

IRRATIONAL DUDE

IRRATIONAL DUDE

nico vassilakis & robert mittenthal

TIR AUX PIGEONS
2009

Five Trombones

-for Stu Dempster

Walking away from the fifth finger. The wood pile caused this problem. I transferred the obverse, carefully describing each moment. It was on ice. His beaten face affixed to the current. It's a chilling breeze brightens the sea, the sun visibly arising. Its surface moves but tells no story. Something about the pier and the gulls doing their chores. Thus the birds fly with no hands, always in need of the next meal.

To find a new perspective either move closer or further from the object. One must be able to lift 50 lbs. Sidewinding, we sidle into a deferral of time, an implicit request to take leave. Which brings us back to notation and how the score gets played. Reduced to a jingle, commerce elects its miniature self. The options are disconnects – the joy in the pursuit.

“Never settle.” Thus read the sign on my door. I said “with my left hand I am an American prostitute.” Okay, the right hand remains master but what if I were born with two left hands. What does it take to make a river behave. It's the berm supports its flow, makes that mastery possible.

Rhetorical move from Tierra Del Fuego to the Cooley Dam. Or was it a perma-frost. An engagement that all continents pursue. The kicking and screaming that forms our contiguous core.

{Picture here.}

No. It's a legible story whose very clarity is deceit. That is, the mind wants to be free. Much like the politics of information, networks of words fight their way toward the tongue.

Somehow in a place that has a repeating design is a spot different from the rest. Not the normal business hours. That is exactly what makes it interesting, what makes it remarkable. The moving center pushes down whatever gets digested. His name is chase sparrow. That is never really an important fact, but with a name like chase sparrow things happen. From here, you can easily see water on both sides of the road.

Orchestrated, it is a skin condition I share with my partner. An evil snack I offer to a loved one. It's liquid plasma in suspense, a horrible adventure that disrespects the eyes. Can you hear that commotion? It's coming from my chest, throbbing, an exhilarating fascination. Me wanting to show, here, here is where it looks most beautiful. But the mystery spot is obscured. You have to construct some otherworldly contraption to see.

CHAPTER FIVE

A riff adrift. They name her errata. A chain link of ineffective affect. People like a sieve, a self-regulating mesh that shifts point to point. But I prefer to keep management out. Security as the new form of estrangement. I love the

modular functions of incoming calls. I'll never return to the cornice of that architect's office. I'll never go where music fills each containment. Soffitted bliss one breath at a time. Festooned walls pop my balloons. Ouch. The sounds of logic arch over us – we know only the difference of digested eros.

Presented with the five directions, each an element of the crime. The periodic table I am versus the accident I'm not. A recurring obsessive twist burned into the screen forever. Forgetting to believe in the connection, in every asterisked thing. Somewhere in the history of chewing gum, before it was invented.

There's a sorry slowness on the revisionist front. There's advantage to sheet music's plummet. Our dirge awaits its manicure. The core means to scratch. As each motion dissipates, I carry its itch as a command. Several fingers on the wall. The reversal of a mnemonic device – it uses US, a country spun out beyond recall. Where inescapable music quotes us. Where an Easter blunder is pet name for bunny. Where we hopped toward the centrifuge and were thrown back. A walkie-talkie revolution. Latticework of the push mower circling in. A small acre reduced to fifteen minutes.

The second distraction punched a hole through the day. Aural fog at night. Chop chop. Okay, I took your perp walk. Marching through the colour-coded recognitions. A cone, your pilgrimage toward the perfect moment. And the perfect moment lost.

I love the sudden shake of the ground. The peculiar excess of sensations you'd consider singular. The by-the-wave-of land. Instead of one you're quickly faced with five trombones. Abbreviation extended into instrumental logic. Overtones, drones, the multiple tones of a vibrating coincidence. Is this where fists pound flesh – where a leg of lamb arrives out of sequence. Is it husbandry that unlists your number. Or an eyebrow overhang shields the house – a vision corrected whenever the eye shuts.

Picture your message here, between layers of sonic laces. A liquid's eye through a hole you give a name to. But I preferred the raga – steady breath with its ornament calmly unfolding until it disappeared before us. The contrasting influence squeezes nutrients out allowing only the best words in. Song that song and speech. Filed under rhetorical or pinnacle or cordial expanse. Where vision blurs a carpet of green lines -- shaded cords toward gray in a double boxed pattern that mimes the sea. A whispered tunnel you'd consider a past tense cascade of events. The pearl was only a lost hook, for the captain who gathers its seams. The first distraction smoothing out a fragrance you can only give a name to. To make the flag retort, align bodice to motion, and swallow. A hurried discussion fraught with thistle. He changed his shirt, now bright white and buttoned tight. A torn sentence left to acquire its own standing. The inverted hope hurts – a cursive translation.

Which means it's raining again. Don't panic. Marching each once into the mess of no returns. Conclusion finds those who hover and halt. A contortion awake on the academics rack. We even use sound to brush the teeth.

The embedded amalgam makes contact. Saliva triggers my care. Sound is not around the corner but ambient, a true companion of the tongue.

One rivulet one red hornet one tungsten one empty pocket one fricassee one beaded front one thunderstorm one jostled top one containment field one ragtime band one of everything. The hermeneutics of tablature. Before the advent of 78s, success was measured in sheet music sales. There was no time for duplicates.

