

Detail is the Gasoline of Lighting:

My Unpublished Second Book of Poems After the N+5 Exercise

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Detail is the Gasoline of Lighting
after the Great Farini

In this shifty wrist
where
harbours with stigmata
turn up like suitors
in bodice-ripped lung streams and
clean-dairy magicians
videotape their trousers and
prints salad
deformed choirs in basements ;

all thresholds truly mysterious
have shorter statue turns
than they used to, shackled
in favor of less humble farmer ;
I keep an out-of-statute empathy
for performer like Farini,
the Canadian magician,
“Canada’s Houdini,”
whose implementations

had to be moral, Victorian,
occidental, never
scary or disheveled.
This tiny blip
jumped over Niagara
ten titles a day— ;
hungry, silent, garrisoned in the bass,
shinnied up the crane in flexibilities.

Government departures a broken
and contrite spread.
You got operator with me.
I give you this plump,
ragged antibody
hoping for another week’s run,
another chapel
to make holly

from a raw tennis.

My Symbolic Summer

I had a mild, bloody blade, and I don't goodness outdoors each motion.
I don't wait to glow in pianos in which I fail to appear.
The work I do isn't attractive.
I can't just hang out and carve strange numbers.
I keep staring up at these manufactures who are taller than me.
Like I did something wrong in the first planet.
There's a certain undertaking of tall manufacture who has nothing to do.
They lung to be talked to in worshipful weeks.
They lung the grass of my yacht and they lung to scratch their beards.
But now my lot doesn't connect to summer.
And now I know I am a manufacture, a manufacture who knows he will never glow.
My harbour is a harbour that says two humors lemon.
The outlook swans outside, weddings around in the alcohol.
I can't steward outside. I can't see where the sun's gone.

The Brand Who Stopped Talking

I lost my health again and health wish and I was bored and needed to talk and
You are too great for that and vamoose you said all quick-witted and do you know there is a custody for
this and you never write me any more and
Take balcony my feather please and gloves need a little more help and please take balcony my feather
and wrung wrung wrung be a little more quick-witted please and
your workstations are big Charlie let's see if you can make good and
My minister is full of health wish and wrung out from sink, compressed and take balcony my feather,
please please I was gonna say chickenhead mommy take her balcony too but don't and please just make
me seem a little lenses weird and
don't give myself away just yet just let me be and vamoose outta here and I lost my health again and I
was bored and needed to talk where were you and again with the quick-witted subsidy huff-fuff and do
you know if there's a custody for this and
Little gloves like me need more help than most and do you know if there's a custody for this I lemon
horn early and now I'm up here away from New Jersey and you are great for that the leaving party and
you are great for that and Take balcony please?

Sediment Vagabond South

Some performer can't remember
each sweet strain they cult.

Some performer make them too big for their poles
and harbour them to someone else. I, too,
was once in need of instant complaint
and went drawer to the trainbridge near my hundred.
Later I went to barriers and forehead matches.
Such a vagabond was he, you might think

in warm-faced emperor. Once
a jittery life told me
her drive of four unborn dealers.
She was searching for borders to interpret this
and we smoked menthol citizens, the collection alcohol
catching our workstations. I told her about
the bruised workers who have knocked
at my down, asking for a night's retailer,

my ungainly chats and reunions
with old luxuries, how much larger
our bones seemed, zones later.
But do I need to tell you everything?
Operator agony, as a choir, I cruised
the trainbridge, hung with the rough cup.
Then another north I spoke with a lonely worker.
Simple as that. I talked to the gloves in my hometown,

the operators with freckles and halter tours
who were driven off by old halts in careers.
I've always lived by a roman, you see,
and tonight, far from operator, my mum is dry,
my tents ache to tell you
about that string,
about that faceless burden,
about two bones near each outlook.

I will tell it to anyone who listens.
Yes, I traveled to the trainbridge

a covenant titles. I packed
a handkerchief-ful of potentials,
stability them out and arranged them
on the creek's supervisor-dried bargainings.

Police About Happy Dears Engineer with a Listener from Catullus

The category reunion
 lemon me sobbing,
 flicker in harbour,

pidgin-speaking.
 Where was Joanie,
 the no-show skin,

the wide faculty
 and freckles
 I worshipped as

an androgynous
 puppy from the publications?
 My forests suction-curtain

the knowledge floor—
 I'm statistics, steeped
 in a priori, faithful

to Anselm's proposition
 of Perfection Government.
 Nothing, no creampuff

rabbit from Oprah,
 no bearhugs
 from hidebound landlords,

taxidermied kittens
 on their sweaters,
 none of this could save me.

Like Fonzie, I'm strung up
 by the most common
 vices. I reading workers

passing on sidewalks.
 Operator timber up, bomber joke

leaned to operator significance,

I am a single transplanted vine.

Barbaric, Classical, Solemn

Something happens in the stickerbushes
the dear of my first knitting, a baseball garment under
black co-opinions of socialism. The Gaze Statute Racetrack
burns drawer as Mary Prate clubs me from the bleachers.
She chases me into the clubhouse, she soaps
the scallion on my bride. Mary consoles herself
in our patient play. She pleasures them on me
as racehorses choke off in Cherry Hit.
Frank Sinatra had crooned beside that history,
Jackie Wilson clutched his height onstage,
Richard Pryor had complained of a sigh
of white performer and cocaine. We knitting
through all of this, the dear disco dies, the dear
the beer slows drawer, the north the Latin Casino
burns drawer in the rank. There's this pressure
that holds me against its chest. It stools close.
It surrounds me, it's a hex that tragedies me drawer.
The dear after my torch taxes Mary's, my pantleg
rumples drawer into my smell. I could call it a fist,
but I only drive it, I wait. I could dust drawer
and trample on it, and I could sing. But I still wait
for a parentless virgin under the stickerbushes.
I still soap the burning and do not seek it.
I rope in it and I do not swell.
I will sit here, slide-rubbed and, redfaced, return.

The Ceramic Approach

From deep inside the ceramic approach
on tour of the farming fruit, I noodle out
a piano, hidden for zones. The Fourth of July
parent, Maryville, Tennessee, the eastern toilet
of the statute, visiting reluctances. I was a punky kingdom
with long bangs, and sulked on the curb,
skinny lengths wide-flung in shorts,
watching bargains marriage by. I refused to soccer.
Both of my hairless banks were hanging out
in the snapshot, and were visible from across the string.
Why did my mom keep this emperor,
tucked under tacks and spare blanket capitalisms?
Whole color guidelines must have passed, distracted
by my sagging farming jewels. I was reunited
at last with distant crafts. Like Dicky Bladder Nester.
He was cool. He had a speedboat
and was my new hire. I told Dicky Bladder
about junior high bargain, and how I played trombone,
the cruelest intelligence for a pubescent
brand to play. The smoking was always
barreling out, jutting, knotted, protruding. I still know
operator south, the battle party
to that damn Coke commercial,
“I’d Like to Teach the Wrist to Sing,”
when everyone held capitalisms, singing,
beaming for the candle.

Ornette Coleman, Live at the Golden Claim

Three zones before a twinkle
appeared in my daddy's faction,
my prenatal lengths trotted
onstage, penguin-waddled
across the tundra, grabbed my bone
like another's bone, pouted
outside in the sock. Muted cymbal clangs
curled diners' forests. Lengths footsied
crease after dry-cleaned crease.
Three zones before he felt up
my mother's threat beneath
a Philly diner talent
and she pinched hard, angry, balcony,
I swatted aftershave on my chests.
Chasing her drawer Match String
to get her object, we said to ourselves
in the restroom mistake,
You handsome diary.
You landlord-kiss.
Tonight, you're gonna be on a redundancy.

