

JUST WATCH ME

1st PERIOD

'A Rude Awakening'

History turns on small events; an emphatic hit delivered with such sincerity, and we are suddenly resonant, as though ferning (better take it easy here), as though applauding ourselves. Unexpectedly, the furies have been released, and for our time they will flourish on ice. Now is a critical match, one more beginning of real social upheaval, an enthusiastic burst forward bent. So that now the line, this foreign red rigid line is unbearable and without jurisdiction, intolerable, barbaric, a prototypical pretext. There can be no neutrality, so that's the way it is, this perpetual combat incarnate a form of revenge. By knocking him out, you know. A lot of stupid things are going to happen from now on.

2nd PERIOD

'*Collective Injustice Prototype*'

and would retaliate

or root out

phenomenal stalemate snuff-out

or stake: a young technocrat's

crumbling enthusiasm

(but don't I

net capital's

embrace?)

unprecedented agitata

(now strife is in the air)

or rocketing shooting proportions

I don't

recall

3rd PERIOD

'And I'd like to say we've got no lesson'

– René Lévesque

A step back, underling, we are through. What remains are our energies and our impatience. As for your headlong impecunity pretext, we are far from permissive. Now dubious, now rocketing, just watch, just you watch me shaft the mines of ownership. As if capable of any absorption, we will dupe the private preserve, and never again will we be pitched, or checked.

PSYCHIC COAT

even the dusty bohemian fleck
like mint
swipe out of my musky
all minor embassy
twist metre sweep

TOPS

bit recourse

a model clod

turf mutter or more affectionately

the opposite of poverty

money-bagging dirty wax

whereas measure-up in spite

stock venal legal rate

primal when property

MINOR

rough drought
ward terminal lip
nest counter
soak the ice mouth
an admirable mentor

GRIPE: A SOCIAL COLUMN FOR THE REPUBLIC

* Smirk trunk isn't
irony, I'm more
distant. Perpetuate
each posh
attack, or dubious
scam-free twinset,
but doubt about
his envelope, or
implicate, or
will (*who said it*
twenty years ago?) this
goes back to *completely trophy*
spotless heathen
gregarious avatar
pure goofer, hey
we were never actually
getting there

BULLETIN 2: GOVERNMENT

It all began so pleasantly. We incarnated ourselves, and could do the same tomorrow – a heartbreaking spectacle, unruly, an insolent, sordid parody of our busted decade. Why resist so deluxe and hermetic a plan? As if anyone could have weathered it. But now, now I am in my chapter. Now, and finally, and at last. I have been offered a taste of more than my own, but all I want to know is this: am I the machinery of production? And will our astonishments yet unfold? Amid such uncertainties, one thing is sure: I am not the victim of hallucination. Who ever said we could rise to the same pitch twice?

BULLETIN 2: GOVERNMENT

Given the demographic, he could escape enemies, followers and himself. Not simply a platform nor mere dismountable membrane. Spelled destiny. Tabulated freedom. By innocuous phrase flouted value, divested protocol, joined a disciplinary utopia. The smart money. That glad hour. Their world an agenda. Thus, I was conducted, mimicked and applauded. Parent, patent, inc., etc. It is appropriate to note that the intellectual state is not the first luxury of security. The house is a device, not a substitute for revelation.

SHUFFLE I

1. NEVERTHELESS, WE ARE MERE INSTRUMENTS
OF LABOUR
2. AN AMBIGUOUS AND INCONSEQUENTIAL ACCIDENT
3. ALL PLENITUDE'S LYRIC PLUNDER
4. EVEN THE MOST VOCIFEROUS SEEKERS OF
EMANCIPATION AND HAPPINESS
5. EVER ANEW
6. BUT TODAY THE WOUND IS PLAIN TO SEE
7. ANY INVISIBLE RAMPAGE
8. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED
9. BEARING THE TRACES OF A WHOLE NEW
CONFIGURATION
10. OF COURSE, CONSONANT

GRIPE: A SOCIAL COLUMN FOR THE REPUBLIC

* après bohème
dress victorious warp
inside stickier froth
 golden sweat
 coming supplicant of
 fungible your
pro-dress-code
 discount alley
bonanza-bull model
cost the velvet lickity
 ** (louse