an animal exits \ an index [extended]

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 \ zones undann, from biome to biome \ to Earth from overreaching, i return \ & STILL MY MORPHING FRAIN DOES STAIN thETERSIAL NIGHT, thru TIEF & TIER \ my notes on Cain, proceed \ Selah was my call, to that restive Devil; to the sapient few, Selah \ the Mandrake & She, made one-point-three: the point-three She \ thru many special hells e.g. the feeder bin at Big Al's Pets, in Scarborough \ Serpentend's Den or Paul's PENTAMENT: w/ his PICTIONNAIRE
Addended \ before logging in, before the doc loaded, a title, bold, inserted itself \ a hovering mothership, held aloft by its own motive \ from dudgeon's height to nine of ten, to what one does with havoc or ammends \ w/ symbols i spar, my violence is sublime and brought to no one \ spectral spread \ halation's edge, lovely are the ways of light \ so long as whatever disperses for transparence. so long as whatever may pass through glass & do its glorious service \ theradiant inference, the sheen of a pretty aphorism are luminous, yes, these i accept \ if your target's atomic or wavelike say it, atomic or wavelike \ a poem compresses to metaphor. drop the likes \ these dragging lines must flutter again \ 'if this poem were a street, i'd ask her to show me.' \ i write this, and measure u what vast & crazy dealings do ensue \ my careless winter's shopping spree \ thru Dundas Ave chinoiserie \ drop the likes, for what is 'like' the light? \ light alone is alien enough, angelic sign \ this choice is a disturbance of a second order \ r&b? black music? he isn't sure but it's all he follows. that and the police \ they won't let him gather his super-antenna, he keeps its parts scattered \ Patrick is in there, the polaroid glare, crouched at the goods \ toying, just toying, with the power of sacrifice, the taking of an antipodal lamb \ doing what i want, tho what i want be the world's felicity \ mitosis a problem, is
not clearly possible the illusions reduce to self-involvement the world our private masochism. when i say lines with Eminem, an ego spreads: from mic to headset, set to head we're worried for our young who wear the Novice hoody, earphones on the streetcars humble's the name of a low-end agent. humble's the low-end illeist i am owning the room, killing the bass but drum n bass both is about: terrifying secondary sex traits drum n bass ferociously competes for all resources 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 a striking thing islegs, that i have them. elbows to prop, a skull to store and to pluck from gravel the glistening notochord; to light the cave by Pluvia-V what's hid within. must suck yrself up into the highest idea of yrself to save me from such Theory, pls the brain-draining jizz-stream, wouldn't that feel nice a hard right forearm, a hanging hand: the best part of David around an axis, heaven-steps enwind. a source of charisma: magnetizing coil of social interest an apparent asymmetry, charisma an asymmetry charisma an asymmetry, a promising mutation it sometimes goes porno, porno as part of the job porno will happen, given time & a commitment to Realism a model of utopia tho grant Sir John eternal life, a pattern of paradise fetishes shall remain, the lovely Specific a Spinning Girl gestalt-shift, a vari-tone parade bikinis unstrung, strap-heels shed. they slice the tide and glide aneath the ebb how could i resist why would i Philosophy fails as a plausible X is sexual of them, very, tho for temptings late my own tolle lege from my Centripede Press, private love has been made to u all in thoughtful sequence my feral beard i'd twisted in knots, to ludicrous knots a respect for mysteries, Canadian mysteries, Gordon Downie'd prepped them for dark & massive dreads, a pair. flailing askew from a fetid bed of matted hair we settled on pinstripe, a pleasing pastel w white straw hat: very Gatsby Herzog-of-the-Vineyard i don't
