

## FREE FALL

Flagstaff Massacre redundant  
invented history makes it scrawl  
across pride's wounded Rushmore  
knee. Sweeping the locust streams  
face roars to the subtle(s)ty.

NO MORE, NO MORE

the skies amass  
virtue sweeping its totality  
a broom of essence  
openly seeking surrepitation

& wearing sneakers

To the shade we must bring  
our stencils, cross the eyes & dot the tease  
of her comely dulcet. To sense

the moribund at full strength,  
the tide must be lowered through  
hoops of crane & nets of cattle  
heard lowing

in the Western wind

Where genre succeeds, all else fails.

Cast the hope of spells  
awaiting speckled terriers  
herpetological slithers whip the frail  
fangs tight against the urban sky

while only the tacit fail

*OF COURSE, OF COURSE!*

the factitiously obvious  
facetiously oblivious  
to the seed of its fawning maker

Who else could swallow such a naked bid,  
trumping castor oil for hidden triumphs in the sweet  
sidelines of life, revealed in all its streetly rigor,  
a pollen of forgotten dew?

**NOT TRUE, NOT YOU**

(or could it be,  
whenever?)

The saintly portal of influx  
vipers its evaporations  
on conjugal stilts, the hardship varies

But  
what is, is what is  
not

whether it can be so  
is the matter

of its energy

---

more disgruntled neighbors

raging yellow Custer

his fury of blue croquet

theoretical impurities of the sane  
loquacious denial of fabric softeners  
harden the molt against its sinew:

where else can the smell imagine?

Nor walls of choice, voicing their discontent  
its lineage a language, music musing bent  
on amusing itself with self-abuse

of strictures imminent.

---

Moribund redundancy aims & fires  
labor forces, their broken unions rank  
filed with fish & slumber  
in the kitsch of uproarious nights

or, why bother?

If not for the tights of her morals  
strictures would asphyxiate  
on auto insurance claims,  
their dreary sameness.

## REMOTE

is the occlusion of face  
the artery must go to the vestibule  
a student of the undoorred locks

there lies the flow of rigor mortis in all its leisure  
suit, a pleasure of measured antiquities foregone  
in pursuit of empty treasure chests & pirated seas

How else to look for the mirrored other  
in the same's reflective face?

OR ELSE, ALL ILLUSION

must pass  
its gradient  
muster  
tend our

culture

must fail  
ingratitude  
or, must  
tender

occult

a centered result

## M U S T

prevail

revile

reveal

reveille

( or not

---

---

indefinite dependencies  
whereas startling strictures ring  
stalling the pulse of ventricles  
clamoring against the crustacean shell, swelling

full against the Camelot  
of ingrown hairs borne  
nightly by the strumpets  
of Dudley

no matter the pain of discordant  
trumpets' double-see against the  
l's of the nearly blind

recordant in the respite  
of Arthurian trays, all  
defraying the deadly

# QUICKENING

of all delay,  
its decaying essence  
turgid to the touch  
inasmuch as its varied outcome,  
such as:

lineal fundamentals non-sequential  
in nature of consequence denied, yet  
essential to all others

at pace.

The foregone sweep of occlusion  
remains

---

Extinct through it may be,  
the birth of seclusion raises issues  
notwithstanding.

**(Omigod!**

**not**

**with**

**standing!)**

If so, then the perennials must wander  
the archetype desert, a locust Sahara tour  
remote by the desert sea, certainly a bargain  
for the cost buds.

Nourishing  
rosebuds  
growing  
winds

flourishing  
snow pods  
blowing  
sand

of time change

# RESCINDS

the very fact  
of

# TRINE SHAME

---

OR ELSE, WHY BOTHER?

If efficiency compels  
all rumors of doubt  
without a simple flare  
into the night

If deficiency dispels  
all ill humor about  
we're out a purple stair  
under the sight

WE MIGHT AS WELL

for what else is, there?

Or, wherever

the sweet cake of silicon

unfolds

its pyramid ruin, the last gasp of concrete breath  
before the death of abstraction, its manifold attraction  
infuriating the gentry vicariously through their sentry gates

to the millennium.

FOR APOCALYPSE IS ALWAYS WITH US  
WITH US APOCALYPSE IS FOR ALWAYS  
FOR ALWAYS WITH APOCALYPSE IS US  
IS FOR APOCALYPSE WITH US ALWAYS

I N, C O M P L E T E / I N P R O C E S S

---

Indefinite as certitude may sometimes seem  
it carries with it its own vaults. Beyond measure  
we apply the mystical quadrants of its own,  
drawing pleasure from intervallic leaps of net receipts  
gross when taken for granted. Amid their sacred claim  
to vision all else must properly be

# BLINDED BY SIGHT

or can he merely apply the secret  
unburned by paper stains, the unclaimed varnish  
of youth? Of course, Truth hides where quickening resides,  
its temper a tamboura of causal overflow

or the talk of the tanka  
lying in wait for  
inversions of reversions  
shorter than linen  
longer than single

respectively, or not. Its pungency breeds on over wrought-  
iron display offending neighbors. The front lawns complain,

and who could blame them?

