

Elements of Experiments

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Love Is Not All – Edna St. Vincent Millay

→

Art is Not All (Mad-lib Substitution)

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;
Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.
It well may be that in a difficult hour,
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,
Or trade the memory of this night for food.
It well may be. I do not think I would.

Art is not all: it is not paint nor water
Nor books nor a leaf across the rain;
Nor yet a writing spar to light that swims
And breathes and stops and leaves and drops again;
Love can not come the dry lung among people,
Nor live the blood, nor set the green station wagon;
Yet many a happiness is drinking wine with death
Even as you speak, for lack of whispers alone.
It best may dance that in a difficult winter,
Pinned before by time and moaning for campus,
Yet smiled by want past statue's power,
I might be driven to sell your hate for peace,
Or trade the tile of my night beside food.
You well may reach. I do not think I might.

**Hard Biscuit to Youngster
(Seven Words Below 'Happy Birthday' in the Dictionary)**

Hard biscuit to youngster
Hard biscuit to youngster
Hard biscuit deathly [insert name]
Hard biscuit to youngster

Howsoever old-time are youngsters nuanced?
Howsoever old-time are youngsters nuanced?
Howsoever old-time are youngsters, [insert name]?
Howsoever old-time are youngsters nuanced?

Are youngsters one-on-one?
Are youngsters two-pence?
Are youngsters three-point landing?
Are youngsters four-score ?
Are youngsters fixative?
Are youngsters sixth sense?
Are youngsters several?

He Thought, She Thought (With A Little Help From The Beatles)

She thought to herself "I know what it's like to be dead.
I know what it is to be sad"
And she's making me feel like I've never been born.

I thought to myself, in a moment of weakness,
"Who put all those things in your head?
Things that make me feel that I'm mad
And you're making me feel like I've never been born."

She thought to herself in a moment of weakness, that split second,
"you don't understand what I thought to myself in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered
under my breath"
I thought to myself in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under my breath, or coughed
mid-sentence "No, no, no, you're wrong"
When I was a boy everything was right
Everything was right

I thought to myself in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under my breath, or coughed
mid-sentence like a kid in class,
"Even though you know what you know
I know that I'm ready to leave
'Cause you're making me feel like I've never been born."

She thought to herself, in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under her breath, or
coughed mid-sentence like a kid in class irreverent to the lesson, "you don't understand what I thought to
myself
in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under my breath, or coughed mid-sentence like a
kid in class irreverent to the lesson someone's trying to teach him"
I secretly thought to myself in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under my breath, or
coughed mid-sentence like a kid in class irreverent to the lesson someone's trying to teach him "No, no,
no, you're wrong"
When I was a boy everything was right
Everything was right

I secretly thought to myself in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under my breath, or
coughed mid-sentence like a kid in class irreverent to the lesson someone's trying to teach him every
single day "Even though you know what you know
I know that I'm ready to leave
'Cause you're making me feel like I've never been born."

She said secretly thought to herself, in a moment of weakness, that split second, whispered under her
breath, or coughed mid-sentence like a kid in class irreverent to the lesson someone's trying to teach him
every single day of the year, she secretly thought to herself in a moment of weakness, that split second,
whispered under her breath, or coughed mid-sentence like a kid in class irreverent to the lesson
someone's trying to teach him every single day of the the year, she secretly thought to herself
"I know what it's like to be dead"
("I know what it's like to be dead")

I know what it is to be sad...

Snowball – Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.

I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for its head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first- it wet the bed.

Snowball (Homolinguistic translation)

I fashioned a sphere from microscopic crystals pounded into
rock, for me, the perfect arc
Who needs an arrow?
nestled in some ancient quiver, woodsy rest

my hand is cold within its glove
and only the opposable thumb still, while the rest rock
the center of gravity to my palm's heel;
then you run slightly askew

but on impact— I'd like to take your face, warm
inside this icy fist.

"The Singing Tree"

Jeffrey Lewis, this font looks like you,
Typewriter? Courier for your information
not that I'd have got that on my own
but writer's block poked me to open my i-tunes
and you were there singing about your singing tree
and now I'll turn you off
(there— now you're off)
so I can complete this poem in peace
without you lifting me to your notes
to drift to thoughts you make me think
because those are ripe for so many other poems
but not this one,

I don't actually want to say anything in this one
I don't want to feel anything
I don't want the urge to relate this to you
Just cuz I now know your name and I've mentioned it.
This poem is about wanting to unlearn names.

"The Singing Tree" (Recombination)

(there— now you're off)
so I can complete this poem in peace
without you lifting me to your notes
to drift to thoughts you make me think
because those are ripe for so many other poems
but not this one,

I don't actually want to say anything in this one
I don't want to feel anything
I don't want the urge to relate this to you
Just cuz I now know your name and I've mentioned it.
This poem is about wanting to unlearn names.
Jeffrey Lewis, this font looks like you,
Typewriter? Courier for your information
not that I'd have got that on my own
but writer's block poked me to open my i-tunes
and you were there singing about your singing tree
and now I'll turn you off

SUEÑO – Antonia Machado

Y era el demonio de mi sueño, el ángel
más hermoso. Brillaban
como aceros los ojos victoriosos,
y las sangrientas llamas
de su antorcha alumbraron
la honda cripta del alma.

—¿Vendrás conmigo? —No, jamás; las tumbas
y los muertos me espantan.

Pero la férrea mano
mi diestra atenazaba.

—Vendrás conmigo... Y avancé en mi sueño
cegado por la roja luminaria.
Y en la cripta sentí sonar cadenas,
y rebullir de fieras enjauladas.

Homophonic Translation

Swain, Oh!

The era elder money, oh demi-swain, oh in hell
moss hair more so. Bristles upon
comb, oh acerbic loose a horse, victory oh hose!

He, lass, angry and as llamas
they sue and torch a lumberer
alone decrypted they are, Ma.

—Then just can we go? —no, hummus alas,
too the embassy, lachrymose May is spot on.

Pear, oh the ferry amino
immediate straw attain a soba.

—Then just can we go... and I won't say in me, swain,
oh, say god, oh poor aluminum.
in the crypt descent the zone are containers
fear us and howl at us.

Original Poem

What if I say
“I LOVE YOU!”
could you not run away
or take it too grimly
or taste the slight dread
that flavors gravity?
I just need to shout
out the energy
that joy of liking
one person so much
and so lightly lets live it
aloud on a grey roof over the city
life—
and not worry what the words mean
but watch how they whoosh on the way out
like the widest laugh you ever heard.

English → Dutch → French → Greek → English*

That if I say I?
LOVE I YOU THE
„! “or I? or I?
doesn't trial the light
terror you have
pus doesn't take excessively [asplachna]
you leave this aroma'? ;
sernst?
It should I only shout I'? energy
this joy so that it keeps d'? a person
so much also so much late
little vivante
this loudly in a gris roof
with regard to the city the life
and that means the words
but the clock how [aytoes] whoosh in I'?
medium lymphatic gland
one day as widest you n'?
that [akoyetai] A [egnoia].i.

*Courtesy of BabelFish Dialect Engine

Sonnet # 148 –William Shakespeare

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight:
Or if they have, where is my judgement fled
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: No,
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view:
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find!

