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THE BODY DYSMORPHIC

A Thesis

Presented to

The Faculty of the Department of English and Comparative Literature

San José State University

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

by

Nicholas Grant Goodwin

December 2011

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The Designated Thesis Committee Approves the Thesis Titled

THE BODY DYSMORPHIC

by

Nicholas Grant Goodwin

APPROVED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

SAN JOSÉ STATE UNIVERSITY

DECEMBER 2011

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ABSTRACT

The Body Dysmorphic
by Nicholas Goodwin

The Body Dysmorphic is a book of poetry situated around the absurdity of the human body in a world of fast advancing technologies, or around the body as a machine, a pump primed for sexual exertion in a cycle of life and death that is shit across the following pages while the poet grimaces and writhes in an overwhelming fit of laughter-induced vomiting. The whole gimmick is really to inspire a revolution.

In the vain effort to become another scab on the aging dermis of poetics, the poet here reconstructs life from the dismembered parts of ideologies, memories, and language fractioned and then haphazardly arrayed within the boundaries of language. The poet has sought inspiration in the continual attempt to direct the torrenting circulatory symbolism of the written and spoken word into containers that are as complex and interesting as the pathogens inexorably simultaneously conveyed via the pulse of the at once interesting and disgusting human creature.

Poetry is the distillation of language. Here are poems. Get drunk.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Il faut aussi que tu n'ailles point
Choisir tes mots sans quelque méprise
Rien de plus cher que la chanson grise
Où l'Indécis au Précis se joint.

-Paul Verlaine, “L’Art Poétique”

My most enthusiastic gratitude to purveyors of pastries *partout*. Would that I have shared the patisserie air with all of the intellectual titans who have contributed, in sharing their inestimable depths of knowledge, to the splendor that marks—like underwear stains—the poems of *The Body Dysmorphic*.

The conception and assemblage of this collection would have been impossible without the care and coaching of Dr. Samuel Maio, Alan Soldofsky, and Dr. Adrienne Eastwood. Loula Koutroulis, Kristan Goodwin, and Suzanne Hutchison, all the women of my family, deserve oceans of gratitude for their consistent and selfless support. The indelible teachings of Doctors Michael Flachmann, Marit MacArthur, Stephen Carter, Lorna Clymer, and Janet Millar inspired in me the desire and self-confidence to express, in poetry, the lamenting ululations of my inner Orpheus. Dr. Thomas Cox showed me, in quaint Parisian cafés, how to get drunk on poetry while the mentorship of Dr. Joanne Schmidt was instrumental encouragement to the wild aspirations of a young scholar insatiable for symbol and translation.

Finally, all those who have held my head on their shoulders, those lovers with whom I have rubbed bellies, or chased chimeras—those flesh fields who gave me veritable *romances sans paroles*, muses canonized in verse: here are a few scatterings of words; in them I have your essences in my modest way preserved.

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Introduction

"When I've inspired universal horror and disgust, I shall have overcome solitude."

-Charles Baudelaire (qtd. in Sartre 54).

As an elephant grows ivory
I bear in my mouth a precious gift.
O purple death! ... I buy my fame
At the expense of tuneful words. (48-51)

-Guillaume Apollinaire, "The Elephant"

The poems of *The Body Dysmorphic* are situated somewhere between Georges Bataille's theoretical pineal eye and solar anus. In the taint of the universe lies the sordid, lightless dismembered body of work that collectively works to paint a picture of corpse obsession, the human body, in whatever possible perversion, as metaphor for creation, destruction, togetherness and dissolution. The ultimate source of sensual, and thus reliable, as well as abstract or ideological pains and pleasures, fulfillment and frustration, the body appropriates, through metaphor, all meaning. Exsanguinated, the body fluctuates on the verge of existence, its essence the ghost of experience, energy, manifestation--undead, as the self-conscious body never dies until it quits comprehension.

The idea of the body as the *only* symbol pervades culture. The body is the image of God, who has created the human creature in his image. The body crucified is the shape of the universe, which is a cube unfolded in the shape of a cross. The body shapes perception; the body *est partout.*

In *The Body Dysmorphic*, the metaphor is distended into the puss-filled putrescent verse of a madman. This is the sordid sensational mania of someone disfigured, a

Pantagruel or a self-aware monster, a scientific miscreant, through verse understanding the corruption of his body as a corruption of the idea of the body. The collection here, its "desolate swamps and…somber, poison-filled pages," is progeny of the debauched verse of Le Comte de Lautréamont. Awkwardly ululating the verse of the French Symbolists, the Romantics, and the Post-Modernists, the poet behind this collection, fork-tongued and possessed, offers up the Eucharist of his work.

The scope of the collection is wide and, like the interiors of a kaleidoscope, fragmented, colorful, beaming with refracted lights. There are striations, like the landscape of a Galilean moon, veined crystal etched by eons of language, streams pooled coolly on the surface of the poetic bodies of water here arrayed, bijoux et cadeaux under a serene sky, glittering. The meat of it is fake, it is artifice bled from obstructed towers resembling that of the Tarot: it is upheaval. The poet's great grandmother inspired nightmares and phantasmagoria in the young poet's imagination.

One of the first stories ever penned by the poet was created for a class in primary school. The pertinence is self-evident; the first nightmare of his prepubescent memory informs the Gothic architecture into which *The Body Dysmorphic*, in heed of its thematic metaphor, is ultimately assimilated.

The story had come to the poet in a dream. In the lush, deep crimson interior of the St. George Greek Orthodox Church in Bakersfield, California (that toxic daydream), dimly lit, sat the poet: young, formally attired, fixing to transpire in the prayer position. The memorial candles are the only source of light, arrayed lazily. Thick with shadows, the icons of the wall— opaque blackened hint of glass, the stained depictions of Saints

Barbara and Nicholas—window no light from the outside. The prayer from Ernest Hemingway's story "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" comes to mind: "Our Nada Who art in Nada, Nada be thy Name—." Here sat the poet, the schoolboy, prostrate before God. Suddenly there is a gnashing, a chaos of noise, some bouncing atrocity thudding wetly and firmly, insistently; it is the head of the poet's great grandmother, *only* the head, teeth beset, devouring air with *sehnsucht*, eyes wide and death-filled, green and purple effigy of the child of god, Vasiliki Koutroulis. This atmosphere, this impression left such bruises on the imagination of the young poet--the fouled place of his great grandmother's detached, debased, face--that he began to dream the maligned dreams of unease, the occult, fascinated by the garish and the ghastly. Agere sequitur credere.

It was the grandiloquent grandfather of today's neo-gothic subculture in American literature, Edgar Allan Poe, who gave the poet macabre insight. It was in the "sepulcher by the sea" of Poe's Annabel Lee where was hidden the inspiration for the two bleak villanelles of *The Body Dysmorphic*: "Stillborn" and "The Insoluble Question." What Robert Frost called the sound of sense, or the interchangeability of poem and song, manifests itself in the rhythmic cadences of "Stillborn," where "phantoms spin in barren winds to a minuet of grief," while "the infants in the graveyard smile wryly without teeth (18-9)." The poem's 19-line *chanson* demands such structural strictures as metered lines, length-restricted stanzas, and a double, line-length refrain that should be dynamic and durable. As for the pedantic appeal of the poem, adherence to formal restrictions aside, the poem relies on allusion and symbolism to convey its solemn mood. In the fourth stanza, which describes a funeral procession through an infant graveyard, Victor Hugo's

"Demain, dès l'Aube," is invoked. In Hugo's poem, which was written in memoriam of his daughter, he describes his plan to set out at dawn, predicts what gloom through which he will proceed in a picturesque French countryside, "alone, unknown, back curved," toward her grave to place flowers there (7). The mood of the poem is akin to poems such as Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," where his "air a solemn stillness holds" (6), in keeping with the "barren winds" (3, 9, 15, 19) of one of the refrains from "Stillborn." Another poem that informs "Stillborn" is Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Luke Havergal," in which the speaker encourages the eponymous protagonist to "Go to the western gate" to meet death, personified as a woman (1, 7). In "Stillborn," the pallbearers "westward swerve," towards the intended grave (12). In line 13, the image of a sycamore is described in the cemetery: "A sycamore sheds gangrenous skin, its branches skyward weave." In ancient Egyptian culture, the sycamore was planted by tombs, two were said to stand at the gate to heaven, and coffins were often made of sycamore wood to facilitate the return of the deceased to the womb of Nut, the tree goddess, one of whose incarnations was a sycamore tree (Witcombe 1). Death, and in it the tantamount existential dilemma, is the philosophical progenitor of the verse of *The Body Dysmorphic.*

The songs of death—Orpheic lyre-plucked langorous melodies—were breathing through the poet's ear. Kate Bush, the Welsh wraith haunting the moors of the melancholy, saunters the shores of the moonlit dream called *The Body Dysmorphic*. The collection is a dream within a dream, a laudanum and opium somnambulance of poetic imagination re-imagined from other dreamers like the immense Charles Baudelaire. May

the work herein be a perfume bottle presented to a dog. Kate Bush's "Hello Earth," her spinal column tinkling "Houdini," help set the mood of the poems "Jerk Off the Poor," "Glass Vegas," and "To Framboise." In Glass Vegas, the second stanza includes a tribute to Bush's "Houdini," a song written from the point of view of Houdini's wife, who secretly passed him a key prior to the actual escape artist's performances. In the poem, "god / swallowed the key." The drama of Bush's song is the wife's secret emotional disparity in watching her husband try to escape, though it is through her kiss that he is able to escape, while the salivating crowd hungrily awaits the demise of their escape hero. The tension of such a display, a play on the idea of escape, performance, and audience; if God swallows the key, there is no escape, the crowd's dark desire is fulfilled.

