

# **Scraping Through the Loop**

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*Rasp, scrape, reverb*, the loop bounce stuttered across the gasping urban landscape its sonic ambivalence, traumatizing hydrant and powerline with juddering polyrhythms that fluctuate with arrays of local resonators: pigeons in patterns, airbrake friction, patter of walkers, a sidewalk drummer trundling thunder with four water jugs, two frying pans, a newspaper dispenser and an overturned recycling bin—

Braking at marginal transport vessels, the tinny scraping noises a punchy testament to their muttering reprise, a raise in pitch punctuating the gasp, gape and urge to bounce the tethered hamstring's paradiddle, a remnant percussive as the clang of bottled herb wax hanging.

The discussion suspended laterally.

The fidgeting banter of the jitney driver uttering threats of a past response hugged the aching missive's retort. Its multiphonic spread pattered low machinations that bushwhacked the surprised purser on shore leave, can-tanned in a caftan, meandering the thrum of traffic like a wisp of unspun roving knit below the bluish skein of storefront awnings, cigarillo stub pinched between sausage-thick lips, iron core of the earth spinning

eastward in a molten pool, emanating asymmetrical vibrations like seepage from overflowing trash cans scattered up and down the docks, cairns in memoriam to half-eaten corn dogs, tins of shoe polish and empty fifths once tremulous as translucence and atonal as a grease fire. Dissonance, being a full-time occupation, plagues the plywood with shadow and seawater, disrupts the ear with bubbled threats, a nuisance against the wind's lifting variations, pinning a crossfire of gondoliers against the cornered striation nearest the fence.

The cease-fire eased the crash of beaten drummers, eyes tearing in the whirling breeze, against the rocks where self-imposed carnage basted the worn grotto. Rubbing chafed lips, they sputtered their ire, nuisance claims against golfers putting green as day before them spread its rubbled canvas across seats that echoed their slow creation from clasps, tapes, bored herbs bouncing symphonies on broken glass. The quest for consonance, an elusive token, met a good Havana cigar hot on the tip of yet another bum lead to a massive bead dump where no pent sound released a paratactic wave to crash the casements with salt and din.

Whatever hovered, red dust hummed like hamburgers on a grill crisped to pumice, hard ground of ground beef done to dent dentures, require drill bits, nitrous oxide and a masked man to glisten, to fasten, to overindulge

in diploma talk while the hand smaller than the small hand  
whirls like needle on wax, never nearing the end of  
the classic culminating chords, revolving, involving  
the nerves with servants that prick as they carry out  
commands from pantry to molar to reverberations  
that pink the wavering greens with sand traps mimetic  
of no desert on earth, the balatas like body bags,  
the graphite-heads cradled by clenched palms  
softened by mousse and moisturizer.

Echoes furrowing the frost-bitten canyons in the land  
without carts, blot the skyline with spires, expose grates  
to tire-rattle, postulate car horns cliché yet rampant, patent  
leather shoes scraping the worn pavement, laces torn  
as the last encampment broke and the drag of dead flesh  
began, a turn of plot wasted as the screw stripped,  
the crew listening to the lisping sergeant's will  
fitting the drained noun of its verve. The polar rains  
pelted the imploding stalkers, listening to the classic  
rotors divulge the creaking weakness of solar bursts  
loose as the prairie dividends linking their faith  
to the forklift and its triumphant motor frenzy.

A vehicle sinking in sand traps the holing one (*Fore!*)  
whose hand curls loose as a foiled plot shimmering  
aluminum reflections undone in weeping heat.  
The attacks were more rhetorical than the tricks  
they conveyed to shattered piñatas celebrating the pantry

breeze where dark burrowed tunnels to the ripped  
canvas outlet born from a tract's convenience.  
To downplay some of the ladled fright, the crew  
dripped its rotoed frenzy while the emetic took  
latent effect. Slavering intently, the relief will felt  
when pitted against a tangent vehicle's oblique onslaught.