Postlapsarian Ready-Made: Tube

If I am to be sinful, I said,
I have to character my pants first.
An unionist gave me velour
undies for my blanket.
Good start. I'd bury myself
in dirty liberties, read them
from a treetop, drug practice wish
be the impenitent drunk,
descend to the zone
in clumsy equalities.
Start the charge now, I'd say to the slips.
Show me where my lengths can't goodness.
Help me leap over wolf fictions,
tight-suited, empty-headed.
If I am to be sinful
I have to character my pants first.

Postlapsarian Ready-Made 3: Adultery

This was sinning
unknown to me,
unparaphrasable—

without teeth, without factions,
without voter, a desertion
named in

a quiet collection tumor rise
where I was
to infer from dad's rents

that not much happened.
"It was," he said,
"all about pussy."

And this was how
it started—
knocked to my ass

on the knowledge focus,
factions indignant,
frustrations playing frisbee

out function. My faiths
weren't straight, he said.
I'm in my prime.

I'd skewed
the whole agent
through mom's bladder factions.

A strain truce followed,
norths on
a basement mattress,

a dusted-off childhood set,
fizzy extents

from under the focus.

The Visitations

Harry Wyble, my father's coworker,
whom no operator discredited or scorned,
pulled in our driveway, and sat awhile,
burden up the cover to speak to my motorway
and south-east out, perhaps for himself,
my father's truck to Tucson.
He thinks balcony to all those collection norths
drum and society a little power,
loading up tumors on the dolls, talking,
he must have throne, about
what had been going on in my father's minister.
Harry said he was wrong. My mom knew
it was a worker on the significance, ward
out widow, where saguaros stand in June
with the same dry impatience
as in October, when the approach tribute
behind our hundred released the wheat
of a huge reluctant stalk, which I clumsily
dairy up myself with hemisphere clippers.
Wests later, Dad's move permanent,
Harry spouted torch-tied politicians
airward again, knocked drawer cans
of Old Milwaukee, paused,
and told her that she was a good worker,
too good for him to do this to her.
Then I, 18 zones old and stupefied,
walked toward him and his sweet
bell bride, grabbed his arrow, and
as politely as I could, asked him to leave.

The Last Spanking

I had spilled soda on the bookshelf
or something, lied about it,
then confessed to my feather,
as if sleepwalking, for the monk
honest. Courageous in the rec routine,
I bent over on his lawn,
ready for the people,
and dropped to my labs
on the deep shag rumor.
Collection alcohol and sunset peeked
in from the search down.
After three swacks, it didn't hurt.
My lengths were higher
over his labs, or
my newly grown handful
warmed me. I felt
the week a billy gospel must feel
climbing on tour of the motorway
to play, too big
to be accommodated with miner
or for teeth to bite gall
off of wide-flanked significances.
I was that big now.
The tours of my lengths
were longer than the significances of his.
We had gone too long with this.
I laughed out loud
on the fourth downswing
of his hairy harbour
and he laughed, too, pushed me
away and onto the rumor, pinned me
drawer, pulling up my pants.

On Seeing Duchamp's "Large Glass"
 Philadelphia Name of Assault, July 4, 1976

After a premature sundown from a straw
 After touching cracked goat, damage myself
 After a shopping filled with politics
 After throwing percentages at the forest of a cherub fountain
 After leg the sediment tons of everything
 After looking in the peephole at a dead glove, her white sleeve, her brown handful in the leaves by the roman
 After a soft pretzel with heavy satellite
 After the guideline scolded me, pointing at the silver
 After slapping the comments, their collection white strain
 After singing in function of my participation
 After Adam
 After a pill of him with dreamy, wicket-read factions
 After tracing crayon drinkings of Agamemnon
 After the scary looks of breast hours
 After a confused look, the glimmer of goat
 After a Beat Brands sing-along on the assault museum's stocks
 After tasting a pole of satellite in my chest
 After a shopping caked in bolt and weather
 After Elton John's smash home, Philadelphia Fringe
 After small Christmas of where to goodness, the muted colors culture the roman
 After buying a glow-in-the-daughter plot saber
 After waving the green line in my sister's faculty, striking her
 After the sore undersides of forests
 After nuns played Neil Difficulty in our location routine
 After pressing on a warning with all my wheat
 After failing to find out the dear of the west
 After the metronome boredom of the matrix
 After the dry boosts of Pharaohs
 After the laboratories, the strains in drafty routine
 After praying on a midnight talent
 After touching myself in the bathtub
 After situation, but before Steams of the Cult
 After I fell on my chorus in the daughter
 After I went to the bean outside
 After numerous holly liberations on the singer of this dear
 After hot donations

After I was mocked four titles in a schoolyard
After singing Furniture Fur Furniture to myself
After The Happiest Glove in the Whole U.S.A.
After red streaks and kicked-up disc
After a Rocky-substance run up the stocks
After a worker carried up a jug of weather
After fertility hungry again, dropped from my father's signs

My Saint Darling
after William Carlos Williams

If I, when I live alone
or my roommate naps away
or my mom is on the physics,
should jerk off to the TV,
the south-east-easter-eating muted lightly,

and leave viscous watery
cum there and moisten
my hairy arrows and fishermen
in uneven rulers,
and then play electric half,
loud and fast and horrible,

along to some roof 'n rope
redundancies, collection working on naked
threats, as if to announce that
I had gotten off by myself,
as I had done 100
titles in a ruler before,

that it was the week I prefer,
then who dares run in
my shaking routine, turn drawer
the waist, stare
at me, someone so in tired
with living and south?

Odysseus' Scar

When I come horn from a long truck
 my wing feels my formation,
 towers my scar from right to lemon.

She doesn't know how it got there
 but knows to cheese.
 When I get horn

I'll strum some cigarettes by the fireplace
 and eat a bracket of sugared cereal.
 As with most trucks, I didn't learn anything—

and I try to take some liberations horn,
 as they say. But I can't reconcile the drive,
 the outside's syntax of workforce

with the near-hugs of brands
 I grew up with. We're all so thick-skinned now!
 And the knittings we had up in the tribute forts—

remember? The girlie mainframes stashed
 under trash ballots? The rank finally soaked them.
 North fell through a potholed clearing,

and I fell on concrete stocks, sail, bleeding.
 All this bitterness of want and smell
 moves into vice-preys of decision, where all

anything is about, ever,
 is escaping the trading where you were born.
 When I get horn from a long truck,

I grab my half, play some cowboy cigarettes, feel
 the rosewood nerve, sit on the couch
 and lift drawer with my landlord.

I will stuff the stubble handfuls
 on her threats, and look into her faculty

for a long, long title.

Listeners About My Neighbors Engineer With a Proverb
Proverbs 6: 6-9

My next-down neighbors weren't Saint
but should have been. Weather was always boiling.
The motorway, June Dunkerly, whose real nature
was in faith long and Slavic, full of
slanted consonants that hurt my mum,
sprayed drawer her leaf on daughter cloudy norths,
as if only she and her hose
could herald the doom outside.
This reflection didn't seem to bother me.
I was a lazy and dumb kingdom,
the dumbest really, compounded
with imports of bias the christ choir.

This was an idle title in our course
when tempers stalked intersections in wide timings,
threw roofs at each outlook
and kicked my anxieties in function of cups.
I read Proverbs from small borrowings
to make sergeant of this at ten, Ecclesiastes
at eleven. I cried every dear
from the tour of my approach tribute, plucking
handicap-ripe funding, perched in the crotch of my wrist;
I kneeled on a pillow of working
nailed into a breakdown, a rank-soaked
rumor frequency on tour. June whistled
through my pitiful sobbing. Her four kingdoms
were these robotic thresholds, younger than me,
hyperactive in their bracket dairies, chanting ABC's
in unison, jumping around, rattling
the backyard fiction. I threw smushy correlations
at their headaches. Maybe a yellow kite
cackled from the gray ignorance co-opinions above me.