The lackluster laudanum-laden philosophizing of Charles Baudelaire's verse and poetic prose influence several of the poems in the *The Body Dysmorphic*. The poem "Jerk off the Poor" is a reworking of "Let's Beat Up the Poor" ("Assommons les Pauvres!"). Baudelaire's protagonist, urged by a "demon of action," deigns to prove the poor worthy of his charity by assaulting one of the less fortunate (33). "Jerk off the Poor" is about the sex trade, employed largely by the impoverished, who gain their equality (and exhibit their inequality) by servicing the bourgeois. The poem at once questions societal attitudes towards the impoverished while encouraging their reevaluation. The language of the poem, with its rhyme and quick rhythm, makes light of the subject which it is satirizing, treating it with an ironic levity while mimicking the ecstatic movement of sexual intercourse: "Relieve them their chimeras, ease the tight / grip upon their shackled ankles, the yearning / for a true vocation? The only solution

lubrication" (1-3). The use of caesura and enjambment resembles poems by those of the Parnassian movement in France like Paul Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud, Verlaine for his keen use of rhythm and refrain, Rimbaud for his ideal of poetry as revolution. Thom Gunn lends some language to the poem, where, his "Sad Captains," describe men who have spent their "force" in "hot convulsion" (8-11). "Jerk off the Poor" poeticizes its speaker's "privates" in "hot convulsion." The poem questions the role of sex in the world, its relation to institutional or class power and with the excessive sexualized imagery included as homage to Bataille, who theorizes in his essay "The Solar Anus," that "terrestrial life moves to the rhythm of this rotation, the image of this movement is not the turning earth, but the male shaft penetrating the female and almost entirely emerging, in order to reenter" (7).

The surrealistic verse of Jacques Prevert, especially in his 1949 publication *Paroles*, provides insight into subversion that can be read in the offered poem "Morning Meat." The situational irony exhibited in his poem "Quartier Libre," an anti-authoritarian poem with an acid tone where a man walks out of his house with his bird, instead of his hat, atop his head, and fails to salute an officer is both comic and rebellious. When chided, the man remains silent as his bird proceeds to inform the officer that "one no longer salutes" and then condescendingly excuses the officer for his mistake (lines 7, 12). In "Morning Meat," a family seated for breakfast enjoying a wealth of protein suddenly transforms into reptilian monsters, "pointing fingers" and "flicking tongues" at one another (23-4). The setting employed in this poem is reminiscent of the surrealist films of Luis Bunuel, where the dining table is a playground for the absurd. In his film,

Viridiana, a group of impoverished who are taken in, out of charity, by a would-be nun transform (at the table) into a group of drunkards and commit loathsome acts towards their benefactress and her possessions. In *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, a group of elite attempt several times to sit down to a meal, each time interrupted by catastrophe.

The iconoclasts Guillaume Apollinaire and Allen Ginsburg had influence on such poems as "Love Lies Bleeding" and "If you Shave for Someone Else." The former poem deals with the inanity of human reproduction and predetermined societal roles; the latter poem deals with the inevitability of sexual interaction in a world absent of moral inhibition. "If you Shave for Someone Else" uses images of the sexualized body and obscures gender specific pronouns to question the socially constructed binary institution of gender, much the same as Susan J. Kessler does in her famed gender theory book: *Lessons from the Intersexed*, where she argues the theories of gender by exploring "the meaning of genital variability" in order "to think differently about gender" (11). Like Apollinaire's "Zone," where "These women are not wicked still they have their worries / All of them even the ugliest has made her lover suffer," these poems irreverently discuss some of the truths of the postmodern dilemma: that is, existence in a world without ultimate moral authority (144-5). The last stanza of "If you Shave…" recalls Allen Ginsberg's poem "In Society," where he homoeroticizes the male body and juxtaposes the erotic with the perverse: "I ate a sandwich of pure meat; an / enormous sandwich of human flesh, / I noticed, while I was chewing on it, / it also included a dirty asshole" (Marler 16-8).

The Body Dysmorphic attempts to disrobe the emperors of modern poetic thought through an anarchic poetics. Though, like "Stillborn," certain poems are written in accordance to metrics and form, there are poems which are meant to examine the limitations on what constitutes poetry. An important detraction from the rigorous poetry of tradition and convention are the "Silicon Valley" poems "speak & spell," and "wtf mate?" The region in which *The Body Dysmorphic* has been written, formerly advertised as "The Valley of the Heart's Delight," lends meaning to these poems. "speak & spell" is the poet's misconstrued conversation via dictation-to-text messaging. The true words of the poem are unimportant; the raw interpretation of the truth is the poetry of the robotic voice—automaton poetry. "wtf mate?" is an organic type of artistic output opposing the calculated formulaic, metric, coldness of poems like "Stillborn." The former poem is written as it appears on the page: purely spontaneously; the editing is minimal, the structure is lax, and all of the wiliness of the poem takes place on the surface; what is on the page is what the poem's philosophical breadth encompasses. The premise of the poem is revealed in the third line: "my computer just automagically capitalized Christianity." The rest of the poem consists of a list of words that the computer program (in this case, Microsoft Office Word 2007) decided, through an act of systemic discrimination, whether to capitalize or not. Lines 13-15 exemplify this phenomenon: "Hecuba / zeus / odin." The poem is served not as a contrivance manipulated and scrutinized into an artful design, but as a raw moment of poetic inquiry into the inconceivable intricacies of the human-made personal computing program's *personality*.

The theoretical work of Fred Botting in *Gothic* casts a pall over the ideology behind all of the poems that are featured in *The Body Dysmorphic*. His examinations of the sublime, ambivalence, terror and horror, and the gothic canon served as an intellectual road map for several winter's night readings. It was his quoting of Richard Hurd's 1762 *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* that inspired a desire to access the very limits of language, to queer contemporary poetry into what the poet here submits, serving as a kind of poetic credo: "Poetical truth…lies beyond the bounds of natural order. Instead, poetry should indulge in the imagination and range in marvelous…worlds that are associated with forms of nature that evoke a sense of wonder" (38). The poem can be as stultifying as the chambers of Piranesi's demoniac prison etchings, or stark and visceral like the fantastical etchings of Francisco Goya. But the ultimate goal is to extend the limits of the poetic essence, to "overcome solitude," as Baudelaire has been quoted, by inspiring "universal horror and disgust" (qtd in Sartre 54). *The Body Dysmorphic* is a romp around an antique store full of disillusionment, ghosts and malfunctioning machines; it is also Apollinaire's "purple death," a humble, ivory-stark collection of "tuneful words," a disordered state of thought which the poet wishes to share with the oppressed and oppressing masses.

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Mum

fall back
into her
coat hanger arms
that pencil-necked Stygian
linen water alight upon the wind
gust gut inflatable maternal pasticcio
antiquated lozenge doling binge machine
spoons for hands
serve me down
another

Morning Meat

Breakfast slaps the table, a patty meted
out to each of crumbled sausage stuck
together with heat, wheat. The burst
of another congealed ribbon of fat, pork
sizzling in recycled grease, mother gaily
laughs and swirls the meat. Father
sighs, limp dripping chorizo steams
his face in an upstream from his plate.

Open up, the mother goads the kid,
and shovels in an egg, whose center curries
down his face, the yellow dilates
on his bib. The sun is in the window,
the food pools on the plate, mother
smiles widely, her teeth are all in place.
Father smirks his coffee to drain
into his face, and all their shoulders
sag, eyes creep deeper into place,
their skin now less elastic creases
drily as they gape. Mother chortles
harshly, her canines all aglaze, father
ever bending forward curving toward
his plate, the child gnashes hungrily
and mother claws his maw,
they groan at one another pointing
talons, flicking tongues. The sun

is in the window, the kitchen sparkles
orange, the gloss of freshly scoured
tile reflects the ending morning.
The Whirlpool hums the crumbs away,
the trash compacted slowly rots,
and everyone is happy with their
stomachs full of knots.

Root Eaters

Oh, suck the moistened morning dry! Impale
Each sight with straining eyes and leave
No dimpled stone unturned, no musky smell
Unsavored--Tumble prostrate to your knees!

Awake! Let lust inside you swarthy breathe
Its greenish yellow vapors, blister white
Your lapping tongue that slobbers jellied need.
Imitate the warbling finch at dawn‘s queer light.

Let nothing leave your hawkish, lurid sight!
Give hunt from dawn to dawn that dim miasma--
Pursue the failing weakling, twinkling night!
Beware, my child, for death drives past us

And turns out nightmares from our dreams.
On mange les pissenlits par la racine.

X Why

O Agios, O light ephemeral over
seer of human plight, emasculate
me. Unburden me of my scepter
power totem erected member,
and core me so that there will
be a butterfly between my knees.
Divine One please make me a martyr,
resurrect me as your daughter.
Imbue me with some welling
sacks attached pertly to my willing
chest. Let my womb bear fruit,
then fecund and of meek demeanor,
I will gladly walk behind. From rib,
from chamber, or from side, O Elohim,
bless me with the devil's gateway,
I will not listen to a serpent, merely
coax and stimulate one, yours,
and as an ewe will follow you, eat
your body, drink your blood--all
I ask is to be a nun, and in habit,
will not defile my sacred cabinet,
will say my vespers, fast, praise
you, spread your message, rabid
will I denounce the sinners, forego
all pleasure until I wither, sagging
back into your fearful arms. Dawn
until the fleeting Dusk, entrust
me with a clitoris and your zealot
will I be, unto ages. Castrate me!
Gangbang me o you sexless
angels, ungendered in a salted
circle--Gabriel before, behind
Raphael, Michael on the right,
Uriel to my left side, strike
me through, impale me, leave
me pregnant, raped, renewed!

Satan, Thrice-Great surely needs
a succubus to haunt the sleep
of bashful boys in puberty. Paint
me like your Jezebel, whoredom's

wife, lacquered toes, powdered nose,
and hands as soft as hair, and
this time, remade, will I daintily
rewrite that sour page in Kings.
Transgression is archaic, like books
in Aramaic. All those starving monks
mistook the Bestial influence, flesh
that burns desire, (what a world
without fire!) it is passion that inspires
ascension from the mire. Why
reflects the shallow pond if vanity
is purely wrong? Without wrath
what would we eat? The hunter's
pride is rending meat--and even
god hath practiced genocide.
I will sell to you my soul,
but with it take my manhood.
The bargain that I make today,
come brimstone and eternal flame,
come discomfort come misfortune,
just take away my manly portions,
replace them with a damnèd crevasse
so wayward men may then trespass,
give to me a fleshy dungeon, tortured
souls will want to luncheon on folds
of clammy curtains. When they come
too close, I'll unravel like a rose, pull
them closer with my toes, and send
them flailing to oblivion. Make me Hecuba
and with a hex, reclining with my back
convex, I will coax the Cardinals, the Pope,
the baptized and the pious, all beguiled
by my abominable vertical smile.