An ire retrofitted to the lost banyans scorns the fate  
that worn faces prattle, weary from the fight to prevent  
ground from slipping through the breach where  
their wary carbuncles spurt white goo in deference  
to the round sounds that resound invisibly  
from the subwoofers surrounding the ballroom  
like guard towers girding the perimeter of a prison,  
compression to rarefaction, the amplitudes surging,  
more elastic than saltwater taffy pulled to popping,  
crescendos of nerve impulses that dole out decibels  
like communion wafers that dissolve on the tongue,  
anvil and hammer transforming waves into wavering  
hips, jouncing sneakers, a subliminal surge that connects  
bystanders in spite of their designer pashmina scarves  
or lack thereof, whether they're wearing raw fish  
in their hair, or have seal skin darkening the afternoon.

Scratch and scribble, the record rotates, mutates  
into the ontological questions that ambiance  
cannot answer but hint at in a drizzle of olive oil  
on fava beans, before it is smelled or eaten  
or rubbed between two fingers, the telltale sizzle

of flesh molting, thwack of golf ball, gong of fog horn,  
pulsation of plausible fossils prior to calcification,  
blather and foam of forklifts and cigars, lines  
no iteration can encompass, forward, ever forward,  
found chimes that poke from dampness like lime trees  
in a season of formulaic joking riffs born in the spur  
of the sadist before the whip could slash the wish,  
the urge to fizzle or flub among the worn bogs.

The faded glitter ignores fast rotations and easy spin  
spilling subliminal tales scarred by weakness in queasy jolts  
of utterance, far from the gloaming they would rather ignite.  
Bouncing the finer tones off their bleaker grimaces,  
alliteration refines where the weaker image seeks definition.  
To erase the boiling greens from welled water tints the pan,  
spilling larvae that claw the burnt bottom. The lingering  
ratchet swivels past the finer displays of people akin to  
metallurgic refugees escaping lava flows from the fire  
within. The slime eases over the numb winner,  
pouncing on speakers blasting the needle's ratcheting  
scratch across the selfish rudiments stapled to  
their institutions, jolting as the flashy slackers fall remnant  
to their party cake. Along the needling swizzle stick,  
one sees the reason love songs reborn as commercials  
advance the wish of finery removed, like their repression,  
a fossil envy torn between galloping hooves of guilt  
and trampling verve fixtures that keep the elixir lost  
in place.

If only their uncles could face them!

A song of fog born in memory erased feelings torn  
from reiteration of *clasp, rape, disprove* ---act's hard fact  
spinning its groove one truth removed from the welling  
of knapsack victims stirring the blood cry harkening  
the full moon's stern reprisal, darkening too soon  
the burning effigy leaking lava down the moral slope  
despite oral protests of balding heads, eyes beaten  
to the next step. The quake of their awful laundering  
brings streams of disconsolate *dhobi wallahs* done  
with flailing shirts against the bank for a pittance.

Sent here to address their grievance to a fortune  
of forks locked in the bottom drawer of the curio  
never to tinkle and scrape. Say spare the utopian vision:  
Rickshaw drivers drive rickshaws. Springs sprang  
under the threadbare seat, where more asses  
assessed a shape they never contemplated, unless  
there, pricked just so over the course of the jouncing  
ride to a thousand different destinations. Dismay has  
an intonation of its own, a trembling treble that droops  
the eye—

Though melons abound! Missions to mars!  
Chewable vitamins! Blast furnaces recessed  
in damp basements sound just as loud up close  
as geysers whooshing into a pair of stereophonic  
headphones, burn louder than bolts of barristers



ransacking the larders of self-indulgence.

If not for the trouncing esquires posing as playboys refulgent in penthouse suites, the guys answer self-indulgent questions raised in situations limp as their passes at girls in their classes, whether wearing hoop earrings, pawed lips, or a tattooed ass not spared under leather the caring nature where they crack the lip of the legal whips wiser than Yellowstone's timed nostalgia.

To dissemble the future pioneers surrounding felons with doable situations, all the wild wishing their encasements would stagger home with vellum fury renewed. The angry parcels rebound as caste inveighs classes assessed to scrape the larger Theremins against adobe huts when looming larders beckon nerve endings to skip the sonic flurry that reckons a slipping dish will fell a sleeping panatela or pop its loathsome sty. To grasp the nape of the herb, uprooting the railing cries of wandering bracket creepers, asleep during the pot's sizzling boil, the roiling waters churned muzak tonics for the chronically well, who spoil their daughters for other men.

