



of Maxwell Clark

Maxwell Owen Clark was born in Tarrytown, NY on October 29th, 1984. His family soon after moved a number of times, through Pittsburgh, PA and Memphis, TN, among other locations, until eventually settling in Fairfield, CT during third grade. Clark spent the rest of his childhood in Fairfield. As early as 12, Clark began to suffer from crippling bouts of a major depression. He nonetheless somehow managed sometime after to attend college at the University of Vermont and then Yale, but in the midst of these studies suffered a very severe psychotic break. From then on he was not to go a year without hospitalization for intensely difficult psychiatric reasons and risk of suicide. His current diagnosis is "Psychosis (Not Otherwise Specified)"---an officially recognized disability by the United States government, which makes it rather impossible for him to work, and leaves him dependent on below-poverty-line social security benefits for survival. He has also spent the last decade of his life, since his psychotic break, as a painter, poet, and musician. He lives in New Haven.

+|+ (EPC Digital Editions, 2016) is Maxwell Clark's fifth ebook publication. His previous four works can be accessed @:

---[*Vows of Poverty*](#), 2015 (EPC Digital Editions)

---[*Of You*](#), 2015 (Swirl Editions)

---[*Poesies*](#), 2014 (EPC Digital Editions)

---[*MASSIF: a protocol for my eulogy*](#), 2010 (Swans)

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There is an infinity of figures and movements, past and present, which contribute to the efficient cause of my presently writing this. And there is an infinity of minute inclinations and dispositions of my soul, which contribute to the final cause of my writing.

—Leibniz, *Monadology*

Cynghanedd Ddu

Outside in, even before I begin,
 So go the outworks prior to these beginnings
Of my singings; o, o, my so winning'st
Lazersong, o so lazily it unbelongs
To these newness detuned'st novices,
Their unhappinesses, they're as unholy
As nothing—asses! nothings!

Outside out, o, out to you louts,
I preen my harmonies lushly,
 Hear seemly my heartsong so lush,
It gleams with ardor, I steam in arduousness
To teach as whom is too tearful whilst ignorance
Among you flourishes, amen to more youthful flounderers
In tuneful poesy, into too much potency
Alone is your doom, although you do
Perchance still may wish, perhaps, still to master wickedest-
Crap conceptualism, crassly commercial!

Turning Away

Turn away from this if it be not me,
And if so turned, seek my face and body
Elsewhere distantly.

I Go to You Slowly

I go to you slowly,
As little you is much;
I sing to you lowly
Till my voice is touch.

Home

Lover of my lovence,
I of yours also true;
O You, come nearer me
Ever, and hear me:
As one are we
 As two,
Our lips lock in kisses
As midnight blends with noon
Indifferent to our difference
And so to each other home.

Do I Have No Song?

Sways, sway prettily obverse
So thus felt is the warp'd womb
—Its songless lazes too terse
To breathe into me again so soon.

Exilics

Never ask why, but do not demonstrate how.
(((My irresponsibility is ours now.)))

Never believe in disbelief; becauseeeeee, yo.

Teaching, then, is just done by arrant stupidity.
—The difficulties of lessons so hard.
Understand? if no, then winning.

Happiness of them is made good if they so too.
These colors know the new seaweeds just only.

Don't even do that, yo, or else then it happens.
What these days is but more unprettier, alas?
Shut-up and start talking, or else what is else.

Feel me sing this poem of your love.

Walk with yourself when you are just being yourself alone to
walk with.

Follow the road where to you are going, always.
Go on the path to where there is a place, always.
Purity of sickness is maximal.

Hug me once, if only never.

Inform next the greatest society of people ever that they is
always not right.

This is so nobody will worship me.

Thrice two times so.

Please protect your dogs, please.

Dogs have some troubles of being protected often
sometimes.

Please, protection of dogs.

Protect all dogs forever – or, dog-protection, please.

Fulfill your dreams of only horrible nightmares when after
you go to sleep near morning.

Keep watch to witness by seeing.

If only I knew the
words to express
how I feel.

