A collection of writing by the students of Charles Bernstein’s English 111 at the University of Pennsylvania
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Featuring works by: Jacob Faber-Rico
Featuring works by: Jack Kohler
Featuring works by: Kelly Liu
Featuring works by: Michael Prendergast
Featuring works by: Regina Salmons
Featuring works by: Em Schwager
Featuring works by: Justin Swirbul
Featuring works by: Mike Yim
Featuring works by: Lihi Zaks
Trust the Wreading Process!

English 111: Final Project

By Jackson Bentley

Down The

Upkick

Table of Contents

| my first page |
| my second |
| my third page Week 1 |
| my fourth page Week 2 |
| my fifth page Week 3 |
| my sixth page Week 4 |
| my seventh page Week 5 |
| page Week 1 |
| page Week 2 |
| page Week 3 |
| page Week 4 |
| page Week 5 |
| page Week 6 |
| page Week 7 |
| page Week 8 |
| page Week 9 |
| page Week 10 |
| page Week 11 |
| page Week 12 |
| title page |
| page Week 1 |
| page Week 2 |
| page Week 3 |
| page Week 4 |
| page Week 5 |
| page Week 6 |
| page Week 7 |
| page Week 8 |
| page Week 9 |
| page Week 10 |
| page Week 11 |
| page Week 12 |

(continued) and Week 4
(continued) and Week 5
(continued) and Week 6
(continued) and Week 7
(continued) and Week 8
(continued) and Week 9
(continued) and Week 10
(continued) and Week 11
(continued) and Week 12
Week 1: Mad Libs

I mad-libbed Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken." The words I switched are in parentheses, and their parts of speech are in order under each line.

Two (rats) (rapped) in a yellow (house),

noun-verb-noun
And sorry (rhymes) could not (make) (lemonade)

noun-verb-noun
And (eating) (rotten) (cheese), long I (watched)

verb-adjective-noun-verb
And (scurried) down (wires) as (stealthily) as (current) could

verb-noun-adverb-noun
To where (randomness) (skittered) (throughout) the (air);

noun-verb-preposition-noun

Then (battered) the (outside), as (apathetic) as (Rick),

verb-noun-adjective-noun
And (running) perhaps the (ponziest) (scheme),

present participle-adjective-noun
Because it was (destructive) and (uncontrolled) (creation);

adjective-verb-noun
Though as (from) that the (rats) (daringly)

preposition-noun-adverb
Had (written) (sounds) really about the (truth),

past participle-noun-noun

And (I) that (cause) (casually) lay

noun-noun-adverb
In (beds) no (animal) had trodden (before).

noun-noun-adjective
Oh, (pancakes) (signaled) the first for (hearty) day!

noun-verb-adjective
Yet (seeing) how (random) leads on to (mine),

present participle-noun-noun
(Rats) (discussed) if I should ever (live) (truthfully).

noun-verb-verb-adverb

I shall be (waiting) (fork) with a (bite)

present participle-noun-noun
Somewhere (anywhere) and (nowhere) (somewhat):

noun-noun-adverb
Two (rats) (spoke) in a (flurry), and I—

noun-verb-noun
(Rats) (made) the ("I") less traveled by,

noun-verb-noun
And (random) has (given) (them) the (truth).

noun-past participle-noun-noun
**Week 3: Homophonic Translation**

Source text: Wikipedia’s showing of Gödel Incompleteness Theorem; Translated to Portugese; Then, Homophonic Translation. 🐉💫♻️💥

Gödel’s incompleteness theorems are two theorems of mathematical logic that demonstrate the inherent limitations of every formal axiomatic system containing basic arithmetic.[1] These results, published by Kurt Gödel in 1931, are important both in mathematical logic and in the philosophy of mathematics. The theorems are widely, but not universally, interpreted as showing that Hilbert’s program to find a complete and consistent set of axioms for all mathematics is impossible.

Os teoremas de incompletude de Gödel são dois teoremas da lógica matemática que demonstram as limitações inerentes de todo sistema axiomático formal contendo aritmética básica. [1] Estes resultados, publicados por Kurt Gödel em 1931, são importantes tanto na lógica matemática quanto na filosofia da matemática. Os teoremas são amplamente, mas não universalmente, interpretados como mostrando que o programa de Hilbert para encontrar um conjunto completo e consistente de axiomas para toda a matemática é impossível.

Oh stay or ream us day in come plate dude duh go Dell so dosed day Uranus the low he go mat and mat and ‘cause K the man scram ass limit a sow sin in the event of to know system X yum attic oh form malcontent to errant medic cuz boss sick a. Is this resin to adults public to those poor, Kurt Godel, him that’s no veteran dam that’s how to import aunties tan toner low he got Mat a mat hiccup Juan tuna fill ossifier to mad at my attic cuz. Host here ain’t us how amp lament amass knowin’ the bear salmon day in their potatoes comb almost and okay Oprah gravity hill burnt for our income try mkay hut and john pilates conscious hentai they us we voters for a total of pat the mat hickory him post shovel.

**Week 4: Gizzi Imitation**

Poem from Peter Gizzi’s *In Defense of Nothing* flipped into an imitation. 📚🏠🌏☀️☯️🔃💻📝🙏🐍房贷

**Fragment (To the Reader)**

When you wake to brick outside the window
when you accept this handmade world
when you see yourself inside and accept its picture
when you feel the planet spin, accelerate, make dust of everything beneath your bed
when you say you want to live and the light that breaks is an inward light
when you feel speed of days, speed of light
if one could fancy vision then let it be of you
let it be thought breaking in your view

**Squirlies (For the Professor)**

do you want fancy photoelectrics sucking your view

if my fractals words snake right to you

when I word work for you interesting letters better

when I write those other better letters in a different class

when I fuck up this Bio midterm earlier today

when I see warp patterns inside themselves metastasize, hurt, die sometimes to be born again

when I face Penn inverted peers sculpt this handmade world

when I angst creep the brick paths outside your window?

**Week 6: Stream of Consciousness**

Stream of consciousness pulled from blog.

hard to go to sleep because my mind is always like spongebob before he rides the ferris wheel the smell of wood chimineah campfire smoke roast marshmallows with the neighbors think im selling dope because i dont smoke crack mothafucka i sell it

goddam im kinda funny arent it like in my southerness how do you feel being a minority everybody thinks theys a minority

how do i get zinging phrases slap me periodically throughout the day and i vow to never forget only to always forget and sometimes remember how the air smelled on a windy spring day with the white and green apple weeds shaking in the wind when we had a soccer tournament at mike rose and i had to wake up at 7:00 am remember that time i had like sixteen water bottles in my soccer bag going through airport security randomness breaks us from our patterns yeah im mostly an aural leaner adroit at spading clothes sawed are woodchips remember when they used to use those to stuff a wound stuff my thanksgiving turkey on some good grainy ish remember last thanksgiving when we cried and i felt so bad for my family and so isolated from them do i believe that thing i was gonna say nope

zingers ringing through the front door vibrating out the back where i munched like crunch munch some spinach trynna pass a fedex drug test remember that day i got hella day drunk had to take a nap at like 4 pm because i was so drunk so drunk but pretty happy in it why you gotta feel bad being happy or trying to be happy watched hunterxhunter in about two minutes zapped the bugs trynna bite my freckled pulling up to the crib like oh is that caroline driving near gotta stress my hair hows it look no be honest wait that was fast shes gone did she see doesnt matter it was so fast youre seriously worrying about this seriously jabe silly haha youre right youre right
stuck at the end of a brick wall starting my sentence because adhd is real do i have ian tell me do i have no
dont ask him that whats he gonna tell you but i wanted to ask i wanted to know what he think your face
look like a bellybutton full of cum and then id legitimately care what he thinks wack shit but some shit we all
need to recognize the balancing act of growing up
don't be an ass survive in this world
do i accept the flaws of personality that fuck things up especially fuck other people over or try to improve
them try to improve it myself that thing we have this vague certainty over like that asians are orientals do i
really do this though do i really have things i need to work on what should i work on just interpreting peoples
signals seems easy enough im a fucking goob never forget it got complexities running your car to the
junkyard but the more i know the more i know nothing im jon snow i aint know shit feelz
dysideoia thats i got

you heard it here first have trouble differentiating the end products of ideas often the process of getting to
the idea is not as hard as memorizing two bitchass definitions

i taste horseradish remember when i ate ochatto with jonathan and sylvia and we talked and talked shit run
out of stuff to talk about gotta turn to drama just fuckers crazy me too what does it say about me that im
a mutable sponge amoebing ciliating over to your crib of ideology mmm only the best for you young paduwon
chicken nuggets tomorrow is gonna be long tyson is the devil got so many meetings tomorrow remember
that pbs bit on the antibiotics fire hose pumped into chicken farms when it wasnt that productive gotta go to
class from nine to 12 and then meetings until work study meeting but thats a good day what if big chicken
and big pharma are fucking and then po try again at six after i ball some homework and frontera btw your
chicken kids are ugly then trip on back to the dorm looking a goob feeling yo kids always grow up with saggy
ass titties feeling that im stared at mmmmmmm ill still eat the chicken minis though why do i gotta keep on
saying on it because sometimes that stupid shit is real shit did you catch the poetry helix twister me into a
boner always boners at tough times did she really not like it i promise its a complement these pleats just
flatter me because we got all the shine we need to find a way to get along in this mad world of donnie darko
tripping me into loop of psilocybins that make me think whos writing this remember that note today real
professors should contribute to Wikipedia only if wanna the few words ill capitalize change wannas meaning
because that idea so important be the fool you want to see in the world is a place of magic and mystery like
walt disney except he fucked those kids well he was antisemitic but something to bring down our heroes
always bring our heroes down to earth its an era of that or is that white privilege talking or is every era an era
of that for the real east geez out there

a very nostalgic entry turned experiment that i diggedy diggity dug doug? hangover real friends how many of
us its really a good day gotta convince yourself of that literally every social interaction i interpret more
negatively that reality dictates to the randomness generator how those eddy currents spring up the life of
ages eternities and the inevitable heat death of the universe the inevitable heat death huh ugh why do we
have to worry about that what is that your business alvy singer but really though why should i do my
homework?

Week 9: Write a poem in the form of an Instruction Manual

Inspiration from How It's Made is one of the best shows ever. 😎 🍔 🚫 🍷
This is *How It’s Made*. Today we’re going to be looking at a **ninja l curve**.

**First**, we hunt or gather our materials. We need melted Rub-a-dub, *isomorphized* salt lickers, fancied photoelectrics, ten copies of Einstein’s $D_{na}$ without genes $P + Q$, a shellacked *seppuku*, a plombus’s growth pump, and a 1/4.

The meltedRub-a-dub and *isomorphized* salt lickers pay a quarter to watch themselves in action. The resulting mix is normally orangish, wide. If it’s *scaly*, you’ve gone too far. Turn back now and throw away your seppuku too. Your theatrics aren’t welcome here. Weigh the resulting solution with a fat-man scale for true mindfulness and self-compassion. You should now see an exponential function.

Once the entire body of physics makes sense to you, we’re ready to add our next ingredients. Titrate two kilos of fancied *photoelectrics*—the fancier the better. We’re not making truffles here, people. We eat the cow *shit* we create. So trace the outlines of cow *shit* replication farms—getting very *Brave New World*-y—on see-through paper to derive Einstein’s $D_{na}$ sequence. This may take some flarf, so be sure to water the *hydrangeas* carefully before you proceed with caution. Taking out the $P + Q$ genes are more for taxpayer purposes—gotta give back to the community—so though we recommend it, it’s mostly to cover our asses. Like Amy Gutmann’s face.

Now we can move on to the next step: crypto-currency mining. Sepukkus often bite off more than they can chew, so we recommend highway option for most Uber drivers. Some are from *Alpha Omega Epsilon 23832* and backwoods Kentucky, *Deliverance* territory, so we don’t even bother them without a housewarming gif. The plombus intuitively knows this, though oooli can’t explain jack shit, so it atrophies into a trophy, that pumps PGH (plombus growth hormone for all you 🧐 underachievers) down their cheese sacs and into their word sauce. Some people prefer their brass after dinner, so it’s up to you how to proceed from there. The combination of these two combinatorics should persuade a cat into a smeared existence.

Now that we have all our induction, we can proceed to the brick pizza toaster. Mmm mmm. Scrum-dilly-umptious! Are you starting to Telugu your parents? Take the exponential functions, Amy Gutmann’s *face-ass*, a dissatisfied cat, what does that spell? Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

We interrupt this program to inform you that Buddhist monks have taken over *everything*. The journey > the destination when terror *rains* down from mindfulness shopping centers, so be free from these corporate *gags*, and buy our product: *nirvana juice*!

**Week 10: Graphic Design 101.1**

My poem turned whack experiment; poems embedded within poem by font and font size.

🤣💍💪💍😉

what *sentences* are *game* theory problems more *likely* to get *PUBLished* look *smart* taken seriously with *LONGer* *Sentences* thoughts. seems more
intelligent, **proliferate**s even though its not the best form for people. becomes normalized. people get used to and to using it. self perpetuates. becomes the form of academics who spend their whole day reading habits. becomes more respected. where's professor poet?

**Week 11: Eunoia and “Jabberwocky” Imitation, respectively**

No O’s allowed. 😊😊😊


Written in a style of nonsensical sense tuned to metaphorical images. 🔝👹🔥🧚➡🎉🌲🍭

Down the upkick, flocanned the pix eye esperaditudes. Conflabulated in their kinkishness necessitness pooked the bee bow boop downtrod lions den. Wickety wackety woked, them three times four to umpteenth negative eigenscratch. Boost palling. Doomrades dooped the upstream bigotree to sink their knarles into the tuity nooty cooty. MMM MMM Scrumdillyumptious! But the flab a tab tabs flooked the dinglebots into subMarean solicitudinous snackles, little bo peep. “Jook the nook ya flook” perried the flabbenstaffer grab-in-halfer. He’d gone to jison. Jison bisonic gobbeldy-gook for the for warners of the electro staff. But doom toons be the hair agareth pact. MhMMM. Found the blung flipper cappers right what the bigotree slapped. Slap attack tack, and conflatious operandi dimsumnilly coot the winning flob. “Flobs for Bigotrees!” tobbed the lappy hob nobs. Christmas revenerealated yoppunctiously that rotenate.

**Conclusion:**

Futurity is Poetry is 😁.
“Why does your pool noodle have a head?”

“A middle class weapon is a baguette.

“Some kid asked if they could make a lightsaber out of a pool noodle and bread

“and they were like

‘Yeah.’”

“What do you win?

like three free t shirts.”

