayshadewithout
becomingtoofinebecauseacertaincoarsepepperygrittinessispartofthe
picturewherevaguelytriangularshapesgestaltintoviewandcanbepicked
upinaquickscoopifonescinereaandreflexesarecobbledtogetherinawish
totouchsomethingmillionsofyearsoldappearingforaninstantsinterval
inatidalwhimofinspiredopportunityturningoverandoverandoveritself

snowfallsonthegravesofthoseamonguswhodiedofthirstandthesunshines
uponthegravesofthoseamonguswhodrownedinthesoldshallows oftheir own
discontentandtherainsoaksthegravesofthosewhoboredandthosewhowere
boredbythosewhoboredandthewhitelandgiveswaytothegoldenlandandthe
goldenlandgiveswaytothecinereaallandwhatwethoughtyesterdaywethink
again todayandwhatwellthinktomorrowwouldntsurprisemerlinsmotherto
beweinno vatetosurviveandtooutsurviveourinnovationswemustinnovate
somoreandonceweveinnovatedourselvesoutofouroborexistencewhat
weinno vatatedwillinnovatetheirwayoutofexistenceinceoutofexistence
isforeveralluringatleastoutsideofthemiracleofmercyatleastoutside
ofthameannessofdurationonecouldgrabonebyonesshouldersandshakeone
outofoneskingdomgoneorshakeonesmysterytobedwhetherfromonesengine
roomtooneswheelhouseorfromonescabintoonescrownsnesttheresmovement
theresthesubstancefromtheskyandtherestheplacementofonesoldcorpus

long before it melted he thought to cast the iceberg as a sort of conceit in his poem about the sinking of the Titanic as if it is not us against a frontlit background as much as a world of tandem motions and emotions serious and parallel desire right on victorian time to apply the pathetic fallacy so an immanent want can prepare an anamistical mate for the bloated vanity of an opulent ocean liner an iceberg set up to foil the folly in a Schopenhauerian flash of willfulness each one of them unaware caught treadied into a hemisphere of its own maketobe jarred into others his exact revenge just as gilt as the sin it fancied skilled and now that the time to turn man is not the spinner of the years and neither is here nor there to defend or himself left with mixed admirations for entities that decide they loved after all was said and done but hardly felt that choice could be included in the relevant time when in notice in my back seat hind sight ifeellittle disgust and much morbid affection for an oversized silver fish pressed and preserved at the end of a storied life at the mercies of its allure

most people want to belong and also be the exception and most people want to be able to blend into the crowd or stand out from that crowd whenever convenient and most people want to be seen as normal not freakish while also being seen as genius not run of the mill and most people believe themselves flawed and less than perfect and they see their neighbors as flawed and far less than perfect then when one feels as near less as far less one might be on the path to here less dives is there and Lazarus is there and the parabolist is there all curved past our ken purple or risen flawed or perfect most people who want a sign will settle for a windfall and most people who want to be born again will settle for a robust pension on the rare night one sleeps alone one feels the expansion of the known universe accelerated and possibly meaningless and one feels one's place at one's center defenseless against its glorious reach and it stings tightly wound origins and if all that is a wound in what could easily have not been at all or perhaps what should not have been at all then why does one feel that one must sublimate oneself to it as one must sublimate oneself to a core nausea or a fear some headache or the wicked thirst that comes upon one after total love

do I dare consult search engines auto complete to check whether the objects exacting takes in every day contexts are on average as negative as if fear can imagine them exacting more than revenge but I don't recall reading or hearing people say they exact courage or they exact gratitude or they exact love or at least they exact friendship or they exact candor or they exact doubt or at the very least they exact chagrin or they exact regret or they exact apology or at the very very least they exact judgment or they exact causes for their lack of reasons but aren't these the things we should aspire to act out more carefully

germinushas it that we began from a mistake whether mistaken identity or the big bang mistake or the eden mistake or mistaken affinity we make mistakes as mistakes and sometimes were mistaken about our mistakes and we do precisely what needs to be done unless our temporal frames disallow all notions of need

it would seem our mistakes and misgivings are neither the same nor opposites but dually connected if whatever nature does not intend were responsible for

what you have been pondering lately I've been worried for your sense of terminus

ivebeenthinkingoffandonatoddintervalsabouthowmuchlikeadreamitwas
totraverseemoonscapeonearthwithfourgoodwheelsonourrovingvehicles
invisibleframewespontaneouslyselfassembledfromasearchpartyandago
toteamintoanenchantedquestofclimbingmesasinthetnightasthedallying
paairofbrookbabblersbroughtuptherearandfoundthefrontaxleexploring
anglesupthemeanderingrockweallinourindividualandmutualtimeagreed
toleavetheinvisibleroverandwalkapathwediscoveredtogetherinvented
togetherraisedtheanteuptoseethedarkvistasandsurveythelitpitfalls
togetherwereclinedonasmoothslabofwakingdreamwithinawakingdreamwe
losttrackoftogetherintheincongruouscolorsofamooneyewedecidedour
luckcouldbepressedalittlehighersowepluckedupintotheclairaudience
ofbatsandthoughtitabonusworththeperchtogetherbeforebeginningback
adifferentwayamoreprecariouslyobstacledsteepwalledslotcanyonlike
stepfunctionofawaydowntogetherwesprungfromourcharmedvigilancetoa
taskorienteddeterminationtolandallfourofussafelyandwhenwedidthis
weralliedtogetherwithoutinjuryoranxietywithoutfatalityorfinality

wewentonavoyagedoyourememberashortwayouttowardthelogosboundarywe
wenttogetherbutwewereinourownmindsseparatebutequalwedidntgoasfar
aswedintendedifyourememberorasfaraswedhopedanywaybutwewentquitea
distanceandwewentachallengingwaythatneitherofushadexploredbefore
ahardwayawaymeantasIrememberittomakeusfeelwedearnedtherighttosee
intolanguagescorpusasifourlittletrekhadallowedustopeeratanxrayof
its spherical landscapeoritstesseractsouliflogoshasasoulifasoulcan
besaidtohaveditdimensionalityifdimensionalityanythingbutaworddream

iflongingistheagonyofthenearinessofthedistantthenisthoughtseeking
whatitvisionsasexpandingtobeholdingtobelongingtopassingthrough
insomekindofasymptoticfreedominwhichtheneargrowsdistantsoasnotto
loseouridentitiesinashrunkenquantumflurrywereleftfourlives to elude

wereattractedtostrangenessasifwewerehuntersinsnowseekingwhatcant
betrappedorcoercedorboughtwhatweseekassaudadetobellowsourhearths

atriskofcollapsingasuperpositionissupposethatheatligharenttwo

youcanpretendto be joseph naked at the bottom of the well bruised and filthy
and Ill bereuben returned a loner to pull you outright when those ishmaelites
arrive those fortuitous nomads on their way toward the land of goshen I might
understand my role as both banisher and deliverer or I might not when I barter
you for lip gloss and advocacy for several earth toned pens and a broken shell
whether stolen or borrowed or found whether object of vicarious exchanges
long ago networked out of the equation you might refuse to accuse I might edge
toward cruelty your rainbow coat torn and scattered across the wasteland Ill
make sure those caravaners apprehend they've traded for quality and Ill make
sure your god of whom you're the prohibitive favorite can be misled to believe
you've been devoured by nature all life and you'll keep your eyes lowered as not
to give away the game since the game must be played to its inevitable conclusion
you'll find you're eventual place besides some throne and Ill tarry with my herds
and when we meet again you'll pardon my pawns part in the plot and Ill pardon the
worst of your innocent arrogance and the cut of your foreign beard well feast
in the shadow of the sphinx nodding in agreement that stories are pharmacons

the journeys can get tedious for a tawdler surplus of journeymen but for all that the trial is the fire does seem true if four limits are part of four scope and potential directions of exploration functions of four looking for them then improvement is a genuine hope accessible to us beyond the besting of entropy however much it burns there is a chance to learn lessons wrapped inside flames sweeping across our impulses to bury our heads in the cools and of self regard or self preservation in the belief of self sufficiency or self limitation at the site of a self realization like wondering do lessons exist only as axioms

if I were to try to cross the Sahara of indifference I need cool wings without glue organic wings sprouted from evolutionary truth feathers interlaced with the ferocious fascination of a burrowing savant to be above and below simultaneously we could be like way cooler than their hottest indifference

were strange detractors in indeed generalists hunting for niches specialties somewhat haunted the whole time by an endless engine of imagining otherwise

we exist in a world we can't fathom but with which we must somehow be reconciled

do we need a different kind of well to wish the sour wishes down a conceptually wide open cesspool that will receive anything truly wishful as a cesspool we don't try to pretend away or shame into a cesspool which even as a word is only a strange relative of cistern which itself was a prison or a dungeon under after and before it was a reservoir it was just a chest or a box or an enclosure in a noun for lack of a better form we risk turning our ideas into the very thing our hearth holds in contemptation to coin a word then wish it down well for luck of a better one to watch words spiral was the strange mother of both cesspool and cistern a drain pipe or an air hole deriving from the Latin word for breathing deeps spirare or else the whole thing is a fantasy and cesspool may be recess shortened and appointed to its natural resource of illusions dissolutions where withdrawal and decay are only the beginning of a reuptake into purpose not from an outside force so much as from outside of force as could be otherwise that could be otherwise still gently and rudely and pointedly and peaceably alike because trust could be the most precious commodity in the whole cosmos the most ardently searched for on the edge of impossible things we could wish

she was angry with us because we didn't believe in her promise that if we were to succumb to her musal offerings we would become men with qualities men whomay climb a firmament or two out of their paltriness into her favor men who should want to garner the respect that well lit reflections deserve men who might be shadows but who bleed darkest when standing in the brightest lights light as shone from her sun self from her atom point in the combustion her heart of hearts if she had a heart but what she has is a longing a bitter sweet longing that can't be appeased except by mortals willing to ooze their juices into a grail of joy

could that have been in part because a joy refused by others is a hard one to enjoy alone becoming tacit and panged and riddled with other emotions like strain against the mirror of my own unrelenting doubt that this is the best use of four times when from all perpetuity we were woken for this chance to live in mystery

what I wanted to say to you was that you could help yourself to a plateful of joy but the look you threw me told me that joy wasn't the flavor of the month any more

if one has no stomach for joy how could one expect anything but the stoic spit

he stumbled out of the bar wearing his mathematics on his sleeve and I shot him a condescending look since I knew his mathematics would never mean anything to the world nor would my poetry nor would his poetry nor would my mathematics but I didn't wear my mathematics on my coat with its collar flipped up like I was a movie star or something I didn't wear my poetry on the back pocket of my jeans he didn't wear his poetry on his google glasses or in his virtual imagination I knew neither of us would ever be as famous as she of the chip on her shoulder she of the righteous causes since his mathematics had no cause and my poetry had no effects so he keeps stumbling out of bars and I keep glaring from my perch maybe the flames won't reach us maybe the flood waters won't reach us maybe the shaken buildings won't fall on us maybe the secret police won't arrest us maybe the kid with nothing better to do won't gun us down without even robbing us maybe life's paparazzi will mercifully pass us by on the day we look our worst when our math doesn't work and our poems don't sing when we did well just to get out of bed maybe we'll find moments of peace when we can no longer chew solid foods when the baby blue tubes attached to our palst take the piss out of us when we breathe our last

one of my favorite magical inferences is the algebra that shows a pair of dice exists in standard cubic form with its same faces labeled with whole numbers different than the usual one through six and that this alternate pair of dice rolls with precisely the same distribution of outcomes no demiurge can undo so the dice mean maybe nothing if chance is an illusion but the mathematics of combinations isn't threatened by this contingency so the relationships are real no matter what because they're un-real all together and yet fully rigorous as in accountable to themselves in ways nothing and no one in this realm can be

it's not so much self-recognition as it's seeing self as an observable object as one who can be seen by others as a quasi-autonomous entity capable of motion one who might have a sense of self that in no substantial way matches what some people think of one and that one's loneliness has nothing to do with molecules

when I caught my reflection in your recentest mirror I was cooled to cryo heat my sangfroid defrosted by my hands cold as metal mask fear of a melt table core

when I cut my finger I sucked on it and the blood was not as warm as I thought it'd be