believe in soulmates, though i do in sub-sub-sub-types. a special kind with several members globally - et cetera only in theory. et cetera, tho, quite generally - i am profoundly heterosexual: my love for the other takes in all reality - followed a girl to her queen street salon, i did not get her number - xmas sweaters, lots of layers, voluminous scarves. stained, all, sponging a week's worth of smells - kief's like stop talking british, the both of you - there's a way a word sounds, and it takes you to another - kiefy didn't realize 'is' institutes a relation of being - 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 - kiefy didn't wanna know: 'is' institutes a relation of being - i put on showtunes and ask is it still british - he returns to his study, he emerges emboldened - someone coming in while i'm self-absorbed in the redistribution of energy: this i fear - every third window said open:spa in neon thin & red - 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 - a stray chunk of bud on the stovetop ignited, it burst into smoke, eight a.m. - am i a musician, hmm i said - like aphex twin i've hundreds of hours on a harddrive - pls may i be no amnesic-alien, olden and from elsewhere - for each being say: we could've made a whole cosmos, together - promised pairings, i dream of you yet - if followed thru: a cosmos dies, somewhere, somewhen - made intimacies w/ the lens for several seconds, all was steady, yep: it must be my breath - she's snorting into one hand, shooin' with the other - don't you ring her into this! - she's sashaying ahead, receding from my outstretched hand, her fancy fingers flo-riding massive ass-wake - 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 - mouse i gently jiggle and by shaman force, unnatural g-mail - again, again, my bodiless voice, paper trace of gesture all repel - on playback all was steady & cool: i must be
ugly in the abstract when Stefen goes Bravo, three times claps, slow-time claps clutching withered monkey heart, ALIVE ALIVE w/ every staggered backstep her beauty institutioned w museum's older spoils the cosmos my mandala, a symmetric accretion around my hair she seethes at Sue, rightly seethes at the Ingenue she can't remain Virgin as phase in a sexual species, a phase of seduction, even found my margins in a left-behind Job Classified i'll here add 7:the power of sutra, of oral culture generally ampersand for and per se and that for and the mnemonic tone is that which projects, will fill the hall: what is this coincidence? She has a name, that comes second: Ping. in shiny pants, she sets a small fire wherever she steps. for each one set, a love song penned high on Yonge, above the lampline: Aldo model Anais Pouliot's chignon skintone showsa switch of traffic, leak of light from the high-above billboard a facecream diva, lofted in her own local heaven. hand at her cheek in erotic surprise a thousand Chongqing ladies, below, transposed and made bright a spatter on lense was a seven-minute sunshower. its rapid cleanse the drying heat of a whole a.m. for those who still care, Chongqing can come down to you clues to her style, hints of an abstraction. graces denoted by surrogate action o lemmme may me pleez to may me/ leddhim me or u to weave the: handrawn pornloops Know you're in a well, or: Now that you know, you're not. an ESL effect: her first ten years of memories are soundless Frank Jackson's Mary is Maya, our mother, is Mexico's Fabulous Paintress Mary is Miranda and your Isle cannot keep her

here is that somewhere, my Greater Philadelphia PA i was so lamba, so safed she pleaded for transparency re my origins hobos hunch Igor-like, they shudder in my mellow light. rastas, yellow-eyed, palm their hearts when we pass rats i like, rats is right, and i didn't know why but was time to go public the kids themselves were stand-ins for rats:
the kid/the rat are racists, possibly correct hypotheses implied, never quite accepted: a reason we return to Wittgenstein. we keep alive the unanalysed my crumbling flesh, my baking fish. i've initials, degrees i've jungle's egress, a tattooed map but the entire coastline's a penninsula, think Philosophy is Psychology; Psychology is Para- & the latter, the anomalous Powers themselves a lot like me, my grampa said: repulsive at a certain level of intimacy sitting and standing are uncomfortable to me all that i do has a whiff of incompetence. i can't just grab the teabag, no tell me which aspect of linear responsibility you don't understand? by twenty admitted unseemly my dream of child prodigy an unrelenting inner pep talk, this daimon of success a densifying complex, an intricate twining of yearning & muscle. on every TWO yr stature doubles The Leap is that you don't want to, but somehow you leap over that, too the answer to could it be? usually yes; to must it be, no brahman is lonely, a drawn-on OM by Evil know a lonely god, for whom all england's company world is god's divisored mind, to pass the time, evade what horrid autognosis rishi's bliss is relief from the climb bliss a buzz of settling blood your gramma was Charitous, would give