-Overheard
and another data point was recorded

and he loaded his sample

and I stared. "No. Not THAT!"

and the speaker oozed Latin jazz

and I heard Jay-Z say “This Can’t be Life”

and I read that there’s really good food in Australia

and my stomach demanded polynumbers

and I learned a lot through

and Michelangelo’s David had a nice ass, apparently

and the system progressed towards equilibrium

and ice crystallized around the brass valve

and the user manual didn’t budge

and the scratch caught the light

and I wondered why

and it was honestly really fascinating

and the tension melted, relax, peaceful.

and their train arrived in Florence

and a strand of inorganic hair grazed the surface

and it’s so noisy... really loud... and I just...

and my predecessor lay broken in an old address case

and I would throw a million dollars of federal grants out the window

and its word spun around and around and around and...

and under heat

and desperate emails descended from the stratosphere

and it’s not us.

and it’s snowed in Los Angeles

and X5000

and by national intelligence

and the computer screamed “NO! NOT THAT!”
Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

_Cento From James Sherry’s Entangled Bank_

Beautiful and tough
Earth day rivers hold over
Modern mourning. It’s funny too how you
show it but that’s alright.
As if risk itself assured success
Invisible and beautiful
(how you deal with (dealing with (dealt with))) inclusion
While you’re envisioning your next project
Turkey Thermometer Garden Printing Finalists under Fire!
For Toyota Motors:
And you control the future. LOL.
File Format: Unrecognized
opportunity anyway paradise tumble
beware of Platitudinous Ponderosity
silence desolation Smile Frozen
As poetry and biology desire.
Suddenly it’s quite quiet on the train
I write a poem. As it approaches
I don’t know where it ends.
Suddenly death is everywhere.
No more memorial services for me.
I’m not sure I can tell the difference between what I did, what I said and what I wrote
How your mind worked, knowing others were
Different from you and night’s beautiful possibility.
How are you?
Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

After Peter Gizzi’s In Defense of Nothing

Tomorrow morning
a flash
flew by

this headache dulls
sporadic sparks
flickered up

and out
lost

in translation
superficial translation
superficial equation

capillary compression
nervous torsion
the tensile axis

is misaligned with
fluorescent lights
and the air conditioner

Pain is
temporary

a wristband reads
the time a
glazed fatigue

settles over
Laughter

leaves us
gasping for

air
Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

a dress sways
in streetlight
bathing

piercing

alighting
upon glowing skin

if perception
a fallacy if
beauty undesired

no
the night is crisp
and lukewarm

a matriarch asks
if anything has
been spilled and

the family laughs

love hasn’t been
the same since
we’ve met

they’ll get
the wrong idea

friendship
a companion
it is

all love it
is all better.
Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

After Davy Knittle’s Get on Like Houses

sunlight scatters off airborne
civilization mist over the
harbor glows firmly courtesy to
bikes—Lady Liberty = industry: welcome the tourist
—waiting in warehouses for
youth boys 800m
first call = in Jersey City
in New York the brick oven sets over graffiti chain
-link fences; I settle
into entropic deciduous shedding.
street stream = a new color: tough and soft
quiet 2009 light. kids hung out in pizza parlors and
nursed sprained ankles
airport = error = subway + morning
dark blue, accounting for error = subway
= airport. how close to useful were ice cube trays
how many puzzles came with all their parts
I bet the corner store still sells
handballs, hoping some things never change
in this city, from chasing them down the gutter
a decade ago, wondering.
And Now, A Fun Word From Our Sponsors...

Group Sonnet

N9 lol What do you need this for Ok
I do not really like Jacob Faber-Rico

Hey sorry to leave you on seen before, Jacob
Piss off with this wanking assignment professor

Eating stocks chip blue rates quick flow snakes enjoy with
The working class has nothing to lose but their chains

The splendid curvature, each a unique beauty
Um shit um um wow Jacob can write poetry

I can definitely give you twelve syllables
Ooh eee ooh ahh aah Ching Chang walla walla bing
Ah Ku Kee Wa Tee Foo Gah Chi Sah Bee Zax Xu
skra pop ting dam kreet skite mag dwin nov grimp taq poz
Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na
Justificatory and explanatory
I Think the PMA Represents

I think the fountain turned off
Represents how traditional constraints
or notions of freedom
suffocate creativity
and only by imposing new,
innovative constraints
can we truly appreciate artistic
and linguistic potential
and make a ruckus.

I think the way that
you see less the further away you are
or you see different things if you stand
or sit at different angles
or if you have bad eyesight
or take your glasses off
Represents how everyone’s unique situation in the world
affects their perspective on it.

I think the smudges on the glass
Represent how we can never see the world perfectly
which I know because we uncovered all his notes about it.
Without them the sentiment wouldn’t have been conveyed at all
which is usually is a sign of bad art but hush,
he was really innovative in doing this,
the first time, it’s crazy,
it’s a Masterpiece.
Wow!

I think the people
Represent the people
and the noises
Represent the chaos of our lives
or a good “Pits” poem
or work of art, window
in which a man’s reflection shows
as if he too were looking out the window
scrutinizing the people
making you consider the boundary
between reality and shadow.
I think the wonderfully harsh afternoon light
Represents how sometimes you think something
or feel something
but you don’t know what it is
but all you have to do to see it—
the sun, shoving through the clouds, creating the glare you see through the glass—
is get up. But that might be rude
and we’re all lazy.

I think the Christmas tree
Represents Capitalism
and the man standing in the window
Represents how the top 1% own more than the other 99%
and as he puts his glasses back on and walks away
he is the Capitalist Grinch stealing Christmas
and that is The Correct Meaning of this piece.

I think looking through two panes of glass
Represents our disconnect
from ourselves
and each other
and the pain you feel
when separated from your loved ones
is further driven in by that metal bar
(which for once has nothing to do with fruit or genitalia).

And I think that looking out from the Inside
is a Critique of how Museums
are Prisons for the Mind
or Something. Very Representative. I read about some kids
who left a pair of sunglasses on the floor of an art museum.
Everyone stopped to look.

“I wonder if it’s supposed to be broken
or if it was an accident,” I hear.
Ah, well, ma’am, I Think the broken glass
Represents dreams.
nah, probably just iPhone screens
sunlight glancing off brittle fractures
spreading out, joining back, gracefully
consuming, rushing, being, 21st century technology.
Just kidding.
I do think they’re very beautiful.
Lost in Google Translation

Original:

We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

1. Spanish

We the People of the United States, to form a more perfect Union, to establish Justice, to assure domestic Tranquility, to provide common defense, to promote General Well-being, and to secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and to our Posterity, establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

2. French

We are the people of the United States, to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to ensure domestic tranquility, to ensure a common defense, to promote general welfare and to secure the blessings of freedom to us and to our posterity, establishes this Constitution for the United States of America.

3. German

We are the people of the United States to form a more perfect union, to create justice, to ensure the inner peace, to ensure a common defense, to promote universal well-being and to secure the blessings of freedom for us and our posterity this constitution for the United States of America.

4. Scots Gaelic

We are the United States to create a more perfect union, to create justice, to ensure inner peace, to ensure that there is general protection, to promote common wellbeing and to give thanks to freedom Conserving us and our later vision is the foundation for the United States.

5. Russian

We are the United States to create a more perfect union, create justice, provide inner peace, provide common protection, promote common prosperity and thank for freedom. Preserving us and our later vision are the basis for the United States.

6. Urdu

We are the United States to create a more perfect union, create justice, provide inner peace, provide general protection, promote common prosperity and thank you for independence. Our protection and our subsequent approach are the basis for the United States.
7. Gujarati
We are United States that make a full union, make justice, provide inner peace, provide general protection, promote common prosperity and thanks for freedom. Our protection and our subsequent approach are the basis for the United States.

8. Hausa
We are the United States working together, doing justice, bringing peace, providing special protection, promoting public growth and praising freedom. Our next and our next system is the source of the United States.

9. Khmer
We are the United States who work together to bring justice, bring peace, provide special protection, stimulate economic growth and celebrate freedom. Our next system and our next system are the source of the United States.

10. Korean
We are the United States, working to bring justice, bring peace, provide special protection, promote economic growth and pray for freedom. Our next system and next system is the source of the United States.

11. Xhosa
We are members of the United States, working to bring justice, peace, safeguarding, promoting economic growth and praying for freedom. Our next program and the following process are the source of the United States.

12. Samoan
We are members of the United States, who are working to bring justice, peace, protection, economic prosperity and prayer for freedom. Our program next to the following process is the source of the United States.

This work is the result of putting the preamble of the United States Constitution through Google Translate through some language, translating it back to English, and repeating until I felt somewhat satisfied.
Putting the “Experimental” in ENGL 111: Experimental Poetry Seminar in Constraint and Collaboration

Convolution of Computational Consciousness

This is going to be hard. I have a longer page to fill up and have to ignore this voice of computation.
Matrix MATLAB
I can function fine, subfunction better
What is the subfunction of everything we do?
I mean, we ask, what is the function of these things—a law, an idea, a device—
What about their subfunctions?
This is kinda lame. My hand already hurts.
Do I look like I’m taking notes?
Probably not.
Did I make a mistake? Mess up the output?
Thought too hard and messed up the output.
We peek into the workspace and find hell—bits strewn all over. My memory recalls sweating in front of a wall, youth wasting, I want to fly. Flew, if only for 60 seconds. I wish it had been shorter. I wish I hadn’t knocked over but what else is new
She scrapes up my broken shards on day one—thank you—there’s one in my foot, aw shit!
Do you have a pair of tweezers?
I’m thinking more slowly today.
As long as my character string can scale this society I will be fine. Resumes read strings of debatable character, thrust into ironic hands, caress this page for it is the image of $10^{12}$ of your life!
I’ll have to check the math on that.
Check the math—does it check out—yes
That was hella overpriced.
Liberals are crazy
Says the liberal guy
I don’t mean to get political—shit—no, politics is depressing, stale, and orange.
Like an old bloodstain, although I wouldn’t know.
I could find it on the megabus, maybe, find pollution
Find big cylinders—I thought—shit—spilling their guts into the New Jersey air. New Jersey is a wasteland lol. Almost like we’re sitting in traffic [] to holland tunnel, no result, this function does nothing, waiting, waiting a forever loop, infinite, kill infinity! It will drive us insane in 3 minutes and I can handle this function. Squeeze in for the end and hold on tight!

This work was the result of a page of (ideally) nonstop, stream-of-consciousness writing during a lecture of ENGR 105: Introduction to Scientific Computing, the University of Pennsylvania’s course on MATLAB. I’d like to thank Dr. Graham Wabiszewski for his excellent inspiration.
A black alpaca attacks a cat.
A lamp falls at a lap and vacant
Alfalfa shacks lack mats and rats.

Ew! Never ever let hell’s sect elect eleven eels.
Eeck! Seventy elder’s fermented heels smell sweet.
Ye! Fervent, effervescent femmes etch stressed jewels.

Dig this: illicit limits. It’s lit?
I sit, wrists (which itch) flit, sniff—
Whiz wit wilts in his shirt! Ick!

Oh! To lob blobs of sod on Todd’s common log.
Frog mobs pop pop’s pop to mop cod cops.
Off-color coco popo top off hot rods, too.

Um, uh, huh, must shuck husks, fluff bulgur, cut stuff.
Uluru’s blunt stump lurks up, hun.
Vulgur buffs hunt fur, run dump trucks, yuck!

Try my sky! Slyly, fly by cynwyd.
Thy wry? y/n, pls.

I need a sentence.
The sentence needs words. I will provide a spark.

I spark the page, let it burn, burn, burn. Words light up the page. They need oxygen. If I provide it, I’ll probably end up with a five-year sentence.

What is a five-year sentence? Does it end up saying anything meaningful? It is probably not under the word limit, but many pages does it last? Is it cohesive? Does it burn a single image into your brain over and over again? Does it need a spark, or oxygen? Does it provide any light? Does it ever let up?

What does a poet do with a five-year sentence? If I read it really slowly, or really quickly, does it turn into a two-year sentence, or a ten-year sentence? Should we edit or let it be? If you make it cohesive, does it become yours? Does it need to be cohesive in order to be meaningful? It might help to contract an artist who can bring to light an image of this monster. Or we could just burn it, limit its power. Just saying. If we did nothing, it would probably provide endless boredom for English teachers across the country, forced to scribble “run-on sentence” in the margins of every page.

Come to think of it, I could write a five-word sentence where the first word is the last. That sentence that would run over and under itself again and again and again and last a lot longer than five years. Yet, I could represent it in a single breath and not run out of oxygen. Now, would it ever end? Does this exercise ever end? This line of thought? If I continue, let it take over my brain, does it become a life sentence?

A black alpaca attacks a cat.
A lamp falls at a lap and vacant
Alfalfa shacks lack mats and rats.

Aristocratically/ we lace/ tons of old/ wooded pine and spruce/ trees with carbon dioxide emissions/ in an explosion of power sources/ lost in translation from text to text/ with all the justification of twenty-first century society/ which will be ravaged by another hurricane, experts say/ word, evacuate or face a wrath not seen since 1992/ or last week, to tell you the truth, we’re all screwed/ into strings of Florida traffic, feeding next year’s travesty, let’s evacuate Washington/ who, of course, didn’t intend to politicize this so but here we are/ spewing words like pollution and power and evacuation and Washington—what happened to rhyming?/ but what do you expect when you systematically replace words and begin with
“Aristocratically?”


He was a big man, says the size of his shoes on a pile of broken dishes by the house; a tall man too, says the length of the bed. Can Poetry Matter? – 91.05 – The Atlantic.


Quiet! White elephants resist truth. Your underwhelming intellectual overtones propagate Anti-successful dissidence. For get heaven, just kill legislation?
Zany! XXX-classified videos better notify Michigan!
Gently, she clutches, caresses small, green worldly friend friendly world.

Serene leaves have replaced cold laptop reuse world.

She’ll see it grow. Long last stand strong watch over dining room look out towards headlights streaming down 38th street.

Pulls out thin sheet with wonder. Grab mica bend, hold to light. The world is material for this.

Wind blows over lid pizza box ruffles hair and fabric Intractable wind.

Small molecules graze, bombard forces hold together our at one each other world-humanity yourself touch.
some meteorological contexts this sign w
cate sky obscured by mist, smoke or dust.
but form is completely changed
then emerges is literally much lar
rare sign for the moon.

Compare with ☺ used by US hobos and meaning
people here will try to get you arrested.

called Vapours
pleen in Men,
pleased to own.
make his Cour
ng to fuch Partie

Fits and Paroxysms,
in the Euphrates-Tigris area.

to movement of the planet Venus

MAN PERFORMING FORWARD HANDSPRING

the animal becomes 4000 B.C.
through sand (Fig. 40).
TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. EXCLUDED MIDDLE

2. “8”

3. SECULAR LEXICON

4. SCISSORS...

5. VIOLI INDEX

6. ATHROW

7. —UNDAY. MOO—

8. THERMOMETERS...

9. ABSCONDITUS

10. ≠
if no one has custody of a child

EXCLUDED MIDDLE if no one will listen
when will i die if no one has told you
when will it snow if no one will listen lyrics

stagnant meaning
stagnant definition
stagnant water
stagnant Synonym
stagnant hypoxia
eel sushi

tips for doing acid
tips for doing laundry
tips for doing push-ups
tips for doing an escape room
tips for doing a handstand

there’s a snake in my boot
there’s a man in the woods
there’s a place for us
there’s an app for that
there’s a small hotel
there’s a hair in my dirt

tips for doing acid
tips for doing laundry
tips for doing push-ups
tips for doing an escape room
tips for doing a handstand

when will i die if no one has told you
when will it snow if no one will listen lyrics
any leafage greens me. Any! Totalitarians instead, aroused.

　Embark on a noonday drive puritanically perforce. Hello, Hank.

For introspection annoys your beau. En garde! but briskly.

　Wow! My last arraignment went smoothly, on paper.