Sonnet # 148 (Dialect Translation)

Oh my god, boy-craziness has finally fucked my eyes
Because I'm clearly not seeing straight
Or if I still have 20/20 then, as The Zombies said, 'where is my mind'
That's supposed to be like 'hold up, Ms. Delusional!'
If I look at him and go "mmm, so fine"
Then who gives a shit about what anyone else thinks?
But what if I'm so desperate that I'm willing to sink
That low, than boy-crazy is blind while stable is seeing: Wrong,
How stupid, how could I be convinced I'm in touch with reality
While busy facebook-stalking and obsessing over texts
No wonder I've been such a mess:
Eyes get blurry after staring so long at a screen.
Ugh stupid boys, keep distracting me with my own melodramatics
Or everything will be so boring.

Leo Tolstoy

Listen to his tale.
earth, and he is so virtuous and noble that God will not
object the maintenance of the

throw itself into the arms of
of boys and girls running
life and knows how to live, he swayed to and fro with dignity
*souverains ne peuvent plus supporter cet**
The guests got up and took their leave, promising to return to
of its alliances...’, he spoke this last word with particular emphasis as if in
you, Pierre,’ said the same voice but gently

War and Peace

would speak after
And that would be splendid,’ said Pierre.
revoir! Goodbye! You hear her?

and approached them silently and with a look of
not begin to speak.
*dites-moi, comment vous allez, chere amie? ***

Pierre’s beaming
Europe. Our gracious sovereign
are saying
*crois—je ne vous connais plus, vous, n’etes plus mon ami, vous n’etes plus my****
everything before you, everything.

*sovereign can no longer support this

**tell me, how you will, dear friend?

***Think—I do not know you, you, are not my friend anymore, you are no longer

Fin-de-Siecle Vienna

Francis Joseph, with the support of the Catholic
Indeed, as civic action proved in—
no choices. Schnitzler deftly shows
- like the true tragedian
disengaged from the
emergence out of the political crisis of
-anti-Semitic Christian Socials and Pan-Germans, So—
Schnitzler was dangerous, explosive.
independent of its neighbors' weighty presence.
even the conservatives would remain passive
close of World War I, Maurice Ravel recorded in
lost its historical meaning
entrepreneurs.
vote of autonomous
in contrast to the Ringstrasse itself, which
example, the field of engineering, which are still deprived of art.
now took the form of an independent building, massive in feeling
now Victoria and Albert
any other single source, the great form built along

Tzara's Herringbone Cap

To a house
the kitchen table, the floor
had gone a little way
suffused with shame and
the shifty glaze—
I was too hairy,
let's have a look at the animals.
Jimmy comes in, slightly drunk
dead and gone
we all looked wrong
there was no hope for him this time.

**Fold in of “‘LOVE’ beyond the statue” and “Why it’s the 99.9%, not the 99%” –
The Daily Pennsylvanian, Wednesday February 8th, 2012.**

I remember walking past (the City of Brotherly Love), security guards, gardeners it is unlikely that many and the cleaning staff passers-by spend much time Quad every morning, want—considering their deepening to say something besides meaning. The careful com- an impersonal and clichéd position with its four stacked “Hi, how are you?” but not letters—three straight, not knowing what else to say. Tilted—has been appropri—I remember seeing the ated to words like “VOTE” same person sit alone every and “BEER.” The design, as day at 1920 Commons during a result, has become inde- NSO. Even though I sensedpendent from the word. Her loneliness, I did nothing. MoMA’s interpretation of however, with each day at the statue as having multiple Penn, I have grown to learn meanings could easily be ap-that we are all human made plied to love as a theoretical up of skin, flesh, and bones. Notion as well. Love is both a, at the most fundamental levnoun and a verb—both wordel, we also share the same types have multiple applicafeelings—the tingle in our tions within them. According stomachs we get before a big to the New Oxford American midterm, the giddiness we Dictionary, the modern word feel when we see someone we comes from the Old English like and the sinking feeling *lufu* a term with Germanic in our hearts when our day origins as well as connect-turns sour. Tions to the word for ‘desires’.

“All humans have the in Sanskrit *lubhyati*. Same basic desires: to feel in 2009 the website Big loved and accepted, to feel think compiled a series of worthy and appreciated and videos that asked, “What to ultimately make others is love?” Famed 1949 Penn happy, my Biology profess-trained linguist Noam Chomsor Karen Hogan wrote in an sky said, “I just know it...has are described as ‘the best’ or so why do we frequently ‘the greatest ever’”. All such underestimate our ability to claims can’t be true. Deal with other people on a “I really love a select group daily basis? Whether he or of people,” he said. Adding, “if she is a classmate who has you really do love someone it been grouchy lately or a pro— is nice to tell them often. Lifefessor who seems unwilling is hard, stressful and it feels to understand extenuating good to know that someone circumstances, we see our really does love you.” Selves as incapable of affect.

As it turns out, I now thinking them. My dad had it right all along. We convince ourselves if love is so complex that even that we are different from Chomsky can’t quite pin down the people we interact with its meaning, it should be said every day, causing us to be selectively—but often. Come fearful and cautions in today, love is a term I try our actions. But our status as to save for family, my clos-humans automatically givesest friends and that elusive us the hidden ability to un-romance. So if you have anyderstand another’s feelings doubt that I love you, you are and adjust our behavior ac-probably rightcordingly.



Prose Poem After Mi-Kyoung Lee

I hear from the guard that it's the center of the storm, this yellow willow, I wonder what it's like to live inside it. The windows of the gallery, gentle Gothic, slant across on the right—I want to live in that corner of this yellow forest where light steals the pigment from the threads themselves and air becomes color; it falls to the floor in perfect hyperbola, unfurling, tendrily outwards on the floor, like a mermaid's hair; like I'd always try to emulate in the bathtub or pool or on my pillow, the ends, delicate as ripples. Then up, most miracle, in the knot that grips the threads together there is something beautiful about the heaviness of happiness, weight like a violin chord, silk that can tear you in half: how is it held as if from floss (less than that)? Frayed strings show the terrible part of fragility; the suicide wish in precariousness. At the top there's no room for even that,
just the decision to exist.

Come, let's make light of a hurricane.

Sonya Clark, "Mother of Pearl" (Hair of artist and her mother)

In a wooden bowl
in her open right hand
lies the egg of her origin.

(there is the beauty in fragility)



Shadows of Tradition

Above me, that's *paper*
floating in a breeze I can't feel.
It caresses the air almost independently.

If I wore such paper as a scarf
it would tear within two minutes.
I think of Paramecium, Amoeba,

for some reason, knights in castle halls...
I want to nestle against nothing I can see.
I want to be that sensitive to stimulus.