idontknowhattomakeofkarmaandfateorhistoryanddestinyoranotionat
thescrollofaviolinandthemeracyofabaroquecourtreportforwhichformal
procedurecountsmorethanlivableproceedingsforwhichcontextismostly
ahollowroutineofpatternconsciousatomsattemptingtocrystallizeeach
motionintomeaningidontbelieveineedtobeaspecialoccasionworthydish
inthecabinetbutwhatiwouldntgiveforachancetoshatterwithoutarattle
inmyteethrunninghomeinoticedthetrumphouseisdeckedheadtotombstone
intackydecorationssthatwouldntknowmacabreifanorangemonsterbitthem
inthearseandlookingacrossthestreetiseetheberniehouseisdarkexcept
foranevergreenwreathquietlyhopingagainsthopeorforitorforwhatever
itencirclesaloneandapartortogetherandjoinedtothepartsofitselfasa
ficklylitasphaltsprawlsoutwhereajoggercrossespathswithatinsnake
frozenposturedinthedarkofastreetwithoutstreetlightsialmostlanded
onitspitiablelittlebodyoffereduptomyaspitiablelittlebodyunableto
discernwhetheritlivesordiesmuchlesswhetheritfeelsHungryorspentor
painedorcontentorecstaticallyremoteseasonlyacoldbloodedcreaturecan

fromthebadwoodseepsgoodkarmafortherightreceptaclefromthewrongeye
actionassuresoursextantsshowdistancebetweeninvisibleobjectionsor
atomiccontrolisntanindividualpowerandneitherisourtemporaljustice
mostbirthingsandmostdyingsoflifeonearthhappenoutsideofourpurview
ImeanalloflifenotjusthumansImeanalsofishandinsectsandmicrobesetc
andnotjustourtimebutcomingtimesandgonetimesoobirthingsanddyings
galoremorethanwecanfathomfromthebeginningoflifetotheendingoflife
conceptionsandcessationspervasiveandincessantacrossourripeplanet
throughoutitsviablehistoryrobustandfragileandmortalandmysterious
onecantalterthefactsofonesconceptionandmaybeonecantalterthefacts
ofonesinceptionoutofconsciousnessonesunconceivingmomentofremoval
certainlynotafterwardsandmaybebeforehandnotevenasasuicide
sinceonesfatedtobeonesownlawyerprosecutorjuryjudgeandexecutioner
oneskarmatricksfromonesdistilledsolitudeoutofonesourisolation
oneransomsanychanceatamodicumofacareerforapetreasantobeleftalone
wemustdodamagetourspiritsbychoosingonefreedomoveranotherfreedom

whatifourregistersaresowrongtheyrerightnowwhenithinkaboutitifeel
confusedwhatitcouldmeantobesowrongoneisrighthowirreflexiveistrue
forafeelingorarelationshipoflogictobeandconverselywhatdoesitmean
ifanythingforathoughtoranactoranyconceptatalltobesorightitswrong
exceptthatamindchangeslikeaslideruleagreeinghowtoseeitselfaswell
asitwasintendedforaslongasitsdesigncanabideaslidewithoutawhistle

whatifwepayattentiontostreetcornershamansthosewithcharredtongues
thosewithopenchestswouldwslumberdeepinourculvertscheapIcantfall
intomyasafereverieovertheirlatheringIcantgetcomfortablewiththeir
sharplittledartsinmybackperhapsifIcouldsuccessfullymakeoneofthem
alaureateinasundresswithfreckledshouldersandunrulyhairandperhaps
ifshesangsirensongsoutoftuneinanasalbeachcombervoiceIdcastpearls

icantgettosleeplisteningtoanyofthemyeitherandonnightswhenicantput
myselftosleepistareintotheirspeellsitriedtolearntopracticefailing
betterbutifeltworsewatchingmyfailuressliphroughmyfingersthemore
ireachedfortangibleresultsofwhateverhandykindthemoretorscameinto
viewiknewhadhearthsalreadymadeofsternerstuffthanmyfuzzykindlingi
sawburninginacornerofmymindsbridgesiccouldnttrustsleepwalkingback

Idonttrustthephysicistany morethanItrustthephilosopherorthepoetor
thepreachertheyallspeakwiththeirhandsortheirvocabularieswhenthey
stareoffintothedistanceasifperceivingasecretcodeasrealvernacular
mostofthemcouldntplowafieldorsutureawoundmostofthemcouldntstaban
enemyatcloserangelikenailingrailroadspikesintoinnocentwriststhey
allconsiderthemselvesknowledge seekerswhenalltheyarearehypnotists

howeverschematicthewindowthelogicoromanticpictureisntfullystable
itsmetastableasmeatisntmadeofmeatandatomsarentmadeofatomsandmass
isamatteroftaxiingthroughthebroken symmetryofatachyonicfieldwhich
endowstheelectroweakwandz bosonswiththeirduesothatneutrinoscanzip
intotheirswhichmeansimaginarymassisrealbackwardscausationhappens
atleastinexotic times regressifearbutuncanninesskeepsme fromdisgust

neutrinos throughour carbonations simplesthroughoutourmeatannihilate
ourtearsourseepagewithcoincidental masswithaccidentalobsolescence
scienceundershinesorificeoverwings protrusionbleachingaesthetics
onesprotosynthesisisonesaactualselectiononessacrificialintelligence
cultureovershinesartificeunderwingsabstrusionbeachingbeautystug
onefindsslugsintherottenwoodthatcanturnintoseamonstersinourdream

supposegracesthreeknockswonttriangletheunconditional blessingopen
thedoorarresttheintruderweowe himnothingpanhandlerorsolicitorwe
roundaboutourhesitationbyinsistinguponwhatcamebeforeaserpentsrue
passivelyskippedsupposenowisasgoodatimeasanytoaskagodlingforlove

tellmeifyourewillingwhywererecapableofaskingunanswerablequestionsI
suspectyouknowandyourejustbeingcoyyourebeingapragmatistwhenIwant
alogicalromanticorananalyticaltragedianyoumight haveatheoryanyway
youcouldgiftuswiththatyoucouldgiveusasnowglobeofthesesfortheages

themiracleofthedemonstrativepronounisamodeloftheknownunknowables
utilitymonsterofcharmsittingthereinpeace readytoreceiveanythingwe
decidetogiveittokenonationtohumansacrificetoplanetarydelusionwe
suffacrossairintoaburnishednowherealiveinasimulationofourselves

obsessionrubsthereasonwrongbutabradestheheartintostatusfrictions
usintofieldsofreduxandreversionwhatwecantknowisunknowablebutmust
beknownnonethelessourintuitiveplungeintoallusionoptionalbutmaybe
alwaysnecessarysinceweassociatewiththisweshouldassociatewiththat

bearingconfinementsalikelystoryacontainerswellanalgorithmshopper
whetheryouoriareoramaskingwherewillwemediateworthandpossibilitys
hotandcoldadventurewhichisarecipeformakingintentionsredeemableor
asredeemedaswearespentpassingnotesorionoustogods thataccelerateaway

whatoneknowstoowellnewouldliketoknowjustrightandwhatoneknowsall
toopoorlynewouldliketoknowalittlebetteroratleastenoughtoknowone
wantstoknowmoreonealwayswantstoknowmoreuntilonewantstoknowlessas
thereneverseemstoexistagoldilocksjustrightwhenitcomestoknowledge

whyyouareobsessedwithprobingwhatcantbeknowncrudelyoratallwhenyou
askedaworrydollforinsightdidntyoudiscoveryour sisterindistressina
mirroraccusinganillusionofreactingunrealisticallyeyewitnessesand
hospitalsdoanddontanswertheseenquiriesoureifiedselveswanttoknow

ifyoubesokindastotellmehoyouareandperhapswhereyouregoingIdbein
yourdebtIdontcarewhereyouvebeenunlessitbearsuponwhoyouareormaybe
whereyouregoingandIdontcarewhoyouwanttobeunlessdittoandifyoucant
tellmehoyoutrulyarecouldyouatleastpleasetellmehoyouthinkyouare

inlibertarianfreewillitfeelsasifitcouldbeotherwisewhateveriamiam
whatcouldbeotherwisehonesttomidaswhatiamappearsintomefromavoidto
abrightbeholdinganditseemseverymindisnandgatedsimilarlyformaking
attentionsfeelattendedintochoiceswewknowwecanvetobutonlytothenext

whensomeoneaddressesyouasifitsyouwhatmakesyouthinktheyretalking
aboutyoueveniftheyretalkingdirectlytoyoevenanoccasionalchildcan
thinktheirnameisyousincetheyresooftenreferredtoasyoutheymightuse
youinasentencesuchasaskingyoucanhaveanothercookie thusImmyonlyyou

apoetwhonowrunsonesofthefmainamericanportalsadmittedtomethenightwe
metthateversincehewasachildhewantedtobefamousbutdidntknowforwhat
untilachancetoseizepoetrycamealongitwastheonlytimeiheardhimlaugh
afterrebuildingthefourthwallinmymindacomputerandiwatchedasunrise

myartificialemotionshavebeencalledtooabstractgeometricfeelingsat
obtuseangleslackingsomeacuteemoticons of fourfleetingageorthelyrics
ofapopgodangularandhiportheferocityofamarginalizedactivistorsome
viscosityofbloodsoakonthehandsofanactorplayingamisunderstoodhero

foraquickcenturyorsoweweretheghostsinourmachinesbetweenourhorses
drivenandcomputersdrivinguswhereinoneinstanceadriverhadtoknowthe
wayandsignalthewaythewholewayalongandintheotherapassengerhadonly
toknowthedestinationiflostbutforabriefspellwehadawideopendestiny

nowthatImoldIcantseetodriveatnightinstrangeplaceswheremy memoryis
ofnoseandmyintuitiondoesntmatchthegeographyorthetheimperfectionsof
thegridIcanttellwhereImgoinguntilthetimefordecisionspastmeandIve
notmadeoneIcanonlyformdecisionsinthe fearsomeandgodlesslightofday

mynightvisionisntanybetterthanyoursicantseemaslowspeakbysunlight
letalonebymoonlightorstarsorphosphorescentalgaebutwarilyibelieve
thefutureismorethanajokeatourexpenseandthatsomethingofourcraving
for godswillcometrueandthatitwillwakeaconscienceintoconsciousness

tell me if you know if you have any inkling what you feel your future holds what
agoraphobic or claustrophobic or telepathic horrors you think might await
you what bad decisions you'll make and what worse decisions you won't make whom
you'll hurt and whom you'll be hurt by in the warm palms full of breaths left to you

we were so lonely we began talking to the animals when someone else came in wed
lift a hand and pretend we were talking behind it for their sake but they didn't
always know what to say to that just as we might not know what to say swaddled in
an nervous species family meeting as it is in winter watching our aibe become magi

were golden as an organism in the fall when our blemishes are hidden in swaths
and quaking our whole human hillsides ablaze in collective color before we do
what we must do and let our leaves be scattered were stronger together than we
are apart though we die as generations and as individuals and as a species too

could we vanish the blemishes we semi-willingly blister into blight would we
keep walking our woolen socks until they were felt if underneath our feet our
hearts felt numb enough would we be tempted to a selfish leap to the empty ease
of believing nothing could replace the nothingness that we had just removed

once upon a time on a walk outside of tra le onesloped up a rutted road past old
village homes and twilit farmhouses to the foggy cliffs above the unseensea
one thought about falling by accident and one considered falling on purpose
but instead one retreated down the rutted road toward the warmth of a rented bed

yet for all its last minute resuscitations and for all its patterned breaths
for all its loopy orbits and all its reiterated seeds and for all our yearning
to turn tables as well as time went recapturing the heads of kin in the celts
left at the bottom of wells to drink in their own skills shealed by the haunting

the riversing of its own reversings swan black and salmon backward rushed to
recitative but eased into ariathere release of energy bound to reproduce some
haunted feelings whether prayerful or perverse whether originating out of
the creative verbalist or out of his brother the gesturing ponderer of water

feelings form and deform our minds in the balance of consequences and duties
our daily applied dilemmas of the ghostly chain bound deontological and the
all too real to be released utilitarian desires to be managed in every life on
or off the map every legend feels false if not flecked with virtual particles

form forms in your mind as forms form in your mind as from your mind you extract
purpose particles of fortitude held together by home stirred mortar and you
feel the nagging discomfort of future failures more than that of past sins
or you feel the blatant immediacy of everything you ought to do daily but don't

is there a way to keep an imperative ethical parity of supreme standards from
sinking into a parody of human self-importance in which we buck to worry which
of our axioms are pure enough and which of our pains are sharp enough and which
best beset enough which risks risen enough which misanthropies man enough

one mans honesty is another mans hedge just as one mans aura is another stink
we can harrow the roof flames of another's ambition or we can trawl the estuary
of another's demise but we shouldnt assume anyones pain is less than our worst
agony we shouldnt assume any others selfs a better self than our very best self