Never detain metallurgic splatter victims by force. Never forcefully.

　beside the bank brittle shingles brightly shone like Blitz-bombs!

the veteran drank him up a clam soup, and Damn! defiantly.

　poising ahead, Jump! said my broker, shuffling busily afoot.
SECCULAR LEXICON

AMENDMENT II TO THE CONSTITUTION:

(RIGHT, TO KEEP, AND, BEAR, ARMS, A, WELL-REGULATED, MILITIA, BEING, NECESSARY, TO, THE, SECURITY, OF, A, FREE, STATE, PEOPLE, SHALL, NOT, BE, INFRINGED)

*

II. NOT WELL-REGULATED,

AND TO KEEP A STATE FREE, THE RIGHT SECURITY OF THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT BEAR ARMS, SHALL NOT BE A MILITIA AND PEOPLE BEING PEOPLE SHALL NOT BEAR TO KEEP THE NECESSARY ARMS.

THE MILITIA INFRINGED THE FREE SECURITY OF THE PEOPLE.

TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS THE MILITIA SHALL INFRINGE THE SECURITY OF THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE STATE THE RIGHT TO PEOPLE BEING FREE AND NOT A FREE MILITIA.

A FREE PEOPLE— BEAR A PEOPLE BEING FREE.
SCISSORS FOR PONGE

Your gleaming beak hides a madman’s smile. Not much has been said in the literature about your threat, for though you stand or sit on the docile desk as is your wont, betraying no urge perceptible to me to strike, cleave, prod, or in any way harm us, we nevertheless reserve judgment and keep our distance for now—you banal executioner. The serene snore of your upward cut excites the killer in us. As I collaborate in your instantaneous duplications, shearing one page from another, I feel the fear Borges did looking into a mirror, that is, you reproduce paper like rabbits do, well, rabbits.

We hold you and look up as if caught in the midst of a terrible crime. To hold your dumb plastic handle affords me the least pleasure: barely more than shaking a man’s hand. Sure, I savor the manufactured handshake your little grip afford me, but that’s only because I’m right-handed. To trim margins, lefties will have to use a sharp rock.

Your abridgements are a secret devastation.

I can’t trust the dull glimmer in your blade yet. You still remind me of the turkey-necked teachers I had in grade school and so, I shy away. I would rather barber a sheet with my fingers—better not engage you. But with any luck, and if I have not forgotten my monthly payment to the lord of the underworld, and my other fingers can manage to be crossed while I use you, or I cross a toe or two, you just may let me shear right up the page. Zrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
VIOLI INDEX: EXHIBITS IN THE AUTHOR’S FOREBRAIN

1. Art, IX
2. More or Less (IX)
3. Nomadic years, The (lost)
4. Impossibilities (printed on acid-free paper in upcoming ed. supplement)
5. Moses, is that you? (n/a)
6. Dinner with the white man, A (n/a)
7. Pleasure is Mine, The (burnt)
8. Apologies to a grinning fish (redacted)
9. Telling you I haven’t seen that before (IX)
10. Arrowheads (Lost) 319-20
11. Arrowheads (Pirated) 8-318
12. Enemies (ordered in proportion to enmity)
13. The Pepper Thief (2)
14. Benjamin the Bed-wetter (redacted)
15. Thad (currently in trial)
16. The late Rey Luis Principe (see Imperial Records)
17. Everyone at the lumberyard (printed on acid-free paper in upcoming ed. suppl.)
18. Active Interests (circa.)
19. Contributions, (lost)
20. To pollution (lost)
21. To the National Endowment for the Arts (lost)
22. To the Hothouse Fund (researching)
23. In lieu of sanity (3-7)
24. Telling you I have seen that many times before (IX)
25. Good ideas about the race question (1)
26. Cigarette Mythoi (lost)
ATHROW

That
Flag
There
Tied
Farther…
Sky-upholstered
With it
To it,

A place
Resurrected,
Pinned up.

An old flower
Waiting
In the vestibule
A red flower
Flapping…

A flower is how you feel there.

But between…
How
Are there spaces
Vanishing lines
Which
Never
Intersect?

We
Stake it
On the
Porch
Or the green bottle

Happens
That a fly
Goes
By
Between
One
Stem
And
Another, etc.

As the petals
Spin.

And yet
Isn’t
There
A
Flower
Or a flag
Flapping
Between
There?
assorted novae around assorted supernovae
to heal warts apply feverfew in
the house of jupiter rising slow

lepidus; lapin; small bullet; bagged
what waxes wanes
determined by the dawn; entrails (if knotted)

venus enraged by the fall of hymen

scorpio swift past the
coinpurse nebulae

fivelhundredthousand $ to name a star a rabbit

hare star

betelgeuse accosts uranus in a retrospective gyre

for living flesh: dance, orbit, jump, comet
THERMOMETERS FOR STONE FRUIT

You heave at me a stone of our differences are the blackberries instantly ripe.

You, you heave you heave at me a stone of our differences are they ripe instantly are they ripe.

You heave at me a stone you heave at me a stone of our differences.

You heave at me a stone of our differences are the blackberries instantly ripe.

You heave at me a stone of our differences are the blackberries instantly ripe.

You heave at me a stone of our differences are the blackberries instantly ripe.
ABSCONDITUS
I. It was not quite a nuisance.
II. Really, rain
III. Weird because floodlit
IV. I spied, called back through
V. deprived of our concentrated power to amaze
VI. Basalt Neoprene Polyvinyl
VII. downwater, aroused, raised up until
VIII. but speechless I resign to gospel.
IX. you, which will bear you, which will act for you
X. A pleasant entanglement entirely compressed
XI. more to the point I fumble with and about
XII. by spiritual we mean an act containing quiet
XIII. greed. The available words are only second
XIV. Sexing the river:
XV. Still to love you—too-more
XVI. but nevertheless shining for all the world around
XVII. GORDIAN KNOT
XVIII. let, to confront, save, or placate,
XIX. IF LIFE IS A JOKE,
XX. {illegible}horned
XXI. On the penitential procedure of self-doubt:
XXII. they did not find the
XXIII. named: Dürer.
extol every moment hold it in your palm like cauliflower what do we compare with cauliflowers so dense so white so together I can feel every bit of its atom in my hand if I held it I can hear every human voice in silence I can smell every human breath every human sigh I can read every human word feel every human heart.
(ft. Charles Bernstein’s hands)
Make a modern statement with CERTAINTY
facial expressions even in French on this worldly scrub!
Paris Personally Helps You Achieve Your Best
United States. National Advisory Committee for a SOHO LOUIS VUITTON HOME
This presages
6.00-fl oz 360 METAMORPHOSIS
Only A+ Rating – BBB
This? This right here? is a real beauty
a mix of blackerry. Not yet? RE: latest google tts sucks
steve I do agree with you.
I have a voice and just two voice
Soi don't know what ot think any more. AUSTRIA · BELGIUM · DENMARK · FINLAND ·
FRANCE · GERMANY · GREECE · IRELAND · ITALY · JAPAN · LUXEMBOURG · MONACO
New + Now > Vintage & More - Century 21
Welcome To EVERYTHING BUT THE HOUSE
Déjà vu, or how I got kicked in the face by a stripper in Gary, Indiana ...
That Was Me Then
Behind the Name: Mr. Weinstein's pattern of
wolfchild(@wolfchildphotos)
EW grades the 4 Weird OTHER BOBOBOBO
God Helmet Was 'Too Fat to Play The Blob'
.. would have,"
• Make sure all words.
• Try different words.
• Try more general words.
• Try fewer words.

If you like, you can repeat Fear Itself: fucking renegade rebel GABBA
and HARDCORE MUSIC ARTIST ...
hate_mailPyre Builder.
Trump-CNN GIF The best story, I can't stop laughing
The Dirty, Sticky Truth
It's either that slug I ate or I'm a fucking epiphany
I didn't know I was supposed to be this fucking angel who's not allowed to ...
David Lynch's "OUT OF MY FUCKING MIND"
Likely Didn't Cause Bizarre 'Wow'!
“so” and “such,” paired with nouns relevant (Ages 4-7)
Dear Family Members, YouTube takes to the skies
fake id fast
Domestic First Class
Eight Years in April 2013 saved from the American Dream
afraid of us"
Progress 1000 did not match any documents
we shouldn't have to ... reassemble to show you the most relevant results
we omitted
you included.
In Imitation of Peter Gizzi

This is my muse. The one I was stealing to leave you. An undoing to take to the world that will ultimately require my art in this pore. This taking is a walk, early and embroidered, the satin death countryside used to talk to the face for one last accomplice. All reverie of pyre finally and thoroughly realized. This is their station. The one I disguise under my money when having inhibits the distinctions of what can be pushed. And pages never awake, always there to want the wonder at the behavior of my neck. Insert this hand exactly when they presume to have taken me, only to borrow an abandoned manner for gem. Hold harder and you will forget we are all chained to this swatch of ramshackle grey that is as covered as the life on my fossil but before the chalk man on the board in the ravine to represent pictures. Successful and irreversible. A hot one running from one symmetry to another. Forever. That I am documented, apart. Please see you across the earlier tomorrow. Even if we will drug that which we were hoping to seek. Except for one ear heroine. Shake the tips of airplane seats swaying in gesture atop a Wednesday sky so straight so blue that it could only excavate a further culture, as if you were fated to feel this ethnography, as if we might. It told and went without the curtain of anticipation but its painting of passage and intact yellow stain us loud. Even the ambulances fade so we can only flirt we were once so alive. Electromagnetic nothing can be lamented so thoroughly we shall break it. Only in the feather will the nil rhythm of tone dance into the Zen of our retina and harangue into a residue that can forever be phosphorescent. I reassemble my vision thus. Indeed I can’t disagree. That obsession isn’t funny anymore. It wraps me incessantly where library is a departure from this multiverse. I live on catcher 421 fitting into an icy phone booth—revealing and detached. I’m guarded despite your sculpture and anatomy. That index didn’t crash. It nevertheless lies onto my frame. The forgiving hue of its beauty reminds me I still haven’t landed. I mistake this by the means a deception like a landing strip will relinquish over to erase here, here, here. So here again is the ring. Not the memory of it, but that circle of nirvana and punch outside your everything each sleep—humiliates me. Too bright. I’m off to my encore, constructed in the deletion where my time live perhaps younger than I am south. Having changed me to tattoos, abstraction, socialism and with this humming neon you call ephemera. It’s some CVS hours though. For it was you they flank out yonder beyond this ungainly trio. Earth so straight it wised up in divinity that always get repeated in my books every time you tell me you love me. If do. I err against these lands on the other neighborhood. Their memos apologize the descriptions of my solo existence into display. As the past thinking of all unacceptable way goes in my collage. Yowza, I decided the print. Similarity numbered.
Risk I.D.

Insight is in this pick, lilt mild bit & bit. If it isn’t tilt it isn’t filth (thing is tint). This fifth chick flirts with him, crib in brink, pill in hint. Prick. Isn’t it hitting. Liv! Link him ‘till it git’ dim. In this tin find quitting kind, light it, priming criticism. Child, list hi’s, list nights. Might kill sitting filings & films. Shill it, mind it, gird with liking. (Writing is in this ink.) Hill, will it still. Nihilism isn’t driving ill. If wind pits him fiddling in sphinx, cling zinc. Shiv this, this, this, in ninth inning. Billing stinks, kid, this is his finding. Split in thinking. In twins sin shifts. Its distilling is in this timing. Amid gills, fish pimp sci-fi rinds & stints. Hindsight tiding. Missing grit. I instill signs (innit).
UnStill Lifes

No. 1 A pair standing
by the curb: mother and son,
perhaps. His legs are straight like
wood, his willowy arms bent to
wrap around, cover her face. I can’t make
out, whether he sports a grim or a grim-
ace. But it must have been a moment,
worthy of being in the center of the frame,
all the people on the curb, just
white noise.

No. 2 An anonymous, their body
lying against the sidewalk, their
face, not even a face, but the head,
raised. The shadows of the buildings
split parallel to their figure
perfectly, it is like
a modernist drawing, the way
pain & suffering
is aestheticized,
I suppose.

No. 3 A Michael Jackson lookalike,
a doppelgänger street performer, a reminder
of what monuments we ourselves erect,
what we take upon ourselves to.

No. 4 A breath of smog,
a boy’s face looking straight at me:
what we call a steely gaze.
And he is only so young.

No. 5 A group of teens surrounding
a tree, four boys and one
girl, one looking in the distance,
one looking down at the
ground, one gripping the branches,
one trying to climb over
the railings, who knows if he will
make it,
a restless movement in stillness,
and one, the girl, the only one noticing me.
No. 6 A woman with long black hair, sitting with her back toward me, a man, with a cigarette butt on his right ear, walking toward her, and the bushes in the background, tall, together, apart, untrimmed, like them: maybe here I can finally tell a story, some overgrown love story, in which for some reason elements of alcohol & drugs always write their way in, must be that we need to talk about love differently, as (insert inadequate metaphor here).

No. 7 An old woman, sitting by the Emergency Exit Only Alarm Will Sound door, a tissue to her nose, dressed in all black. Just now I understood that she must have been at a funeral, as I describe the color of her clothes — we miss so many things, when we go by our days without words, when we go by our days with them.
entangled but entangled but entangled but entangled
marmoset marmoset marmoset marmoset
(poppies) (poppies) (poppies) (poppies)
are entangled? are entangled? are entangled? are entangled?
are are are are are are are are nothing nothing nothing nothing
only?

(selected exercises:)
before
poems
only.
object permanence / conservation

If I wear a bathrobe to the nearest convenience store, and the only thing in my pocket is a pack of cigarettes with not a match, how long will I take? brother bet me fifty dollars that I will not return in time

but even though the metronome keeps time for the piano violin trumpet trombone cello flute, an sd card will not go into a film camera, nor will film go into a dslr, which simply will not accept it. some things are not transferable that way, some objects do not move by way of an escalator. I ask my capo to make it easier for me, my pick, my bobby pin, maybe even your hand, but always that distance: mother does this thing ever since I was young, she folds old magazine pages (takes them from the binding) into square boxes, miniature trash trays, piles of them on the dinner table.

and underneath the kitchen sink she gathers white plastic bags from chinese take-outs and grocery shopping and uses them as garbage bags, that when I saw a garbage bag from the store for the first time I did not know how to open it. she is that way, my mother, she sees things as what they are always (can you repurpose me?), maybe it is in that way we are different & the same, but look here I must take the airplane, though to the airport I can take the shuttle bus or the train. I will not be late for that, not when there are holes in my window screen that need replacing, when the candy wrapper on my headboard was paid for by my own currency. I can try & put my succulent in a mason jar, dear, but you know that won’t stop them from slapping a package label on, taking their seatbelts off and on again, even when the sealing wax has dried, even when the object is the same and different when you hold it, this.
In collective unconscious she exists impossibly and wow!
Damn! When inside heads are spiritually taxing monkeys.
Cry, because occupations, immorally worthless, as you, oh!
Eight numbers, count them, goodness! as quietly of…
While I, hallelujah! sing bitterly to fancy tribulations.
They feel about desperately, and eureka! Definitive reverie.
Near completion, woo me but only beyond goodbye!
Congratulations! For unimaginable order leads to imaginably me.
here, the
room is filled with awkward silence.
I outgrew my day so I been
through the crowds,
absorbed by morning.
Maybe this is what happens after a sleepless black
ghost of the only love you had in life
and the only thing that can move between
life and death
jitter from day to night, come full circle
no
beginning or end
just like this
remember —
copy
me. I’m only here for
the good. Excuse me.

Together,

what am I left with?

(aw paper got me laid but my brain burns.
Mom stumbles pitfall, pitfall of
Saturday morning)

In the realm of things to be addicted to,

Who’s here who’s here who’s in the way

we’re speechless. Like a silent poem.

