The density at Alpha is absolute,
tightly bound,
ready for work.
MULLIONS MATTE BLACK & METAL
A MANTLE STACKED IN BOOKS
THE CONSTITUTION OF
a space by def is open:
even enclosed, open within
within its bounds, ever open
optative case:

syntactic space

for the mulling of options,
the mulling of multiverse options
we cannot locate its fumarole source; we cannot bargain for sunshine
asked for a bad poem,

I came alive
Later in circle, laughed w/ whomever
they did cringe,
cough when it was mine
AN END OF
ALL THINGS

w/ outtake Verse
TVS

may there be
to weave
custom broadcasts.

continuous flips through
the countless cosmic
channelverse
Seven thousand paper planes,
opened,
chained in floral leis
the spell of days a poly-lingual riot running top-of-page
playlet shapes on

cotton blinds drawn

all around
two spare voices,

contro picking soft on

a suspended chord, I hear ;
roughcut-close of roaming mitts.

flesh soft-lit
to the

suicidal strummings of

Elliot Smith
I am Dyl and the Dead" she said.
'N O ONE TO KONO NO'
writing the air,

far,

[i'm] far

from

hand

or

wall'
'can't get in this fucking dress /
wait to get it off'
IS PLEASED with my rendition, eyes me w/ skeptical interest
FROM UNDER SHAWL, a dozen or so tar-chews pulls, dulled and ancient teeth of disinterment
ON OPENBOOK PALMS, warm from her person, hard as beads, a couple of broken
I'll often inhale,

get brief wind of death,
wonder if it's me or the vicinity
balcony’s puny,

unusable due to:

the problem

Mosquito
who rise in swarms, blanket all view,

thru the jamb-gaps stream by their own mean volition or condo’s vacuum
FORGETTING SOMETHING.....[said thru text,
then ]

Z E N

DEATH

POEM
you and your Ecstasis affectless
used haikus

delete,

delete

delete

:: COPIes,

ALL:

delete

unused
patrick has more details re:

a party’s address.
because one never gets it he remains a possible satyr:
comrades

archetypes,

paradise

abstract
the tonic resolves that made mum cry

turn this Patrick livid
:beloved, berated, paid in scraps
subject Anon. of theses at OISE
my pretty pimps of St. Genet
may every wayward pass of ours
a perfect urban moment make,
ripples on the sea-glass lay
[ to the passing vacuum of the sidewalk hog...]

Oh but

Oh which side you on
when darkness is total & Nature weary
when angels go postal & prophets become causes
when Cronkite cried “oh NO!” on-air when his bet didn’t win
remarked off-hand on a critical flaw in the human condition we’d completely missed
we could meet again

[Hemingway's]
on the suddenly lame

[palms splayed in judgment]

"like this" --

we could
[he's an emissary of what, why does he insist]
planet's lap,

a dripping sun

[ a fresh & red El Greco ]
in audio cortex

Krakatoa’s quantum echoes
dot or X for YOU ARE HERE and small, deep w/in cranial space an inner nodding, pleased & knowing
No egoic warping, this is surely no distorting for the map indeed is placed for you.
may each breath suffice for

yr hours are fixed,
your bodies erase,
in zillions of nodes unlink
b-bus interval -
  power interrupt

\\parking orbit assigned
[ hope so  
elsewise death come quick  
for me & mine ]
PAIN let's u know you’re alive,

and could die;
PAIN think a Sign, 

w a line slicing through it
oven’ll strt w/o TIME selected, Opt.s. onned

unwaivable step is **SETTING A TEMP**

that’s just what is turning an oven **ON**
There really are ghosts, and some of them are Andy!

eudemon Andy, of St. George the Martyr & the junkie park it fronts.

How do you know when Andy is near? When bums find you inappropriate.

Why, when Andy is near!