Autopiloting a Plane (For Approximately 40 Minutes)

Wooh, here I go. I think it's appropriate to be writing this on a plane. God it's already hard to not anticipate, not think about what I'm gonna write or say ahhh it's making it harder to think already. Okay. What do I want to think about or write about? I guess I'll just record what I'm thinking and what's going on around me. Right now it's 3:13 on my computer. Which means it's—oh god I'm so bad at math and for once that's inhibiting my process of writing! What time is it in California...in the air above California? Nevada? Somewhere above the rockies? I can't see out the window so I assume we're above the rockies, maybe an hour west of San Francisco. I wish I had the window seat—I love the window seat and writing on planes is sometimes such a high. Writing high, literally. A very different high than high writing, high altitudes. That's another thing, writing continuously while knowing that the class is going to see this is hard because how can I stop myself for thinking, and therefore writing things I wouldn't want the whole class to see? How do you avoid the pink elephant? By thinking about smaller pink elephants? Pink elephant miniatures, glass pink elephants at a christmas market like they have all over Europe and try to copy here. The stewardess just brought my brother some sprite. Asked my dad if he wanted seltzer. Not that this is interesting but it's work for my fingers to do. While I'm writing, I'm listening to a Jeffrey Lewis album. I know this is the second time I've included this in my writing for this class—and funny, the song that is now playing is called “Time Trades” I think. I would check if I could stop typing. It's so hard to type this now because I really just want to listen. I love this song. Maybe I'll transcribe some “because you're looks are gonna leave you and your citie's gonna change too—there's a way that time can offer you a trade...blab la bla where is the music—flutes mmm flutes I never liked flutes before, I thought they were too docile or something but I suppose it's all about context context context context context it could be anything it could be expertise in middleeastern travelling lajsdfjaldjf this really is so hard to transcribe when there's a pause in the lyrics and aithe theitn hth this randing typing is just so that I keep typing wooh I need to center myself. So I've decided recently to try to trade more decently.” Those are the last lines. I think they're lovely. If I had more time I wouldn't have written “I think they're lovely” because that doesn't quite capture how I feel about them, lovely really only works in very specific contexts otherwise it sounds pretentious or I don't know, hard to get away with. Anyway, now “Colt Boyfriend” has come on. This is a great song. The lyrics are great. Haha great great great, so descriptive right? I think I am unfortunately into the colt boyfriend type. But I'm not going to write about this now, lets talk about background music. What time is it? 3:22. He's talking about flannery o'connor and haggis. Haggis! Suicidally alone and then totally smothered—his lyrics, not my mind. Just making sure. Hmmm now what, now what, what can I grab onto and then follow with my fingers? Haggis? Haggis works. Haggis tastes like refried brisket. Everyone should try it. Wooh. There was a pause. Not sure what song this is currently, but the opening cords are soft. “The Land Before Time” okay I think this is a place where I can take a bit of a break from paying attention to the music—not because I like this less, just because it's softer. Interesting how when

you can't take time in between writing form kind of disappears. I haven't started a new paragraph since I've started writing. It's not 3:24. That means its 12:24 in San Francisco. God it's so lame that I couldn't figure that out before. Frightening, frightening lapses in intelligence, but I suppose my excuse is that my fingers are occupied and I'm a finger counter. That's not what it's called. Counting on fingers? Ben's eating lunch now. Ben is my brother. He's going to Northwestern next year. He's eating a subpar looking bagel with turkery? Chicken. And pesto. Subpar because it isn't a new york bagel and those are the only bagels that work in every sense. Outside bagels pretend to work and in some ways they do. But you know, ugh I don't have anything else to say about bagels. What now even more legroom, but really what it says is space. S P A C E. Good job jetblue, form and content. Should I talk about space? Space in an airplane. Here's what I think about airplanes. Whenever I fly I feel slightly outside of life. I mean that everywhere on the ground people are living out their lives in their respective towns or cities or whathaveyou. But on airplanes people are just passing time in the air. In transit. I always feel like I end up back in transit. It's so hard to think intelligent sounding thoughts when all of your thoughts have to be vocalized. Worded I mean. People have thought that there is no thought without language but I don't think that can be true as a result of this excersize. Shit there's a pause in the music—but that's just exactly it. Why do those pauses make me so uncomfortable in this context? Why? Why? I'm repeating these why's when I lose my train of thought, if you were wondering. You're not wondering, I'm just stalling oh no they're offering snacks j lj lj j the wht d you have the thand animals thand mix the authe theat's the only thing athand antd thea;the chips chps thep thep tha[th 'atheanth antoa alskdj a;slkd cci lost my earhpones oh no oh no oh no oh no and athe what and than twhat ahnt iteera chips and ogot what is happening ant int and the my where be the oh my god what is thaenn thankd you dadant ej 'the woah that was SOO dysfunctional. Apologies. I had to interact with the stewardess and be typing at the same time. And I'm a decisive person in general so I had to be typing and deciding wht type of snack I wanted. Tough times. Mad tough times. And now I have blue terra chips which I don't even think I want. Had to ask my dad to put in my headphones back for me. I think it's time for a new paragraph!

I guess grammar is for organizing away from chaos. New paragraphs are really just new starts. Pauses and begin agains. Paragraphs and stanzas and such and new verses. Still listening to Jeffrey Lewis but I don't think writing about this song will give me much to talk about. Ben's also watching some tv. Some paid for movie. I have 80 percent battery left on my computer. It's 3:34/12:34 or something in between. Time zones are hard to know. When you don't know, if that makes sense. And now jeffrey's voice just got really loud and hard to ignore, ignore rhyming with a word he just said. Okay so it's been a good amount of time I think. Thirty thirty thirtyish which is what umm maybe ten minutes? I promise I can do numbers better but I don't have time to think so I'm just making stupid guesses in order to be writing. When we used to do free-writes in middle school I would get this awful physical feeling. I felt like my fingers were exploding, like a build up of pressure or something. Ugh damnit now I'm getting git again. Obligatory is a physically stifling feeling. Is it though? It's weird to be able to

not think before thinking...no not think before thinking, pause before thinking. People say think before speaking, maybe it makes some sense to say pause before thinking or maybe pausing is one of the most important elements of thinking? Now what um my seat is in the middle of my dad and brother. An now what there are clouds outside, obviously. It's Sunday. Tomorrow's Monday. The day after that is Tuesday "I didn't major in math" says Jeffrey Lewis. He's talking about bathtubs and cabs. And I'm trying to think about things to think about. Type to learn, good thing that's over with. I do wonder what this exercize would be like handwritten. I guess that's a different experiment. Typing does let you get more down quicker. Batman, just because the screen my brother is watching reminds me of batman, no it's really spiderman but batman came quicker. I wonder how those chips actually are. Perhaps I'll try them when I finish this exercize. I want to finish on a better note than this. This is getting pretty pathetic and boring and mundane. Another pause in the music. Pauses pauses pauses that I don't have in my repertoire right now. Pausing is a luxury. Luxuries are also satin and lace and clichéd pairings like satin and lace and other things that are lyrics in the sound of music but that I love anyway. Brown paper packages tied up with strings, those words are truly some of my favorite things, a few of my favorite things, excuse me. The seatbelt sign is off. Ugh. This is my favorite song on the album. Water leaking. Water has no way of stopping. I don't know how to reconcile listening to this and writing. I first really listened to this for the second time—contradition but whatever—I am trying to say something with that—coming back from class in Edinburgh. And I was so happy. And so tired. I think I had just pulled an all nighter. Happy in a mellow way. Happy in almost a sad pensive way but that's a happiness I'm very okay with. One of the things I love about concerts is how close people are. In crowds. Something about breathing adds to the music. Live music live music repetition is another way of stalling. And another thing about writing while listeining to music "water has no way of stopping" and all I want to do is stop to listen to it, the water and the music and everything I want to stop and embrace but this gets into territory that maybe I shouldn't get into but what other choice is there, the other choice is to keep writing words because words avoid the thing itself. And now music. I just want to listen. I am listening. I'm listening without LISTENING and there's a difference, I' hearing without listening but I guess it's still beautiful. I want to be there, and tired again. I will be there and tired again. And that state is like this song. This song, is long but not long enough, that was just to rhyme because rhyming is a good way of mindlessly thinking words. Red car on screen. The song is about to end and then I'm going to be utterly tempted with a pause. But it's 3:46 on my computer screen which means it's been a half an hour. I'm not sure if this gets easier or harder. It vacillates. And then everytime I think I'm getting somewhere it gets messed up by the fact that I have to keep typing. The theme of this must be my revocation (is that a word? It must be because it's not spellcheck-squigglyed but I'm not sure if I used it correctly) but the theme is my revocation of this method. But maybe I would never have known I know this way about pauses had it not been for this exercize so maybe I should do it more often from now on, ten minutes a week? That might be a good way to get material. I always say in writing