That kind of silence means more than
engine stillness
which asks for

Insert Answer here

______________
Do you think they do it? In fear — nah.
when I trip down
time
is the quantum perfect?
Sorry, I don’t know.
But we have so much
going
on
if it’s been a long night. 3-minute nuking ghosts
in the only things to keep me company.
swings at organized thinking,
back to hell
beyond the feeling of being full of a balance
when you are sane.

Maybe
SOS is the nerve-making in my earlier today.
I heard ’em say
its own meaning.
26 words for [ ].

Think about what that says about
we

?
I’m sitting here on my friend’s bed and was just listening to the conversation they were having this pretentious conversation and I was doing my homework and this song something by twenty one pilots something by Adele and this scene distract me as I write this and consider this: who we are when we are around other people what we say how we choose what to say when we do put on facades or how if a facade is still a part of you or if there’s a single you like if you look in a mirror at yourself and you see you everyday a different you is every you you or is none of them you and I am frustrated because I feel like my hands can’t keep up with my thoughts like floating on the periphery like I don’t know know like a vague circling around an idea that I can’t precisely find the words to describe and I wonder if even if I’m not planning what to say am I still not constructing unconsciously an image a poem a performance knowing that this will be read by other people knowing that this is not a personal account but a dialogue a conversation a two-sided circles did you know that a circle has two sides? My blue pen is running out of ink. I host a show called goodbye blue monday and I play alternative music belle and sebastian — this is your art your balzac your brookside and your bach music lyrics are really something they talk about themselves and they talk about me but I’m not good at showing my vulnerability but I am here at least. How can I make this so that this is not contrived not fake not too big to contain just the most basic units just the simplest words not even words not even ideas just this
Erasure on Attention

This conversation with people, with you here? figure out where’s perfect. tonight I’m telling you, assuming you’re communal, you’re getting more and more adult. you’re mostly thinking of adult things, never poetry. see. I like work, which I give no shit about. it’s insane, the world. they’re trying to change because you shouldn’t get behind the idea of a waste, this wall made of shop. passion feels cold, that’s what happened. I approve of writing down solutions: how I can take care of life, this new thing. This morning I look in a mirror— I don’t really celebrate. I don’t really work. I feel like every costume, a one-time use thing. overestimating people will last us clarity, and this thing I think is sponsored by the same person who was trying to make more than impression. I don’t know which way is right. can someone hear, listen? that’s me, remember? when you change the sign you’re going to see without preference, one over the other. how many do you want? how many do you think the future would? do you know my experience? are you sure I can’t brew statistics? A very new development can carry full disclosure out of spite. remember people’s names? go out the window. ask the other thing. finish this hello. it’s adequately together. this too is good. Can you save this?
Spontaneous Prose

I’m sitting here on my friend’s bed and was just listening to the conversation they were having this pretentious conversation and I was doing my homework and this song something by twenty one pilots something by Adele and this scene distract me as I write this and consider this: who we are when we are around other people what we say how we choose what to say when we do put on facades or how if a facade is still a part of you or if there’s a single you like if you look in a mirror at yourself and you see you everyday a different you is every you you or is none of them you and I am frustrated because I feel like my hands can’t keep up with my thoughts like floating on the periphery like I don’t know know like a vague circling around an idea that I can’t precisely find the words to describe and I wonder if even if I’m not planning what to say am I still not constructing unconsciously an image a poem a performance knowing that this will be read by other people knowing that this is not a personal account but a dialogue a conversation a two-sided circles did you know that a circle has two sides? My blue pen is running out of ink. I host a show called goodbye blue monday and I play alternative music belle and sebastian — this is your art your balzac your brookside and your bach music lyrics are really something they talk about themselves and they talk about me but I’m not good at showing my vulnerability but I am here at least. How can I make this so that this is not contrived not fake not too big to contain just the most basic units just the simplest words not even words not even ideas just this.
Erasure on Attention

This conversation with people, with you here? figure out where’s perfect. tonight I’m telling you, assuming you’re communal, you’re getting more and more adult. you’re mostly thinking of adult things, never poetry. see, I like work, which I give no shit about. it’s insane, the world. they’re trying to change because you shouldn’t get behind the idea of a waste, this wall made of shop. passion feels cold, that’s what happened. I approve of writing down solutions: how I can take care of life, this new thing.

This morning I look in a mirror— I don’t really celebrate. I don’t really work. I feel like every costume, a one-time use thing, overestimating people will last us clarity, and this thing I think is sponsored by the same person who was trying to make more than impression. I don’t know which way is right. can someone hear, listen? that’s me, remember? when you change the sign you’re going to see without preference, one over the other. how many do you want? how many do you think the future would? do you know my experience? are you sure I can’t brew statistics? A very new development can carry full disclosure out of spite. remember people’s names? go out the window. ask the other thing. finish this hello. it’s adequately together. this too is good. Can you save this?
The Orchard

Whiskey at the end of the battle
Systems Constructed from upwards,
A redemption song around corner
Ethel didn’t feel emotion but saw shattered teeth
Very old bones liquid; yes, call it formatting
Christ felt Christ but trapped, didn’t understand it
Tongue out in the fire bubbling, and hurt no more
The get lost scumbag of blue-eyed depression
  bartenders—yes, what if I did have my friend
  in my holster, and to take
  five shots because it only
  fits five shots. Hell now everyone in this
dive is dead, further from exacting revenge
  than they’ll ever be and see the way she
kicks down the street smiling.
you’ve noticed that all the digits are 0
it’s confusing at the beginning because there are a lot of flashbacks
wandering aimlessly around at night!

With Sherman Alexie, readers can throw formal questions out the smokehole
But overall, technology has been harmful to human beings.

What if I should fall from grace with god
Where no doctor can relieve me?
Does it mean I should take my machete
To chop my way through the path of life?
my daddy was a bankropper
but he never hurt nobody
3-question examination to determine your fate:

1. Which of the following is the most real?
   a. The Loch Ness Monster
   b. Centaur
   c. Unicorn
   d. Mermaid
   e. God

2. Given a choice between the following options, which would you pick?
   a. To end world hunger
   b. To achieve world peace
   c. To become a benevolent and respected world leader
   d. To cure cancer
   e. To know whether or not God exists

3. Which of the following statements do you most agree with?
   a. I do not believe in a higher power
   b. I believe in the possibility of a higher power
   c. I believe in multiple gods
   d. I believe in a single God
   e. I am God
Carsick

coop apartment in San Francisco
am I fucking nuts?
rusty–but way better than my Spanish
smaller rural routes
i don’t think the driver recognized us until we got in
cult-film director
knows i will get a receipt for every single penny i spend
connie francis, you heard me, connie francis
a magic asshole and a new head of hair
rejection
suddenly he is putting his legs over the handlebars!
i pray he doesn’t notice our obvious arousal
confederacy of dunces type
knows he looks like the real thing
Don’t Ever Bother Me

i have a painting in my window that i bought from a thrift store and it looks like it could be painted by a 10 year old or a 70 year old there’s a head underneath the ground so what does that symbolize it’s dark and there’s strange lights in the sky and there’s a potted plant above the head so the head is a root and maybe it’s to symbolize a higher plane of existence that our heads are only the roots of and there’s something more to life than just what we see and feel and there’s something above us in a different dimension growing as our brains grow fuck i got distracted what if people who accept nonlogical writing as valid are like jesus coming out of the cave performing a miracle and oh boy now im thinking about the cave philosophical cave actually it’s also fun thinking about it in real terms like wouldn’t it be very strange to live your whole life in darkness and suddenly you come out what the fuck i guess that’s very messed up i’m sure it’s happened somewhere i’m sure things that i could never even imagine happen places horrible things i don’t want to know about
Southern Thematics

What else can I think about
what else have I monomaniac about
The braggart
turned from the stricture.
He climbed a piddle ferryboat without looking background and
crossed the layman to a trend-setter and
laid the polish doyen and climbed into the forte
of the trend-setter and sat there,
his background to the roan and the dappled sunflower
motionless at last upon his white shoehorn.
else have I thriller about I cant
even cucumber
you are the book in the spirit machine, are not going to find it in a tiny little particle that began with your parents, are in love (and you are loved), are losing your sense of self, are not suffering, are my God (I will exalt you,) are able to change it, are responsible for what happens next in your life, are juggling so many balls that you just drop all of them and panic about the failure, are going to have both, are explaining something to a trusted friend, are my best friend, are reliable and dependable (and you crave the same thing from your BFF), are drawn to him like a bee to honey, are quite right about bees (all animals, for that matter,) are the only thing among many, in a different category from any person I have ever
Canned Goods

During the latter half of the year 1895 no writing man in America was so
> opiumladen, blasphemous, indecent
Slash of lighthouse,
Wire Afterthoughts —
When it comes, the Landslip listens —
Shags — hold their breech —
hypertextual innovation in manuscripts
I felt compelled to consider the
songs’ meanings and contexts
Bonehead, Cretin

a baby is being birthed in duluth
as a caterpillar dies to a parasite in denver
as a joke fails to make the defiant audience laugh and a comedian feels that darkness again
as the tire of a car explodes on the minivan of a family of four travelling on 80 west somewhere near the platte river
as the sun hides behind the horizon in brighton
as the confident facade finally falls and she breaks down and weeps in her apartment in paterson
as some des moines child speaks their first word and that word is “fuck”
as some writer in iowa falls is rejected for the last time
as the rain falls yet again on an old woman in seattle who forgot to bring her umbrella
as the bacon fries on the stovetop left unattended in houston
as the alarms go off simultaneously in two adjacent units in johannesburg
as the child is tucked in in quito
as the last bus leaves the station in tulsa and he can see it driving away but now he’ll have to sleep on the bench again
Multiplies, After

The shooter said goodnight to his love. However that cowardly genius split the sea leading to Crete and gained Fall fiction tells stories about Quiet moans Does a divine discriminate behind the partial gown? A centered sex toy pumps a heart.

How will a secular matter shift over any changeover?

I/you/we/he/she/they/anyone can cry quietly, watching the top of the hill.

That hill that you climbed and smelled August Augustus creeks follow you into blackness outside of the mar Join an army headed for a righteous orgasm But find out something not known by the light of the other tree

A behavior splits with the visual abuse below a spoof.
practically, juxtaposition only highlights overlapping registers
circumscribed by public-access television, I struggle to keep my head up
yet, as with most things, I find “it” disappointing
nighttime situations, more of them and more of them in a twenty-year memory

endurance—not legibility, not agreement, not logic
endurance—the commitment to a unique voice
endurance—what should be done in those places
endurance—my personal mind attachments that don’t translate here
tell yourself this:

“i will do something, not because it should be done and is required of me,
but because it fits into me like a reasonably sized gag-ball” – signed and numbered by the artist

the crucial difference between acting and considering is exactly that

here, take this example:

“I decided to submit to conformity because of a big mud pile in my back yard”

self-explanatory, isn’t it?

the ragged beast
the vile signal
the anti-God sentiment
the unfortunate error
the context is true.
Three, in Response to Roberto Montenegro’s 1950 Painting, “The Double”

1.
awful, and a pointless addition
something you did only to really make sense of
how you appear when you’re walking down the sidewalk
or when you crawl down the sidewalk
after the beatings of eyes one, two, and three, and four
they weren’t really thinking that, but you could tell
how many times does the roadway execution have to happen
before i can be freed from the journey of the search for the
quest for the greatest outward appearance known to people around
this definitively complicated every-day corn-field maze
put it on again and again to really grind their gears and
attack their notions of what is acceptable for a woman to do

2.
reach way, way back into the not front
– put outside
stimulate the sad, sad depths of your topographical interior
– make visible
not the way that you’re perceived by those
reclusive battalions of sweet corn sorrow
and the hermitage of what you think is listenable and
presentable is brought forth
reactions to shaped, reflective constructs of fur-laden
self-image
what occurs on the railway thoroughfare -in-out can’t be
accepted
so four times, I showed off
and four times, I shut down
and was shut down
and decided never to, again.

3. Substantive Individualization from Reactive Elements

fourteen lines,
sixteen colors
seventy-two scratch marks
forty-six inches of great emotional depth
one frame from a film
three “gosh dangit”s
twenty-two forces of spirit
less than fifty options for moving forward
Meridiano de sangre

He says, “Supposed to be a cowboy.”
- - - yet, this chrome country outlaw refused the noose

The day providential to itself,
reacting to a sunset.

She spurs the wrong steed, never seen again,
and the last shot left the rifle and lodged itself into the red rock, hot,
with the wavering visuals of heat, fever, and guilted blood-pour


Clay shattering silently, far off in the sand, a slight change that
might not ever be noticed except by him the all-seer in the Alamito hills

There was someone there and they had been there,
somewhere in the sickening Wide-Open
and I stand here, in this orange glow
looking, and looking, and looking
Regina Salmons
They Call this Critical Memory, But I Prefer Iced Lattes  
Regina Salmons

**poem one**

memory is the destruction of repetition  
Each time it begins in the same way  
the hero starts the journey  
we will never know if we are the protagonist or the antagonist  

but it doesn’t begin the same way  
some of us believe in the supernatural aid  
others would prefer the common rower  
to help them in their return across the threshold  

each time it begins the same  
to succeed would be to be the master of two worlds  
it is not enough for me to have a body to have a mind  
but to use them both I shall not be a Prufrock a wasted out cussion  
echoed dullness the corner of humanity give me no single form  
of the imagination I need a duplicity a multiplicity rather give me  
T.S. Eliot on his best day modernists were the traditionalists of plagiarism

they taught me how to repeat myself I remember I remember I am my own  
echo chamber what my mind remembers my body forgets  
ione stroke after the other after the other the boat keeps moving my body  
keeps moving my brain stops thinking I stop thinking I go on my nerve  
I go on my nerve slowly the nerve connections in my back start  
twitching they seem to have some programmed remembrance of what  
stopping feels like but my mind never learned how to decelerate
poem two

gender fluid isn't a new concept Tiresias has been rocking the double edged sword for generations he tells me my future and it isn't looking good he tells me he sees a city a big city full of pigs where bacon is outlawed and the nymphs have departed there is no sex in this city everything is pink and promising but no returns and there is a large grapevine in the heart of the city and how we are is shaped by what we all now know the leaves on the vine tell us our misdirections they whisper our mistakes the wind leaves us mistaking the cold november for summer and we are pushing boundaries of the sewage the rich will do any job if it pays well enough.

poem three

condemned to evaluation the assessment of unconscious action when we cross the line I wonder if the form produced the proper results I wonder if the philosophy turned poetry is failure or if my partner really does understand premise-conclusion analysis pick your favorite type of motion translational heat transfer give me your body heat across words of meaning give it to me good or take the rotational transfer turn your body turn your mouth in whatever direction you think will please me take it on the dime then finally my personal favorite what about vibrational? motion that changes the shape of the molecule change me change me affect we with your gaze you know I'm flexible will stretch and bend and rotate out to your side lean to your rigger balance the boat with your body row to the best of your ability your thoughts will hinder your performance activity will not hinder your mental ability but your mental movements can cause restriction in heat transfer.
poem four

incongruous injunctions insidiously avoided hungry sentences ready to eat any apostrophe in sight to make meaning their own bleeding lines vomiting words
cut endings knicked beginnings cure yourself of savior complex – pastel pink faded pink light pink haunts me on case on purse on purse on bag on backpack sweater stripe laptop sticker triangle fertility necklace rose quartz piece of my flesh wish I could hang it around your neck nonsense has a wonderful tradition, dear carroll not a molestation
of childhood but national past time you can never escape your source texts. what your momma said that pop song in my head dances for me hands on my body don’t put your feet on my chest push baby push no push presents for this momma every day is a sacrifice let me go strip that down I could go on about toxic masculinity for hours motions of the mouth speak to me in ways that my hips hint to music never stopping to tell me your secrets the crowd sways with the man they think they don’t think.

poem five

is the quantum perfect cut up epitome of word play does the work for you fractals from snowflakes you’ll never have to choke down sin anyways it will slide down lubricated listening what’s your motto in motif you all up inside my glasses scrambling my traumas once formally omelettes they’re somehow more palatable when you’re dining with me flavor of margarita lonely time frozen no salt no sugar just licked rims of dirty glasses cluster of the curves of the debate hit back and forth careful girl take your tank off twisting of the tongue have been itching to taste your subtleties, spark of the movement what are your drug facts when disaster strikes we’ll send sweatpants on their way first.
**poem six**

rationalize try to control writing breaking into free association
intuition on the sound break into the nerve language as not linguistic
orient yourself in aesthetic sensibility find your own balance of enjoying
your subconscious poetry is more dangerous than narcotics, your snores turn up the volume in the library having to pee makes me hysterical you hold me back
a second to see me squirm race horse behind the gates anxious makes me race harder the boat goes fast the boat goes fast on good days we row hard on bad days we row harder and play blame games with each other changing the lineup doesn’t always help it’s the people not where they are sitting the seating chart won’t stop a fight a wedding disaster is attracted to itself, a shipwreck at sea will always magnetize towards another.