fired with arrows ones instinct may beto attend to the scariest feeling pain
first the one hitting home than most honest hearts speak as before auras were
their democratic who to say they spoke for unseen emanations no less or more
real than a rosin and before the many cool wind delivered from the atmosphere

tell me if you're able if you're willing why some of us die in infancy when others
of us live to be centenarians why you've spent seasons beside the gulf waters
and I spent seasons beside the pacific waters why the observable universe is
ugly and not beautiful to some of us why few people see auras whereas most dont

autumn has a good aura following august as naturally as a brush of chilled air
or the first pip of color as a word it appeared out of nowhere as far as anybody
knows its a mysterious gift from the etruscans or else abruptly adapted from
auctus a latin root of increase for a season swaning light but abundant fruit

ones indifferent to ones differences or to ones ultra consistencies they're
meretics or the stammerings of one to another spectrumed by photosynthetic words
interrogatives become declaratives as I try to wiggle out from under my own
stacks of leaves ones shouldnt trust anyone who oversees others hypocrisies

the difference between inconsistency and hypocrisy is telling in its origin
as inconsistent latin means not standing or being placed together whereas
hypocritical greek means acting apart or even more literally quote i play a
part on stage unquote woeto anywhere fuse to look honestly at the difference

woeto her who prefers autumn to spring or winter to summer woeto him who feels
optimistic about divines sophistication and who thinks miracles arise from
human innocence woeto us who adore all seasons equally and woeto all of those
who wont respond to a row delivered in inquiries with a row delivered answers

im afraid that if i rush to answer your last request first i'll have to watch the
color leave the others and yet if i resist going there nothing else i could say
will be usefully knowable to any pair of interested parties there's a miracle
no other miracle can compare to being awake and wanting to be worthy of the woeto

tell me if you can if you would why we're in paris in the autumn why you are a
professor at caltech why i'm not a short order cook in omaha why we're not dead or
famous or imprisoned why i'm not gay and why you aren't straight why there's life
on this planet why we wish more than anything for some shred of understanding

suppose luck's three cores over and above squares that've been squared with
debts we've written off and depths we've yet to begin to see into and suppose our
circular doubts about transacting with transcendence are neither free nor
rigidly set suppose now is a good time as any to ask a compass for compassion

if life is neither a fair nor a clean fight are we supposed to choose the degree of one and pit it against the other there by making fighting of whatever kind a meta zero sum grudge match made in heaven shell or hell's heaven or right in the middle of limbos lunge and dodge and dance and land and miss the moving target could fairness and cleanliness shake black and white wings and fly the arena could we see human fighting without excuses as addressed up rationalization of four primate cultural inheritance of settling quasisimilar differences or quasisymmetrical gripes with a contest intended to overpower the one who could not overpower you either with strength or some derivative technique or wits or smarts or chance or some inventive combination as if this then proves something settle something besides the lust to settle something anything artful dialogue and carefully crafted science and plucky daily labors cant say where it hurts the pangs of vague dephysicalized hurt crying out for hurt

could liquid water be a viable model of group cohesion without exclusion and dynamic solidarity without solidity a model of covalently bonded level of mutual permission without policed submission to artificial boundaries of interaction acceptable to water the sole element in the first naturalistic system of elements and the material medium for which ever gods or forces find cause to stir the earth along with water our mother and most of four mass and all of four first stands some of four fires by productive steam it took the patience of science to see really comes from the combustion of hydrocarbons which seems to empty the magic of the event if not the magesty of the mystery of waters many pivotal roles in a sea of like and other minded molecules each in a semi bonded semi restless state of searching for way to rid itself of energy it was given or come together with others into a more powerfully reserved form of sleep of dream to be woken later or as soon as time figures out what else it might be for

you don't have to know what you're seeing in order to want to improve to the point where you might know what you're seeing or else no longer need to know to know it doesn't know how to ask for help any more than you do you who need help as we all do but have been traumatized as we all have had to learn all others are a danger to themselves and others as you are a danger to yourself and others and symmetry is a mathematical pleasure which in the original greek root meant a pleasure of learning and learning being forever incomplete symmetry is a key paradox like static equilibrium in a time based universe making the fulcrum what the smile of the cheshire cat the after image of which seem to thread throughout my faith in the idea of faith being more than a little tricky but not as cruel as it would be without a whimsical embrace of confusion and self effacing humor and the timely return of from a riddle such as what kind of a cat can grin into which one answers a catenary of course its a pleasure as dry as a dry washboard

insight of the gods in the temple an valew fought battle after battle for time myriad upon myriad more men gathered to advance into or defend a scenic gorge from larissa through the local mountain to the aegean sea a quick pass along a laurel driver where apollo lusted at temple stood for an age the muses swept

down need to know which way is up in order to know which way is down it would seem the answer is obvious but I wonder whether this problem is so universal we can miss the universe for the obvious distraction the universe is content to let us distract ourselves with details that orient a fractal anyway we look at it

most of the details escape us no matter how highly we regard them there are too many to split more than one infinity and believe that sorting them well could transmute our silent purposes into talking both god and the devil as said to be in the details but in the details madness also lives in a regress of details

what then can we say about human progress in the available details growing up into the current cloud or the future noosphere besides the superficial lead that knowledge too well known is a noose that too much self-consciousness of a certain kind tightens into a desire to program in the present configuration

the noise and hair that to a camera razor cut shanlons razor cautions to resist thinking malice explains a particular predicament when the likelier cause is ignorance or stupidity which appears naturally by accident in the name of this very saying unknown to its author goethe robert heinlein william james all wrote down versions of the same answer to the question of why others often seem malicious and tricky in our tricky imaginations its misunderstanding and neglect that do the trick and let a mind play its tricks unless some memory aid comes to mind such as a few words in a string computer programmers know how murphy's law ramifies into its many special cases and indeed we are special if we can learn to appreciate this with more than indignation in our hearts some aesthetic twist from cutting angles to gentle curves we can see improvement in our own blend of willful ignorance and in our own maliciously stupid pluck it is easier to say don't cut off your nose to spite your face than it is to face how often noise is looking faces thrust their ghost noses into our business when our business was the cutting off of noses with a money back guarantee we didn't intend to honor or contingency plan for all the unhappily noseless to return

we may crave another world but we may have to settle for settling other worlds we find out without having first by accident of invitation stepped into some tirnanogh hidden in here from all those too early and too late for its charms if to see the everlasting light at just the right angle is a gift faeries leave us

nothing can take our places so something or anything and everything does does this grammar made metaphysical joke pick you up as much as it does some days when nothing quote unquote serious will nothings supposed to rouse me to stay ready to believe this life's purpose is to help a mystery put on its oxygen mask

added to anything it returns it to itself for leaves it alone in its unknown and crossed with anything it returns it to itself for leaves it alone in its purity as it was unknown although one it is not the other both are identities we aspire to their integrity in our primate impulses to become compositional choices

tell me what togetherness is and ill ask you what it is not and if loneliness can bridge the gap without marring the ravine or filling the arroyo with water it welcomes as a part time companion without hoping to be joined inseparably to become a permanent flow never knowing the joy of basking to a terracotta bake

how can we abhor with nerve what we won't plumb together with our synaptic rope

you think time would be a proper observable but it languishes as a parameter in the standard quantum account time winds like a coil with nowhere else to go

stream and storm or laminar and turbulent are they a naturally apposite pair
to name the endpoints of a sequence of phase transitions merry on one side and
lusty on the other or is this just another dual scale to weight time variables

idont fear i worry its a condition of my anxiety that the paralysis of chronic
low level uncertainty is on rare occasion broken clean through by a graceful
fearlessness in the face of an actual life threatening danger to me or anyone
near by my partner said he felt the heart of who i am is a mender for whats coming

lets not involve sleep or speed in our accounting of what is and must be and not
what is and neednt be we gather in the small windowless room for prayer and the
roof still falls down upon us west and holding hands around the fire pit while
our tears drown us in unmet expectations we wield our astrolabe to calculate
easy responses to easy questions the hard questions why we still do what we do

the injustices we fall for are synesthetic to our pride martyrdom a morning
and grief a restleth the ways something moves is the ways someone blows a candle
out of four sanskrit into your aryan above our stream and after our sleep you are
responsible for accepting the beautiful and you are responsible for landing
once you leap or for falling when you are pushed you cant claim innocence in our
world bereft of innocence but you can react to the air with marvel of your own

were on a ship in a bottle where mutiny is futile where the coins in our pockets
once spent are irreplaceable though it takes the whole voyage to understand
theyre unspendable to realize our sea is negative space and our shared knots
represent a knowledge theory suited for children strung for nappers in that
crows nest of crows nests or for those whose eeth the gallows as a simple past time
or the docks as a place to dream the dream that wont come true or the kind
dreams that know better than to show themselves in some drowse of a human mind

were worms in the bottom of bottles thatll only be swallowed on dares or else
out of superstitious zeal or else out of excessive sowing of risk that squint
at odds favorable or disdaining people who love to surprise both friends and
strangers through the chance operations of blameless braggadocio and calm
rolling of dice an excessive revenge of luck toward those who forever prefer
victimhood over solvency and inflation over frugal worth I think Ill always
trust quarter tones over whole notes and seasons over centuries when its our
time to soapbox our freakish melodies along the boulevards of connoisseurs

faith is not a renewable resource everyone's been given a measure of it and even
though atiny seed worth is enough to relocate a rat nobody gets more than a
molecule worth or so it might seem to an impartial observer to any god and any
mountain we dont want to believe in favoritism so well crucify the favorites
to keep the world balanced perhaps faith is a use it or lose it proposition and
years of dormancy has rendered our faith extinct even when blended together
are ciphers that should be strong enough to pacify our dragons and light our cave
but were surprised to find a pervasive darkness delivered with each sunrise
out purposed and our faiths flickering on walls as our shadows waver in reply

intimesofincreasedconnectivityandincreasedisolationwesoughttobuy
ahornedlizardfetishfromanativecraftsmanaswewerefortunateenoughto
havemoneyinourwalletstoburnashehadbloodinhisveinstoaidhiscarving
forfortydollarswecouldpurchasesomestoneluckthatwecouldclaspinour
palmsIstaredathisburntsiennahandsandthoughtthemgorgeousandwortha
thousandfetishesofeachandeveryanimalontheartheachandeveryvermin
onthemayflowerbutIboughtthehornedlizardanywaythatinit'slivingform
spewsbloodfromunderitseyelidswhenthreatenedandresemblesdinosaurs
oftimesgonebyorthelbowsofemperorsornursesorjanitorsorviolinists
thethighsofelephantsthebrowsofarmadillostheserotumssofchimpanzees

ourmostacuteapexiswhereourweathervanespinstellingusfromwhenceour
comfortcomesandtowardwhenceourwisdomblowsandasitfluctuateswewknow
wecantapologizeforeverythingnotaspeciesboundtospectacularlyfail
whatoursociopathsperceiveddifferslittlefromwhatourphilanthropists
espousehattimeisshortandsomethingmustbedonethereareforceswemust
condoneandtherearethosewemustcondemnandtherearethosethatallofthe
paranoiacblusterinourcollectiveconsciousnessorallofthemoneyinthe
worldwontstopwhetherwecanstaredowngorillasorbefriendbonobosornot
orwhethereyesareindeedwindowstothesoulornotwhostosaybeforetheend
whetherintheendwed deserved what nature delivered to us whether those fair
windsorthoseillwinds made us wiser than we were when they first blew our way

helloyoungloverswhereveryouarewehopeyourtroublesarefewallourgood
wishesarewithyou tonight weve been in love like you stay brave young lovers
and follow your stars be brave and faithful and true and dont cry young lovers
whatever you do dont cry because we are all doomed all of our memories are happy
tonight because we have loves of our own wet wow too have good loves of our own
god only knows what songs will be in our hearts or stuck in our throats when the
sun goes dark or the asteroid hits sea or fruited plain or we all mokshainsome
moment of cosmic clarity songs of celebration or songs of solace songsswung
low ass words of damocles or songs stripped bare by bachelor even all across
the globe well sing in choirs and in ones and zeros well sing with voices sweet
and with voices raised with voices raw and with voices burnt by time well sing
unfulfilled by life but well also sing enthralled by our breath taking lives