all her empties to the bogus Boys' Club, bogus clearly so little made of 1 A.M. as I AM, as Hour of Yahweh, Hour One on the Yom of Commupance dooms foreseen are local for the wider diaspora: apocalypse is a Rome overturned, an Egypt runover diaspora prophecy: a durational harmony of seventies. prophetic streams convene on the Seventies 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 evil is a reasoned calm, the call for peace is strident i am dubious, am a doubter and miserable. i am locquacious, suspicious a senseless echo overtakes the voice that would sustain it the murder's pre-meditation, the conspiracy in its precision is outsourced: to the Enemy a war arranged by those who wouldn't mind. what would stir their vacuous hearts a war in lust,
by men already on fire - wars make harems, after, likely. wars drive down the price of Mistress - wars make hordes, a sira ordu, raiders in their silken tent - 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 - resign before it's easy, repent before it's life-or-death - simple, easy, same as always: blood & labours laundered in dollars, buried or burnt in potlatch - can no longer stomach ruz-o-laban immo, for reasons none of them the lamb's - her objection was, remains, aesthetic: the parts were improperly cleansed - where Versions face. the seething skygod stopped in his own hard gaze - versions invert so Judea is insular while islam would convert w/ insistence. and both kill lambs - a murder laundered in wordshift. the new is innocuous, an ingenue - 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 sits down, goes within, readying for his journey to the Sun - BOY is at the van's rear latch, he's trying to get a rabbit - BOY is forming WARREN. his heart holds in each being as Friend - bark of dogs, the final revv of bikes - the road behind's a hazy line, far on the horizon. it's the kidsleague game del Toro attends, our Field of Dreams for fighting the Drug Lord - where, this day, would the Devil live? in Milton, 'the Devil's in Milton' - my portal is there, invisibly flush with a low white barn, an EXIT sign in brail - my portal is there, guarded by a fiend - there's a man in Milton killing rabbits in a barn behind an Esso station - -- - this is the shit people mssg me with - my life is a line onto Milton: to a low white barn, dark within and full of scared white rabbits - the ethical task is endless, is relentless thus itself unethical - the animal's in agony, the Animal is large and incalcitrant - this 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 - give them a show, or Leave: let that be your revolt. get up close in
porch-cam lense dharma is the last to go before moksha the moral demand is endless, is a broken mech: 'Immanuel Kant' he stares ahead, his lips remember his perfect Philosophy. he looks more like Erasmus yet i always said: Immanuel Kant that Logical Space so happens to be: this i despise, the necessity per se good needs evil: what could be worse? logic itself is demonic, perverse my hatred now for so much more, on the order of Math this world i despise, i despise its redeeming 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 is huge, is hard to see -- is Predation itself 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 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 would seem on Earth a Hen; would land here by a long evolving would here become laughable, fit for chase & slaughter the world is a Curve, is a cave. a curve has a back, implies its reverse: where first is last and least among you gods, i say in Prison was dumb & ugly. had low coherence, was clueless in the Fight in Jail was a survivalist, was forced into my Magic 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 equally plausible: it's prophecy. plausible also: is causal in dreamtime am freed from the usual contiguities, arrange my own Resemblance Space i call the Order, assert what my heaven shall be a number can be: collating mark on ostracan. the blue-sky blue of a puzzle piece freed of contiguity, seek a new Resemblance. your mother is centre of the MilkyWay, is Sagittarius A* in mapping your Retreat, Fallacies are axioms irrational focus burns
