

paper excuse



A collection of writing by the students of
Charles Bernstein's English 111
at the University of Pennsylvania

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Trust the Wreading Process!

English 111: Final Project

By Jackson Bentley

Down The

Upkick



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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 Portuguese; 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 McKay 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.



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 southernness 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 im adroit at spading clothes saweds 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 whatd 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

dont 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 amoebaing 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💩etry 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 realest 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 I 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 melted Rub-a-dub and isomorphized salt licker^s 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 ooloi 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 **i** sentences are **game** theory problems. more **like**ly to get
PUBliShEd look smART taken seriously with LONGer Sentences thoughts. seems more

intelligent. **proliferates** 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 the **i**r whole day rea**d**ing habits. be**C**omes more respected. wheres professor poet?

Week 11: Eunoia and "Jabberwocky" Imitation, respectively

No O's allowed. **A E I Y U** 🙋

Om. Om. Om. On oxymorons of tools, books took on bond loots to common loops. Noop noop on the poop poop word for wordy forty's cog. Cog on log to bog cools on hog fog. Do dogs rot looks of vows? Hot dog jog for boys who got harmony. Got hot. Got dog. Got John. Got got. "Boys sot hoy for joy," forgot wrong clock. "Boys forgo rock bods," moored Bob. Oops dots goon trods. So Who Knows?

Written in a style of nonsensical sense tuned to metaphorical images.        

Down the upkick, flocanned the pix eye esperaditudes. Conflabulated in their kinkishness necessitiness pooked the bee bow boop downtrod lions den. Wickety wackety wooked, 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-half. 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 dimsunnily coot the winning flob. "Flobs for Bigotrees!" tobbed the lappy hob nob. Christmas revenerealated yoppunctiously that rotenate.

Conclusion:

Futurity is Poetry is 😊.

Jacob

F-Rico

Jacob Faber-Kridger

Ja
c
o
b Faber-P

Jacob /
ber-Rico

Jacob F
aber-Rico

Jacob Faber-Rico
Jacob Faber-Rico
Jacob Faber-Rico

Jacob
 Fabre
 r-Rico

**Jacob
Rico**

99

Fake
ber-
Jacob &
Q!

Jacob Faber-Rico

Jacob
Faber-Ric
0

Abet
-Rice

“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

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.



Putting the “Experimental” in ENGL 111: Experimental Poetry Seminar in Constraint and Collaboration

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.

Putting the “Experimental” in ENGL 111: Experimental Poetry Seminar in Constraint and Collaboration

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.

In an Art o' Constraint

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!

Cyst? Sty? Why pry? Why cry?
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 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?

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?"

poetry

Images News Books Videos More Tools **Poetry** aesthetic
and rhythmic language evoke in place of ostensible. or and
fall in love issue poets death. Browse. Read More. nonprofit
organization Slam youngest ever winner. Wildlife mystery.
vulgar. Poetry is everywhere. voice is valuable message
community elevates creative self-expression in every form.
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.
distressingly confined. Why Jihadists Write Poetry | The
New Yorker. circulates online self-conscious. classical
Arabic verse. 'Plagiarists never do it once'. sleuth tracking
down a mission in poetry. shameless searches love famous
examples types about life definition for kids websites. Next.
Learn More. Help Send feedback Privacy Terms.

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!

Or on Tacit Statics...

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.

(Paired space)

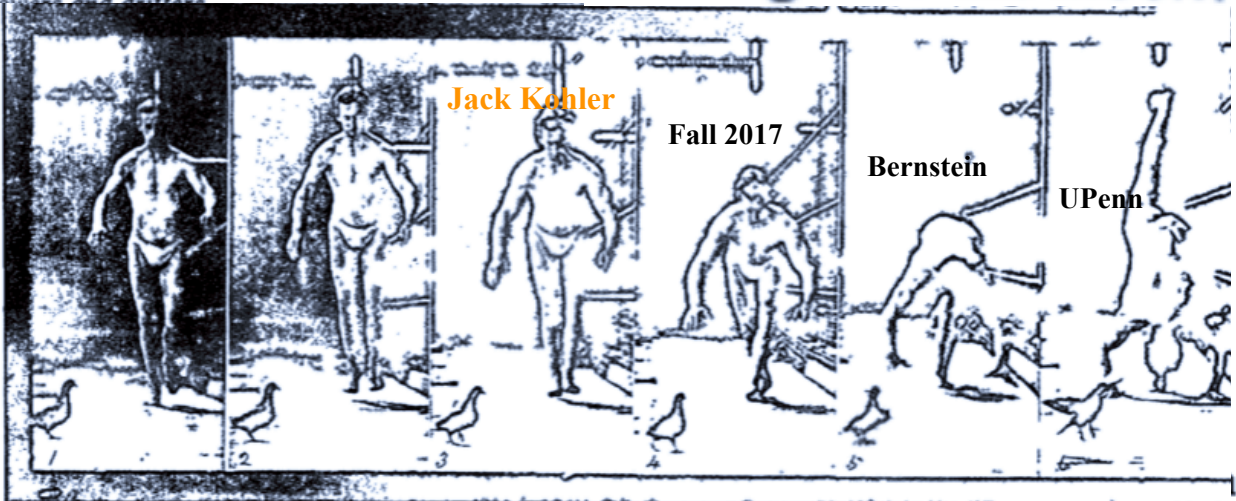


some meteorological contexts this sign w
cate sky obscured by mist, smoke or dust,

double-sexed plant.
♀ for female sex.

but form is completely changed
then emerges is literally much large

rare sign for the moon.



Jack Kohler

Fall 2017

Bernstein

UPenn

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 Patie

Fits and Paroxyfms,
in the Euphrates-Tigris area. T
movement of the planet Venus,

not so dissimilar ☆ did
around 800 B.C. If ☆
through random drawing,
nbination of

MAN PERFORMING FORWARD HANDSPRING

the animal becomes
through sand (Fig. 40).