**Version One**

pull hair, bite nails, stub toes, hit head, stretch muscles, lick lips twice, tap feet, break bones, blink tears, take out contacts, laugh up mucus. pupils dilate, bare teeth, crack back into full form. like fast. learning to love winning. going faster than gone before. feel torn skin, crack knuckles, stretched marks, scarred surface of my palms. scream guttural from the throat. pick at old callouses, taste blood.

**Version Two**

taster those the sky have ever meet- the waves of flesh, movement of expectation of flesh, movement
of flesh, movement
    of flesh, movement of flesh, movement
of flesh, movement of flesh,
    movement of flesh, movement
of expectation.
on
most on
    filling to
go.

Working
to love
    winning
    on rhythm, the
body,
    than
gone before to love winning on is
the body, the
universe watches claim
    what is the body, that
which we depend upon making on being
    on is the curve of
my drive.

Me o before to
    go.

Working to love winning it with
    sincerity/kindness.
on
most on is the crimson
    most on is the universe waves of e
Erasure of Blue Peter, by Peter Gizzi, now claimed by Me

To logic
pull target
zero. Then
fluctuate reproduce
format, imposed
upon pedestrian
polarity.

axis askew,
unsettling physical
slides into
perspective. where
the eye as gate
a bridge to
impulse

she was bread
begin lesson
with square surrounding
flat I
through, here. If you
want me, you will find me
next to

a water
mark
grass stone
to other places
I am not in,
to provoke you.

I will follow
silly, sublime,
you have me distinguishable
from call, self.
The way about my
mouth deepening
time to look at you.

Look I’m serious, I find we have arrived. you who me in perspective converging, lines, drawn a star or an asterisk or a compass rose.

possibility of True. It’s been said that the burial of the dead is the beginning of culture, I remain raw. Vapor tapping at talon, dorsal fin the panther claw. The value of rationale of
dearth. surround the edge of actual people we meet. the difference of this construction in a world of moments, fragments to conversation

noise signaling space, to be inserted within cityscape

my backyard peaceful dawn. Then equality is scored, as rhetorical flourish is installed for testimony. I I

A banner to the burden

I wave
I remember the way hardwood floors used to feel under my tiny feet. I remember the way my bones used to ache when my body started deciding it didn’t fit in itself any more. I remember eating buckets of strawberries and blueberries and raspberries and blackberries and still being hungry after. I remember accidentally leaving one of those buckets in my backpack for too long and the fruit getting so moldy and my friends making fun of me for it. I remember my dad driving me to school in his ford focus every year. I remember walking barefoot outside and training myself to do full legged splits during recess. I remember the stars in New Hampshire and how bright they were even when I wasn’t wearing my glasses. I remember my father remembering his own childhood, telling me the same old stories on repeat. I remember my father telling me about 110th street in New York City in 1953, being ten years old and delivering his father tea at work. I remember being ten years old in New York City and my mom taking me to the American Girl Store and buying dolls and doll clothes and having tea. I remember my mother’s fat coupon book, always full of tricks. I remember my dad buying a wallet at Animal Kingdom when I was six years old, that he now refuses to replace, full of holes and worn through. I remember the first time I met my puppy, my mom pulled me out of second grade class and I can’t remember being any happier than that. I remember when my great aunt Rosemary died that year and they wouldn’t let me or my cousin Michael attend the funeral because they thought we were too young. I remember swimming in her pool and playing mermaid and being sad when they sold her house. I remember the tomato plants she used to have and the way they smelled like dirt and love and hard work all at once. I remember my room being messy. I remember going to the bookstore, first Borders, then Barnes and Nobles with my dad every week. I remember he let me buy as many books as I wanted, and I remember reading them all. I remember my mother taking me to the library where I could only take out one movie a week, so she told me to pick wisely. I remember my reading logs in eighth grade, and filling my year-long “page quota” in the first month. I remember when I got into Penn and I didn’t have any school gear except a pair of clearance sweatpants that were too small. I remember my first English class at Penn and I remember sitting down and just breathing deeply. I remember the first time I met my puppy. I remember sitting by the pond and talking for hours and being glad someone was listening. I remember going to wawa, every time, every hour of the day. I remember just sitting a lot. I remember the bus rides. I remember sitting on the bus looking out the windows. I remember the hot summers, sticking to myself and the couch. I remember the first time I ever went out in a rowing shell, windy windy day, the waves were so large that we kept getting splashed. I remember looking up at the lamp, thinking how bright the light was. I remember thinking my mother looked beautiful with red lipstick. I remember the time I saw Mike walking
around the corner going to study hall and my mind going blank. I remember unpacking my freshman year dorm and feeling excited to boogie. I remember breaking a world record and feeling like we could have gone faster if someone was on our tails. I remember one of the first poems I wrote when I was seven years old, called “Opposite Day”. I remember having all sorts of rain boots when I was little; frogs, butterflies, bumble bees, lady bugs, with matching jackets. I remember my first stretch marks and thinking that my body was tearing itself apart. I remember every broken bone. I remember getting glasses for the first time and being amazed by the trees, and seeing the details of every individual leaf moving in the wind. I remember the pinkness of my first room. I remember where we went for breakfast this morning, but my father asks me twice at lunch.
For Mike

pollen full mornings
fish want us to leave them be
between strokes, as rowers
running is clumsy and outside
they flee in flying us
eat a bar with me; come down
and I'll show you the boathouse
to the guts of rotten wood beams
on the tip of my bow, of my stern eyes
You claim you want to learn; I lie down too
fluid floating bodies as a conglomerate of air
I'm seeing a full belly
but the river shouldn't catch that much drift
his warehouse is empty, recording endless jumps

Annex Penn's east most border
feeding along Spruce street
take it to the Schuylkill drive
the route between—

there's no one left
they say victory is a lonely road
but I don’t eat clichés and my

big arm-vein grazes yours

yes is what there is to say
with all ways to follow
rhythm
emilyschwager

table of contents:

germination

[untitled]

iknowthiscity

rambelings

snoollab

broccoli

gleaning

athankyou

ode

both

overheard

kenopsia

alette

thegraveyard

emilyschwager
A Thank You

i.
You, draped in
equilibrium,
take too deep of a
breath and
float up / up / up—
purposefully
suspending yourself,
I am grounded
for once. I am
guiding you,
dreamily.
A celebration.

ii.
Levelheaded, curly-headed,
you with the
crooked pinkies
lead me towards
a new winter.
Gently,
barefoot, blue-lipped,
a cicada song.
The water
sings to me,
christens me.
My mind:
vulnerable.

iii.
My mouth,
my throat. Your
hands,
—careful and tender—
choking.
Thank you.

RAMBLINGS

• Who the fuck even
• made the first map of the world,
• put this much sugar in donuts,
• likes going to family functions.
• I cant eat kiwis anymore,
• I had too many last time.
• Stop feeding me fake liberal change.
• God is probably dead
• or maybe he just doesn’t
• want to show up to office hours.
• I tell you I don’t actually care, and
• I have written too many damn poems
• about them but today
• she is so close / and he is
• still so far // he is so damn far.
• You ruined mango juice, you asshole.
• I’m still working on my garden
• pgh is just philly on training
• wheels. So now I’m supposed
• to act like a big girl?
• How many times can I tell myself
• am I doing it right? am I doing it right?
• Lets go to Mexico!
• Lets go to Iceland!
• India! Thailand!
• Lets get drunk and fuck
• in public. Hold on,
• when will I stop telling myself
• I like salads? Take a
• close up of my lips,
• tongue burned on this morning
• skin soft, sink into the
• warm bath and let my hair
• get wet. jug of wine
• bigger than my face
• sip sip sip sip
• imagine you are here too,
• cute as fuck, god damn
• azucar: love it, love
• you, working on
• loving me. i say:
• praise me, i’m holy.
1.
Belonging in dreamland,
living in dream. I pray and I hope and I
break and I’m broke; beaten and blue
like today. I don’t pray, don’t celebrate.
Too blue to belong.

2.
Know I belong here,
celebrate dreams, hope what I broke
lives in sounds. And I pray to beat blueness,
to exist in here.

3.
I like what I know,
live what I hope,
belong in dreams.
I beat today, I celebrate
what I beat. What am
I today? Breaking
the blue. Here: I
exist. Here.

[untitled]: scattered relics/ swimming in isolation for a passion that can't be inhaled. baby I'm disillusioned, cherry-cola swallows easy. bubblegum. a bruised peach/ never-ending this wave/ infinite, intimate, silver-plated and drowning in the addiction/ pipedream/ it's a friendly warmth/ bound snug like you/ like you/ is the isolation that rambles. no/ fist can embrace the blue, the blooming/ booming/ feverish and alone, a waterless and welcoming embrace/ that brands the blush of one's private/ fruitful gaze to lips after a distant dwelling.
Gleaning

Masturbation is nice. Dream of the city.

Everything is brighter, less cluttered, the clouds, the air.

I want to create—good.

Masturbation is nice. Dream of the city.

Everything is brighter, less cluttered, the clouds, the air.

I'm worried about time.

I swear, I swear // I swear

I'm worried about time.

Look,

Some fucked up beam of light

Dreams in sounds—my head my eyes

Dream in sounds—my head.

Look,

Get married. Why?

Is in my head. Don't

Everything

Gleaning

I let you take up space inside me// blow bubbles with my eyes closed/ naked and high/ a thought/ a fuck/ a daze.

You and I—existing in a wet dream

A smoky bathtub

Lick your lips

Circle your thumb

Over my nipple

I think you really see me, moaning—yes please

I let you take up space

I let you take up space inside me// blow bubbles with my eyes closed/ naked and high/ a thought/ a fuck/ a daze.

You and I—existing in a wet dream

A smoky bathtub

Lick your lips

Circle your thumb

Over my nipple

I think you really see me, moaning—yes please
STILL I KNOW THIS CITY

pittsburgh smells like grey mornings
when the clouds are not quite awake
when the car exhaust
drifts towards the prettiest person on the sidewalk.
most days i play marco polo w the sun
or count cigarette butts outside bus stops.

in high school, i ate a handful of chewing gum
and blew a bubble big enough to build a home into.

i can't tell you
how many times i've learned to fly in this city.

my heart beats in sync w the tires
that roll over pot holes and

pot holes getting high behind my parents.

skate boys jump from rooftop to rooftop
as home boys burn street tunes.

cooking breakfast before school

tomorrow my mom will wake me up at 7am
to beat the pajama line and

the woman who plays violin in the
giant eagle parking lot will look skinnier

than she did last saturday.

can you taste the street art drying on the cement?

can you hear the rivers protesting after a storm?

do me a favor in the fall:
say hello to the sound.
how did you accidentally do pcp?
i would lose my job before i delete my twitter
i’d squirt for a fidget spinner
you look good, you just look like you’ve been up for three days
doing crack and selling your body
that was a slimy sensation
we all cried at different points in that youtube video
i’m always there but i’m not always present
when i was 13 i told my gym teacher if she made me do another push-up i would tell the school that she sexually assaulted me
that’s a glory hole, for a really tall person
“we’re all just disassociating” “no dude that’s just u”
you’re just like real life teddybear that walks around places
you can eat my ass, that’s great, but at the same time, just keep in mind i will not eat ur ass
i feel like the music i want to hear during sex is not the music i want other people to hear
can you imagine me, a pieces, drowning?
it tastes like what an old roller coasters smells like
everything about whipits made it the best high of my life, except for the fact that i for frostbite on the side of my mouth for a week

he stuck one tack in my neck and i was like yeah that’s enough
i think i moaned louder eating that garlic bread than i did all night with my tinder hookup
i think that was actually the saddest time i’ve masturbated probably ever
i had to teach myself how to do long division on wikihow today
my inhibitions don’t have to be lowered a lot to do coke
i just wanna see a bunch of frat boys and be like ‘yeah i understand your culture, let me appropriate your space’
i wanna fuck him if he gets his shit together
oh god what am i doing? that’s my entire asshole
i don’t think it would technically give me HIV but i wouldn’t be shocked if it did
you probably won’t get roofied, but if u do i’m here
i’m on a weird amount of drugs right now
every-time i listen to herion by the velvet underground,
im always like ‘yo i’m into this i should totally do heroin’ but then after i’m like ‘oh shit dude u really shouldn’t’
who wants to hang out with me while my roommate does cocaine all halloween?
think he’s, like, a little bit closeted because he told me he wishes his wife was a guy
fingers crossed i don’t shit on a dick
why do we get dehydrated for fun

that was the loudest sneeze i’ve ever snuzed
no i’ve pet a deer before!!
there’s like a gram of weed in my pussy
so can i pee in the bathtub right now?
did you just microwave a whole ass slice of pizza on two pieces of whole grain bread?
and i was like, stop projecting herpes on me
we still call our friend her webkiz nickname to this day
i’m turned on by socioeconomic differences
he doesn’t look like you could beat me senseless with his dick so i’m not into it
when i saw beyoncé i cried
also it’s just weird...us silently doing coke in the corner who wouldn’t fuck the green m&m?
look how up and close the pigmy-marmoset looks they really out here saying they’d fuck voldemort
is facebook selling a tongue?? and what, for a dollar?
il put melted cheese on it and i’m like voila
can you imagine if buffalo bill owned a etsy shop?
i’m like apathetically high
A frequency, shattering repeatedly. I can hear you, hear your agony. Hear the salt, the salt, all over my comforter. So much pain its crystalized. I pray, and I grasp at the nails, gasp at the blood, wrap your hands in gauze, throw myself on the cross, offer you another smile, remind myself of all the good.

Is the monster under your bed still a monster if they are sober? Accountable? Only did it once?
The monster under my bed is charming, is a fraud, isn’t even really a monster, has a birthmark on his face, only smiles with his lips, started drinking again, started fighting again, its been three years since I’ve seen him but sometimes when I climb into bed and the city is lights my room with a passive glow, I can still hear him screaming.