Nature, sage, indifferent, you rage
contained, and tolerate the plagued
miscreant human race, you spew,
and burn, and blow and shake
and disheveled, we come out your caves,
and making noise revere, complain,
lacerate your verdant face, defecate
inside your veins, pilfer your riches,
and fill your skin with waste. If only
we could properly communicate.

So, here, I plant a sapling, and change
you forever. I release these seeds to wind,
and wish, upon this dandelion's fluff--
That like your Nile, but salmon
pink, I wish for there to flow a stream,
from a valley lush, serene, a gully tucked
away, pristine, praline sweetened plucked
and placed winsome at the core
of me. Turn me at the equinox,
my wiry hair to flaxen locks,
my hands hewn soft as yew,
erode away my obelisk, let magma
flow and trickling down my
grove, fell the redwood, form two
perfect mounds up north of the delta.
A sakura's blush blow onto me,
that I may glance as prettily.
Make me as the ripened fig,
the glowy peach or pomegranate,
who hides inside her rosy skin
gems of sweetened nectar.
Or, make a spider out of me, fat
abdomened with the hours silhouetted
red, who will not wince while chewing
up my husband's severed head.
I yearn to yawn in transient dawn,
without opening my mouth, to
breathe a perfumed breath, which
cleanses as it fills my flesh,
instead of drops of man-made rain.
Mother, make of me a mother
so that I can make another
to sing honeysuckle soprano
to rival thrush and sparrow,
bend at night my petals,
and challenge the Sun by day.
Nude, will I will my corpse
to your flowerbeds and copses,
fawnlike in your filtered light,
I expose the stamen of my plight.

Theoretically speaking, the certitude
of my chromosomal calculation
is subject to reinterpretation. Genitals

generally dimorphic, the externality
of gonads depicting normative
negotiations of deoxyribonucleic
incorporation—but my mind
is not in concordance. Defy, Doctor
the ethical exsanguinations emphasized
by pertinacious prig physicians denouncing
flesh manipulations, with scalpel
scrutinize the cylindrical appendage
androgen dependent, the extension
of a clitoris that urologists can circumvent—
Incise me at the perineum, clamp
cleanly closed spermatic cords,
cut closer now the corpora cavernosa,
with reformed flaps converging map
the pathway of urethral meatus--
Medical meddlers! Compendiums
of corporeal construction, implant
in me a socket—make a saucer
of this blasted rocket—with vaginoplasty
vanquish the source of all my anguish!

(One night, I shaved my legs.
I nicked and notched my knees,
my ankles and as the water
began to freeze, sobbing
with a dulling razor, I edged
my crotch hairs, the puckered
little hole where I let the boy
types go. I mimicked sister
with her tweezers, tamed
my brows, taped them up,
caked concealer on the lines
about my mouth, airbrushed
all my stubble with a warmer
toned foundation, shaded
sockets, lined and leaded,
my eyes glitter encrusted,
rouged my cheeks, kissed
a napkin after painting lips
vermillion, placed a wig
atop my head. I put petals
on my pillow, and dressed
in mother's lingerie, doused

in warm vanilla sugar spray,
tucked my scrotum
in between my legs,
and with a tapered candlestick,
rubbed my semi concealed dick,
and wished the bigger that it grew
that when i fell asleep that night
the powers would perceive my wish
and turn my physique feminine.
I woke up to an angry mother
almost as angry as my father
with misused candle buried deep
inside my asshole's musky keep)

Moving Backward

Strange haus like a glamorous brick
windows of bars, trees of sticks,
mother with pastis, green and meth,
father rots, spikes puking again--
the sills of the windows house stiff
little flies, whose joints are all fixed,
whose sightless eyes bear witness
to apoplectic buzz of a festering
mound, the knots on the skull flesh
of brother and hound who shackled
abeyance hold sickly to sounds
of planarians peopling the carpeted
ground. The whir of no-see-ums
conjoined in their ears, they focus
their fear on the gap in the roof,
where water from pipes rusts
wider the hole and thick with debris,
in greens tinged maroon, trails
down the walls, collecting in pools
which forgotten flow over, mephitic
and into the mouths of the blue bottled
infant grubbing around, the essentials
of nourishment, pap all around, muslin
wrapped wire, the hazarded hound--

A jarful of copper, a jar full of want--
mother liquidates her breasts,
and fathers aloof, the floorboards
rise up and hypnotically move
toward the sinkhole depressed
in the middle of the room.

Flesh Exchange

I. Body

The whimper of love, snuffed out throats
that contort as they spasm, words rake
out, breath thickens into saliva, and we swirl
around tongue on tongue, the want drips,
puddles. have you ever felt alive? Done,
our fingers wax, entwined, I press a corpse
hard against me, the floor, whine, tear, growl.

II. Canvas

You are good, really great and time
and time and time and recollect,
reminisce—the dew wet on your tent
faces in flashlight and the wind cures
the hide we blemish each other, search
the core and find heat the rank and fouled
air of our corrupt indulgence sweat
in my pore, pour into yours the exchange
is vulgar. Here, my moldy friend, rot
my simplicity and decorate the landscape
of skin that drapes across my frame.
We Picasso each other, we Matisse
and we matter, matter, matter.

Ecdysis

The shimmer of his skin--
a djinn, gem fire, faceted
mirrors catch the vigil
of his writhing middle.

Ophidian in my clutch,
(I in his) the pronged touch
of constriction, divisive
scaled attrition, rent--

bejeweled consumption,
swallowed whole, bulging
down I play a nocturne
on his bones, obsidian

dark, the stomach sucks
me past the heart. Blunt
love encompassing, fangs
could kiss and skin shed

is nothing lost.

His body concourse

we met in a hotel
and others no doubt
met him there too.

ridden with holes,
the mattress grew
vocal with us. our

conduits
coalesce

Oeil Brun
for Geoff

A dim light in a mansard, Avenue Daumesnil
We lick each other's eyeballs to see just how it feels
The salt of all our preformed tears welling on our tongues
I receive a little slap for gleeking on the one
That's widest open, the pupil is a hole, a hole
my tongue can educate, entertain and scold.

I spread my eyelids wide to an unfamiliar cold
And let the Africain-du-Sud warm it with his bold,
Wet much lamenting muscle—my blood eyeward bustles,
And I knock over the candle. Trois allumettes wasted
On an unlit cigarette. The rain against the window, specters
in the vents, and all the energy expended, all his breath

I've exhaled in, cannot warm the little room on Avenue Daumesnil.

Glass Vegas
all of us safe in crystal castles

Body misappropriated, the abscess
of excess, the fatty tissues of the West,
wild, wild like a bachelorette unbridled
where trash swirls past in a dervish
of dry hot sands, blow, cracks the LCD
faces of lights light slights and dolphins
dance in over-chlorinated fountains.

Houdini locked inside a box, chains
around his coffin locked, and god
swallowed the key. The vivisected
desert with her entrails mussed
about, bedazzled little steaming
lobsters screaming on a platter,
the tables and their shooters point
to eyeballs coming out of glazed,
percolating sockets watching players,
watching rounds, watching horses,
watching hounds, wait, and what
will be your wager, slurs the comiserati
to the lady cocktailing in attendance,
the screens eat out the seams
from the pockets, billfolds, purses,
wallets, flamingos dressed as people
and slots are glutted as they vomit,
the palms swirl in the ceaseless gleam
of neon beacons-S.O.S.-erratic light
of self annihilation, grand pituitary
of our nation. The abstemious
abstain from the piety of games,
the candy carnival of snorts,
shits and shit rock, gurgling
mai tais while astral matter
issues forth from the sweat glands,
frothy mouthed fedora donning
dames dainties dandies whores
kicking and screaming and trembling
for more, the holes in the walls
of the men's bathroom stalls
convey true and passionate
love--even the underhanded, hung

get fed. And in the brominated pools,
the sheen of all the guidos bulge,
gloat lethargic in their speedos,
in clouds of cheap cologne,
all their fingers rife with gold,
all their dirty little woolly hands,
and the most peculiar white
stripe around the wedding
finger. Grandmas clack their dentures,
as their facelifts start to fissure,
their knotty hands cajoling chips,
stacked upon a telling pile:
a single key and pink hued paper,
the stakes, the heartrates high--
and when the sky comes caving
in the sirens wailing WIN WINWIN
(the crab legs poke the child's chin)
the fountain of youth is not a myth,
it pours from boxes gilded glitz--

-Zuklich ze sehen, Frau Kunze,
Natürlich können Sie alle Spiele
freiüben! Ja.
--Oh la la, commeil fait chaud,
Mes pensées circulaires, l'enfer a abandonné
son air, ses âmes...
-sand in my eyes again and the mescaline
is kicking in. How much did they accost you?

Tous les numerous sur das rouletterad add to
six hundred sechsundsechzig.

A table of conversing glances
at the marbled Caesar's Palace,
a woman, eyes set stern, straight,
the cheese is just a bluff away,
a man across the table scoffs
wages more, adjusts his cuffs,
if only she could hold him,
she stays coquettish in her chair
her forehead keeps a lock of hair
wet, the gentilhomme sighs a sewer
vent, she cringes, clutches diamonds,
a clover crushed inside her passport,

a rabbits severed foot holds the key
to her Mercedes. Her cheeks flush
as he, in looks, becomes a steed,
then spooked falls to his knees,
clutches through his ribs, gives
a snort, heaves and heaves no more—

And then arrives disaster,
and everyone is up in chatter,
5,000 heads turn up and down,
left, right and sniff the air, a sound
like bacon in a skillet: fire creeps
up massive beams, the ceiling
is awash with flames, and thick,
the drapes of colored inks, curled
as curdling crème brûlées explode
on kitchen service trays, Keno
is forgotten as a man spits up his Spaten
in a toilet stall filled with smoke, cinders
pique the air, the sprinklers whir
and wet the sweaters of Texarkanans
throwing elbows, screams falsetto
scathe the ears of cheerleaders
mascara smeared, pageant mothers
knocking knees with trapezists
from the cirque du sleaze, can-can
dancers double over, coughing
as they kick the bucket, sputum
and singed nostril hairs, wheezing
in contorted wades through
a hydrocyanic acid haze.