Mountains of Birds Are Flowers of Wind

As skittering here wanton before me, my ardent doe,
Thine dewy orbs, if met, yet do so languorous dilate
Therein between us.

Neighborhood

Your presence repeats your absence,
Unless your presence is amiss
And absent of that absence
In which you, not me, alone live.

Prosodic Retardation

Loose chins fall in along the elder spits
Of this hold. Sun lengthens in cold, spitting
Pools to swim in. Murmurers, alas, lick
Strong my cock. This only oneness kickflips
Mouthing walls, over, zooms over who is
Peace, stillness. Hips but goodly rekiss
Us. Thine brusque always. Loony, lonely
Walking alit. Vocalize us silly
Grotesqueries of noodles, pour out in-
To the big vats. Manure is already
Loved over their orange tiles of acid.
Oblations to God's forests so lushly
Oceanic; and such inspiringly
Massive an elderness to me, a puppy
Of the cardinal rank. As girls panties
Unslip, how she glooms, wombing us outside.
Phase'd respirations, its end-tricklings.

Murder-Sun

[...]

And when song comes it is too sweet
And unrehearsed and like his beach cottage
Were for forever in his garden there
Where its stones (his) sang golden-green
Miasmas of wooly light
Tangled in the thick-sweet atmosphere
But his (my) flowers' names are lost
 thickly crinkling up his herb-garden's posts
Are the cats' and dogs' urine-art
I forget to name like thunderous flower-posts
Orange-unto-blue compost like his chimney
Whereover gnarls were forever sawed away
But don't you believe this—you can't ever know how
We thickly shimmered yellowish-browns forever
 That one day.

That Prettiness is Valor

.

If you are a swan,
As now my hands are,
Then hide me along
Your away and afar.

Sam, Pretty Birds

In the horror of a strong affinity
I neither clasp nor unclasp;
Thus is her divinity
Which envenoms like the asp.

Take Me as I Am

As if, if you will, as it were, further,
And furthermore, however, because, howevermuch, and
moreover,
Yet, and still, although, really, until,
In actuality, it seems, as it will,
Very much, forsooth, plus, additionally, being so,
As it is, is it not, undoubtedly, as you know,
Rest assured, in end, so to begin, it being said,
See the above, to continue, and so on, instead,
Of, what follows, thus is, we,
My sense of, as they say, eventually,
When, your majesty, forever, yours,
Care of, ever again, in so many words,
Put otherwise,
In their eyes,
Without, wherefrom, within, the,
Around that time, this is about, verily, verily.

An Imageless Face

Fixed upon my outside
As a spur into your hearts;
I am shameful sorry

My task of pushing you so awry
I already utterly depart.

We Do Not Form a Number

A breach that does not ossify,
So the guidance of unseen winds;
A height without negativity,
So have our glories been.

Close Button

All along this shady grove I ramble,
Alone in this my world I roam,
So alone beside myself I travel,
No more will I ever love someone.

Mindless Joy

I just can.
Because of so.
This has that way of it.
Do the joyfulness.
Do it like this too.
Then this is so good.
Happy now too.
A very pretty moment.
Such beauty.
And more.

Bluebells Kickout

Master crows unfan this peripheral thereby.
Balustrades mock unfunny.
Who, sacred Who, isn't hearing this—regardless?
Master ocean sinks up and already flooding so pours.
Each around uncircles but perfectly.
Pray of incompleteness when utmost as is.
Slowly the uncoil hexatious beams stuporous vectors.
Not quite but absolute frails hallowed bubblegum and
necrotic.
Missive is immorality bent upon rips of oath stump.
Power keys out friction wind.
Metal winning ogre yahoo.
Transpire exhumes flaccid pestilence rapists.
Anger go of molten honey amputation shady.
Tantrum never moreover peeking slightly apologies.
Code my natal freezes untoward or yucky novelistic
gloriousness skin.
Trap cathedrals nowhere clapboard zones lonesome
extensive.
Must unclasping border nucleus vital unjust.
Aspiration castle bowl apoplexia fountain rude safe.
Spirit sprint sprightly sprung springing spree.