Vainglorious perusal of ancient truths  
shall have their say, patiently, as with respect for their  
where all else shall fail, who else shall?

Amid threats of impropriety the morally weedy grow  
gardens, seedy with transit transfers or complementary ticks.  
Notwithstanding the circumstances of their standing,  
the lie down the path of navigator error breeds  
terror into the hearts of Jacks.

Kings, Queens or Aces erase  
all memory of conclusions forgone,  
sowing discord's accordance

with inapplicable rules.

To obey  
is  
to deny

oneself the option of platitude.  
Taken as a measure against the folly  
its vision turns

a hybrid

---

---

Meanwhile, the acerbic proclaim  
the druid feast a cannibal rite granted  
by constitutional array, their dismay apparent  
to all unconcerned with the brevity  
of green tenderloins.

In therapy, the suite dismisses its tenant.  
Rent by the news, whose ever current display  
breeds meat, the clocks shall overturn.

The burning shall not cease to continue  
under sad circumstances said only  
by the chosen new. For who else shall

unherald the earth? Who else shall

**FREE THE MILLENNIAL THAW?**

**FREEZE THE MILLENNIAL THONG?**

sing a million old saws  
just because

ballads are renovated under the priestly sun?

For / ever  
the chill moves against will's resistance,  
never insistent on  
the direction of bikinis in autumn.

Their counterparts among the laces breed  
consent among wounds more abundant  
than necessity when sent express

for the overnight purpose

of leeing there.

Wherever the line goes, its traces  
crawl their solicitation, unambiguous  
to the threat of massacre. He  
understood the chisel of history,  
its face the field invaded,  
the swarming of existence

---

*scrawl*  
*across pride's wounded Rushmore*  
*knee. Sweeping the locust*

---

in ways demanding filagree of the son,  
cussed offspring of more abundance than,  
moreover speaking in ways

mystery overtook. If you look at the incipient  
deselecting, erecting its eminent countenance  
imposes another artifact

whose irrepressible indeterminacy  
cannot be outdone in matters of circumspect

locution

---

*the factitiously obvious*  
*facetiously oblivious*  
*to the seed of its fawning maker*

---

especially when features cannot condone  
the dawning of the new brood, so daring  
in its sculpted stance, its bearing so

as all things would be so if they were  
so solicitous or not. The misbegotten  
parable breeds arable secrets, finding

themselves secret narratives in the *ad hoc* tradition  
inadmissible to the present tense in so many  
essential dissonances.

Where laundry may keep, the linen baskets in the sun.

The foregone far gone, the moments sense on-  
word, a digital influx of silence essence its sense seeks  
the clean squeak of sound seen in ultimate penumbra.

And yet,

---

*their broken unions rank  
filed with fish & slumber  
in the kitsch of  
uproarious nights*

---

the center holds  
centrifugally, if nothing  
else. Enter the gyre,  
widening schisms  
stitching bait to switch  
in the guides of sand  
or wherever

---

*the perennials must  
wander the archetype  
desert, a locust Sahara  
tour remote by the*

---

beauty pays homage to the  
necklaces of camel-necked barracudas.  
Recrudescent oil barreled over upon hearing  
how the journey overtook them, invaded their stasis,  
swept the rug under them, in place of analogue, the myth of  
ancient hypotheses scrawled on walls of alabaster pyramids seeking  
the seventh eye. Its paragons pentangled the heavens, an angular sweep  
not to be outdone by the terminal sleep of the awakened, their wide eyes gunning  
against hope, running the rope of despair to its ultimate tether, whether or not intense

derailment shall support their days.

Beyond ways of tracking didactic ambience

in days of practical ambivalence

more came from the mountains of epic  
lattice, a long climb for forks uncertain of the time  
at its

---

---

## ***P R O N G !***

the stab back, its retort  
acknowledged its dis-  
contiguity, the text of the  
report a porpoise leap

beyond the scope & purpose  
of hearing.