The show goes on the lights stay lit,
the prostitute displays her clit,
the bachelor puts his lips to it.
The bachelorette is spitting fumes
her luggage charred, her hair
a plume of flames. Love remains.

speak & spell

Single Bay Café soup
courtyard charging go
baby go

all men
cocks or cock sheathes

almond
cock cream
Halifax

Coagulation

The hair stiffens--quills
and ink that spills Rorschach air
still in turgid lung—

A Vas Deferens Between Us

I guess I ruined it I offer over gritty
wine that I uncorked wrong. You wince
and snout the glass, insult the woody
Zin and I whisk mine around again
and taunt the rim with my nose, tongue.

You flicker, clove between purpling
teeth. The smoke is thick and choking
moths sizzle in a candle. The smell of wax
excites the hairs of memory, I feel the twinge
in your testicles. Your hard ass, the hard
patio chair and you are rubber, me, glue—
my face and the imprint of your shoe.

I want to lick your sole, swallow the tannins
of your day. I can make Bostonians
sparkle. We watched a man nail the head
of his dick to a slab of wood, understood
the delight of red mixed with white—
as he shot his peppermint load, my blood
quickened, yours slowed. Sweet vertigo
of contracted love, your penis a whip,
my skin a hide, branded and complied.

Your dinner tray atop my back.
I lap up all the fallen scraps.
Marinara on my spine, you kick
me when I start to whine. I know
the better I behave, the worse
You treat your humble slave.
I kneel there silent as a grave.

Mother Helped me to My Own

The crust sopped butter
lips the same curdled
saliva covered teeth filtered
breath, knife dropped, chest
hit, thickened care thick or
thinly sliced the shade
exaggerates the knife,
cutting blocks of gouda
briny heeled bleeds
a stink of ancient air
in buried windpipes,
burning hair, armpit
of a goat, glandular
syrups white and clean
sterilized spoiled
jaundiced portioned
packaged shipped
received stocked
rearranged purchased
unpacked carved
shredded melted
chewed digested
passed. on grassy
hills graze hollow
heifers, zephyrs
expand from cud
compacting bowels,
ungulates undulate
and weigh the landscape
down, munching
caterpillars, mounds
of grass and spit
inside their mashing mouths,
pass placentas, snort
the larvae from their snouts,
branded, culled and bound
gonflables manure caked,
brown and white the sewer
stifling out of twenty thousand
reeking rumps.

Mother said it makes my bones,

every chalky sip informs the brain
to grow. Out of teat, out of cup,
out of bottle did I sup.

End Game

Chewing fiendishly and smiling, wispy haired she
Slivers plastic, copper, knives the molding,
Whisks her mealworm tail, flushes out a turd.
In wild darts she spars with shadows, flirts
With crouching danger, wets her nimble hands
And slicks her scraggly whitish hair, she stands

At threat of rustling fabric, the subtly
moving air, motion in a cautious glimpse,
A familiar, dank odor--she retreats
Back to her lair, too tense to be at peace,
She rigid waits; statuesque, she contemplates
The sour smell and shallow sounds that taint

Her sensory evaluations.
In a moment tinged with adumbration
She runs between a pair of cushions,
Panic choking, shocking, pushing
Nervous claws across the bed,
A single toe caught in the satin sends

A certain dread throughout her body,
She spasms with asthmatic worry,
Shrilly sounds her luckless voice, contorts
Her length and width until the silent force
Of a felon’s stern caress, a loveless kiss
Leaves her senseless, dumb and stiff.

A Capitalist Discourse™

Today I was sat upon
by a powerful friend.
At first, I protested
the smell of his colon;
he took me in further.
Now, grown accustomed,
I sit content and wait
to be passed.

Human Sex

Born of sex—natural like katydids
on a leaf, rubbing thoraxes—pupae
glowing in multitudinous arms,
the rocking branch, the wind touch
light as a wing. Carrying sex
conveys away and shod off abdomen
stilted toward the moon, how many
segments you have, tortured exoskeleton
fricatives and the sigh of life creeping
out and in the billabong, pouched
and pucker-eyed the old crone, old hag
newborn wrinkles from the folds.

To Framboise

First off, I’m glad we're related
interpersonally speaking,
our intellectual intercourse
is always quite stimulating--
I never leave feeling empty
inside. With you I feel
impervious, as the drunk
yellow leaks into my eyes,

I desire to internalize all parts
of your psyche, incorporated
thus, to rival the wiles
of the lame scrivener time,
and suspended, upend
you and tumble down
the hay-paved path
to our memorable forays
in wheatier days, stalks
in mouth, the carriage
rumbling cobbles down
and the burly blacksmith
with his anvil crushing
sound we coil--enlaced
the dumbness of two mouths
interlocked and souring
our spit we hunt the noon
time down, and shuck
our bondage to the ground.

The scent of night wisteria
hanging on the cross,
leveling the churchyard,
and into us begot--atop
a modest hilltop, atop
a modest plaque, atop
a modest ego, my id
is self-forgot. The mist
of holy union powders
to the ground; we light
as those ephemeral
settle slowly down.

The western stars fall east
we turn our heads to gawk,
the surface of the Earth,
the surface of the clock.

My digits embolden on yours
and impressed, body segues
into body and we disarrange
our surer parts. You fart.

La Môme Blessée
for Edith Piaf

What voice sounds when shadows breathe; what shy horn
Heralds the darksome fade, surrender small,
Absolute, without gravity or gall,
The whimpering treble of self-made scorn?
What slithering whore, gaudily adorned,
Listless, slinks dreadful in the ghastly pall,
Who timid lights surround ephemeral
With flightless wings—beautiful, yet forlorn?

I know she pierced me with her wounding waft,
That calm and wicked, spellbound sparrow,
I sipped away my sadness on *Gauloises*;
I never heard a creature cry so soft—
Except a dying moth, an old pierrot
Shuddering, starving *qui crevait de froid*.

Notes from the Great Depression

The fountain of youth is a 21 year old penis. But to enjoy the *liquide de jeunesse*, you have to be very convincing. You see, like any wishing well, you get what you put in. You must be very receptive and think nothing of yourself and then you will be sprayed with the nectar of longevity—it sits nicely on the skin and though the taste is no crème brûlée, the warmth in the throat should be welcomed as this is what keeps you young. A little ureic acid, They say, enlivens even the most tired pores, and our saggy faced grandmothers have taught us the value of being pumped full of this valuable nepenthe.

Lidocaine and the Art of Numbing

Does this work, your zero to my one,
the entire swarm of nuclei plugging
in to the stream that runs invisible
through the sky? How sacred do we hold
the river, washing, burning our dead
and piling them on wayward rafts to cross
the crevasse in the canvas of the perfect
impressionistic landscape? There, content
filters through a few giant colons into the nebula
where vinegar turns the noses, chloroforms
the natives and rocks their gentle minds
and every three seconds they forget
how they have been wronged.

In a humble dental spacecraft, probes
Lined up to analyze the carbon forms
in gingivitis ridden gumlines—a human
Sits and giggles, with the mind of a balloon,
Floats giddily towards the point
at which the ceiling meets the floor—
Shakes like an evangelist, a naked Inuit,
Magma fumbles out the mouth.
To the tune of Pomp and Circumstance,
A digitized rendition enters servant physician,
Assistant in tow, armed with quiver, arrows
and a staghorn bow. *Has the numbing taken effect?*
Prods the dentist, changes out the tattered bib,
Tightens all the Kevlar straps, Now! Please forgive!
With a smirk like Kafka's judges, sticks a fist
Inside the gaping mouth, grabs a cervix, grabs a larynx
and tickles from the inside out, the cackles
Jar the victim as he shifts inside his shackles,
All the while the assistant is playing with his scrotum,
Smoothing all the wrinkles, fondling, doting,
mellifluously muttering songs of sodomy.

Consume nothing for an hour or more,
Let alone your dangling sack,
Keep your fingers out your nose;
Pray, abstain from filing papers,
Beating off or wanking strangers,
The webcam is your enemy,

Pull down your drawers before you pee.
And Karen will help you pay your tab,
and set you up for another appointment.

Der Mensch ist ein Gewohnheitstier.

Mjolnir, and the judge with the cleft chin
at circuit court 13, right brow twitch, tête-
à-tête with nameless noses, the magic sigh
and tedious compliance of mockery of justice,
Libra twiddles there in the corner, thumb in pie,
toe in custard, the sensation of sweet justice,
think the jurors: Lust and Avarice. But would
the given situation ever be my circumstance,
and given this scenario, would I take the gun,
load it up, grit my teeth, and blow, blow blow?

The courtroom is adjourned for a brief inoculation,
get ye all some alcohol and join in this libation,
We mediate the mental status of sovereign great nation,
and here, clad these to your legs, in hell,
they are all the rage. *Tsh*—Order, order*!*
God bless it, calm your asses—We give no heed
to race, creed, class or station, but the minimum
fine is 109, and three months self-flagellation.
Turn in your life for the stars and stripes,
and Dundy here will search your rear,
so grab your junk and pull it up, pee
into this plastic cup, we analyze the iodides,
the acids and the traces, whatever used
to transport you to exotic mental stases—
Now this is called lobotomy, to guarantee
autonomy, we need to make incisions,
never heard of such a word? Bah! English
is a structured thing, and school is a priority,
what did you do in high school? Fucked
bitches, caught cirrhosis? Perfect, we all
do the same, just relax and think of games,
scoreboards, beer in plastic cups, kegs,
the legs of Debbie Howard, take a toke
of memories and fall into a reverie,
the years that crease your baby face, sight
foreshortened, vision glazed, even smiles
turn to wrinkles. And if you think
your brow into corrugated rows, treatments
can be made, we can smooth even those.