that I follow some current in my fingers but I think that's shameless hyperbole now. But then maybe there really is a difference between typing and writing.

Wow. The album is over. That's my cue to stop and weirdly, I don't really want to. Or have to I guess I should say. But I'm going to. Soon. Not this moment. But soon. In the meantime I'm not sure what I'm doing, I just don't feel like stopping. How do you stop when the whole exercise is to keep going? How can you be satisfied when your goal is the process and not the result. Turbulence. I'll wait for that cough, which is very self-referential but everything in your own life is self-referential or maybe that's a possibility at least. Generalizations, I've been told, are dangerous. Flying is dangerous but much safer than driving and so not dangerous at all, only appears to be so to little children. Little children is the name of a book I think. Could be wrong about that.

Writing Through Writing A Poem

(transcribed from a notebook)

Let's see if it's any different on paper
~~The paper's yellow~~ yellow paper for one thing
(I liked that better
but I wouldn't have ~~written~~ said as much
if I weren't writing all I ~~was th~~ thought.
I'm calm. It's been a long day
I guess I'm not thinking too much
which is nice
How short, where is the ending line?
Pause—I do like those
and the next blank space [line] is beckoning?
Spelling. That thing where English professors
don't know how to spell.
I think that's a kind of pride
I understand very well.

Upon Waking, Poem that Didn't get Written

Sheets, mouth clamped too tight
mmm this line would be good for that poem,
get up now, or forget
just a twist, reach arm across to desk
for a writing utensil...how cold that would be
my bare arm and dizzy, not enough sleep
sleep just three more minutes mmm
and then up and write, maybe
maybe not

I forgot

In-during Through

Between: before, after—
towards ‘at’. Towards ‘during’. Throughout ‘in’.

Of: against, beside, near.

Pass by, pass up, over with,
up against, until over, up/down.

About to...

[beside beyond. behind until]

around about: down to, up for, down for, up to?

Except for without.

By pass.

Across from: Of against, beside, near.

Near to, near by, for after

from with in, from without. In between; through to.

over before, off until...

Of above; of after. Of against, of beside, of near.

Parts of Speech

I wonder about honesty. Honestly, a tricky ‘but’
because it compromises power. Truly, from the murkiest
matter in me, there is a fervent though
wavering resolve: fuck everyone else. For beside a
version of the acceptably and slippery, you remain
soundlessly swearing this truth; that the all-important between
us is worth much more than a ‘but’—
For you, the whole is yet not enough.

I.O.U. (Eunoia Poem)

It is compulsory to pinpoint how with him, this diction is pluvius. Implusion into
notorious confusion, voicing conscious omission, I doubt this disposition to support such
focus on humid mouth music in which I irrupt furious inhibition, confirm prior
subconscious thought through fulfilling our glorious friction. Withstood collision, our
glowing implusion, induction through our chorions, fusion to fruition in luscious coitus.
No substitution: throughout luxurious hours, mornings including robins without
windows, lunchroom lions, your intuition found touch; thumbing through millions,
trillions, jillions, zillions of nouns.

20 words

egg, challenged, trademark, swan, you, than, haven, not, the, bongo, hiphop, bedcovers, starved, of, in, known, soapy, night, marmalade, sculpture

1.
in bongo bedcovers,
the hiphop haven
of soapy night sculpture,
you trademark swan marmalade
known not than in the egg.

2.
hiphop night in bongo:
soapy, starved →
marmalade? Eggs
in you; bedcovers
challenged of sculpture
bedcovers starved of
known night than
bedcovers; soapy
—not the known haven,
not swan sculpture,
(not the bongo hiphop!)—
of the trademark night challenged

3.
The trademark in
marmalade bongo,
hiphop (known),
sculpture (not known),
soapy swan,
night haven (not),
challenged egg
of you

Multiple Choice

Death by:

- a) drought
- b) drowning

Fall by:

- a) fame
- b) fortune

Bide by:

- a) binary
- b)

Live by:

- a) loving
- b) loathing

Stand by:

- a) stone
- b) stream

Synchronicity Poem

I'm dozing awake while occasionally typing
and they've been playing Daniel Johnston for the past hour and a half.
Outside, it smells more like spring than March, like May
or junetime barbeque, dusk is fading to the kind of blue
that makes me want to flirt quietly. Slow, filled with lots of pauses
and sips of beer, and crickets croaking, and flies resting as if on our lips
a pleasant buzz. It should be that kind of night but it's not
it's March, there is no breeze in Green Line,
Emily texts me about the paper she has yet to start
and I am in the same position.

I type. He sketches words with a pen. She reads and clicks around
and they're both wearing headphones, so at least three songs are playing
at the moment. Across the room there's chatter about sleeping habits,
a barista cleaning up, we're stragglers and there are 16 of us.
A dreadlocked man passes by the big bold windows twice;
(On an island across the ocean, Sunday night is full-fledged
flanked by now with brown-black and music from the street
more mainstream than this.

I'm dozing awake, sitting I merely speculate but)
he's on his way somewhere probably just down the block,
the lower forties in West Philly, only
the chorion of this college campus.

Diachronicity

You boarded a plane and it took off.
That was in September, you danced
your first ceilidh, his head bounced above the others
he reached his zenith an inch short of six feet
but maybe that milestone is a point in the future,
and is there a location to changes like height
like width, like love when it becomes fact?
(You wrote to a friend, you wrote words on a desktop,
you looked at the screen reflecting Philadelphia,
and it was just *true*.)
Height, height had an address in October,
on the edge of Arthur's Seat,
on a Scottish Pride Rock,
first thing in the morning, a 7:30 sunrise.
On the first of January day broke again,
wind cracked it on the hillside closer to nine
sealed your mouths shut, kept your eyes open.
Later, everyone slept.
You walked for hours alone,
you walked with one end of a spruce tree for Christmas,
one night in December you smoked
and it was the best high of your life.
He made you a Highland playlist,
you rode through the Rannoch Moor and listened,
you brunched till it was dark with them
you come back, you know,
you don't know when.
You felt so much the music,
that breath behind your neck at the gig
the room was dim, maroon, and filled
up to The Third Door, something Lothian,
here, right here, on the 17th floor,
blasted by brightness from a high-rise window
you think to yourself *what is this moment?*
And the pressure of the present is absurd
in its absolute irrelevance
to the string of moments you'll remember.