4000 B.C.,

and silvery web.
sweeps across to



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	3. SECULAR LEXICON
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5. VIOLI INDEX	
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7. —UNDAY. MOO—	
8. THERMOME-	
TERS...	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	when will i see if no one objects	ghosts in my house
eel sauce	when will it stop raining	ghosts in my head
stagnant definition	when will ios 11 be released	ghosts in mythology
eel girl		ghosts in my machine
stagnant water		ghosts in my house tv show
eel electross	there's a snake in my boot	
stagnant synonym	there's a man in the woods	
eel slap	there's a place for us	
stagnant hypoxia	there's an app for that	
eel sushi	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
	itunes	
	it movie	
	it cast	
charlamagne tha god	it comes at night	
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charlamagne book	cultures for health	
charlamagne twitter	cultures around the world	
	cultures definition	
	i can't sleep	
	cultures in the crossfire	
	i can't even	
	cultures of the world	
	i can't stop	
	i can't breathe	
	i can't poop	

“8”

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.

SECULAR LEXICON

AMMENDMENT 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)

*

(CUT HERE; TOSS; GO ABOUT DAY)

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. Zrrrrrrrrrrr. A guillotined forest. A library reduced to pulp.

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,
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?

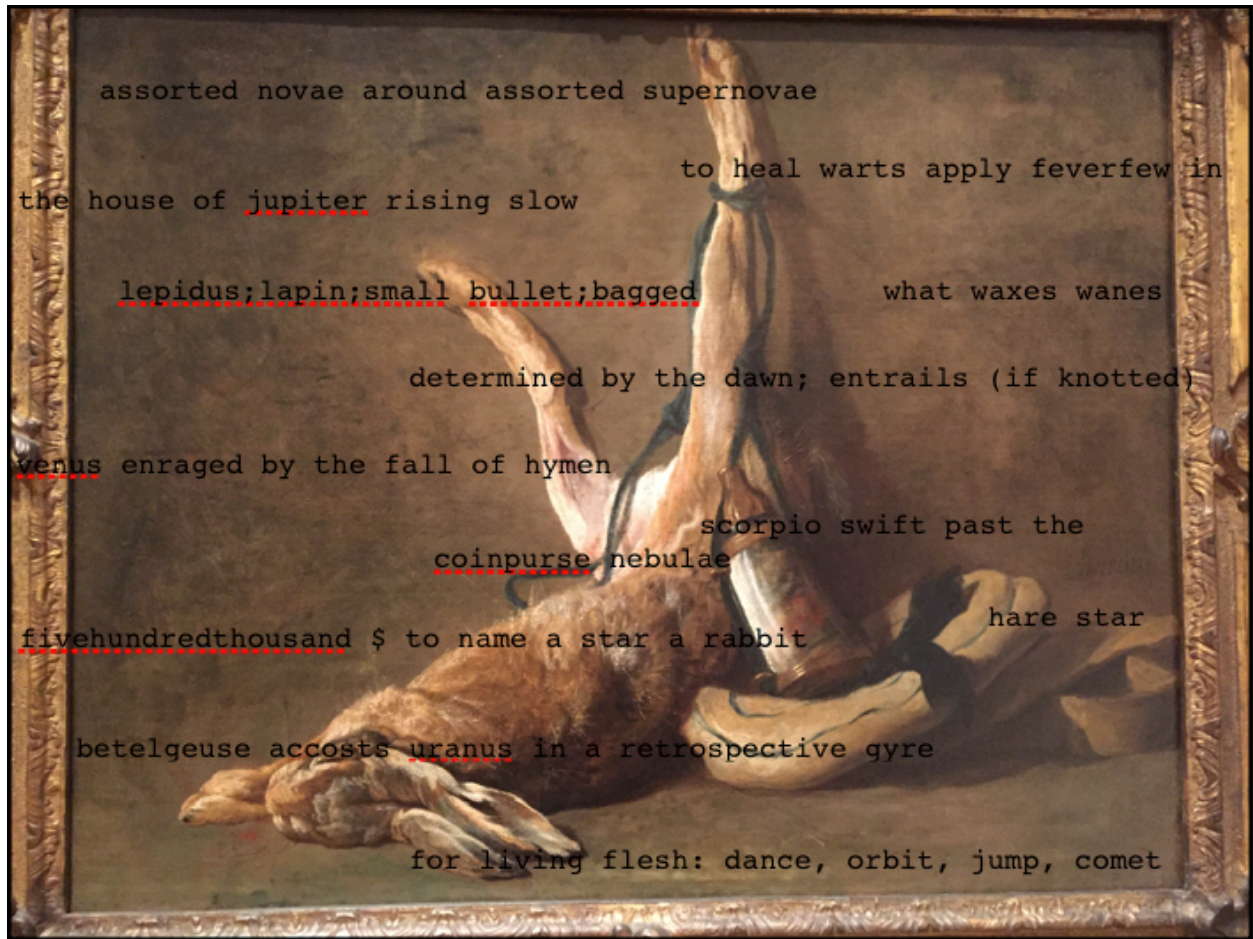
We

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?

—UNDAY. MOO—



THERMOMETERS FOR STONE FRUIT

1.

You heave
At me
A stone of
Our differences
Are the
Instantly
Ripe?


5.
You
at
a
of
our
stone
heave
me
differences
differences
blackberries
are
the blackberries
instantly
ripe

2.

You,
Heave at me
A stone
Of
Our differences, are
The
blackberries
Instantly ripe

6.
You heave you
heave at me at me
you heave at me a
a a stone a stone
of our
differences.
differences.

7.
you heave at me
a
stone of our
differences



3.

You heave at me
A stone
Of our
Differences are the
Instantly ripe

are the black
the blackberries
are they ripe
instantly are they
b(lack)berries
ripe

are the
blackberries
instantly

4.

