you are a child, an animal child, lost inside a Story.
'once upon a Time] :  you'll hear this as lullaby.
'tell me a story', then

'once upon a Time] : an early Dyad
you're lost in a story u followed thru SLEEP.

you drift amid the soundwaves.
your wants forms words, your words fold into dreams.
u're riding a mantra, an ardent mnemonic YOU made up, once upon a time . . .
let us descend, exemplify:

your wish was made, in

19_xy, [your Birthday]

every year, you'll mark the day, honour the wish that brought you to Life.
till ten, eleven. **Tell me a Story** u kept on saying. the very Demand you arrived by.
Paul Simon did perform— -- -- i knew it, knew it— -- Me and Julio on Sesame Street. it's how i'd always imagined it, contra Capote: Mr. Simon, happy on Stoop w/ soft posse. his final downstrum sweeps into a Windmill, his pick stays the apogee. a kindly smile, sidelong for Oscar, who's swooning & sighing, a dreamy Maria at tenement Sill. our semitic troubadour has stilled the troubled Beast.

now to Street & the clanking-soft comps of a Rhodes piano, tho what we see is Grand & white, with Elton John conducting in a matching tuxedo.

Daniel is leaving tonight on a plane....>>
taut-bellied urchins frolick round the idol hydrant.
sir elton ducks an errant gush, with a speedy mid-chord wave to Oscar.

[w durational harmony of seventies]
SO the hood was run:
by twilight the laneways, alleys by morning & street-wide all day.
i need a plot, for a cottage I've thought of. a frame to hang a longpoem on.
litmus test of the acts of Genesis, a Creation's success: an Athenaeum w/in would achieve no consensus re whether they're Free, on Beauty's ontology, et cet. Philosophy proper would thrive therein.
a world must be: a plausible fog, an arrangement of acts that may as well e.g. be free.

this 'may as well', 'for all we know' be a cosmos productive of novelty.
Y is in bed, curled in pain, but answers me. her TPL password is 2273.

Y says

    remember to click on 'Remember Me', this time.

she buries her head in the blankets and whimpers.
pale sister émigré: asleep on the subway. her head is layed to window's damp, a spot of cold that draws her scalp to an apple-doll's pucker.
a fontanel post that pulls with the promise of higher thought.
tunnel's wall unspools in pock & tracer cracks, an abstract video for the mp3 she swooning to internal.

she, too, would be 'somebody's angel': she, too'd 'come and save him tonite'.
the STOMP was Tommy, our bunny with a warning at four a.m. from the livingroom warren. the oracle of my dreams is a serious boy in my office. my windowless room in a windowless hall, a square of halls that is our Department. for twenty years i've walked a square of windowless halls. gradschool was a square of halls, and the summer before i'd dreamt i was lost in one. i'd applied to Toronto site
unseen and arriving in Fall i must have remembered my dream. a novice optimist shrugged it off, thru six years of courses, comps, my thesis, now teaching thirteen: another Department, another square of windowless halls.

my manner of receiving was cautious, brahmin. i was giving of my time: my rigorous readings, open at my side. i'd help with his essay, hear his plea but he brought no paper or query.

he came with a demand.

he'd come from my Warren, to wake me from being a Man.

my first bicameral xp was primed, as was Jaynes's, by immersion in The Origins of Consciousness — — his, while writing, mine while reading for the third, fourth time, intensely and somewhat horrified. the summer of '06, maybe '05. the voice was in our attic, an angry chatter right at my ear that sprung me from my nap. i'd come inside, then drifted off, from patching a hole in the soffit a squirrel had made home in. two long mornings on the bench out back i'd one eye on Jaynes, another up high on the under-eave hole. it finally came out & down the brick wall, pausing and wary. up the readied ladder i went. i fit the pre-cut square of mesh, applied a layer of
plaster. the squirrel stood tense on a maple branch, level with my eye & as near as it dared. i didn't feel good about sealing it out but had done my neighbourly best. i wasn't sealing it in. & days were now warm, w/ plenty of trees in the hood to re-nest -- -- but an angry chatter pulled me from sleep, clear as speech. i checked around & under the futon. the wide pine planks were empty. the only sound the humming fan and afternoon buzz of cicadas.

the chatter was articulate: a measured accusation that morphed into Plea, melted in desperation.
the chatter, the Stomp are this poster i'm seeing, it follows me home from College to Dupont, from home to Y's down Bloor toward Christie:

don't you forget about me

don't don't

don't don't

don't you forget about me

-Simple Minds
the Joke in reverse is still got: as i uncrack i remember the setup.
life, reversed, would feel the same: slice-by-slice.
forward, backward: Sunday, on Monday, is firmer, than Tuesday is.

the future fades, when moving back, to hazy induction.
as Forward we go, our mastery over the present degrades, to doubt of the past, into memory.

seen as our future, on approach: the Present is climax, an inductive gathering of certainties.
tho BACK i go, they cannot release me from what i've ever been.

i'm still with Danny, in the summer of '80, diving for arnies in factory bins: necessarily.

the future & past are already cast. tho back i go, they cannot unhappen t.
yahweh, o wahweh! to your warnings i'm amenable. your Wayward i remain.
thru many special hells i rake.
i keep my pace with that Devil prince.
am stoked for signs, am a great cloak of nerve-works.
thru many special hells i rake.

zones undam, from biome to biome. biome to habitus, habitus to home.
to Earth from overreaching, i return.
thru many special hells i rake!

u've been had!, sed i to Pete -

to which, i've noted: no reply

my thots outrun your echo Pranks!
[my notes on Cain, proceed]

& STILL MY MORPHING FRAIN DOES STAIN
theETERNAL NIGHT, thru TIEF & TIER

OF THE LOW, MAZON BAT-CAVES WHERE

SAID SPIDERFACE HANGS,

SHUDDERING, SAD

SACRIFICE FOR

THE LEAPING EMPRESS MILLIPEDE

[my notes on Cain, to this day unfinished]

Selah was my call, to that restive Devil;

to the sapient few, Selah!
the Mandrake & She, made one-point-three:
the point-three She and the Mandrake HE-
thru many special hells e.g. the feeder bin at Big Al's Pets in Scarborough.
Serpentent's Den
or
Paul's PENTAMENT
An Ecriture Femminem
w/
his PITIONNAIRE
Addended
a Supertape woven of every conceit,

a Verse complete.
before logging in, before the doc loaded, a title, bold, inserted itself:

S

centered, huge, orders above the older.
a problem of induction:

-yr filesize saved to 666k, what r the odds, eerie!

-happens all the time, no worries.
i put down pen, i resign.
wherever life forms, a Story hangs over it.

it's all being recorded anyway.
the events i'd convey in their accretion imply: it's written already.
drop the likes, for what is 'like' the light? light alone is alien enough, angelic sign in this our Obdurate realm.

that ball of sun is god enough, in this our Obdurate realm.
mournful like the redding Sun \\
high in judgment looms the moon, clichés i cut, and keep 
for warning Poets, only.

from dudgeon's height to nine of ten, to what one does with 
havoc or ammends. in wiki's walled gardens & rejection 
slips from Harper's are my other Dooms held in.

going the Eagleton off its shelf, i had it out with 
kareem on his phone, kareem who paced the carrels. kareem 
who'd have us know his money-schemes. in Eagleton i've
underlined: is animated by the critical spirit & rarely brings to bear upon its own propositions.

i now ask, in quiet: am i being loud in the Library?

on p 26 in pen i put: kareem would have us all know his money schemes. on p 26 in pen i put: this was a STAB saved up. w/ symbols i spar, my violence is sublime and brought to no one.

spectral spread \\ halation's edge, lovely are the ways of light yet worlds i've thought where light is a fibre, an atomy ether. a cobbling of shells. so long as whatever disperses for transparence. so long as whatever may pass through glass & do its glorious service. its structure is contingent and the radiant inference, the sheen of a pretty aphorism are luminous, yes, these i accept:

but nothing may be luciform.
luciform, a word we've rightly reliquaried. if your
target's atomic or wavelike say it, atomic or wavelike.
better, drop the likes, as ifs. a poem compresses to
metaphor.

drop the likes: these dragging lines must flutter again in
avian quiddities.

'if this poem were a street, i'd ask her to show me.'

:i scribble this and a ladeyboy gang do press at my lobby,
buzz to regret me: chastened & counted, they hasten to
splain me, pricepoints suffixed at ninety-nine cents.

'if this poem were a street, i'd ask her to show me.'

:i scribble this & measure u what vast & crazy dealings
do ensue:
by pennies left unrounded, see:
my careless winter's shopping spree,
thru Dundas Ave chinoiserie.
two by two by two by two. gelid pools my shoes
sop. every other sidewalk slab.
& though parallel path is dryer there's a snowbank to surmount, traffic to gage &

this choice is a disturbance of a second order.

worse, this choice, than puddles in my way.
world of street/
street of world

walking his bike the other side of Kensington is Patrick, from the WreckRoom drum circle. he never comes in, he stays outside with his radio strapped to the handlebars. playing crabby skomorokh, provoking the smokers who throng the sidewalk. warm, inside, they stomp to connect with their paleo souls; out on Bathurst they stomp to stay warm.
he's paid in scraps, berated, beloved. pseudonymous subject of theses at OISE.

he's walking his bmx and ranting. he has highly specific politics.
i call out and cross. he's fidgety, wired. i give him the rest of my joint. his radio outpours FLOW 93.5. he asks if i like it.

r&b? black music? he isn't sure but it's all he follows. that and the police, by a chip on his laptop. his 3G Ferrari, a seamless Windows 7.
he hacks the shit back to the hackers, they think it's been zipped to their specs. not bad shit, but check it. he'll soon make his claim. steal his stuff back. they won't let him gather his super-antenna. he keeps its parts scattered. when lightning strikes, watch: the CN Tower wants to be hit.
the problem of Altruism, its collapse into ego, the pleasure of Charity—into doing what I want, tho what I want be the world's felicity—as evidence for monism.
mitosis is a problem, is not clearly possible. the illusions reduce to self-involvement, to a serious Solipsist.
if we're all god, then all's forgiven. the world our private masochism.
when i say lines with Eminem, an ego spreads: from mic to headset, set to head.

when i say I with Eminem, a self extends.

[so does the Devil reform.]
yet distant from their mothers, a hostile objectivity. we're worried for our young who wear the novice hoody. earphones on the streetcars, the back of class, in pew at grandpa's funeral.
humble's the name of a low-end agent /humble's the low-end illeist.
am owning the room, killing the bass but [a song of lament, well within a lucky lad's range of response]
drum n bass both is / about: terrifying secondary sex traits. swirling synthpads, hhats at-break say You're Surrounded. drum n bass says I'm coming to your house, we're taking you out.

drum n bass ferociously competes for all resources.
our advances of late surprise us. our doubling gains please us, yes. vocoded europe sounds of a brainmother worrying us back to our future.

vocoded Europe, our wedding song Internationale.
the e in we the same as me. no me-in-quotes, no me that you could say, but still: this is Reproductive. the reigns of selection, Sex now cedes to her conscious stewards for a well-thought style.
a striking thing is legs, that i have them. elbows to prop, a skull to store, and

remembrance→assessment→solution→praxis→soul Uptake

to pluck from gravel the glistening notochord; to light the cave by Pluvia-V, what's hid within.

rocket's lift by pull of socks. thru myelon spine must suck yrself up into the highest idea of yrself.

remembrance→assessment→solution→praxis→soul Uptake
dermal sgraffito of the subtle soul / badge of the serial Self: a naevus.

median cleft, formed in-womb by finger of god, the amnesiac Impress.
grace an exalting of spirit in motion. motion is the verbal Being. Being's an Is & Is just be, o save me from such Theory, pls.
imagine your hands in a slightly stuttering, looping swagger. framing the hips, ballast for the fuck-machine.
the brain-draining jizz-stream, wouldn't that feel nice? a hard right forearm, a hanging hand: the best part of David. veiny and gigantic, braced for squeezing final drops on an upturned face.
a circuitry in place: from clenching hand to base of shaft, ass-ward over perineum bridge, up the spine & down the slope of trapz. on thru ceps, down the forearm, back to hand, all of it hard. the writerly brain is bypassed.

remembrance→assessment→solution→praxis→soul Uptake
notochord, the proto-spine. a string of cells our vertebrae remember.

around an axis, heaven-steps enwind. a source of charisma: magnetizing coil of social interest.

an apparent asymmetry, charisma an asymmetry. is al pacino limping yet he keeps it all in.
charisma an asymmetry, a promising mutation. a scarlike mark one side of face: an arresting effect.
What more SICK than to SEDUCE THE UNFIT

-so does the Devil reform

a famous face shapes trends in Selection. a species' average skews toward \([x]\). an uptick for guys who remind of elvis or julian casablancas. the latter by Lord Byron.
it sometimes goes porno, porno as part of the job, e.g. a Bellow completist allows in pics of his erection. porno will happen, given time & a commitment to Realism.
South Pacific as one happy answer, a model of utopia tho assortive mating & exogamy threaten. the shore-men have an imperial aura, the Tongamen form a welcoming gauntlet/are frozen to doormen w spears.

this is not right but enthralls, still. is worth working out.

green skirts' rustle on an island girl's thigh will have to stay: agreed this far.
The coat was a slimsy dark silk with a glister in it and the hat was thinnest straw the brim curling in the wind a little.

[Max Brand, Storm on the Range]

grant Sir John eternal life, a pattern of paradise. Windsor and her purlieus where he's a ribald socrates plotting on thru the eschaton.
fetishes shall remain, the lovely Specific. by artisan eye, made, remade: a Spinning Girl gestalt-shift, a vari-tone parade. a marilyn in beige-face or anna may wong in a wig, whatever.
bikinis unstrung, strap-heels shed: they slice the tide and glide aneath the ebb.
<veins well afire,
pressureUP, head reduc.

how could i resist /why would i resist?

Philosophy fails as a plausible X, a viable what –
is sexual of them, very, tho do lately feel a love serene, a brother's Pure, for younger girls. a slightly Saudi chivalry.
• is my pious wish to have sex w/ you all, all at once, in every way thinkable
  • what remains for rivalry? we'll all be having our way with each other.
  • that's in fact what happens.
two, we've identified the MOAR gene:
three was for a tempting late, my own tolle lege:

<<no central control an anarchic system of rather competitive elements>>

---

from my Centripede Press, private love has been made to u all in thoughtful sequence.

from mountain friends in monial holes to Potemkin midamerica.
my feral beard i'd twisted in knots, to ludicrous knots. thirteen, fourteen ringing my face, the licking flames of a child-rendered sun. i may have used saliva to set them.
was aware of the Peace Jocks, snickering back of class. I may have eaten dandruff. The Peace Jocks liked my lack of game, they asked me to serve as Observer once of a dormroom debauch. I didn't know how to respond.

Steaming-healthy, large of bone, drawn from farms across the province. A respect for mysteries, Canadian mysteries, Gordon Downie'd prepped them for;
and here was one in Intro to Anthro, twisting his beard in ludicrous knots at the front of the hall, enjoying the lecture.
dark & massive dreads, a pair. pressed w dandruff & flailing askew from a fetid bed of matted hair. all aneath my turban. a jester's hood, either way, and monstrous.
in a toque i look good, the cattiest fag admits. the folded brim rides low to the brow, framing the face, widening eyes to iconic.
we settled on pinstripe, a pleasing pastel w white straw hat. stoned and stoneder, in getups emerging from behind the great wardrobe and curtsying to say: This is cute!
we settled on pinstripe: very Gatsby / Herzog-of-the-Vineyard. someone said, someone assented & their frame-frozen head, their verve undammed in ebullient brainscatter: a fey shake, a gesture arranged to dismiss all judgement as frivolous, marvelous.
why did i think you're in Business, not Politics? why did i say: For some reason thought you're in Business, not Politics!?

so you could say, slightly sly:

  why, because I'm Asian?

i passed the fuck out, there on Gould Street. nearly.
i don't believe in soulmates, though i do in sub-sub-sub-types. a special Kind with several members globally. a curated pickup room, a Royalist Chronicle cast in size.

-Aaliyah
-Cherry
-Bonnie
-Helen
-Miso Soup Girl
-Royal Bank Girl
-up to Y

et cetera only in theory. et cetera, tho, quite generally.
am proudly heterosexual, profoundly heterosexual. my love for the Other takes in all reality.
tobacco flake, tobacco dust, an empty foil of Trident gum.

from Beauty Health Holistic Spa

courtesy card.

a skunky roach, a lighter sticky, everything sticky: w coffee & honey, condensed from a crushed espresso cup.

[overcoat pocket: a daylong bender's intimate record.]
[an unused transfer. got down early, followed a girl to her queen street salon. i did not get her number.]
alone in my corner, subtly struggling to keep the glass level all the way up and 'you're doing it wrong, you tip it at the lips a little'.

at McCafé, am hanging with the all-nite sudoku fiends. xmas sweaters, lots of layers, voluminous scarves. stained, all, sponging a week's-worth of smells.
onto the Timmy's, onto the Times, on with the daydrunks at TV-less bars. later, the alley behind.
Heidegger asks: What is meant by this talk of the End of Philosophy? We understand the end all too facilely as mere cessation, as lack of continuation, as impotence and decline.

i'm like: stop judging me!

kief's like stop talking British, the both of you. he's so self-conscious, goes shy as an Egyptian slave-girl.
Yee'l not've had a more promising boy since to Rugby thou camest, said R.B. Mayor of the young mathematics Master.
Kiefy, i say, how do u write your lyrics? kief kaa kief says there's a way a word sounds and it takes you to another.
he's dropping to his KNEEZ, grabbing at his BRAINZ 'cause Keefy HATES the indian music!! i'm on the sofa, dissembling in lulz. keify's crawling, flailing for the stereo dock.
Kiefy didn realize 'is' institutes a relation of Being: in a unifying glance, theories seen.
being proud of your boner: redundant. [your boner is proud on its own] ← redundant

bro, uncool, we all know, and u keep saying, i mean: why'd i just say that?
they're marking the changes, calling out fuckspeeds from the repertoire. are wholly freed of his mother who's entered her forties re-vital, a turbaned Diotima holding court in the nation's faculty lounges.
kiefy didn wanna know: 'is' institutes a relation of Being. confirms he's no fan when i put on the Aphex Twin. he's laughing, it reminds him of British shit, the BBC. he's connecting, abstracting, showing me his Beautiful Mind.

i put on some showtunes and ask is it still British? Kief says yeah, that shit's still British.
then i put balls on the turntable, balls, and Kiefy's like now it's not British.