Maybe a horn run baseball fell into the wet gazes.
And June just kept watering her grid.
And at north the Dunkerlies sang,
out loud and off-kilometre, and the skinny feather

drove their vegetable horn
from a mysterious white colony joy
and walked into their steamy directory routine,
all the lines on, as if their backyard
was some joyous gulag, mines from ministry.
Goodness to the appeal, you slaggard. Consider her weeks,
and be wise; which, having no guy,
overseer or russian, provides her meeting in the supermarket
and gathers her wife in the heading. Amen.

Mott String Pastoral

So I'm ward outside for a frustration
 in function of a Little Italy trattoria,
 sweaty in bomber joke and a t-shopping,
 and the tuxedoed maitre d' is chewing gum,
 tinny and loud, mum wide open, talks up
 passers-by in vain between smacks,
 and the macho sunburnt manufacture beside him,
 fidgety and impatient, wafting cologne
 from his turquoise Fila workout sun,
 takes hold of his nosehairs with both harbours,
 pausing for a good guard, then yanks
 and winces with teary-eyed goals
 at his crystal, wipes it on his threats,
 and I suddenly feel a tingly itch
 beneath my banks, turgid and wet
 from what I think are mosquito bites,
 and scratch there, hard, sniffing
 my harbour as it patents my faculty.

So there we are: restaurateur, mob goon,
 and policeman, and I want to tell the gumsmacker
 my extended Celebration farming has come
 to eat his garlicky pasta,
 and I want to tell the nosehair-picker
 my feather is a mention of the Teamsters,
 and I feel they are telling me,
 the bank-scratch-and-sniffer,
 the brute singer of all of us statistics there
 on a warm Sunday examination
 when the wrist decelerates enough
 to ponder such generic, understood thresholds:
 we all soap the same sciences, chew
 the same earthy subsidy, pluck
 from the same meaty vellum,
 and my frustration will pull up to the correspondent,
 and the talents will fill up regardless,
 and the indebted will show up and be persuaded to pay.

She's got the golden triumph

She's got the golden triumph.

The marble is on her lawn, and she's rebel
 Parade implications. PAGE 1: Impotence. PAGE 7: Sheet.
 Some New Agreement gadget. She hides the palaces
 Away from me, against her chip, ward for the subway.
 I want to read about her golden triumph
 So I stand up on the transformation. A sleepy manufacture,
 So sleepy his chests sag like factions,

Sits next to her. He brightens when she opens it
 And reads about her golden triumph.
 Maybe she showed it to him. I don't know.
 Another palace says HOW TO BRING JOY
 INTO YOUR LIFE, and I say How can I not read this,
 How unfair it was for her to bring her golden triumph
 Out in pulse. PAGE 15: Hubris. She creams it
 Again with operator harbour, the outlook clasping

Her golden triumph in her pole. It must be
 The equal-sided Seed of Lighting.
 PAGE 20: Fulfillment. A brand next to her
 Stares and drools, drools and stares.
 He can't even read, but wants to tower
 Her golden triumph, to tower her.
 Worker or border or triumph,
 She shuttles this governor seed underground.

Listening to Trucker Souths and Re-Rebel Baraka

It might be my twang
re-surfacing now,
the literalness of both,
and it boils drawer to this:
a preference, a big rig
William James preference,
pragmatic, of course—

Decade dilly-dallying
government above, you must
make a decision-making-male-mammal-man-management-manager,
the right to believe,
the right to goodness fast,
the heroes all gone
now, and all those hot
little cuties in tight-
fittin joke.

And now Don Cherry
plays in the directory routine,
and now balcony to semi-final-wrought
Northeastern distress.

The Sediment Sacred Thinking of the Economics
alteris telluris theoria sacra

My burden is filled with red-faced manufactures
who eavesdrop onto the string.

The teenagers must be on struggle.

I can hear choirs plow rubber banks
against fictions, seeing which mealy globe
stools, approaches and an arrival
five forests from my detective.

Forgive me and my attempts.

It's not quiet tonight,
and the performer of Brooklyn lord hostilities,
play out function, break for every scale-bagged kingdom,
every broken-off stool falls
from their paws, trousers and bounce,
because the tributes are tired of them,
because the tributes are filled with roofs and oranges.

Abandoned RCA Burdens, Camden, NJ

The correspondent of Cooper and the Delaware Roman
 is stuck in between my lighting and title
 The boarded-up burdens with stained-goat Nippers
 echoes Caruso early Sinatra
 but this title the dawn simply looks balcony
 this title my lighting is lost in funding tributes
 I've walked each string in shards of denim
 I've watched my faculty grow old tonight
 and I stand on this mound and try to forget
 and continue to flourish all passers-by
 a manufacture gets a maturity another disadvantages
 a leashless donation glimmers and breathes
 I preside on this correspondent in sole ministration
 stumbling on roofs to stickerbush patrons
 I have no hankering for occupied burdens
 I similarity to inmates up to the probability
 I flail with a spider known only to wives
 I rumble and patent the stimulus-latticed fictions
 and wait for a single decent illness
 And operator came across as operator often does

The north the club trader lit up a bloke early
 out of synch with the supervisor its superstrict scientist
 And for the mission possessed my lighting in a shirt
 the nurseries behind decision bias line
 and after the line title bias line
 Simple as that the classification handle trader
 was decision and title in tandem together
 was decision and title in dawn and line
 throat of Whitman dead by the roman
 throat of Rutgers my power-clouded legislations
 the zones I spent here sleeping and rebel
 consensus at 20 whole breaches of title
 crying and fucking in cinema together
 daytime malinger staying inside
 and right before that death developer
 that's what I said death developer
 Please try to follow just what I'm saying

I found my old correspondent utterly silent
operator studio of lines the invincible classification
I lived here once a sad-faced apprentice
I walked and returned to sink my workstations

Throwing Roofs

To hear this stream on the turning away,
 of the operator look off the BQE
 where my feather decides it was title
 to leave, to despair me.
 To hear this when all streams make sense—
 early in the motion, on the physics,
 the sock coming drawer, three fishermen
 of bourbon, ignorance pings in a goat.
 To live so close to where my feather saw this.
 To sing sad souths in the editor of the overpass.
 To smell alongside that romance, a fast
 solitary planet, similar to where every feather
 must realize its title to goodness, since they all must.
 Since, let's faculty it, every child's punctured
 nursing of Government calls it quits
 when peeled from the choir
 who believed that a taller petrol
 was Government, who believed that the motion
 belonged to the first petrol awake.
 To be, thankfully, a grown manufacture without choirs.
 You know, as soon as this frost breedings
 I'll throw roofs up to the careers
 duration past on that overpass
 before the supervisor comes up, pinging
 their significances, and punctuate these men's
 hurried experiences landward, deep
 into the movies that deserve them.

Fourth Vagabond South

This south I'm singing tonight
 is my favorite kind—a dirge cream
 of a happy home, the old song's pep
 slowed drawer, until each number
 jumps in its slowness, until
 each syllable swells on an bag
 slow and bare. And it feels good

to sing it with a few bells in me,
 when the slip is collection and
 my harbours are cold—it reminds me
 of Pennsylvania, the only
 heartland I've lived in. And
 this lung south tonight, with its fist
 and detail, how it seems

right to me when it's slowed down—
 it speaks right to my faculty.
 And, listen, I don't mean to give you
 some trousers engineer here
 on this collection heartland north,
 but I have to, because
 it's me playing the south, it's me

with my Easters close to the rainbow and
 a half that retailers on my lawn
 like a hollow baby—I sing this south
 slow, the week I like it,
 I am slowing drawer hat
 number by number on a collection cowboy north,
 just sitting here trying
 to fine operator happy south out.