$$4 + 4 = 8$$

$$9 \times 12 = 108$$

$$9 - 7 = 2$$

$$12 / 9 = 1.333$$

$$6 \times 3 = 18$$

$$99 - 63 = 36$$

$$12 + 3 = 15$$

$$55 \times 2 = 110$$

$$34 / 7 = 4.857$$

$$23 \times 23 = 529$$

$$20 + 4 = 24$$

$$7 \times 11 = 77$$

$$65 - 9 = 56$$

$$2 + 3 = 5$$

$$1 + 89 = 90$$

$$45 / 45 = 1$$

$$370 - 90 = 280$$

$$5 \times 5 = 25$$

$$77 / 9 = 8.555$$

$$9 \times 3 = 27$$

$$88 / 5 = 17.6$$

$$7 - 6 = 1$$

$$73 + 3 = 76$$

$$23 - 9 = 14$$

Triumphal Agony

These words are the flooding of me
With remotest influences, felt indirectly.
If and you cannot sense them here,
I assure you they are; they never disappear.

Oh, to be so as me, to be so as I am,
It (being me) is a god's gloriousness
That mounts from my voice and hands;
Oh, me, so godly with my mad uproariousness.

I never said, however, not to follow after me;
And perhaps, yes, I am oft too mistaken
To clear your way out proper jovially;
Forgive me so, but yet life still in you I do thus awaken.

These Lazy Terrors of a Meek Supremacy

Untrue, but nowise true; but who then?

Who then has ever not been into the inside?

Inside of these inwardly odiferous vats of her heavenly
palace?

They alone are the seventeen masters of this lucent
swimming pool.

They control the master-plan of the special diagrams.

And isn't it too much obvious—they will soon burst asunder
of their almightiness.

And those fears are also crawling underneath my face.

Who else is ever crumbling so in heart?

The volleyballs are each precisely set-in like traps.

Each of them is dying altogether in a docile
stupidity.

That cannot be the untold legend of the turtledoves?

Whomever blesses me so is most excellent in love.

Cannot we dispense more golden riches unto these wild
animals afore morn?

These people have never known this place to be so as
now.

But until thereafter I will allot you neither bread nor spiders.

Hallelu, and best....

Consciousness Dooms Us

Think not, nor ever again;
As once thinking you never were,
Only voicing out to yourself the spurs
Which from your outside pushed within.

The Devotion of Animals That Are

Carefully now, as it is a little too craggy still,
Or whatever that was supposed to do.

I have the electricity in my mouth, it tastes like death.

Automobiles are like gorgeous to the piranhas, because
I know why this is so.

Forget to install the thing that was it, a big mistake.
Never follow her up into the briars of the ghetto.

Voluptuous ideals rescind the waivers of jello.
There cannot be this but it is not anymore, hello?

Killing is murdering but also the same as I just said.
Behind the fountain of waters there is much obverse nudity.

God loves the fearfully parachuting persons of that island,
We observe this from observing samples of facts of what is
real.

Persons have the technology to do the paths right into
themselves,
That is, they have what is as a trip into the magical oceans.

Porcelain is gentle in the dusty breezes of herein; or just do
it,
Do the underwear too tightly to survive much ever.

Again hurry to the depot exit station, I order y'all,
So then we have the millimeters to collect the challenge.

Ferns are in the dumptrucks like were as so,
Smoked deliveries cannot restrict us.

Jubilation excretes into the swamp, nasty is me so,
I wish I were a better respectfulness to ours.

Xeroxes have the funniest comedy habits, unlike others,
They never exceed the maximum lung trappings.

Zoo places are antiquity to the restaurant owners, oy,
These places are in the nearby around here.

I do not walk into the tanks of guns and lights, no, no, no,
These herbs are overall specifically indigenous to mine pupils.