Kiefy's gone shy again, is looking up with moochy brown eyes.
then i slap Vilayat Khan and crank it, raag bihaagda.
he returns to his study of Good Will Hunting, emerges emboldened, with a posse: bubbas in shades w/ a blackboard between them, a classic plate-glass gag & now does equations on whim or demand.
a bit more Spa-Lore

Stefen said to keep yr head up. train yr eyes on the Second level.

the first time i tried, down a desolate stretch of Adelaide West i was like:

    i see massage parlours.

every third window said Open :Spa in neon thin & red.
her Tempur-Pedic pillow, too, suffused with the fragrance of her coconut shampoo.

[R. Goldstein, 36 Arguments for God]
so tense she chides and rises from my lap. reverses, slips her skirt off, bends.
so tense! she chides and slides in tight. our ass-dents unite in the laminate pleather.
got accidentally high, i was really high the night prior, rolling joints all over the condo. pushing my drugs on an unwed piano instructor, round & lovely.

was constantly high, i'd woken up ready to turn it around, to stoke a pot of chamomile tea, grade that pile of finals. go deep in some asansas, hydrate, hydrate then bed by ten -- but a stray chunk of bud on the stovetop ignited, it burst into smoke as i leaned in for the screaming kettle, eight a.m.
that was the morning i learned of the Dumont Network, a hundred clicks in. early evening, higher still and getting drunk in the small back room of the Moonbean Café, met Mary Margaret O'Hara. the speakerless room, me & Mary Margaret and her gentleman friend. wow, i said, she'd played with my friend at the Tranzac Club a month back.

she said are you a musician?
am I a musician, hmm i said. was ready for an earnest accounting. i'd kept my nails on one hand long thru highschool, tended with feminine self-care— for a spanish guitar i never quite held right.

to guitar from piano [RCM], from guitar to tabla, tabla to drum kit, all bad fits, my shoulders stiffer with each.

for four years, five, after writing my thesis i'd stayed up nights with FL Studio building an oeuvre, not one loop i'd play today. like Aphex Twin i've hundreds of hours on a harddrive. can still hold a power chord, and could've been a drummer. can benefit a jam if it's noise-rock and we're drunk. can say what ADSR stands for but never made a thing of value.
most of my friends are musicians, I offered.
Mary Margaret & her celtish companion nodded, smiled their welcome, right: then you're a musician. her friend nodded, nodded again, poured her the last from the teapot.
cross my fingers, not again, i really gotta grade those Exams, no, NO!

the friction of my crossing fingers cooked some residue hash!
i'm very, very high again!
pls may i be no amnesia-alien, olden and from Elsewhere.
i, too, want to be recent.

i, too, want to be from Africa.
float thru your day, for each Being say: We could've made a whole cosmos, together.

these higher dreams are blueprint Edens, pairings on the veldtsprawl forming heaven.
promised pairings, i dream of you yet.
if followed thru: a cosmos dies, somewhere, somewhen.
mating marks its chosen ground.
pls, pls can i have had something to do w/ your Pregnancy.
our lips apart: *this* is the hottest part, i said. just before we touch.

hot, she said, is full of cock, her lips mashed flat.
why lay about w/ 'Beauty In General': Division Three, Chapter I, Section One on Art?
Philosophy fails as a plausible X, a viable –

perhaps i had shifty eyes. so i webcammed my ass, made intimacies w/ the lens for several seconds.
all was steady, yep: it must be my breath.
i walked her to the bus station, lightly fingering her waist the whole way. said into her ear it's too bad it's so late -- -- --

'cause I was gonna buy her shit.
liddle honey you is sumthin! she rammed my shoulder with the heel of her hand. i'm gon tell all my girlfrenns bout choo!
she has a tic, she keeps on twisting the lip-ring they gave her as Godmother. The rite was that aft in Brampton. Was still getting used to this diamond in her lip.
he talks the talk, but – i strut there and back.

he walks the walk, but – i drop my pants.
[ YOU ain't got no bizness ]

[ YOU ain't got no BIZNESS ]
half the fuck y'all never knew me anywayz
she's snorting into one hand, shooin' with the other.

Don't you ring her into this!
yaint gotta CHANCE junior

YOU ain't got no BIZNESS

she's sashaying ahead, receding from my outstretched hand, her fancy fingers flo-riding massive ass-wake.
turns her head, w/ a smile says

You ain't never gonna hit that.
imagine the phrase, let us say

M

:an Affirmative from the Ebonic, vis: i say indeed, precisely the item high on my list & everpresent, my list[implicit] of Desiderata.
is apposite vis a present conundrum, feasible vis: a conceivable arrangement of lady parts.
my desktop is lined with sensitive instruments for capturing girls. mouse i gently jiggle and by shaman force, unnatural g-mail.

again, again, my bodiless Voice, paper trace of gesture all repel. i know she got my mssg!
on playback all was steady & cool: i must be ugly in the abstract.
when Stefen goes Bravo, three timesclaps, slow-time claps w/ a Parisian pimp's savoir-faire, she's already smiling, was always aware.

we're just in reach of her thermal tow. headphones sag her skull's sweet contour like loonytoon dumbbells.

[watching girls in Yorkville w/ a curious old man]
from the dog recoils, clutching withered monkey heart, ALIVE ALIVE w/ every staggered backstep. his workboots squeak the linoleum till he's leaning in a brief tableau, a slainRomeo:

aw, they can keep her!

[JoJo checks his Sunshine Girl when buying cigarettes.]
on parting at College, Patrick speaks of a second, smaller drum circle. a different house each time. last one said he was popping these massive boners for the girls there. he whips out his cell and shows me my number, then sordid candids, obviously modded. closeups of Pitbull's putative asshole, dilated. Patrick is in there, the polaroid glare. crouched at the goods, manic thumbs up like Borat.
back at my condo, forty stories up, a novel’s last page landed on my balcony. i was smoking before bed, body aglow in the CN Tower’s light show, toying, just toying, with the power of sacrifice, the taking of an antipodal lamb.
She has a name, that comes second: Ping.
to a sign the girl comes:

Consumer Mart
small Goods et cet
in shiny pants, she sets a small fire wherever she steps. for each one set, a love song penned: in 80's China, often addressed to a prison guard or Province.
high on Yonge, above the lampline: Aldo model Anais Pouliot's chignon.
Chongqing: the Secret Metropolis leaves out faces, sums them in the crosswalk Hordes, in a like impassivity. Skintone shows a switch of traffic, leak of light from the high-above billboard: itself a Face, the plausible face of the tower she's facade of. A facecream diva, lofted in her own local heaven. Hand at her cheek in erotic surprise, her mouth a small O, her cuticles all smiles. She's the pinup girl, mid-toilette, caught in her private delight. She's a thousand Chongqing ladies, below, transposed and made bright.
the City visibly grows. its towers ascend like motion. day & night are cycles of breath so a spatter on lense was a seven-minute sunshower and its rapid cleanse the drying heat of a whole a.m.
at this speed, from this ascent we see the Being whom a 
Lifestyle segment, twenty minutes in, is reprieve from. 
Lifestyle is: the City seen by solo peruser, a patient pan 
of storefront. some day-jazz on the soundtrack. Lifestyle 
is: a POV on the City's alleys & gates. a parasol from bin, 
a crate of oranges. for those who still care, Chongqing can 
come down to you, her face on a too-cheap mini DVD player.
clues to her style, hints of an abstraction. graces denoted by surrogate action.

trying in vain to re-piece together the idea of the exotic with a particle here, a fragment of debris here.

[Tristes Tropiques, my pdf, p 44]
an ESL effect: her first ten years of memories are soundless. the sound comes on around when she read Jane Austen.
simsun down her golden lat. proverb of the frog in the well: Know you're in a well, or: Now that you know, you're not.

like the goose in the bottle, bam, you're out.
She smiled. She was very beautiful here, floating in whiteness. He hadn't been able to really look at her in the Western World. "I accessed it earlier," he said, "but it wasn't like this."

But the central marvel here – click on bedroom – was Rei Toei. [William Gibson, Idoru]
o lemme may me pleez to may me/ leddhim me or u to weave the:

: handrawn pornloops
her hair feathers, flutters off-shoulder in her own breeze. It's perfect and she knows it.

this fortuitousness of Beauty seems scripted.
o this fleeting world she'd happily forget — — if only
we'd watch her all the while!
mary pickford went to town her splendour trailing in a gown her gown was gold her curls her crown.
a million girls wanna condo to show   toronto aglow in the window behind the sofa that they're pert upon.
el glorie della burletta: by sway of phrase i know this, know it.
a million selfies, a City's self-knowing. these cellphone clicks are axons afire, cohering.
her beauty institutioned w museum's older spoils. she's a Botticelli Happening every girl knows hourly — — — — this sense of being framed, her world arranged for the pleasures of apprehension.

Arabella's hair-flip seeks the same effect, but is self-directed.

imagine it all had a purpose, but trivial, like [smooths her hair] that I should now have smoothed my hair. the cosmos my mandala, a symmetric accretion around my hair.

her dimple is deployed, is practiced. behind her smile she seethes at Sue, rightly seethes at the Ingenue she can't remain.
Frank Jackson's Mary is Maya, our mother, is Mexico's Fabulous Paintress and Yes, she can picture a tomato.

Mary is Miranda and your Isle cannot keep her.
a sun, a compass, [landings by] a thirteen-pound magnetoscope.
path overhead, zeniths above tho never got so far as Cairo.
insomnia, trauma, the trace, the saying, and testimony. [R. Gibbs]
eagleton: brecht: only one within can one judge the situation;

and one within is the last one who should.
a terminal station, devoid of travellers.

a cavern cleared/ a cavern filled.

a dream or rather template for:

a faraway home, beyond the sun & alien ocean.
here is that somewhere, my Greater Philadelphia PA.
in India they'd ask where are you from. Kanayda i said but B's small maid Basanti Auntie wouldn't let up, persisted yes, but where in India's that? i was so lamba, so safed she pleaded for transparency re my origins.
B would call me FM, Freak Magnet. GM at home, imprimatur prime, but FM outside. sullen boys leave their mamas baffled at the busstop. chat me up re the Star Wars Extended Universe. hobos hunch Igor-like, shudder in my mellow light. rastas, yellow-eyed, palm their hearts when we pass. yoga nerds call my name, run me down near Bloor & Palmerston. fill me in on ashram happenings. small-town indians understand, in our mute transaction, i'm their friend should anything go down that night. unwashed kids hang finger from lip, and wonder aloud: what's that thing on your head? gurdwara rats pause, erect like prairie dogs, call time-out from their sockfoot match. muffled overhead: the duggi-whoop of shabad hangs. one will smirk, and speak for the rest: are you a gora?²

² hypotheses implied, never quite said: a reason we keep a book open, we lend it: hoping these hypotheses spread. i've had this segment deep in my doc for a decade but never quite liked it till i took out urchins in the langar hall and put in gurdwara rats. rats i like, rats is right, and i didn't know why but it was time to go public.

as reader i wonder: why is rats right? rats are small, rats run loose, with an air [to their pursuers] of mischief. rats are also basement dwellers thus, a metaphor for these kids; or the kids themselves were stand-ins for rats: appearing to one who'd wandered below from the sangat, and demanding: state your Side. theirs or the gora's? the hairless, ghostly
my crumbling flesh, my baking fish. i've initials, degrees
i've jungle's egress: a tattooed map but the entire coastline's a peninsula, think.

overlords? the traitors of Life, the Abstracted ones. the kid/the rat are racists, and possibly right. wary of the empire they're parasite on.

hypotheses implied, we never quite accept: a reason we return to Wittgenstein. to keep alive the unanalysed. that which can't be spoken or formalized. are u a gora? a wandering ghost? the readings we honour have ghosts un-outed, that give its lines a spectral force.
village of Earth, 'India', vis, the joy is forced, the hues a scheme. the Jagganaath procession never happened ---
but it DID, for real, on EQHD. in 2010. in Mumbai where they shot the thing.
Philosophy, O! my cabbie cries. you better stays away from me!

          youse guys gonna read my mind or some thing!

my cabbie claims:

Philosophy is Psychology; Psychology is Para- & the latter, the anomalous Powers themselves.
my grampa once told me what my problem is:

you're always doing the wrong thing.

a lot like me, my grampa said, squinting through his eyepiece at an early Thesaurus:

repulsive at a certain level of intimacy.
'if Zeus were to stand he'd unroof the Temple' – Strabo the geographer, late B.C.

if Atlas were to sit he'd bring it all down.

sitting and standing are uncomfortable to me. weazand, my windpipe as in wrung your scrawny / ripped yr measly. spine a stabbing twig amid the body's meat. pricks inside my softer self.
all that i do has a whiff of incompetence. i can't just grab the teabag, no, there's misaimed thumbs, hesitations---a million miles between head and hands.

tell me which aspect of linear responsibility you don't understand?

:this very transcribing, my spelling of sequence over half a dozen trailing tries. the thumbdance tricks, a claviature's demands.

a million miles between head and hands.
by twenty admitted unseemly my dream of child prodigy. by thirty the pull of Destiny seemed the lurching weight of this self into the world, a prod from behind.
& to narrate life in sprechgesang, to see oneself in the perfected aspect, grammatically.
“TWO by TWO by TWO by TWO by TWO"

an unrelenting inner peptalk, our daimon of success.
& u're a densifying complex, an intricate twining of yearning & muscle.

every TWO yr stature doubles. every TWO should feel as last.
• can do, shall do, doing, DONE.

• by wizard's word, by wish & will, i move into the world i want.

• Check – Check- Open- OPEN
• The Leap is that you don't want to, but somehow you leap over that, too.

• you don't even want to leap *not wanting to*

• so why do you do it, how?

• this is the secret of The Leap.
the answer to could it be? usually yes; to must it be, no.

from the field of what's possible, staring fixes it.

from musing to script, from inchoate hum to songword.
brahman is lonely, a drawn-on OM, minus the legendary Ecstasy. eternity is long, a solitary horror: it cannot be endured.
whatever may come, i won't be alone. — — — —this thought of god i infer by the horrors around me.

by their uncanny familiarity.
by Evil know a lonely god, for whom all England's company.
matter's for Mind to hide from itself. world is god's divisored mind, to pass the time, evade what horrid autognosis.
autognosis, y'oughtta know this. oughttaknow you've undergone kenosis.
rishi's bliss is relief from the climb that got him there. rishi's bliss is a buzz of settling blood. the peak is all View. the peak is no place to set up.

older forms of highway stop: a series
#7 Ohio roadside eateries

- - - the buildings i mean, if not the name & homely same propriety. the ones the Interstate starved of access.
were always ghostlike, the Owners would hover. Pizza Nick, with the tabletop Jungle King, grimy & unplugged, would hover yet held no pepperflake shaker.

Norman Bates, give him this, would hover.

your gramma was Charitous, would give all her empties to the bogus Boys' Club, bogus clearly, all her change for We videogame fiends on a summer wednesday.
monde, a little omnium: w/ ideogloss

ink, enkauston, 'burned in' → holocaust → hakenkreuz on crate of Ark.
1 AM grammatic
2 AM Franglish
3 AM's a crowd

so little made of 1 A.M. as I AM, as Hour of Yahweh, Hour One on the Yom of Commupance. the meme, i guess, is supressed to prime our surprise.

not one lousy limerick since the advent of LED?
12AM is i tu am, is i am You. [That be Me, if Thou art That.]
12 o'clock is never post or ante, if we're strict. Midnight is a hypothetic apogee. [The Straight Dope, Feb 8 1974]
dooms foreseen are local for the wider diaspora.

apocalypse is: a Rome overturned, an Egypt run over with Syrian cavalry.

Rome, like Babylon, has said 'I alone am'. [Sib Or 5]
killed by stroke in 1982, pkd in weeks prior predicted the end of the world.
archizoic, relative to: the previous epoch.
scaled to all Calendars, diaspora prophecy: a durational harmony of seventies. prophetic streams convene on the Seventies.
as words in thesaurae, affinities form, consistent and lineal. each locale, by stock of epoch a dense reposit of symbols. a people's soul inscribed in space, it's future trace.
souls inscribed in space: a space remade till a record, precise, of what it's like to be the mind that made it.
the keys you slap, these dozen random ASCIIIs have their form of heat, shall all be known to a universal Search.
Heaven, an Eden we keep on wrecking. Eden, our home, the origin & end of every epoch.

in Crunch & Bang, the maelstrom pure: a selfsame density.
by Yahweh's displeasure throughout the Levant: the Khamaseen of fifty days, the ruah qadim of Biblic report.
in kalyug, good is disruptive. evil is a reasoned calm, the call for peace is strident.
the good are bated, made red-faced & ridiculous by their enemy's ease. regress in repetant sermons & a run of associations.
i am dubious, am a doubter and miserable. i am locquacious, suspicious.