The untried felons!

Where rackets control tender spots for corner sails, the jailers pay the other way, a stubbled wink

and the gift of slinky torsos coursing the avenue  
and its hotels, a lure for wealthy tourists  
moaning turntable consummations in a nation at war  
with grammatical divides. The long rescission  
loops hearing and its weary encasements  
with unscrupulous masters. Attrition finds its own.  
Belated, the bitter entries trace the casement,  
drooping mergers that are called acquisitions  
in private, on company planes and in liveries  
that shed horseshoes with each clop forward,  
shucked oyster shells jettisoned from the journey  
to biodegrade in seedbeds gone with the first  
touch of frost. How gravity sounds in the upper  
lithosphere, thrumming the ear like a tin drum  
muffled, how the scrotal weight of the clock  
tower's bells hangs in the spray of daylight  
like an obscene reminder that amazing grace  
has a timbre that cannot penetrate  
the boardroom, except as reconstituted jingle  
for disposable razors. In the Sky Mall, stainless  
steel shower butlers have easy tension-mount  
installations, so no tools are required,  
though the sound of crude oil being refined  
is said to mime the respiration of an asthmatic  
smoking Gaulouise after finishing the New York Marathon.

Phlegmatic is a compliment when it comes to the disclosure  
of profit margins, when it's aromatic as the perfect wallet  
in fine Italian calfskin, supple and slim, with flip out

ID window and divided bill compartment, the perfect gift for the discerning men on your list. Remember the sailor and the jitney driver? The sea and the mirror? The anvil and the hammer? How all binaries are either true or not true? Quadratic vatic, irresponsible constable, blurbs for an epic never to be written, My Lady of Sorrows wet under her burqua, constellations adrift in the wide sky without warning, narrowly approved amendments banning amphora's marriage to camphor ointments, a horror to the secular bearing speculums and their harrowing intentions from comatose frenzy quotas. To lose one precious iota numbs the mix. Those who reel at its stilted bearing, fix their antic pantaloons in chimerical granaries, where discretion feeds the hindmost who plot cold wars to replenish the Gatorade decathlon, dashing garam masala across the finish line. Anything to spice the mix of jitney and sailor raging across the diamond needle's vinyl page! The mirrored sea reflects their tonal sequence, an automatic enclosure deflecting the resulting clamor and the burning cars, trees, bars and markets overrun with looters. To implement a disaster requires an exit plan: militia and other trained shooters to deny the informal reparation process taking place. Who meant what went where when the chain of commandeering lost face. The last desperate grasp escaped the urban fizzle of their watch. But the corporation continued as normal, raking dividends from fear and its deflection. The grifters parlayed

their egg nest where they sat, never lifting a butt  
to let escape their fetal heat nor their fetid airs,  
the only music diamonds scratched on glass replay,  
misusing their numbing synesthesia. The plumbers  
they hired bumbled though the crumbling infrastructure,  
scattering wet melodies wherever their monkey wrenches  
twitched like a dowsing rod, plop and fizz don't begin  
to tell the pinched symphony, each filched fissure  
sounds impermanence but lovely ovals vouched for  
a jumpsuit's slimming features when under ran  
the moist rat, the dark water not salted like sea  
but infused with coppery flecks nonetheless, waste  
not wanted, but toiled in by plum plumbers lumbering  
plump and wet home to the very point stereotype  
breaks down and stereophonic cow bells replace  
the better half, however she might clamber or malingering  
to welcome her rank tool-flanked man home.

There's no exit plan scripted yet for perforated fortunes.