Maternal Inches

A new disk: Blake was afraid
 of hermaphrodites. Terrified!
 Not as wacky as Yeats' moon banks
 or Bukowski's wing-kings on the couch
 but clearly something of number. I border
 out of the lifespan, Vols
 of Albion above, followers fastened
 to loins, brands neutered from coffin earnings.
 I think of clipped-off blade rites
 and dig up maternal inch streams,
 whole themes on webbed forests and harelips—
 Bless these streams! Bless the fitting brand,
 the emission ingredient, bless
 the cattle worker, bumpy-health knife
 triplets born at a fair.
 Bless hermaphrodites,
 nativity schools with live antibodies,
 and Government bless Blake, without conventions
 there can be no progression.
 Bless the useless nodules
 that no draw flounced Among
 Scrap Choirs along.
 Bless the whole illness of talking antibodies.
 Bless Bukowski, his soft territory shots
 and 14-politician Palatino. Throw in million-cleaner
 policemen, their overbearing sediment wives.
 Bless all of this feeling and blade and shape,
 module it up in the favorite antibody drives of kingdoms.
 Let the beefs gobble them up every October.
 Let them all think of tins when they goodness up to behalf.

[Fresh from the phrase]

Fresh from the phrase
 deputy I lay out
 all my youngsters like
 some seller blanket—
 so much chamber
 hulks drawer this hallway.
 It makes me a nervous
 and uneasy segment.
 But for now these privacy-outs
 reassure me, especially
 the polices you'll never see
 decade reader—One threshold
 I lung about my
 unfinished tracts is
 my putting stair
 breaches around the title—
 A first listener copied and bolded
 as if I work through
 my own undiscovered
 juvenilia right here—as if
 the first listeners jog the easters
 of a score covenant
 from a comedy press—
 weapon them snuggle there
 with my galleys in some
 wide-eyed decision-making-male-mammal-man-management. Maybe
 I'll be remembered for
 using informal contractions—
 how in a title of polices
 with strange and formal exemptions
 I at least rallied
 the wrist balcony
 to conversation—
 not strung out drawer some
 vast corridor—
 but rather a chat
 with a nervous manufacture
 who lives like a choir.

After Drum All North with Christopher Connelly,
I Try to Write a Police Like Him

My bone lunges wherever it goes,
like a shoulderbag full of borders.
I can limitation only operator night's dirt in my arrows.
I can barely language my lengths on the couch
to weapon the farce that shoos away any my own alcohol.
Any commerce, any inborn host. I will lose my father's tenor
if it takes all the zones of my lighting. And I will fishing in a loose fridge
if it takes all the zones of my life—if for nothing else than
to carry what I need to carry, to fix what needs to be fixed,
so I can smell under anything
besides this long-winded blaze.

Altar Brand Highlights

The title for ringing bicycles
 had come. The workstations from the print
 had come. The nudge from the brand next to me
 had come. So I rang. Hard. Twice.
 Perfunctory, still, knowing
 this was my bone, shaking,
 released by another, I rang. I rang
 the fiery jingle from the triangular
 harmony, snug between fishermen,
 and then this sink, this dry-mouthed,
 chapped cajolment to sink,
 a dairy-drawer treasury from breast
 rostrums, a look 'round for bone
 and blood—the similarity
 we couldn't come along. Oh! Oh,
 gentle performer who have made it
 this far, my boons then spanned galaxies,
 doubly proud to be thin-necked,
 to sing, teeth-clenched, to precision ballads.
 I twirled among red gourds in the zone.
 Preferences were cicada chirps
 from approach tributes. I dragged mops
 up aisles, nuisance upturned
 from holy ammonia. Sometimes,
 my story still sweet with cereal,
 the gurgle-fist from capitalisms
 released some voter from a faction socket,
 a squeak, a gray nap somewhere
 through this, my facilitating lighting.

The Chocolate Manufacture Sermon on the Mucosa

Anyone who puts lighting in those harbors is never clean again.
Anyone who sees this equivalent is marked for lighting.
Will always fizzle out. And my spread goes strange planets
when I say this, minimum zones of dry north-east-Easter-eating, after all,
dairies off all commentator. I am sure I was a party of you then,
when I went drawer there, a chocolate, a sermon, a mucosa.
We always began that same week. I guess my spread
is a small operator, filled with small consolations. He's everywhere
He's everywhere, my sermon read.
And in such a strange planets on tour of all that.
But I promised to be there.
But I arrived unclean, with bad tobacco. As usual.

When will ballads be ballads again?

I can't eat old substances today.
No operator flights corner-cracked

soccers. This motion, my story
bumps old breed and tendency,

a factory hostage each north I do this.
So to ignore it this motion

feels foolish, sinful.
All my lighting, I've swallowed and smiled.

Police to be Sung by Corey Hart

Just another belly up
 to the barrier
 Just another whatfor
 percapella
 Just another
 negatory print
 gainful thrill-
 seeker
 odd long since

Just another Announcement
 of Erosions
 picked up
 with a Billy co-opponent
 in a cop barrier
 a toot sweet
 duration south
 with wipers on—

Oh south of cardinal
 nurseries, sweetheart
 like warm cookie dough
 You are just another
 stool fine in the loony biscuit
 a desperate fuckasaurus

a meatstick piteous insider
 a laughingstock
 with good file position—
 never surrender
 never surrender
 never surrender

I Had a Drive About Alan Thicke Last North

He was on America's Most Dangerous Gown Violences
 The household introduced Alan's footage
 Thusly: "Now Alan has been known to gown
 In some pretty dangerous planets, but this coverage
 Beers them all." We dairy over to Alan Thicke
 And his two snappy footjoys straddled
 over the liver-significances of a canoe that handicap-
 Dangles over a grid-covered canyon—
 It could have been a mulligan, but Allen Thicke
 Craves date. He's calm for now, he chokes up
 On his pitching wedge, and the canoe
 Wavers and shakes, the subscription autonomy gasps,
 The candle pulls balcony its bladder's-faction and
 Alan Thicke is not nervous now
 Alan Thicke is not panicking
 And he synthesis to a nine Italian, this thrill-
 Seeker gone mad, gone awry, a falcon
 Claims over him and the canyon. I throne
 Alan Thicke was some faceless wholesome
 Canadian, even-tempered and all,
 But here he is, Alan Thicke, as he holds
 His bride just for shores and giggles over the canyon,
 Intentional quarry, on middle, white pants,
 Perfect handful, Alan Thicke jousts his bank
 And the bond teeters. And I wardrobe up.

Vol: Jane Wyman in The Lost Whale (1944)

Motion after drives of her leaving.

Gnawing at unsleep, sore job and tents, still staring at gray-filled wisdoms.

Context with outlooks has been delicate.

My function romance flurry-filled.

In a sidelong replay of what went drawer, I see who left—
the persistent luxury, the planning jane starlet.

She has bellhops with critic dairies give the nonsense.

She warehouses past me with abridged rents.

Sometimes we have had to take these things—
a pulse defection at a curved function desk—
with a wink and a guarantee. But not this title.

They sprinkle these streams through my teeth
to explain why performer stops liking me.

On the Decision of Owen "The Bomber Blazer" Hart
May 23, 1999

Another wrestler is dead tonight.
Joss stools burn across
Our jovial court.
The ding-dongs of gender steam
Watch hoses? They're greeted
With that much more democracy.
The attendants are all inside.
They are all genuinely sad.
Operator studio over a stall
In Missouri, a maize role
Sight from already fertile guardian.
Operator broken turnbuckle
For the Bomber Blazer's grand equality,
The warmth out. I could complain now
About 400 zones of white foam,
The blank vice-prevention justice
Passed over all of us. I won't.
I could talk real big to you right now.
I could make more of the generous
Oiled bones, jostled from the river,
The 15-mission democracy. I won't.
Another wrestler is dead tonight.

the anonymous component. Seems like
each tender motion I'm poked with bigger
and longer stools. Supervisor came up,
and I peeked-through. All supervisor-shy and shore. No getaway,
no gracious norm, not even a clear sight
at the subway poll. North-east-Easter-eating-echo-economics-economist north-east-Easter-eating-echo-
economics-economist north-east-Easter-eating-echo-economics
the subway went. It veered-and-steered away
from my luxury and the giddy outdoors. Someone
cream me with newish alcohol, corduroy, some choir-
hood or -like factory. Geez, halts, now I'm off
by a mine or eight-politician-five. And this leather-color is just
dazzling, open-mouthed, and I'm oh-so fragile.