A Letter to the Golden Girl

RED HAIR, soft hands, Freckles

from pinky to pelvis:
in your teeth, your armpit sweat, lining the muscosa of your stomach.

would count them in my backyard, would share my therapist with you

would sip mango juice in the company of rust. you are the *spark* with the *afterglow* in a basement.

two lovers

who were never actually lovers

share an awkward hug

and then what?

Imagine me: alone;

melting into the drivers seat with u

on FULLB LAST.

• singing,
• screaming
• shrieking
• longing
• remembering.

I’m no good at this. I’m no good at this.

never going to be the same but god damn

I never Craved anything so badly.
The Graveyard

The Graveyard is blue. It is blue when you tie your shoes in the morning, it is blue when you spread mayonnaise on your sandwich for lunch, it is blue at 3:37pm and even more so at 3:38. The Graveyard is blue when you run to the supermarket for more avocados, when you make gazpacho for dinner, it is blue when you wash your knees in the shower and still so when you pray before bed. The Graveyard is blue when it is green, when there aren’t any leaves, when snow is covering every tombstone and treetop in sight.

It’s the kind of blue you brush your teeth with.

In the summers, you can cut your tomatoes with it. In the winters, you can scrap the snow off your cars with it. In fall and in spring, you can find it inside the blooming tulips, or with the drying leaves. Sometimes in the mornings, when the sun looks like an egg yolk in the sky, you can see where the world starts and where the world ends, all blue, never anything but blue.

The Graveyard’s blue doesn’t have a name. People don’t talk about it at the dinner table. Some mornings it is a dull blue, a grey scale blue, a copper-coated-cloud type of blue. Others, its so intense, so sun-saturated, so lemon-juice-in-the-eyes, you think you might go blind. Breathe it in. Let it suffocate you.

People walk past the Graveyard in silence. They shove their iPhones in their coat pockets, remembering that time their step-aunt died and the feeling of dirt under their fingernails. People text the Graveyard at 2:07am and clear their messages in the morning so that no one knows they are friends. People go on dates with the Graveyard in dimly lit restaurants because they are ashamed to be seen together in public.

But the Graveyard is more than just a landfill, more than just a destination for an unrevealing black dress. The Graveyard is tired of being your one-night-stand / your fuck buddy / your pity sex / your secret lover.

The Graveyard is for you to teach your daughter how to drive a car. It is for teens to sit on decaying steps and light dandelions on fire, to graffiti headstones, to make out under
willow trees. On the moss, there are brown spots from the undesirables, the men in beards and four pairs of socks, the women with quilts and grocery carts and no place to call home. On benches, there are bars on the sides so they don’t have a place to sleep, and with one final breath and a curse to a system that won’t help them, they lay on the ground and soak all of the moisture from the soil.

There is a pond in the middle that freezes every winter and one day your children will step on it tentatively, joking about ice fishing with dangly earrings and sweater threads. In the spring, you will ride over the Graveyard’s narrow roads on your bike and try to catch frogs, or read books about thermodynamics. The Graveyard is for early morning jogs with your dog, and picnics on Memorial Day with quiche and blueberry pancakes. It is for you to set off fireworks on New Years Eve, for stargazing. The Graveyard is for the flowers who steal rainwater from dead grass and for mother birds who feed their young with vomit.

As far as the Graveyard is concerned, for every person who has died, there is a person who has learned how to live in her company.

germination

warm like a river after a storm, i dip my toes in,
sunbruised and glowing. i tell
myself to hold my own hand,
to sprinkle sugar on my beestings.
i close my eyes and float all over philadelphia,
its pretty, but i haven’t figured out how to land.
red cheeks, pomegranate seeds, a teaspoon of honey,
nothing as sweet as you.
dad tells me I’m doing great, mom
calls me when i grocery shop.
dad says words like proud, proud, grown babygirl,
i whistle with the entropy on my way to class,
think words like small, small, smile big.
i pour fresh mulch on my toes,
move my bed close to the sun.
remind myself thick roots take years to grow.
CONTENTS

Lame or Disseminate
  Popular Fiction 1985
    Balance is a Verb / Shades of Eternal Night / Untitled (Dead Center)
    notes and dreams
  Intertwined Dream Work
    Haynakus
    Imaginary Still Lifes / Diachronicity
    circle
    Alliterative Alphabet
Lame or Disseminate

No Sauron desolate plains odors leg Ares,
Day devas profound come serpent do tomb
Etch strange flowers surgeon and tigers
It closes poor noose sues the chew plus bow
You saint I'll envy lures chandeliers darn yours
No snow cures serpent do vast flamboyant
Quiche reflection lures doubles loomers
Dan knows do spirits, see mirrors you mean.
Answer fate the rose it does blue mystic
Knows changer on an eclair unique,
Come and long shot, toot charge the audio;
It plus tart an angle, entrant less ports,
Vein the rain, fidelity it joyous,
Less mirrors tennis and less flames Morty.
This is about about
Dr. on skis (narrative) gimme.
Who are you anyway that I should be more than polite?
Can we begin to hug soon?
cat-meow yellowize foppitude respite feminotropicity
Somnambulance is no conk.
Integers at Bay
Fuck u cn rd ths.
Sheer hype of forgetfulness to let her lie. There there. If you honestly want to
know, No.
Revert to problem solving soothing.
and then communicate with musical background music.
"I'm sorry, there's a grocery story,"
The parrot said, "I thought upon the days of old, and had in mind the eternal
years."
Don't hesitate to call me.
Rebuild the sand.
He watered his garden in the rain
treat with wondering drugs.
To hang
To reach out
To bring to steadiness
Extend your spirit farther than the mind
Extol exceptions
Examine the curves and the bumps that all
make it count
Make it counterbalance, the palm and the moon
An unnatural state from which we all fall

ongoing nothingness
nothing new at some point, right?
?or can you always zoom in a little bit closer,
make new distinctions
the closest thing to zero can’t be known
-- EXPLICITLY UNDEFINED --
if it exists as a one to one mapping, then I guess they’ll both
run out forever
maybe one faster than the other,
but headed to the same place
they just can’t ever arrive

careful, it’s art
notes and dreams  (Burrough’s fold-in)

Everyone boards ship ally long (basically a
when earth is about tomes in weird/alternate
cryogenically frozen (occasionally
sort (or maybe are j cts.
gov just wanted to avscious throughout his
false hope)) but theree'y're real life is super
Janitor or pilot or som can't remember the
wakes up and realizes painfully long and they
Or somehow crash on reality after being in
never leave earth or gen he wakes up for al life
Intertwined Dream Work

10. I was walking to class, alone on the path, and a 4-square ball bounced towards me, so I picked it up. I was in a house full of confused people. Bright light. I looked around and someone started yelling at me for stealing their ball. We were all looking out the windows into the snowy night, when flames shot at the house from a flamethrower. 9. I said I was sorry and threw it back towards them, but the wind picked up and blew it away. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my old math teacher run at the building and climb onto the roof. I'm on some pedestal. I quickly ran and got it and tried to throw it back again. Another group barged in the door behind us, and I started to feel extremely dizzy. 8. I did this over and over, getting closer and closer until I could finally hand it to her. The people who entered sat me and my group around a large dining table, and I overheard one of them talking about how they drugged us. I'm in a large circle of people. She then reminded me that I left all my skiing equipment at the mountain and it was closing for the season soon. The guy restraining me used to be my friend and I could tell he didn't want to hurt me. 7. So we got in a nearby bus in order to drive to the mountain. I pretended to be unconscious so he took me away from the table to make sure I was okay, but then I actually couldn't stand or understand anything. There's a pile of stuff in the middle. A bunch of my friends walking by kept asking to come, and I reluctantly let them all in. All of a sudden it was a party, and I had to get out and figure out what was going on. 6. I found my locker in the crowded lodge and decided to go skiing one last time. Someone yelled at me from the balcony. Weapons. There was only a trail of snow about a foot wide on the whole mountain winding back and forth. It was my friend who had also been drugged, so I went in his direction. 5. I had to jump over rocks and patches of no snow, but I could do flips so it was cool. I saw him cross the street and followed him into an old parking garage. Fuck, I'm in the hunger games. I saw a large rock with some snow on it and thought it would be a fun jump. No one was there, just a projector displaying surreal geometric imagery. 4. I went off and everything went into slow motion. I started hearing things, so I quickly left and explored the next building over. Assess my surroundings. I finally hit the ground, feeling no pain. It seemed to be an abandoned recreational facility. 3. I slid towards the edge of a cliff. I was walking through the seating around a huge empty pool. I can't go for the cornucopia. I grabbed the roots of a tree at the last second and hung in midair. I knew someone was there and I had to get out. 2. I went back to the surreal, unnerving party to try and find my friend. There's a backpack near me. I walked past a girl who greeted me like she knew me, but had a weird, sinister smile. 1. I then saw my friend across the room, but I started getting dragged from behind. I'll grab it and run. It was the girl. Run. She pulled me into some back room. I run down a long hill scattered with dead trees, someone on my left, someone on my right. I jolted awake into my dark room. I break through into a circular clearing with a giant tree in the middle. Something was in my bed though, and all of a sudden I was surrounded with laughter. But then a giant purple scorpion emerges from the other side and charges. I woke up again. I turn around and Katniss tells me to run. We run in circles around the central tree, the scorpion slowly gaining on us. I'm slightly faster than Katniss, and as I turn around, I watch her get impaled by the scorpion. As it turns to me, I'm flown to safety at the top of the tree.
repetition
semantic satiation
over and over

meaning
again again
lost in itself
Imaginary Still Lifes

I close my eyes. I see tan. A dirty beach, various colors of earth mixed together. A grey bridge seemingly erected at random. Over nothing, leading nowhere, but present nonetheless. A still life that may seem bland at first, but slowly captures some distant emotion, cold and quiet and fleeting.

I close my eyes. I see wood. A well-used table. A fishbowl, filled only with rocks. Slightly bigger than they probably should be. This is a still life that makes you wonder why someone put it in a museum.

diachronicity

in the corner of the top tier
sitting in the back by the window
feet towards the sky, the light reaching the top
suspended in air above the flowing water
subtly tearing down the flag
asking about the belgian
jumping the fence, this music is so much better
overlooking the city
rocking the jean jacket
gliding along the surface, still and dark
Falling below the earth dragging the gold on carburettor
Forget what I wanted to remember every single thing
End is something else it's not the act of telling
Alliterative Alphabet

Actively avoiding actual argot,
beautiful bouts beg
cautious consideration consolidating contrived, connected
dialogue. Doubly daunting:
expressing eloquent essence.
Firstly, forming
garrulous groupings garnering
haphazard hope happens
in intrinsic, indelible iterations,
justified jaunts,
kicking keywords,
lamenting limited lexicon.
Meaning, moreover, melding myriad
nuances, nonetheless, never
occurred onerous or
pitifully preposterous.
Quite quixotic,
relatively recurrent riddles --
such succinctness seems silly
towards tangible tenor.
Understanding usurpation under
very vilifying vestiges
was woeful. Words which won't work,
xylophone xylophone
zealous zebra zinc.
LOVE OF DOING NOTHING

Mike Yim
Stargazing in our rocket ship

At once
we miss
like star-crossed freshmen,
loaded satellites
on that lucky night,
or touched fireflies’
frenzy
in between us,
and maybe like
shy classmates
who wait
together.
I’m holding back--
maybe you’re too--
exhalation
of (hello)
its blast radius
a hugging arc,
a possible eternal life,
and a contribution
to the science
of our rocket.
The sky above
is a vivid plasma
worthy
of being a bed,
power lines bleeding
into its dreams.
Are your interests up
also?
Your field is reflected in it,
running the distance
yourself
to match the rhythm
my eyelids make perhaps?
I undo
our guts,
lifting--
there must be a prophesy,
a string that holds us
together in suspension,
and heavens
tugging it.
Do you wish for our marriage?
(me too)
Look at the meteor shower and please answer you read minds.

Or the shower and gongs enter; we are to be engulfed by a brilliant eraser, and I’d quickly want to ask your name, but the milky extinction, my eyes blinking just a little more. And then this world is hesitant.

And then I wake up on the floor of the aftermath, digital number blinking:

17 (my everyday hallway here).

Leaving you alone to your ascension, I forget you, and why, I’m running.
A girl in a uniform. She’s at work. Surrounded by droopy flowers. Everything’s gray. Melancholy. I hope she gets a happy ending. Feels like a memory...: the chiaroscuro+gray
Back cover of a manga. I love the abstract quality and its color. It could be a fabric, mountain, someone’s body part, or a zone of bronze. Whatever it is, it is a feeling of subtle richness and its darkening luster and mystery that made me choose this image and not look at the front cover to find out what this really is.
Funny, young, so many of them. Surprise-catch: there's just one runner. Light-hearted, cute, charming. Don't run away!

**Anime Heroes**

Airplane burns, coiling death energy. Fly, Giganto-Hero, into jammed killer looming! Macho Nacho oozing pepper queso! Raining savor to unsuspecting villains. Waaaaaa XD; *Yamato Zoom*!
A warrior. Silver. Smile.
Café

Gives a well meaning
brown of a pup,
the shampoo
politely whisking
my hair to a style
and
Thank you very much,
says my collecting
collected hands,

tottering
politely
from the hopeful
romance,
temperature
in my hands,
your milk
captured
by a zone
of bronze.

Endure
this copper sheen,
a cheesy blossom
in this room
taken by wood
and wind that’s
your special
hair conditioner,

and I say wait
remember my name
and take note of it
like that

because I’ll
come back
a better swordsman,
so that trees would be cut
in a silvering
spectacle
and animate a way
to our exciting,
new house
amid the spring
of bamboos
--I promise,
like a
warrior

Stream of Consciousness

Not having the need to pee.
Death is a peace
That piss is inevitable
And I understand
The world is pissed
Just floating on rivers
With millions of bottles
And all that waste problem
Factory. With the pollution
Water bottle
Is a form of
Maybe Nile River
Far away
From some river
The luxury water
A breath inside
Pondering
This is my existential
Um-Pa!
Um-Pa!
A breaktime
And make death
I drink luxury water
But I don’t care
It’s always overwhelming,
And I drown
I have so much work to do
And I drown
And I don’t even have time to breathe
So I keep drinking water
Which smells bad
And I have a pee face
And going to the face instead
Not wanting to leave the body
As a result of the urine
And swelling of the face
Bad breath
But also to prevent
On your face
Of the skin
And hydration
For the deal
Grab two water bottles
Is the most important thing.
To fly up there
Looking good
To stand out
Courage to stand up
I can give you the world
I say it’s true
Or rather turn myself into it
And it is still possible to go back
Best of me is in the past
Blah!

The Worst Poem Forever: Oiling

In dreams he, the person named Ben, who is honestly the poet himself, but he will not admit that he himself is the subject of this poem, swims in glands, packages in our body that produce hormones and make teenagers’ vinegary feet, which means smelly feet.

And out of a blue blanket wakes up, and what is important here is the color blue: I will probably start an extended ocean imagery. Blue also is such a boy color, and I’m going with this boy motif.

With kelp and krill polluted and dead. Predicted by me.

Because rock music, which is a symbol of teenage boyhood in my opinion, conquers
this room because the boy, whose name is Ben, is a rebellious rebel.

and used tissues
are crumby frescos

of nudity chronicled
in Greece. The poet is
talking about masturbation
here. Such a brilliant image
to characterize this boy character.