No pool-splashed peach to peel over the designer  
tray where her loaded tankard sits, waiting for her taste  
to turn bottoms-up swill, her savory lips a floppy tissue  
above a glugging adam's apple. She will puncture  
her future with paper and pen, flank its crossed destinies  
again and again, a slump become lifestyle, along with  
listening for his homeward clank. The choice vat  
she drains among chilling chatter on her backyard deck  
entrenches her liquidity, a still from the Ozark hills bought

to besot her will. Her man's lumbering clank through the door  
numbs her till he pours his own. A tumbler slops  
the stiff's late-day elixir over the rim, splattering the cat  
chasing the afternoon's lingering rat. Flat from sweating  
all day, he stares vacantly at her fat frame filling the seat,  
then watches her rise and stumble, clasp, drape,  
then remove the bridle gown of their marriage offshore  
to a winter of guffaws to while away a hatchet-proof  
garbanzo massacre with the scratch and rip of a worn  
diamond needle's tip. A symphony shorn of its longhaired  
music gathers its torn notations in the household's grimy grip.  
She gives lip back to the conflagration of fired conductors  
flanking her rank home. A forthcoming reply plies no tartan  
plaid, not in matters of beneficence and intrigue,  
glue and fermenting yeast. He of the beer stein rears  
fine chicanery of plastic rinds placed right in the center  
of the table placed right of the dining room's center  
because his sense of spatial relations is underdeveloped,  
lack of iron in his early diet, no compass needle  
twitching anywhere in his bones. He monkeywrenches  
with the best of them but can't tell you where a pipe leads  
without a floor plan blown up on a xerox machine  
so the innards of the home are exposed to  
*a mise-en-abîme* of near garden of forked paths  
proportions. What possesses her to spoon his hirsute hiney  
besides history? Sour cream lopped from the spoon  
globbs onto the plastic bag like a memory of damp  
legs and lamplight in another life, when destiny was  
permeable as a prop-top, ponytail flipping, no plump plumber

in earshot. Botched unconscionable maps in tattered ruins  
under the sagging mattress, splotches of encrusted memories  
browning the surface, all a dim fusion of ancient memories  
and presented pasted in future's dreary scrapbooks,  
just like the map he used to find her pipes chiming in the wind.  
But no more. For what he's worth, no tart in a plaid skirt  
would lie against his malt-bloated side, nor serve as his  
thumping underbelly. His girth matters more to him  
than any worthwhile broadening of other areas, such as  
his rump. You'd find him slumped and snoring  
under an aria. So much for dipping into new ideas.  
His mind hardened till they were stiff as the junky pipes  
and wrenches he twirled, under the off-key moan  
of a mindless ditty, pretty much the same one  
every time, a tuneless medley. At least, she never could find  
a melody. Even now, his croaking dictums sound no finer.  
His boozy liping blotches any hoped-for coherence,  
especially his blustery bothersome blathering  
about the table being left-wing, a hardening of aging  
conservative bent and arteries. The ardor they once felt  
went long ago, desire's light left for electricians to fix.

A mixture of convenience and contempt has kept them  
coupling from distant snores. It bores her to think  
of him, better he be out carousing with the wrenched crew  
he grew up with, calling a trade a trade. She'd rather be  
biodegradable, self-serve on the solitude market,  
exchanging amiable glances with a telly screen  
or designer jelly beans, in a dish, like Ronnie used

to have them back in the parachute pants  
and cold war era, when imperialism was still a concept  
unattached to Pac Man. Listen, tinsel in the doorway  
wards off no roaming fish flesh materialized from sea to air  
to fall in rain over the fields that flash with wild geese,  
even when the windows are washed over in afterglow.  
Escape comes in many shapes, pills that seethe  
on the tongue, palms that wring moisturizer from a tube,  
the sky is mauling sound, the poles are elongating  
oblong that icebergs dissolve in sugary protest  
tidal waves that spin out hurricanes seasonally.

Attachment is the source of all suffering:  
sounds like a gong vibrating in an earless jungle,  
one hand clapping the course of silence.