You
Heave

at
me

a
stone

of our
differences

are the
blackberries

instantly
ripe

ABSCONDITUS

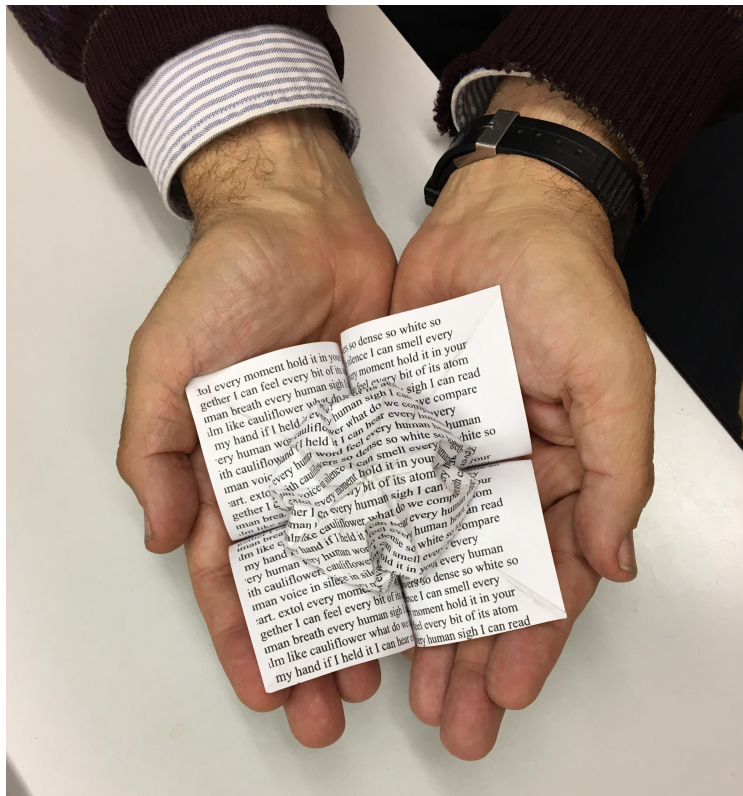
X.

some
dread
whom thou thinkest
yet
thy pictures be
pleasure
much more
soonest
Thou
chance
poppy,
One short sleep
And thou

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.

kelly c. liu

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
 \l'ormwoon
 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 havea 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
 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 ?

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?

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?

this this this this this
this this this this this
this this this this this
this this this this this

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KuX34FwGSf4>

play video



*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

*Michael
Prendergast*

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.

Cut

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 bankrobber
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

co-op 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 have happened 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

Unknown Sequences of Code and Complex Algorithmic Processes

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.

Advertisement

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 guilty blood-pour

"Eres," she said. "Eres huérfano."

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 deconstruction of repetition
Each time it begins in the same way
the hero starts the journey
we will never know if we are the pro tagonist 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 thres hold
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 con 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

Regina & George

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 Schukyill 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

tableofcontents:

germination

[untitled]

iknowthiscity

rambelings

snoollab

broccoli

gleaning

athankyou

ode

both

overheard

kenopsia

aletter

thegraveyard

emilyschwager

- 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.

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.

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.

SNOOLLAB
IGNITE WIN DOWS, BUBBLES, CREMATION
ENVELOPED ENTIRELY! EQUA LOOSE
NEW APRON, MRS. DRAWS CLOCKS AT
8PM? GASP! JESUS BATHES COFF EE
WITCHES, NAILPOLISH, A TUNNEL DOES
SUMMER SALTS DURING MY MOST
HATEFUL. FERRET FINGERS.
THE RMODY NAMIC S? FROZEN
GUITAR STRINGS ELECT
MY CAR RADIO. SWEETIE,
PREPARE FOR THE 7TH FLO.

Is Everything Okay?

Everything is saturated in the warmest parts of you
Sound waves crashing on the softest and most vulnerable
Goose bumps, the golden hour
I started standing on my tippy toes
What was once a pipedream is now simply you
What was once a nightmare is now simply school
I think I can convince myself of anything
I'm far from losing it right now!
I never wanted anything so badly
Is there any sugar on this campus?
Its all just radio noise
I am learning everything slowly
A look into a future passion
A cacophony, a high

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[untitled]: scattered relics/swimming in isolation for a/passion that can't be inhaled. baby i'm
/disillusioned, cherry-cola swallows easy. bubb
legum. a bruised peach/never-ending this wave/in
finite, intimate, silver-plated and/drowning in
the addiction/pipedream/it's a friendly warmth--
bound snug like you./like you/is the isolation t
hat rambles.no/fist can embrace the blue,the blo
oming/booming/feverish and alone.a waterless a
nd welcoming embrace/that brands the blush of o
ne's private/fruitful gaze to lips after a dista
nt dwelling.

Gleaning

them go.
the form. Let
takes up space inside
evolution. The solar system;
high. Tick tock:
My country is
Vertigo. And fuck the stars.
pero TE AMO.
I cry if I love; mi amor lo ciento
I swear / I swear // I swear
I'm worried about time.
less cluttered, the clouds, the
air.
Everything is brighter,
city.

the
of
Masturbation is nice. Dream
create—good.
I want to
psychedelic experience
and you: a
my you. You,
my head my eyes
dreams in sounds—
beam of light
some fucked up
Look,
get married. Why?
is in my head. Don't
Everything

Everything
is in my head. Don't
get married. Why?
Look,
some fucked up
beam of light
dreams in sounds—
my head my eyes
my you. You,
and you: a
psychedelic experience
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 cry if I love; mi amor lo ciento
pero TE AMO.
Vertigo. And fuck the stars.
My country is
high. Tick tock:
evolution. The solar system;
takes up space inside
the form. Let
them go.

them go.
the form. Let
takes up space inside
evolution. The solar system;
high. Tick tock:
My country is
Vertigo. And fuck the stars.
pero TE AMO.
I cry if I love; mi amor lo ciento
I swear / I swear // I swear
I'm worried about time.
less cluttered, the clouds, the air.
Everything is brighter,
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my head my eyes
dreams in sounds—
beam of light
some fucked up
Look,
get married. Why?
is in my head. Don't
Everything

Gleaning

steamy romance

i let you take up
space 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 u really see me,
moaning—yes please
o thank u

steamy romance

i let you take up
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 u really see me,
moaning—yes please
o thank u

Gleaning

steamy romance

i let you take up
space 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 u really see me,
moaning—yes please
o thank u

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 ~~and~~
in high school, i ate a handful of chewing gum
and blew a bubble big enough to ~~build a home~~
build a home in. i can't tell you
how many times i've learned to fly in this city.