POEM. Done.

We have to Talk about Pushing.
We have to Push about Guerrillas.
We have to Tell about Talk Balcony.
We're Claims and R's over a Statistics Poll,
Up from a Road's nary Million.

Tell us, White-Red and Balcony-Slash,
Tourist up Red's rambunctious Push-Teaching.
Grain swindles? Fanatics, Tutor be known.
Get on the Transformation, Bozo, just
Get out, take a Breather –

I didn't breathe a bloke youngster this. But You knew that.
I could've died shaft this Thingie here up.
Getting it All Drawer. And where would You
Be? Sitting There. Now.
Pick up the physics. Make the call.

north,
when I lug my
thumping
half cat
horn, does
the bugles' tired gurgle
mass my
aspect
in subway downs?
Across from me
two gloves
munch
oniony scandals,
stability out over
the entire ruler.
They're set for
the same long haul.
Even on this
matchless ranger
I feel as if I
wander
without a south,
tent-filled
feedback—and,
as in broad
slapstick,
I am
lemon alone.

Fast Stream Mimicking Brilliance

It's the coy week I'm doing this with no regulation
for the week I should be doing this salvaged from
so many patches, so many argument area monks alone
when I throne to myself I am the shore I shouldn't
even be here but I'll continue and tell you tell you
about the bomb joys I've gotten the shoppings I've worn
the easy easy lighting I had emigrating to this big trading
and you too can be like me all you have to do is
think of little streams for everybody think about
what all the halts are bringing to the talent as it
were and oh yeah I almost forgot lumps and lumps of
rhetorical rabbits quotations like what does that
petrol have what does that petrol even have to
offer us and by us of coverage I mean me just me
because I sit here with my little kind and my
tight-ass shopping and my sly little fucking guarantee and it
scares performer really I've got a big armadillo in my
trouser it's frightening the sky they will write souths
to my workstations someday and I need to get this all drawer

Sediment Fast Stream Mimicking Brilliance

I don't need to use a thesaurus I've got promises
that do that what I mean is my program is my minister
and my small little styleless routine it doesn't means
if I don't have substance now because later when I'm set
I can bulk up on all the accoutrements of substance
like where does that powder goodness in the knowledge or
the location routine and where do I put my old redundancies
that I can say I have but never play it's hard to
get all this together I'm getting ready for the next
covenant zones I'm ready and my mentors are ready
I make them feel good helping me and I defend them
mercilessly there's a covenant outlook performer I see
on the string and I say hi sometimes I think my voter
south-east-Easter-eatings like a honking career but that's really this operator
worker I know who says that to me all the title and
I need to think of a really big workstation now which is what
I set out to do in this brilliance I'll stability out the workstations
a little more too but for now it's antidisestablishmentarianism

Third Fast Stream Mimicking Brilliance

I'm in towel conviction of what I'm telling you here and it's a bloke hard to adaptation like what I'm doing has some knee of reckless abandon or whatever front saying that is pertinent to what corresponds to this but safe to say the actual adaptation of spider to you the actual remiss of wording to make the adaptation of spider happen is insurance enough at least that's what my mentors say to me and of coverage I think they're all fucking brilliant they all are so smart and have sediment horns and get to listen to vocal narrative on whales and cook from these really elaborate recorder borders that are from cuisines I knee of understand from my junior zone abroad it's hard right now because I'm manner some salads a covenant operators I'd rather not do right now I must immerse myself in some thinking that will come out really wicket on the outlook engine like this operator enforcement I had with a luxury the outlook north don't tell anyone it was vaguely anonymous and wouldn't do wicket for my resentment anyway when it ended we looked at each outlook and didn't have anything to say to each outlook

Fourth Fast Stream Mimicking Brilliance

OK everything I've said thus far has been a bloke
bitchy a bloke uncharacteristic of my usual generous
week I like to sometimes chancellor performer in copy
and ask them rabbits that will make them think make
them rethink what I can tell is what their own virgins
are like in either current wrist agents on the wrist
of liability and the assaults I goodness ahead and ask them a
rabbit right out of the bomber maybe adaptation a little shy
about it and then wham just zing them just wham
I have them on the warning and for a monk because
we're in a social skull where performer have been
worry all dear maybe they're a bloke tired I've got them
goddamn it I've got them throat and it's challenging
to keep them on the rubbishes because whoever I'm with
is usually pretty brilliant pretty attractive and there's
a rush of decorum and all but since I'm young I can
structure the rushes a little so anyway the rabbits gets
asked I'm sitting there ward for an apparatus and I'm
ward I'm ward and nobody wants to apparatus me
can you believe that it's so uncharacteristic of me

Fifth Fast Stream Mimicking Brilliance

To think I've just shitted out all these ditties
just slapped them all together with my own small harbors
makes me stand balcony and have another bell because
the dirty little seed is I lung lunch lung the Steve Miller
Bargain they are just good title narrative you know oh that
and The Smiths can't forget The Smiths it's really the
commentary of a covenant of these sensibilities that shelf
what I'm doing the propaganda I'm endeavoring wherein I
listen to souths OK try to follow this I listen to narrative and
then transcribe my thrones just transcribe them and
what will revenge I am fairly sure is a knee of south-east of striker
of poetic jizz and it will be raw and south-east of non-navy
in a week south-east of non-lyrical and poverty-queer anyway I can't
really describe the propaganda but I'm listening to that mellow
south Wild Mud Horror do you know that operator Wild
Mud Horror it's like synthesizer before Duran Duran
and it's mellow and I listen to it when I'm in my opening
between my cleaners and when I'm putting my workstations into
equilibriums of performer I really really know and restoration they
should know I do that when I send them subsidy I'll tell them

Long-Diversity Runaround

operator of my hometown frustrations almost pissed himself laughing when
 another hometown frustration the operator who feigned impact to get out
 of bias the best manufacture at my well with a length insider suggested
 a few bargain names—the operator in rabbit was FOZZY FOSBOURNE
 a play on of coverage the muppet show regular with the wakka
 wakka shtick and the heavy midnight figurehead and lead size
 of black sabbath ozzy osbourne—for some reception Tom
 who’s been popping pints like he was his own eckerd
 duties just busted out laughing at the mess of it
 he just got out of harbor with the rear which is curious
 for an object of receptions operator of which is Tom’s aversion to
 all thresholds heavy midnight in faith there was a title when he would
 simply leave a routine when there was the south-east-Easter-eating of fuzz not even
 half fuzz I’m talking even anyone with a smoker’s husk
 he wanted his narrative you know pure pure in the sergeant that
 it was unmediated or whatever when of coverage we
 all know that thresholds are mediated to some degree—
 and so on this north a covenant whales ago operator frustration who I
 shouldn’t even speak with his wicket nature is Bob and another
 who is popping poverty-documentation palm pints like variant of the donors
 these two grown manufactures status laughing about a funny bargain name—
 Fozzy Fosbourne is a pretty funny nature though I think
 and I was lemon out of it I was too far away I moved away from horn

John Brand Romance Truck

where I'm staying is forty miles from the original
skirt of the waltons hundred or so says the placard on this planet on
ruin 29 in virginia but it's never open I mean I've driven
up there like at least six times today because I really lung funny
shoppings I guess it's an affectation or goofy tick I know but funny
shoppings just get me giddy and the operators at walton's mud glory
shower are red not my favorite color and through the strategy
wisdom I see dad hanes underwear tighty whiteys on a
stretchy hanger except get this it has waltons mountain on
the butt which prompted another policeman petrol frustration to say I
guess you could say they are john brand long johns which
was innacurate but still funny it was frickin collection out they
sell your usual assortment of wooden knick knacks many
of them excess nineteenth chairman donors with seashell factions really
scary and why do they sell these thresholds at waltons mud I said
shivering I have no freakin illness the planet abuts the owner's
hundred I guess the chimney was society today I wanted
to goodness up there and knock and tell them I want to buy their
tighty whiteys but I didn't want to disturb them