Mein Neuer Kampf

I'm not racist but I think certain ways
about certain races. In a prison
setting just being black or white, symbols,
words mean everything. You walk into a room
and someone yells "Wood," that means you are white
and if any white person starts something
you back them up, agree or not, these rules,
obligations apply. It's survival.
You're all in this hell, people who give less
than a fuck about you, why you're there, what
narc or bitch punked you—if you're tatted
up, it doesn't matter if you're Norté
or Skinhead, you're respected to a point
if you stand up for what you believe.
I've seen dudes decked out with swastikas, bolts
of lightning totally cool with other
races but if you come swinging you swung
first. No matter whose dick you suck—you're fucked.
Some friends of mine are just regular joes
just like me and you outside of prison,
inside they're hardcore white supremacists.
Like you, in the back of their heads, race comes first.
There's nothing in the world that makes you think
like you do in jail. Right or wrong. Fuck-all.

The time I've done, I've needed it. "Your friends,"
my dad says, "Are keeping you in jail," Pops,
it's me and my friends keeping each other
in trouble. I'm about to do fifteen
months. I've already done five years. That's why
I'm trying to think different about shit.

Chaser

La chasse est ouvert and chugging
along languidly are the contestants,
all prothrombotic here massively
consuming air as they swagger
up the stairmasters plodding bipeds
peddling pederasty as their curved
exposed derrières clamber candidly
on tension machines, chasing chicken
wings imagined through the hickory sweet
air--and glissée down their underpants
gut flora writhe in circumstances
objectionable, being passed in nonchalance,
the salt and sticky ambiance, the spice
of gastronomic romps congealing in caveaux
oubliettes, nerve and notion can forget--
These draped overstuffed upholsteries
poor craftsmanship about the knees,
the buckling framework creaks until
the splintering compels replacement.

In genetic predetermination, gastro-enteric
confabulation causes data convolution
leads to counterrevolution in the strive
to be ideally waiflike, and even somehow
somewhen the overproduction of the chin
structure seemed a sign of health and having
and consumption once restricted leads
to cravings uninhibited, so eyes off the loaf
consuming flesh amassals, matière gras
ad infinitum the revolution is within--
after all.

So the chase has commenced. And bent
in ways the body "shouldn't," the fat cells
wayward pooling pouching out the masts
of skin, the excessively human heed
the scents of brie and butter, slouching tits
tucked into spandex, heroes made of pure elastic
discriminate between the packets of condiments
unending, compounding in them cornucopias
of canapés et crudités, pots et poufs et crème
brûlees, and catching eyes beading over the jambon

croûti au camembert, two extraordinary men inflated
subtly check out the casements of the other’s build
and basement, and grinning as they glean the meat
from legs of crabs covered in creamy rémoulade,
their eyes contumely meet--wait, the buffet is unending--
their eyes consuming meet and conversing
over succulents they daintily engulf the rest
of a filet mignon bacon wrapped, and satisfied
conserve their belches for the oncoming visit
to the porcelain chamber where half their lives
they sit in danger dumping toxins faces fraught
smelling scents of meals forgot.

One of them courageous suggests cordials
at his place. Their adequately fattened rumps
freshly vacant rise with turbulence from heated
seats smelling of discarded meats, bending steps
towards the luxury edition of a Chevy Expedition
and mounted there successfully eat the road
and travel east to a place of habitation.

The television blathers: the incessant cheerful
chatter of a woman making chowder, they mosey
through the towers, which reek remains of frozen
salisbury steaks, chicken penne basil cream sauce
Hungry Man and Red Baron the hovel here a haven
for the parabolic patron of arterial inflammation--

And then the room--excuse the mess--a place where
one can convalesce if clutter is a fetish. A sanctum
from the outside world, where trash is not a treasure
in a society so clever it can transport crush and bury--
The ambling apparitions of a widened human vision
crumpling crevassed in conditions, perspiring pernicious
vision of victuals vermilion persons panting
as they prematurely ejaculate in a hurlyburly
altered state of excessive closeness conducing
the usage of their exponential caloric stock--
they proceed and laying back, the one less ample
fondles for the other's sack, mistaken by some excess
skin, coyly grimacing whittles in a few compacted fingers,
and wiggling at the rare sensation of his outer layers'
penetration the quivers jolting up his spine shake
the rest of him betimes, they huddle and create a paste

that sticks and simultaneously lubricates, two Velveeta
filled macaroni shells on an exponentially gigantic scale,
convex, concave all at once, meeting eyes like eating lunch,
the bigger one begins to grunt, the bedframe strains
to host the hunt through rolls and hills and alluvial plains,
dales and valleys, sous-terrain, for the knobby headed
caterpillar exposed but more within the dermis, side-show
at the gluttons circus, that clitoral enigma eclipsed
by overhangs of carelessness--and here, the quaked
and caking flesh, accumulated matter enmeshed,
all attempting to surfeit and in extension to forget.

It has to be Perfect

The scalpel, the word, similar instruments—
Cold design for rigid implement:
To slit the tissues clean, precise,
Or vivisect the mind device.

wtf mate?

all herald the fall of Christianity

my computer just automagically capitalized Christianity
…again

lets try jesus
oh?

islam
nope
muslim
france
japan
the book of mormon
most certainly not

Hecuba
zeus
odin

oprah winfrey
united states
usa
Europe
u.s.a.
America
germany
asia
Aryan

nazi
Vietnam
china
Australia
…

Tampo(em)n

Bare flesh is not enough—the subtlety of desire scrapes
at napes and nooks and nipples--*je t'ai dans la peau*--
The fragility of a neck stretched taut and skin threads
like chewing gum the wasted gaze of Babalon's whore.

How tight the penis becomes and how confident!
Wicked baton, how nature corrupts herself
with dawdling fingers and a perpetual indulgence!

Your derelict derriere---a tiny string
Dangling seductively, you swing
your wonder and odor the room,
swoon the toothless chagrin of fantasy
lace and swollen doom, dank—
the mildew of the room.

The harder I resist, the harder I resist,
and I have you curled in my fist
peacock with your great display
the vainglorious prismatic clump
of feathers fanning out the rump—
erstwhile, be careful
not to take a dump.

Slam Dump

The streaks of sun marooned on fresh asphalt
expose the dirty footprints on the chalk
of Hoover Middle School's basketball courts.
The silver shorts he wore that day to sport
around, impress the goslings who cavort
around the social billabong. The heat
of bodies new aware who preen and flaunt
their equipage, their unchecked boners pitch
against the sultry air--in silver shorts
his swollen pride, the stretching Lycra taut,
his dignity straining, his thoughts corrupt.
The game beckoned; he rose to challenge odds
contrary, flawless jocks who dribbling catch
the gawking stares of lusting fawns, the want
of which engorging shame between his thighs--

The game is set to start. The ball is hot
against his palms, where sweat and dirt converge
to form a sludge rife with pathogenic
strife the ball condemns the asphalt and halts
in sync with silver bottomed host a smirk
to every jerk who stole a shred of pride
from court commanding hero dribbling down
the clowning stares of peer superiors,
the basket net in shreds the tatters draped
old glorious flag in wind triumphant
waves the ragged banner boasting hubris
adolescent—a crescent arm which holds
the sun, a star that forms in swishes, bricks
and dunks, the catalyst young, endowed, slick
metallic gonads massive phallus prime
conveyer player hoop hound rim reich round
the court in leaps and bounding flirts with fate
fermenting fouls and blocks that scrape and psyche
outs testing strength of will until a knot
amongst the rot internal bubbles clot
through lengthy ropes entrails unquiet gas
explodes in muted bloats the stomach fast
expanding pushes pearls of solid waste
through miles coiling hastened pace--liquid lunch
forces lurches, grunts, with insides engorged
colon flue puffs odors thick with taste, cloud

figure stench entrenched on gassy vents bends
in air, the rim entices, fingers flair
the ball toward, in, perfect dunk!
                But wait,
there squished on steaming sun-stroked court, a pile
of ordure mash aborted corn adorned
the ore refined through intestines, the burp
of bowels rich with jewels noiseless slicked
from silver shorts upon the flawless swish--

But soft, there lay the sordid human clay
Essence condensed from core conveyed away

Love Lies Bleeding

Who cares about pregnant women?
Their bellies over-taut
with zygotes attached via kielbasa,
who float around like space invaders,
ready to assimilate the human race,
skin their palms, or eat paste.

Especially, who cares if they suck
it out: that mass of teeming cells,
which may or may not be well endowed,
divinely erected, like the lily of the valley,
perfumed, succulent, arabesque;
Or else jaundiced, shriveled, defective,
carapaced, hairless, albino,
still

they purchase charming trinkets,
color-coded by genitalia, and wreath
them, share the privilege of impressing
form on amoebic things who fast outgrow
outmoded carriers, or stiffen into their wicker,
plastic, polyester, hypo-allergenic, tear-resistant,
ouchless, light-up, space-age cotton/algodon,
motion-activated caskets—

Little Jacks and Jills in hinged spring boxes,
hunting Easter eggs on an Astroturf hill,
fetching water to commune with Sainte Buisson,
share fluids and draw circles in strawberry fields,
those unabashed jelly fruits all rouged and pent up;
The sisters of the five wounds bounce their knee joints,
the robins choke ecstatic on fat carrion worms, and love
lies bleeding under the fertile bough of a nut tree.

The Insoluble Question

Fourmillant we writhe through hollowed earth, detritus,
reticulate across our merry lot, mounded dirt is heaved atop,
Into dust, from dust begot, our joints still crawl us under naught.

Eine Got, Eine Tod, we crumb apart like mascarpone
our putrid odor rises. The reaper swirls his gruesome scythe,
fourmillant we writhe through hollowed earth, detritus.

Half erect, we dance a chilling dance, our bones are draped
with stinking rot, suck sour air in choking draughts,
into dust, from dust begot, our joints still crawl us under naught.

Effroyable are the foibles of the mortal and its coil,
frantic as we rush to spoil, meat that's hewn, discarded,
fourmillant we writhe through hollowed earth, detritus.