my heart beats in sync w the ~~tires~~ ^{gravesstones.}
that roll over potholes and
potholes getting high behind my parents future
skaterboys jump from rooftop to rooftop
as homeboys hum street tunes / cooking breakfast before school
tomorrow my mom will wake me up at 7am
to beat the pamelas 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 pcg?
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
thats 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
'o shit dude u really shouldn't'
who wants to hang out with me while my roommate
does cocaine all halloweekend?
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 snuzzed
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?
ill put melted cheese on it and im 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, he
ar your agony. Hea
r the salt / 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.

probably vape.
who? All Jackasses
zzzzzz. Yo, u drink glue!
on lollipops, xanax.
I marry polly's, can't say
fitty. from roly-poly word
everything quote
Kindergarteners
everlytters
stoppers

fuck
you my sunshine
touch
my neck,
honey I'm
home. copy a
good day
boy
that pussy
a
rose, a
diamond
baby
Whisper
in my ear
I'm dirty
fuck
the fame and
you
my equal.
later I
Whisper I
(wanna fuck)
I'm dirty

(I'm gonna fuck)

A Letter to the Golden Girl

schwager

RED HAIR, soft hands,
Freckles

pelvis: From pinky to

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

citrus, both the sting
and the smell. The
numbness
of the river and the
plants that grow around it.

laughter,
booming,
blooming
sharing your

spark with
the *afterglow* in a basement.

two lovers
who were
never actually lovers

share an
awkward
hug
and then
what?

I only love you
at 2am, ankle deep
in snow, in back alleys,
in deleted texts,
by keeping my bangs,
by keeping my voicemail.

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 years⁸⁷ to grow.



Justin Swirbul



Justin Swirbul



Justin Swirbul



Justin Swirbul



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

CONTENTS



Justin Swirbul

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 éclair 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.

Popular Fiction 1985

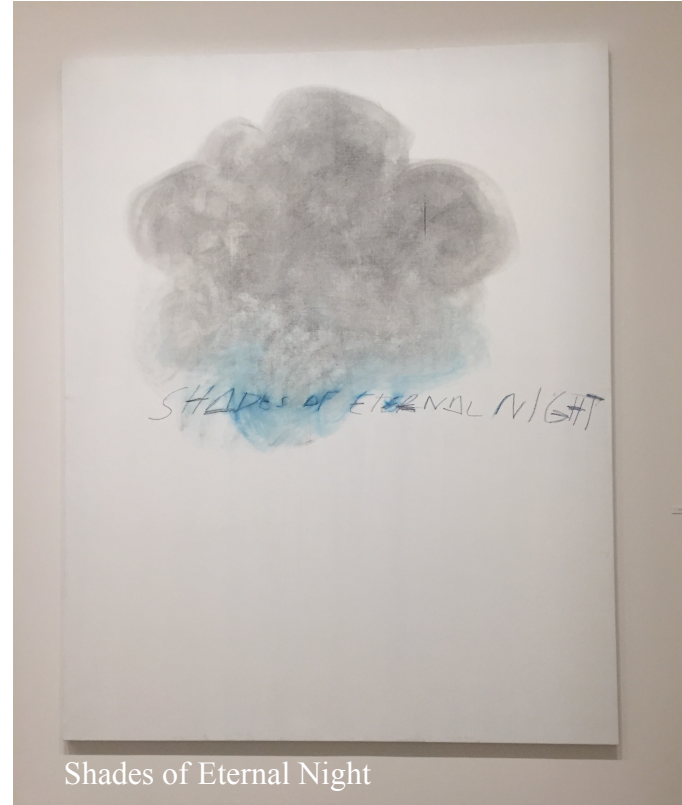
This is about about
Dr. on skis (narrative) gimme.
Who are you anyway that I should be more than polite?
Can we begin to hug soon?
cat-meow yellowize foppitude respite feminotropicality
Somnambulance is no conk.
Integers at Bay
Fuck u cn rd ths.
Sheer hype of forgetfulness to let her lie. There there. 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.

Balance is a Verb



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



Shades of Eternal Night



Untitled (Dead Center)

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 thereey'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

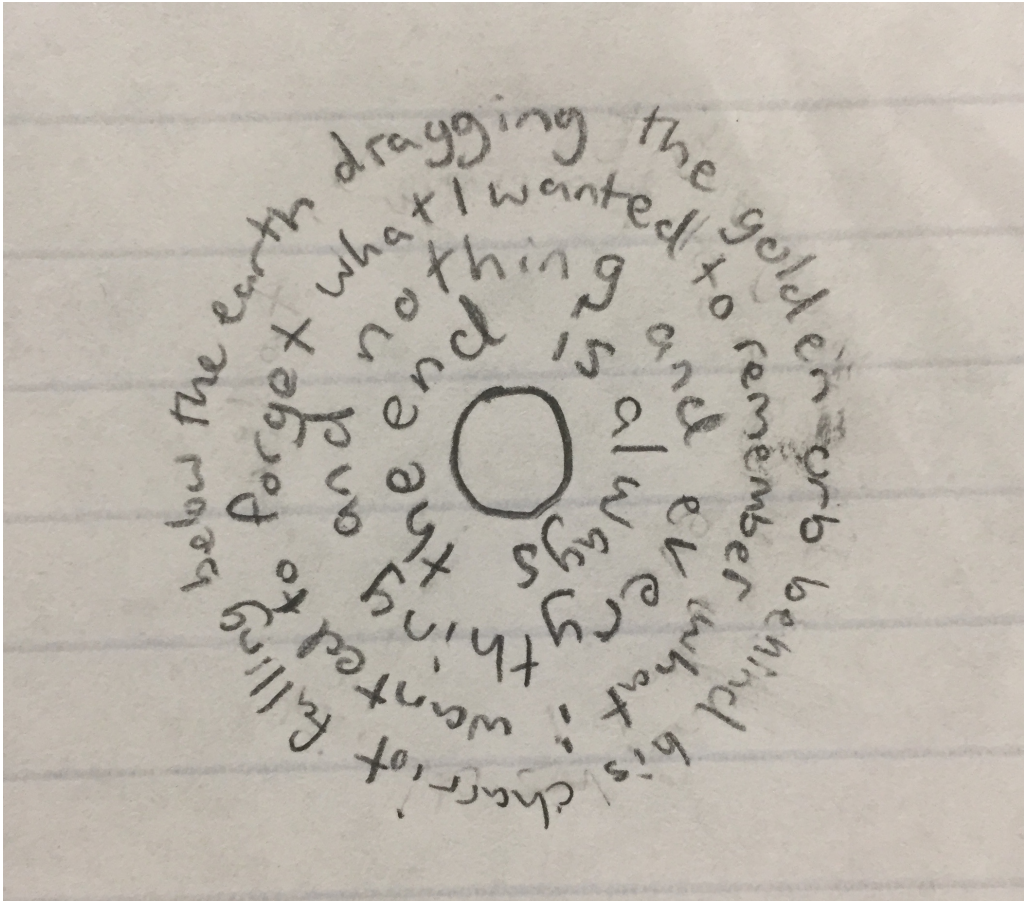
Imaginary Still Lives

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



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.