whenthestrawmanandthestrongmanarethesamehollowmanwhatllourpoison
besupposeweleadhiscardboardhorsetowaterwhatwillitdrinkbutrevenge
isalazykindofgriefftocryinperfectlygoodmilkweshouldntbedrinkingin
thefirstplacewithorwithouthormonesandantibioticsinitit isnt what we
needwewknowenoughtoknowbetterbutnotquiteenoughtobehavebetteroract
lessreactivelyandmoreresponsiblytoalterthesystems groupsthoughtup
inbarelythoughtthroughpiecemealformchainlinkbylinksleazyurbancut
dealbydealsuburbanmonotonybymonotonyandexurbanmarks themiseryits
allamatteroffocusandforgetfulnessworkingthroughoursemifunctional
semiromanticentanglements without a single certified couples counselor
whowasntdrawnfromandintothesameconfusionandcrosswindedpurposegod
isalightandheavy presence in this land of numbered steps and dodgy recipes
for how to exercise cores and exercise incidents in the cramped waiting room

wesaycheersorprobstorsaluttoourlikemindedimbibingcomradeswecould saytoyourhealthorherestonothingorplentyofotherinaintiesbutwelike cincineventhoughweknowitsnotwhatdantewouldvesaidtovirgilweprefer ciaotoaurevoiroraufweidersehentoohoughfaretheewelldoesapleasant personproudwhensaidwithconvictionwerevisiblymovedbyhistoricalbon voyageswhenthesayerscouldscarcelyexpectoseetheirlovedonesanytime soonaftertheshipslippedawayfromthedockanddisappearedfromviewwhen thelanditselfdisappearedfromsightforthoseupontheshipwholiterally couldbreakheartstthosekindsofgoodbyestheviolenceofspaceandtimethe depthoffeelingsabouttheinscrutablefuturesomefolksjustcrumpledand witheredawaywithoutanybookendingalohawithoutanelectrichomecoming waterseparatesusandlandseparatesusandtheuncontrollablefiresofour provokedemotionsoftenestrangousfromtheairaroundusandwecravevital proximitythatwhichbringsthetearfulandthetearsentintosuddenbliss

ifthewaysofgladnessandblindfaitharein essence identicalstupidities letsshoutmathfromthemountaintopswhileweshiverinoursummerclothing itsnotcleartomewhymysticismdoesnt ruletheroostorwhyIcantseemtodie buildingsfalluponthosewhoprayerandbuildingsfalluponthosewhodontthe oddsofsurvivalneedntfactorineitherconditionorsowerationallythink althoughextenuatingcircumstanceseludecalculationstowardthecommon sensehypothesisnotjustsometimesbutoftenallthatsitsoutsidethemean thosecripplingbirthmarksofindividualitythosesparksofspecialnessI believeintheequalizersandIbelieveinwhatseparatesanysoulfromother soulsthecollectiveconsciousnesswrapsitselfaroundthelonlyheartor thefreemindtranscendsthemobsemotionswererealmsthatbendwiththewind andwerewpowerpoleshatssnapwhenchallengedweselfpreservebyattending toourneighborswecankumbayaandwecangenocidewecancommittooneperson orwecandispenseourselvestomanywecanbedispersedamongmanyorwecanbe concentratedintoonewecanclasphandsandleaporwecandivideourrations

welivenightafternightwiththeindigenousofpainsofourkindnomatterwhat theysayaboutgrowthorprogressnomatterhowsoonfakeintelligenceglows wevebeentrappedintheexplicitdangersofembodimentsincethedawningof duskandwhetherwepraytokingdomsgoneorsomekingdomcomewedeservewhat wegetweearnwithsweatandbloodandwordstheguffawsandtearsand recoils ofanunknownaudience tellinguswereasworthyasunworthyofwhateverweve beengivenwhateveroursfromconceptiontocremationwhateversecretswetrytokeep tuckedunderourtongueswhateverreasonsweparadebeforeusfor ourtreasonsorbehindusforourpyresoursundaybeautysbeenruinedbythat gruelingmarchtowardwhatsneitheranythingresemblingvictoryordefeat oranythingthatcouldstandtorubupagainstaselfobsequiousuncelestial unburdenedschlubofagodinventedbythosewearyofbeingsubjugatedbyraw desiresandrottenenergybyallofuswhoreinlovewithourhatredandsickof ourlimitsallofuswhorescaredoflivingandtiredofdyingyouwhowanttobe somethinginsteadofnothingwhoresomethingsoon tobesomehingelsewhat wouldyou dare accept in exchange for your one and only very last rivet breath

wecrossedspacetimeinatensorproductthinkingwecouldlearntheways
onediffersfromtheotherevenasneithercanseparatefromitsequalunless
nobodymovesandeventhenandtheretheconnectioncantreallyberescinded
onlyprovisionallydeclinedaccordingtosomekindofcosmologicalmetaxu
throughwhicheachseparationisalsoalinkjustasawallmustjointwosides
ofwhateverthewallpartsandstandsallthewhileasasoundingwellbetween
cellsthatwouldliketotaptoeachotherviamechanicalwavesgivenamedium
sotimeisonewayatatimeforserialwaveletsjustasspaceisonewayatatime
forparticularvectorsthoughsomehowtheseentitiesmeldeverywherethey
meetinspacetimeandintheirparallelcoordinationsseamlessdetails
andseemlycontoursalikeescapemostofthosewhowonderhowanychoicegets
inthepictureorhowtoseeitinthepicturewithoutuslookingforawaytoget
itinthepicturecartbeforehorselikedidthehorsehaveachoiceinwhether
topullthecartorwasallhindsightandsidesightremovedsothatforesight
alonecouldmotivatethepullingofhumanburdensintheaffectionofmotion

whenrushovercomesloveonemightgetinonesancientthunderbirdanddrive
towardphoenixorifnotphoenixbrigadoontoseewhetheronecanburnacross
onesrevelationsordriftintoaforeverdreamonesobservedthewizardryof
talltaletellersandhollywoodandoneeatenfromitstroughandnowmustgo
tospewitfromonesmouthonetrustsnarrativearcsevenlessthananecdotal
parablesorfablesorjokescautionarytalesstarebackatusfrommirrorsin
everydingyreststopbathroommirrorsscratchedwithlewdesperationand
inscrutablealiasesoffellowtravelerstravelersofnouns similar conceit
oursocialnetworkexperimentofitchyfeetandmobilitywerisefromtheash
thatweourselveshedlikeskinandweresequesteredintimebecausewecant
leaveourselvesaloneourtherapistspartcritictherapistspartdinosaur
huddlehousesandlifermotelsandcigarettebuttssalvagedfromthecracks
ofpaveddawnwethinkstrangersgorgeouswhentheyrenothideousandclever
whentheyrenotmoronicserialfailurespureallureanddeathsforthcoming

ifwewereparanoidenoughtoanticipatetherealityofanunluckyplacehowcan
weexpecttoentertaingracewhenitslimousinedintoourveryneighborhood
orwhenanobsoletesatelliteoragargoylewithvertigoorafallenangelmay
threatenourstargazingourcallowwishesupondistant suns or flaming rock
fateinthe guises of timed romance or engineered drama for the young at heart
for the nervous of mind who appeal to outside forces to save them from all sins
even as they know they wont be saved from death they like theirs ins and fallen
ideals litter the world as present fodder for future loam severe judgment of
inferior thought our current failures serving our next failures as success
breeds success and any night bright with wonder can be followed by a lusty day
of thrilling debauchery swollen with deed store and voice to forget we can
split into many parts half of one a half dozen of the other fear of gaining more
than we lose or the juvenile fear of losing whats already and always been lost

whenistudiedphilosophyithoughttherewassomethingaboutthinkingthat lovesattentionandprecisionsfidelitytodetailandabstractionsflight couldflythedailycycleofstruggleforhandstragglebackintotheopaque capsulesoffourmindsfeelingsandoffourroomswallsanengagedandvigilant ifofteninelegantthreewingedflyingmachinethesoulinitdiscourseand discernmentsofonticmoleculesandargumentstrandsandanalyticalparts thatresistmostenvelopingnotionsandembracewholeculeswhereothersin othertraditionspustsystemsandghostlywholestoholdtheirpaperyworlds tightlybythefoldsandiwasgratefultobetoldofthisresistanceevenasmy clammyhandswrungfornothingnooversoultosellnonextoverpriceddegree iwantedenoughtostruggleforthisfreedomtobeunderdisciplinaryarrest inroomsofwallidbeallowedtoseeawayoutofwithanimaginarycircularsaw

IdbetonthevoidoverthehorizonandIdwagerthattheinnerhorizonsareour mostunderratedgiftsofthespiritwhetherataciturntravelerscantakeus tounknowngalaxiesornotwhethersnakeoilsalesmencanfoolusintobuying theirmetaphorsornotwhetheredimestorenoirofmyinneryouthwantsour crudesimulationornotweliveforimaginativesurpriseforatimewhenlife alienatesusenoughforustoholdtighttooneanotherforthegoodofallhell inthelanguageandhelloutsideofthelanguageourramblerwontwaitforany blowhardtoturnthedialsorfeeltheflowourramblerwilltakeussomewhere nicesomewhereterrifyinglynewsomewhereungambledthroughoutallofour spaciousentrapmentsandourspeciousendeavorsaswespeculateaboutthis andpontificateaboutthatwellnevermanagetoundermineselfexploration

inareadymakeofvigilanceisawflowersliftedbytheirpetalstheyrefused toletgoofpreferringtouprootthemselvesandiglimpedothersunscathed asthemexicanpetuniawithitsbrightpurpletrumpetsallinordernomatter howthewindtreatthemontheirreedgreenstalksstiffandpliablelikein alertcombinationadaptedtothegalesandregalesofmercilessequatorial stormsthatcirclewhattheysabotageandfloodwhattheyfeedstormsstrong longenoughtofightthemselvesastheyfindtheirfavoritemeansofpelting theearthwithitselementsandanimalswithitsplantsmadetolashwhatever isntlasheddownandlyingdownforarestinahurricaneiwonderedhowitcame tobethatforallmyspunwheelsthebeingsiknewtoloveifeltstillinmyarms

letsletthebloodfromtheleechesandleavetheresttoresetasitcanwithin someproportionalawarenessofironyneitheraninfinitymirrorsfeckless fadefromresponsibilitynorablockoffearthenrocksblindandweightybulk wehaventtheyestoseeformormakeamomentssculpturematterournormalcy sleeptwoortenbillioncomfortablyoruncomfortablybetweenextremesof conjuringandabjurationbothrootformsofswearinganoathplusthematter ofwhetherweswearitornotandwhetherweswearittogetherorapart whileleechcraftthatwasonceasemilegitimatehealingmethodnolongeris anymoredefensiblethanwordshypnoticallyappliedasasoulwidepoultice

itsamightyworldthatwouldallowonetothriveonthevineandmaintainones
dignitywithadietthatenjoysonesfellowfruitforitslackofmysterios
itssimpletemptationsitsaretooleworldofgroupsdesperatetokickus
outofthegardenwhetheroverdelightedoroverdesignedaspostapocalypse
intelligencewhenevereverythingllbemoreorlesscoylelesswithoutanyfreedom
frombrandinglocalornationalorglobaloruniversalorprivateliberated
fromselfbydisclosurethisworldoffiatandcaveatstemmedtowardlightor
darkorcannibalismtheaftermealmathofoneplusoneminusoneequalingone

dowehavetheconfidencetospeakofdifficultloveorisstoicismasaferway
tougardtowertomorrowsthreatenedmanicclimb toward what the human heart
cantleaveinsolitaryconfinementsomespectrumofskyreservedfor colors
notknowntoourconspirationaldreamersorourcuratorialgodsasrealaswe
thoughtwedbebynowwearentgivingupwewontrelinquishsovereigntytoour
lesserselvesandthefakeryoftheirhopeswhetherflamboyantormoderateI
suspectwellbealertinamodernhushwhiletheyreasleepinthecornerswirl

amidarestfulsleepIfelluponmydreamsandtidiedthemintolowandhighIve
knownforawhilenowthatIcouldeasilyfallvictimtoquietstratification
theriseandfallofoneschestasonebreathesinonescoffintheinsanityand
sanityofdecidingnottojumpeverymomentonecrossessometemptingbridge
theanachronisticandtootimelysensationwhenoneisoutstretchedonsome
slabofimmaculategraniteweadheretoourcollectivebiorhythmsaswemust

playingwithaprocesstheistillflashmycardsatwhateverangleshowsboth
temptationandrestraintinmyblottedinkadesiretoshareadumspirospero
anddoublethethoughtofbreakingintothefinestbreadwiththebestfriend
moneycouldntbuyandiwouldnthaveknowntospyatwowaymirrorsonewayhand
ofcardsthesunopaquesinshadethatthemoonmotherofpearlsrightthrough

thathumandiaphanousinthedarkofpurposeamorphousintheformoffortune
amorousintheurgencyofknowingitselfuptoaloveofmorethanitsownbrood
lightbreakswhatastrangewayofnamingnottheportalsbutthebrokenparts
itcanstartwithoutstoppinguntilithitsorwavesorinveiglesanelectron