The intellectual outsider, who knows what to expect, behaves reflectively today, steered by a thousand political tactical considerations, cautious and suspicious. The ones who understand each other, however, whose realm has long since converged across party lines on the way to living-space [Lebensraum: notorious term of Nazi propaganda], no longer consider the calculations necessary, which they were once capable of. They are so reliably committed to the rules of reason, their state of interests have sedimented themselves so transparently into their thought, that they have once again become innocuous. [Adorno, Minima Moralia]
when in Rome, i loop on headphones Coucescu's Last Address. a senseless echo overtakes him, echo of his own address.
he's off his timing, is halting, eruptive.

is lost within his own metallic sound-stream.
a senseless echo overtakes the Voice that once sustained it.
Destrudo, destrudo
the shipworm terudo

Cheney et al were culpable prior for making nine-elevens felicitous & likely. they did not need to 'plan it'. is worse, far, than the paranoid fear: empire now may outsource to its enemies.
the murder's pre-meditation, the conspiracy in its precision is outsourced: to the Enemy. empire's evil is already laundered.

the enemy is fully framed: they really did it, crashed those planes.
a war arranged by those who wouldn't mind: what would stir their vacuous hearts, o fear it.
a war in lust, by men already on fire. the powerful Old send young en mass to free up sexual resources. wars make harems, after, likely. wars drive down the price of Mistress. wars make harlots, hangers-on of army.
wars make hordes, a sira ordu, raiders in their silken tent.

'Never tell anyone we went to war over a woman.'

Jamukha to Genghis Khan
sarkazein: to sneer or rent. language of the devil. possible sign, excuse my Physiognomy, yet: the prognathic & proud, i'm wary of.
as if, as if, give me this: our world's as if in the grip of an alien carnivore.
who do you work for: a line i've gone over in a weekend's mirrorwork. spoken thus with one a.m. echoes woven inward.

finer points of foreign aid aside, WHO DO YOU WORK FOR. the Mercator yes, but who outside these ivied walls?
resign before it's easy,

repent before it's life-or-death

& fools may love you yet.
yom shall come, your currency's a blood-starved mite.

yr labours in-red, on upzoom we've an unidiomatic nounstack:

the 2012 Asia Toy Market Report.
on the one hand Economy nebulous beyond inductive decency; let alone friendly. yet simple, easy, same as always: blood & labours laundered in dollars, buried or burnt in potlatch.
i am is an iamb; iamb is not. can no longer stomach ruz-o-laban immo, for reasons none of them the lamb's.
she noticed the sha'r, the floating fur in curried cream. her objection was, remains, aesthetic: that the parts were improperly cleansed. that clean or not they're animal parts.

Until then, I had experienced meat and bones in their sanitized state, with their carnal, beastly qualities wiped away. The physical presence of the sha'r was a disquieting reminder of the revolting truth, which in so many ways extended beyond this moment. Yet again in Lebanon, something pleasurable had turned gnarly. The whole meal ended up in the garbage.³

meat and bones in their sanitized state: this sounds insane, i'm sorry, Nana.

the name means Rice and the Yogurt of His Mother -- 'utterly nonsensical', you claim.
are people insane because they kill lambs, a whole race twisted in PTSD? or they kill because they're, i do not care anymore.

the Middle East is middle as a Mirror's plane between two realms: where Versions face.

the seething skygod stopped in his own hard gaze.
versions invert so Judea is insular while islam would convert w/ insistence.
Islam would make our whole world insular— to itself, wholly Jewish.
on each side of pane, a monomania.

and both kill lambs:

The animals destined for kosher delis have their throats slit by Rabbi Abraham Siegel, 80. A Muslim kills the livestock meant for halal.

"I like to say this is a good sign for world peace," Chiappetti said. "We have Christians, Muslims and Jews all working side by side with knives, and nobody's stabbing each other."  

---

4 "Chicago Nears End Of Era in Stockyards" Washington Post, July 18, 2005
abattoir. ['a buh twaar] the cows were slaughtered at the abattoir.
slaughterhouse or meat packing plant: a murder laundered in wordshift.

soon, the 'grassfed Processor'.
the new is innocuous, an ingenue. innocuous till its referent soaks it in red.
abattoir. ['a buh twaar] is just a word, is not pejorative. not 'incorrect': a is for abattoir, followed by abbey or absynth, perhaps. the list is unprincipled, open for use by all.

in vintage grain, a vérité. a nördern gloom, if gloomy that day.

BOY approaching BIKER LODGE. from wooded edge, a burnt-face BOY.

moon-faced BOY across the road from BREWARD RABBIT PACKERS. watching a WHITE CARGO VAN unload.

whatever his age A BOY e.g. the amiable mute from Mister Lonely, thinking his harmless pieties en spaniol. by his open composure, a BOY; a boy by his backpack & the bike he
straddles.

BOY climbs fence to RABBIT-RUN: bounded by a low black shed on one short end, where growls sound from.

two New Zealands lop the green, sniff the air, take nibbles of the patchy grass. ears well up, one eye on the Entrant, always.

BOY sits down, goes within. is readying for his journey to the Sun.

BOY is forming WARREN. his heart holds in each being as Friend. we're CLOSE on his glowing forehead. the shadows behind lengthen into eve. we're with him in his rural night.

HEY we hear. BOY is at the van's rear latch, he's pulling at a crate within, trying to get a rabbit.

is facedown in the ashphalt. a massive knee holds him flat.

MAN FROM VAN is red in face, is buzzing the Gate, is yelling for help from the OFFICE, from the mobile shed on cinderblocks, a sign saying OFFICE over-door.

a pair of rabbits, one white, one black are bounding into bush across the road.
gradual fade to black of night. bark of dogs, the final revv of bikes.

soon we hear:

RABBITS & BOY BEING TORN APART, GRUFF GOOD-CHEER.

FIERY RED in BLACK OF NIGHT, camera close on frightened BOY dragging crates of RABBITS from the abattoir in flames.

he's stumbling, teary, bewailing his mistake.

his hoody ignites.
[ an omen, a coda. ]

BIKER taunting BURNT-FACE BOY with fatal knowledge. shows his EXIT from our rabbit slaughter Hell.
[ a prison shower, prison yard, a prison cell or meal hall.
we're mid-scene: BOY being teased w/ fatal knowledge. ]
the BIKER's every word is a warning, a challenge to your manhood.

he's bald & terrifying, ten feet tall. is Xerxes, Brahma, Vader. abetting smiles float behind him, hover over PORNO MAGS, aluminum LUNCHTRAYS, whatever cliché: i trust you'll imbue w/ the manna of casting / shrooms in the catering.
Rabbits are delicious, friend.

are food for dogs on a farm i know on RR9.
Rabbits are PREY, eyes at the side:

watching for pitbulls on RR9,
a buddy of mine.

-BIKER to a burntface BOY,

THE END-   -

credit roll or flip

a quiet FEED on TWO FREE RABBITS, one albino, one black. the road behind's a hazy line, far on the horizon. they lop on grass, take their nibbles. it's the kidsleague game del Toro attends at the end of Traffic. our Field of Dreams —— Heaven's reward for fighting the Drug Lord.
where, this day, would the Devil live?

in Milton, 'the Devil's in Milton'.

the devil's incorporate, & an outcome of literature, so the Devil's in Milton, the town of.
[ a dozen omens converge in my fatal migraine. urge me on
to an accounting this Feb near Rattlesnake Point -- -- --:
my portal is there, invisibly flush with a low white barn,
an EXIT sign in brail.  

my portal is there, guarded by a fiend.

---

5 i should here cite The Truman Show, but it's not in the script, so whose
idea, that barely etched EXIT? set designer? set director? a keener unknown
in a headset? whoever idea, perhaps i should credit the person who carved
the fibreglass.

i'd thank Peter Weir but doubt it was directed. am always unsure what he and
and Steve Jobs ever did. gods and directors recede from their effects, grow
anonymous.

i'll just here thank The Truman Show: thankyou for that EXIT.
<<there's a man in Milton killing rabbits in a barn behind an Esso station.>>

:this is the shit people mssg me with.
i tried to drive to Rattlesnake Point with B for a hike, sixteen years this May but we were hit leaving Guelph by a Drunk from behind, a Drunk out of nowhere: roused from his bed to perform that morning, he'd "done this before", was "a Drunk", had a Story.
my life is a line onto Milton: to a low white barn, dark within, full of scared white rabbits.
the ethical task is endless, is relentless thus itself is unethical.

i balk at evil, balk at hero's plan.
the animal's in agony, the Animal is large and incalcitrant.

dream is bad, there's too much left to do. dreamer is an ingenue, the world an endless mess.
in A.J. Ayer's NDE a harsh red light would not turn off, could not be turned away from till, he somehow knew, he set aright a Space-Time gone askew. he fell to pacing, waving his watch, trying to get the Ministers' attention—-then he woke up, phew.
give them a show, or Leave: let that be your revolt. get up close in porch-cam lense, taunt them into getting off their own. at omnium's end, the ovoid shell & inward bounds, and no pane to rapp upon. say thy grace, permissèd leave with a bow.

'and in case i don't see you, didn't like you anyhow.'
vamos, vamoose, mosey with haste: salaam or so long.
dharma is the last to go before moksha.
the moral demand is endless, is a broken mech, 'Immanuel Kant': a man who wanders Bloor Street West.
his life in three gold LCBO bags. a weighting that bends him rightward. he stares ahead, his lips remember his perfect Philosophy.
whenever we pass i say hello, in my head.

i nod and think: Immanuel Kant.
he looks more like Erasmus yet i always said Immanuel Kant. i once said Hi and late that night, on lsd, again. said I'm the guy who said Hi, remember?
arms folded high, he sat in an all-glass shelter on Queens Park Circle. three a.m. the bags set down beside him. a floodlit memorial spurred the birds in unnatural song. his accent was slavvish. the shelter smelled of urine.
he stared ahead, refolded his arms, made clear there wasn't room.

said SOMEHOW I DONT SEE YOU.
our suffering good by the good it enables: beautiful failures, Brahma's applause at Close.

: this whole moral structure i oppose.
that suffering is a necessity: not untrue, hear me: bad.

that Logical Space so happens to be: this i despise, the necessity.
good needs evil: what could be worse? logic itself is demonic, perverse.

my hatred now for so much more, on the order of Math.
the hanging of the rabbits, the breaking of their legs. that once inside our industrial hell, they learn they can scream. that a known percentage die on the truckride in, from fright.
the owner asked me, softly: ever heard a rabbit scream?

virtue needs the rabbit scream: this is true — and bad.
this world i despise, i despise its redeeming. necessity seals our place in Hell.

when all's explained, when all can laugh at abattoir tape, re-draw lots from behind the veil for a second Take, i'll keep my complaint: redemption fed on rabbit distress.

this Happy End is bad.
the dragon is huge, is all the wolves & all the rabbits.
the dragon is huge, glimpsed in the predation reel or widescreen grid of a thousand similar kill-scenes.
the dragon eats large, devours whole towns.
the dragon is huge, is hard to see -- is Predation itself, a natural Order.
recent lore would grant her a Linnean line, and so undermine her. If Dragons are merely a natural Kind, then we're their natural prey.
the rabbit saved is returned to his niche where wolves eat rabbits: our Earth.
the dragon is fantastic, is defined as this—is hard to believe in.

is hard to believe: that She is Predation.
is a problem all but the Fool pass on.
'You know what I say to people when I hear they're writing anti-war books?'

'No. What do you say, Harrison Starr?'

'I say, "Why don't you write an anti-glacier book instead?"'
[ retained is the fight; the game was to never submit. heaven for him must have its Hunt, the Brawl, the War but cleansed of harm: Heaven is for Hemmingway.]
the coward is misthought. he seeks an out that all may follow, solves a hero's koan.
[ the coward is misthought: a promise passed on never broken. ]
an angel here would seem a Hen; would land on Earth by a long evolving.

a crippling over forty million years.
would here become a laughable flock, fit for chase & slaughter.
the world is a Curve, is a cave. a curve has a back, implies its reverse: where first is last & the least among you gods, i say.
in Prison i was dumb & ugly. had low coherence, was clueless in the Fight.
in Jail was a survivalist, was forced into my Magic. Feigned, at first: a confidence trick that by pure belief worked.
[ magic, at first, is a trick. magic remains one, hidden & rehearsed.
[ by buried mandrake & focused Repression, Magic is forgetting it's a trick. ]
in Jail became unlazy, was woken from my Skeptic's ease. a punch was owed me, in the air, yet the minions watching liked my moxy. my utter non-threat was refreshing.

they preferred i was right, if only for the gag and the ragging.

tonight you'll dream a happy dream you'll forget on waking. joyous, more, than you've any right to remember. . . . and ALL will be WELL.

—me, to the BIKER
Fah – wait for it, wait for it now – Q.

Fah – fucking – kuh YOU.

& so on w/ ass as placeholder.
volar cannon, a wizard's handwrath: the torrefactive stream to its target.

[shoot shoot, bleep bleep] \ i wuz gonna end you in a manner honouring Physics. keep it close to stoke the Scene.
isotron, the entropy gun: my cannon set to END.
no final Cause, only paul's happy prods from behind. when writing i follow my pleasure.

equally plausible: it's prophecy.
plausible also: is causal.
in dreamtime am freed from the usual contiguities. i arrange my own Resemble Space. i call the Order, assert what my heaven shall be.
a number can be: collating mark on ostracon. the blue-sky blue of a puzzle piece. some alleywall graffiti near Y's back stairs off Delaware Ave.
a Number, same, on a streetcar transfer. the # of Jamesons downed with J while discussing The Book of Job.
freed of contiguity, seek a new Resemblance. your mother is centre of the Milky Way, is Sagittarius A*. poised on the border of Scorpius & The Archer.
in mapping your Retreat, Fallacies are axioms. the paraedolic Error lights the glyph. irrational focus burns away unholy clutter, shows ancestral spectre from divergent & wavery cloudforms.
the CogSci pathologies give order to the sensae, an order of vivacity.
an order of Salvation.
congruencies neater than innumeracies i'm accused of. salvation gives clues. salvation's a lady or a reticent guru who'd be seduced by our obsessional attentions.
interest is intelligence, my prof once said in a stairwell in MacKinnon bldng. a Prophet & an Officer arrive at a car wreck, assess the same scene. the Prophet retains one meme: four embossments on the cruiser's back plate, BMBF pressed into my brainflesh, why?
years later i'd abandon Y on the hot and lonely road from Stratford: she wanted Out NOW so i pulled off the asphalt, opened her door & sped away seething, seeing those letters on our rental car's keytag: dangling, glinting thus mocking or hypnotizing me. drawing their power from the awful august sun. from the dying, lonely day.
Baader-Meinhoff BoyFriend, then: the 2B gone by rearview flash of a powerline pole, so mein hoff friend, which maybe means -- -- -- it's distressing, still, reminds me of my holy ambiguity. of diplomacies at rural crossings. dealings with a 'high-borne friend', a hoofed one.

bad, my friend, it's just you, now: the girl was guide thru Hell.
baader meinhoff boyfriend means: bad ER [emergency response [her emergence from car; my response, Driving Off] ] -- -- --

bad ER, my boyfriend High, was very high, all the time, back then.
I'm doubting these are prophesies; my prescience may be causal.
the dragon in her castle's near,

stone floor's hot,

hallway wide & royal.

[approach the bloodless altar. feel no fear.]
my feet are bare, and late for early work, my sis who drove me here. this castle/arcade of bally-midways rigged & glitchy: where pacman passes thru ghost;

and maze gives way to upward-scrolling platforms, onto VR halls, a proper rpg.
If frightened seam your eyes into a screen whereon your icon burns holy.
• as u inhale, you're taking in power from all points Dextrous. It's a fair association.
• on outbreath you're a blacksun revoking its beams. A void that Mommies rush and fuss to fill.
• such up-sucking abs are your plausible vortex, yr centralest abscess.
• by overcam view, you're a Busby musical. Bobbing heads interpretive around your hollow Column.
• this inner Circle's dapper rhythm, its compressive symmetry, give it attraction so around it forms a Second—by kaleidoscopic necessity, roomier than the First—; and so on & outward till target for Entropy.
from my smaller self 'roy', i spy a child who cannot recall his royalist origin. a Long Island fanboy who cannot recall
the longer he waits—-i address him now, assess him---the more his life shall seem a question.
your waters he draws without magic. receives your gifts with undue awe.

a splash of cold to startle turtled spirits; then, come eve, and all the creams to prep for long withdrawl.
the longer he waits--
i address him now, assess his
peerage soul--
the more shall his life seem a question:
rising on desire's pitch.
august 8, of Space probe 9 / a spider in the basement: this kid must answer, the Spider who talks of Space probe 9.
Jordan Station ➔ Seventh Street ➔ Fruitland Ontario ➔

:niagara's ions for positive vibes
or, OR i press these fair grounds hellward.
your pretty dells, my stepwells.
speaking to the Seven: erect and aligned, the resilient devotees: an inverted African missionary.

[inverted means: dressed in white and from Africa.]

his lecture style formal, archaic. All from the notes. indulgent of comments, of our queries interspersed; is polite, tho not quite pleased. Not yet trained in Deconstruction,
this man is Ojelenki: the buddha of Ryerson University.
an african symposium, i present on Faust. the slides are all cued, by my prior prepared: tri-color grabs from a tourism short-reel, proofs of an alpine monorail.

i'm unready for the german, the terms in-slide divide the Legend in Versions and i can't decide.

am unready for the clicker, an app-by-tablet strapped to the Soundman's desk where, squatting, i present from.
May 21, of Space probe 9 / this kid must answer.
dura, pia, tough & soft arachnoid maater, the spiderlike mother.
sapta-maatrikaas The Seven Delightful Mothers of Disease.
terrible aspect

of a

Goddess who's also

a

world

Mother

deadly aspect

of a

Mother who's also

a

world

goddess

terrible aspect

of a . . . .