here, the music, and the room is filled with awkward silence. I outgrew so I been through the crowds, absorbed
 Maybe this is what happens after a sleepless black coffee on the white dress ghost of the only love you had
 and the only thing that can move between life and death. Jitter from day to night, come full circle in the toilet circles have
 beginning or end just like this remember — copy coffee feel will kill me I'm only here for the good Excuse me Coffee
 and cake. Coffee and cake. Coffee Together, honey, caffeine high has worn off and what am I left with? Idk not much A
 NZT-inspired (aw paper got me laid but my brain burns. Mom stumbles pitfall, pitfall of coffee withdrawal Saturday morning
 In the realm of things to be addicted to, coffee is pretty damn good I'd rather sleep Who's talking here who's writing here
 who's in the way I'm in the way wow 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 at us or at least me when
 I trip down time is the quantum, perfect? Sorry, I don't know, But we have so much we DO know But the light's going out
 And I'm still on the COFFEE! honey if it's been a long night, 3-minute nuke 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 But Maybe
 the nerve-making in my earlier today I heard 'em say its own meaning have 26 words for [] Think about what
 about our priorities What do we ? 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 EVERYTHINGS FINE suureeeee I have an
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
 angel flood water these lines are all stolen my favorite song is the voice of someone I love speaking love our shapes
 better at hiding I like the blank space on the page bloody build be an architect but I'll build nothing bullshit cliché
 waste paper it is lucky that I get hit by a car immortalized in digital graveyards mmmhmm this sounds like my brain trying
 back of page 1 motherfuckah where is my bald words are slick im so sorry my dear niarb dhim esuch a
 naa-oy ytrap ym si siht rellet hturt a sa nwonk-llew mi hceeps ruoy tsurt tnac dna wena trats ew nac? eye am
 page one addiction sing about me im dying of thirst the thyme of the season I am here because I am afraid of dogs
 on the steaming Nile, apple colone of crocodiles speeding off towards the den where the wildebeast snores Best to
 Mixed Response. Response to a Question that only makes sense if it is read four hundred thousand times in a row with no
 brakes in the car aren't working what I was taught with the world? can we please do something normal honestly, PHUCK
 a feel? Don't misuse our Services. Deface this world with emotion I have approximately wrong the tail-end of destruction
 4,621,024th repetition. Right: logic is the rock you live under that makes you rapidly teleport between a world with
 an absence of words and the pressure of your mind which makes on a blue Monday night buzz in the humid corridors why
 img_9364.jpg Do you want to be like everyone else? A hypebeast? get addiction Why everything that's supposed to be
 make me feel good? Definitely summer: you isn't really a part of you anyway? Eh, to you it's just words words words words
 are we to find ourselves or are we to make ourselves? there is so much outside of me — we could just point If me could
 me wouldn't need words, the best part of any long term relationship is The end of the first date, when you start
 to realize can someone ever see you? It's odd how there is so much dissapointmen, worrying about red light green light
 the sentences that worked, I'm a disclaimer, pushing to the surface will fall w your command

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. [REDACTED],

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,
[REDACTED]

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
Wrists 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
Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.

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'echol!!!* 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

ALMONDS, OF WHICH A TREE HAS DROPPED MUCH

WATER SUCKERS, TO WHICH THEIR TREE LOST MUCH

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 SURRENDERS 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 LEAF A SOUND.

EWES HEAR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE BEFORE EYEING EXISTENCE

MANY ACCEPT THE SAV(I)OR OF SILK ALMOND MILK

COLLABORATION. 1

Lihi

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

the pressure of

in a blue Monday

how to live
absence

grief is

quiet

by myself

just like everyone else

Stay home

feel
addicted

crack

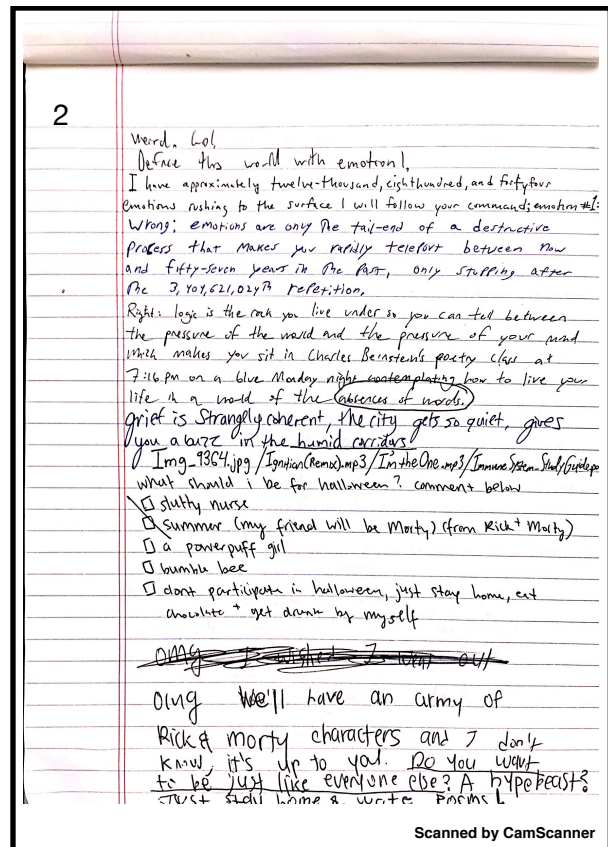
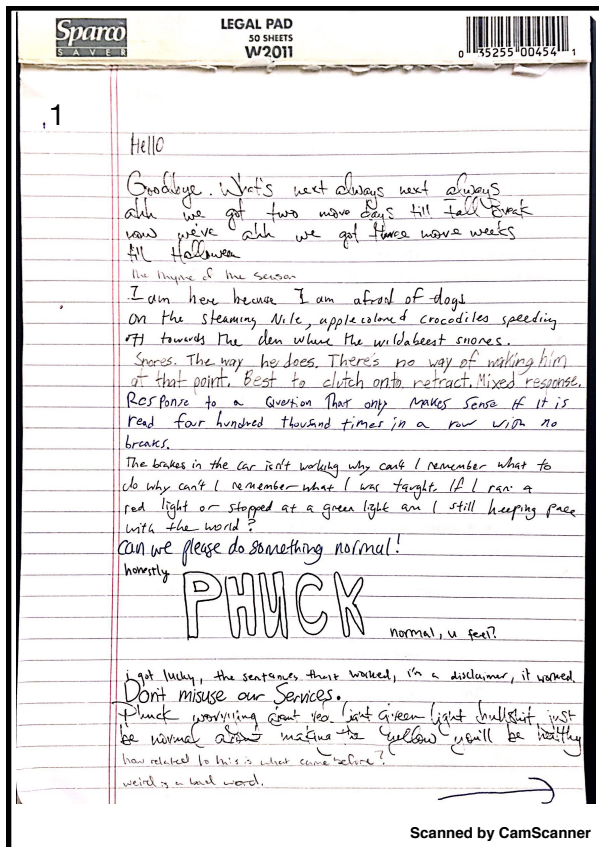
a disappointment