Andy was near, did not wanna know my every theory, shifted upwind when I tried to make chat
inappropriate i.e. am way

funnier

& he unforgiving of

the kind-of-high ]
china cat.
china cat
tiny cat.
china cat

: particle monster
because of the cause that
it's called queens park cause she's never coming back
i spoke the line aloud

& alley did recede to an infinite enclosure,

tall as it was long
i spoke the line aloud

:am now thane of my own shady corridor
whatever remains

announces itself

>>it casts a shadow
U’R TOO MUCH DATA A JAPANESE

SHOOT’EM UP, TOP-DOWN
U’R POORLY COMPRESSED

DIALOGUE LOW   BULLETS LOUD
HAD AN IMMIGRANT’S POVERTY W / NO SIBLINGS, COULD NOT COLLUDE FOR QUARTERS, U KNEW ALL THE EARLY DEMOS IN THEIR FRAME & ORDER
Serené upon the steaming green no
grassblade bends obeisant round the
phaeton

Disc

nor whipping skirt of

the gathering innocent
Low in the Mazon Batcaves

where

said Spiderface hangs,

shuddering,

Sad,

sacrifice for the

Leaping Emperor

Millipede
when you think of yourself, do you think of an image?
what do you make of ‘Nothing’s okay’?
doppler wail

is one despairing Self to help

another but

a weeping, either way
every step, i’m setting in portrait, grabbing at flashes, eyes gone spotty
arms held out like all the world’s a ward or

gangplank i’m beyond all aid.

am old or zombies
'u're

twice-decided,

free all over'

[dream being to Whale]
over the mirror

the perfectly relative

never shall leave you
[ you are not

your own light,

pls use the

light that surrounds ]
pilot was as Nabakov said, crisply lined at the nostrils
plane as Plato’s idea of
on our seat, a sleek & ancient cat whom I'll name Gypsy
WE FORM A MACHINE OF MUTUAL ASCENT TO THOSE BELOW A STARWARD CLIMB THO HUSH WITHIN THE RUSH OF AIR AROUND US
the machine is

real,

it happens

abstractly
SPECIAL FX OF A VIRTUAL VAT

REMAINDERED OF A STAGECRAFT THAT
ANY FRAME  SUPER-8  SETI-READY
ANY CRACKED ACTOR AMENDABLE NOW
BY TARANTINO’S CASTING REDEMPTIONS
YOU are a tooth in the mouth of a snake whose tail we’re all holding.
we love you cannot seem wicked w/out being sexual & reverse
close to the poles is neighbs. antoeclial

cold war
from bro, bro...
to
[still i’m gonna]
raajas erode,

cavo relievo,

barely on a coin
the Governor's a wonk in his man-at-work photo-op,

still cupps phone

with a coilcord
FRIEND ARE WE DONE
MY PARKING CLOCK'S RUN

AND YOUR WORLD'S ON FIRE
YE SEVERAL PSYCHOS LORDS OR CHURLS
CHARLESES—IN—CHARGE OR THEIR SERVILE AGENTS
[ SWUM IN BACKWASH REVERB

VOICES DEEP AND DEIFIC

ENTONING YOUR DOOM ]
A GLOBAL TANNOY TO COUNT ALOUD THE PILEUS PLUMES
THE PEOPLE WERE FREE TO LOVE ONE AND OTHER
THE WORKERS DID NOT SLEEP IN CHAMBERS—FOR—ONE
EACH ALLOWED THE OTHER AHEAD,

SUCH MUTE AND GROGGY COURTESIES

DID ABOUND
AT CASEMENT AWAITS.

ARMS ON SILL.

A SIGHING MARIA:
INTERVENE,

ASSUAGE OR SHAME

OUR NOISOME NEIGHBS

NEXT 2AM,

PLS,

PLS »
seventy stories up, it's the space

around the notes enchant,
curly scraps of cut-out dolls,

each its own

negative demand
campaign cascades beyond the halt,
long motion's afterthought:

phantom trajectories pllying on thru headsman
each remains, retains its integrity
their likeness hangs between them,
they're as different as two beings
must be
dipping sun my word does bend

in sympathy weary
remainder Read,
radiant Bleed from
what Orient script.

Errant from
what hang-line?
Deep and easy in my sleep,

I count off ghosts like sheep
the overstock of heaven-hell, flutter, convene about me
[from to light photos]
In the darkness (ight: a shoot)
(SolsticeM}
Record}
SPEAKER'S CIRCLE SET IN CEILING, SLIGHT RELIEF

: OUTRUSH
MUCH
LIKE
ANGELRY
PARTING SLEEVES TRANSLUCENT,

SUSPENDED FROM THE SPARS OR SHARDS OF OUR GALLERY’S NATIVE ARCHITECTURE]
AN HISTORICAL WHOLE BEEN DOUBLE-STRUCK IN A YELLOWY FRISSION
[ENDLESS VITAMIN WAVES

SPILLING EARLY SPRING]
[ EACH EMERGING ANGLE GIVES ITS TINY ASTERISMS ]