[ Daphne Marlatt, TOUCH TO MY TONGUE ]
• well whoop-de-doo & la-tee-da, cry me a freakin' rainbow, hun!

• of course she's gonna wrestle me down, suddenly be a grl inside my Mansion!

• she's sidling the wall, she's going for the bread knife, sayn she's gonna USE it!
The Shining is television, is danny alone, watching tv.

note the rapid creditroll. over the opening action. in Monitor Blue, a bleedy electric.
The Shining is Danny, seeing his first horror movie.

They work with Stanley, go through hells that nothing in their careers could have prepared them for, and when it's all behind them they'd do anything to work for him again. I've heard this story so many times.

[Michael Herr]
dir of Human Centipede is a low IQ Kubrick. & he a small Yahweh: a possibly amoral Fabricator.
to the left of Danny, a camera and a milkwitch.

in our tongue, Kubrik means: Watcher of the White Queen. [in freeplay]
EXT. THE OVERLOOK, a trio of A-frames, mimic of mountains surrounding.
A is for Apollo, a rebus as is writ. into an apex, lines recede. apex into Void above, the white of page or black of space.

OVERLOOK, W/IN, every thwack of ball on wall shakes dust from tapestry.

shows a Navajo rocketry.

A is for Apollo, a rebus as is writ. Apollo rides in slimsy signs as these.
we call it here the Marvelous: beamings—in that local light
made garish & fake.
we called these stars our gods. we now send out to meet them.
NASA never sought such grace, they purified the Rite in their disinterest.
NASA has no easy faith, they're checking every angle & trajectory.
starman dave, if Beings should ask

are u a god? please say Yes — — —

& send us back your Blessings half.
these Pyramid Texts, for you who dreams them. for you, too, the walls of tomb they're written along.

these Pyramid Texts, for you, now browsing National Geographic.
on p. 32 they've left your map to the funeral core, your timeline & fold-in diagram.
an ancient race's total Will was drawn in stone, and stone to apex launch.
a nation of slaves, a version of History, History itself: for giving your Ship & starmap.

[The Man Who Fell to Earth, long version]
thru doubling gates a limo slows. a rider gets down, by guardsmen grim is ushered to a second car, is ferried on thru doubling gates, thru ever inner compounds.
the limos elongate, seatrows grow between driver and he: on thru ten, eleven compounds. doubling gates and double the way for every inner compound, well
what size, what kind, of compound is this?
BEGIN at base of crimson drapes, quarry-high, his arms agape.

END, a self-cancelling Tragedy.

blod→bledsian→bless, thus: to sanctify w/ sanguin
dying, the great Intensifier. an early voice is heard again, and amplified. a half-thought now prophetic.
your time of dying. whatever room, your ritual vault. wallpaper flora wave in Address, they meet you in your perplexity.
your long day drawn to the specious present, filled with a song you'd been hearing all along.
if god is a writer, he may be a procrastinator, a perfectionist.

History his novel, & Doomsday his deadline, self-imposed, forcing an ending.
killed by stroke in '82, pkd in months/weeks prior went all-out apocalyptic.

had he seen his own stroke: he might've finished his Exegesis.
death is half of everything, is the shadow cast. to 'consciously die' is to live in its thrall: to make all life a Bardo pass.

alive in death's thrall, every cabbie's a psychopomp. every diagnosis tests your acceptance.
inexorable death: a horror comes.

i scream to wake up. my will to awaken saves me.
to wake, i will my self from dreamworld.

a horror, approaching, is needed to rouse me.
my death & my waking coincide. the will to wake up is Suicide.

draws unto Dreamer a Horror.
when the Angel of Death approaches, he's Terrible;
when meeting, it's bliss.
neglect him he's a Demon;
yield and he's a granting Queen.

they've strung me up, they're shocking me. this is it, the nightmare has caught up with me.
behind the pain i'm thankful for the seriousness. my smarm has brought this on, a Correction. i'm quickly at my best, intense.
the three of them, four of them, attend to my body, are putting hand & tool to me and as i pass over they morph into medics, attentive at the gurney: shocking me into wakefulness.
the world is a curve, is a cave. your tormentors, from the other side, are angels of extraction. . . .
Whose, the voice, that talks us through? Who that redeems at first reading?

@plantinga_radio · 27 Dec 2012
His last words roll in blood, you say? A frantic jisei, ellipsed in his doom? Who, then, to find them?

@plantinga_radio · 27 Dec 2012
making good the gospel promise of all fiction:
• That by narrative necessity, He by whom the tale unfolds makes it till the end

@end excerpt, THE SHINING]
“The book begins with a vision of Yahweh; onto New Jerusalem, and the Temple uplifted therein;
an inductive-indexical arg for immortality: 

death always happens— to others.

I can't talk without hearing myself — even if I speak inwardly. I can't move without imagining my displacement. Thus the 'I' is a feeling that energy or activity is not exhausted by a specific actor and impression. It's the feeling of the reconstitution, or the permanence or simultaneity, the independence, of powers inherent to it.⁶

an inductive-indexical arg for immortality:

induction by the Strong, by those who'll survive the ordeal.
i'll try again:

the stronger i am, the more vital, the harder i'll find it to imagine my absence.

and this is rational: if dying's an ordeal the strong survive.
the bears came to the edge of town, they braved the parks, the dump because the berries were scarcer each season.

these are the bears you baited and murdered for your U.S. friends.
we're what remains, and death was a holy selection device.
you counted bodies, checked all tags. your 'Harvest' left enough for Fall but you killed off the best. the ones who'd brave the park, the Dump. you culled them to their less adventurous.
what Selections have you survived? the endless wars of Europe. the subtler culls of City life.
to stay alive, we compromised, for comfort gave up what.
we're what remains, and Death was a holy selection device.

Death up-took the brave, the rational Suicides.
a hunter cannot run a doe down. guns have slowed them, made them loud. they cannot get within fifty yards of a feral cow.
the bears most curious of the City's complex song, you killed. our possible Friends.
god was a curious animal, too, an enterprising one. an animal is a moving soul, extending its range. the Animal came and you hunted it down.
the cows of Highway 69 arrived from where, were a Landing.
we followed prints that dissipated, every signal bifurcated.
the cows were all dead / the Four were still out there.
their ontology varied. their hooftracks fresh but took us
to the older, always.
the UFO, says Jaques Vallé, is a trixter of info, mercurial and unbodily but you hunted that down and shot it too, it seems.
we six, we seven awaited in reverence. we couldn't receive, we couldn't quite see them. the trailer's slats, its masks & gaps ensure they're never there.
they etherize in northern air, in nostril huffs of condensation.
if i were god i'd crash to Earth in a cattle trailer. assize you as an emissary in distress.

i'd tempt you with regressions, present as possible Meat.
the trucking Co, Insurance Co saw only Liabilities: these children burst from burning hell a risk to cars so locals were invited to join the wolves and hunt them down.
our demon feeds, our feedings feed on his behalf.
our Demon feeds on eco-Collapse.
apocalypse is entropic release.

the animal wail releases life.
Descartes, Descartes! Nature you'll conquer through Measure and Number!

: the tone was sweet though did command Descartes to pull apart cats.
death come fast, the atom blast, were decoys. decoys, all, that prep for fast catastrophe.

dead is here, it slowly feeds on a scale of centuries.
a virtue of World War Z [the book] is its pacing. the
zombies are fast but the Outbreak a seep, arriving in
flares. in varied diagnoses, hard to collate globally.

even ongoing, the Outbreak is hard to believe in.
by these near-deaths made smaller, alone from your commune of selves. missile crises, all the ebolas & each world war leave Earth more lonely.
Earth is alone, closed from escape & the branching options of play.
is hell, increasingly.
The Monster is ALONE !!! 😞😞😞
All so all ALONE!!
All So Very All So All ALONE!!
'Tell me is the Monster all alone?'
Tell you Yes the Monster's all alone!
All So Very All So All

Alone!
soon we shall be
all alone, together:
All Alone
&
All Alone\textsuperscript{Forever} ]
i'll sometimes get a whiff of death, and wonder if it's me or the vicinity.

a chain of smells, i gather: from foodcourt's tangy waft, to underheft of trapgrease then but three olfactive steps unto the feces reek.
minute amounts, well w/in hygienic bounds, but still: precisely its vagueness, its minor haunting of natural good air is its contaminance.
humanity en masse: the City & the sewage pit. obliterating birdsong, all competing country smells are lost within an average.
Earth is alone, closed from escape & the branching options of play.
Earth is alone, in concrete unadorned.
Earth is alonely, an adobe gone modular. a pueblo evocation.
your armpatch is loud. says Bane Capital. your armpatch proclaims the Invasion.
your armpatch shows a Deathstar scope, set for planet's core & center.
the corporate body is bodies they've branded. its motion
the kinetic sum of all who've on their OVO hat this second.
Apple is a Larger you play nerve to. the Apple i appropriates your idioverse.

the Apple i's a body snatcher.
the company began as a body, a person. a person passed into Establishment.

Prentice was a man, Hall was a man / was his mother poured solid in love & success.
these sensors we're granted, the crowdsourced EarthMap, our faithful social log a sort of Ark, i fear. signs i fear of a world dissolving.
must save SPider

and her web,

the Shanghainese & Shanghai skyline
a cycle of breath-songs, deep in the sandblasted lands of our Gathering.
a whispering Suite in a sea-to-sky cavern, hint of the Great Extinction event.

itself homage of maelstrom at Beginneth /End.
b's chaacha shook his head, a little sad & awed, & said:

America mein, tinned goods bahaut jyada ha.

a banana in a styrofoam tray, coded & saran-wrapped: this is a joke we're not getting.
a variety tub of cubed squash, Family Size and airtight. the veggies, free, had too much sha'r.
the package says: approved & sealed by Industry.
the City is a Box Machine, a viewing-room for Nature.
we want what's Vital coated in poisons, sized to our standard.
the wayward animal, isolate from Life. we're nature gone thanatic.
we are septic, our hygiene is antibiotic.
nature's an egg we eat our way out of;
or once we stop eating, we're out of.
hay for the bunnies came in a box, a bag in a box, a thick black bag from Eden, Idaho, a family farm.
all went in a larger box from Amazon. who filled it out with stiff brown paper, recycled & recyclable. we used it all to form a warren, chambers joined with plastic tunnels we got in a box from Amazon.
their litter box, a plastic bin, we laid with Boxo, ground up box we bought in a bag from the Bulk Barn where we tried to shop.
is palm oil vegan? is toilet paper vegan?
are tile floors vegan?

i want it all tiled, my tax return filled. my stirfry veggies washed & chopped.
for all my comforts, for time to write i've called to being these numbing tasks. so called to being the calloused skin.
my desire—possibly prior in the Order entire—demands, somewhere, a numbing: a body-soul unbothered by the slaughter.

i want you all to shake at the sound of these Harleys on Bloor. but also want my Bloor Street paved & swept.
the doppler growl, the guy who spits and hacks unthinking spite me.

just as they externalize costs of production, they also succeed in externalizing the moral responsibility for violence and appropriation through which they profit onto others further down the chain, whom they may justly condemn.  

[Philip Goodchild, 'Capital and Kingdom']
on final accounting we'll share the blame — — —i hope for this, our total redeeming.

we're saving each other, all along.
the gandhian diet includes less clothing, and making your own.

Tolstoy shares in the peasant toil, lays his own tiles, or does with bare earth.

the concrete common in indian toilets is likely enough, enough separation of foot from earth.
roman taste, the nouveau riche, is whatever else a display of reified labour. every surface overlayed in tiny tessurae. every commissioned portrait in its carven frame, gilded and intricately alveolate.

italian good taste is the home garden, a stone wall maintained & child-made presepe.
so each may have his thousand square, his own perfected cavity, the world outside shall fill with sheds. everlarger sheds.

your marble counter called a quarry into being, and a quarry is a Nullity, a dwindling.
our tchotchkes turn a town in China to shed.
the Victorian bones are good; our whole downtown classic.
the textural Unit brick brought home with workhouse, shop &
laneway into harmony.

our whole downtown is classic: aesthetic Isle in a dismal &
swelling periphery.
the unity's smashed, the mega-shed unbrickable. inhabits a scale invisible but from offramps & the edge of future airfields.
the unity's smashed, of walled Antwerp. our world a sprawling soundstage now for recreations. the giant Stone & rolling earth of the english medieval: most of Fantasy. Sci Fi draws our eye into a planetary purview. seen from Space, the business park densifies to point of light, is part of a scintillating Circuitry.

this is the promise of Coruscant, the planetary City: whose charm is seen from far away. her streetview is desolate, her bustlerendered in: coded in the lettered sheds on Hollywood lots, the paven swaths of 'studio space' that iterate our larger fracture.

for the lot is unwalkable, is not itself meant to be seen.
the lot is a massive slapstick gag.

chaplin is an everyman, trying to walk.
signs i hope, signs i fear, of a lifeworld dissolving.

Survivor's about not staying alive but winning on Survivor. the Flynn effect: we're possibly smarter, but better for sure at taking tests. our leaders are good at winning elections & voters abet, they get behind who's 'presidential'. the focus group complicates, its members speak like marketers, not intuitive homemakers. we're all now insiders, we hear a new song, think 'this could be big'. we're moved by plausible hits. the playcount excites us, we click on Play to assent to the song's success. the weekend take is Monday's lead in every local Post. the figures endorse the film's watchability; and constitute it. the hundred mill spent, the hundred mill made, give however bad a film its aura.

It is the triumph of invested capital, whose title as absolute master is etched deep into the hearts of the
dispossessed in the employment line; it is the meaningful content of every film, whatever plot the production team may have selected. . .

[Adorno & Horkheimer, The Culture Industry]

however bad we cannot look away. we'll love to hate it, at least. the money earns our attention. our derision feeds it, recoups the expense. we cannot look away, will have something to say on candidate Trump. on money per se, whose negative power i feed with this critique. which Marx made holy as Satan; and Goodchild promotes to the only question of Ontology.
signs of a world dissolving: power turns official, is leaving the body. When survival is certain / survival unlikely, Survivor's about its own rule-set. power turns official, removes from what's vital. spurns the pleasures of the khan in repose, Herod extended in fleshly surfeit. these we disdain, excepting for our crasser rappers & immigrants: to these we've ceded freeplay. they allow our ironic remove from history. they allow our distance from life, by them we perceive the struggle and lust.
we know the lines but lose conviction. we move off-set, are being extracted.

promoted perhaps: to the prophecy of Kafka, the afterworld setting of *A Pale King*. limbo's where all taxes come, a hall of akaashic records.
Dooms foreseen are local to the wider diaspora. Life will continue. we're its late and tired cull. we're its outcrop, excrescence.

the dazzling A.I. beyond our ken: looking down, we'll note with pride computers are ours. a Nobel laureate's dotty mother.
a truck's in reverse in the laneway out back. it's warning comes in two pure tones, in pulses alternating. the higher has a faster rate so the two tones slowly chase, approach, unmusically fuse, and pull apart. i'm on the can with the high & tiny window open, my head in my hands. i'm trying to hum along but cannot predict. am blessed with inner music but i cannot do this rapid math. i know each tone but not the values $X$ and $Y$ so have to listen.

over-driven sine waves, out of phase: & my inordinate interest in locking them.
given values 1 thru 3, an early Computer finds our 4. by cesium clock could lock us in but has no inner music. so i say, curious of the truth but perhaps trying to compensate: head in my hands, on the can. consciousness has a cost, i think: in diminished ability to calculate. consciousness an outcome of under-hood math. is itself no dealer in numbers.
consider a HEAD, a lord of Tape: whose sequent cells go L or R, or hold aneath a moving HEAD.

W1 a world wherein what lines undreamt, what learnings sift these sequent Impressions?

W2 a world wherein: no such query formulates.
i liked it that we smelled so bad, we'd be alone forever.

our smell went on for days, we were a humid corpse.
you stayed in, i went out for sundries. male librarians, friends of the Annex, slo-mo slapped their standing lap in disbelief, would plug their nose as i scuttled past. suddenly in grade seven and assholes again.
had this idea for a film, for all the U.S.A.

from satellite-heights, zooming into bedroom / getting angles on the bedroom.
the ending's huge, begins more indy w/the score eidetic on his turntable tinny and by Madison Square's a wagnarian fanfare.
epic film, to now convince, must be like Life: if Life were like an epic film.
when mickey rourke pulls a page, there's his name. his
risk is this, and his safety: they'll know it was likely a
mickey or mike. r infinite versions of mickey or mike, each
his own timestream and he moves among them smoothly.
am far from the world, am receding from friends. drinks w J and it's the same seven songs, our familiar rants but

Muscle Shoals i heard him say, Muscle Shoals i followed thru & and found old friends: smiling out from their baptism pond the Allman Brothers Band. their beards are golden, hair is thick & parted. arms hug knees, as do mine, a thoughtless re-adjust on this hard kitchen tile, late-late nite, still a little drunk.
i've found old friends. drinks w J i'd rather forget but Muscle Shoals i heard him say, a prompt in the night's sad confusion.