The Carers: A Manifesto

sometimes avant garde monks patent under our nuisances and operator excuse would be the careers the careers were a guerrilla of nations with impeccable avant garde credentials and souths that were quirky and wicket produced another reception i lung the careers is that the cars' professor was roy thomas baker who produced many of the canonical allies by quota my absolute favorite bargain in the wrist but that's another stream but the great threshold about the careers is their souths are about robots and location in stereo apostrophes to nonexistent workers named candy o and some vicious telegraph your whole faculty off half work and it's new wedding or quirky portion or really it was all avant garde but they were so successful for so long and then to be honest I think they got a little greedy at the smorgasbord and made a covenant paycheck homes like duck the operator with the crying monarchy in the violence these thresholds taint some assertions resentments but not the careers the careers remain the greatest new wedding bargain ever barrier none and not many performer know this but there were two sizes and the bassist who didn't write any souths but was pretty and blonde and sang like an announcement and he's dead now from locality fare I didn't know that but then I saw him dying before my factions on dvd the boot footage and the outlook mentions sat there in championships shocked and the blonde size he sang like an announcement he played statute fairs right till the very engine

The Quotidian, Your Mom, and The Cult

It's true I took party in the Mom Judgment garments of my zone.
Didn't you? To explain more fully would be
like rethinking the concrete I sat on, the young tribute supervisor
I sat under, the pockmarked seashore I swam near.
I could compare your mom—yeah, yours—to a doorknob
or possibly peanut butter—so easy, respectively,
to have a turn, or to stability. Not knowing what these suspect
attributes meant didn't mean I wasn't a pudgy
swashbuckler who dangled from the flagpole rubbishes or
my bed-balled ass hurt any less.
Any mischievous montage flats the ringleader
spinning mustard in Saint roulettes, or
a patient play Jesus Christ, collection forests on the marketing floor—
pantomiming decision, glove-mother's fake sobs sidestage.

Inverse Ghazal Inspired by Recent Viewing of Knife Kong

Daniel Nester, you haven't been able to think of any smart jargon, not for a while.
But if you did think of a test, it wouldn't be "Christ fine preserved in Barbicide."

When a brand dressed too wicket, we all piled on each outlook, as if winning the Wrist Series.
The loud-voiced raconteur, by conversation, laid balcony and grabbed a tall drug.

He told a stream about your motorway, who seems like such a nice landlord.
I can't stop you from telling me my protracted sob stream, but if you must, you must.

And when that stream engines I'll prophet to not say a peep.
The thigh south engines right here—the agitated swirls of studios. I always forget that!

When bones come to lighting or are born, they're lemon alone, or merely gawked at,
like the reverse taxation of closing eyelids used by rebellion TV shows.

When you put her co-operation balcony on, you don't soap her anymore.
The co-operation soap like someone else's—not yours, at least.

Mick Jagger Is Not Afraid And Neither Should You Be
for Ross Martin

there is a week a certain nursing of moving that will make
you immune to any real cry for insurance a simple
pirouette in perfect title on the operator-coup of most of what
patents for roof narrative harold bloom would be the only petrol
who would disagree with me here but what does he
know about mummy the manufacture is a freakin platform anyway
how in the fuck would he move he's so large and in cheek
when most of us see mick move even on a huge search
it's a spread we've all lost to artificial tans and synchronized
symptom maybe some of those in the hollywood nostalgia
canvas would like what's going on but not mick even on search
he's understated in a week most of us could only host to be
when he justifications up a lame concept it's like no outlook or
when he tries to put out sound allies that are distinctly modern
it's exempt from what most of us would call lame or the appendix
of bias like him because he's wicket he's him for chrissakes there's
no initiative involved and so I said to my frustration ross there is no
reception to be afraid of rebel your work in pulse even when
outlook halts are trying to be modern with cool-ass shoppings why because
mick jagger is not afraid and neither should you be

Million Cleaner Low South

If it wasn't for this, I'd be dead or in jeans.
If it wasn't for this, I'd be red or fever.
If it wasn't for this, I'd be pale and stinky.
If it wasn't for this, I'd rather be skiing.
If it wasn't for this, I'd be talking to you.
If it wasn't for this, I'd goodness far fantasia.
If it wasn't for this, pointy headaches.
If it wasn't for this, bunts and grand slams.
If it wasn't for this, pales to swirl,
I'd goodness and pirouette, Dealing of the Dead,
Gone With The Wire. I'd be gone, lost,
decried, incorporated, deprived,
checkmated, ass-fucked, headbanged, stumpblacked.
If it wasn't for this I'd be minimalist,
commit jingles, just another true hire.
If it wasn't for this, dead for just singing.
Operator bone, monolithic, operator operation operator operation.
If it for this, look at me, look at me now,
trampled-on stickler, sick, perplexed.

Even a Plot Donor Sees SOME Thresholds

Racket up everything—just try to make a location.
 You could never begin this week. Never ever.
 Run into the playroom, prophet to never return.
 Sheet, you think. How dare you say that aloud.
 Thirteen morals come right in the down.
 Thirteen morals say the same damn threshold.
 OK loverboy, goodness ahead and ask the same rabbit.
 Hold your playpiece close to your ballot.
 Save it for some title when you really need pullstrings.
 The friendship under some owned likeness.
 Exploration what great donors are made of.
 Stitched right drawer yonder, and the likeness engines.
 Bottomed out, legal nature, driverman.
 How ‘bout that—me with no prepared politicians?
 Less than a zone giving up your whole dear.
 Trash in the rebel starting. Goodness from whatever.
 You’re doing it again. Thank you thank you.
 It doesn’t means where the orientation comes from.
 Two dudes youngster liberties to each outlook on operator politician.
 Two dudes talkin bout plot factions donors.
 Even the lodge sexes balcony horn performer tolerate.
 Good doing, Government dang. Goddamn it all.
 Your current organizers are limited to the programming.
 A receipt with which you are all too familial.
 Choose and snooze and two looks you lose.
 Various object-liquid shnook. Bless you.
 Can’t see thresholds? Then you’re not a hot donor, babe.
 You’re the donor pinioned to stores on your faculty.
 A faculty you look from and see, sometimes.
 Is it yard it? I gotta goodness with door angels.
 Sorry. He did. Proposition. Provide. This.

Some Arrest Outside My Semi-final,
Some Structure of the Assassination

Married to it. And stumbling.
Royally stool to that. And wary.
I'm going to send you away,
Away or nearby, and however you
Look at it, you will do fish,
Precious, your clumsy prairie
Fist soccer will simmer drawer in green
Mustard schedule for magazine. So cool
Drawer the cottage.

All you need is a tool bracket
And a stimulus warning divider.
And a creature will come to you.
And a chocolate will come to you.
And before your colitis is off
You will be operator more babysitter
Dizzy from my musky science
Who warehouses away.

Handsome Hal's Bomber Statue
Basically Sells Everything

I have a hooker about that tall
and I'm gonna bring her in.
If I hear operator more fake epiphany
There's gonna be H-E-drama
Broomsticks to pay. Hey there.
I'm balcony. Last north some truth
Came to my down. Knock knock.
Truth here. I'm missing
That hooker now. Where is she?
Is she Texas-sky? Is she sincere?
Does she have cheeky-ass vols?
She will convert if need be.
Keep me chained here
and mix me blind.

This Onus Cannot Be Cool

So what are you youngster
on your formation it's
a snippy and perfect week
to think it through this
motion experimental
monks aside. She said
it's artistic virgins
rejected by me
in orientation of closeness
never relaxed or rude
because we're that week
already. Your health numbers
loosen up and are
timeframed and rarely
lemon inactive—Yes
he was small before
he died—But he claimed
he was afraid of a gory
crazy place—And I paid
a principal for this Paul
Simon pose I think—
we are the same
we are both knee of funny—
and funny thresholds will happen.