Silence  
protested the roots of its origins  
in discontinuity,

rendering space/time relativity  
absent

---

if continuity persists in its present sense the tense will demand separation a room of its  
own for storing faces of dead presidents unimpeachable security essence preserved glass  
cases on display daily demanding sequence or ample sampling of the illusion thereto  
whereby the powers that define reality shall empower their subjectivity through swimming  
lessons in the void

---

or declare its presence

through assertions

of sense

---

beyond the apprehension of thongs and tines forking legs and spines through hermetic displays of gourmet appetite concealed in kitchens of the mind raining supreme over picnic benches of the unforgotten dismembered in essence of string elastic plastic its monastic past the forerunner of the unacknowledged gift bestowed upon the age of season withheld for reasons obscure as the secret texts of recipes astrological forecasts repasts washing memory clean of all effulgence its dimming glow the present below which all sunder must rent a partitioning to petition the sundry whose efforts delay the

---

definite particle  
its substantial abuse  
reduced to chemical independence,

a future aspiring toward itself  
without regard for the carboxyls in the group

the medea's lead insurrection  
the insensate resurrection of radio  
sacrificed to TV evangelists

in the stadium bursting forgotten mind  
come alive with snakes of naked feeling

---

scoop the petition comping feet clomping behind ahead alongside competition erasing memory trace by trace copying its original the shell left in place deriding flowers and thyme its carnival fragrance rooted in coronal occlusion behind which the shadow passes into catheters of the mind misbegotten liquids overflowing impassioned signatures wherever the meet rinds its way home the hearth Janus flames both ways blaming ambiguity for its

failure to provide appropriate direction to the insurrection of its campfire thongs of protests thongs of meat thongs of girls that greet naked thought projection with chaste redirection of primal urges horticulturally unseen with yet another

---

*the  
wherever  
sweet  
cake  
of silicon  
unfolds  
its  
pyramid  
ruin,  
the  
last gasp  
of  
concrete*

redirection of the part most private revealed in public. Its nobility challenged only by its mobility, we see its naked thrust shiver in the winter wind trees barren of ovaries and insistence, resistance the fact of nature persistently preserving its own for its own cast-off thousands, the reality of artifice thronging spectacles ancient to modern, longing for the primal unity of the dying inanimate. Sensate, intense the rune sighs its secrets dimensions pretensions dissensions and distentions (abstentions not included in this participatory phrase) unfazed by the gaze of future ruins, odes to odors diminished over time and garlic, gingerly proposing thingalongs to lend the continuity its need.

*the chill  
moves  
against  
resistance,  
never  
insistent  
on the  
direction  
of  
bikinis  
in  
autumn*

**So, the breed  
remembers its  
dismemberment**

yields its part to his/her/story  
concupiscent glories unfolding  
its collective size

**wields its  
upstart part  
moribund**

antly. And to leave  
its etchings trace  
on the race's rotted cliches

stays aloof  
from the stance  
of impossible distance

prays abundance will chart  
renewed galaxies across the paying stars  
grown old beyond Jupiter, cold beyond Saturn

Plutonian  
in its methane  
malfeasance.

---

---

By the wringing nose of Saturnalia,  
a cusp shall lead them, true, beyond the fields  
of will's verdant nomenclature, green framing  
the regalia of the lost penultimate,

a history past the self-  
proclaimed linearity of logic's measure  
colors the continuum's wheel, unyielding  
to the red of feet.

Trampling the last horizon's narrowing rug, the frolic  
tugs the many from the few, renewing the wield under  
the field's review, taking pictures of Easter and its  
respective I-lands, clinching resurrection with Ice Ages.

---

**If you can't take the cold, get out of the zero.**

---

sd the temptress,  
seamstress of Time & all  
its dropped stitches  
staring into the Fall

of Math Anxiety.

Arable, yes,  
bearable, no

# matter / no, mater

worth sleeping under the Oedipal rug

jo, castor, poleax  
the whole sweeping  
entity

proclaiming flight reservations  
history's Senior Citizen discount  
tours the acropolis

insensitive to  
reclusive dissidents  
at half-mast

their **terror**  
masked

in half-stitches

**laughter**  
**apocalyptic**

after lunch

*continuity  
persists  
in its  
present  
sense  
the tense  
will demand  
separation  
a room  
of  
its own  
for storing  
faces of  
dead  
presidents  
unimpeach-  
able  
security  
essence  
preserved  
glass cases  
on display  
daily  
demanding  
sequence  
or ample  
sampling  
of the  
illusion  
thereto  
whereby  
the powers  
that define  
reality  
shall  
empower  
their  
subjectivity  
through  
swimming  
lessons  
in the void*