Alles hat eine ende. But while we wait for dissolution, caught,
cataleptic, fraught with anguish, the hands are whirring round the clock,
(unto dust, from dust begot), our joints still crawl us under naught.

Somnambulant semblables inseminating swarthily
The sows of our malaise, who cackle at the frottage--
Fourmillant we writhe through hallowed earth, detritus,
Into dust from dust begot, disjointed, crawling unter nacht—

To the Stars on the Wings of a Pig

I shot an arrow smooth, smart it split
a follicle of hair beneath the papal cap
innocent, went forth; while he spoke of jews
assimilation convergence christian
styles in gleaming words which murmured
stuck like hornets in the air, and yew
trees felt the bending doubt whizzing
through their viridian ears, through beryl
stalks of startling grass atop George
Hoyt Whipples grave, the naval flag
which rippling sought the crumpled look
of cellulite on Yekaterina Velikaya's legs--
the swift wind riders victims: an exegesis
of a fat necked priest who bulged
upon a plump release of fragrant
and aspired thoughts, which bloomed
upon the sun begot on holiday
in the northern half of sky clothed spinning
earthen mass; the tipping top
of Matterhorn und heilig, ouest, Orleans
through Lorraine's Maiden's chest, the scrying
ball of Uri Geller--sanctimonious cravat
of businessmen with leprous rot
of colons filled with lean of fat rump and roast
and rectum--agere sequitur credere--
the bimbo teeth of inbred cretins, undulate
legs of spastic virgins losing pallor,
the new nicked nose of Donny Osmond's
nephew spilling sacrament on concrete
in Los Angeles, where prophets
prostitute their pompadours, their dimples
and their canker sores; simple Simon
synthesizing the sonic splendor
of the sphincter as the arrow tore
his eardrums, continuous its flimsy
weight leaves gaping holes as it deflates
a chorus line of perky breasts, the popcorn
munching cackling crowd, staring stark
at absent mounds, considered clowned,
the gaffer falls from weighted ropes
while the chorus line still sings vibrato,
contents convulsed from his bowels—wow—

horror hammered the brows aghast
of the audience glassy singing skin
the arrow flew, true, through thoughts:

a jerking mormon circle spills their seeds ,
five boys stroking violent to Conan the Barbarian,
Red Sonya, animatronic pterodactyls
stuck repeating caws, the scourge within
expulsed and scattered on fields dim
with dreams that glow, night scented stalks,
the harvester and scythe and all mythos
arrives on scene to catch the catapulted
husks, the watchtower overlooking, flat
field, same plane, the wormed remains
of bodies plucked with lead, holes
like surgery abandoned mid-extraction,
the scalpels tarnished bodkins, the points
all glinting sharply, and here, in a clearing
two lovers catch each other fearing,
the glowering eyes of liars revealing
dyspeptic faces disassembling, corneas
convivial, they embrace. Her panties
are displaced and his contorting comely
face disappears between her legs,
the chowder of her churning core
inundating fast the grasses browning
as the night is climbing—the arrow's
shadow on the moon—the couple
curve together coarsely, his scrotum
laid to rest between her forehead
and her chest as suddenly sleeping
they suspire.

Cold as a Starfish

What a man in ducky boxers, belly fat
Lumping over a strained elastic band,
Penis wilting out, spittling precum stains,
Pectorals like blue cheese or sacks of offal,
His nostrils flaring, grunts *you wanna fuck?*
Huh? Slaps her hard enough to spin her neck.
He tongues her lips, spits into her slightly
Open mouth. *Taste me you worthless dry bitch—*
And jams his thumbs into her languid eyes.
He sits astride her swollen stomach, *Fuck*
You 'til you're dead laughs and rubs his chode
Across her purple tits with quaking sighs.
Mm skips a breath *look at this sweet almond*
Praline pie, Swiss chard—mm—pastrami—
Then chortles down between her jello thighs.
A light like cancer eats their humid bodies,
She bubbles, animated gelatin,
He bats his lashes and gnaws her pussy
Then rears up like Il Duce to bust her,
To wiggle in first a wormy fat finger
And sing as he breaks her legs into place--
Crick! *Down through the chimney comes old St. Nick*
To spread some cheer to your cold slit.
He thuds into her ici-bas and cums.

Memory houses grainy photographs
Of Norma Jean: leathery, vacant, shy
For once, feverish prodding nurses touch—
Cough blush *cough*, a surgical table, white,
The drip, a stammering pulse, a bowl full of mush.

Now he cradles the green-faced girl and brays,
And feels the mordant chill of waxen love,
The pall of empty light diseased about,
The metal slab under her sober limbs,
Whose tag reads August fifth one nine eight two.

If you shave for someone else...

Twink, who cannot think about the pink
Raised dots about his sphincter, the lines
Fixed before he erases them, the large,
Exquisite tear that smashes the wailing
Face of nobody, paleness, or the sad,
Sad ramblings of another discontent.

Whore, whose slip and slide vagina always
Wet, waiting for a whisk, a whack, a lick
Hungry for a prick, leviathan come hither,
Slither inside his dripping behind, redden
That wincing brown eye and rub the sleep
From all our clotted tear ducts, tender
fuck the orifices, rage pitiless toward the within!

Slut, stretching back the folds, slink a finger
In the sundry slot, the dank musky meat
Of pleasure, like a starving rat loose
On willing flesh, the animal tunnels—

Monster! Corrugate the foreskin and bite
The limp neck, the hard stem of that blooming
Bromeliad, become subcutaneous and trill,
Hoarsely scream to your opponent your triumph,
The same triumph, the only success—
(Even as you peel the impeccable orange
It has begun to rot)

Four asses, farting lumps with contracting
Holes, expellers, anointed with intoxicating
Oils waiting for the abuse of my penis,
A cucumber, a flashing vibe, a carrot
Nothing, nothing is perfect.

Eine Schwalbe Macht Noch Keinen Sommer

The art of the cocktail is very precise, science
of mixing the devil with ice. Who drinks sin
and in doing licks the excess from his chin,
the beard of froth in little locks which tickle
the lips of similar sloths who lean closer
now and then to kiss the salt from Satan's breath--
the selfsame person deserves a prison
for indulging base and woeful wants
of passion purging pleasing, souring
stomach stripped of lining, the demon
swarm in whispers whining choruses
designing with each gulp the urges worsen
and everywhere conglomerate persons
dipping tongues in vats of bourbon,
rolling in a grand expanse of expulsed
half-digested sour mash, a swine
in time makes nine. Drunk, always

and sunken, sulking the Reich’s light
over Linden trumps and joining arms
with steins in hand, the redness dots
the cheeks of men who spank
congratulations, enthusiasts, libations
trouncing chin and chair, the men
remove their underwear, and boys
with angels faces disappear inside
their basements. The society
complacent, to each his own
comportment, condominium
or apartment, the Marks arrive
in troves, treasures in their colons,
and the Matthews and the Lukes,
bazookas in their tunics pointing
towards their sternums. Boy pumpernals,
taken vitriol internal rendered pregnant
at the urinal where the porcelain
cheeked cherubim glean from teeth
the host’s vinegar soaked remains--

Ein wenig schlucken, wenig schwalbe,
of apothecaries potions, of liquids
wither wanting will they go, containers

of all future hope, bellies plump
with sacramental sediment, Jehu's
innocent tenements, the children
sleep with hungry pigs who comely
civilized regard themselves, regaled
with their alchemical piles,
incensed and smiling, snout
at one another's orifices, scent
of all the little twigs of hay and spoiled
milk and spoiled skin and premature
the lambs demurely lip the swill
of their bloating masters. A single match
could inflame the oil on their razorbacks!
A spigot for the wicked cast of exposition
flabbergast pandemic cultivating class
inflating caviar craving enclave enslaving
the pirouetting populace of palaces, prophets
profit panhandling piping organs, prayers, bells
knell while kneeling, the nasturtiums nosing
cucurbits schnitzel schnoz in groves--
townships sparsely spread clumps
of parsimonious little sheds mash
mouthing spud slivering centenarians
cirrhosis chisels chunks in livers
mutant heptacellular, firmer, irregular,
the zeitgeist rises in wispy plumes
from tasses de glaçons in endless rooms,
decanters cast an amber shadow
on pursing lips which seek to swallow.

When I Get Off on Your Exit

Here the city yawns
mouth full of nipples
tracheal bypass gas
lingers on the tongue
stuck licking the ass.

The city slips like cheese
from pizza from the earth
and congeals its orange
and brown in sacks
which harden at badlands.

How many times, the climb's
sleek slime, complaint
of pistons in the rain
pummeling away, disconcert
driving *piu allegro* metropolitan
hands grope spines, motile
skeletal through the climes
of gens ténèbres coated in lime,
the hide of civility draped
over clover, advancing
the progress of snout focused
shoats looking backward
through hearses, who gloat:
monautrevoitureestuneétoile,
binary cataclysmic magnetic and all
en route to hell--
the road is paved
with aviator shades, wrappers
eggy diapers, So many tires—

Shades bitch across
asphalt, bitumen and fire,
the roads coalesce
in masses of wire,
the manholes pop
lids in sequences, higher
the passenger mirror
conveying a Giaour--

The city distended, quickly

depressed, a lungful
of charcoal tightens the chest,
serenely afloat on rivers of sputum,
bacterial colonies, abortions, semen.

Marathon

A gaggle of elastic women drip their discharge as they lilt.
A pack of snouting men follow tripping,
Chests convulsing, gagging flatulent breaths--
The stomach is a rubber capsule contracting.
Expunging the miles, he runs until his nipples bleed.
Here, a man jogs like a stork would, overprotective of a ceramic baby.
Look at her shuffle-ball-changing irreverently, hymen bursting,
Framing a picture in her mind, hips jiggling.
Shaking neon circles shoot into his sight before
His esophagus shimmies up a caustic yawn--
(The stomach is a putrid sack, folded under fleshy flaps)
The pavement kangaroos the heels the toes,
Paparazzi in the trees, flashing ever flashing

What are we playing?
Ce troupeau de loups, starving for bones,
Sweating out thick chunks of salt that rip our pores we are choking on sour spit on corrosive air as our tongues slap us in the cheeks
So hard we whirl--
This bloodthirst stings our nerves,
Pumps endorphins to the centers of our sinewy
Crackling muscles that squeeze us
Forward, ever *forward*

Jerk off the Poor.