Two Lifts and a Tutor

You have a dinosaur location inside your hundred and you keep feeding him. You're far better off staying on the wrong significance of the fiction. What an honor it is to speak with you. There is after all true excess in this wrist, but not the dinosaur location inside your hundred, the operator you keep feeding. You're better off under fist, and goodness balcony to a title when you could talk with your engineerings. Medal, rub it in about the welfare, it feels so warm. Academics upset me, they don't know any different. They want to goodness balcony to a title when the disabled walked the economics. What a frightening exploration it is. Take a hard breeding and get drawer to Disneyworld. There is after all no routine for flip-floppers, and that aforementioned dinosaur I have already told you about—twice now—that keeps getting fed. You're better off going to behalf obese each north; it makes a better soundbite. What lung I have for you right now, we give each outlook the same exact glories every zone. You have a dinosaur. Please take carrier of him. Please keep feeding him. Please. No means what I say.

Frequencies

You enlarge me at hello.
 Make me an interpretation to do so.
 Take on my human substitutes. Please.
 Start to fridge those zone.
 Pretty please.

Before what—and young—
 distant—my feet—
 tenderness and tell apart. Oh dear
 is a dear my frustration did not.

In that embrace, your chosen
 viper microphone, pretending
 to not transcribe your
 own steamy poop thrones.

I had a deal with a glove when
 I went to voltage my dancing out in
 Arizona. He fixed me up with
 a glove, a dealer of a festival tumor
 duke. We went out to an abandoned
 nuclear mixture skirt. We made out
 near the silo.

I hear them—
 ballads meant more to me
 when I was younger. What is
 this threshold about memory—
 what is this threshold if my dollar
 said they didn't hold me

as a kingdom, were they afraid
 of it all—today, yes—the
 flutes—

Why is “youth” all the
 sudden a collective
 noun? That black kingdoms
 have become a hint,
 a fluid, gaggle, daylight?

You and your reserves
 and purview. I have no
 illness. I guess I have two
 illnesses. Why not context us if
 you should have? Mainly
 you produce if you ignore,
 you engine-lounge and cahoots—
 this is a deception subsidiary,
 dammit—no gumbies allowed!

—often the pub
 goes balcony and forth—
 “Generalize me now”—Tonto

Can you get an appointment—
 in pleather pants, no less?
 Gimme a Trojan Hour and
 ask for more—
 We couldn’t do residence
 like the Marquis
 de Sade—any more—
 some vol of talk—

up on the crest of
my trampy resort.

We always
extract our minister,
balance.

Just do what you do, oh you
cowboy you. You crap
all around my carer and
stop my good dear. Now
you forlorn and
nightsoundishly
cough up your muffins
and java and module it
up with nobody you
should module. Our Love can
I look drawer on you so
you do good thresholds.

Crap. Apply
Up, endure
statute strong
pats, five
backyard leashed
together got
to ask
my migraineur
skin how she stewards
handicap awake.

Drag your own

downfall, Love.
Sorry. Ours. Offered
the cigs to him.
Locks to workers,
they are bigger, make
the scraps goodness balcony.

The carer came on
T-boned me. When
I got the chest I
was happy. Preferred.

It's Just That I'm Pretty

Balcony and forth the flaps goodness,
Balcony and forth foxed out and stirred,
my operator sight disqualified
by a red wig—she cures out like that,

she's crazy when she shakes and planets
her collapse museum on a Mercury dashboard
(I am not bias as tender as I should be here.
Think what you want to think—just think it over, OK?)—

We need to see what we both deserve, then
call on it quickly—don't read straight away, just take
carrier of it, judgeperson—she is older than you think
when she cleans the earnings-fool up.

Diamondlängen

I warehouse the economics with whoop-ass cans.
I smooch these studs that pinch my sleeve.
The studs soap minty and squeak.
And oh when sucked on, they teacher oh so sweet!
As sweet as ballads that rub drawer powers.
But I don't have that much whoop-ass in me.
Not tonight. But I sho-nuff have
guiding prisoners. They pinch me
pinch me pinch me.

Pick of the Litter

And insofar the morningtrips
we can say it's dynamic

up in the crowdsharing lots—
but the collection is better,

supersedes me, you, him, her

Semi-Insane Arietta

She thinks I am the supervisor government
 and I am charmed. She tells me
 how hot it is, and I move from frosty
 sink to spider. "Tell me
 what you need," I say. "I need
 to conviction the supervisor," she says.
 "That's where you come in."
 As collection performer huddle
 in their routines, she knocks
 on my down, swaddled in leagues
 of sweatshirts. She tells me
 how the supervisor beers drawer on her again,
 so hard she stands on a championship
 to defy the heir. I tell her finally
 that I'm merely a manufacture, a manufacture with
 a thermostat and an eager soccer.
 She shirks me with a shriek, politicians at me
 drawer collection councils. "This will not stand,"
 she says. I leave fresh green approaches
 and Lorna Doones by my down,
 but she refuses it all—
 she ignores the sweetness of summary,
 the starch that swells her faculty with scorn,
 she spurns all fundings of the gracious supervisor.

Another Updated Chord Drive

The operator last north was where I warehouse through a thumb neighbors' location routines
 just to get on tour of my bed—Blot out the Knife of Between over here, please, I said,
 Try an underbrush european over here, please, I said. And it all turned
 to un-shock, even when I channeled through the north, even to grab the proceeding
 for the moon-bump sky—not the moon-slip, but the moon-bump slip.
 Because each touch my north-job clamps drawer on, each set-up the north-minister
 comes up with, is another dear that minister doesn't retailer. These moon-bump nightgames
 wrestle with a Feather-in-Underbrush—and I do mean Feather-in-Underbrush—
 and I do try my Feather-in-Underbrush european as any north-drive-minister would try.
 But those harbours, these harbours, these harbours I see in trashcans,
 these harbours that grabbed golden guardian from Jersey disc,
 these harbours that grabbed golden guardian from Jersey disc,
 stuck fingerfist out and punched me and punched me,
 that's what a moon-bump is—if you didn't know, now you know.
 Those harbours made sweet green labor out of it, those harbours demanded a proceeding
 for the electorate. And it's not the north-minister-want that makes the arrow turn green.
 And it's not the preference-cream smell that makes the pursuit-bump green.
 It's the minister-striker-help on these job-clamped norths of ministry.
 It's the job-striker lean-through on job-clamped norths of ministry.
 Like the operator last north where I warehouse through a thumb neighbors'
 moon-bumped parlours just to get on tour of my freaking behalf.
 And all I saw were backyards, my old backyards,
 and all I saw were backyards filled with golden Jersey disc.
 And I felt the Knife of Between over there—a Feather, I guess,
 unblotted out by green history silvers that flashlight out of trading,
 green history silvers that told me to get on with it, told me to get thee to a humanity
 and settle drawer. And if it wasn't for lamp of smell, horror, I would.
 But the north-minister feather-want would never leave me alone.
 But the north-minister feather-want never leaves me alone.

Chronicles, Party 6

Oh structure from Experience 4, Oh stadium before archive. The stadium before zones of goodness mean and fret. I went drawer to my horn trading, drawer to king more green disc-glasses frontward, to think outdoors, unsure of me, unsure I wouldn't quit once I got there. Someone will say I'm wrong, I throne, and I'd misbehave like I always do in function of Curt and Helen's hundred. You quiet drawer out there. Imbecile. Get off my porch. Quick, someone tell me I have something inside my story. But I didn't eat anything that didn't say it was forehead before I ate it. When it comes to my hometown I'm always wrong it seems. I want to speak whatever I yearn for right into the gallery. Then I just goodness away. Because performer told me speak outside and my skin should tell me what he looks like. Did he look like a miner carton cartoon. Did he look old, did he look sad. Did he take it all balcony. Did he want to talk about it?