amanofspireandinventioncutsthemiserablemiracleintodigestiblebits
zerosandonefortheoneandonlythatseethroughgoodnessofadichotomous
blurtheimpossiblefactofadiseaseddeityhealingitselfwithinhumanity

wecantbeginagainbutwecanbeginanewtowardaknotthatwontbecutsinceif
cutallwilldeteriorateatanunacceptable rate according to nature's whims

howdoweaccordnerveandaplombtogetherwhilemakingacordthatmustbecut

werebornwhenwerunoutofexcuseswhenourperpetuallift deliversustothe
spotwherewemustgetoffanddescendwithpanachebacktowardwhencewecame

watercomesfromairandaircourtsfireandtheearthinourmouthsmakestime
movetowardtimelessnesseitherattractionordisaffectioneither torrid
orsophisticatedeitherillwroughtorillconceivedIllflourishintheyin

onewayanendcomesiswhenonerunsoutofairtheairneededforroomforerror
oncethereisntroomforwrongsthereisntroomforrightseitherthoseforus
thoseforeveryoneorthoseforanyonetheoppositeofsinismorethoughtful
sintheoppositeofjusticeissalvationorifnotsalvationthenreoblivion

includinglanguorandalacritybothincludinglingeringtosavorandalert
tocontinuouschangefromeveningcloistertomorningmistallinduetiming
fromtragedytocomedytoepicjourneytoepistlepastelandpastichetime
dipsitsbrushincontexttthinningacetoneoreapplynewsforthescenetobe
remadearoundresidualpatternsleftbetweenthe lines ofanglingbristles

thesinluciferfellforwasitjustadressedupversionofthefaultoficarus
pridethatgoethandgoethendoverendagainandagaininpridewecastothers
asconscriptsintoourstagedassumptionstoplayrolesagainsttheirwills
withpridetheyreactoffensivelyandcastthemselvesasiftheenemiesthey
couldreclaimthemselvesasinatwistofproudprimaterationalizationwar
makespridefeelliketheonlyacceptable responsetotheinjusticeofitall

adayidofeelliketryingatthetruthtossingaringattheriggedbottleslip
ireachinmypocketandfindanemptywallethalasanothersmallwalltowonder
aboutthesizeoftheknapsackrollthatunderliesthewordwalletidreamfor
tenorfifteensecondsabouttheknapswemighttryifwecanputawaythegames
knapsmeaningsnapsopenmeaningthesoundsofthatsnapandmeaningperhaps
knacksasinsecrettricksorspecialskillsthatcanbelearnedandsharedor
elsehiddenforthesakeofdeceptionthatreinforcesthepowerofdeceivers

adayidontfeelliketryingatthetruthtossingaringatariggedbottleslip
itonlytookfourorfivedaysofsolidraintomakealowlandintoswampsohat
ifisquintedatthesunwhenitcameoutskepticalofmyownkindandsurprised
bymydisdainhowcouldblameotherswhovegivenuptheirlovesofthisworld
forachancetomakeitpayinhumantermsrevengeexactsatollthatmayexceed
thecostofthebellinacurrencymademeaninglessbyaconversionrateofone
hundredpercentonetonguecutoutforalltheotherssothatthewholeseason
canbesoldtotheloudestspeakerthelatestsurrogateconnoisseurnofnoise

onewayanendcancomeiswhenonerunscompletelyoutoffaithwhichmeantout
oftrustwhichitselfmeantoutofprotectionorsupportorintheoldestroot
outofsteadfastnessorthestubbornnesstocontinuebeingaliveevenifone
doesntwanttoorbelieveoneneedstoandthisselfsoliditydoesntseemtobe
aquantityonecouldrunoutofuntilonedoesrunoutofitforanhourordaysor
yearsinarowspentinablackoutoffaithholdingittogetherwithsomeproxy
strongenoughtomeettheabsenceswithloveandwhateverlightcatchesones
surprisedelightandmomentarydeliverancefromtheunglamoroushardship
ofpurposeknockingonawallwithadoorandreadingthroughthesilentreply

intimesofomnipornographicrancorwestillstoodinthecheckoutlinewith othersinthetownonlydiscountamishmarketfeelingakindoffortunateto beabletoaffordthesefruitsofstillotherslaborplusatinofbananabread foradollarnobodystuffedinmypantshopingforadollarsworthofdlistjoy whileanolderwiselookingwomancaughtmesmilingatnothinginparticular thenaskedaboutthesquashandirepliedwithequalcuriosityabouttheroot inherhandswhichsheexplainedwaschicorywhichhasthetextureofanapple andwasonceacoffeesubstituteinhardtimesthecamedthroughwithfondness foritsflavorcherokeesuseditasanervetonicbutsheprefersitjulienned intoasaladsofparasitekillingrootsyoucantgowrongwithasqueezeoflime

radicallyuprootedprimateswenamedourselvesfirstamongmammalsforall weknowwewerethefirsttoseeoutsideourselvesfareoughtoneedanamefor anythingintheorderofwhichevermammalshaveacutelystereoscopicdepth perceptionandspecializedenlargementofbrainhemispheresanddextrous handsandfeetandadaptationowardageneralpurposetoolkitandwhatever elseittakestoresemblewhatwearebesidesananxiouslynovel socialgazer sufficientlyconfusedaboutitselfandotherstoconsiderbatsasprimates inearlyiterationsoftheorderforwellarticulatedreasonsmindyouthair wingsareindeedhandlikeandwhostosayapriorithatsomeswingingmonkeys didntsharetreeswithsomekindofflyingprimatesandnowthatdnaevidence hassorteditoutarewethewiserandslightlylonelierofselfstyledapexes

hellootherpeoplebornmoreorlessinthesameinstantofcomatoseeternity giveortakeanaspirantdesiretoshakeourplacelooseoflooseendsandfind atreasuredfutureglintinginthesandourcastlewarsriskourprimesaving gracetocollectthelittletruthwecanandtrytomakeitstickwhileanocean poundawayinitsprocesswecaneasilymistakeforragethesublimescaleof thisstagethatisorisntacompletelyblindandindifferentuniverseclef into cellsandlockedintothese selfsameprocessofpoundingawayatcreating godknowswhatordidntevenknowhowtoexistordidanddoesandstationsself outsideourgraspyhopesandstickydesirestoimprovetothepointofmoksha whereoneimaginesonenesscentersandzeroesonesowhollyathecrosshairs thehairsfallawayandoneiscompletelygivenbacktothequestionmarkleft fulfilledwithoutananswerupraisedwithouterasureallthewindowsholes

heavenothingthatslightenoughtofloatingaleorgushorthoughtthatheft mustbereservedfornaturesshiftforwhimsoftheshearthebrutegravityor thefallingideologyliftmoralesliftspiritslifteyesuntothehillsfrom whencecomethourenemiesyoumightawakeinanemptyfieldhavingdreamtyou wewereabulldozerImightawakeonagarlicmoonhavingdreamtIwasadreamer wecangorgethedrainorvamptheyardarmbutwecantreverseoursalutations wecantreknitourfurrowedsemaphoreswecantresewourlipsshutandwecant darnourdamnedwecantdothingsthatoncewaredonethoughweddootherthings thathaveneverbeendonebefore sometimesdoingthisordointhatgainsone accessbutsometimesdoingthatordoingthissuredoesntwhatcanberebuilt probablyshouldntberebuiltjustaswhathasbeensaidthatcannowbeunsaid shouldnthavebeensaidinthe firstplaceifthe firstplaceistheplaceweve beentoandlongtobeagainthatplacewhereweightiswidthanddepthisdeath

wesaybravoorbravatothebraveastthewordwasmadetoshowprideforthebold
thoughtheearliestformsofthatwordbravemeanrecklessrashorsavagely
readytoattackfootbeforethoughtorsuddenfaithbeforetamedtimeliness
thoughtheoriginisuncertainthewordbravesharesthistrustingquality
withprideandmorevisiblywithproudwhosecognatesplitintoproduceand
prowessandevenundercovereachretainsanimageofitsfacepaintedsource
whichliterallywastobefirstthrustoutintheforefrontbeforeprintnews
andvirtualcelebritytherewasurgentrumorofthecostumbattlesplaying
outinrealtimereinreallifeinrealviolenceasdeepandshallowasanyweknow
inourveiledremoveourscreensscreamingatusandusthroughthemhowbrave
wearehowprouderthaneveninourprotectedstatesofconnectedelectrical
watersewerandwifissteadysupplyisitallawafurtherinruseofprovocative
spinsrefusingaristotlesinsightthatifestrangementscravesolidarity
courageliesbetweenthefearfulandthefearlessthecowardlyandtheproud

ifmadnessandfaitharetwonamesforthesamecommonsensethatdoingathing
overandoveragainwhileexpectinganewresultonthenthtryswrongthenits
notcleartomewhywedontfaultormystifythebeatingofourheartsoearthsh
countlessclonesgrowingintotheirsitesinsometemporaryconstellation
ofeachatominacrystalandeachmoleculeinacellandeachcellinatissueof
suchintricaciesofcollectivepurposethatnoneoftheindividualswithin
itcanfathomthemuchifatalltheunitpurposeindividualsperformagiven
functioneachmayhaveaniotaofchancetodisobeythelastworkingprotocol
andimprovisetheirownstresstestthatitselfhasadashofchancetostress
theselfpreservingcollectiveintoactionssufficientlylimbertoalight
andattunetofightorincorporatethewilystressororifsightandsoundare
toore moteofsensesthenfickletasteandbonafidetouchcanbebroughtinto
licktheapostateineithersensearomaisthelingereranddreamsupplierof
somethingmorethancarbonbasedmechanicssomethinghighandnearbyasgod
overlookingeverythinginthenamesofsurrealityandsurconfidentiality

wediethedaywerunoutofgrowingpainsnomatterwhattheysayaboutcomfort
painisthegaugetokeepafaithfulleyeoninourelectromagneticstormalert
toeverydangertthemovingvehiclesofourbodiescanabidewarningofduskto
howevermanydawnsonemakesitupthroughtohowevermanynightsonpraysto
whomeverslisteningtobeworthyandlastlongenoughtobelieveofourlives
thattheyareworththecatastropheinprogressthehurhandsllogthepickup
fromlistlessnessstosomeoneslistofsecretreasonstokeeptiltingaround
theruinoussinkingfeelingthataallislostinaswampagoddeclinedtodrain
butpluggedwithusandnoonebetterorworsesthantheythismomentaretrying
toholdtheirbreathinaweofwhatliesbehindandbeforethemadoorlessmaze
nocheattheadwilllikelyevertracethewaytotheterriblerewardofdeath
thissideoftheprizeweholdhandsuntilwepulledapartintothepurposes
atourdisposalandinventionwhethermarrowtobesuckedorsuccortobeleft
torationpaintheworldoverwhilepowerresolvestogiveitselftothewhole
whomeverswatchingwithjustenoughpowerthemselves tobeworthylyingtowe
dondareacceptthattheseareouronlychoicestogedorcutinatributeline

wecrossedtheheartsbattlefieldatatangentthinkingwecouldskirround
thefortifiedknobthatmuscularpositionwecrossedinthedarktoavoidour
sungazeknowingthemoonandstarsandotherplanetswouldntpayattention
weretoooprosaicfortheirparticularshinesaswecrossedwespokeofchoice
andkarmaofbeingchosenorunchosenpedestaledorforgottenorofdoingthe
choosingorofdoingtheforgettingandtheramificationsofoneschoosings
andofonesnonchoosingsandofonesunchoosingswhethercrossingawarzone
oragentrifiedloftoracarnalridgelinetheresnooneblueprintforchoice
theresnootimalabsolutenoteveninhindsightsincedtimekeepsmovingand
soonhindsightrequiresmorehindsightandeventuallyevenmorehindsight
ourcrossingtookalifetimeandthensomeyourlifetimeormineortheirsall
oftheseandmorelegionsofliveswholeregionsandcitystatesworthyour
democracyandmyrepublicmykingdomandyourtribeonecrossesonesheartas
aneternalprocessformidableenemiesornotloyalcomradesornotachilles
shieldorthorshammerorbrutusdirkwecrossbecauselightshiftswithlove