J is far, is hard to hear but i get what words i need.
my memory is selective, insane. i get what i need for my journey thru Space. my friends recede, earhtime compresses in a biblic unity. '69 Alabama is 70 A.D.; the Analog era is timeless.
i missed them when younger but rather'd watch the youtube
Doc than see them live or listen thru an album. a harmless
Doc than open myself to the power of Rock.

save me from the MC5. i need the pretty keyboard score, a
distancing V.O., this essay mediation.
the Doc gives motion to the shoebox photostock, makes it all familiar. this is fine, i'm no longer alive. am forty-one, am trying to retire.
would rather re-read *Storming Heaven* than order more iboga.

i require my filters, my system of de-intensifiers.
folding chairs in sunday array around someone else's adolescence.
i do not mock the rockumentary, am grateful i'm acquainted with the MC5, this night. i fold down laptop, put the cordless headphones in their dock. i turn off kitchen light and get to bed where Y is sleeping already, a perfect baby.
here, at day's end, i'd rather remember
words i heard, not said;
& Desires unspent.

-a bias of the Tired
jingle + Time = nursery rhyme

B film + Time = sacred myth

Art = Time + Seduction Display
a rockstar's job: to outsize all who've rocked before. make quaint the verb 'rock', as rappers do.

we're by them redeemed, for

\[
\text{Evil} \ + \ \text{Time} \ = \ \text{Innocence}
\]
every Elvis must receive in his decline the upstarts who exceed him. must miscomprehend Led Zeppelin.
this doc began in Word Perfect. some of these words have altered w/ mood over fifteen years.

the same block of text, back and forth from 'an' to 'the', from psychic to psychical, rubber to plastic.

its time to publish, i'm forty-two, & trying to retire.
i'll get what i want when it's no longer wanted. by genre: muted tragedy.
small wants that don't work out. by genre muted tragedy.
i'm thirty-eight, i'm fine, i know, i'll never know kung-fu.

but i'll get punchy in the mirror and there's moments there, i know kung-fu.
i'll never write my novel but on headache-weed, emote some verse.

i am Tobin, shaky and sweet with Parkinson's. i press my lips, clap at the pace of a villain emergent from shadowy wing. i play the proud dad at Commencement.

keep my head-cock going till, medically speaking, am eating my face.
8:42 am woozy, yawny [trying to yawn] and droptime, what? was 7:30
a rush to the head, when i get out of bed:
something good, something new could happen
i said

a rush to the head, when i got out of bed:
something good, something new just happened.
i'd not hate mornin' wern it far too erly for SUNN.
to lucid dream, go back to bed. whenever u can choose sleep.
i'd like to wake up but am lazy.

i'll settle for an Out. for turning it Off.

i want to go back to bed.
i seek extreme comfort, i refuse the scrape of collar seam.
& why this neckstring so punitive-tight/ church-days made of friday night.
softest weave is all i wear, powder blue, bottom, top.

my sleeves are long w loosest cuffs, a medium gage w dimpled squares.
in dreams i wear my longjohns, too.

my image of Self is centred on sleep.
I meet there persons charmed by my ease, and just woke up from taking a couple to get their own pjs. A Bio grad from U of T, her mom and me, we all went to The Bay, were happy, free of all fear, truly— and then I woke up.
i'll dress my world in longjohns, then we'll know we sleep, and go lucid.

:i'd rather be sleeping, so soon will wake up.
again i awoke, from a sunlit quad, set for casual diners. these dreamfolk tonight were embarassed to see me and muttered their indignance when i shuffled by.

was searching for my nearby loft, for sleep.
in dreams i wear my longjohns too: they know more than i do.

my longjohns are my irony.
Dreamer is an Ingenue, is unsurprised by his powers. by his weightless ease.

Dreamer is an Ingenue, the flying is familiar.
i'll palm the frame of every door, ask is this a dream;

i'll make all flesh lethargic, and a parceur of Life.

leap & soft-shoe cheap shape.
till around grade four was unsure what diapers are for. was spacing thru the Pampers ads, the blue serum urine. was a younger brother, never around babies.

am fortyone and not quite sure what underwear's for, i admit.

and that i rarely wear it.
except for long— which never comes off, day or night.
surprise party: was all for you, u learn on leaving

novel: was your own sly biography
the title of this book has been
dear Nick Bostrom, your Argument works. am drunk to think our world is Real, the first.
how weird that a car whooshes by? that i notice? for cars to whoosh by, generally?
how many whooshes e.g. in the back of an average field recording?

'not weird at all', i was going to type, in dated brackets; then DELETE the whole bit;

but very weird a car whooshes by as i read this four years later: May 24, 2013  12:24 pm

[ and again, precisely: Feb 4 2016, eight minutes after midnight -- -- -- trawling thru my lifeless journal, fishing for the final bits in grbg.docx ]
is sound an interruption? is silence an absence, or the bounds of reverberation? is silence the room that holds it all in?
a pause between breaths. for each key pressed. when
Scanning stations. enough to wipe one's soul for next:
Country or Classic.
music is coated in silence: some of it more so. not by soft Velocity, or Arrangement's sparsity. is not implied by massive reverb, a tiny soul in giant Cavern.
Why she sang:

'Because she heard it.'

Why'd i quote:

Because i wrote it.
stoned and alone, at a stoplight listening to *Strawberry Swing*. a song not half about friendship, Ananda, for friendship is the whole of it.
in these late exultancies, i'm Diogenes' antithesis. each thing is a poet to me.
my gooddream logic: getting is easy but it's Drama we want, an illusion of earning.

not even Drama but a wrap-up party.

a friendly cast awaits off-set your all-out embrace of this Optimism.
the plan is for scraping the tony strip: inlaid granite, all-new elms. by Provision 9, a statue Install every third cross-street.a man is at his slender bike, his pant cuffs clipped, and not convinced. health care, schools, they need it more. he's slightly dazed.

the sublime i'll here call spiritual levity. a higher joke, the gap between god & world.

<<the drum is older than ten thousand years, experts estimate, almost as old as the Rolling Stones! all may laugh, all may laugh in threatless critique. we like people, like ourselves.

punch lines, advent, both surprise by playing on small expectancies, on our modesty.

<<in several Stanzas imagine you this, the burgeoning hongfields. a Mandarin prevails there, easier than thy Caesar's cipher. caudex shrunk to alphabet block. an agate type, a strange & Araby birindj.

all may laugh in threatless critique. we like people, like ourselves.
<<on upzoom we've a non-idiomatic noun stack. by NASA scope an imagiste poem, at minimum. a China laid in ormelu. her sparkly veins from high>>
a behaviourist criterion of Theodicy: from behind a veil, a rawlsian veil, we'd all agree & re-incarnate. run another Version.

we're Ainur pleased with the offer of Iluvataar.
lsd 3,

a higher san fran,

a larger bomb in the Homeland.
SOCIAL MIRACLE: 4CHAN'S ANON ENLIVENED IN NON-IRONIC PRAISE OF VIRGINITY, NOT THE FETISH. IMPRESSIVE, MORE, THAN ANY SEA-TOP STROLL OR TUMOUR'S FAST REDUCTION.
i've such affection for our culture's great solitary misanthropes. Schopenhauer, Beethoven, Nietzsche, Salinger.

i feel a connection, a karass coming on. i imagine a lovely commune.
in silence ascends, in silence reverses, retraces its arc.

no brake's scrape, no Press Release, for pendulum.
i re-assess/ i now say Yes.

i swiftly love my nemesis.
if immortal u want: engage in games w/ longer turns.
take on dos with des delayed.
streets by night are sets for dreamers, cordoned off from local use.

ghosts are dreamers, using the City as set.
never snub the extras, the figurants. the acutely self-aware. they barely act, their discomfort is apparent. you'll know you're on a Set.
rivulet's tinkle, the trickle of tap: kinda makes me wanna pee.

hennry said the opposite. hennry said like someone's doing it for me.
henry's on my vinyl sofa, full layed back. his brogues are on, hands relaxed on upper abs. hennry's doin alright. is chipper on Iboga.

is satisfied with self, and correct.
hennry is on, in our highschool way, a comedic state of grace. he can't be unfunny, and i'm at the desktop writing it down.
the young are sure what's New is best, will love 'some stupid band' till it hurts and are often correct, by epochal stretch.

yet only an Elder, a master of History could infer this with warrant.
the young are sure what's New is best. psychedelia, space exploration, and synthesizers—my three favorite things—all began in 1943.
Niels Bohr, on his overdoor horseshoe:

'even if you don't believe, it does bring luck, they say.'
airbrake tanks do their job so well, i never knew they existed.

airbrake tanks are angels, to me.
some of the these wandering crazies are in their own longgame of Sidewalk Chicken. thinking they're on a win streak.
vanity demands: its own repudiation. ignoring a mirror, being seen to.
pushing up specs. a tapping of cleats, twisting of cap by the guy on firstbase who just bunted.

working off, by fidgety tic, the tiny last shudders of ego.
sacrifice is: it makes no sense. lacks all whiff of recompense.
i took the four-day Inner King Course™. i've said hi to my Inner King.

i move with the force of my fathers behind me.

my lineage forms a literal line.

i make, my with

, peripheral
[[
, ,
I was merely ing and ing s I of ,
, winding ,
, often
]]
maybe i'll live fine--yet a taste for luxury, this I've long lost.

add for ME

another virtuous Utile,

ching.
had this idea for a film, for all the USA:

w/lenses, amp, for every agent.
you ask me what's up with Scorpios, easy, they're building a mystery. are famous as the Mysterious ones.

it's Aquarians i can't get. i cannot name a single one, famous or familiar. i will not look that up. their features never meld into personhood.
i've read my Linda Goodman, i've consulted Senior Highburger. i can do the astral Changes but i daresay there are jyotins who could set a devious quiz today, betray my scandalous lapses re: Aquarians.
the kingdom, the power, the glory. in ecstasy they fall apart, each is counted.
in ecstasy they fuse: all went in your mama Mo's
twentyfour-flower tea. when gramma/ma were the same
singable phoneme. liquid, all, a softly plosive phoneme.
don't over-articulate. factory-finished words oppress.

leave some meaning in your head. leave us words to solve, Erasmus said. soften syntax, mumble and your reader leans in—— said Erasmus. his words are private waters now we bathe in.
by careful obscuring are atoms held to union. In quantum foam, the Strong Nuclear Force.
i'd all along been hearing Hallelujah wrong: the One is on the ROW not MIKE.⁷

---

⁷ as grampa said: always the wrong thing. i cut this bit and put it near what grampa said, to show him right & please him. grampa said: put it back. grampa said: it's 'next' to what he said, as an example.
in stopshot, the raindrop. we've halted the insentient velocity. its straight descent through sheaths of wind.

in stopshot, the raindrop: not what we thought. parachute-shaped, a squash ball mushed all up in itself. half a sphere w/ doubled skin.

a truth our own skin knew: each fat drop was a suckerfish kiss.

raindrop, teardrop, not alike, speed compresses rain into a suckerfish kiss.

[in stopshot, the raindrop: a Chicago Reader's inset]
well into morn, our Tribe's debate: was History as old as our oldest living Mother among us or held to now, ever-renewing, held on thru the fading day?
one of the problems we're always shooting, we solve each day is that act & idea must cohere. and involve no accident of English.

the tense may be odd, intrinsically odd—–a certain perspective on time is awkward—–but action/idea must cohere.

the present is concise, by feel & the grammar to convey. a retraction of self from temporal spread, into memory, into the subjunctive. to speak it, drop auxiliary verbs, the wills and haves.
time travel yes, for telegraph-bursts of info.

time travel yes but only far back as the wires were hung.

[    thus not insane to blink this eve with LEDs, seek SOS from future selves: salvific tasks that need be done, this eve. ]
i thought six thoughts from Tim's to Fran's one late A.M., walking fast, all lit up and saying my Set:

1    strawberry
2    friend
3    robots
4    ave
5    ramones
6    the clash

at Fran's i asked for a pen and a club wrap. my year of eating animals. found my margins in a left-behind Job Classified. i still can rememb. what each name meant, that 1 and 2 have joined since then and ave was 'Electric', a song in my head: synthbass pings from L to R, from R to L, the sound of 'walking electric'.

the six are a set, and call back songs i heard from Tim's to Fran's.

i'll here add  7:
    the power of sutra, of oral culture generally.
ampersand for and per se and that for and. given by Tiro in late B.C., by Cicero's amanuensis and w/ it the shorthand.

ampersand for and per se and that for and, and when freemen sum their former masters, i listen.
sigmoid cosmos → billard japon

tide arraised, an inland wall

→ on lucent wing a venule

silver tray,

a servant's assay of meat or drink

→ summand and summand brought into sum

→ a petrified sunbeam.
corporate snake → vivid Patrick → altamont stage

horary low moroni → home

red = poem
blue = find a home
green = is gone
to learn your lines, say them loud, hyper-enunciate. work them into facial muscle. throw your self into each syllable.

say your lines theatrically, that is.
the mnemonic tone is that which projects, will fill the hall: what is this coincidence?

theatre is life intensified, made concise; and is memorable for this.
[A splitscreen slide of Darwin & Dennett], a likeness Dennett meditates on.

A Sign that spurred his speaking tour for Breaking the Spell.

Norman Rush wrote Mating to hide his own desert satori. & an early shortstory has 'Roy' explain thru most of its pages his theory of ETIs. a theory i like, that Rush may have loved, and pressed off to his patsy: Evil feeds on numinous fears we seculars grow immune to; the UFO, Abduction & Probe are seeded memes to keep our fear plausible & alive. a troubling conjecture The Paris Review would rather've abjured but the Editor read Rush's opener, aloud—-—Jack liked his office and it was alright to like your office—-—and liked what he heard. he heard himself, a satisfied official, handled in sympathy.

A lesson on ETIs had arrived, in an MFA cover.

Rush & Dennett love no god, but love themselves, and seem themselves like Yahweh. Kubrick and god are areligious, never felt a Schleiermachian Dependence. What's it like,
being kubrick or god? kubrick or god feel power unrestrained, have a total intelligence. god does not believe in god, he is him. he presses off belief to others. Dennett and Rush hide themselves in books about secularists. in Dennett & Rush i sense a love for animals in struggle with a white man's love of burning flesh. an open heart, ill at ease with the willful pride of a Reductionist. Rush outsources meatless regimes to his protagonists; & Dennett coos for cuckoo chicks. each is Hemmingway, the later Hemmingway, soft & translucent, his love of the hunt fled.
pieces for and again about or think about and fine the way I when we no sooner than Mary takes a editor, who says that issue of *True* around about me, that he has consult with me on all this had to be can chance to earn a said, ‘I know your he get back to work. By husband will submit Swedes and the Japanese still for a magazine that likes?’ We have now this is what Mary to into her room to have about it this morning.

“But, Papa, this we

“No, it’s damn be it. Now it is a fact that
in PBT, our options reduce to Theism / Anti, the latter negating all Entities: a totalizing Naturalism.
in PBT an angel ecology is summed in a lonely Abstraction. an impossible abstraction, for yielding endless inconsistencies. so our worship must wait, our angelic Receptions hold till our Journals complete.
yet Russell may be right, and Anselm's Argument valid.

or PBT is god himself saying neti neti: neti neti to his own necessities. his final trick in a negative theophany. in PofR Fridays i lately hear a god i'd like, thinking out loud: a little autistic, a jewish Doubter, lost in abstruse self-analysis. a god i'd like, spread over several Philosophy Professors.
philosophers like saying state of affairs.

it's two more words than state, or affair.

the drop of rain at time t is no mere affair. the state is what freezes it, turns it to slate or a section on our slide. state is the formaldehyde.

states of affairs, states of affair, state of affair are wielded to taste, with subtle grammar so those without ears are outed.

it's Sign of the Professoriate, our modulating shibboleth.
extraneous has no doubles & is
doublet w/ strange

other doublets:
chariot cart
bold bawd
name noun
crypt grot
by average inference, the P.I.E. cardinals:

six  *s(w)eKs / *(s)uēks
seven  *septm / *sēptm
eight  *oKtō, *oKtouor*h₃eKtō, *h₃eKtou / *h₃eKteh₃

hard to say, so much of the gonads in them. s(w)eKs sounds like — — — i here may offend the P.I.E. peoples but s(w)eKs is someone trying to say six and straining. is six said by beings unused to saying. so much assertion of self in each number. 'one' and 'two' were one minE, two minE! Count cannot be pried from Counter. these namings claim, with body as their guarantor.
[ in these likenesses so unlike, are thereby hid: our ancestors' version of worship.]

chintzy you'd think is Yiddish, it isn't, it's Sanskrit.

Sanskrit, i thought, is cognate with script.

yak could be Yiddish, American-quaint or the sanskrit vāk.
the raven gave rise to its Old Norse utterance hrafen. by cock's crow, crow's caw, i fathom what manner of Mind.
no word holds univocal by its longer etymology. by lower strata of lending language, our concepts root in solidities.

to know, e.g. was once to see, and sight itself, was keenly felt, a bump-mapped optics.

by longer etymology, every word's a metaphor.
i'm in the dark at Russian Ark, making notes with one post-it, & one leg of jean. am writing over prior blind scribbles.
consonants densify space-time. grammar is a Logic of difference. prepositions mediate mundane & divine, our vowels enact the freedom of light, w/ dipthongs to bend them.

our ums and ahs are dips of brush in an amorphous soundstuff, our every word an invoking.

The Butterfly Effect

there once was a scholar, alone in his attic. alone in pursuit of his machine. goaded on thru denser sediment of ancient wordplay till hitting at last a summing answer, a primordial vowelation.
lips atremble, looking up. he slips the dread volition:

[ a word for return. a wholly synthetic mot\textsuperscript{8}, perhaps. ]

\textsuperscript{8} the highest morpheme-to-word rate utterable. a fully inflected holophrase. take, e.g., the affirmative yeah. take that yeah through a band-pass filter, as spoken thru a toke-holed Coke bottle. now hear Light, arrayed thru all the attitudes of Life, compressed back into White.
• immediately he's coagulate of Festivology
• is Admirant and on and ology
• is a Mentor & his mentees. a Madam & her whores is
• a throng about a barker.
the Peoples are friendly, our scholar their Guest for several days in a degraded heaven.

our scholar unravels, thru the low & occult caverns.
the Peoples are friendly, are tragically friendly, lacking modern antibodies.