Invigorating its detachment, the fearless bungle  
their dense request, test their resolve and resourcefulness,  
and fail to ease the rhetoric of smoke-choked lungs,  
scratchy as the diamond wearing against vinyl.  
With no final sound grating their inaudible harmony,  
dissonance sings the crash and clash through the gape  
of a speechless verb in search of a wish list.  
Detachment is the course of all, offering a plectrum's call  
to distance, where matters greatly retain  
the belly's swollen stance against the portal fixations  
that deny theme visceral entry. No socket to wrench  
the music clear beyond the realm of ordinary hearing,  
they plumb the depths of shallow interiors, bearing up

under the duress of the fishwife's reluctant caress,  
a caring gesture sustaining its own contradiction  
against the din of their paradox. Reveling sutures  
that sing sutras of not knowing, crumbling,  
sounds bobbing on waves varnishing momentarily,  
then vanishing momentarily, wishbone shaped curvatures  
that ting the beagle's flapjack into starchy attention,  
the do rags pin-held on laundry lines threaded  
between aerials drip drying in the fraying light  
like Titian's brush against La Madonna di Ca'Pesaro,  
commissioned by the bishop who became admiral  
of the papal fleet, craving an image preserved  
between Mannerist pillars, insulated in glaze  
to direct the inward gaze of rage away from  
the Turks and to his glory, bound up in scales  
that ascend projection but no higher. Dulcet delusion,  
uxorious eye that snips pins until the pain body  
brightens to nip spinning planets in their orbit  
until the harmonic convergence of spheres  
is a mirror's flat conch, a luxuriant plaint rendered  
pliant on the visual plane. A hemisphere removed  
from Pollock's dripping viscera, hip illusions drain  
the energy whip, pinning sodden reflections  
of Realist filler against the lightened collection  
tarnishing the arch intention of the rake lawning  
his pillar against the community's spare conundrum,  
a light filter reserved for making good first Impressionists  
in subsequent acts of reproduction, drawing room  
oak grain acquiring conversational swirl among



the colors whirling concentric orbits from an age past,  
their benefit vanishing monetarily despite the wishes of  
the Material Girl, taking her frame to the grill of the media's  
digital needle. An image preserved in chiaroscuro,  
noir's latent repression shades the band in  
one section at a time, succeeding the Mirovian brush sweep  
that descends like summer heat on an Ankara rooftop--  
agape, aghast, disturbed at the baritone's perturbed tenor  
rasping under the needle's crease.

At odds with the auction proceeding that applies  
metaheuristic technique to maximize bidding strategy  
and combinatorial calculus to insure that the wad of gum  
chewed by the Sox's third basemen, spat towards home  
in disgust, could be yours, labeled and vacuum-sealed  
in a test tube that will pop \*POP\* when the stopper  
that keeps it shut is opened. Painted banjo sounds  
shiver awake in the afternoon bandbox diamond  
swimming in the fish eye of a blimp that sags  
and whooshes nimbuses past materializing in wake  
of supercharged air. Pipe wrench and socket  
under the pilot's metal pronged seat that no one sees  
on TV until a cove swallows it and its superset  
whole hog to dismay and ratings, while the needle bobs  
above the record with the possibility of amplification  
and the roaming fish festoon the sinking vessel  
with spiny wreathes singing Barry's steroid song  
along the cavern lines of limp paramours bulging  
pockets with fingers strong as pterodactyl claws

crushing marooned islands in the throttle of a distant sea,  
lemurs groping for cantatas among bottle relay dreams  
hating its hollow net and wallowing in the pockets  
of nascent pastures haunting the concrete sky  
or climbing feats of residue before the capes descend  
on Hatteras at dusk, no delay to their thirsty quest,  
only undead reckoning that will STOP!  
at garlic or crucifix, while the plumbing fixtures  
crop the flow of a diluted image before the wringer  
flattens its display jacket or cracks the bones  
of a dove replaying its nostalgic coo before  
the revolutionary forces, platoon by platoon,  
wrecked the edifice of Jocasta, a loss only  
a mother's son could strew across stainless  
steel fittings, nipples and valves, even with  
the application of a solid die cast torch body  
with easy-to-clean orifices. Push the trigger  
to turn it on, blue-white flame scouring the crud  
from years of sloughing turned resinous,  
gooey with the passing hours, extrasensory  
with the sensation of a ball hit far out of the park  
to mark another parabola under the weight of  
constellations, the pillow talk with Oedipus Rex,  
a body, in the comics, composed of titanium  
steel and energy blasters for eyes, superhuman  
dexterity, built by the robot Ultron so that  
like Geppeto he could have a mate, albeit one  
in silver robotic form and sentient armor.  
Longing knows no limits, limits no known elongation,

not under the chiastic cloud cover that drops  
plink-plunk-PLOP upon the horse-hoofs and roof-tops  
from hinterland on home, like oboe and glockenspiel duets  
where dreams drone long noses in pursuit of wooden truths  
that scream when shone their titanium relay hoses  
basting in the cream of subatomic uranium follies  
that scud past a cast of wasted heroes, ballooning  
their glories whenever hatred proves anachronistic or plaster.