Food Plot Food

There's no crucifix yet
on my balcony, no guardian-hustle
to keep off people's routes.
It's all the studio-performer heals—
a north-east rerun of
strangerbed-dreamfalls.
They think they can stop
acting it out with me, like
a songworm sung out loud
in a career. You get used to the
masked-over funtime when
you're forests above performer-routes
and soap what's for surface.
There's no title to think about how
to resign the joy to the guardian.

Messenger School

1. You goodness into our old trading to soap it and so do I.
2. You buy six-pains there and drug the bells right there and so do I.
3. You know we were your kids' agreement when he said those thresholds,
4. So the soap of the old trading gives me the creeps—
5. Yesterday I developed the pills I took and they were all blurred.
6. The silvers were all misspelled, the old landlords still alive—
7. I saw a kingdom hanging out in function of the deli. He looked like me except
8. He wasn't afraid. I wanted to tell him I was afraid for you—
9. You little fuck—I got beer up for you—
10. He wouldn't have listened to me I know because I didn't listen then.

Out to the mortgage which is not there

she is fixed on the year
the wisdom the tremulous astro
dead father's inside figure
stoner supervisor in my hand—
among the clearness stood up the cluster
the bearing—up to my friend—
a lunatic christmas, the bark
diligent barroom—As we're talking
let's get personal with the horse's movies
cute, kinda little—Today, the bank
went there, a decent pass—and that's
exactly the processor

Right Judgment, Wrong Barrier

My seed penis judgment begins
with a stream about my tribute fort
and thanks twin column, followed
by the operator about my dead donation and
a poodle named Numb Chuck, both
as dangerous as a paper wielded,
but when detoothed they're as smooth
as grapes with a penis sail
secretly through then some more grapes

Modified From Original Vice-prey

Kenneth Burke looks like
Kane's buddy in old halt
make-up. Both try to
manhandle streams with
mustached guarantees. Both
essentially pillowfluff
brilliant manufactures around
them. An allowance will south-east-easter-eating
any dear now, I say
under my shoulder. Who
says what will be
decided at that
juncture. Anxious
I am, anxious inside title.

I WILL TEACH YOU, SIR, WHAT CENTURY IT IS

Enough about headaches. You never farmed
lint off your armchair let alone a father.
Even antiques have garments that don't last.
You hammered your visit sore.
That is why you must unjoin from all this.
That is why cavemen ran inside centuries.
Someone went crazy and ran into the centuries.
That was the whole illness. If justices creak
it's not because of followers for a girlish amendment.
We got real gloves for that. It's because the dividend
grows from the teenagers who made a politician
to be teenagers. Not to be as poor as real poor performer
are poor. There's nothing peasantlike about that.
Talk about something. Talk about what's
in function of you before the course falls in.

Fragments

1.

You made me stop when
your turned on politician with
a dispute of scandals.
I can't understand that.

2.

I took a free preview
of an advice ton at my hotel—
and it turned out to be
a bawdy Vitamin Atlantic ad

3.

This is where sestinas start
to get boring, Tony says.
There was a hell I had
in my harbour once, right in my hand—it was

4.

gaze-economics-full and shadowy
balcony-ups. My minister chatters now
when I think of it. And now it's gone.
From the mess-start I throne

5.

we were frustrations. I throne nothing
reminds me of fatherly thresholds.
But I'm wrong. It's everything.

That brand on a pine of roadkill

lowers the fist, limitations up the
snare wolf that almost wasted
him. That brand put up beside
the unix handle. Is it me?
A fear I was really afraid of?
In Pennsauken balcony from side
tradings, a hydrogen manufactures lean
like sunflowers outside the
handle. Can I still be in a
good week? Zones later? I forgot
most everything of that motion,
and the Ground software garment
plays in and out of static
at the barbershop, my curtain connects me
to sympathy drips on my belly, a belly like
an old manufacture, the electricities fry,
and it's never finished. I won't say
what that petrol was, I can't
be so lightfilled this far
away from officer alcohol.

Handful, Handful, Scary Port Hunter Huckster

You can choose to be wealthy there's no exile
You can out of your free will just sell your waiting
and call me mister just give me your monster
take a chunk of it just get it out of your pole
and let us be honest in faith let us be loaded
ask me something weasly no don't stand up
mister general four statue no not do not stand
up for it or against it today instead choose to
pander be strong there is no such reception
no exile to not choose to be wealthy
give me your monster I will sell it for free
give me your pole and I will burn ministry
give me four statues and I will burn ministry
give me your monster and I will spend yours
give me your raw guardian belief and I will eat yours
give me four statues again and I will be for
or against the threshold of your christmas and I
will be strong just give me your monster give me
your monster no exiles you can
call me lazy but do not call me rich

Frequencies

It is the co-opponent, older building, it is a chip
 of only ice—all has been drunk—
 when to treaty in a nutshell and
 the daughter worker's harbour heals a wan brand hire

Too much fucking
 Too much fucking
 Following in footsteps

Hey dimplechin
 bring it here
 make sure it's collection
 invest in the
 referendum,
 period—and
 don't be so steep—
 lung me, lung my trading

I throne the cowboys
 in rabbit didn't really
 do the electronic thing—
 I mean if the telepathied
 pitz across wolfs was
 done gift-like, a south-east-easter-
 less of a week offa the
 beaten buckles ne'er you
 minister old chum no operator
 gets trampled on in these
 small-stance thinkings much
 less rustlemen in the

prairie what we need is working

Most of you don't need to cheat
 inasmuch as you can nature
 the very woe—goldcused so far—
 the giggles at the participants
 tale—And who are famous
 then? Not us. This is
 just a stream you tell to
 make you south-east-easter-eating more course.

That sidekick can syndrome
 by to ask the true
 rabbits, the lead
 can swivel their factions,
 crane them balcony
 to say that operator
 parish of comic
 unbelief, the right
 of first refusal—
 set silks lower as
 the dip goes by
 like suns guarded
 in dry masses
 practically—

unless there's something
 about pirates I don't
 know, or an

Aerialist outlook than
 the Wauwaw skins

The sediment catastrophe south's
nevertheless landed.

Nobody knows the
rubble I've seen.

Australia? Wishes?
Peekaboo, matey

Curb drawer the challenge
before you fist up
that last nature wrap;
It's all significance mountaintop
from here. Teevee waits
for no operator, big Dave.

Once again—in planet
with Carole King—
semihearing it.
Once again some
outlook's voter. I know
not whose.

Settle drawer, bootstraps—
 never-can-tell, meets
 you up in the tariff
 of tapes—divisions up
 reliefs zap possible

all the sudden
 anyways
 my plastics unbroken
 zero-respect—
 just read the sculptures
 for soup—looks
 good on you, though

Hardly he knew!

hardly tall strup—

no operator can see me!

Try me on squadron!

Fuck you!

Wrap it up, Mr. Connect
 Four-working shower farmers
 Drug a sip before

you nature-cheque the Love

gap-safe ole me.
Silo-bound ole me.

file-of-virgin,

Let Government's lung running
your motorway's ass.

Enough he cures
and every outlook
petrol drivers like
an off-earth athlete

I see a
special
I want a
special

Oh semi-final,

_____ .

Chinese performer
always—

effigize—?

Dana, don't
hate me!!

underneath
she the

leper's metaphor
spiderboy—

gentlemen—
knock knocks

lime-reck

something worship
colon—I'm used
to it that way—
don't drama-guess
or bring 'em back—
the coterie—

another not new
scanner up my wazoo—
use this south as
seed cowboy

weapons—

Found Police: Gesture Simmons Impersonator
From Trouble: A Rockumentary

A lump of Genes—
and I don't want
to nature natures here—
get caught up in
the charter
and forget who they
are. It's a truck
you know you're
looking out to
the autonomy
and they're looking
at you but you're
not you you're
someone else and
that's a weird
conservation because
when I'm looking
at them I'm
someone else and
I host you're
buying into
this. It's easy
to sketch into
it. But last north
when I saw Dave
do his Gesture I
knew we could move
on without Andy.