woven in the wind's white noise,

from lastcall's crowdbuzz lifted -

warnings from yr hell-self gone
unsifted
SPARK to bespot / scatter the stars

AS to breathe, and

SKAP to dig, scrape, shave

MAK to hav power, MAK to be great
near-death,

a sign you've died

in variant lives, in

adjacent Multiverse space
spontaneous combustion, The Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery, Bleak House exist

:the world as caricature: Dickens as journalist
'documentary', 'literally' mean mediated

: stable words, a whole vocab as Freudian slips
On quality free HD I’ve seen:

Bolivian young, in great tin halls,

boys in staggered rows unnumbered,

naked on their knees;

Tony Jay..........Voice of Supreme Being
Edwin Finn.........Supreme Being’s Face

shows about persons institutionally dwarfed, receding down hallways
always a rock fest. from 1970 you never knew:
whose parts on YouTube outnumber its views
always, always, in Amazon & lab, drugs unscheduled, vine unshredded
INT shot, w/verité

A thru Z, C thru X in placid remembrance et cetera, then:

[opens w/in a gravity-well, vowels slow-emerging]

[every phoneme causal, born organic from preceding]
SIRE SAID I
THE IDOLS ARE ALL BROKEN;

THE TEMPLE OF BAAL TO LEGO'S RETOKENED,

PIECES ARRAYED ON PLAY ROOM'S RUG

WE'LL DO WHAT WE WILL W/
in teams we lean
from a tilted,
eviscerated
E.S.B.
thought outruns its solemn home

from lonely stinkholes men

instream
boyfriends, **nanas**, kinder wander here and there in chemical clusters find their place w/out conference or murmur **kneel** and squeeze in for a photo-take
Each could be:

any accent,

as protean as:

a bookless home,

a faux-Versailles wedding venue
for reckoners beyond the lens

they'll not temper their elation
an altruism I infer, an ethnophilic datebook wherein Micmac, Gaelic, Pashto, Cyrillic make each day a holiday somewhere, for someone
from just off-frame, nares ["aflare"], eyes gone wide & tribal in his strained impression of the Human Smile, forearm far from blazer’s sleeve in holy-roller splay

[ Convocation Day, May 2008: raking the steps of the James A. Farley postal building]
pls now appear,
in the bounds of
my doorframe

[ the only response
is for you to appear,
unannounced
in the bounds of
my doorframe ]
[ hands about yr frazzled hair,

"astonishment!"

you exclaim ]
could hear the oil sizzle in-mouth, on roof and tongue the redbean paste like napalm
• big to breathe through, &
spitting out would not
be cute so
• skin soon hung from roof to tongue
• a great raw swath did dangle on my blasted tongue
every scene a Bardo theme,
titters in the wings that seem

a **natural patter**, an enthralling
Realism's intricacies, *vis.*:

→ a COURTIER's thoughts on Lady MacB's lavabos

*versus*

notes on an actor's unity of Grief

→ stageprompts FELT, FIT & SUG, wove in-script w/ lyric aplomb

→ every rhyme, uncontrived,
→ every line, a dirty songo *she's a region in Guyana, all Bounty & Gold* and

→ every pan, a framed paysage

• did range a pale god over works outspread on a K-town teashop's rotary service
• appetites huge and distractable
• appetites huge and distracted
• took own notes, generated own laughter
enjoyed "the wrong thing" I did, to a source deserving credits flowed but still, still
like "a jet taking off" (Hendrix) or

a short-wave radio (Tony Visconti) tuning in ———

whose ontic implications

the human ear by instinct dreads & comprehends
second followed first so true the two did flange and soundmen fear
the HINDU MIND unready for this latest time-based effect
enjoyed the wrong thing I did, to a source
deserving credits flowed but still:
thought Nico on my headphones when was "Dear Marge",

more melodic, less sparse, stabler than

*The Marble Index* I'd remembered