

## Grind on

Well-insulated  
with Gore-Tex  
from fog  
and drizzle

and with context  
from  
an arch fiend – The  
Mood Embosser.

Self  
raised  
dot of braille. Father finger  
sensitive.

.

Dryness in the apartment?  
Feeling blank – like paper?  
Stanzaic room, sitting stance?  
Activity whose

environment organizes specific rules and conventions  
determining status, nature, structure,  
use. Gazoo through  
Flintstones’

TV  
contacts  
boss:  
‘Can I go now?’

.

It's part  
cortex  
governing heart  
muscles now proven susceptible

to stress were it not for  
'the beak of ego', laser-tool  
polisher and resurfacers  
of semiotic rubble.

Yes, peck.  
No. (peck)  
Yes.  
Na.

.

Nature programs convey seniority of ecosystems  
we don't understand and are destroying  
at rates on par with every disease's mutational  
reappearance in young bodies.

Owen against a horse  
and fifty years later Surin  
against the Formula 1: What is context?  
2. What is poetry, anyway?

Count to fifty, subtract  
age, multiply what  
you have to muster an  
answer like no other

prancing misnomer  
is handsomer while algorithms  
of Al Gore  
grind on.

•  
Their low  
blows to soft  
tips butterfly  
onto toothpick

in stentorian light  
at a Game Boy picnic  
'Let the lows blow.'  
Flush feint

to left margarine  
on 'corn kernel'  
to write  
'Keep the Colonel frying.'

•  
Moves furnished and with vestments  
of expertise  
for later sedentary expression  
brings in missing the mission itself

to present indicatively  
a mandate  
for imperatives  
licenced to behave as if normal

in the arena of sound  
as judgement upon X  
set this  
tale.

## **Slung low – *sell high***

Giving up the light before it's turned on.  
Corruptive agency.

Room pitch to screen.  
To get the entirely expected out of each one.

They move the figures onto their ground.  
'New hope for the found.'

Shadows steam.  
Features clocked to rhyme.

Home rubs corners with it.  
Just another phase for 'Glad to get this time'.

To get it, this time.  
Lips assertion, swollen.

Days of cuts.  
Has to be going on all the time.

Where stabilized does it reach.  
Couldn't harrow marrow fast enough to bear it.

'Not' in throat.  
Perceptibly expanding.

Not/Always here.  
Ever going to leave.

Retreats.  
*Say, did you happen to – Say something.*

Newspapers read/unread.  
*Today is the greatest – Day of the pie.*

Imagination verses.  
Great halls o' knowledge.

Bringing up for questioning.  
To suck the big one small and the small one big.

'Cannibal?'  
'You can!'

## Clone jacking

three for two  
in the rut

of *New!* a  
day on the

chin keep your  
head on screen

saver it  
waiting to

happen the  
surface con

ducked er went  
on strike pun

drippings coat  
tongues coat hang

ur suspense  
suspender

spender his  
'n' hers furs

down in a  
fur ball up

in fire all  
*X* pensive

pens sieve cheer  
cheese fang club

the dollar  
club the seal

scout the perm  
it cinched belt

drive out loud  
guns la morhde!

la morhde! la  
– *du yu havf*

*aay leessauwns*  
*forrh zatt mess*

*age?* blank-blank!  
'WE HAVE DOO

DLE PARI  
TY' 'partly!'

**Bored Red Left  
for Right Bored**

**Red Left for  
Right Bored Red**

**Left for Right**  
'three for two'

## Curdles

*The Brain is 80% rain,  
cold, verging on  
refusal – ‘It won’t start’. And yet, and yet  
the Bourgeois Brain is our joie  
moves to inner laws consistently  
    desiring gem status, on stem,  
    in a museum of muses it  
        has befuddled.*

*... This is its story.*

be my  
hokey poetry

look at the words  
look at the birds outside

the lyrical wonderland that is you  
begs for spirit in a bone

look at these stones try  
explaining why a fun-cake like you was left out in the rain

in the dated way ads have of remixing  
‘creative juices are a beautiful thing’, look at you



All quietism feeds is a front

Don't think because the frame's useless  
it doesn't apply.

( ... needs  
is a font?)

'Don't seam me in.'

Huh? We're used to the outer limits.

I once took a tram

to bourgeois consciousness

thunderlining in clouds

dispersing over city

dump. Move on, out of crystals,

to mighty exteriors, they told me at

the gates, police

of mind where it is usual to ask

*What condones the association?*

As in, What's for breakfast.

'Mind' the convenience of a sack

'Mind' the cog gap

'Mind' the metre checked monthly

'How are you today?'

Break first, questions later. 'Nippy out there!'

Moving crystals, block to block.

I'd call it Tennyson's Lager Queen

Mum's the label.

We had purpled our

livers to, peopled our hearts'

sandwich-board hunger for

– *Ignore him. 'Walk on'*

my mind, permanency of view

establishes crown,

disperses crowd

'troublesome brew'.

Gather ye ...  
skirts the issue. They tore up track!  
We fielded our surprise  
equidistantly  
maintaining classic perspective.  
'From each,  
the other' slogan  
was better, for results  
– more evidence.  
The revolution  
/ min met industry  
standards will be Internetted etc.  
*I will pay my gratuities, my annuities, stock  
my fluids, and stoke my hold.*  
Signed \_\_\_\_\_.  
– Papermanency View Inc. –  
I hear *The Burger Joy Conch* right now  
read their liner notes out loud.  
I believe in the tradition of shame and humility  
in view of the fæces, I am a pervert. Dated \_\_/\_\_/\_\_.  
Hence, ethics.

Hence, limits.

‘We

know

the

cap

is

a

thinking

drawer

for

a

crap.’

So present, the inside,  
he's absent,

so inside the present  
he's *passé*,

so outside the past, his own won't  
last,

so past, the outside,  
he's present

as an absence so lasts  
he's *au courant*.

To be contained  
to be continued.

Sleuthing sylphs tilt silt for numbers  
to bare their fare –

stare – on automatic  
vision – of escalators

By neck, the break  
by state, the gate  
by sale, the hail  
by blues, the ruse

4  
Here, lies

5  
Past-tense satisfaction

over tense

past.

1  
To Have Represented So Little  
Cared For So Much  
To So Few

2  
To Have Represented So Few  
Cared For So Little  
For So Much

3  
To Have Cared For So Little  
Represented So Much  
To So Many

6  
... the insecticide I've been using  
for my ideological problematic?  
I didn't anticipate the 'weeds' vs 'flowers' problematic ...