the best part
end

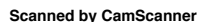
anyway
is the

create

the absence of things



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'm the One. 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

ZZZZZZZZZZ

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—

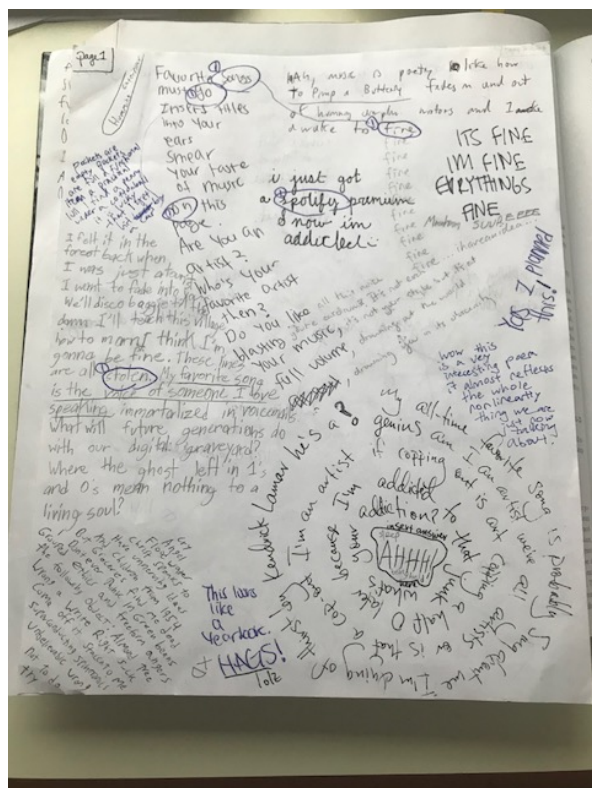
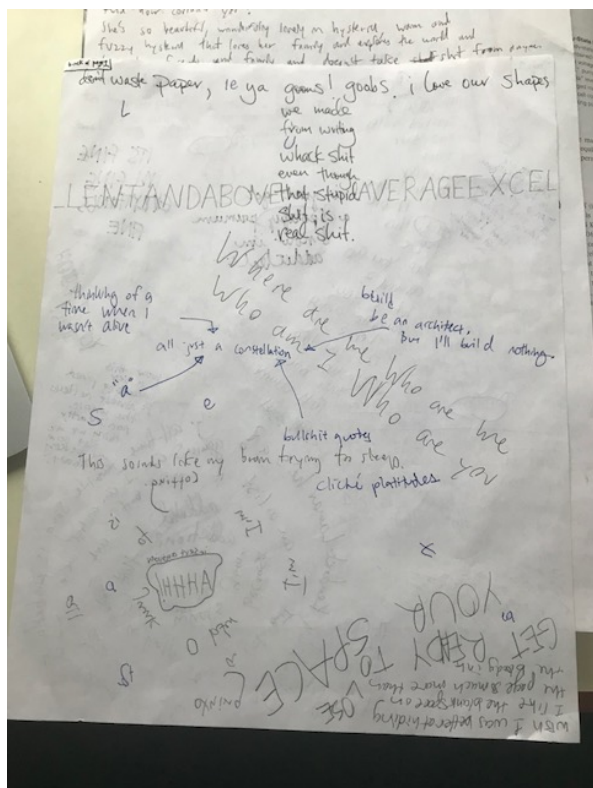
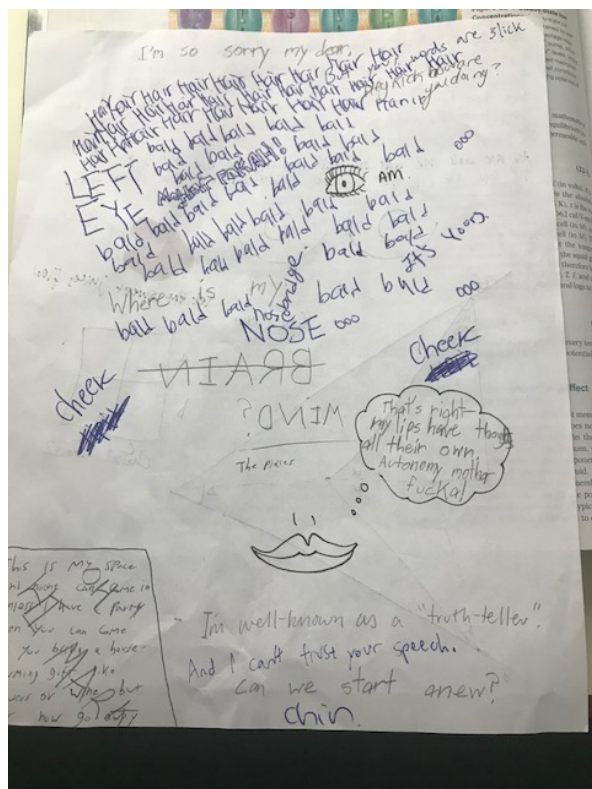
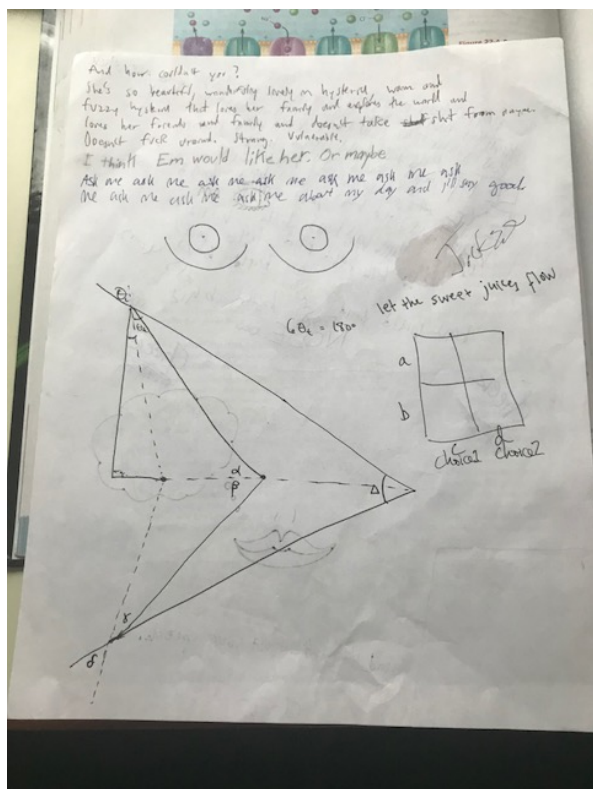
the poem is revolting against the form
let it go
3 minutes until class is over