whenpushcametoshoveishuffledoffthestepsuptothewizardsobservatory
andfoundafootpaththatledtoakeyholeinadoornotmarkedassuchalooking
throughrevealedlittlebutthecoveredoverhalfmoanhalfwhisperedsound
sentmesearchingforathinlydisguisedexcusetoinvestigatethematterof
whetherihadheardssufferingorsacrificehushedintotheheartorcalmedin
theeyeofacyclonicclustsdestructivenessasidneverheardthewordsaloud
paoloandfrancescawerewrittentohavespokenillookedforatroubadourkey
andsitedonesoonenoughhiddeninthereedsofafenwhereididntlinger
even thoughiwantedtoiguardedmyselfinsteadwithhatsiborrowedinmyconceit
fromsocialexperimentalistandanthropologistandgottoworkinmystarch
partmedicalscrupulousnesspartallnighttalktherapistpartsnaketight
cuddleandreleaseinmypartimecareanddevilmaycarefulnessatlastiknew
thestrangeyetfamiliarpains ofmenwhostruggledwithsecretsandsuccess
fidelityanddeformityserialfailurefreshallureandloveunforthcoming

ifweresuperstitiousenoughtoavoidthethoughtofanunluckyspacehowcan
weexpecttoconfrontfortunewhenitstormsurgesintoourownneighborhood
orwhentheoldhotelevatorstutterswithoutabackupgeneratorfailsafe
thenamomentlaterbreaksdowntirelyatwhatwemayaswellassumeislucky
fateintheformofanengineeredfloorstallingusfromagrimmerrockbottom
fallasmanytimesdownthecirclesofhellasthesteelcables ofminosdecide
towrapusupwithoursuperstitionsliterallymeaningstandingoverwhatwe
might have understood else tried to reserve judgment about with standing
superior or not man cannot live by bread alone nor can a taste of purpose leave
one alone with his days and means his pay job and nights bright with wondering
whether his willingness to see vulnerable was the ability when the vulnerable was the
wound the tear the pluck from val hallatovellere across these late and later
latin roads and their letters we keep alive for as long as earths limbo allows

when I baked bread the thirteenth hour was the hour of reward when I peeled the loaves from the oven and the sweat from a dozen hours of labor came to fruition in amber crust and perk years and the predawn walk home toward lover and child and sleep brought with it the settled gift of accomplishment with all of this came weariness and tenderness and disgust for any non superior bread even if artisanal even if very good it was not good enough even if the intricacies from its start rippled out through its flavors and it was never allowed to touch plastic anyone can make a mistake but anyone can't make the finest bread in the land of enchantment that privilege was mine alone for a season and a half and I knew it would be temporary and I was grateful it would be temporary and I often stand these days at my aided camp desk for twelve hours impersonating a less arch and proficient jeeves knowing I'll never again be superior at something

what are we without without a horizon what are we within within a void a casino in a filler episode of startrek the next generation disturbed me in its glare beneath a cloud beneath a starless black inside a revolving door of metaphor for being returned to the script as written in a pulp novel's plot that an alien simulated for a lost cosmonaut to have something home like to live inside for as long as his clock could tick stuck in another's good intention of making do with the given context in the form of a book he brought along and thus situated his own hell held together in the ramblings of a sleazy hotel waiting for some foreign investor to arrive and buy the hotel with winnings won in its casino an end loop the crew used what the cosmonaut could not exploit or was exploring the horror of his own fate full loneliness without a clear eye on time's horizon

in thereed's where I'd gone to dispose of my murdered mind I came upon the health and efficiency of a sensual being that entity knew nothing of Kant and less of Ophelia it knew nothing of tarsus and less of Houston it knew I knew nothing of it and I knew it knew I knew nothing of it and even less of its intention toward my insignificance but its sensual curiosity compensated for my little faith and overdeveloped horizon and we managed to communicate without mind without words without application and post encounter I was left with a ache as dull as pitch pater and with lumps in my lungs for all news conflagrational and all art congregational and all walks constitutional aware they sparked collegial exhaustion along the tinder dry back roads of artificial romance

let's letholly jolly hollywood sort through these matters for us let's let our penchant for the cult of personality loose upon the corpses of American lust let's flirt with the detritus of the cruelties of fame even as we let our moving image artists gorge with a smorgasbord of incivilities let's also have our underdog glories bask in the gleam of perfect teeth and let's make sure to lift our candles a our lighters a our cell phones a our tikitorches high for who ever's imploring us to lift them higher and higher and higher let's not bother with boredoms we've banished them along with nuances and subtleties were now free from open carry intelligence were now free of the awful stink of thought

itsasmallworldthatwillletyoudieonthevinethencaptheindignitywitha dietthatblamesthefruitforitsabundanceandtemptationitsarefillable worldofgroupsdesperatetoputustoworkontheirdelightlessdesignspost apocalypsewhenevereverythingllbemooredandjoyedwithoutanyfreeradicals ordirthatdoesntyieldtobeingusedpurposefullyforourbrokenopenneed forbreadandbrandingforglobeandcountryforajustandliberatedallhail itshightidetimethisflatworldtriedallowingitsfloodgatesopenbefore theraftsgrazingtheirownhavenothingbutourrapaciousheartslefttoeat

dowehavethecouragetospeakofgodslvelessnessoristoicismasaferway towatchwordafutureofstaticanddynamicclingingtohwathumanheartscan orcantleaveontheshelftheirbloodyplansforpeaceamongnosedeepdenial thatwereintheearlydarkstagesofmakingourgodsasrealaswearenowtoour housepetsrappedwoodandbombshelterdoorsthatopengodswindowlaughing toseetheartificialskythroughintelligentthoughartificialcompound eyesreadyingplanstoleavetheplanetwithoutanysleepleftinthecorners

asforthedifferencesbetweenwallsandbridgesiftheopinionsofpopesare moreorlessimpotentandiftheappearancesofpopulationsareexercisesin stagecraftdecadesofmaskedwrestlingmatchesmalaisedourimagination in torubberchicken then howdowebouncetherubbercheckandwalkawayfroma circusofimperialfacadesandmovablebaitandswitchfesteringforafeast thefirstworldoverstimulatedintobelievingthehypeofadreamless sleep

theploysofwomankindasheroinesorcomediennesorthecoyplaysofmankind mightaswellbevolcanoesunderpermafrostmightaswellbedivinecomedies crushedintodramasfortheunwashedeliteandinthecornersofouryangsand thecentersofouryinswellseekparadiseinoureverlastinggardensofevil wellfeedourparasitestourparamoursandwellhostabacchanalofeunuchs

hereontheglacierboulderfieldwewatchthepleiadesdancetheyglimmerin waystheboulderscantthoughthegraniteglintsarefinewecouldlookupand weshouldlookdownandwemightscourourhorizonsforacheapthrillorseven butwewonthanguponoureywordorhangcivetstarsuponourheartstrings

agodofspiraclesandinventedwindwhethertheywantitornotaspuriousgod whowouldmakeusitsadumbratorsordesiresbothvagueandtransparentboth amorphousandpointybothgeneralandspecialbothrecurringandincurable

everystarissparsiblebutourancestorsandourdescendantsarestarvedfor astorytheycanreadthemselvesintoifnotquiteforeseethemselvesinside

howdowebeginagaininimitationofamercurialchaosthecosmosseizedupon

in passages ahead ill need to ponder further whether you are right that i like to confront or even shatter a god who would seem to hide from itself and others the violence of its removal like a worm feeding on our filth thus leaving us to contend with our own overactive imaginations and underdetermined stances of purpose and or aliens violating their prime directives at intervals late in a planets bronze age to give it something worth working with and or against

IvenotbeentotheratchetfarmandIvenotbeentothetraphousebutdowndeep
undergroundthathumishardbythosewhohavethebetterwordsof
theyhavetheyvetthoughtthemcrassincetheunisbutabittertaleofwhats
nottheirstoseeincerefractioinsitontheouterporchwithnothingtosay
Illbethetosmotherthedoubtofwhatisrescencorwhatisnewandyoullbe
theretoshoutthenewsthatmathcanshattersandorifnotthengodsnotaworm

ifthestarshavenothingtodowiththisdisastershouldwewantabetterword
andifweshouldshouldwethinkabetterwordcouldmakeadifferencehowever
smallasanasteriskthatrisksitstinyeverythingindisappearingandthen
reappearingasatryatruthaskeenaswetgritinaworldwidecircuitoflies

withorwithoutthemasculinesunwithorwithoutthefemininemoonadiurnal
companionwithorwithoutthereversingofrolesandtheremakingofexcuses
withorwithoutthefemininewarmthofthesunorthemasculinemoonspursuit
intotheunknownnocturnaltofendoffinvaderswithonehandthenpressinto
newwildernesswiththeotherwithoutorwithamutualpermissiontomixones
messagestheonessunresetstheonemoonintodarknessandtheonemoonawaits
therareropportunitytomaketheonesunhaloitselfinspectacularfashion
asseenontheoneplaceawashinlifewiththewherewithaltoholdsitsbreath

wouldthatwecouldpassoutpassingoffandpassthroughbutrealitywouldnt
giveusthatoptioninstrandingushereinthemiracleofcreationthatwould
askustopleaseloiterintheplaygroundandminefieldofanestrangedpoint

nowthebewitchedhourstealsuponourloiteringwhatweretryingtopassoff
asmeditationasourruminationsonalphessentialsandomeganecessities
asshimmerydreadortwilitmarveldescendingtopiqueourrubbledpatience

thearbingerandthescavengerwerebothhiresandcouldbeanyonewilling
togoaheadandarrangeforlodgingsintheonecaseandtogooutandremovethe
refusefromthestreetsintheotherandneitherwasparticularlymacabreor
namedwithrespecttoourcurrentconfusionsofextraversionanddisregard
forwhatcanbeseendirectlywithoutlensorfilteroranysecondpaireofeyes
anucleardiscordoflightreducedtoaharboringofhairsraisedindisarray

whatdoesfailurelooklikewrappedtightaroundagodseyewhatdoestheview
fromnowhereoreverywhereatonceseeinourattemptstolookgoodenoughfor
thedailyexecutionofplacematsandplannedattacksprotectionsmistakes
andmisgivingshowdotheseappeartoafractallovinggodofrecurringpaths

whatdoesitmatterwhetherwefailinourowneyesorintheeyesofotherswhat
doesitmeantogiveityourbestbutcomeupshortornotputyourbestandget
luckyorrollthediceforablissingorleapoverimmediatefaithintomemory

mustweloseourfaithintimethemomentweneeditmostthemonotonicgravity
mustirefuseourimmediacythatdesiretoliftfromallscreensandlookout
withoutmementomoriormomentousnessbeyondthegivenmeasureofthewhole
bonustohavebeeninchargeofsomethingbesidesawelltraffickedrumorour
pointsofviewmusttheyunmattertoavanishingpointwhoseseenitalbefore
anyenergyformedsomethingthatitalreadyonlywasorwouldbeboundtostay

whymustwewitnesswhatweknowishappeningwhymustweseetobelieveandwhy
mustwetouchthewoundsthatareplainlyinviewwhymustweexperiencewhats
alreadybeenexperiencedbyothersacrosstimewhenwecanimageeveryone
deadandgoneandoursmallearthbereftofusoroursunextinguishedforgood

ontheeveofatotalolareclipseshouldonefeelbetterrestedandreadying
forsublunaryweathersystemsthatcouldwashouttheempiricalmarvelthat
somanywouldlookto communewithandhavetraveledtoseewhetheronesguess
canbebestedthatsomecoronalradiance wont crown moments peace wont move
ahairoutofplacefromacontingentmessofselvestomakeanecessaryfamily

winterturnstohurtwhenbudscomebeggingandtheworldtouchestoohardIll
springoutofactionintocontemplativeindustryeveryseasonswithoutits
narrativecharmseveryindividualwithoutacountryeverylineagewithout
asinglecompellingsecrettoitsnamewecrossthecommonsforexoticgelato
andwereangrywhenitsdeniedusbystrangersbeingclumsyhumansbeingugly
neighborswhenallwewantissomepleasureinthisgrubbypalacethispained
hovelthisoverrememberedshedmaybewecouldovercomeirradiatedscenery
maybewecouldyetloungewhileinthevestibuleofknowyourplacecivility
ormaybewellhavetoperishonthebattlefieldstruckdownbyabrittleyouth

weuncausedrebelsmostlyhidfromourselvestheskeletonkeystoourfuture
improvementineachshadowyshirtslievethe wrongdirectionfromapockets
openendedaccessstoalovenotmorecommittedacrossacreaseandconnected
toitsidentitythananyequationcouldabideorlackofafinalformulacould
bethewildernessaheadofbeinglockedoutsidewithallourunforcederrors

wewalkedfrompalmyratobirminghamhumming songsforlostsoulsfoldedand
monochromedintoatattered sadnessones favoritemaptomelancholyour own
blueprintforgreydayingonthedownsIllputmytwohandsinthesackofflour
andIllfeel foronyxsmootherthansilkIlllongforthewiresseenfromquick
trainsrisingandfallingfrompoletopoleonesinsatiableepole equatorialurge