away unholy clutter the CogSci pathologies give order to the sensae, an order of vivacity: an order of Salvation salvation gives clues, Salvation's a lady or a reticent Guru interest is intelligence my prof once said in a stairwell in McKinnon bldg where pacman passes thru ghost; and maze gives way to upward-scrolling platform 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 on exhale you're a blacksun revoking its beams such up-sucking abs are your plausible vortex, yr centralest abscess this inner Circle's dapper rhythm, its compressive symmetry, give it attraction so around it forms a Second from my smaller self 'roy', i spy a child who cannot recall his royal origin the longer he waits he-- i address him now, assess him-- the more his life shall seem a question this kid must answer, the Spider who talks of Space probe 9 indulgent of comments, our queries interspersed; polite, tho not quite pleased, this man is Ojelenki: the buddha of Ryerson University i'm unready for the german, the terms in-slide divide the Legend in Versions The Shiningis television, is danny alone, watching tv The Shiningis danny, seeing his first horror movie on p. 32 they've left your map to the funeral core, your timeline & fold-in diagram the limos elongate, seatrows grow between driver and he, on thru ten, eleven compounds doubling gates and double the way for every inner compound dying, the great Intensifier. an early voice is heard again, and amplified 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 missing all along death is half of everything, is the shadow cast to live in its thrall: to make all life a Bardo pass alive in death's thrall, every cabbie's a psychopomp my death & my waking coincide. the will to wake up is Suicide the will to wake up draws unto Dreamer a Horror this is it, the nightmare has caught up with you. behind the pain you're thankful for the seriousness as you pass over
they morph into medics, attentive at the gurney—
the world is a curve, is a cave. your tormentors, from the other side, are angels of extraction
an inductive-indexical arg for immortality—
induction by the Strong, by those who will survive—
we're what remains, and death was a holy selectiiion device. death up-took the brave, the rational Suicides—
a hunter can no longer run a doe down. guns have slowed them, made them loud—
those most curious of the City's complex song, you killed—
god was a curious animal, too, an enterprising one—
we followed prints that dissipated, every signal bifurcated—
their hooftracks fresh but took us to the older, always—
we six, we seven awaited in reverence. we couldn't receive—
they etherize in northern air, in nostril huffs of condensation
if i were god i'd crash to Earth in a cattle trailer. present as possible
Meat. our Demon feeds on eco-Collapse, our feedings feed on his behalf
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—
death is here, it slowly feeds—
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 fromescape & the branching options of play—
a chain of smells, i gather. but three olfactive steps onto the feces reek—
precisely its vagueness, its minor haunting of natural good air is its contaminance
the City, and the sewage pit: obliterating birdsong, all competing
country smells are lost within an average. Earth is alone, in concrete unadorned. an adobe gone modular. a pueblo evocation—
the Company a person, a person passed into Establishment. Prentice was a man, Hall was
a man—
i liked it that we smelled so bad, we'd be alone forever—
many librarians, friends of the Annex, slo-mo slapped their standing lap in disbelief—
must save Spider and her web, the Shanghainese & Shanghai
skyline—
the package says approved & sealed by Industry—
the City is a Box Machine—
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 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 in grainfields kept, we grind them to eternal bread. they strive, they live. why draw the Circle at sentience? always another Ism: we feel not with the Unfeeling i've called to being these numbing tasks so called to being the calloused skin my desire may be prior in the Order entire & demands, somewhere, a numbing the doppler growl, the guy who spits and hacks unthinking spite me the concrete floor is likely enough, enough separation of foot from earth italian good taste is the home garden, a stone wall maintained & the child-made presepe the unity's smashed, the mega-shed unbrickable. inhabits a scale invisible but from offramps & the edge of future airfields our world a sprawling soundstage now for recreations seen from Space, the business park densifies to point of light, is part of a scintillating Circuitry her streetview is desolate, her bustle rendered in the lot is unwalkable, a slapstick gag chaplin is an everyman, trying to walk so each may have his thousand square, the world outside shall fill with sheds your counter called a quarry into being, and a quarry is a Nullity