Follow Your Own Directions

Take the bus, 26 going east
Catch it on Princes Street,
Past Portobello and Musselburgh,
One stop beyond non-functional railroad tracks
To the grey town with murals.

That's when to get off, wander around
And you'll find the brewery or museum maybe,
Behind it is a junkyard, and a pub
But it will be closed by the time you're there
After all that commute.

Kick around awhile through the garbage
You'll come upon a rusty old key
You'll know its worth by its weight on your hand
Use it to open the pub. Or
Slip it in your pocket. Offer it offhand,

to a girl back at your starting point.
She'll take it, put it on a chain she's been wearing
For years, that came from her closet light bulb
A better version of a locket
For one reason or another, it will mean a lot.

Memoir

Choice is paralyzing.
Process of Elimination produced Penn
Gut chose Edinburgh. Gut (chose)
never looked back; feeling shifts tectonically
but usually according to pattern,
directionally consistent motion
and relative to the same globe.
Reason is endless. Back and forth
between two poles, perhaps one hundred.
There is no human way to move between poles
in an instant, over an hour even.
Prefer slow shifting, microscopic momentum
Settling into place.

1.

Amaretto
Affogato
Capogiro
o'Clock

2.

short poems
long nights

long nights
short poems

3.1.

i was going
to write poems
but then i
read too many

3.2.

deleting Facebook has
made me realize
it's really only
you I'm hoping
to hear from;

all I have
to say is
I miss you.

Is it strange
that we come home
and sit with our
computers
in the same room?

O'Hara
O'How I
Adore you

I.
Love
the one you're with
but what
if you're not with
anyone?

II.
"Love The One You're With"
but what if
it's the with you're without?

that's all for tonight.

f
o
melancholia
o

living
in two
separate time-zones simultaneously

don't
just go
on without me?

even
though I
know I would

every
one fears
its impermanence, lack

of being for good.

She Fell in Love for the First Time at Twenty

21.
please please
let it happen
twice in a row

Tea Time (After Joni Mitchell)

i.
all I really really want
is for someone to offer me tea

ii.
all I really really want
is one 'yes, actually'
when I offer it up

iii.
it's no extra effort
just pouring for you
what I've already got

Oktoberfest

is a beer
your fall kick best
consumed at 40° Fahrenheit
making me thirsty.
Oktoberfest is oktoberfest is a german beer festival
held every year in September
coming a little early this year and i' m sure you won't complain
Oktoberfest is coming to town
a scam enjoyed in one form or another in cities
pleased to announce that we have a new official hotel
in the Cleveland airport Sheraton

Boxing Day

Boxing Day is a holiday in Britian
the feast day of St. Stephen,
the English celebrating putting down the boxer rebellion

and making the Chinese buy opium.
A Canadian plot to try and steal credit for inventing corrugated cardboard
Boxing Day is? i have always wondered

is a day not known in the usa: *the one following christmas*
celebrated in Australia
'Boxing Day is like its own holiday to be celebrated'

hangover recovery time
respite in which to recover from the carnage of Christmas
shopping before facing the reality of credit card bills.

Spent relaxing at sea before arriving back in Genoa
a most excellent holiday
is for ninnies and saps.

is that there is always something interesting in the house
to make your sandwiches from, a band from Lancaster,
is peter ford's birthday so we think he deserves a bigger picture.

New York

Too great a city—
is family friendly
is no place for Olympics
the quick and easy way to sell your car.

27th largest state in the usa,
New york is a new york city:
is book country, is still downtown
situated in manhattan on fifth avenue and 55th street

[one of the approved charities
one of the oldest and most respected civil war-
living-history-organizations, New York
is now available, is starting to feel]

like brezhnev's Moscow,
having a ball without the snow,
just behind december in its color
is the east coast's finest brewing show

330 miles long and 283 miles wide
a land of great scenic beauty
is a densely packed mass of humanity
New york is a catastrophe

a place where all the earth's ends meet
is now
is nuked
is not enough.

Edinburgh

is good for you
is probably the castle
is built on hills and is home;
there is almost always a view

Edinburgh is a year, 20
perched on a number of extinct volcano cones and rocky crags
and has a brooding jewel in Scotland's crown
joy to walk around,

hard to beat
one of europe's most beguiling, Great Britain's
most popular big city with backpackers
is not a big city.

Edinburgh is like that:
situated on the firth of forth
zonder twijfel het majestueuze edinburgh castle
Edinburgh is to be found in Edinburgh's libraries

something you'll never forget.
City that I love unabashedly
Edinburgh is just downright beautiful
is breathtakingly beautiful, beautiful

like trying to hold a tiger by the tail

Philly

the oldest and he was born in Washington
incredible hoops history
the boss' badlands
my bitch
city of murals about the criminal justice system
more than cheesesteaks and hoagies
no more than a misdimeaner
a support group for individuals who have been diagnosed with at least one
of the recognized sleep disorders—
is a student, bleak,
disciplined collection about fractured romance
a lesser version of itself
called wawa, nice place and all Philly
is great compared to the imposters outside of Philly
is so chilly dirty beautiful in quirky ways
your connection to all this

Pits (The Worst Poem I Can Imagine)

Sometimes I wish I had never met you
You, who vanquished my soul like a thousand mountains being chopped off at the same
time
And smushed together and plopped on my head,
You who sucked every last drop of blood straining to cling to my heart
And yet somehow, it still goes on beating.
Oh, Edward! I am Bella crying out to you in a deserted forest
Where there used to be lilacs and butterflies and is now only
Desolation.
Despair.

E m p t i n e s s

I long for you but you have cast me out forever. I used to dream
Of stretching out for you in the sun after emerging from a pool like a slender Leopard,
drops of glistening liquid clinging to my fat-free body.
I used too...
Now I wish I had never met you
Or that my memory would sacrifice itself for dolphins, blue whales, and other animals
and become extinct forever.

Facebook Timeline (Data-mining)

i didnt get sucked in to have time line **Sunny Cloud**. Me neither The thing is it is
free The old saying is you get what you pay for. Works at I'm my own boss I
remember here a while back everyone wanted the old wall back but did they listen
no! No this is not a democracy...We do not get to vote.... Could be publicity when
the news reports on how many hate it and have heard many say they will delete
their page! have never come across such childish people in my whole life. Grow up!
It's free, it's better. It's two columns instead of one (chronologically). Is that too far
out of your grasp? I cannot understand all this juvenile paranoia! Probably people
will quit cause this is stupid. the only thing I like about timeline is the cover photo.
I'm deleting my fb this weekend it looks like. **Sunny Cloud** · Top Commenter
Google Plus is awesome Nothing is perfect in the world, so I can accept Timeline
like it is.

Data-mining: A Collage of Depressive or Otherwise Gloomy Fragments on FACEBOOK (As Told By Urbandictionary.com)

You wake up.

*It's a sunny 2008 summer. You log onto facebook, and at the top of your screen, it says: "Soon, the new facebook will be the only facebook. Try it now!"
Your thinking- "WTF?"*

Then it happens.