:the whole protoindoeuropean peoples are DEAD.
he's glad being BACK in his attic. but why's it still here? why's it all the same?

in cryptic clack of saxaphone key he hears no Revolution.
seasons pass, at last a Lecture on Greek aesthetics, on early sculpture and he thinks he's misheard, but again, she says:

the greek erosic aesthetic.

his colleagues stiffen & shrug when he presses, the O.E.D. affirms them:

erotic was never a word.
he wanders our streets, feeling our total equality. drops coin w/out peek, unsleeves it from voluminous sleeves. is parting way thru streetcar crowd: thru the schoolkids, all the quiet riders, gazing each foot forward. he's panning seatspace, left and right, dusting angelic Murmurs.
he drifts in apparitional, bloodlines streaming festive; arms agape, he limbos drop-ceiling. head whipped back, a rockgod.
rolls in, last, a cackling torso. **sussurs** from what ashram, then?

[end, THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT]

i taxify his illness\(^9\) as textual paranoia: with Jaynes's hallucinating the cuneiform. and Barzac's Syndrome, cousin of Capgras: where all docs seem a perfect contrivance.

[The Oxford Companion to the Mind, pls see, on Fechner, agree that had Fechner never been, our Ed would've had to invent him! ]

\(^9\)in early drafts i had 'here': 'i taxify his illness here'. in earlier drafts had dozens of these, unneeded for my reader - for where else would i be? - but needed for me, to stick my rhythm, and keep me on the page: as carnal as i'll ever be.

early speakers weighed more. their body kept them 'here'. their 'here' and 'now' were their body's resonance. throat's glottal throb. they'd speak of themselves in the third person, in a touching pass at objectivity and still it meant 'me', it all meant 'me'.
again, again: no word for rice or tamaters in the Vedas? and what remains of Plato's claim the letter t is a modern and tasteless insertion? [Phaedrus, 244C]

and what then? did our scholar say RETURN, again? the word should work, its power is phonetic. magic draws the thing it names.

incantation calls to being: a propos our second story,

The Perfectly Sharp Blade.

there was a young monk with one mad dream: to fashion a blade so perfectly sharp it would cut thru anything.
he rose each morning & drew his blade from sackcloth sheath. along its edge he'd press his thumb, a mindful erosion. years of this, but [ i refuse further edits. been wording this story for ten years, on and off. every couple months i make it worse, i think. ] [ his weakening will, his looming despair — — — i'm sick of these words. . . . . it's time to take apart. . . . . i resort to self-reference, but am not so exalted in despair. ] [ a failure like his Teacher's: who'd vowed "to write one thing so well the words would rise from page" i.e become the thing itself. ]
[ our monk then vows these two tasks as One. ]
every morning works his lonely phrase. [i picture a lap desk, our monk in lotus at it.] one day of its metal grip, moulded & cold to his hand; another of [what], the [what]ful zing [i won't say 'frightful' but need to say something. narrative needs its adjectives. "the tiny rip thru Space of swiping blade." it's hard to care, feels good to undo what couldn't be done.]
"most of all, its cutting edge: arm's length, and tapering thin to empty space."

[the edge should taper into two dimensions, to a line, i.e. and the line into nothing.]
ten years, a hundred pages, mounting fear he's doubled his folly.
then one morning, mind awash in dreamless sleep he breaks his blade and puts his hundred pages to the flames.

[this i like: the end.]
on palm of hand he writes one word, and laughs: his wish is made.
I can not say; yet a principle may infer.

We might now speak of the source of his word.
my genius friend Johnson, usually calm, depressively calm, called me one night in a manic state. He'd read a draft of The Perfectly Sharp Blade when a pleasing buzz shot up his back and left his scalp tingling. He'd felt it, checked by double mirror, yes: a faintest patch of downy blonde was forming on his bald spot.
the morning after, i read to Johnson fresh dug words i’d jotted days earlier:

hair is our clue we’re already there,
headtops enjoying that final sly sprouting

baldness reveals we’re already receiving,
solar beams bouncing from pate to far planet.

our bustle & babble were thoughtless translations.

i leave it raw, an uncomfortable poetry. yet words i heard in a silence i’d emerged from, dazed & legs cramped. words i heard then had my end for A Perfectly Sharp Blade.
we cannot say what made him laugh, the monk's one word: but a principle may infer.
we might well speak of our young monk's source: silence, that night, what the monk didn't dream. silent, his Blade, slicing its way thru anything.
across a crowded Seminar, that's how i met my genius friend Johnson. The Philosophy of Colour with Sonia Sedivy, Summer 2000. two days in, with gracious measure, he offered a thought that pretty much shut us all down.

we all seem silly near my genius friend Johnson, he really can't help it.

was on my way to BMV, to sell my later Miles CDs and there he was, at Bloor & Brunswick waiting. he got me to buy a The Replacements CD.

next day, outside Suspect on Markham: i'd just returned my VHS of Barry Lyndon. Johnson was impressed, said no one
ever watches that, did a full-cast mimic of The Rape of the Ciprian & led us back in for movies.

i often thought: a young & blonder Bruce Willis, or: distorted in close-up, Peter Krauss when Nate had brain cancer.

we one night spooned on my futon-couch playing Dark Alliance, in the dark, pythons in a food coma. B was in India. B just laughed when i later confessed, said You guys.

my genius friend Johnson's most virile feature is his rumbling, resonant voice. he dresses Preppy, in sensible loafers and clean plaid shirts. tucked in jeans. sets him apart from the writers & guitarists hanging from him, constantly.

from little things he's said and done i infer a fat cock. gauging his reaction to things, his byoyant readiness for large asses.

he's half-French, son of a prof, raised in the rurals near London. for a couple of years they lived in St. Thomas where his mom was the commissioner. 'ask me what my mom does, Yeah, my mom? she's the Commish.'
my genius friend Johnson knew what botswain meant when i had to ask; & how to pronounce synecdoche when Charlie Kauffman wasn't even in his mommy's tummic. i'll sometimes know what he doesn't, like he knows Joni Mitchell but not that she called her her voicings Chords of Inquiry. she'd find a new chord, fooling with tunings, and brood in it for days.

my genius friend can play charmingly fey, the way he torques his upper body, checks the ass of his pants in the mirror at H&M. hands on hips, the judicious and lascivious are twisted in higher synthesis. I'll take 'em! he says w/Little Richard bug-eyes and we go get Booster Juice smoothies together.

my genius friend, an Ectomorph, does stretch the notion of Walking. his every stride's a hiccup flight, abandoning ground. his every sneaker's squeak a gymfloor landing. exactly how tall is my genius friend? he bounds about, in abstract space, the girls hanging off him. but how tall are they? when my genius friend distractedly claps at J.J. Abrams Star Trek i infer he's less enthused than when leaping from his lawnchair going Whoo!Whoo! at the passing Popemobile. yet how enthused, my genius friend, at the Popemobile? less than he is at Jesus Christ, yet this i
judge by how enthused *i* would be, when so gesticulating. i correlate intensity with gesture: what else. a person presents in his bodily repertoire our only means for ranking his loves; but how he feels for any one, we'll ever wonder.

and don't get me started on my genius friend's love of all Aboriginal Peoples! my genius friend texted last night <<I LOVE ALL ABORIGINAL PPL>> to MuchMoreMusic during a Massari three-play.

[What are the odds the anonymous tween who actually said that will learn of my theft? tomorrow, we learn that she found out today: our Query's tense would merely alter, after the fact, i.e.: what are the odds she found out? she found out, yes: yet how surprised should we be?

mild complacense, the emotive epoché: our proper worship of a true statistic Mystery. ]

my genius friend plays freejazz guitar, pays scrupulous attention to tone. i played a loop for my genius friend Johnson, a noisescape with a pulsing e-bass. what is that, Johnson said, I like that. like a ballbearing rolling in a gritty clay funnel, Johnson said.
that was it, exactly: clayfunnelroulette.wav from my SonicSource sample-pack. a Jakarta DJ hounds my friend for his special White Noise. claims he'll forge his Tundra Loop, & Legend, from it.

my genius friend during Play-fight said Aw you hit me in the nut-snack!

with his gedanken of the Whale, my genius friend hastened the completion of Canadian Bioethics. my genius friend filled Boetzkes' Crossword in unusual ways. our better grads, since that day, raise a hale cheer for my genius friend, at any near-Mention of Canadian, Bioethics and/or my genius friend.
it's hard to be new, there are too many people.

within i scoffed at the Nazi ad hominem; but all along my private joke was *Godwin's Law*, a commonplace of Usenet etiquette.
the back-back joke ['1993 wants its joke about x wanting y back, back'] is still invented independently.
i read my first Vonnegut late in life, months after honing the folksy-wry, my own authorial voice. i was horrified, hypnotized. i was staring in an heirloom mirror.
we're both of us three French things, maybe more: amateur, raconteur, provocateur. i read it to B in a fortnight of bedtimes, after which the Doctor died.

for days later, my left naso-labial furrow jittered and my asshole was strangely itchy.
i dreamt we three of us all of us heard the first Atlas Sound. before he was big. a sunless beach, three of us gazing the insentient surf, hearing Winter Vacation.
i said to the Doctor i couldn't decide if the vocals were complex, an architectonics.

then it **is**! he said and together we laughed, younger / elder;

but where was B?
pauly!
an angel of distress hovered over wave, fusing off-phase with the sad, slow crash, the resonant fuzz of seaspray.
it's spinning, getting darker!
her vocals were faint, though quite in-tune . . . sine waves synched in legato arpeggio of the first Atlas Sound, my god . . . .

she was lost inside the song!
a sufficiently advanced technology would be hard to distinguish from magic. sufficient for what? to distinguish from magic. i gently urge a switch to St. Ives from Druide-brand Baby Butter: Mango-flavour.

i praise to B the Seventeenth Century, cite her Swiss engineering: which mangos only dream of.
the Swiss are renowned for their shiny wrists: banker's wrists, they call them.

the Swiss are acclaimed for their porous skin. chemic's skin they say.
NEVER LOSES SUCTION says our SHARK™ Reference Card, pinned to fridge above the folk-art foodporn.

i'm faint before it, losing balance, coming out of Eagle pose one late a.m.:

NEVER LOSES SUCTION

∞
B put a sign over stairs to the cellar but we really need two 'cause I often forget to duck when ascending, and step up into the wooden underhang, compress my scrawny hinjoo neck.
in Spontaneous Otoacoustic Emissions [SOAE], the cochlear amp, deprived of stimulus, produces sound ex nihilo.

the ear's small hairs go hyperactive, convert to energy nearby air.
this energy is the amplification; [wikipedia] heat just is molecular motion [Patricia Churchland]; motion is the verbal Being—Being's an is—is just is.
the Perseus cluster soundwaves: B-flat groans from its blackhole core, 57 octaves low.
i'm rubbing my eyes on a type-size t, floating and droning in the center of vision, thus

**SEAt**

[i'd seen an S in folds of shawl, an E across my netherlap.]

[then eyes shut, saying *nah nah nah* but every ah my neck cramped up.]
my room is a realm made sacred by Science.

the Science that found the Signal.
i was at the time myself a seat: sunk in half-lotus, upholstered in my full-body shawl.
i was at the time a SETI site, nervestrings tuned, abuzz in eerie harmonies.

i was at the time made alien to myself.

SEAt = Sea T = Thetis
SEAt = SETI = my science that found the Signal
SEAt = Asana = ASS anagram
SEAt = S EAT = a Snakeeats
sitting alone in my dark, warm room, when B burst in, said pauly, you're alone! in your dark, warm, room!
no closed loop, this cosmic Snake! she takes in power, outputs HEAT. she keeps me in my basement warm & comfy.
later that week a missive arrived for THE REPTILE WRANGLER, sent from The Domain Registry of Canada. 'Mail', said B, her little chin pinning her shopping sac to chest, reaching in the mailbox. She held it to her face, she squinted at the name but i snatched it with a smirk as if unburdening her of junk mail. was worried, in truth, it was something i had done.

i tore it open, i read it there standing, my smirk unmoving. it warned my Domain Name was due to expire by Dec. 4 2008, and failure to Renew would result in the loss of my Online Identity.
Please detach this stub and include it with your payment.

Check the appropriate boxes of the Domain Names you would like to order.

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Available Domain
thereptilewrangler.com
1 Year
2 Year
5 Year

Total Amount
(Please add 5%)

THE REPTILE WRANGLER
703 WOODbine AVE

If paying by credit card, please print your domain name here.
Card Number ____________________________
Card Type ____________________________
Expiration Date: __________/____

a pair of phonecalls cleared things up. or deepened the mystery: The Reptile Wrangler, a snake guy in Barrie, used to live in our house.
the angelic is here, atop the parietal lobe;

the demonic below, off-tailbone.

the mystic reduced to a medium of forces, the shaman consigned to his healing function.¹⁰

¹⁰Zarcone & Hobart, Shamanism and Islam: Sufism, HealingRituals and Spirits in the Muslim World, first article.
if spinal, then physical, then clearly not there. The kundalini uprush is a twentieth century Energetics.

its aspirants bilateral, built around a stick & their enlightenment is epiphenomenal.
consider instead our ontic core as Story, a Voice with character. the deepest force a Person with quirks --- this, not chakras, is disruptive of Physics. a humming, an arranging for private kicks.
a distracted Kid: this mocks Reduction. is Reduction's reverse, beginning with a psychic Complex.
yet what is unreduced in Physicalism? eternal, ex nihilo, or emergent from Chaos, these atoms are contingent, something remains: some simple fact we may well call Caprice.
which is simple, which unreduced: a humming Child or the colored balls he plays with?
Tomorrow we'll play truants. Engage a Carriage and make our Way to the enigmatic Gangu Raam, to his very Parlour.
"we'll hear there an Answer to our any one question."
thus did my classmate, who hankered as I for the Saintly propose as we dallied and shirked in Maths. he added a Warning: come in your English Suit, be beyond all suspicion.

so did we TWO tailored Urchins, arm-in-arm, thru the gay bazaar, make our Conveyance;
So were brought to Babu Raam's Office, afore his low dais he sat beaming on.

<<in the day I perform what's appointed by the Bareilly Central Rail, & all the trains do arrive and leave by the known Schedule.

Yes ji, yes but what of all thy 'saintly labours'?

<<at night I sit, apprentice in a Higher Office. there i serve my Master Gen, I keep to Heart that Schedule hid which all men's souls are run by.

When then time for the super-human Sadhanas we'd rumours of? my perplexity was plain, and my chum's glum Expression.
Babu ji palmed my letter, lowered his eyes and held it aloft like a wind-vane, declaring:

"this Train you ride no Chit can stop, but bear it well, and know it ends, this July."
I then comprehended, in joy said: Surely the Divine 'Master-Gen' shows his favour!

It was all too uncanny for my jottery state. But by these Tidings, still I hear a sanctuary humming within.
there is now only Science & Super-- --: the European chemist & hindu wonder-worker are One:
thus did Professor Roberto Calibri of the U of Padua in latest Experiment ascertain:

by the rapid alternation of Lantern Slide — — — —;

by the Bouts' Device needle, by its wild bounce;

by Tarskometer holding equanimous as the Higher Being it measured.
"the prudent is duesman of this double-scheme: one that doles on tithe of the living, ekes its modest tidings;

One, on death, that shows a profit everlasting.
<y'r saying some name, some mantra naam
from the second u wake and
forgetting yr dreams,
a religion of One.
mutatis mutandis may each proceed thru epic Stations.
if u keep on googling hotair balloon disasters,

hot air balloons will keep on disastering.
<<Your defenders are many, left from wandering Legions of peace.
<<o u yearnt for this Ending, the poetry of it compells ye.
go supine, palms up, mouth agape.

make of yourself a Radio,

set to receive from afar.
taller, you feel? or simply as tall as you are, my friend.

my Titan friend: you have within you many Systems, endless acreage.
disgust with sex, with having sex\textsuperscript{11}:

Sue here sounds as knowing as her Eds.

having sex: vulgar words of the reductivist fuck-count. a surface politeness. our knowing smile down upon the genital mash.

we misconstrue Sue, we cannot read Hardy: disgust with sex is ours, an era of pornography. a disgust by satiety. a disgust unvirginal.

in projecting onto Sue, we rape her, in effect.

\textsuperscript{11} wikipedia: 'Jude the Obscure'. February 2016
disgust with sex, with having sex: a crowdsourced voice, feigning the objective.

childhood itself we molest: its innocence invaded by salacious ads for anal sex. imply, don't say, fuck or ass & the City will run it:

the TTC and Q107 are its sponsors: a campaign for raising the esteem of a culture unable to protect its kids.
a poster within they had a girl strip to her underwear for warns of perverts.

a [sic] for every word not dick or its affiliate. I Want Candy means I Want Cock and it's obvious to everyone,
always. sets my soul on fire intends a certain rubbing of speculable spot. i've misheard everything, everything but the novelty song: not about cock, the unserious song.

why is he talking about lime in the coconut twist it all up. this is why i didn't listen to any music in 2008.

[DarkyBlue, on Tyga's 'Coconut Juice']

a [sic] for every word not dick or its affiliate. viagro spam gone straight to Trash that shadows every missive legit.
the Innocent were free of double-entendre. their every song was a novelty song. We go off to a shady place, we cast our lines all day i.e. meant fishing. Hold on tight was not vaginal pressure.

the elvis smirk was pull from offstage. offstage-left: a massive phallus, the coming epoch of porn that rock was MC for.
... and youths should be made
to imagine The Virgin, naked in
her healing Grace;

And made to paint Her, to hold
their stones, and hold them not
throw them:

At jackals, vultures, Fiends around whom
The scent of Death does hang.

