

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 atall.
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 untermmed.

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