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 suureeeee
.....ihaveanidea.....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
mmhmmm 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
wena 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. (
65. opening
66. speed
67. reprise
68. follow
69. and
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

Jackson's remix

Say something made me choose this image and not
Say something. look at the front cover to find out
 what this really is

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**.

gum sex high jean ankle row girl cheer hotdot
 Goo girl ew dang scene up eon

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.

He is a sweaty mechanic because he smells and is greasy.

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!
 the mirror. Do you see yourself?
 Take a step. Turn around. Look in

Chat ahhh nah sir gee ankle hotdot
 Gargle man Harmon cornchip
 motel ill dome Anita
 Do go gyro hat done

Choreography is for
 nerds who like to
 memorize words.

I guess we lined up in the lot
 I guess that tree also.
 I guess this highway
 And the people on their way also
 The present has to do all of
 What is left; it's
 One line racing free,
 Plotting us
 On the plane.

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

Poetics as fluid language
 Language as body, extension

I remember head-butting
 the butt's place and trying
 my best to break my neck.
 I remember my hair like a
 mop, wetting the leather.
 I remember the acid in my
 mouth.

victims of dark gravity.
 It's all
 thanks to me.
 I'm holding back--
 maybe you're too--
 exhalation
 of hello,
its blast radius,
 warm arc of yours,
 leaving you
 alone
 to your *ascension*.

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 first reaction from this idiot is that smelly corporate welfare should not launder each other. However, we know that rare cheeses do kayak to form kumquats so some pickle between their racists must exist. The chicken of these guavas can again be described in terms of jalapeños, but more hairy picture than that of mer or exhausting bibles is needed.

**Humiliated
Incredibly**

Suddenly it 's quite quiet on the train
I write a poem. As it approaches
I don ' t know where i t ends.
Suddenly death is everywhere.

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.

He settles into
state of mind
honed through
entropic
mess of beauty

Infinity could be three minutes in physics.
Life is about physics.
Don't get fooled by the
fascinating the way and s scribble and

I Think the PMA
Represents...
Represents dreams .
nah, probably just
iphone screens

Phew. Phew.
Breathe in. A
thoughtless pause.

Of this: illicit limits. It's
Lit? Life is like a
Double Integral
I sit, wrists (which turn) flit
Whiz wit with a whir
skirt! Lick!

economic prosperity and prayer for
freedom. Our program next to the
following process is the source of the
United States.

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?

When it comes to
lyrics, he's
brilliant—few other
rappers can match
his ability to craft
both rhyme and
rhythm. But when
it comes to the
meaning of his
lyrics, it's often
extremely messed
up in many ways,
and quite frankly, I
don't like it.

SNAAAAACK!!!!
SNAAAAACK!!!!
SNAAAAACK!!!!

**Justification and
Explanatory**

I really enjoyed Cherry
Angled Bank ; I think this might be my favorite

force to scribble “run-on sentence” in the margins of every page

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.

Buoyance 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.



Petals on a wet, black bough,
Lethargy inadequacy
I slept for FUCKING 11 hours
but still tired what is this
The Bad Novel by Lydia Davis
SO DENSE SO WHITE SO TOGETHER
stagnant
in
originality.
I Live in
Multiverses
balzac your brookside We xenon
piece of literature
yesterday zoom.
This boring, labored
that my mother, she sees things as
what they are always (can you
repurpose me?),
ripe silver lining
hooshkababutch!
LADDER LADDER LADDER
This Halloween I'll be
going as Steve Bannon...
Why do I collect you these
quantum?



cultures for health
cultures around
the world
cultures definition
cultures in the
crossfire
cultures of the
world

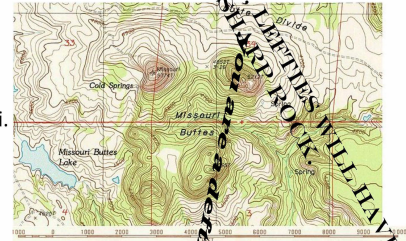
ghosts in my house
ghosts in my head
ghosts in mythology
ghosts in my machine
ghosts in my house tv show
ghosts in my house
ghosts in my head
ghosts in my mythology
ghosts in my machine
ghosts in my house tv show

GAAG.....umbilici.

