whatever room you put me in
I'll fill with light & luxury*

*with mirrors to see me
a red-ink squiggly under snake, I've penned——
a suitor of Commentary, Rush's diligent reader:
my margins in Minion still empty.

The line, i decide, is comment enough——
the squiggly is the snake, excessive, just like itself.

this is perfect Metaphor i say, humbly, for:
the squiggly is the snake.

The serpent's bite is its word——The serpent's word is death

By Serpent's word is Tsau remade to shadow
in friezes Eight, a fatal Progress
my margins in Mating still empty.
a seeker of Commentary, Rush's diligent reader
a red-ink squiggly under

I thought we should take it, the biltong she means
in reenactor versions from night-terrors
are drawn——down cobblestone slink in floodlight's sweep, alarm sounding death from above

shadow & light fast-oscillate, evocate this Endtime scene to something less, a spectral Projection

Violent partition, the flight of the Funiculi, the resuming of the Valley & a world war prior:
all within the decade ahead—Days of dread, of Dream's end——;

before logging in, before the doc loaded——
a title, bold, inserted itself——

Then it becomes fabulous
Nelson had been delicious—then there were been, different versions—then there was more, and worse—He'd heard their songs, hard let into the society of insects

century to century: their Meeting achieves specificity——Angels arrive at century's speed——
Centuries are: the speed of history——of Emperors arising, receding——History, the City, is measured in centuries——A hundred or so centuries: the Age of the City

power vacuum / a vacuum's power——in vacuum vicinity, Being must strive——
Extension becomes a tiring demand, the active claiming of space

The trick is up, his skull is open——He's an ape in the headlights, dying wide in the distance between

[Death
enactable

we're subtle past

xx

Your impetuous gaze

a two-tone card, those rigorous months have been taped to my fridge——My locker's mirror, nose-paned, stand, in the steamy change-room light now seems——: the same blown up & blooming into colour

she's rested well, on grains

I'm languorously smoking, hungrily staring through allea to some Beyond——I'm fowly ashing, a dilettante's brush to the palate——

You are annoyed with the ashtray itself, so pure and austicate your Straightman.

xx

I've cantilevered ashtray over mutual legs——left elbow propped on overcrossed thighs——fearful rising to a limp-rolled pedestal——!

an apex flat, the Olympic ring envisioned by Genet—— where combatants embrace in their mutual beauty and collapse

I'm languorously smoking, hungrily staring through allea to some Beyond——I'm fowly ashing, a dilettante's brush to the palate——

You are annoyed with the ashtray itself, so pure and austicate your Straightman.

a sparse loft, our upper office——

bellowing gazes, winning LIGHT, far above the hook & grins——

we're subtle past

xx

am sometimes told i have the following habit: spasmic laugh, retracting fast into a face devoid of all compassion——

Then, Awkward Silences——both parties roued to laughter——Faltering soon to a second calm——Which reminds us of the first——So on we go, till mute and enmirrored, opposed we stand, slightly swooning in wonder

xx

as intimate Address

xx

a thousand lines of gods-eye plot, remade

neutral prose, a god's remove: an ego's

the godvoice comes at the peak of stress——

the lines that trace the past will in the semidarkness form a face, a sleeping face your Damien, or your lift among the Elect

xx

A single I, ambank in quote, setbkes the self-k thousand lines of gods-eye plot, remake as intimate Address

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Angels are human relations

We pick up what else but the will of a slow worm is there

We're somehow now on the postwar interstate, in a backyard kidsgame—

The body a roadblock light

The body is light, forgetting itself—

My point being this she has a choice

A Joke resound when one sounds the other, as in

The photo’s trouser

Is not all Comrade this & that!

On the

My sensei the war vet, a gruff caucasian

The photo’s trouser

We’re given a range to guess within.

My point being this she has a choice

At a bakery run from home

This Earth is mine

No paradox, but Camera tracks

The present hums along with him, it keeps its perfect pace with him all the while sealing him into History

The body a roadblock light
For temptings late, my TOLLE LEGE:
<<no central control an anarchic system of competitive elements.>>

The sign of your Father is movement and repose.

Attention return to the music of the room——mid-flips, faders stuck in morning light un-errie

We hearken still unsated to the voices of the Sea——Ear awaits in shuffling wave a pattern of eternity

are ushered in-line, piled in turn w/ squares of tin incandescent in the sunlight each receives: orange scissors, ergonomic, cute each receives: water, cool, a splash of in a polystyrene cup some one knows this as 'Arts & Crafts' some they don't like this——

We meek remains shall bake w/in ancestral hovels shoot the breeze re how it was, how it all went

from Kubrick's oeuvre alone we've uncountable frames

Of Heaven And Hell, a Borges list, the title divides it.