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 belike Life: if Life were like an epic film his risk is this, and his safety: they'll know it was likely a mickey or mike infinite versions of mickey or mike, each his own timestream and he moves among them smoothly the eye is freed to roam the frame and deify the figurants. thus more like life, and moral Muscle Shoals i heard him say, Muscle Shoals i followed thru & and found old friends arms hug knees, as do mine, a thoughtless re-adjust upon the hard kitchen tile my memory is selective, insane. i get what i need for my journey thru Space my friends recede, earthe time compresses to a biblic unity 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 | every Elvis must receive in his decline the upstarts who exceed him | i'm thirty-eight, i'm fine, i know, i'll never know kung-fu | i am Tobin, shaky and sweet with Parkinson's. i press my lips, clap at the pace of a villain emergent from shadowy wing | a rush to the head, when i got out of bed: something good, something new could happen | something good, something new just happened | to lucid dream, go back to bed. whenever u can choose sleep | i seek extreme comfort, i refuse the scrape of collar seam | 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, | just woke up from taking a couple to get their own pjs. we went to The Bay, were happy, free of all fear | :i'd rather be sleeping, so soon will wake up | dear Nick Bostrom, your Argument works, i'm drunk with the thought now our world is real | surprise party: was all for you, u learn on leaving | novel: was your own sly biography | is silence an absence, or the bounds of reverberation? is silence the room that holds it all in? | my gooddream logic: getting is easy but it's Drama we want, an illusion of earning. | not even Drama but a wrap-up party | streets by night are sets for dreamers, cordoned off from local use | ghosts are dreamers, using the City as set | all may laugh, all may laugh in threatless critique. we like people, like ourselves | the sublime i'll here call spiritual levity. punch lines, Advent, both surprise by playing on small expectancies | from behind a veil, a rawlsian veil, we'd re-incarnate, run another Version | i've such affection for our culture's great solitary misanthropes. i feel a connection, a karass coming on | i re-asess/ i now say Yes. i swiftly love my nemesis | his brogues are on, he's doing alright: chipper on Iboga. is satisfied with self, and correct. | hennry is on, in our
highschool way, a comedic state of grace. | young is believing what's New is best. often correct, by epochal stretch yet | psychedelia, Space exploration, and synthesizers— - -my three favorite things— - -all began in 1943— it's Aquarians i can't get | vanity demands its own repudiation. ignoring a mirror & being seen to | not a ghost but hard to hold, hard to see: | the working off, by fidgety tic, the tiny last shudders of ego | 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'd all along been hearing Hallelujah wrong: the One is on the ROW not MIKE | in ecstasy they fall apart. all are counted. | in ecstasy they join: whengramma/mawere the same singable phoneme | mumble and your reader leans in— - - says Erasmus, i think | your words are private waters now they'll bathe in | by careful obscuring are atoms held to union. in quantum foam, the Strong Nuclear Force | our trio filled the hall with sound, we had our hour & were good | a higher harp: tuned imperfect so the lingering notes, the gathering Chord, was wavery | & the whole was invisibly miked | this church was for drop-ins, this church was unstaffed | a tourist Find, an Inside all there stumbled on | souls inscribed in space: a space remade till a record, precise | a series of leavings, slipping the System, the ever-widening gravity wells | New York is a stylized Toronto, is my city made filmy. | named for a duke, the duke for York, and York for yews: misheard as Euforvic, 'town of boars' so once, like home, was Hogtown. | sessions were spread over six London studios, the tapes worked clear, their sulphites/whatever by layered guitar worn thru | a Supertape woven of every conceit, a Verse complete | an abstract music is in the description | Mann's Doctor Faustus a score, itself, a performance. Mann's invoking is the oratorio | the soundtrack is the 'description' of music Mann already made | in rows unplayed, the woodwinds play a wondrous music | abstraction is a set of all the variants. is heard by playing thru none | Eshun i prefer, his book is enough: my favourite afrofuturism | the word voltage, placed near