[ There is more to learn of Death hence of Life
From Vultures than the epitaphs
Of Great Men. ]

[i dreamt an Essay by Dickens, called Mirabel]
was old, cool, cloyed with sweat. was three great rings, welded concentric.

on middle ring, in a childish hand, were Prodigies & Fauna, zodiacal etchings.

three great rings, its diametric span. the outer ring was SimSun & recent.

on inner ring, the rim around the void of the thing were dull and greening glyphs, three, an implicit triangle: each an angular serif.

icons, all of the epochal sediment.

[i noticed a medallion on a friendly old man]
freehand trace of the coveted piece, his gift to me on parting.
If the primary need is security and belonging, we call the group Mainstreamers;

If it's status and the esteem of others then it's Aspirants;

If it's control then it's Succeeders; and

If it's self-esteem it's Reformers.

[John Banks, Chairman, Young and Rubicam: in Century of the Self, 2002]
these Types enforce an Order.

these terms are vague, are only as strong as their Speaker. their power is all the Chairman's.

not a bogus science, but a real london magick. names w/ enough form to channel & intensify the Speaker's own Will.

by his slight rightward lean, his rightfist clench with each Type said, the tiny beings in the atrium behind, these escalating shoppers, are regimented.

intoning Types with hint of threat, from Dictator's height: they are as he says, for he names the Four Types.¹²

¹² Marked differentiations such as those of A and B films, or of stories in magazines in different price ranges, depend not so much on subject matter as on classifying, organising, and labelling consumers. Something is provided for all so that none may escape; the distinctions are emphasised and extended. [Adorno & Horkheimer, The Culture Industry]
his will thrown whole into his muscular armour. he's in himself, yet Outer-Sourced to sheath of flesh. pressed into the layer of Self that loves life more.

in his black suit, Banks within the great, golden hall: Bernaise & his band of global brahmins set him down, and gave him Magic.
yet and yet i like the man. i too, presume so much, impose my own Order. can't be sure which side i'm on, or that there are. . . . . i do admit i like the man.
sedulous, click Here to Listen.

his Voice is low, through desktop tweeters, frequencies shown. . .

an authority earned by his weekendless work, twelve hour days when this, sedulous, slid in-queue.

a voice so baritone cannot but tell it unstrained and true: he's Sauron, Brahma, Xerxes, Vader.

is perfectly bald and ten feet tall. could enclutch and decarbonate me with one hand, make me his novelty blow-up mic.

i go thru thesaurae with a skeptic's flair, with insousance. as someone settling a bet.
i'm ashamed for i've come here from 'The Novarian Series', a wiki page, to that from 'The Reluctant King', and that from sad fapping.

i'm deep & low in my rollback chair. i've pressed asplay my Essays for Quine or some such legit-prop. deep in the smut-trance the key-tap shall falter, my sheesha whistle rasp & fade.

i snap-to, slam the tome. sharply sigh and rise in feign of a frustrated fact-check.

herbal tea to precede; first of all, my gmail, thrice. i switch on the computer to enter grades.

it's 3:22 minus forty.
sin prevents salvational knowledge. keeps e.g. a man from seeing his porn as infidelity. infects his Inference: he cannot with think with disinterest. his Ontology is compromised: any elision of the V/R divide, a leak either way of V into R would compell him to ruinous confession.

would hurt his girl, knowledge of these actual other girls.
but porn is V, and V is 'merely' — what's to confess? he'll see no worm in the rose of their romance.

the V of porn / the hardness of R: these he'll confirm till the R is hard to see thru.

because of porn he won't e.g. see Maya / thru her.
alone, again, with hours to spend, he can't even call it a
Tempting. It's a brief, grim glimmer, a stifled sense he's
been here before but spread himself thin over hmms, i don't
knows and whatevers.
the daughters of Maara, his final upsaaras arrive by Maara unannounced.

are always around, are infinite porn w/ a search engine.
are jpeg slide-shows, folders in folders. sequenced for custom arousals.
are porn in a town where porn is allowed, a private right & no big thing, just porn.
we huddled in council, ran some numbers.

we gotcha, B, hang tight!
the Doctor said it was time for his trump. a one-time summon of toni bonjiovi, the teenage phenom.
he didn't say hi, make nice with his eyes. was adorably asocial. wholly composed in his Botticelli mop.

headphones, huge, ringed his neck.
he set in sand his medic's bag, updrew timers, mics & gadgets increasing to a nine-foot boom he pulled like a bucket from its well: fist-under-fist, lips tight in serious self-involvement.
he twiddled knobs, tapped his keyscreen, made and made again his chain of tube amps & compressors.
satisfied, grimly confirmed, he rose from his post with the diagnosis:
the Song, this whole bad beach was a trap: a spiral shell, high on wave;
a self-singing Structure that the sly Bradford Cox was slinking from, now!
long Bradford Cox is one of Seven i've battled. he shouts & boasts, he squats and slaps his buttered thighs, an odious pindh wrestler.

Mr. Positive of St. Paul, MN is another.
the Doctor dangled boom above wave. assigned to me: a tiny pitch-pipe.
a squelch\textsuperscript{13} came out that pains me, still, a squelch to fizzle walls & tear thru brainflesh.

\textsuperscript{13}In Leon Gabor's sense of the term, 'a metaphysical phenomenon of energy in the shape that will suppress, lift, cut, bind, burn, go through solids - all types of feats that are above normal action.' Milton Rokeach, The Three Christs of Ypsilanti [Columbia UP, 1964] p. 251.
the music whoze, the music rasped, and Shell cracked clean, zagged down its sagittal plane.

halves fell way, petals of a lotus or pistachio shells and there stood B, chaste & naked, slender arm at her heart.
the Day broke in homage behind her.
vonegut said more ego / i love it! three days dead when i showed him this Doc in my DreamRoom white as the man himself.
how will we know when it's heaven? i said. when your head is a cloud then it's heaven he said, fading in the cooling steam as i awoke light-headed.
more ego / tat tvam asi / mutato nomine de te fibula narrator

I particularly like the double t's with which our pleasure begins perhaps you will enjoy the ingenious use of the vowel i with which it ends...

---

i found him in fear, in an arid gully. writhing anomolous under the Woodbine overpass.

an old chinese man lent his cane to coax him round.
the old man's wife had pointed him out, to him, to me. i moved him up & away from traffic, released him high on the grassy slope: level with the guardrail where a small graffito caught my eye, the white-out fresh and drippy:

MONC
from slope-top now could see another, lightly scrawled along three slabs of sidewalk:

SURA
turning on Bloor, i'd been thinking of the Second; when meeting the Second, was mulling the First. \[15\]

\[15\] the third did wind, a pallid great vine, from lodgings high & palmy. hood aflare, lord of the Yorkville condo canyon. rearing & taunting the Libeskind ROM.
the Second arrived at 703 Woodbine with a child called Grace—— who claimed it my likeness then put it to war with Infinity Sharke, above the folk-art foodporn.

i name him here Mike Newmani, & sing his Epic:
M I K E  N E W M A N I

MIKE NEWMANI INVENT PNEUMATIC TYRE!

MIKE NEWMANI LEAP AND CATCH BAT MIDFLIGHT! MIKE NEWMANI VERY ANGRY INSECT!
"Gejigeji, Mommy! Gejigeji running!"

TEAM GEJIGEJI

VS.

MIKE NEWMANI

開始する!!

BEGIN!!!
MIKE NEWMANI DRIVE BUS THROUGH HOKKAIDO COUNTRYSIDE.

MIKE NEWMANI BUS LEAP + CATCH ROTTING ORGANIC MATTER, MID-FLIGHT!
MIKE NEWMANI

- VERY TIRED, NOW.
- SLEEP FOR WHILE
MIKE NEWMANI STRETCH HIS LEGS, HIS MANY LEGS.

MIKE NEWMANI CELEBRATE BIO-DIVERSITY.
MIKE NEWMANI SIT AT DESK, WRITE EVOLUTION'S RAINBOW AT FEVERISH PACE.

MIKE NEWMANI MAID TOSS E.R. IN FIREPLACE BUT MIKE NEWMANI FORGIVE HER.

NOT PUNCH HER IN BELLY, PAY HER OFF LIKE SCHOPENHAUER.
MIKE NEWMANI ASK FOR AUDIENCE SILENCE, PLS

MIKE NEWMANI QUESTION MYTH OF FLOWING STAIN-GLASS. IF SO, THEN WHY SO SLOW IN MEDIEVAL OPTICS? PROTOTYPE MICROSCOPES ET CET.
MIKE NEWMANI DREAMING RE: MUNCHING.

MIKE NEWMANI CHUCKLE TO SELF ON RELEASE FROM BRIEF REVERIE.
MIKE NEWMANI READING RE: OBAMAMANIA.

MIKE NEWMANI ALL CAUGHT UP, TX
MIKE NEWMANI STILL ADORE THRU ALL THESE YEARS THE PRELUDE DRONE OF DAS RHEINGOLD. MIKE NEWMANI HEAR THEREIN NOT RIVER RHINE BUT TIMELESS, TUBULAR BIOMASS.
MIKE NEWMANI SET ASIDE THIS TUESDAY MORN FOR DRAWER CLEAN. FOR BETTER WORKSPACE CHI-FLOW.
MIKE NEWMANI SOMETIMES FIND NON-GEGIGEGI ATTRACTIVE.

& MUCH BEAUTY THROUGH EARLY INSECT WORLD.

HAS VISION, OF FLOWERS, FUTURE & VERIDICAL.

MUCHLIKE UPRIGHT WORM, SHALL BE: WITH PRETTY 'HAT'.
MIKE NEWMANI SEND LOVE OUT TO WILSON BRYAN KEY.

TO BROTHERS BYRON;

JOSH WILBUR, JOSH WINK.
SEND LOVE OUT TO LIVE CURTISCHIP, ANALOG PA.
TO HEART OF THE SPARROW, by BARRY DOUPÉ.
MIKE NEWMANI MAKE SWEET LOVE TO LEKKING GROUSE.

SHUDDER AT FATHER: OVERBED WITH SHARP, ANGERFUL TEETH.
WHAT IF MIKE HAS MODERATE 'SMELL'. A MUSK NOT UNPLEASANT YET NEVER QUITE MUTED? AND NO ONE EVER SAID TO MIKE: MIKE YOU HAVE A MODERATE, MUSKY SMELL.

:AND OTHER SUCH LACUNAE IN AWARENESS OF SELF.
IN STOCKING FEET, IN FRONT OF CLASS, HAS CHOSEN. HERE.

IN HEART OF ROCK AND ROLL, IS IN CLEVELAND.
to george i am spectral, all Vision. i make no wave, am real to his eye not antennae.
to george, the lobster, i'm a ghost, am god-like. our spaces diverge, are barely linked by sensation.
my rats are old but boyish. each day freed they confirm each surface, seek their rightful access.

they will not feed when scouting & manic.
i speak these words whose tones they receive as encouragement.

cho-mo, now, at workdesk edge, his whiskers fanning. assessing by head-bob the chasm ahead.
he's jiving his jump, projecting its end and my breath is on edge, allied w his tiny drama.

my voice held back is his natural soundtrack; i stay with his tension, respect it.
a cascade of honks at Dupont / Spadina, timed with my rising.

timed with a dangerous & idle desire-

idle i write to contain its power, hold it in-mind; or give it time to tempt me.
idle i say, and hear these honks: the street outside, my soundtrack.
an amphitheatre of souls, of ecosystems nested. all eyes on the show below, every row believing they're the backmost, highest.
i just sent $318 to Y, she'd helped with VJ's CT scan at OVC. my msg to Y is the 18's from VJ, saved up on his paper route: very cute, someone gets it: four ladies behind me. they're on a poster for GICs, laughing on cue: eternally. their arms are linked in sisterhood.
: my joke, they like, my life they like, and VJ, Y--- our very own japanese buzzfeed.

: i've set them up, from outside Time, to receive our minutiae with pleasure.
this is our niche, every kid knows: a series of leavings, slipping the System.

by crayon's say-so, the ever-widening gravity wells.
every kid invents this game, putting name to letter:

125 Applewood Crescent
Belleville, ON, Canada,
WORLD
et cetera,

then:

Dear Whoever
in church, our garage band.
our trio filled the hall with sound, we had our hour & were good.

miko / mark reminded what a child, what a floor-tom and snare could do for an intro.
then & there, all was made America again, hearing 'Peggy Sue' again in nineteen fifty-eight.
a large & complex envelope i held like a ghazal vaala's surmandal & its sound was the same, a higher harp: tuned imperfect so the lingering notes, the gathering Chord, was wavery.
plectrum's tip in the nap of every fold, thru all the folds of my complex envelope---
see-thru pearl on paper's white & the whole was invisibly miked.
my private plucks, tentatively spaced did wholly resound & held the hall.
this church was for drop-ins, errant from the tourist mobs of a boardwalk market.
this church was unstaffed, coming alive with hesitant walk-ins: friends on a lark, pressing in from the noise & sun.
a tourist Find, an Inside all there stumbled on, from the Saturday beach outside.
Errants of Venice Beach, rejoice: a church is found, for just your Kind.
[ your Lives therein by mullion frame on candy Pane that tell of every trio wandered by:}
[ on passing mic & leaving stage, miko finds us, over-dormer: a jubilant Naïve.]
an abstract music is heard in the description. Mann's Doctor Faustus is a score, is a performance. Mann's book is the Oratorio.
the uncle's shop, in Kaisersaschern, calls up spirits:

a bewitching sight that caused one's private acoustic fantasy to surge and roar.
in Mann's inventory all the unstruck chords are heard. The drumskins tight and rattling light an endless rhythm. The uncle's shop is a catcher of song, calling down for Leverkuhn.

Here, however, the meticulously tuned metal plates, arranged to vibrate freely on pairs of crossbars, lay in neat rows in their elegant lockable case, waiting to have melody struck from them by dainty steel hammers kept inside the padded lid.  

[trans John E. Woods]
in rows unplayed, the woodwinds play a wondrous song: all their possible melodies.

abstraction is a set of all the variants: is heard by sounding none.
or heard by playing thru all, at once: thus none. notes from the making of A Night at the Opera:

sessions were spread over six London studios, the tapes worked clear, their sulphites / whatever by layered guitar worn thru.

tv's sound was off. the captions on.

a band of four, every man a chorus of four, subselves divisored, freddie's head in hindu multitudes.
Eshun i prefer, his book is enough. More Brilliant than the Sun is my favourite afrofuturism.

I'm selling off my Miles CDs, I will not seek a vinyl Electronic Sonata.
i've tried to like Venetian Snares but finally love his kit explained in a recent Exclaim.¹⁶

i have my store of crackly qualia from wonky patchcords so
the word voltage, when placed near 'sequencer' activates a
circuit. is an excellent electronica.
high in his tower, a sentryman lapses. he swoons, recovers.

high in his tower, newly amazed by inner life.

but wherefore does my life say this to me?