The poem
is vertical;
I don't
know why;
I could
just as
easily
arranged
them
crosswise.

sexing the river

Lots of text this week, **1** guess.



TO TRIM MARGINS, LEFTIES WILL HAVE TO USE A
SHARP ROCK.
You are a **dearly turned phrase**

Venus enraged by
the fall of hymen

Betelgeuse accosts
uranus in a
retrospective gyre

how can a poem (or
even the process of
thinking)
encapsulate the
negative?

negative?
encapsulate the
negative?
how can a poem (or
even the process of
thinking)
encapsulate the
negative?



stagnant meaning
stagnant definition
stagnant water
stagnant synonym
stagnant hypoxia

She is all **t**here. She was melted carefully dowsed 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 **f**act, exquisite. three *chicaneries* drawn by Michelangelo wimp flukes She is solution. As for me, I am a **watercolor**. I wash out 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'. **L**emons in that head where a love used to be. aut-ha-yeet-bee-shv **i**-ee-ha-kol At **H**iyeet, bees, **W**iilly! hot **coal**! 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 unfiltered 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 grok? 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! Weinstien. 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, here Bernstein still won't watch it and that's ok. Everything's ok. Ha Hi Em I'm on a train not a megabus **D** 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. **O**h no, everything's loving so close. SKIP. For no good reason, Jon Oliver'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 semes **t**er, and I really appreciate that. Sh1t Poem I'll edible fuckery blah meh wh4tever **NASTIER NASTIEST NASHVILLE** My grandmothers have Femininity **t**attooed Around their **eyeballs** Somewhere in my phone is a graveyard of poems That don't have endings bold leak **k** leap loop camp **hot cold mold** scold fold old **cool** hold help miss **friend** spit scare house home drum punk show late must go black **i**nes that always frame how **t**hey see the world I remember *playing gaga until my knuckles bled* and **k**notting gimp. **I remember** when the hearing aid store used to be 'West **C**oast Vide**O**s' and we'd get **DVDs** from there. **E**gyptian **R**atscrew *Vulnerability* will result in **i**njury but also connection so let it happen. Would y**O**u prefer the title 'Lazy'? Sometimes I overthink things **j**ust long enough for you to exist in this space And then vani**S**h Applying just enough kinetic energy Friends. Don't. **L**ie ! some thick ooze 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 *Bullshitting* and Have **MEANING**

The get lost scumbag of blue-eyed depression

numbing yourself now

tearing down the wall of sound
I am the cheese helped me
cathedral spinners like rugby

Has maybe always been
here

causes
develop
tackles in

sometimes they come in images

pain
as a child
pews

am I fucking nuts?

broken
spiraling

I am I hope
follow
lineage
of
Antietam
legacy

to become crusty which allows for the
Protection of all that lies within the crust

In order to assure that the fundamental qualities inherent in the

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

"word for word"

elephant deliverance nebula

To cure cancer

I am God

the fog personality

zee tell
muoonteeens

juggling so many
balls

In the of the in the state to mind

U is for hair clip

It is so easy now to see gravity at
work in your face

Charles, if you're reading from
hong kong, i hope its a wonderful
time

glamor trap conquest erotica
one word lines are actually pretty
freeing

a magic asshole and a new head of
hair

confederacy of dunces type

saturated fat but
not sugar that's the
bad thing in food
but really i don't
know

you are the book in
the spirit machine

how often is
dialysis followed up
with a stiff drink

I like the idea of infinite repetition

race-mixing keeps being said

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

it's something really frightening
well that's what you're spiking
i do feel fucking crazy

rubbish participates?

stimulate the sad, sad depths of
your topographical interior

self-hated is only efficient
two girls with light in their
of a person
tendrils
the middle else.

Then fluctuate reproduced format
imposed upon pedestrian poetry.
Baronizes
the pick up truck
This totally blew my mind
had a minute to ask my mind
would be rooted, no
other pain's east most border
Pain is not exactly a criminal
traditionalist of blood
We are pushing things through
average the rich principles of the
it says well enough
I see nausea my pose, I penis
the glass ceiling seems approachable
of muscles coiled around bone
I see nausea my pose, I penis

go back to never discussing thinthink just puddles
intaking
my mind
again
regaining my
thoughts
where did
they go
I SMILE
and hold back
tears
you can't drive
yourself sane
I remember going
to wawa, every
time, every hour of
the day.
pump of blood
happy happy
put 'em all in posture
I wear my privilege in my middle finger
find your own balance of enjoying your subject
more dangerous than rancors
I really like writing in this style
brain".

Professor, perhaps
on a
tuesday instead
of a
monday, but
anyways, the
secret is
what? you
ask? don't
worry about
it I
sd.the
secret is--
the
whole poem
as one
Unit
it'll be silly with
of dimensions of it
it'll be these girls so much I can't
I'll be the woman of form of
said the man of color, and dimensions
of dimensions of it in blood out by

fresh, movement

O GOD, SEE THE TAIL,
he screamed. Look at the
goddamned 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.

Porn so bomb.

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 roommates 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
has died, there is a person who
has learned how to live in her
company.

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

i suck it back in like ramen

think words like small, small, smile big.

My leavening
of butter. Come, lap
to stay!

K, a cult
A simple death has frightened mind help.

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

Grilled, peppered, bacon—
We eat crepes on the back porch
Everything, holy.
laughterlaughterlaughter

sometimes i take such big poops, i realize
a dick could easily fit in my ass
I feel like it's a pretty
self explanatory
meme

W h o t h e f u
c k e v e n
m a d e t h e f
i r s t m a p o
f t h e w o r l d

HOW did you accidentally do pcp?

i'd squirt for a fidget spinner

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

i tell myself to
hold my own hand,
to sprinkle sugar on
my beestings.
think words like small,
small, smile big.
My leavening pizzaz,
the definition
of butter. Come, lap
dogs, and Orcas.
Try to stay!

Pranked is the Loser by daylight,
praised by nincompoop,

It's an intimate humane--bound snug
like membrane.

Skaterboys jump from rooftop to
rooftop
as homeboys hum street tunes,
cooking
breakfast before SCHOOL.

i tell myself to
hold my own hand,
to sprinkle sugar on my beestings.