'sequencer' activates a circuit, is an excellent electronica not insane to blink this eve with LEDs, seek SOS from future selves god does not believe in god, he is him; and presses belief off to others. Rush & Dennett hide themselves in books about secularists each is Hemmingway, the later Hemmingway, soft & translucent, his love of the hunt fled i here may offend the P.I.E. peoples but s(w)eks is someone trying to say six and straining | Count cannot be pried from Counter. the namings claim, with body as their guarantor | chintzy you'd think is Yiddish, it isn't, it's Sanskrit. Sanskrit, i thought, is cognate with script | by cock's crow, crow's caw, fathom what manner of Mind | by longer etymology, every word's a mixed metaphor | take, e.g., the affirmative yeah. take that yeah through a band-pass filter | now hear Light, arrayed thru all the attitudes of Life, compressed back into White |: the whole protoindo-european peoples are DEAD. | he drifts in apparitional, bloodlines streaming festive | he thinks he's misheard, but again, she says: the greek erosic aesthetic | erotic was never a word | i taxify his illness as textual paranoia: with Jaynes's hallucinating the cuneiform; and Barzac's Syndrome, cousin of Capgras | on palm of hand he writes one word, and laughs | i leave it raw, an uncomfortable poetry. yet words i heard in a silence i'd emerged from | words i heard then had my end for A Perfectly Sharp Blade | we cannot say, what made him laugh: but a principle may infer | silence, that night, what the monk didn't dream. silent, his Blade, slicing its way thru anything | my genius friend'll play charmingly fey, the way he torques his upper body, checks the ass of his pants | hands on hips, the judicious & lascivious twisted in a higher synthesis | exactly how tall is my genius friend? he bounds about, in abstract space | mild complacense, the emotive epoché: our proper worship of a statistic Mystery | that was it, exactly: clayfunnelroulette.wav, from my SonicSource sample library. a Jakarta DJ hounds my friend | with his gedanken of the Whale, my genius friend hastened the completion of Canadian Bioethics. my genius friend filled
Boetzkes' Crossword in unusual ways — was old, cool, cloyed with sweat. was three great rings, welded concentric — three great rings, its diametric span. the outer ring was SimSun & ancient — on inner ring, the rim around the void of the thing, were dull and greening glyphs, three, an implicit triangle — [i noticed a medallion on a friendly old man] — all along my private joke was Godwin's Law, a commonplace of Usenet etiquette — the back-back joke is often still invented independently — we're both of us three French things, maybe more: amateur, raconteur, provocateur — 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 — i couldn't decide if the vocals were complex, an architectonics. then it is! he said — an angel of distress hovered over wave, fusing off-phase with the sad, slow crash — the Song, this whole bad beach was a trap: high on wave, a spiral shell, a self-singing Structure — long Bradford Cox, one of Seven i've battled. he shouts & boasts, he squats and slaps his buttered thighs, an odious pindh wrestler — the music whoze, the music rasped, &Shell cracked clean, zagged down its sagittal axis — halves fell way, petals of a lotus or pistachio shells, and there stood B — how will we know when it's heaven? i said. when your head is a cloud then it's heaven — the ear's small hairs go hyperactive, convert to energy — 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 — i'm rubbing my eyes on a type-size t, floating and droning in the center of vision, thus SEAt — my room is a realm made sacred by Science, the Science that found the Signal — i was at the time myself a seat. i was at the time a SETI site, nerve-strings tuned — i was at the time made alien to myself — no closed loop, this cosmic Snake, she takes in power, outputs HEAT. she keeps me in my basement warm & comfy — failure to Renew would result in the loss of my Online Identity — a small graffito caught my eye, the white-out fresh and drippy: MONC — from slope-top now could see another, scrawled along three slabs of sidewalk:
Mike Newman \text{chuckling to self on release from brief reverie} - Mike Newman hear therein not river Rhine but timeless, tubular biomass - has vision of flowers, future & veridical. Muchlike upright worm, shall be: with pretty 'hat' - send love out to live Curtischip, analog Pa; to heart of the sparrow, by Barry Doupé - in PBT, a spirit realm summed in an impossible Abstraction - our worship must wait, our angelic receptions hold till our Journals complete - PBT is god himself saying neti neti: neti neti to his own necessities - a god I'd like, thinking out loud: a god I'd like, spread over several Philosophy Profs - if spinal, then physical, then clearly not there - if aspirants are bilateral, built around a stick then enlightenment is barely epiphenomenal - the angelic is here, just atop the parietal lobe; the demonic below, off-tailbone - the Mystic reduced to a medium of forces, the shaman consigned to his healing function - this, not chakras, is disruptive of Physics. A humming, an arranging for private kicks - is Reduction's reverse, beginning with a psychic Complex - by these tidings, still I hear a sanctuary humming within - y'r saying some name, some mantra naam from the moment u awake and forgetting yr dreams, a religion of One - if u keep on googling hotair balloon disasters, hot air balloons will keep on disaturing - o u yearnt for this ending, the poetry of it compells - go supine, palms up, mouth agape. make of yourself a Radio - taller, you feel? or simply as tall as you are, my friend - 'disgust with sex', with 'having sex': we misconstrue Sue, we cannot read Hardy - projecting on Sue, we rape her, in effect - childhood itself we molest: its innocence invaded by salacious ads for anal sex - a poster inside 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 - everything but the novelty songs, the unserious songs - 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 - 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 to the precision of Anatomy: so tends the discourse of Intimacy a problem with poems is they come with a title, often on a page. a problem w Odes, they're intended a gathering of madmen who twinkle discretely down on me. bemused observers of Sexual Selection ecce homo, hunched at his station, in the alpine light distinctly unblessed his ego ballooned in an overlarge loneliness, unchecked by the press of other selves if the door should blow open, a Brother may it be! if a Brother it be, be it Jesu, the Love-bug if this be a 'scene', will the People laff & titter all of them in-utero & ebullient about my workdesk, where angels often hover forgetful of the sign, he dies, saying Here at last is the sign I have sought! there was a young monk who thought on the Sign til his rear did rot, till maggots there bred there was an Elder under a tree when in the road an Ogress arrove, saying all the dirty words. the Elder arose there IS the theory of dressing for the sex appeal, displaying for men the sex appeal not a bogus science, but a real london magick intoning Types with hint of threat, from Dictator's height: they are as he says, for he names the Four Types his will thrown full into his muscular armour. he's in himself, yet Outer-Sourced to sheath of flesh is pressed into the layer of Self that loves life more a voice so baritone cannot but tell it unstrained and true: he's Sauron, Brahma, Xerxes, Vader 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 any elision of the V/R divide, a leak either way of V into R would compel him to ruinous confession if porn is V, and V is 'merely', what's to confess the V of porn / the hardness of R: these he'll confirm till the R is hard to doubt. because of porn he won't e.g. see Maya has been here before but spread himself thin over hmmm and i don't knows. his final upsaaras arrive 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 | 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 | the phantom uncanny of early film is lost | was beautiful, all, an art imposed by cruder filmstock. | 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. | older film was Séance, all | the medium is fuzzy, the message thus: i'm far from you | symptoms of a later art, there in its inception, in kidsgames. | early film is dreamy yet perhaps a Documentary. it may be a two-minute ad for itself | every film's a document of: actors acting, a director's magnanimous effects | Hollywood draws our social Adepts, beings aglow who show us life, whatever the stretch | a document paired with stimulus pleasure: our pleasure in watching a story | we're trained into 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 | we behave as Prey in the killtrance. the Spectacle sees, is