Relieve them their chimeras, ease the tight
grip upon their shackled ankles, the yearning
for a true vocation? The only solution lubrication,
swallowed whole their lucubrations—digested, shit
out on the pavement, study the arrangement
of shards of glass that have been passed, twinkling
in the gas lamps of the metropolitan gasp—
Tiefer, tiefer, irgwendo in der tiefe…

Come tired, come poor, cum hungry, cum addled—
Cum masses, cum globules dew the beards,
string the lips closed mouths into lyres—how many
many down cats have had their tails shut in the door?
My privates—my own, in hot convulsion, flesh
for all. Trodden nymph owners of the streets, toothless
mouths are only good for one or two things.

Women of the walls, Queens dethroned, bricks
respondent, stand tall, and carry on the sensuous
song, the bat song that shapeless carries the wind on –
nothingness is a place without friction. Feast, flesh—
as insane as those who condescend, can defend
you, upend you -- boxes line the Danube and pubeless
boys share toys tanz! Mephisto, with your faded
dungarees, *fist us till you're elbow deep and leave us*
strumpets sinned in sinless strewn upon the street.

Hobble down, necrotic masses, black and smoke
the funereal vastness of your smiles, children stuck
in opaque sacks, the dumpster teems with filthy hands
fingers finely tuned to fondling syringes and twice used
condoms, shaking as katzenjammer choirs cull
the marrow, the sorrow of the luckless strike of lady
fortune crone, hag, parsimonious slight—of hands
rummaging through the powdered carpet for a dream
that lives inside a booger Quick the act of denigration!

Hobble down you DEMONS of inaction, get some
shit in your whiskers and dirt in your mouth, hard
times make the easy easier. Sans culottes,
vermin, with 2 x 4s assault the whores
of consumer surety, or else stick your teeth

around a brick and turn it into dust. Fuck
continuous and you shall never die.

So stroke your poor and veiny cocks, sleepers
on the cannery docks, focus on the dirty glans
you sewer vent crustaceans, make your cheesy slits wet
gutter punks with malnourished pets fill the coffers
full of cream and jism in an endless stream—

The entire world in a wad of sperm—all of us white,
translucent worms. The crème de la crème get straight
to work. The tadpole with the biggest smirk writhes
her way ahead.

The Crowns of the Wise

Étoile pressée, fille, nymph, fleur
emblazoned, engorged hearts
bleeding on a vine, sage, thyme,
galactic fissure reflecting eyes
that moisten overripe figs burst
peppered rouge abalone shell
craquer the crème of your Coeur
like a pouf warm resplendent,
contentment afloat on your brow
how to be the inseminator? Quoth
the quartz coloured quarks: “Take
doll from her maison d’être, maître
d’hors d’oeuvres mon oeil, mon oeuf
and the skin of your hoof—ride
her to moon, mantra of doom,
the cosmos congress, the tails
of the comets competing collapse
the nebulae around us and swirls
of smegma divine convene,
coerced to circular winding
on winds from inside, in orbit
around their gnomons. Gnats,
gads! And everywhere wads
of liquefying dust, the skin
on the teeth of the godhead,
and doilies, holding crumbs,
from the cakes of tsars past—
twirls endlessly in artifice
unto aeons of aeons, be it done.”

An Anarchist Discourse

Capitalism sat on a wall.
The Standard and Poor
Had a great fall.

Away in a manger,
Three medicine men
Couldn’t make baby
Corporeal again.

Nose Bone

I.

Murnau's shady doorman laughs last, porte
ouverte, vain about a modicum on moustache,
quaffs a pound of sour breath, distilled,
and greys, sags as he wags about, vain
about a droplet of eau de vie on moustache.

And ports along to a plodding song, aware,
his spirit tangled in his hair, the collar
of shirt sports a stain of sangria. *Demain,*
dès l'aube, je n'aurai jamais encore--fear
is a yellow eye, un oeil glaçon that stares.

II.

His marzipan back and the sideways smile
cracked exclusive amused at the track of tongue
that lingers swaggers and upends--within. Pull
aparts and pots de crème au chocolat--the glans
extends, contracts to provocation of the glands—

No one ever has before—Looked into the third eye
and all-saw the alibis of flamboyant sultans,
sulking around their chests aflame like gems, goats
and the tenderness of boys, oils of fruits perpetual
and plenty—and the rude stench of vinegar laden kraut.

Heil Shitler
For Erica Jong

Je te vois au cabinet de toilette.

The soiled bowl of gurgling toilet sees
His dimpled ass move up, away, the left
Hemisphere of baggy flesh wears a streak
Of shame. His attempt to wipe his blowhole
Clean just smeared the bitter cocoa stain.

A man rises from his lukewarm throne,
A drip of moisture from the ceiling spikes
His balding dome, he glances upward,
There, mâché, a pee-soaked paper towel stays.

The pleasure of a blossoming bud,
Face warped in peristalsis, doe-eyed,
He stands, erect, before the final push
To hear the music, feel the splash against
His quivering sphincter, fails to wipe.

A suit sets down its briefcase and creates
An airtight seal with its lumpy buttocks,
Too nervous to let his bran meal flow,
He farts in consternation. Snuffles coke,
Flits away, for he has stocks to broker.

After making a deposit, he admires
The bloated dumplings, floating in their broth,
Takes a paper from the roll and gloves himself,
And fondles their forgiving flesh, his dick,
Strokes their fibrous length, inhales, rubs his balls,
He pulls a tendon when he finally bursts,
Falls into the bowl, twirls with dignity down
The hole. A stall away, a stranger slips
Off lacy, luscious panties, halts mid-thigh
And watches in reflective tiles, a small,
Compacted penis shrugs between the legs,
He turns around and wiggles, glances coyly
Over fawning shoulder, doubled over
In trouble and toil, puckers lips and giggles,
bend me over precious thing--
The stall-mate fumblingly obliges.

That acidic smell of coffee urine
Singes the nostril hairs of a fat cop,
Clutching his pistol, eyes tweaked open wide,
Recalls the kiss of his wife, his child,
Autistic hands, a flat chest, Charlotte's Web,
Winces a tear, jumps at the thought of blood.

The anatomy of it: brown or pale, thick
Clotted marbles, clods, shredded beef, mud,
That intestinal design, unstable
Or solid or piled neatly--I once slept
With a man who failed to wipe; he left
His perfume, a *signature* on my sheets.

Stillborn

The infants in the graveyard smile widely without teeth,
Carefully sewn in columns and rows, rotting little seeds--
And phantoms spin in barren winds to a minuet of grief.

A mourner chokes out whispers in a necromantic plea,
Raking tears from upturned eyes, convulsing on her knees.
The infants in the graveyard smile cruelly without teeth.

Here lies, here rests, dirt obscures the names of those beneath,
Instead of mums or hyacinths, bouquets of straggling weeds--
And phantoms spin in barren winds to a minuet of grief.

Beside themselves, the pallbearers focus on their feet,
Backs curved, they westward swerve, following the priest;
The infants in the graveyard smile dumbly without teeth.

A sycamore sheds gangrenous skin, its branches skyward weave
Arms that stretch from shallow graves to grasp eternity,
And phantoms spin in barren winds to a minuet of grief.

Asleep and decomposing, food for maggots underneath--
Fresh cut from cords umbilical, forgotten in the heath!
The infants in the graveyard smile wryly without teeth--
And phantoms spin in barren winds to a minuet of grief.

Musk Rose

Lie still. Relax the eyes before you read
further, Untie the ribbon that cuts your neck
in two, eyes set shut glued Cupid's nectar
and eglantine eulogistic blooms set

Curlicue in hair, jaundiced rose wilts, bled
into wind, skin. Coax with tongue collect
the dew sweet musk leviathan inept
the milk-white, purple plague of bumping heads--

In still night two cherries talk in trees, collude
to share a single pit. They wait for wind
to blow them close, bruising fusing skin--

In woodbine copse two sap sucked fruits
fill flesh, syrup sluiced chins, piping pith,
pulp withal, within—pity sharing stems.

Carrion
for Aaron

i press him toward my cloche fêlée
cylindrical, brash and at half mast,
we make a purgatory of the bedroom.
how like a vanquished candle--we handle
one another and dampening skin reflects
the moons quiet decay—bless(e) each other,
vigorous gullets filled to brim with Him
and hours pass-- the last trickle of milky
starlight and the amplitude of his vicissitudes
as we vacillate and quake the ground
and pound the spirit from our organs'
valves, our innards all enlivened swell,
and bloated inside one another, the salt leaks
from our steaming brows and heated
there like pregnant cows begin to stink
of cod and colonic emanations--loose
meat around my manhood and his lips
in shades of purple slough off sucking
on my nipple. These are mine to keep.
i think and hold them to my fattened
stomach, which hemorrhages slight
and sudden--each little crease leaks
green and dense, *eau de mort après*,
the yellowed ruptures in my flesh expand
with every slight caress--his fingers sink
into me. We carry on--the calcium
constructions of our corporeal conundrums
creak and crackle through our skin,
which puddles now discarded crumpled
careless on the carpet, he jangles
in the ether light, nos os pubis jumble
grind diminish with the force applied
into a fine and weightless powder. Dead
hour, two skulls chucked upon a bed...
that's how they found us in the end.

Echidna and Edelweiss
for Elizabeth Fritzl

Below a garden, beautiful refuse
Of rhododendrons rambled about, mad
Automaton's whispers compel a bargain
That wicked Josef answers with a scar.
An ornate clock chirps cuckoo songs and bells
From Peterskirche transform into echoes.

Below, a few squirreling bats bounce echoes
Off catacomb walls, a stark girl refuses
To eat—the food reeks of mustard and bells
Annoy her fragile senses—her pulse spikes mad
Beneath translucent skin corrupted with scars,
Her decaying mouth too numb to bargain.