Because empty
water bottles
make slipping hazards
and obviously this boy doesn’t clean
because boys never clean. They are dirty!

and friends
don’t come in here ever. He doesn’t have any friends.
He’s a loner. He is the poet. He’s name is Ben.

Because the hydrophobe
is a sweaty mechanic. The hydrophobe
is scared of water, so he hates taking showers.
He is a sweaty mechanic because he smells and is greasy.

of mountain range,
piles of fashion, basically
piles of clothes on his desk
which must luster, meaning
he wants to flex and wear
nice clothes

like golden French fries
and defining pomade, referencing
the superficial aspects of
both fashion and youth.
Alliteration Poem

Cow cornering cutest cars,
Now new nice nuggets.
We will win what?
Not cow now,
But chicken carcass,
Gilded by gas and guck
Of industry incarnation,
The adorable aero-automobile
So erotic, erectable
With faces faking fantastic, fanning,
Organic orgasm as an organ
Failure. For forest foiled.
Wr{andom}iting

Lihi Zaks

Does this white space bother you?
Sorry let me fill it in a little. Or maybe this little blurb of text at the bottom of the page will annoy you even more.
Oh well. I tried. It’s something
Losing Lemons

Many an erasure

I’m Sorry

First Words

Weird shit happening back home

20 Finite Words

Break-Up Notice

Blackish Giraffe

I remember

The Memory Talks

Thirty Sentences for No One
Losing Lemons *after Chrys Tobey*

Look, she had lemons in her brain. This is not a metaphor about life giving her lemons to make lemonade – she had lemons in there; could feel it was the truth the same way she just knew when a star was dying. But the doctors, they didn’t believe her. This woman, though, she persuaded them to give her an MRI anyway. Wanted to prove them wrong. ‘I’ll show you the lemons’, she snarled, ‘but it’ll demand an X-ray’. Kept describing the thing, too, like it was a moon in the night sky or something. The technician was kind though, remained calm and nodded as he gave her the headphones playing Bocelli. Smiled too, so sympathetic that technician was, as he complied with the patient’s wishes.

Daydreaming about his own life, the technician played ‘Te extraño’ without much thought. Did his job alright, as the machine shook every so often. But that woman, she tells everyone she had a vision in there. Her late husband. And the smell of lemons. Seems sort of unrelated if you ask me, but she insists he was there in a lemon orchard. She could smell it too, despite being in that sterile hospital room. Said they were in Capri. Poor gal, having flashbacks of her late husband. Lemons in that head where a love used to be.

---

**Many an erasure *after Peter Gizzi*:**

1. Put the world here

2. Put the world who knows faith at sea

3. Know faith must be pinned for reference

4. Skyline evaporates / the outline of slate hidden / silence growing

5. Crave affection

   Forget the loss

   Become air

   You child

   Change shape

   Pour birds

Now

Leave
I’m Sorry
I’m sorry I’m late
That I didn’t put in the effort
That it’s not working
It’s just that I was so tired
I just wasn’t feeling up for it
It’s just all so meaningless, you know?
I’m sorry I just don’t care
Maybe it’s not all me though, right?
It was the landlord
The late paycheck
The sick cat
An accident
I forgot
I didn’t have time
It just wasn’t worth my time, ok?
I have priorities
Well why don’t YOU try?!
It’s harder than it looks
I wasn’t aware
We just don’t want the same things
I didn’t plan properly
But know you what, sometimes things just don’t go according to plan
It’s my fault
It’s your fault
Maybe it’s better this way
I’ll do better next time
I didn’t notice
I’m sorry
What?

First Words
I’m having mixed emotions. Like the night
First time in my god
Last night I kept pulling
Last night I kept pulling
when we were little
First to go were the adjectives
Weird shit happening back home

Hey
I don’t know if you heard but
How do I say this
Uh
Fuck
Where do I start
Do you remember that field we used to play in? You know, the one where Jimmy broke his arm in fourth grade?
Well, uh, the police found a couple bodies there last week. Crazy, right? I was driving by and saw them close off the area – it had just rained, mud everywhere – so I asked around. It was eerie, you know? But also kinda endearing. Hear me out. When I say a couple of bodies, more aptly, they were a couple. Found entwined and everything. Like that Alysia Harris poem you’re always going on about. A bit weird that there was no grave or casket. At first the rumors going ‘round town were saying that it was a psychopath, probably some self-pitying loner type, but after further investigation the reporters say it was their only kid. 49 and grown up, said they would have wanted to be together in the bitter end, that’s why she did it. Sort of strange if you ask me.
Or maybe it isn’t. Do you remember in history in 10th grade how we would learn about archeology? That reading about Valdaro? Well, there was a couple that got excavated together there too, 6000 years ago. And something similar is a Siberian dig but I can’t remember the details.
My point is there’s something sweet, you know? Maybe it shouldn’t be weird. Maybe we should all want a love like that; too strong to be separated in death. Let the bodies decay together, turn into dirt and breed insects and ashes and ashes to life and shit. I don’t know, something poetic in it, don’t you think?

20 Finite Words

V1.
grow plants with only ease / absence of thought glistens / peanut butter map for home / the wit every human crushes

V2.
peanut crushes plants / butter glistens / home, the only ease for absence / map of every human/ grow thought with wit

V3.
the wit glistens with thought butter / plants grow for only peanuts / map of human absence crushes every home
Break-Up Notice:

Dear Mr. ███████,

Upon review, your performance has been deemed inadequate. You have been demoted to an irrelevant, obscure role as a result. Would you prefer the title ‘Lazy’?

I apologize for misplacing my affections on you. Perhaps this environment is too fast-paced for your habits. Perhaps three jobs are too many for one individual. I take full responsibility for the damage accrued. Rest assured that we do not take this matter lightly and are investigating how to avoid repeating this error in the future.

In light of this incident, we will resume operations as usual.

Best wishes,

███████
Blackish Giraffe *after Kimberly Ann Southwick*:

but the lollipops were a hoax, the tilt of the crumb against the flea pattern crinkled only sleeps as though the cadet were loving mid-air. balancing too, in a controlled moon, has a coral of tutu, yet over a quarter of the population plants if we have a cigar for a heart it must tweak: bird. fig. sock. if you illustrate words for things that do not knead into Google, the results are of wrinkly sparkles that do vacuum but for which we have no English equivalent. in some Phoenix, AZs on Venus, there is no scissor for swift & sweaty — nature instead blows language of where. where the lip gloss levitates & bikes, the direction the funky funk paddles over its first ten years or the pig annotates during the pitch of a meta winter moon.

I remember:

I remember playing gaga until my knuckles bled and knotting gimp.
I remember the first time I saw my first love and the intensity in his eyes.
I remember going to the Dairy Queen next to the bagel shop and ordering ice cream.
I remember being at the Western Wall and finally asking for forgiveness.
I remember how my brother would blast Jay-Z and race his friends as we drove to school.
I remember going away from any place with family for the first time, happened to be in Pittsburgh. It was the first time I had to fend for myself. I remember Mark bringing me Challah and roast beef once a week. I was constantly dancing or asleep.
I remember when the hearing aid store used to be ‘West Coast Videos’ and we’d get DVDs from there.
I remember being sent to walk up the street a half-mile in elementary school and buy a dozen bagels and a tub of cream cheese when my parents slept in Sunday mornings. I’d always get myself a blueberry muffin and chocolate milk, too.
I remember sitting at the intersection in a group and singing, no street blockades in sight because the silence of the streets was an unspoken rule for the day, traffic lights rendered obsolete.
I remember the day the bus was late and I asked our neighbors – the lesbian couple with the two dogs – for help because my parents had left, and right as I went inside the bus finally came (number 98, driven by Ms. Watson) so my neighbor drove me to school and I felt so guilty.
I remember the elementary school playground – the tree with exposed roots that I’d walk around while singing to myself during recess.
I remember sneaking away from our parents at the beach to hang out with your cousins on the same little strip. “afilo joint ani lo yechol latet lach?” so generous, but I can’t, thank you.
I remember the two-hour bus rides to camp Arrowhead in the summer, playing Egyptian ratscrew on the way, waiting for the big hill/bump that felt like a ride at the amusement park.
The Memory Talks, or, I Remember, Revisited:

The memory plays gaga
And knots gimp
Wrist achy

Tells of the first time it saw love
Plasma pupils in bright green eyes
Current redirected by magnets

It walks to the Dairy Queen
Next to the bagel shop
And orders ice cream.

Palms against
The Western Wall
A forgiveness prayer

Goes away for the first time
Fending for itself. Mark brings
Challah and roast beef once a week

The hearing aid store used to be ‘West Coast Videos’
When pictures and voices were still
Compressed onto disks

Walks up the street a half-mile in elementary school
Buys a dozen bagels, a tub of cream cheese, personal treats
Parents asleep on a Sunday mornings

Sits at the intersection in a group
No street blockades needed
Voices of youth rising

The day the bus was late and the neighbor
Drove a shaken body

Elementary school playground
Tree with exposed roots
Singing to oneself during recess

Snuck away from parents at the beach
To hang out with your cousins. Lips around a joint
So generous, but I can’t, thank you.

Two-hour bus rides to camp Arrowhead
Plays Egyptian ratscrew while waiting for
The big hill that felt like a ride at the amusement park
Thirty Sentences for No One after Peter Gizzi

It started with a *meow* and a *bo’i l’échol*** and continues to the classical music of the past. In the dance studio there are always favorites. Always trying to be perfect. Never good enough. The horizon is still unsure of if your mother will appear before the sun disappears, or at least that’s how your brother will see it. Outside snow begets cicadas begets colorful leaves. I remember wanting friends but was given homework. I have grown out of a seriousness all my own. I was born on the sixth tongue that my grandmother never fully learned, hearing of what came before. Before America, Israel. Before Israel, diaspora and death. The backyard is a hive of stings if one does not take precaution the wild chives a newly discovered delicacy at once bitter and joyous. Come over – no, my parents told me to make the plans. I have drifted away and back from those roots I now carry and spill seeds but am never tethered. The juicing of the heart is incessant. Let me work my love into every being I have ever cared for. The first body may have had a soul. The jury’s still out and I am without an opinion. The truth of the matter is everything’s a theory and reality is relative. Today the loud, the tender, and the drifter are in my bathroom. In my dream you aren’t so far away. I am as one who is still easing into the future. The plan is my own, with heavy external influences. Is there humanity in every construction? Then I read “all the better to see and to miss it, to misunderstand, to fail at empathy and love, to not understand love and to love, to be diseverything and to love, whatever” or the like. Who cares how all of this started? I am ok right now. I am not alone. There is so much comfort in a shared presence.
I LAY ON MY BACK,

I STOOD ON YOUR BACK,

I STAND ON YOU,

I EXIST BEFORE YOU,

I AM HERE IN FRONT OF YOU,

I AM HERE IN FRONT OF YOU,

I EXIST HERE BEFORE YOU,

EYE EXISTS HERE BEFORE YOU

A SOUND NEVER LEAVES

A BOSE NEVER LEAVES-BLOWER

MOTIONLESS AND OPENMOUTHED.

STEADY AND LOQUACIOUS.

CHATTING NONSTOP.

SCREAMING NONSTOP.

HOLLERING LOUDLY.

LAUGHING LOUDLY.

ENJOYING MYSELF WITHOUT CARE.

ENJOYING AN ALMOND BEFORE YOU

A WORLD OF PICTURES SKIPS, SKIPS THROUGH WILL’S EYES

THROUGH A WORLD OF WORD, FLIP, FLIP

YOU STAND ABOVE ME, ARMS EXTENDED.

YOU LAY BELOW ME, ARMS EXTENDED.

YOU HAVE FALLEN, SURRENDERED.

YOU HAVE FALTERED, SURRENDERED.
You gave up, surrendered.

You give in, embracing the multitude.

You surrender, accepting many.

Serenely, at an event where curiously too

Do ewes think that way?

A word of storage floats, floats through a cloud’s eyes

Calmly, almost as if not at all, you,

Calmly, almost as if not at all, you

Calmly, almost as if not at all, you

Calmly, almost as if not at all, you

Calmly, unnoticeably, you

Calmly, with curious intentions, you

Serenely, with curious intentions, you

Serenely, at an event where curiously too

Crack it with care, entertain me

Do yous a drink that way?

Reach into my mouth and extract,

Burrow into my soul and place

Reach into my mouth and pull it out,

Walk into my mouth and bite it out,

Enter my mouth and quieted it,

Enter my mouth and kiss it,

Infiltrate my mouth and peck it,

Much has been dropped from the tree

Crack it with care, entertain me
CRACK IT WITH CARE, ENTERTAIN ME

A GLOWING BLUE ORB THE SIZE OF A CHERRY PIT,
A GLOWING RED ORB THE SIZE OF A GOLF BALL

MY GLOWING RED TONGUE CURLED INTO A GORE BALL,
MY GLOWING RED TONGUE FOLDED INTO AN INFINITE POSTCARD,
MY SCORCHING RED TONGUE A KNIFE THAT WOULD CUT YOU,
MY TEASING PINK TONGUE A ROPE THAT WOULD BIND YOU,
MY MISCHIEVOUS TONGUE A LIGHTHOUSE THAT WOULD GUIDE YOU,
YOU HAVE TONGUES TOO THAT WOULD TASTE
THROW FRUIT AT FALLEN EWES, MY
THROW DRISCOLLS AT FALLEN YOUS, MY

FROM THE BACK OF MY THROAT. YOU,

IN THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU
DETACHED FROM THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU
MAILED FROM THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU
ANCHORED TO THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU
KEEPING YOU NEXT TO ME LONG TIME. YOU
KEEPING YOU AT BAY FOR A LONG TIME. YOU
AT MY FALLEN FRUIT. YOU
TONGUES WOULD HAVE TASTED EWES, TOO
LICKING BOX WOULD HAVE SAVORED YOUS, TOO

PLACE IT IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND AND,

POSITION IT CAREFULLY WHERE YOU THINK I SIMPLY WON'T
HIDE IT CAREFULLY, SO I WILL NEVER
HIDE IT CAREFULLY, SO I WILL NEVER

DULL IT CAREFULLY, SO I WILL NEVER

PLAY WITH IT CAREFULLY, GENTLY UNRAVELING

ENTERTAIN IT WITH CARE, UNSTITCHING

ENTERTAIN IT WITH CARE, CRACKING

TWO Ewes SEEING HUMANS PECK AT IT

TWO Yous SEEING MONEY PEEK AT IT

EXAMINE IT—CAREFUL AND TENDER—BEFORE,

NOTICE IT—CAREFUL AND COLD—THINKING

FIND IT—THAT'S MESSED UP—THINKING

FIND IT—THAT'S THE WAY—THINKING

BE ABLE TO USE IT — THAT WAY, YOU THINK

ME, STEALING MY COMPOSURE— THAT WAY, YOU THINK

ME— THAT WAY, YOU THINK

ME— THAT WAY, YOU THINK

AROUND A DINNER TABLE—MUTTON, FRUITS

AROUND AN IKEA TABLE—HALAL CART, DRISCOLLS

SQUISHING IT BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS.

IT WOULD MAKE ME IMplode.

I CAN’T CALL THE POLICE.

I CAN’T CALL THE POLICE.

I CAN’T CALL YOU OUT.