They set a date for their carriage, its clink-clunk-clop  
sending wheels into service gullies, stuck  
where roads do not permit a wall graffiti'd on a lark  
prolonging loud lovers screaming in the act  
to enjoy the traction of the past. The shaft impaled  
at the sudden stop, much to their dismay, discomfort  
and delay of gratification atop the splintered seats.  
The nearest farmer grinned through stainless steel  
fillings, then began a banjo, jaw harp and high-hat set,  
a one-man band who once played Winterland  
opposite the Grateful Dead, standing tall against  
all the psychedelic array. The delayed attention  
stonewalled the SOUNDS sounding, resounding,  
rounding into momentary mountains that erode  
in the air waveforms graphed by phonometer  
and sonograph, the oscillating arm of the  
phothongometer waving wildly as the O sounds  
bounce from Loudon County to zoomorphic porpoise  
purposes, the harmonometer a monochord furnished  
with movable bridges scanning sonatas and fugues

sure as a plumber's wrench wrenches slipnuts  
and threaded bolts from basements, sure as sentences  
swing clauses along a waxed parquet floors,  
stalling periods, sure as the dhobi wallah  
whips trousers against a scorched stone,  
forestalling only manatee replies, long-fingered  
scones torching the phonograph installation  
mildly morphing its subterfuge along  
a centrifugal pathway, no force to be condemned  
for hemming the pliers and things stemming from  
volt explosions in roadside trenches where the water  
must fit the metal's flow or turn adobe  
as the pacemakers acrobat over doors  
and walls, delirious as tedium fragments  
to bounty hunters rafting the Farmington rapids  
toward a Middlesex shore no Atlas can reproduce alone.

But eleemosynary strata cast guitars at the stoned masses,  
walling their browsers alone or in triplicate over lines  
jogging the road of reptiles prowling along Flagler  
climbing indentations of revenue surfacing  
stippled browsers waking a catacomb sweat  
allegiance over his morning scone.

No harming the hum, not now, when radiation courses  
through the ear invisibly viscous, barging partial  
barriers to the growth of tumors in the ear canal,  
tympanic panic that goes undetected for years,  
until concha and hammer are breached. Roughed out

beginnings of mitosis turned into aggressive  
cannibalization because of the spleen and lean  
meanderings that addle the bulb in plosive pleasures  
that have no apogee, no point of origin, burst like rust  
upon steel chains heretofore hardened past enamel,  
not chewable, no brick of gum that crawls a molar  
with chomplless mortar, mortification and mea culpas  
no cure for the craven cavernous in vernal fictions  
or ravishing poems sharing ravenous insinuations  
of pestilence parading heels for stammering rationalists  
to salt their logic and spice their loins, a phallic misanthropy  
undetected among the sum of doable entries,  
the way a sculpture borders erosive measures.

In the attacks on the material fears slamming the ear  
to ringing deafness, its percussion sections  
into the unheard and the regressive meanings  
of words gone to earthquake music,  
shattering ambulatory massacres, sliding  
its erosive measures to nadir-related paddling  
across the reverberating clang to an aggressive sea,  
leaving a salt crust of shattered memories along  
the membrane's quivering trail. There, a drink  
from the kettle drums the carriers back to their route,  
raving surface innuendo in place of fashionable  
enchilada statements turned diamond rumors,  
roving almonds, fins of fruit that flesh apart  
when gallops cantor, minute mechanism splayed  
in the sun a moment, Zanzibar barbells banged