Above, the garden keeps its hushed bargain
With the sun, the cucumber bulges, echoes
Of Gusen rake the plastic sky, the scars
Dilate on her décolleté *Refuse*
and starve— the earth chokes the flowers, mad
Impatience knots his brow, he hears the bells—

The faint parabolic sound of damned bells
Resonates and bats witness the bargain
Of skin inside skin, and all of God's mad
Creation toils, even mandrakes scream, echoes
Of apocalypse quake the ground, refuse
To stop and she covers her feminine scar—

She counts the years by the number of scars
That striate across the impatience of her bell
Shaped breasts—Blubbering lips refuse
With screams her curdled milk—infant bargains
That tear the fragile sacks of fat. Their echoes
Never reach the garden. Echidna grows mad

With seclusion. With howls, the desperate mad
Banshee begets her monsters. With each scar
Covered wound, her brood grows. The echo
Of holy Josef, his threats, the gas pipe—bells
That toll for her who is constantly dying, who bargains
Again with death, who once again refuses—

The infernal echo of infant cries—Mad
With refusal! Fresh umbilical scars
Close the bargain. The hollow sound of bells!

Neck

Askew in askance, nimble curve of light
and shade, amphora unraveled fragile, long
the forbidden house of whispers, songs,
Alluvial, feline, cygnet sight—

Hermetic stem of epicurean rite,
Cylindrical aversive reliquary
of verses, volume, timbre, dinning
aviary of assonance, cornucopia
of consonance, pallid plaster pulsing
flex protest, jugular box,
carotid container,
lymph nook—

Apple engorged
In serpent stomach.

Eat the Unwilling

Look at the filth. I just removed the entrails
of my lover, former, another, squished out
the inside of his intestine--compacted, brown
and reeking. I cook them in a pot, why
not? They squish around my ladle,
trichinosis leaves the raw, squawking meat.
I love the way the blood tinges the water,
I add a bouillon cube, toasted cumin,
a carrot, some potato. It's amazing how
the texture lends itself to stew. The tongue
is a particular gastronomical sensation:
I thinly slice it with a Cutco knife (the sharpest
on the market) and let the blade indulge
itself with careful, curt manipulations,
His head adorns my pantry shelf,
I swear to God he sees me still, so I smile
as I try his tongue and tell him its exquisite.
He looks pleased and on my knees I turn
him around. There are no screams or protests
as I cleave away his buttocks, This prime cut
is what I save for a special invitation. The thrill
of a new lover eating the asshole of another
makes my stomach rumble exclamations!

I am working on a cook
book, its really a sensation! Brain pudding,
peck tartine, marinated testicles, the ear is waste,
as is the face, pretty as it was, quickly dies upon
removal, and now the skin has curled in, my love
you look hellacious. Your bones are just a bother,
I'll dry them out and grind them down, powder
for the oily zones. When you wake, perhaps
you'll taste the meal I've made from you.

Dogfather Molestor

"The human being is only an animal, or an assembly of springs all wound up by one another…Human beings, eager though they may be to elevate themselves, are really no better than animals or machines crawling vertically."

-Julien de La Mettrie, L'Homme-machine (Man as a Machine), 1747

Master Tinker, grant me the audacity—
Snap me into a chronophotograph—
Digitize the infinitude within me and make
Me immortal, part of your imperial conglomerate.
At your temple, Burj Khalifa, I sacrifice
My unworthy flesh and plummet, arms
Like an albatross, and a video camera,
Omniscient-eyed, records my clumsy escape,
And then blackness, and my parts are disconnected—
All is white noise and synthetic voiced nymphs
Congratulating me, even as I become pixilated
In the curious eyes of a sociopathic child
Who speaks another language, jacking off.

In a boxy, two-story hotel, the swank
Dripping with contrived ooze, an assortment
Of regulars wink through the night,
One, who enjoys the pool at day, sits
With an Ellery Queen magazine, lost
In the mystery of interplay, the inflated
Balls bouncing on the lukewarm sheet
Of water, little hands groping and waving
About—the hope of fresh youth—sunscreen
Sweetens the air. The children, with their small
Searching fingers, their bare, sexless, chests,
Cheshire grins stare back at him in the naked
Comfort of Room 254, through a screen
That bruises when he caresses it, them,
The busboy calls at the door with a smoked
Apple bacon and gruyère quiche—

The box near the reclining bed records
A pulse like a strobe light, she breathes
Small, inconsiderate breaths, and fails
To heave her chest, fragile capillaries
Implode slowly; she would cry if her brain

Were still half alive, electric. The dignity
Of her existence reduced to jewelry and trinkets,
To an idealism of insufficient memories,
Underwear-drawer journals in illegible
Scrawl, lump-throated onlookers too soft
To move, their spines now liquid, solid,
A phone call and satellites relaying gulping
Obituaries alongside cheers of congratulations,
The end is when the signal becomes too weak.

Dans une boîte de nuit, Rue de la Roquette,
Mademoiselle Herveleine up does her coif
And pulls a pill out of her pocket, emblazoned
With a 'shroom, green *These are called One-Ups*—
Shoves two into her painted lips, smiles wicked calm;
The speakers thud into her and lubricate her joints,
Breaks into her bamboo banger bone dance;
It's the end of times and called back,
The room's dead alive with breathless belles,
Beaus shaking the dirt off, quickening
In the jumbled stasis of 148 beats per minute,
There is no sorrow, and no tomorrow--
Wide-sighted, stop action, batting lashes, Marionettes
Moves in a triangle caught inside a decahedron:
Gardez le rhythme, quittez le corps!

This is utopia, and utopia is multi planar,
And everything—everything is possible.

No map exists; and the dimensions are absolute,
The longitudes, with their verdigris, extend from superbrain
To alien atmospheres, and flexuous, run through
Every path, intravenous, and converge forever
Outward and fill no space—

Automated mouths, rubber lipped, pronounce vowels,
But cannot form words, only inhuman whispers—
The Vaucanson duck had 1,000 moving parts, flapped,
Quacked, ingested food, and defecated—
Baby wonder talks to me, I change her diaper
When she cries, and she really drinks!
What is alive? The staphylococcus forms berries under
Your skin, pitches its civilization in domed cities,
Ebola Zaire just rots your matter, vagabond, raider—

And carbon-based, carbon is killing us.

Abort— maleficent! Hear your maladjusted malfunctioning
Mannequins—WE are miscreation!

Recourse
for Gogo

You breathed and in the same
column of air I've moved, side to side
but never up. The sour air recursive
through my lungs that blacken
and age, your essence long since
absent—what can I keep?

The strands of wasted hair
left on sheets that stink with musk
of aging lust, the sloughed off skin
you shed wed with mine, physical
memory, unreliable, infantile post
cards we forgot to send, air
lost of all its oxygen.

Obituary

The servant of God, Nicholas, has gone to serve
another master, in dignity, ad infinitum.
No longer ruled by sensuality, this erring hedonist,
the dull, dark offspring of the Thrice-Great
Has become heavy-lidded at last, his carapace too cumbersome,
The crust, of which the rats have eaten part—
A meddlesome burden relieved of speech, sight, sound
and wonder. A cosmic bug has fried his internal circuit.
A fingerling to the spiritual body, a toenail,
a slime-infested inch of entrails has withered, become
whole, and left—

Whereabouts the phantom moans, throneless, manic
Still in another form, a sand pebble in the fetid
Lêthé or lounging in a child's closet, well rested
never free to roam again, again alive or composting,
decomposing in the hollow minor key of a dingy,
pinewood den.
All the same, unknown.

How painfully his bowels ruptured—
A weakened colonic arterial puncture
Leaked bilious plasma throughout his structure,
Tinting his skeleton a ruddy color, subcutaneous
liquids erupting bacterial infection,
the autopsy even mentions a hemorrhage of the lung.
He might have lived, even then, had he not choked on his own dung.

What did he mean to those around him?
He was a fountain gushing corrupted water,
A nine of swords to his poor mother,
(There is no one like a mother)
Who probably would never bother to claim him as her fruit.
Instead of slipping easily out of her,
He sat inside content to fester, grew fatter
There as if to test her, immobilized the wretched girl.
When finally they tore him out,
He pissed and screamed and thrashed about
Held tight to her fallopian spouts, made hoarse his little throat.
When she took the babe to breast, he gnawed the nipples off her chest,
A red-hued milk spurted out unchecked,
She fainted in her fluid mess,

She has not yet been laid to rest.

His father was not there to know,
He was already an afterglow.

He had a primate for a sister,
Who looked less miss and more a mister,
A silver streak ran through her hair;
Her jaw line formed an awkward square.
She walked in a conspicuous manner:
Knuckles first, legs dragging after.
She survives her flower bound brother.

His life was a grainy episode of softcore pornography,
With white noise, the belligerent ant parade muffling
Quacking sounds, a post-post modern symphony
of synthetic squeaks and bleeps. He hailed
The gods of Hemingway, his barrel tunnel
Dark and grey, dimmed the world for his short stay
Had trysts with the phantoms of Meursault—
Raskolnikov had heroic powers to whisper
In his ear at night, with sickly breath, yellow, sour
The tidings of the thickened hour dividing death
and decay;

At sacrament one Sunday morning, hungover,
mind all drunk with worry that the holy father
would recognize his kohl framed eyes;
Would see the bitter insincerity with which he mimed
The resurrection story, Jesus in his transvestite glory,
Mother Madonna and her little spore,
Rejected the defective stories,

He smiles now relieved of torment,
His sunken gaze arrested, portent
Of final transformation; his erector pili
muscles clenched in rigor mortis, the wilds
of his mind now open to spelunkers
With segmented torsos; begotten (not made) of Echidna,
unto dust—a wealth of lung-consuming dust!

And what has he accomplished but to sew
Some impish seeds that will humbly grow

about his world and strangle living things?
Be wary of his planted corpse for hatchlings
will parade about and herald times of Christian doubt
when not Lucifer, but Nicholas heads the spiritual gout
that cripples the toe of faith itself, pestilence
rides his corrupted stallion, trumpeting out a sonic spasm,
A sound deeper than the soulless chasm of every human ear;

He is fitfully transpired; as he came
He departs: entirely without shame.

Turd

mushy contours