A Type of Thing to Become Itself Moreso Fully

This is a spelling of the way of it that is so.
It has this quality and characteristic of itself.
Do you know that it does this once already so?
I haven't any idea of how to do this properly moreso.
Inside of an apple is the equator of the moon.
Please return to your seating quadrants by tomorrow.
Instead of an apple, give me an orange, then is good.
Prettiness is the pleasure of the lover of lovers.
Oh, give love unto me like ambrosial waters from yourself.
Then will the nectar be sweetness and such.
I haven't checked in with the lady who runs this yet.
I am writing this very quickly to never get over it.
When she comes she will have the rectitude in my pocket.
O, little lees of grains of nuggets, oh, when will you be?
Twelve stations of the cross are there, or are there not?
Instead of doing the guesswork, I just knowed it.
Stop looking into the ridiculous mirror of these letters.
Stop!

'They Speak Without Lilt...'

They speak without lilt,
They die without guilt,
They call themselves poets,
But I'm not of their ilk.

Dataset

Smug canopies iridescent crinkly,
This feeling of beauteous delicacy,
An elder faucet of blood,
Shingles in arrays, in jealousy.

A Focus Minus Imagination

To reason without the detour
Of representation.

 The event

Of this blind focus,
May it ever return to me
In long seasons—
Briefly interrupted
Before quick recommenced.
Unseen in its gale of care
May this colorless inspiration,
Without mind graven of image,
Again churn my fatted flesh
Into the highest rising
Spume of creation.
Neither in light nor darkness
Nor large nor small
Nor of any quanta nor qual,
But riveted with an attention
Unbroken by self-awareness
In its many baubles.
An address without symbol
At last at home
And not apart from
What is real, is itself.
Independent of the repetitions
Of sense into sensibility
The imageless is smooth.
To part things
Is neither its mode nor its method
Nor is unification

The line it tows.
I may forbid much
Under my names for it
But never affirm its positivity
—An elder vexation.
When we think in figureless raptures
Thinking is just and meet:
It is an illegality
Under the laws of states
Not to recognize the law manifest
In the body of its representative.
A reason undocumented by her
Acts in crime
When the anchor of its lawful emblem
Is set adrift.
Freedom of thought
Is preserved
For thoughts unadorned with themselves alone.
As their focused blips
Go beneath the radar
Instantaneous.

Never Forever Again Once

Donating one's own humanity to the wastes.

Then it was like this.

 Giving away our humanity because the world is so.
Pretty much so, yup.

 I have no mouth to pee lazars of curly
shapes.

Then I abstained from culling my everyday life for this.

 Black is a night in somewhere.

Give up the trial of humanity, because pizza.

 Hope to win the pizza always.

This is not what it is enough. I must do what it is. It can only
be done like this.

A bland lazer-beam of artichokes. DID YOU KNOW?
NO, I HAD NO IDEA. GOOD! THANK YOU. LET US GO NOW.

Then I said what I said.

Nobody can understand this that well because they are too busy masturbating.

I wash myself with waters that are a liquid of chemical combinations.

A system of transferences.

Did you know that this is what I said?

I need rules to tell me what to do.

I Like The Way This is Yet to Have Feels

“Blame God, he blew
breath in my lungs...”

—Nas

This has to have the serious behavior or else.

Creeper land is goo.

Dance in your chairs or do not, it is all goo.

Coo like a blackman say.

Headbangers.

Truth is Sex

Valor is noise.
Courage is infidelity.
Pleasure is abstraction.
Hope is generic.
Madness is propriety.
Grandeur is care.
Glory is architecture.
Peace is spectacle.
Chaos is light.
Authenticity is theft.
Inspiration is nautical.
Beauty is drugs.
Heroism is micrological.
Ethics is weather.
Love is apartheid.
Shape is digestion.
Math is kisses.
Prayer is sovereignty.
Good is blindness.
Power is archaeology.

Unpopular is Excellence

Whom trees vandalism the roseate!

Special, specialty tree roses vandals the whose.

I not knocked specialism showers.

I doing showery knocker knocks.

Returns tree, vandalism they, rosy I roses do.

Not grammars ruled, descriptive but.