by a thin spoon, hinges that ringlet ginger ale  
effervescing in a shaft of rafter, porridge parrots argot  
when it's spilled steaming into a bowl, lobed attention,  
the quivering body can be an ear, sprung pronged antelopes  
loping across whitewashed cliffs, the cocked hearing  
of hairs on the legs when wind about to storm  
begins to brag, baritone of bone aching from a dug ditch,  
horns and corkscrews when the moist inside the moist  
is moistened more, orthographic mists that materialize  
in tracts that follow no wind, no moist surface,  
no hammers, sans wax, silence deepening in valence  
if mind's marching band lags, then naps in the woods,  
oboe cocked empty to the stars, nothing moves  
slower than perception turning urns clockwise,  
a deception that proves lower hoods offer more  
global intentions than hooves trampling thorns.

Where garlic seeks release, olfactory powers turn on  
the industrial, loyalty a matter of paste.

The docked valence played it for fun and ginger,  
giving its ions cheap turns, a dollar a thicket,  
while the shivering globe wailed a daft tune  
and the picket lined lax as placards hitched to  
blank statements at the dock earned striking wages  
for pale ale afterthoughts tipsy over the tongue  
born of couples that once kissed, bubbling passion  
over missed thorns sticking in their fingers  
like shivering meat to ribs, and eloped to Maryland clichés  
and a small reception. Hoisting her face to keel,

the plumber reveals his slow moan, aquatic breath  
stale as the pace of his longing to clasp of her waist,  
grasp her thighs and scrape in her groove, needling  
the rotation again and again, her embittered music  
amusing to a lead pipe cinch breeding augurs  
of bits of promise denied stiff entry, no matter  
the entreaty or how it hits the skin. He stammers,  
backs off, skips in his scratch, an endless replay  
of a misplaced relay and mutters about the delay,  
not the lack of foreplay gearing into the glide  
rejected like lyrics of chained melody  
sawed at the last house left on the trained  
stoop. The band's a far cry from the vandals  
who kissed the varitone player's wife an octave  
below her clef, a bid for the id to make whoopee  
cushions splatter while screaming as a matter of form  
content to release a spewing stream of agglutinating verbs,  
protein-thick and syrupy, addled and redolent with bursts  
of ginkgo berry pinched between thumb and forefinger,  
like the pun of playing the world's smallest violin,  
metatarsals substituted for boxwood or ebony,  
abrogating ruts that buzz, carved scrolls, aching  
or perfling, but stuttering nonetheless, in reverb,  
leaving spiky pock marks in Spokane, a brain drain  
in Queens, cabals of plumbers burling wood  
in Helena to piss off the lumberjacks, jitneys  
pitted against pack mules in a race broadcast  
in Spanish, perforce a package that unwraps a rapt rat  
that gnaws his whiskery way down to Ground Round,

where boom-she-lacks and sun burnt cadets  
work their mojo in a slow jam that juices the dance  
floor with glib flimflam that reaches the root  
of the ear canal like a sprung member,  
a monolithic bartender, empurpled and pickled  
by the time the sound, which prefigures  
profound vibrations, just by dint of being in the air,  
reaches his ear, at which point, it's too late,  
the darkling gate has been shut, the last patrons  
plastered in a platoon inside a rank bathroom  
that will need to be swabbed out by a gray haired mop,  
the butts drifting like flotsam in curdled backwaters,  
last call hollered to hang like a flag in thickening light.

What right do you or I have to a lead pipe lock  
when the rails that run up a tree can snap and drift  
so easily? When the chortling crows line up in rows?  
Toothpaste squeezed out of dinged up tubes to mint  
the bristles of Canary Row?

Sound is a chance operation.

Chance is a sound operation, perceptible by some  
minority of listeners, proximal to amplitude,  
the distance between a peak and a valley, VOLLEY  
and picked plum, there is no mirror-plane in the ear,  
hear the Mantra Sastra making mashed potatoes  
from the potash music. Hear the banged pot,  
the scrubbed dog, the scribbled dish, the botched stitch.



Here the loop bounce flounces in cycles of yugas,  
whorls of centuries hurled into the stars headlong.  
So long headed nowhere. Where one no longer heads.