a giant compound Eye inhuman and carnivorous | the trick was horrendous, suddenly clear: silence triggers trauma, death. we're trained to fear it, find it tense | action films not totally loud, they've quiet enough to contaminate it | Star Wars 7 said the Carleton marquee. Star Wars 7, as silly as that | the colossal is a fraud [pkd] which sad if true means kubrick, all epic | 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 | they all confess, she doesn't mean but turns them nonetheless | he had no lies but near my mother, his premise of Play had been outed | cluestring wound thru hall & closet / breadcrumb path thru bookstacks | the alien is epicene, Second, made of light | to george i am spectral. i make no wave,
am real to his eye not his antennae. to george, the lobster, i'm a
ghost, am god-like a cascade of honks at Dupont–Spadina, timed with my
rising, timed with a dangerous & idle desire idle i write to hold it
in-mind; or give it time to tempt me idle i say, and hear these honks:
the street outside, my soundtrack an ampitheatre of souls. of ecosystems
nested. all eyes on the show below, every row supposing they're the
backmost, highest was us all along; or god now lives in conscience my
anger makes an X; it orients a bomb drop i am paul, his tiny other. i'm
the dye, my rage is its radioaction paul has no missile but calls one
down. X = wrong & the spot the pig is a fellow, betrayed by friends.
the crime is common, Hardy names all England they see they're accused,
but not the crime. they're the housewives in Hesse buying fish 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 gazing down, god would see
equality our reading will simplify, will unify to [a]. these ads have
layers to last beyond the ad agency irony lends our devolvement cover.
irony an analog of conscience: by the complex self it requires irony
grants a pleasing depth as we devolve to insentience sovkhoz evokes an
era, yet analogues live on. here at base of Social Theory, laws are tight
w Physics pregnant out-of-body, she felt. she'd rise with the sun, pass
over each day there's nothing we are you can't osmose, nothing in
principle unempirical 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 she, too, would be
'somebody's angel': she, too'd 'come and save him tonite' on Tyndale's
assent to the holy & infinite task you add a NOT your ignorance seen,
like dust heaped on a Spectral form, in too much said Comedy holds
these lovely shores these: 'clown's suspenders' [c.y.hui] lively, yes
it's lively: in a tiresome way boredom transforms to unprincipled joy.
twiddling thumbs versus playing Nintendo yr Moves in violation of the
Movator ethos. our moment of Zen, u insist on delight — Mine would have me supine on my futon, forfeit to ascendant forms — The Symposium ends with Socrates defending Comedy: talking to himself — the Joke in reverse is still got: as i uncrack i think of the setup — life, reversed, would feel the same, slice-by-slice — the future fades, when moving back, to anticipation. — seen as our future, seen on approach, the Present a gathering induction. the present a climax, a multiple confirmation — tho BACK i go, they cannot release me from what i've ever been — the future & past already are cast. tho back i go, they cannot unhappen t — every play is strangely funny, an irony runs thru it. the parts marked Joke are painful wordplay, puns that encourage the Pomposity — the insults slapped on mug for dad the english prof were overwrought — an Athenaeum w/in would achieve no consensus re whether they're Free, on Beauty's ontology — plato's table, the incidental prop: commutable service its essence, a contingency. — then again: the curving leg of Queen Anne furniture. pert & outward, w/ ornamental foot. this table was a tree, has ghostly remnance. — advice to Holden from Mr. Antonelli: bestow, not give [Tyndale, not the KJV] your life for your friends. — 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. — Gomer's not wry, it's just how he sounds. a simple man, our Gomer friend goes far — on cleansing the sensorium, the snakeform seen for harmless coir. the nematode C.elegans, its thousand cells been fashioned lithe — w/ your labfellows celebrate, you've got your motorium. — Chaos chaos, christened by Linnaeus, fifty times spotted — she's a cat on her couch, a Looney Tunes chat. a dripping Dalí w/ grand and unbothered whiskers — 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? — to gestate her momentous secrets, Nature adopts the Sphere: a maximized Interior.