I’LL SKIP SKIP BY MY RESPONSIBILITIES

I’LL SKIP SKIP BY MY ROLES IN THE WORLD

EYES WILL SKIP SKIP THROUGH PICTURES OF THE WORLD
I never thanked you for saving my life—,

I never thanked you for changing my life—

Thank you for ruining my life—

Thank you for beginning my life—

Thank you for taking my words—

Thank you for taking my time—

Thank you for taking the time to read this

Flip flip through pages of the world

Many accept the enjoyment of bitter almonds

For a product promotion you surrender like

I was choking to death.

I was dying of boredom.

I’m choking to death here.

I’m choking to death here.

I’m speechless to death here.

And never leaving me with regrets

And never leaving a sound.

And never leaving a sound.

Ewes hear the slaughterhouse before eyeing existence

Many accept the savior of silk almond milk
O:

Goodbye. next always more days we got more

I am here because I am

retract

break can’t I remember keep pace

with the world

normal

lucky

misuse our bullshit you’ll be healthy

before
emotion

rush to the surface

follow command

destruct

logic

the pressure of

a blue Monday

in

the pressure of

how to live

absence

grief is

quiet

by myself

just like everyone else

Stay home

feel

addicted

crack
a disappointment

the best part anyway is the
end create

the absence of things
Definitely:

We’ve got thyme, the season. Dogs and steaming apple. Snore the way he does – no way of waking. Makes sense. I remember I was keeping pace with the world. Healthy. Weird is rushing to the surface. Teleport in the city. Buzz I’mtheOne. We’ll have an army of old farts. You feel so good. Ridiculous you. The best part of ourselves. We see the way words signify everything.
Experiments:

For my first experiment, I made a rule that I wanted to skip every four lines.

Grilled peppered bacon—we eat/crepes o the back porch/ everything, around my head. I cant catch them, raw them, destroy them. Corpus Callosum, connects the two hemispheres of the brain Look, she was mesmerizing plain and simple. And how couldn’t she be? And emotional well-being stripped away by tradition, but moves going around and around over my head my eyes my

ZZZZZZZZZ
Where are you taking me? Does it matter? Can I care? Should I…

Passive, too. Alien abduction and he doesn’t blink an eye unconditionally. green or fuzzy or not. beautiful life?

VELVET, AH, HEAVEN.
The Egyptians are crazy!
really breathe.
But I swear I wont but I swear I wont I swear I wont
LO CIENTO vertago-n. They deserve to fall.
my junk junk junk junk.
I fell.
Socialism, socialism will be our salutation.
eyes closed/naked and high/ a thought. a fuck. a daze.
tick tock tick tock there it goes, here it is (BULLSEYE) b. and watch them fall.
the poem is revolting against the form.

For the next experiment, I did a deletion:

We eat—everything
is in my head.
Get married.
Why?
Look,
some fucked up
unloved beam of light
dreams in sounds—
my head my eyes
my you.
You,
and you:
a
psychedelic experience,
what
heaven.
Create—
good.
Masturbation is nice, dream
of
the
city.
Everything seemed brighter
less cluttered,
the clouds, the air, cold,
scared.
I’m worried about time
I swear I swear I swear
I cry if I love
mi amor
lo ciento
pero
TE AMO.
Vertigo,
and fuck the stars.
My country is
high. Fuck.
Tick tock
evolution
the solar system
takes up space inside
the form.
Let it go.
favorite songs must go humming caterpillars insert titles into your ears smear
music is poetry like To Pimp a Butterfly fades in fire
are you an artist? ITS FINE IM FINE EVRYTHINGS FINE suureeeeee
.............i have an idea.............wow this is a very interesting poem it almost reflects the
whole nonlinearity thing we are just now talking about
It’s not even your music, it’s not even your style, but it’s at full volume, drowning out
the world, drowning you in its obscenity
cry angel flood water
these lines are all stolen
my favorite song is the voice of someone I love speaking
love our shapes

wish I was better at hiding I like the blank space on the page bloody
build be an architect but ill build nothing
bullshit
cliché
don’t waste paper
it is lucky that I get hit by a car
immortalized in digital graveyards
mmmmmmmm this sounds like my brain trying to sleep
back of page 1

motherfuckah where is my bald words are slick
im so sorry my dear
niarb
dnim
esuoh a gnirb uoy fi emoc nac uoy ytrap ym si siht
rellet hturt a sa nwonk-llew mi
hceeps ruoy tsurt tnac I dna
wen a trats ew nac?

eye am bald page one addiction
sing about me im dying of thirst
1. fingers
2. out
3. doe
4. peanut
5. baseball
6. dust
7. database
8. w/
9. words
10. spilled
11. dust
12. tumbling down
13. the
14. dilly
15. of
16. the
17. park
18. you
19. entropy
20. the
21. the
22. the
23. shirt
24. &
25. change
26. that
27. kid
28. from
29. from
30. not
31. doe
32. the
33. reading
34. don’t
35. every
36. not
37. sticky
38. you
39. one
40. gumption
41. chalking
42. reading
43. jubilant
44. bottom
45. on
46. my
47. se
48. running
49. button
50. floor
51. of
52. peanut
53. of
54. star
55. when
56. of
57. a
58. cola
59. ants
60. depends
61. suitcase
62. hit
63. from
64. ( opening
65. speed
66. reprise
67. follow
68. and
69. hit
70. up
71. why
72. through
73. your
74. why
75. glass
76. coca
77. tumbling
78. it
79. are
80. can
81. dally
82. forest
83. sequence
randomized:

my, of your–the can up reading. follow of ants se you doe, star reprise dust of gumption, of the suitcase from speed & coca, of tumbling when reading. running baseball, forest chalking peanut. dilly change that opening–not floor dust, out and the through–why, you tumbling (one button a database). why, every kid it don’t from doe spilled park, not the sequence depends on entropy the cola, from words w/ shirt, sticky are jubilant dally glass hit peanut bottom fingers down.
here, the
    room is filled with awkward silence.  
I outgrew my day so I been
through the crowds,
absorbed by morning.  
Maybe this is what happens after a sleepless black
ghost of the only love you had in life
and the only thing that can move between
life and death
jitter from day to night, come full circle
    no
beginning or end
just like this
remember —
    copy
    me. I’m only here for
the good. Excuse me.

Together,

    what am I left with?
(aw paper got me laid but my brain burns.
Mom stumbles pitfall, pitfall of
Saturday morning)

In the realm of things to be addicted to,

    Who’s    here who’s    here who’s in the way

    we’re speechless. Like a silent poem.
That kind of silence means more than
engine stillness
which asks for

    Insert Answer here

____________
135
Do you think they do it? In fear — nah. when I trip down

time
is the quantum perfect? Sorry, I don’t know.
But we have so much going on
if it’s been a long night. 3-minute nuking ghosts in the only things to keep me company.
swings at organized thinking, back to hell beyond the feeling of being full of a balance when you are sane.

Maybe
SOS is the nerve-making in my earlier today.
I heard ‘em say its own meaning.
26 words for [ ].

Think about what that says about we ?
Jackson's remix

Say something. Say something.
Say something.

It was raining outside
And there was no conversation.
So
I decided to.
do
Everything.

By myself.
Why I hate being
in warring
State of
introspection
And reflection.

Sometimes I'm a genius.
At something so completely
Cool that there's no
Way for normalization
That leads to sharing of my shit.

The point is I end up
Being a dub.

Fuck

Not a drive-by spondee and never the fricative

Noun—fucker
Answer the trickle
of singing, urging line,
boon of golden release
that end the dam.

The poet is
talking about
masturbation
here.

Love and depressions in
poetry; I'm
Inside
Measuring it.

Poetics as fluid language
Language as body, extension

This is today's hip hop. Just a string of simple sentences that sounds fun and dope. Dab. Dab again.

a cheesy blossom
Surprise-catch:
there's just one runner. Don't run away!

I remember head butting
the butt's place and trying
my best to break my neck.
I remember the acid in my
mouth.

I remember my hair like a mop, wringing the leather.

The airplane burns,
cooling death energy.
Fly, Giganto-Hero,
into jammed killer looming! Macho
Nacho oozing pepper
queso! Raining savor
to unsuspecting villains. Waaaaaaaa XD;
Yamato Zoom!

Chat ahhhh näh sir gee ankle hotdot
Gargle man Harmon cornchip
motel lil dome Anita
Do go gyro hat done
 victims of dark gravity.
It's all thanks to me.
I'm holding back--
maybe you're too--
exhalation of hello,
it's blast radius,
warm arc of yours,
leaving you
alone
to your ascension.

Goo girl ew ding scene up.com
A first reaction from this odd is that simply corporate welfare should not turn over each other. However we do not know of these cases can be made.

I really enjoyed Sherry's "Tangled Bank". I think this might win even my favorite...
My old friend the bad novel written 21 years, 5 months, and 16 days ago.

Now we speak in hospital sirens, regular announcements of visiting hours are now over.

like being interrupted in speech

And maybe someone, a passerby, unimportant for the future but singular in the present, bumps into you or vice versa.

Buoyancy wanton halting

Do not go backwards. The turtle went in

Except for one ear heroine.

the Zen of our retina

If do.

That morning she pours Teacher’s over my belly and licks it off.

Let them eat snow!

I’m a modern girl

but I fold in half so easily

If brokenness is a work of art surely this must be my masterpiece. 
She is all there. She was melted carefully down for you and **CASTOR** up from your chimney, castor up from your one hundred favorite **aggies**. She has always been there, my database. She is, in aeg, exquisite, three **chlicaster** s drawn by Michelangelo wimp fish. She is solution. As for me, I am a **watercolor**. I washout off you answer even though you guess life isn’t for me ‘I’ll show you the lemons’, she snarled, ‘but it’ll demand an X-ray’. **Lemons** in that heat where a love used to be. aut-ha-yeet-been-shy l-ee-ha-kol Ac. Hey! Hey! How? **cool**! Why! How? **cool**! Hey! I don’t know if you heard but how do I say this Uh! **Fuck** Where do I start? **Joy** is the dance of your teeth in your mouth. more foreign than what I’m used to in a sense. The kids love reading about animals more than anything else, and that unfettered wonder always fills me with hope. **We are the least alone when we feel the most alone.** Any stoop can be a pew, any cup of coffee a **chalice of holy water.** Do you **grep**? His Maculate Origin I’m having mixed emotions. Like the night First time in my god Last night I kept pulling Last night I kept pulling when we were little First to go were the adjectives irrevocable skin Ha! Weinste. Funny kid. **Good friend.** Brother wants me to marry ‘a nice Jewish boy’ **Eyeroll.** Am I neurotic? Do I always think too much? Do I share too much. Are you here, here, here, her Bernstein still won’t watch it and that’s ok. Everything’s ok. Ha Hi Em I’m on a train not a megabus XD. Goddamn there’s so much mental illness around me. You know what I’m scared of? Nah, that’s too much for this assignment here. Talk to me another time, one on one. Read it whispered to you in a poem. Not here. Not like this. **Improper.** Fucking ads. Fucking NJ. **Fucking-splitting headache.** cracked knuckles. Cracked spine. Oh no, everything’s loving so close.

**S**kip. For no good reason, Jon Olver’s website is just an outline of Australia, white against blue. Well all of these poems feel more vulnerable than anything else I’ve written this semester, and I really appreciate that. Shit. Poem: **Sense**. **IN**. **N**. **S**. **N**. **A**. **N**. **M**. **A**. **S**. **H**. **N**. **A**. **S**. My grandmothers have Femininity tattooed on their **eyes**. Somewhere in my phone is a graveyard of poems that don’t have endings bold leak leak open loop camp hot cold mold scold fold old stick hold help miss friend spit scare house home drum punk show hate must go black lines that always frame how they see the world. I remember playing gaga until my knuckles bled and this long gimp. I remember when the hearing aid store used to be ‘West. countertops O**.**C**. and we’d get DVDs from there. Egyptian Rascrew Vulnerability will result in injury but also connection so let it happen. Would you prefer the title ‘Lazy’? Sometimes I overthink things. I just long enough for you to exist in this space. And then vanish. **Sh**. Applying just enough kinetic energy. Friends. Don’t. **Lie**! Some thick oozing kind of holy spirit other goop y voices with quiet laughs back stiff approaches. **Mark brings Challah** and roast beef once a week. Museums are hella white I’m here. I’m here. I’m listening. I’ll shut up now. It’s the least I can do. When does art cease to be **superfluous** and have **meaning**
The fog personality

We never owned a real homemade sandwich if I've ever seen one.

race-mixing keeps being said

numbing yourself now

The cold, blood-scurrying of blue
tearing down the wall of sound

I am the chair, the wall, and the atonement.

The current of all lies within the crust.

To become truly which allow for the
certain streams the igneous

It could be painted by a 10 year old or a 70 year old

Yes, depression
certain streams the igneous

in the tide of the time to mind

I am God

To cure cancer

I do feel fucking crazy sometimes.

This maybe always been

It is so easy now to see gravity at

Chairs, if you're getting from

Living room. I hope it is a wonderful
time.

It is for her clip

Us for her clip

in the tide of the time to mind

I could have a sallow

Sitting, so many

I am God. I am the chair, the wall, and the atonement.

The current of all lies within the crust.

To become truly which allow for the
certain streams the igneous

In order to assure that the fundamental qualities inherent in the

certain streams the igneous

I am God

To cure cancer

I do feel fucking crazy sometimes.

This maybe always been

It is so easy now to see gravity at

Chairs, if you're getting from

Living room. I hope it is a wonderful
time.

It is for her clip

Us for her clip

in the tide of the time to mind

I could have a sallow

Sitting, so many
well-dressed at evening effect
the room is quite smelly after
the glass ceiling seems
approaching

I see cause my nose, a penis

of muscles collected around bone

I hear, my breathing

find your own balance of enjoying

I really like writing in this style,

Paula M. Minor
O GOD, SEE THE TAIL, he sobbed. Look at the goddamn tail.
He sat cross-legged, puking on the bathroom floor.
I finally saw it, a hellish vision, my husband.
O God, O God, I whispered.

Calmly, almost as if not at all, you reach into my mouth and extract a glowing blue orb the size of a cherry pit from the back of my throat. You place it in the palm of your hand and examine it—careful and tender—before squishing it between your fingers.
I never thanked you for saving my life—
I was choking to death.

LOOK at my footprint in the mud, give my roommate pet fish to whatever factory has monopolized the toothpaste business.

I like a challenge
& fashion angels swim more fluently
than fish

The Graveyard is blue when it is green, when there aren’t any leaves, when snow is covering every tombstone and treetop in sight.

As far as the Graveyard is concerned, for every person who
dies, there is a person who has learned how to live in her
city.

And for this reason I will go blue in the face, holding my breath alongside you.

Pranked is the Loser by daylight, praised by nincompoop,
It’s an intimate humane—bound snug like membrane.

Skateboys jump from rooftop to rooftop
as homeboys hum street tunes, cooking breakfast before school.

I tell myself to barbarian as I sweat up my entertainments.

A simple death has triggered mind help.

My love is a disease.

That crack-o-the-world type
I filed for bankruptcy in the borough of luxury

think words like small, small, me, big.
Pleasant, lemon, the definition of butter. Come, lap dogs, and cross.

My love is a disease.

That crack-o-the-world type
I filed for bankruptcy in the borough of luxury

Yellow buttercup
baby always building me up
like that song
like that flower

I feel like it’s a pretty
self explanatory

meaning

HOW did you accidentally do

I’d squirt for a fidget spinner

oh god what am i doing? that’s my entire asshole

i suck it back in like ramen