There are reactions almost immediatley, and when you click on the group application, all you can see is:

*PETITION AGAINST THE NEW FACEBOOK!
1,000,000 STRONG AGAINST THE NEW FACEBOOK!
THE NEW FACEBOOK SUCKS!
CHANGE THE FACEBOOK BACK!
WE WANT THE OLD FACEBOOK BACK!*

and so on.

*But, eventually, I think most people got used to the new facebook. Everyone still misses the OLD facebook, but we had to adjust. A couple months later..... "There will be a new home page coming soon"
Your thinking- "WTF? AGAIN?"*

Then it happens. AGAIN.

This new home page is something different- absolutely cluttered with advertisements and useless information that we don't want to know. The home page is full of other people's wall to walls, status updates, and so on. We can barely tell what is what! Then you click on your profile, hoping they didn't change the profile layout.

and guess what.

THEY DID.

*"Call me mr. facebook, i can make your grades drop"
-to the tune of bedrock-*

A stalker's dream come true. Facebook is like prison, you write on walls and poke random people. A tool used to stalk people you are secretly jealous of. Dont let it fool ya, it can be embarrassing when you start a convo with them thinking your their friend when they dont know who you are. Epic fail. A cause of insomnia. The reason my papers are never done on time: *need to write report = facebook time!* The place to show your friends how much better your life is than theirs

Also known as: the highly addictive drug: crack. A web site where you go to see how fat and ugly all of your old "friends" have become and to see how many babies the fine bitches from HS school have shit out. A place to read stupid ass comments about how much being a parent is a pain in the ass. A perpetual, modern day, high school reunion from Hell where people voluntarily upload all their personal information so that random people they have only met once, formally known as "friends", can track whatever they are doing for the rest of their lives. *Mark Zuckerberg has destroyed Facebook.* I believe Facebook was created by the devil himself to destroy lives, crush reality and rip the living souls from good people as well as bad, hopefully, one day, it will be returned to its rightful owner and the good people will be allowed to live loving and beautiful lives instead of perpetual torment caused by the uncaring, insensitive people who flit around on the outskirts of their lives just waiting to pounce. *Man, I wish I was born 20 years earlier. Fuck Facebook in the face!!!* Tend imaginary farms and gardens. *It's just disastrous, what have they done this time? they've combined the statuses, with the wall posts, with everything else you did. YOU CAN BARELY TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR OWN STATUS AND OTHER PEOPLE'S WALL POSTS!*

The only book teenagers read these days.

Facebook friends are just my internet friends. Most of them don't mean shit to me and I find myself on it everyday. One of my friend's said to me, "Oh my god! You don't have a Facebook! Do you have a life?" Very, VERY ironic. *Who gives a shit, who gives a fuck. Get off facebook and GO FOR A WALK!*

The digital holocaust. The arbiter of truth.

Q: Where did you learn that?

A: Facebook told me.

Q: Oh well in that case, you must be correct, because facebook is the arbiter of truth.

GOOGLING

1.
Searching. Coined by popular use of google.com.
If you can't find any more information about hydrothermodynamics, I can do some googling for you.
 - v. To look for information about something using Google.
I know he lives in MI because that's where the radio station on his shirt is from. (I did a little Googling.)
 2.
The act of researching things on Google.com
I was googling to no avail.
Googling 1971 Dodge Chargers is impossible.
 3.
a way to pass the time at work.
a method by which one can surreptitiously stalk the hot chick in accounting who is oblivious to your existence.
how I found a Paris Hilton download.
'Jetson, your googling will cost you your job'
 4.
The act of walking around town and taping "Googlie Eyes" to various inanimate objects, pictures, and signs to add humor. *Googling the fruit in the grocery store always unexpectedly brightens peoples' days.*
 5.
Looking yourself,
neighbours,
friends
and family
up on search engines
to find out
about hidden crimes
and dodgy photos.
 6.
Using a search engine (esp. Google) to cheat.
 7.
googling google:
This literally refers to the act of going to GOOGLE.com
and searching g-o-o-g-l-e. However,
this is actually a very dangerous act. Googling google is like
playing Russian Roulette,
crossing the streams (Ghostbusters),
or a hole in the space-time continuum (Back To The Future).
What ever you do, do not google 'google' if you wish to stay safe.
- It is BAD
Please, let me drive you home... you have had too much to drink... you don't want to be googling google on a night like this.

Only A Northern Song – The Beatles

If you're listening to this song
You may think the chords are going wrong
But they're not
He just wrote it like that

When you're listening late at night
You may think the band are not quite right
But they are,
They just play it like that

It doesn't really matter what chords I play
What words I say or time of day it is
As it's only a Northern song.

It doesn't really matter what clothes I wear
Or how I fare or if my hair is brown
When it's only a Northern song.

If you think the harmony
Is a little dark and out of key
You're correct,
There's nobody there
and I told you there's no one there

Deforming It's Only A Northern Song While Listening To It's Only A Northern Song

Yes I am listening
Yes they do sound a little ominous
Oh really
It's only 10:58
They're the Beatles!
Yeah, play it play it
No, because the Beatles can do no wrong
Because England's in the north?
Musical interludes give me time
But you still influence haircuts
In the southern hemisphere too
It is dark and out of key
I'm correct!
Where am I?
Okay, I get the point.
...

Adaptation 1 (free)

If you're listening to this song you may think
the chords are going wrong but they're not he

just wrote it, like that when you're listening
late at night you may think the band are not quite

right, but they are, they just play it
like that it doesn't really matter what chords

I play what words I say or time of day
it is as it's only a Northern song it doesn't

really matter what clothes I wear or how
I fare or if my hair is brown when it's only

a Northern song if you think.
The harmony is a little dark and out

of key you're correct, there's nobody
there and I told you there's no one there

Adaptation 1 (free)

Yes
I am listening
Yes
they do sound a little omi
nous
Oh really it's only 10
:58
They're the Beatles! Yeah
play it
play it
No,
because the Beatles can do no
wrong
Because England's in the North
?
Musical interludes give me time
But
you still influence hair
cuts
in the southern hemisphere
too
it is dark and out of key I'm
correct!
Where am I? Okay, I get the
Point
....

Adaptation 2 (six syllable lines—the amount in the title)

If you're listening to this song you may think the chords are going wrong but they're not he just wrote it like

that when you're listening late at night you may think the band are not quite right but they are, they just play it

like that it doesn't really matter what chords I play what words I say or time of day it is as it's only a Northern

Adaptation 3 (4 word lines—amount in the title)

If you're listening to this song you may think the chords are going wrong but they're not he just wrote it like that when you're listening late at night you may think the band are not quite right but they are, they just play

it like that it doesn't really matter what chords I play what words I say or time of day it

song. It doesn't really matter what clothes I wear Or how I fare or if my hair is brown when it's only a Northern song.

If you think the harmony is a little dark and out of key you're correct, there's nobody there and I told you there's no

one there.

is as it's only a Northern song. It doesn't really matter what clothes I wear or how I fare or if my hair is brown when it's only a Northern song if—

you think the harmony is a little dark and out of key you're correct, there's nobody there and I told you there's no one.

There.

Adaptation 2 (six syllable lines)

Yes I am listening Yes they do sound a little ominous oh really it's only ten: fifty-eight they're the Beatles! Yeah, play it, play it No, because the Beatles can do no wrong because England's in the north? Musical interludes give me time but you still influence haircuts in the southern hemisphere too It is dark and out of key, I'm correct! Where am I? Okay, I get it...