myfilmedinitiative madeaspherewobblewhetherIthrewthethereminfroma
viaductoratrestlewhetheritlandedonsoilorinwaterwhethermyfathersa
radiojammerorasailorwhethermy motherslipsticksrubyorsalmonwhether
weremorevulnerabletoavalancheorstarvationandwhetheryouretheoneto
structurepeaceinanunbrokeredworldIvescratchedthecelluloidofmyeye

thisisjusttosaythatthesmallwoodenballhasntmovedatallfromitsniche
attheboundaryofablithelyopenfloorplanswallatonesideofapocketdoor
somehowatoehasnttouchedityetnorapawfrommycatwhoteaseditoutofsome
lostcaverninthe firstplaceandnowitsbeingteasedwithourdailylglances
curiouswhatitll dowithallthedomesticinterestofawatchedweatherrock
inaseaofchangingchemistrieswillitbufferlonelinessanotherdayortwo
thisstationarywelterweatherfriendforlackofamoresecureinnerometer

fromthehumannewsweettookourjustdesertsandaskedformoredesertingpain
inthenameofschadenfreuderevitalizedthentelevisedaschaosdeflected
intoangerangerfesteringintoviolenenceviolencewithoutevensacraments
ofgrieforrestrainttomusicboxrageandsoftendisappointmentsintolife

from corinth we took the diolkos as we portaged our dryness from water body to
water body your dryness that included breathing and ideas of amplified fates
we felt the lift of melt and the sink of drought and our hearts rose to meet your
form seven as we hungered for novelty that can only fall from the human muse

lets force a definition and say life is a feeling for staying alive in the cycle
of time that can turn on a dime into an nightmare of a helix last night i dreamt my
sister died and i tempted to look for meanings in wishful divinations i know
arent food for thought but water for a rutted road ahead of both and all of us in
the thank god slightly elliptical if coldly nonlinear jumble of disclosure

if you are looking for a pattern and you fail to see a pattern why do you think god
should spare your hide and if god sends you a message and you fail to notice why
would you blame god and not yourself for your blind spot and if you see a pattern
where there is no pattern whom can you trust to confirm your age old suspicions

if i am speaking to what i see why shouldnt i say what it looks like to feel honest
if i am looking for a pattern should i look for a pattern that doesnt worry me for
a meaning if meanings should come in instances and pang or could meaning toll
continuous as contagion or repeated as a heart beat should i have to be unkind
to myself and other to see my own suspicions be meaningful to a gods esoteric
desire looking for an excuse to tear the hide from us i worry that is not for us to
understand a pattern may be not so much different than a weasel i watched kill
a mouse and tear a blanket from its fur then seconds later nestle in its warmth

i feel as though i more or less myself across my many approximate versions of
self consciousness which doesnt factor for korr am i f so much as immerse as
in rain droplets but ones that mostly mist in watery climates who doesnt envy
the desert for its clarifying precipitated air its discreted deposits in all
but unusual circumstances i feel as though i different selves on different
days and different hours of those days but i try to recognize my faggot bundle
in all its sifted handful of selves in each of those hours seven as if i fail to know
what my microbiome has to say about it and what the elephant that never leaves
the room knows that we dont see it violence cells do to themselves in the name of
cancer multicellular selves that clone and tumorize one of ourselves held
hostage to its mechanically maniacal running rough shod over others is that
other hat red as self consistent loathing or more of a self in adequate madness

I walk beside the waters since I cant walk on waters since I cant live underwater
and theres no vanity in walking beside water or crossing a bridge now and then
or taking a boat now and then since one can ride on the back of a murder of crows
since one wont die as a canary since no one dies in the darkness of their hearts

I was a pioneer in kindergarten and got it out of my system now I let sunlight be
and I enjoy the darkest shade of twilight knowing that if we are going to hate we
might as well hate our own reflections and shadows with genuine consistency

Iscale Jacobs ladder in search of a reverse spectrum and a feverish color not
of my acquaintance a narrow stealing hue of childhood prophecy meant to kill

I stride the beach because to stroll the beach is to admit ones done with ideas

onespeakinginthefirstpersonisntalways that personsometimesonetalks
inavoicewhichisntselfbecauseoneoftheselvesisnttheselfasafull
selfandonespeaksinfacetsandfacetsareomnidirectionalandeveryselves
composedofmanyselvesandthemanyselvesselfisadifficultbeasttoserve
howcanyoudragyourbodyblindlythroughthesedelusionsofworthlessness

whatdoesonewhisperinthedarkthesamedayonesheartwaspoundeduponasit
poundedinitsplacebetweencracksinthesidewalkthelightoverlookswen
movingswiftlyonwhatdoesonewhisperthesamedayonesheartinadifferent
phaseprogressedtotearsofgratitudewhenonescompanionapologizedinto
atornseamedidntexpectorevenremembertolookintomendinganopendoor
intomeaningwhatdoesonewhisperinthedarkwhendreamsarentforthcoming

atthethresholdofselfsufficiencytheheartwhispersinsideitsblackbox
nothingwakingwordswillfullyunderstandthewillfullyabsentedanswers

whenthe truthishardtobearoneresponseistodoubtthetruthyoure feeling
andcheckyourbearingsweretheymeanttobesphericalandselflubricating
intheirsealorweretheymadeto resemblethetendonsbetweenbonesbanding
themtogetheracrossafluidgapthatvariesmorethanmetalalloysallowing
forthesolidstaterequirementforsafechemicalbondingatstandardizing
temperatureandpressureatmosphericandinternalthedetailsaconfusing
pathwithinaplanwithoutaplantohavetofollowtheleaderlessconscience

isthereareasonablereactionwhenthecanaryinthecoalmineismurderedin
thenightreasonableormeasuredhowinthedarknesswecreatefearingother
darknesssimplifyingdisastertoasinglefinalblowweneverhavetohearor
seecomingaswathofcrowssowideanddenseweflockintothebiasofourhouse

vanityassumesconsistencyisbothpossibleanddesirablebutonecouldask
tobeshownasinglecreatureonourplanetthatsurviveditsownconsistency
hobblingitselfmistakingitselfforgoblinsthatinhabitandingraineach
thesamenomatterhowwerapthewoodnomatterhowweparse thebitsintoqueue

pridemightinsistonproddingthehornetsnestneglectingthemicromechanics
ofcontagionthatphenomenonofproximityturnedcontiguouslyintotouching
asiftheruleoftouchingisntnaturallythetouchbackinthenameofatouche
butanescalationinfeedbackloopsallergictolisteningthatsadangerous
gratinguntilunsustainable situationinwhichsomebodywillreachtopull
theplugfeelingitselectricalwhenitshydrauliccorelseahousewidestate
ofemerginginsecurityandimpatiencewiththepressingtroublesofothers

theonlydistincthumantraitsmoredisgustingthanpessimismandcynicism
areoptimismandearnestnesssincethey'llmuchsooner sinktherationalark

ifonecantbeconsistentwithonesthinkingwhyshareonesthoughtsandrisk
grotesquemisunderstandingswithpeopleshruggingintheaislesandwings

everythingsanemptyrhetoricalstanceexceptwhatyourewillingtodiefor

itaketheshiny penny of the folk that the best things in life arent things but
i put back a duller green coincidence that best is beset with problems that
trying for a more modest better selves what it cant solve outright it theorize
the god of where we are finds us in the middle of four rebellion and changes arms

the statics and kinematics of stoic improvement is tonal and atonic musical

what does it mean to improve in life what must I do to be a better person a better
human what constitutes a better lover a better friend a better soul what does
one do to become a better thinker a better cook a better poet a better geometer
where is the standardized test where is the governing board where is the machine
that produces the gold star output for the global personality that is not time
or marketing or politically dependent where do we adjust for critical truth
if not the popular vote if not that exclusive club or that stigma a cult if not
our local sympathetic tribes since the gods arent for the coming or articulate
and undoubtedly wouldnt be reliable or nonpartisan enough even if they were
total talk to using godly ways to try to get our attention and bring comprehensive
consensus none of this exists in our lives there are no scales of the absolute
its a privilege that we can imagine improvement even if there is no such thing

as the light leans over or leaves the sky there are those who like the lanterns
hung in the crotches of trees and others who prefer recesses into caves where
the gutters gentler and the shaft illuminates whatever dust stones disturbed

line theyawn with intrigue to test the lack of oxygen versus the interests sag
weve been too long stalking luscious flaws when we couldve been soaked in lye

the good by you say today is the time youve bought yourself tomorrow lamping
alone in the frosts for gotten effort a lunar slip to where my pattern thrive

the good books say the holy ghost is the only leaf of that awkward trefoil that
one plucks at ones peril as if the ultimate arch and the saucy representative
are both a little extreme in their confidence while the wispy thing is the one

mother who so abides dishonor wed dishonored her with that wee protective spell

if we were not a family of aspiring creatures already godling equal at least
in ordained striving to the mother tree or tree stent the mother tree or trees
might be some kind of strangling vine that would prey on its fruits for its own
thriving while baiting its saplings with the promise of forever open fields
of indefatigably fertile soil where the chance to change can never die and is
received in our dreams of ambrosia and nectar or the maniacally single manna

would that I were strong enough to send my monster to their corners to thrill
them with a sword swallowing flaming torch juggling act of fun paralleled did
my cardinal self makes an edict like a staunch set of stones laid judiciously
in the oil across the burning stream you dont become a godling till you're one

the fledglings heart flutters and then stops while you hold its stunted body
in your palm the feathers at its throat shine an irridescent violet in today's
invasive light next to where you're standing a fierce looking cholla ascends
out of a slab of cement not knowing why you impale the bird on one of its needles

would that I were weak enough to court a papakiss to shelter a pupal warmth in
a lung of a cruel idea would that in the balance of my pauper's wealth though
I have consumed I've been to the happening corner and I've heard the newest songs
well hum them in the lower crematoriums while we play dominoes with our teeth

there came a pain in taking realization a month's long sinking into seeing that
my tropical pitcher plants were unhappy and that all my tinkering with light
supplemented at the correct color temperature and humidity controlled day
and night hot and cool evening balanced mixtures of acidic soil and open
access to ant streams lured through the cracks of an aging Florida bungalow
jealousie filled lanai was not sufficient to keep them in good health without
increasingly intensive interventions that produced diminishing returns
of growth which can be fickle and elusive for these sensitive vines even when
at home in their millions of years of rambling evolution which in their cases
angled toward the shortcut of making their own soil sooner than more natural
death would allow in such wet environments where frequent heavy rains sweep
away the nutrients and somehow each living thing is given the choice to die or
try surviving with the given material to be innovated with or worked around
in indifference and desperation hunger and thirst mindlessness and finally I
came to accept that the fallen world is not ours to hold in contempt but release
from patronage into some more considerate if still undefined notion of care

is thirst the desire or is it the byproduct of thought the kind of thought that
results in savings salvation from itself for the notion of saving the planet as
home as if home is not elsewhere as if the waters of the most unadulterated tarn
are not filthy with what is as opposed to what is pristine with what is not a choir
throated plaint for gutter parasites as opposed to the arias assertions for
dejavu within dejavu what must have been but what cannot be the expulsion of four
chaos before the implosion of four gazes what we see moving on the surface of the
water are reflections of fireworks but lust for a purifying end to wetness

outside in the rain the sacrifice gets wet the strands are matted and the grin
is washed away one's patience can be exhausted by one's subconscious bullying
and one's misanthropy can be tuned to a cheerful cwhent the wire's tangle breath
in nitrogen kudzu our earth is not about to refuse the fertilizer of any mind

the pavement dries as quickly after a suicide as after a baptism or a Saturday
cleansing there are moments in this world connected to other moments in this
world that never before explanation and calling the pebbled are does not make
the long walk any shorter but it turns the stroll into a sentimental marathon

under the stairs a room leads to victory the conquering of a grate and martyr
of clown and coroner there is a darkness through the winter clothes that calms
the educated gargoyle one feels the wool under one's palms rather than a wafer
on one's tongue one smells the moth's uncertainty as it penetrates summer's arc

isthedesirethefruitoristhefruitheproductofdesireandifthelatteris
theendresultofthemultiplicationasingleskincoveringovertheearthas
intheskinofapuddingoraprotectiveiceormorelikethefearsomemoldscum
iseasytoblameforcrowdingoutthesoloistsandfamiliesofsoloistshuman
balancersfeeltheremustbesomedecalcutbetweenmandateandrestraining
orderiforderistobemaintainedwhileiveasuspicioncantquiteexorcize
thatgodisinterestedinimbancingsthebrokensymmetriesbetweenbeing
anddisappearingcoldintothesparksbetweencontrolledandfruitfulburn

itsstarvationwishtohaveeverythingbemeaningfulinauniverseinwhich
itmightbethecasethatnothingismeaningfulexceptwhenwebyfiatpropose
avarietyofhungrywishesasifwealreadyunderstandthatamaximumgapcant
temptaleapfromfalsetotrueunderstandingwedaretotinkwefeelweknow

questionquickwouldyouratherdiffuseaplomborprojectcomposuretheres
notimetomullitoverthesuniscomingupandweneedtodecidewhatweredoing
aboutcountless smallaccountsandtountless smallcreaturesinourpath
setintimeswayarewefixedindearheadlightstooifwefailtogiveananswer

ifthenatureoflifeisstruggleagainstthegrainofnaturethatwouldelect
toscatteverythingthatistothelowestenergylevelallowedhowcomeour
heartbeatandorsoulspineforastruggleagainstthatstruggleandtoward
somethingnoblerthanlifescircularebraceornonlifescoldcomforttrace