Hector, the Iliad
every act has its inward investment. every whittled relic is a pill ingested.

extrospection: outward gaze in search of an inner.
talk of soul is for those who just got one. surrounded, detached, in measureless space: the Sprite from flame, newly amazed.
aglow in their abundance, in all of the Body's political demands, secondwave feminism praised the Body, the Body so named. they sang the Body's praises.

so too with God— --: a novice only calls him this. and Fate is fine for the awed & wary but our scrutinies yield a rich liturgy, a subtle Teleology.
to the precision of Anatomy--- so tends the discourse of Intimacy.
the thing about songs is a chorus is coming. harmonic shift contrives a line we followed, once, that took us to a change:

frozen soon in song structure.
a problem with poems is they come with a title, often on a page. a problem w Odes, they're intended.
Solitary the thrush, / The hermit withdrawn to himself,
avoiding the settlements, / Sings by himself a song.
surely not — - -tho do go on.
o the thrush is a Poet? the same whose page we parse?
this in a dirge for an American President.

any Mourning nine sheets long and set in verse is suspect;

and to publish oneself is abject.
Poets are dead, Leonard Cohen said. Leonard Cohen, u may join my Poets' Constellation: a gathering of madmen who twinkle discretely down on me. bemused observers of Sexual Selection— an inviolable condition of entry— whose wry lines register like takes of the razor the joys of desires unmet.
outpost of Turin, its inertial centre.
ecce homo, hunched at his station. in the alpine light distinctly unblessed—a lone beam thru the grimy dormer.
he rails and totters, germanically mutters. his ego ballooned in an overlarge loneliness. unchecked by the press of other selves.
the valorous live from solar plexus. he is a brahmin, he's in his head.

is a nondimensional point of awareness. his trunk and limbs a faint extension [living w kundalini]
if the door should blow open, a Brother may it be! if a Brother it be, be it Jesu, the Love-bug [Lebe-wanze]: Transfixer-serene of wildeye gazings thru glasses gone askew.

may a system of flurries cycle about his Person!
if this be a 'scene', will the People laff & titter, when Jesu plays it tender? enfolds within placental robes the troubled Scholar? will someone shout 'It's not your fault!'?

a second chime, in the massing jibe, 'You had me at hello!'?
Jesus hugging Nietzsche, Christ & Anti- hamming it up for a grandstand of gradschool kids - - - - --: all of them in- utero & ebullient about my workdesk. where angels often hover. the airs around me whipped to meringue, my breath of prose in cloudforms lofted: curlicue & alate and i chortle that should teachers ask, let this be their image.
-kNOCK KNOCK
-who's there?
-a lightbulb joke, because:

➢ it seems a handsome thing to have done
and just as a drunkard who comes thru a thicket saying what is this Robber's Forest I have come to? making his brain upset;
as one who takes on daintified habits — — anointing his loins, rubbing his teeth, each day growing longer in hair & greedy for shape — — does come upon some bloated corpses, thinking:

O what a place of bloated corpses I have come to! ;
so the Wise, who only sought to die unconfused, forsook his race-name, his "happy habit"[sukha-sila], sought out eaters of parched grains, those who sleep sensually and, mindful no longer of the Subject of Meditation, forgetful of the sign, he died, saying:

Here at last, the sign I have sought!
there was a young monk who thought on the Sign til his rear did rot, till maggots bred there yet [t]his did not deter him, and he'd see in all things the symbol. ¹⁷

there was an Elder under a tree when in the road an Ogress arrove, saying all the dirty words. the Elder arose & followed the Ogress, down the road, to a bridge.
she turned and spoke:

Venerable sir: Not just two or three the likes of you I've eaten!
there IS the theory of dressing for the sex appeal, displaying for men the sex appeal; and common his attraction to a colour of sari, say. [Aurobindo]

common for the woman to pursue the male sports, and exercise her genitals.

will this increase her monthly pains? research gives no evidence. [the Mother]

an excited man inside her body will transfer his excitement to her? yes, she almost lost her way. sexual men with 'sexy desires'— 'sexman' — was in her. [Barry Long]

how best to worship the Divine Mother? in vama marga some prefer her as a sixteen-year-old daughter [The Mother].
is there a way for a man and woman to live happiest together? indeed there is: by serving each other all their days. [The Mother]
is true the police will ask baksheesh for car's safe harbour? yes this is true. yes this is sheepishly true. [del Toro, Traffic]
thus ends, O friends, 'Anatomy of a Lady'.

given here for gladdening the hearts of good men everywhere.
sovkhoz evokes an era. yet analogues live on.

man is a sodality, ever conniving for common end.

here at base of Social Theory, laws are tight w Physics.
in the early days of social work, my uncle aiden met a girl, a sad young girl who was weary of games.

was ready to settle, was looking for a long-term, a drama-free relationship.
hearing a possible Suicide’s code my uncle ran his Diagnostic:

what do you make of 'Nothing's okay'?

are u more yourself on inhale or ex-?
pregnant out-of-body, she felt. she'd rise with the sun, pass over each day and her teeth felt bigger than planets.

my Uncle heard his Senior in her high, remote office:

ASK HER IF SHE ORGASMS
but not into my Uncle's ear, his small receiver. she'd hit the switch that dropped her voice thru the Institute. every room and hall could hear.
Y & i saw *Starwars* today, on Valentine's gave in. i fell asleep till a silence, sudden, half an hour in. went tense in my seat, was ready for something to crash the set, a bombblast.
the trick was horrendous, suddenly clear: silence triggers trauma, death. we're trained to fear it, find it tense.

they hammer into every brain the old lesson that continuous friction, the breaking down of all individual resistance, is the condition of life in this society. [Adorno & Horkheimer, The Culture Industry]
action films aren't totally loud, they've quiet enough to contaminate it.

the ratio's such that silence disrupts the action.

elderly friends have an intimate minute, so one can be called up to Deck.

   sorry, sir, to interrupt, you're needed Above- - - - -

this we expect.
Star Wars 7 said the Carleton marquee, and that is correct. the first whose release aligns with order of story.
Star Wars 7, as silly as that, a terrible spoof by Bananas Magazine in 1983 of a geriatric Rocky.
when Kylo Ren kills his dad, the score, like Ren, misleads us into hope of redemption.

Kylo Ren and Star Wars 7 lie in tandem.
the colossal is a fraud [pkd] which sad if true means kubrick, all epic. the Infinite found in the easy infinity of Space. the filmable black of outer space, this endless distraction.
this is the fraud: that god lives in the largest room, the center of war is a War Room and conspirators wear actual masks.
The Shining is smaller, domestic, perhaps. is Kubrick's kitchen sink epic. his lens bestows on any home the Epic.
home is a mansion, a total environs, an eternal hotel. god shows in a bathroom mirror, in an only child's privacy: god is in his finger.
in chatter with a secret friend, an inward animal who strains to speak, has peculiar stresses: is Danny's Atmanrat.
in vader's palm, an armillary sphere. latitudes hooped, his fingers fused with the charcoal ley-lines. an early sketch.

plans for total ownage glow from ball of chi. cheekbones pulled to shadowy horns: a supervillain's glee.

- a delightful schtick, yet alien motive: most of us being distinctly satiable. we lust not for power per se.
- it takes just one, i give them this, for unrelenting terror to the gentle rest of us.
- 'i give them this, the movies know their Ponerology.'

[Michael Jolaoso]
a cowboy on a horse who cannot act. the cowboy cannot either: but his actor can.
the lens never wholly lies, it follows life.
every film's a document of: actors acting, a director's
magnanimous effects. lens shows what's vital: this here
actor.
actors say: just the line they said.\textsuperscript{18}
Hollywood draws our social Adepts, beings aglow who show us life: whatever the stretch, however unlikely the script.
the fantasy lives, is live & continuous with the world off-set: this is the Lie.

The whole world is made to pass through the filter of the culture industry. The old experience of the movie-goer, who sees the world outside as an extension of the film he has just left . . . is now the producer's guideline. The more intensely and flawlessly his techniques duplicate empirical objects, the easier it is today for the illusion to prevail that the outside world is the straightforward continuation of that presented on the screen. [Adorno & Horkheimer, The Culture Industry]
every film's a document paired with stimulus pleasure: our pleasure in watching a story. we're trained in their Version of life: it's their Villain, their fast death we expect.

we're trained to unsee the evil-banal, ourselves.
we're saving our fight for World War Three, for Hannibal Lecter.

One prepares for its horrors by getting used to giant images. [Adorno, Minima Moralia]
in our mass fascination with psychopaths, the Mafia, with Shakespeare's killer kings we're prey in the kill-trance.

the Spectacle sees, is a giant compound Eye inhuman and carnivorous.
the orcs are ever numerous
does Scarface glorify / critique the cocaine trade?

does Driller Killer glorify / critique said Killer?
twelve slender arrows fly the elven bower
twelve slender arrows fly the elven bower
twelve slender arrows fly the elven bower
twelve slender arrows fly the elven bower
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a UHD widescreen, a sitcom on pause. its glass low-sheen, the show as bright as the livingspace it's center of. a same presence, a lumens intense as.
our media hide, grow seamless with their housing. Off or On, the screen is harmonious w/condo.
the V in VR means hard to tell.
our games go extreme yet Snakes & Ladders and the Eighties' scrolling platformer were weirder. the baby Boss w/explooding head yields multiple approach, has been bumpmapped into the familiar.

is the lectern i point at in Intro to Phil, a thing fully here.
the phantom uncanny of early film is lost. every film was a Haunted Hotel, was beautiful, all.

an art imposed by cruder filmstock.
limits extrude art, give child's words their poetry. the medium refines, is further from its sacred promise: of portal to another Order.
our media improve till they output VR; fantasy & art are what happen until.
the overexposure was numinous. handcrank gave kinetic surge.
the chemical bloom, the spectral scratch that oscillates, elongates is a reed receiving.

older film was Séance, all.
a distant transmission indeed would flicker, our Receiver strain.

a medium, young, has maximal range, so gods may speak thru.
the medium is fuzzy, the message thus: I'm far from you.
the first cartoons showed Drawer's hand e.g. Humorous Phases of Funny Faces[1906]¹⁹: who rolled their eyes familiar at their Maker. as adam strolled the garden with god.

¹⁹Before Mickey, Donald Crafton, MIT Press, 1982.
the broken fourth wall, a playful artifice — — symptoms of a later art are there in its inception, in kidsgames.
early film is dreamy yet perhaps a Documentary. it may be a two-minute ad for itself, for the coming Century of cinema.
the sitcom on pause has our eye's own colourrange, its pixels approach the electron yet: is an obvious product, made to entertain.
cluestring wound thru hall & closet, under rug to terminus lode.
one i recall was Small, Bigger, Biggest: whose answer was Us, siblings, three, ensized in her presence.
tray after tray, with random array of domestic knick-knacks. She may have used a whistle.

Was first in our hood to find D&D, she DM'd neighbourhood sessions. Was not excessively our mother & we liked that.
waiting for laundry, practising french saying PEUR, PEUR, at the table she took over. the sticky & scuffed diningtable; marbles in her mouth for embouchure.
years later, searching her dresser, i did discover a manuscript, old. a prehistoric fantasy, epic. a pre-vedic clan of the caves, it was good. . . . . . i hope she still has it.
smaller stories, family lore. walking home from college, she halted, drew to a hug her burgundy attaché, protecting the quizzes within. to grassy side was a child. she and a child had mildly surprised each other.
you know? he said, eye squinting up from his pile of sticks: i **love** sticks.
they all confess. she doesn't mean but turns them nonetheless.

the child had no lies. but near my mother his premise of Play was outed.

he wistfully sighed, continued.
cluestring wound thru hall & closet, under rug to terminus treasure. often there's a list of names, all i've learned but one:

Dickens
Conrad
Peacock

research yields a second set, anew unknown, and so on: every three, a new unknown, my breadcrumb path thru bookstacks.
god voice wholly personal now, has morphed into our conscience.
was us all along; or god now lives in conscience: from over-hovering noumen, from aweful basso drone into one's own friendly self.
god now lives in conscience: incarnate, yes, for thought is somatic, a resonance of voice-box.
she didn't wait, she ran straight up the brickwork to her soffit hole.

i came down, opened my Jaynes & waited.
[ she didn't wait, she led them out: her two ungainly stripplings. 

down the brick and up the Manitoba Maple. ]
the pig is a fellow, betrayed by friends. the crime is common, Hardy names all England.
they'll side with Jude, praise him in their essays but are closer to the crass Arabella.
they're a people confused, their early rage at this most indecent novel ever penned not due to

: the dove-pair freed by Sue
: the earthworms spared by Jude's small step
: the crows he's sad to harass
: the agonies sped of bleeding pig, the snared rabbit
they see that they're accused, but not the crime. they're the housewives in Hesse buying fish. who will not see these mouths, the deathly frightened eyes and wildly flailing tails, the gruesome, useless, desperate battle.

These people saw nothing, knew nothing, and noticed nothing; nothing touched them.20

20Hermann Hesse, Narcissus and Goldmund. Ursule Molinaro, translator.
Be kind to animals, Philotson said, and read all you can.

to Jude the boy, alone among village insensitives.
a people whose insults are animals are their intimates: their keepers or those who compete for employment with work-horse. they keenly feel their animal likeness, their indignance is a tactic to amplify the difference & maintain what little prestige.
a people whose insults are animals; whose daily affirmation is Man is rational, Man has language; the vacuous chant of the upwardly mobile; embarassed by his nakedness and animal family.
gazing down, god would see equality: far are we from god.
ironic by its double-tone. by saying the same thing twice, at once:

[a] as paleo-brute, pleased with meat. his assertion of appetite unapologetic; and

[b] as urban imitator of [a].

i'm asking you to notice that this poster isn't funny for those who hear only [a].
poster, for them, is a frank reportage.

with one short copy, KFC targets to two demographics.

but eating KFC will make you dumb & unfunny. you're drawn inside off Bloor on a smirking whim, remembering treats after swimclass; you leave with heatburn, slower and resigned, a little confused by the sunshine.

the poster will stay, fade a little: here on thru our literacy. our reading will simplify, will unify to [a].

these ads have layers to last beyond the Agency. irony lends our devolvement cover, leaves us a form of conscience.

irony is analog of conscience: by the complex self it requires. irony grants a pleasing depth as we regress to insentience.
my anger makes an X; it orients a bomb drop. my Brother is far, alone in his Orrery. he walks his high Chamber, squinting at Earth for a sign.
i am paul, his tiny other. i am the dye, my rage is its radioaction.
paul has no missile but calls one down by my Brother, who has arms on-high & retiscope yet, he doubts, is out of it -- -- --: our battles are ant-like & i move among friend & enemy.
X = wrong & the spot. i am the dye whose shine tells my Brother on high whom to hit. i locate the slaughter. in righteous anger i push toward the killfloor. after a year, the Stockyards are dissembling, sirens call out cutters to wander while police look on, confused.
i stormed the auction ring, warned the MC we're aware of this slavery.
today, our page in NOW: our A.R. squad surrounding frightened Cow.
Comedy holds these lovely shores these

:'clown's suspenders' (c.y.hui)
lively,
yes it's
lively

:in a tiresome way
comedy gold, these shoddy shores: an old man trudging w/ an AWOL ski-pole.
boredom transforms to unprincipled joy. twiddling thumbs versus playing Nintendo.

a power unrestrained versus weakness in repose.
• yr Moves in violation of the Movator ethos.

• our moment of Zen, u insist on delight.

• stoked by your antics, our joy runs ahead of his keeper.

• a baby went gaa, her mum unaware had hand on cuppa, hand on carriage.
- Your humour grows lazy and tends to irreverence, to the easy incongruity.
- On Tyndale's assent to the holy & infinite task you'd add a NOT.
- Your ignorance seen, like dust heaped on a Spectral form, in too much said.
according to Aristotle, Comedy was slow to gain official acceptance because nobody took it seriously.

Aristophanes: producing Comedies is most difficult of all.

The Symposium ends with Socrates defending Comedy: talking to himself, to his passed-out friends.
'Oh no, Undo! what ju done this time?!

the ladies' man Undo [UHN-doh]. zany hero of weary emigre gardeners. brother to the Fili rodbusters.

is Robert Mastali: 'catch' him in his web-isode run of Undo Har Ezmaamet Saale! 'Undo of the condo-harems': espying Arabia's fairest disguised as moustachioed window-washer. slipper into satiny sheets & sultanate politics.his Cover now: the great Gay Designer, The Gay Marchese. he's dropping from the balcony, pants at his knees, hitting the sand running from a fist-shaking Sheek Lafiq. lips his much loved Undo le le ratzke shazmi! ['Undo With All the Luck, both Good and Bad']
tho BACK i go, they cannot release me from what i've ever been. still with Danny, in the summer of '80, diving for arnies in factory bins: necessarily.

the future & past are already cast. tho back i go, they cannot unhappen t.
every play is strangely funny, an irony runs thru it. the parts marked Joke they taught us are painful wordplay, are puns that encourage the Pomposity that ruined the plays, for me, till i cracked my skull at the age of thirtyseven. the insults slapped on mug for dad the english prof were overwrought, they stay on-tongue so all have time to mark their delight. they do not hit the eye as a lobe of spit might.
his jokes are awful yet when read in the same high spirits
he wrote in, then one hears, line by line, the dirtiest
things ever spoken: a double-entendre endless & more
salacious than de Sade.
plato's table, the incidental prop: commutable service its essence. its essence a contingency. then again: the curving leg of Queen Anne furniture, pert & outward, w/ ornamental foot. this table was a tree and has a ghostly remnance.
advice to Holden
from Mr. Antonelli:

bestow, not give [Tyndale, not the KJV] your life for your friends.

live, not die. living is harder, the greater sacrifice.
consider Nathanial's nasally jibe: can any good thing from Nazareth come?

yet here is Nathanial, one without guile: as if to correct, with comic prescience, our reading of the text.
read again: could it be? this something good from Nazareth? : an open request for clarity.
Alan Alda's spirit name is 'Gomer', Gomer's not wry. it's just how he sounds. a simple man, our Gomer friend goes far. a curious tone that seems to say something on Republican hegemony; far his voice has taken him.
adam's apple its own restless animal, my whole person clenched in acquisitive pleasure.

am purely through flexion, Iggy-like ranging the length of the counter.

mugging askance at my doubling visage, mastoids strained.
while masturbating, meditating, someone walking in, someone coming in while i'm self-absorbed in the redistribution of energy :this i fear.
in respect for energy i retain my Revision's surviving graphemes, from 
direction to trajectory i only erase

    n, i, i, and d
poor but too prickly to huddle. self-denied this emigré's comfort: no warmbreeze barrios or commensal of mensches for my sally ann grandmas, gaunt & protestant.
leaned on, back of chair is indifferent; leaner never is.

hard into my couch i push, flattened in the blastback of my gainfields.
Mine would have me supine on my futon,

forfeit to ascendant forms:
i'm smack against the crank-room.

my Penthouse par w/ that cathedral mech so

am shook & jarred for every soul transported. am

made to feel the toll & grind of every dread descent.
i have me here from Public Health Access Act, XI.iii

i took down his/her name and under, in permanent pen,

note: Inquiries made, complaints lodged so

the quorum of angels & all my sons may trace back this Injustice, for

this Injustice be.
• his name is My absentee landlord Ubaas.

• he buys up condos, site unseen. Candrell condos.

• rents them on mySpace by auction.
to gestate her momentous secrets, Nature adopts the Sphere: a maximized Interior
on cleansing the sensorium, the snakeform seen for harmless coir. the nematode *C. elegans*, its thousand cells been fashioned lithe.
Middle Earth is flat: Mt Doom visible from too far back.

Middle Earth, a foldout map. flattish patch on a massive planet. the War of the Rings all within a tribal Isolate.
she's a cat on her couch, a Looney Tunes chat.

she's a dripping Dalí w/ grand and unbothered whiskers.
all her prolixities brought to repose, held aneath a paw:

she's a wholly sufficient Felix.
Chaos chaos, christened by Linnaeus, fifty times spotted.
w/ your labfellows celebrate, you've got your motorium.
but do say more, of the celestial SHINE-DANCE: BE there a climax of Synchronicities?

MAY WE SEE thru crystalline accretion the Matryoshka casings to the whittled cork, the swaddled UR-baby?