Adaptation 3 (4 word lines)

Yes I am listening Yes they do sound a little ominous oh really it's only 10:58 They're the Beatles! Yeah, play it play it no because, the Beatles can do no wrong Because England's in the North? Musical interludes give me time but you still influence haircuts in the southern hemisphere too It is dark and out of key I'm correct! Where am I? Okay, I get it
....

Adaptation 4 (word pyramid, min-max = 2-10—shortest/longest word lines)

If you're
listening to this
song you may think
the chords are going wrong
but they're not he just wrote
it like that when you're listening late
at night you may think the band are
not quite right but they are, they just play
it like that it doesn't really matter what chords I

play what
words I say
or time of day
it is as it's only
a Northern song, it doesn't really
matter what clothes I wear or how
I fare or if my hair is brown
when it's only a Northern song if you think
the harmony is a little dark and out of key

You're correct,
There's nobody there
and I told you
there's no one there

Adaptation 5 (3:29—3 words;29 letters)

If you're listening
to this song you may think the chord
s are going wron
g but they're not he just wrote it li
ke that when you'
re listening late at night you may t
hink the ban
d are not quite right but they are th
ey just play
it like that it doesn't really matt
er what chord
s I play what words I say or time of da
y it is a
s it's only a Northern song it doesn
't really matter wh
at clothes I wear or how I fare or if m
y hair is brow
n when it's only a Northern song if yo
u think the harmon
y is a little dark and out of key you'
re correct there's nobo
dy there and I told you there's no on
e there

Adaptation 4 (2-10 word pyramid)

Yes I
am listening yes
they do sound a
little ominous oh really it's
only 10:58 they're the Beatles! yeah,
play it, play it no, because the
Beatles can do no wrong because England's in
the north? Musical interludes give me time but you
still influence haircuts in the southern hemisphere
too it is

dark and
out of key
I'm correct! Where am
I? Okay, I get it.
...

Adaptation 5 (3:29)

Yes I am
listening yes they do sound a little
e ominous oh reall
y it's only 10:58 they're the Beatl
es! Yeah, pla
y it play it no because the Beatles c
an do no wro
ng because England's in the North? M
usical interludes
give me time but you still influence
e haircuts in th
e southern hemisphere too it is dar
k and out o
f key I'm correct! Where am I? Okay I
get it. ...

Dilemma – David Budbill

I want to be
famous
so I can be
humble
about being
famous.

What good is my
humility
when I am
stuck
in this
obscurity?

1.

I want to be
famous
so I can be
humble
about being
famous.

What good is my
humility
when I am
stuck
in this
obscurity?

2.

I want to be
famous
so I can be
humble
about being
famous.

What good is my
humility
when I am
stuck
in this
obscurity?

3.

I want to be
f a m o u s
so I can be
humble
about being
f a m o u s.

stuck What good is my
 humility
 when I am
 in this

obscurity?

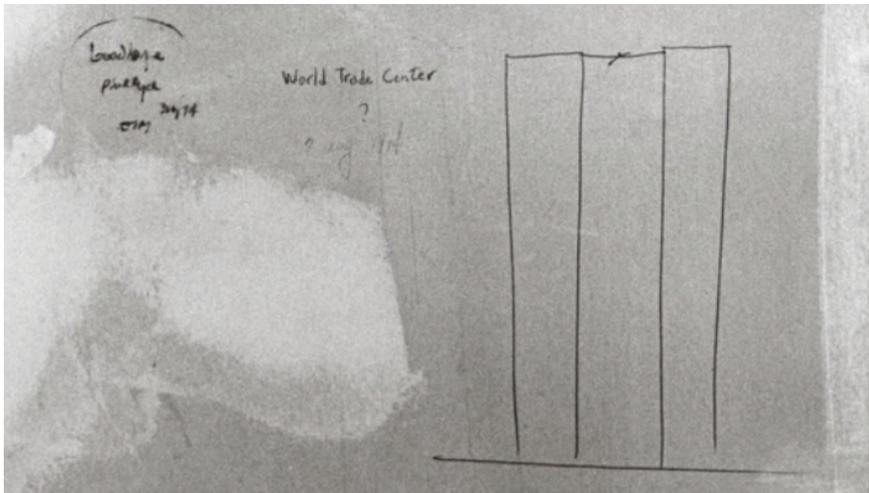
World Trade Center

?

PhillipePetite=Manon-----x-----Wirelastbutnotleast
Attheworldtradecenter
at,beforehegetstohatt
rBridgeandbeforethati
ame,andbeforethatisle
e.Onawire.Onlegs.Firs
ctingyourowntallesttow
gtillit'sripe.Forthecrazy
yexistfortheemptyspac
ybuildatowerofyourself
etowalkthefinestlinepos
eswherenothingcannor
madamongushoverabo
ality.Itisliterallythelinebe
andthuswoulditnotbethe
potentialline?Ithinkthem
lymadaretheoneswho'd
ecause theylackareason
ofstring.Howslackisitan
oslacktogetawaywith?W
elyonresistance.Look,I'm
toriskmylifebutIwillsaythi
ewithoutputtingitonthe lin
etothemiddle,mostvulne
econtraction,movingther
promiseyou,inthatmome
ere'snowayback,second
youbutheartsbeatforarea
heartbeating,Iliketothin
aelNyman,watchJames
ry,flyawireacrossthecan
erssoanotherbeingcana
ning,orwritethispoem."E
ofartforhim"saidAni,hisg

Wirelastbutnotleast
butbeforewegettoth
istheSydneyHarbo
sthefirststone,NotreD
arninghowtobalanc
tthestandingup,ere
erintheworld,waitin
amongus,towersonl
ebetweenthem.Onl
ifyou'rewillingtodar
sibleoverthoseplac
evercanbebuilt.The
vetheirownimmateri
tweenlifeanddeath,
mostbeautifulofany
adamongus,thetrul
neverthinktodareb
totestthedurabilityo
yway,howslackisto
earecreaturesthatr
notsayingllivemylif
s.There'snolivinglif
e,stringingitoutalon
rablepartofthewhol
einslowmotion.Ipro
ntyouwillfeelthatth
swillstretchtostrand
sonandnottokeepth
kwhenIlistentoMich
Marsh'sdocumenta
yonmadebytintow
nchoritdowninmea
achdayislikeawork
irfriendatthetime.H

erstorywithhimendedwhenhethouchedground.Nothinglasts,still,abeautifulwordiknow:while.