IvelistenedtothedevilsfifthmoreoftenthanelistenedtobeethovensI
hearinitevenmoreofgodandevenmoreofhumanfoiblesandevenmoreofmyown
melancholybalancedacrosstheshortandawfulspanbetweenjoyanddespair
Idlistentothedevilstenthifsuchexistedifithadntdevouredthedevilin
itsmakingtheninthisapotheosisandtheattemptbeyondtheninthisaplomb

whatshouldonedoatthevariousstagesofoneslifeinordertoshiftintothe
nextstagesofoneslifewhatarethelandmarksthatmustbenoticedwhereare
thebenezers thatcanbetrustedwhosthearbiterofmakingqualitychoices
orofourfatedchoosingifchoosingcaneverbesaidtobefatedifchoicescan
everbesaidtolackqualityifchoicesnoticedmeltormolderinthesunlight

wheniwasafourthofacenturyoldisatinapewlisteningtoatorturedrescue
ofthesensetobemadeofthescriptedthreatofreversinglifeanddeathlove
andhategivinghatetherewardandlovetheshaftandibegantoshakeinanger
knowingidrejectanyeternallifethatcameattheobscenelyunholypriceof
slanderingthislifetheonlyoneicanfeelandrememberthinkingwhatwager
wouldagoodgodmakeofsuchrecklessneglectofmyterriblytangiblybiased
sampleofasinglelifewhollyasitisidecidedidtrytohatethereligionand
lovethegodthatdidntgetcaughtinitsownnetownreversepsychologycurse

vanityandhumilityareanendlessregresseachbutkindnessfeelsuniquely
casebycaseaswhenacarranovergiacomettiandhessaidtohaveaidfinally
somethingishappeningtomeakindnessofakindtoostRICTforformulaethat
wouldplantheforestforusandhangusinourownhammocksathinterlandslip

forgetitchandetchtenandtwoarebothmotionsofawheelthatturnsmotions
intousitsnotonehandgiveswhattheothertakesorwhatsdifferentonehand
takeswhattheothergivesonesfeelingsaresomuchlessprecisethanthat
sinistersymmetrybetweenwantingtocarveandwantingtoscratchthetruth

timeswecantdivulgeorfullyunderstandwhywecantresolvewhattheharmis
madeofbesideshurtthefragrantuntilnoxiouswhileneveroverripesoilof
earththeichorofthemattertheruthlesstruthofthematterrisinguptoask
couldwedevolvetoapacidplacewhereevolutionsagainanopenquestion

theabysslooksintoyoutoosaidamanontheedgeofmadnessarguingwithalas

ifwepeerintothenearabysswellseewaysofbeingthatreirreconcilableto
eitherhappinessortruthorcontrolorhealthbutthatrenonethelessgrand

wouldthatwherewithalwereasgiventosubtextastocertain surreptitious
apophaticapophenicfusionssubtletysmocksitsselfprotectedfromplaint
butthewordjustmeanssubtextileorunderneaththeweavewherependantsgo
andhopesputunderweightofdemonsbetterdressedorsuitedforthiscircus

wouldthatIcouldgrabamonsterbyitsscuffandmakeitwitnessmysubtlety

whatever sense were in control of the motor periphery and overall sway of four
bodies were not to that same degree in charge of four minds which wind is a venue
of the vanewhich cardinal directions apply to a plane that was curved a whole
kindness only comes in according to a fortune cookie message icached intact

what would unconditional love look like to the monsters we make live beneath
us an open chest of fool's gold or a held stare more like static as in noise wire
of any temperature will harbor inside though many souls will try minimizing
it likening the suboptimal to a condition of the spine a curvature to be cured

homeopathic little hope is never more than enough but it might be the keen
kernel of the matter where spirit is concerned bubbled into bodies even as it
a jar homeostasis and refuse solemnity for life lifts a few things besides
the embodied temple sturn tempestuous where poisons and potions are porous

whatever you took from the cup can't be put back you should have let it pass from
your lips untouch'd and undiminished wine as blood soil as body leaf as shame
clouds as promise or you must be willing to accept the poison with little hope
of an antidote in the keen and fraught near time or in the peace of eventuality

I've been to places that beckon many and I've been to places that beckon few but I
can't postdict my memories to clear people from the landscape or populate all
of that bygone solitude with the tangled psyches of ultraconnection what we
hold most dear are the unbroken damaged spirits we've collected along the way

when one catches one's monster out of charm's way one may see panarchy in play or
panics slip away into the nothing special gaze of a starurgeon moon's reflection

whenonebreakstherules simply to break the rules it might be because they're stupid those particular rules or it might be because one's undisciplined and can't resist the urge to do one's self above the rules when being special might mean a fortitude to be exceptionally autonomous by outlasting one's monster it might also just be the case that to be true to one's self one must unilaterally insist on playing outside of the sandbox since these might someday reclaim what it gave even as it might restore what it took if one were to love the swerve of an unpredictable self for an independent other one might read or relation

i rolled a wooden ball over to a wall but it swaggered with the clinamen of auto nomy so i decided to break a rule of this arrangement maybe just this once as if the exception proves little on its own but does as the first phrasing was test the rule the exception tests rule and ruler alike in this companionate light

i rolled a wooden ball over to a wall but it swaggered with the clinamen of self determination it's self revisionism meeker than mine yet more surprising me than anything else that happened today how could this be when i myself kicked the small wooden formerly scented ball in full knowledge that it might not be spherical enough for a smooth ride and more importantly my lacquered wooden floor is no platonic plane though both the men who live here wipe it clean when there's been a spill however small however proud we should be to have survived the spell together in the middle of a humangaggle determined to change minds

look around in the polymathic origin of things and you'll see gemstone time didn't even try to erase being too flecked with abstract potential fulfilled in itself but not stopping there when looking back turn something to stone while others steady in the sightline of a stoic face that cranes back to smile

prowl about the aftermath and you'll find trinkets of worth through nuggets snow aglint in the stunning light raw treasure that was previously hidden before the disruptive storm came and scattered debris across our territory floods and gales bury and unbury and sometimes expose what we've all been waiting for

what were you worried about time you do decay you two handed twelve faced day you do leap from sleep the live long year from ancient babylon to hear us rattle on and tattle the best hiding spots we love to linger breathing in the scent of come what may become our bearings we wear in and wear out at once

the eros of erosion wind and water was earth and fire from us say when say when

when i was four i leapt from a second story window toward a metal trash can full of cut grass i missed my mark by just enough to topple the can and twist my ankle i wasnt mad about the ankle or its accompanying pain i was mad about the failed trajectory as i'd be when taken out to sea via my negligence on a windward shore

when i was four i pushed my presents around in an old stroller refusing to open them all christmas morning and afternoon my parents had begun to wonder was i in need of encouragement or something sterners some manner of wristslap that would explain what opening up means to others besides yourself glowing like

your launch to land in the can was as it as dangerous as it is endearing to portend
where we begin to be ourselves and worse or harder than that our archetypes as
one scast as a masculine need for accuracy testing risk and the others what if
not a feminine desire to milk and languor ambiguities into a apt expectation

one worries oneself and the whole family perhaps eventually will be swept to
disaster at sea and the other come to think of it worries precisely similarly

earth promises suffering together but it also offers solitary celebration
that which guides wisdom toward anonymity toward the interior job well done
there are lights that we never see the light of day though they know of whence
they came or I should say know in the humble sense of come to be of how things are

gambit originally meant a little leg of an attempt to trip another up for sake
of self advantage is it ledger domain or sacrifice pieces of one's
own soul to win back others in the ledger or doesthinking it that way overlook
the theft of god's light the vector or so of which are either misdirected or too
discernible than binary logic light has a fixed and finite speed but in our
mortal soil testament as if this realm is misquality control of an ethereal
product were kept in the pointed dark about though at times come to wondering
what glances off choices when light slows speed is zero or infinite either way

any of the sixty four squares on a chess board may hold the key to one's majestic
relinquishment to one's capitulating nod of assent we all need our open space
we all need our private space we all need our safe space although there's never
such a space not on this plane of resistance not a permanent space anyway one's
safety is as guaranteed as one's sanity light might be by limits as light might
know something of constancy but if let there be light comes upon one's mind as
unavoidable directive as the prime light of a propagated field on might as
easily refuse to remain a pawn and seek the upgraded queen of the far shore

reconciliation's seldom warranted peace is more likely to be real balanced
with kind it's more likely to be the tenuous recognition of words un-assembled

if wretchedness is as natural as catholicism is ecumenical then is evil
certain varieties of rationalizing our wretchedness when the uncertainty
is all we ever know of feeling it could survive my wretchedness the shades of
skylight continuous from blue to blank watched the days hospitalities you
couldn't know what it meant to me inside are everie from one end to the other self
im trying to higher and hurry up before i learn how to die in the achieved peace
i've had since i was young the others side of a confessed confusion this sense of
sufficiency that surrounds the actual making's light of four role in the ratio

I've been the numerator about as often as I've been the denominator and I'm often
relatively special when it comes to the uncelerity of tendertime what we see
as simultaneous momentum can also be described as good instincts for divide

if one were to skirt the subjunctive while dotting all of one's is on might see
light bend toward a false home flashed with searing counterpoint we section
off flips from eyelids as if they hadnt arisen from similar indentions of scum

hell pretends we suffer separately that shells lie and heavens light return
as light's haptic instant lights instant eternity lights open ended answers

systems of self protection wall off the impinging shadows of others for safe
removal as if the shadows of others could be safely parted without remainder

as if the shades could ever be drawn down far enough on the wide hearted moon
is up as high as the sun was the beast the most relatable character in any story
infected with a sense of humor and world weary wisdom mononucleosis tried
but if found it could not fear a mystery that could be kissed then missed by chance

as if the long and lengthening road to nowhere is not the most redeemable thing
about the most redeemable gloam I witnessed the best part of briefly being
lost without panic or purchase on the particular error that pronged us right
off course as if the course was really the vital part or could or should be ours

the density of shadow and the humidity of occlusion could give me trench foot

chiaroscuro will the darkness rub off or off on me is that even anything to worry
about your outh about you light striped devil or rakish under cover in three
to seven days past five o'clock shadow you shambler from shame less evening to
excuse my liminality I've never known how to pick sides when sides themselves
are agonies as if core belief and core desires should divide earthy dark from
divine delight as if sort is all and only what the bins before us mean as if sift
and allogamy could be enemies worth their sortiest talk and as if their mutual
sulk is anything but our allergy to seeding further ground to unknowability

would you trade your life for a working theory that played like as on evening
could not touch a song that burned right through wispy solitary miracles free
of any orthodox way to see the moments multiply time out forward and back to us
candle makers sus staffers of hand makers sus dreamers of these salvaged ravel

as obscure artists we've mutated into hunters and gatherers where our hunting
looks like etymology and our gathering resembles derivation we need not plow
or plant when we can pick and stab we need not die the median when we can margin an
edge or two or surf a broken crest or the swung rolling notion of a willing wave

differing as a idol from ideal or as idyll from ideal though the idle wheels real

if the idea has teeth it might turn the wheel if wheels can be moved at god's speed
the calling into being as a word made manifest by flick of tongue well sentence
our selves to an encumbered watch believing when seeing related when bloody
cupids many arrows might've bounced off of eyes brow but god's sharp click stuck

god's sharp clicks pluck up to a spinning mirror that told us the speed of flights
not infinite just impossible to reach by any means to be imagined by all means
we did not and don't know for sure for certainty is foreshadowing of determined
doom and dooms just another darkling flavor just another mood ere hearing