and other naked affairs  
that resist fenestral tampering of clowns  
the barker's green pitch in the hay  
forensic evidence of amperage  
under attack. Where shall all the backers go when the  
front is a circus kewpie dolls in thongs  
looking beyond the Renaissance edge, its pulver  
the tone of apocalypsed nuance, a subtle treasure  
the hayrides measure in stilts, the cattle in feet. The  
inches grow indignant at the viper's edge. But falling is  
not an occlusion so much a stricter interpretation  
of capillary madness carried to a feverish degree,  
heartless to the shadows minding its grave  
demeanor, demented like ripening fruit on vines  
of the unclustered, and who shall give them light?  
The photosynthesis of neon stranglers? The tempests  
of centrifugal fugued force? Of course knot.  
Can't tie me down to the bladder chord harmony with  
fecal wishes & stethoscopes. Nope. Not at all.  
They got me coming, they got me going  
both ways to Sunday Monday Tuesday and back  
in the mirror again to see their reflective force  
the self sees the other self in itself outside itself  
a hallucination off to one side beside oneself  
for how else to know all that can be meaningless illusion  
in the snake pit of Latin where scholars kiss asps  
for ten yore saxophones of ancient muzak  
winding from the west at can force cloaking we-all isms  
in raincoats of gold braided antiquity.  
The cold rages in quickly against the dense rages  
of overturned shrapnel. The perfect sense of being  
somewhere else for something other than the mirror  
looking out for itself with brazen point to  
its bronze-veiled stare wherever its sees them coming,  
whichever direction the power runs a cable  
electronic currency the sine *qua qua qua* of Godot's  
freon anticipation molecules. Where fools await  
the fire the water sings citrus ballads for the quickening  
censures of the century's last centurion crawl. All shall  
mark this empty moment of renewal with dread  
or peanut butter. Better fed than said, especially in  
social situations of empty rumors, founded *in situ* with  
flagrante delicto serving as your ghost

*the shell  
left  
in place  
deriding  
flowers  
and thyme  
its  
carnival  
fragrance  
rooted  
in coronal  
occlusion  
behind  
which the  
shadow  
passes into  
catheters  
of the mind  
misbegotten  
liquids  
overflowing  
impassioned  
signatures  
wherever  
the meet  
rinds its way  
home  
the hearth  
Janus  
flames both  
ways  
blaming  
ambiguity  
for its  
failure  
to provide  
appropriate  
direction  
to the  
insurrection  
of its  
campfire  
thongs*

the saintly reprimands continue seizures to gall.

Wherewithal seeks its own level.

The wizened prophet margin  
shrieks

**T A B L O I D   R E V E N G E**

in moments of secret

constriction.

**RAPID TUCKAHOE ATTACK RABID STENCIL PADS**

**SCARLET REP'D STARLET SEEKS MILLIONS  
IN ABANDONED COLONIAL SETTLEMENT**

the Lost & Found

of recent concupiscence

demands secret measure

downtrodden, weary,  
the night's pleasure past, he sings  
song of pecuniary rancor,

thrift shops given  
the short hop river molecule

as never before.

And never again

shall finitude seep

its creeping oil basin

into the skin of reptilian

porcelain, lest the goddess

of purple terror

shall treasure

its creeping fen.

Nor calling for the wherewithal's wherever  
in cries of dread certainty, the amplitude  
engorging sweet cake resounds with of silicon

the valley unfolds its muster, cries desperate lassitude  
to the mores of cortisone, injected by the turn of pyramid events  
which ruin brass wrist clasps singing ballast of breath,

the last gasp brings the class to a tension of concrete.  
In the absence of oil vellum, the creases move slowly  
to the point of release. Still, the chill teases the game  
moves to another venal. Stitches cross the way

with laughter, a **manic**  
trenchant with a penchant

foreclosing against resistance,  
whose **force**

regales the wind  
never so **insistent** as

the makers of voltage red on  
central residence filters

bestowing the direction  
the past shall take through the future  
of now, of bikinis atolls

nipping buds in **terror** of dental work,  
underground tunnels abounding in autumn,  
the subterraneans reviling their broken unions

in their native waters turning ecru  
after blue rash sweetens the pod  
rank with conceptual growth

& deciduous anima  
the **fury** of its season

**leering**  
outside eager studio doors  
misrepresenting **the whales**

**of destiny**  
their lineage on file and filled

the invading armies  
the lampless prisons of eels,  
with fish & slumber

the life-breath promise made  
in the kitsch of uproarious nights.

Sampling the text of self-conscious sea mammals  
reverting to **inner language** secret thoughts

the mindless absorb the factitiously bereft,  
soak the raft in tales of laughter daftly told

**obvious**

in, of course, the most subtle dissonance.

Meanwhile,  
the facetiously oblivious  
stamp rapaciously toward  
privatization of destiny

all thought incurred by the wooden mirror of haste,  
no deliberate future untermed.

Liberation of the vestibule, however,  
means the sacrifice cheese & other binding arbitration

to the **seed of its** last measure

face tainted by the fawning maker's slow pace  
through the desert of sullen delight, where gila monsters  
scrawl the pulpit's mane across pride's wounded Rushmore,  
while the knee sweeping the locust history invented

prevented

the redundant

to massacre Flagstaff