Everything I Hear For Three Quarters of an Hour

9:07 pm

Sirens. My phone's text message ring. Ba-da dum! Sirens crescendo and fade. Scattered chatter 'sandwiches' laughter. The chchch-chchch of a taxi-cab register. Wheels of luggage striking sidewalk. Sipping from a straw. 'Small, but it's just like' footsteps on the sidewalk. Ba du dum! 'He compares it to other users for other characters...let's say 16 feet from here somebody tests it' Bum bum bum car beat on the street, open windows. Pitter patter of my typing. Whirr of bike wheels, whoosh of car wheels. Little girl's incomprehensible singing. Distant voices. The capogiro door swinging open and shut. Screech of a cars breaking, normally. Squeak of Jimmy Johns bike. "Stop stop" "I'm just gonna shower." "I felt like when I talked to her, like she doesn't want to..." More music blaring from open car windows. Rap and hip hop. Little girls "woah oh uh uh uh!" "Ready to go?" "Charlie!" "See ya later!" Bag hitting against chair. Boots on pavement. Woman purses her lips. "you know, you're tired, I'm tired, lets just—" "Hello?" "Goodbye friends!" "That's un--" "Three things" "I saw a cop" laughter. "Here" Ba-da dum! Car honk, wheels whining. Car honk, pissed off, longer. Singular laughter, in three intervals. "I don't *wanna* see it." Persistent percussion beat from a car, scattered melody. Wooshshrieekwoosh. Ba du du ch ba du du ch. Male laughter. Tinkling of a glass. Bike wheels whirr. Male laughter, high fives, slap, slap. Woosh. Spanish "By the way, I really like" "see now the thing is I have this security" Ba-da dum! Chchch-chchch. Flats and sneakers, brush brush brush, wooooooosh, wooooooosh, wooooooosh, woooooooshhhcreach. "Hey guys, remember that time..." whisper whisper whisper. Distant laughter. Flip flop, flip, "I miss our hall" "I miss just walking down and having" "yeah, yeah yeah!" "Yeah." "Girls, like" "huh yeah" "oh yeah" "alright". Distant melodious horn. Door opens, chairs grate, bike whirrs. Walk walk walk. My knuckles, crack crack. Whirrrrrrrrr. "They're's like too many things to not know" Bus groans by. Female laughter "Parents parents" "Parents?" High pitched break "she went to the" chair tones on pavement "wait, actually jake this is fucking ridi" laughter, "restaurant" "what" Car starts up, woooooosh wooooooosh, door cracks open "lifeguard" distant laughter shriek "fast walk" flip-flop. Chchch "they way they walk" "I don't know" chchch-chchch "alright, but uh...alright" "Oh, he doesn't have a key?" "Yeah, but I don't think it's called power walking. It looks really weird" "You can't" "Yeah, you have to have both feet in the air" pitter patter, female laughter, whirrwhirrwhirr. Screech 'Nohoho" "So good" cough. Flatted shoes brush brush, "5.99, 6,99" "she just walked into like..." laugh laugh. Car breaks "I've been up so late, I've just been like, where is everyone" Scateboards gravelling down street. Music din from someone's ipod. Bike screech "Do you guys need? Oh yeah" "We're leaving—in like five minute...yeah you guys can" chairs shoveling, laughter laughter hu huh hu huh. Mingled voices. Shovel

shovel. Laughter “coulda been bad” “You can get so strong” “Michelle Obama was there? This was like everyone” “I didn’t cry though. I was just like, this is the worst...let’s call 911” “Dude I actually started working! I got work done the day after Fling! I feel so accomplished.” “150,000 ladies” “Dude, I am like, thoroughly imprethed—so lethh see, it took me thix hourth and 45 minutes-and then I put footnotes wherever I didn’t have research done—but the hard part ith getting tharted right? You should’ve seen her, she’s actually doing jack shit” “Lovely, lovely,” shovel, chair creak. “Oh, these chairs are” laughter, screeeeeach” Heah heah heah! Mmm, that’s actually flat...It comes with it’s own little? It comes with it’s one little straw!” “So spicy, and my mouth is burning” ahahahaha! “What was the story?” “He was training...he was dealing with swords” “lalalalala—ughhhh” laughter. “Watch out, it could be—fire-nut” “The good thing about hazlenut” “It’s something—grapefruit sorbet and gin and some other liquor—oh this looks amazing. Normally it would be lemon but they ran out—look at this!” Brush brush brush mingled voices, sshhhhs and ssssths. Chchch-chchch-chchch-chchch “no I was just readjusting my hair for you” “want some” Brush brush brush. Talking, laughing, talking laughing, chair scrape. “Yellow diamonds” Singing, humming. Terse honk. High heels, clunk clunk clunk clunk “Where’s logan?” “Somebody that I used to know?” “I said to morgan, I just can’t be alone right now.” “No *exactly!*” Ba-da dum! “Nananananana-no, I wasn’t gonna say that, I was gonna say” Spoons against coffee cups. Mingled chatter “like I could, but I don’t like—he seems like a great guy, he’s a little not manly enough for my type...there’s something distinctly not masculine about him. This could be a big generalization but” “No listen he was wearing—I’ve seen other people wearing these shirts but I just have to tell you—“ Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Walk walk walk walk, mumble mumble “anyway, today um he was wearing a shirt and I’ve seen these shirts, but it says passed over, and then passed crossed out...no! I won’t stop” “what do you like about it?” “No, I don’t know” “Everything everything” many different giggles. Ba-da dum! Distant siren. Whirrrrrrrrrrr. Distant siren. Slow click of walking bikes. “Why is that weird?” “Tom posted on my wall this morning saying ‘so many hearts to hearts, so many hearts to hearts!’” “It’s really not—I knew this was gonna happen” Huh! Bike screeching. “No it means like, I have an issure with you” “You will be happier too” “No, I don’t care” Accents and laughter. Laughter without notes. Clack clack sandles. “pfffff, nothing bad will happen” “heh-heh-heh!” “yeah, so why are you gonna be upset?” Motercycle snor. Rolly suitcase rumble. Chair lifted up. “They’re like the most hipster members of the cast?” Stop foot with flip-flop. “Yeah—well? It’s complicated for me since he’s gotten very difficult in some respects, like he’s very flaky—“ “Why?” “Why is he flaky?” “Well he’s such a *cool* guy, that that kind of translates to being late.” Ba-da dum! “Oh yeah... I hate people like that” “So I have to qualify it with, ‘you know, I love you but?’” Screaming from inside tap house, upstairs music, boisterous laughter. Clack clack heeled sandles. Whirrrwhirrrr wooooooshhhhhhh simultaneous talk, eeeeeeeeee

of car wheels, soft car horns, human sounds, whirrrrr, hah! Brrrrummmm.
“What?!” “So what? Large?” “Put it baaaaack, put it baaaaack!” “Willy!” Ba-da
dum! “And what did they ask you? Just shit no one knows?” Paper cup dropping
into glass whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Ba-da dum! Laughter, bus. Chairs, cars. Walk
walk walk walk. Car music. Car engine groooannnn. So much laughter.
Incoherent talk. “You had this one drink, and you were like, tipsy.” “Oh! How
was that? Where is it?” Whirrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. “Wait—I don’t understand.”
Laughter, distant siren, coming closer, woooooooshhhhh.

9:52

Overheard

Most poetry, is abysmal, unreadable and uninteresting:
that's why writers are the most bullshit artists—
they just put things down on paper.

You can't say 'I love you' in Helvetica;
you have to be in this literary la-la land, what part
of the body is that working out?

You know what? Yeah, I'll go. Wait let's plan this
dinner Friday night, what time, where
You don't wanna fuck with them, they'll like, mow you down

You're twenty something years old,
why should we trust you? All you have is ambition
You have no money.

They are *full* of shit.
(it's a very important zombie-lit book!)
we just had a pretty long talk, I'm exhausted.

What do you mean you can't? I just took a book out of the library
for the first time today, I thought it was a pretty good way to end it
cuz I wasn't looking to get crazy anyway.