Lost his colors singly blue & yellow somehow blended was left with yellow, a vivid yellow [name of Piet Mondrian] 

Lives now in the centre of a luminous [four syllables] among shapes that are not darkness yet

To Borges, blind, the eye is an enemy of eternity. To Borges, blind, women are what they were many years ago

The eye is the corruptor of youth

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Deciphered and along. for anything I may stand a bronze prayer or a saying that encodes the flavour of a life in the darkness, leave me, my card untranscribed I am anything

the Simun Song the specific—unsayable in memory's hall, Bell / Borges stand

His poem, Signs, is sized for an info-plate

Body-gestalt, vast circuitous as ushze talk-to-self, peppered with apologies

never had a war of my own so whaddio I know——

gums n lip w, puppy nubs n softly chomp u——

not v. good at breathing, forever out of turn——

Voice, my finer PHENOTYPE, paper trace of gesture all repel——

Body-gestalt, vast circuitous as ushze talk-to-self, peppered with apologies

never had a war of my own so whaddio I know——

gums n lip w, puppy nubs n softly chomp u——

not v. good at breathing, forever out of turn——

Voice, my finer PHENOTYPE, paper trace of gesture all repel——

Body-gestalt, vast circuitous as ushze talk-to-self, peppered with apologies

never had a war of my own so whaddio I know——

never said NO with all of yr being. Your freedom was always a freedom from inhabit that body thought you may, does not mean it's yours

Relentment's cost increased w resistance.

Pleasure's promise varied w fear.

O I do fear a satan of the early third millennium

never had a war of my own so whaddio I know——

my verse is parasitic: i have no Play to call my own——
Profundity is violence,
brahmminized—oppression bent inward,
hold fast upon a thought

Looking inward, seeing a halo, not
dark & equivilent— for spatially makes no
sense———; some light needs exploring,visioner
is a psychic complex———; at table’s apex, eyes
resemble in a circle of light, in which lameness
currents swirled and cycled———Details of
theatrical, little Psychology

The sun is up, his eyes are open & alive comes
his scepticism——— Did sun rose in sympathy? Was sun the effluent halo all
along?———But the sun is external, but not
that splendid——— that the sun is internal &
splendidous, to ————Sent Her Radiations: this is not reducible——She, too is a happy
god———

Nothing of his dreams that night———Of his
exultation. impossible to describe. ——We'll
later read of kate downstair the whole time
The office he goes to, his duties there
generate to the point of parody

We need more registers, an interreflective
aspect of his state——We desire his wife, a
sensitive mirror———

Victorian the idiom, his formal turn of tongue——
An Empiric’s journal, of the horrific, the rare, a
mendain’s mystery, pulsed from his unswearing lab-

Heart did seize in a
rigorous fist crumpled
notes to be found on my
person, taken for a requiem

on pad’s top sheets, still
can feel impressions of my
ravings

Begin in runaway majesty——
Deadman’s Posture, later END—— late
A.M. my boyhood bed——jeans &
Cons caked in mud——the last-of-acid
jitters & bends

the nine-year-old Me shall be the nine-
year-old Me ———— me Tuesday,
commandeering Monday’s pliable body

My life seemed a stammering long
apology

Hell is the great
within: Hell is the Self, the
centre of narrative gravity
[beneath]
olive garden’s recompense / the
boiled egg of entropy yr very
own Mohenjo-daro mound

Hawaii Island, foot to Keep,
four fifty x hundred layers of
horked-up hell-flame

The security of sequence is soon taken away———
—all deceptions a single instant, forever
recurring———Similar to press to a central core,
by all hope of extraction———

however many times the simile reread, the
"yet never saw" unexpected———Million
slips by the "now" of 54

The unanimous reply is "surprise",

involutionary question———

you are now with Satan, in Hell——and the
present tense of "torments"

paths overhead, zeniths
above—no never got so
far as cairo——

sands forseen in every name——
a thousand termnets pack the
greenway, shallow pits, i’m tab
of this

u haughtily laugh, adjust
from full-lotus to half———u
drive this cab i’m shotgun
in——u keep thy metered
penance thru the moon
stream——our roaming
desert wars & text were
woos by other means
and now our hearts are
under siege

Profund Submission Of attention

but Profound. Profound contains the
mystery, entire——his secret named.
unshared——his placeholder for a style of
will for a certain intensity——for a bent of
mind sometime that hour effective———

The Priceless is there, where sand's
amending—the Priceless, there,
where no one makes a claim

maps of ours tend
towards: property lines———

From lens of Court to exurbs bland,
maps of ours tend toward———
our intensities radially arrayed

The Priceless is there, where sand's
amending—the Priceless, there,
where no one makes a claim
The Greeks held the heart as our locus of thought—in our subvocal stirrings, an inward mimesis of public dialogue—a stethoscope sensitive could read my thoughts—but they wouldn't be mine!

Friend add me, for I have thee; Write to me pls in the preterite tense of frenchest Femm Lit—oh but pity the poor translator!