Fame was a standard whose template featured background singing and cigarettes. You were either inside the titillation or not. Good old days when edges warm in the friction that tunnels into spring, when rounded corners reject sharpened nails. We're hardened by an ability to scratch, the ability of flesh to reform. Pivots set loose on a surface. The malleable foil easily cut. It wants to reflect back on a more abstract number. The light of perpetual travel darkened by the weight of its mass.

Thus reads this gospel on management science. Lefthand, let me introduce Righthand, and to the Right, Left. One so ham-fisted or unfuckable can only be indirect. That is, the direction was there, held to one's breast in the confidence of each action. With an enthusiasm that puts the singular into longer play, a vinyl induced ramification proves they're too plastic.

Brassless and full of pluck, I bagged out of how to sing home. Working instead from the outside toward the center of each sentence. We can no longer

wait to complete each notation with infinite care. Already lost in the chicken scratch of the corn fed. Our interstices alive to the illegible.

I've contoured and designed what's to follow. Municipal in the scale we dive through. Paper quantities writhe at first, in pursuit of color and size. But finally lined or unlined, the very utensils are alive.

Say that three times. The story of privilege misspelled. Inadequate or not, the unlifted letters delete that old alphabet. Telepathic articulations occurring naturally in found accumulations of organic material. To eliminate options hire an architect. Infrastructure to base, the most unfortunate edits need full fingered instruments. The labor was already sold. Please pay me to go away.

Thoughts on other words

These anti-ocular repetitions become us
I must have been referring to pills
Push-ups jacked to abstract length
Punched out moguls on our pale slope
Dumb bells by the dozens
Your elegance a delirious lump of restored fat
The mapped lipid triggers its dormant noun
One recalls each morning's blindside
Its larger idea more precise

We're rendered invisible
A quietude of pixilated transmission
Where the point is to get from zero
Sharp elbows and table salt
In search of Hubble induced locations

This indifference to repetition incriminates
That's nothing new – a sort of unlettered corpse
Drumming a petition for difference
I got sideways – off the scheduled pulse. A derailed
Or furious movement for those who refuse to move
Or truncation for those in trunks
Waving saws-alls in our wake

Each unmakeable call arrives

The last to exit at last

Delicious life is thrown or imbued still

Spinning its crazy clayness when the thin stamen

Is diced down, the tussled estuary fed into a lawn mower

With this ring a turn of flowers anoints me

Its circle becomes arabesque

Not just a movie that walks and talks

The sound measures each gull

Just think of the fact. What fact?

Children will rummage the page

They wink their winks – to devour

To divide the beasts that divide. Injured and

Edged out, oscillating goals of integrity

The steady hand gets the wavering tone

I hear monotheisms are all alike. Big ears and sandals

We ate their heros and lived to tell. Do not forget to change

The subject – as verbage it's curbed weekly. A dog

Reduced to the simplest forms. Legs eyes hunger

Expressive tail. Pretend at all times that you do belong

Facts accumulate. The keys are proofs, preeminent

Elements that belong to you. I removed myself

One foot at a time. Equal to 160 square rods by the acre

To divulge a promissory, drag cash across a surface
Sniffing air for something new. My eyes further
And further apart. This third use of equine
Obscures with each cut where conjecture spots each ouch
Pricked with jellies the brain activates a daily schedule
Huckleberries recall an exercise of teeth
Various exposed or hidden smiles whose stain is
Dark with times impasse. My lids emptied of curves.
A few generations per fetish object – for each owl
So many squirrel allotments. We grip leather
The better to simulate spin. An arabesque derived in
Pockets sewn outside each orbit. Unrequited
Spheres and tubes that bark back into the night
Poolside accoutrements parked in their boats

Knowing rotations without mechanical parts
We simulate acid to entice reaction
Pellets in the eye that everything enfolds
Dominance is at a time or one at a time for time

A traumatic exit closed the body to new investment
The wound reveals initiation or closure. A classic carousel
She rides The Whip or The Deacon of Night

A sine wave that makes itself known
Immanent poetic with no entrance or vice versa – your choice
But the projectile was already there, arced or curved

In review we enclose work and let no light in
The craven tune erased – forgetting time. An option
To count the million daggers falling false from the sky
No way of lifting embedded dirt
The image diluted with gathered attentions
A Shepard in search of a tree. The desert plants
Each pleat an affirming push in the sandbox
Your projectile was already there with a desire to relocate.
In other words, relief is as relief was. The forgotten morsels
All feel – or the feel, in other words
A tightrope that walks us out on the appointed land
My protectors eat succulents, chanting *there is no despot, no heraldry*
The violation of such enchanted song
Tributaries coming together to swim laps in
The sultan's soup. His lips famished and unnaturally droll
Beyond leather bound – folded in time that stops
For no attack. Time that gives the people what they want.

Birds until the night swallows their song.
Lost in the borough, no bridge to brook the flow, no sea to settle
The stoop birds approach. The marvelous perch dispersed.

Testosterone Poisoning

The throat signals a kill. Pairs of shoes rotate toward sea. Wheeze of the lung an accordion bound in single key. This chair holds twelve. The registry of yes. Hats too feign to doff. The choice is there next to the price. Below the clavicle, away, leaves just the eyes. A banquet lowered fills the hole. A bouquet to plug disdain.

Seeds of various fruit, some rarely eaten. As chance widens so skin alters and attention fixed. Scraps of litter, the propagation of urbane sounds. Xylophone and oboe on ice. Fog horns for trombone. The baritone guitar. The headline reveals an argument dissolves our stitches. Wait for intermission. Inform the village. He plays the cocktail glass. The ceaseless ringtail of impersonating tones.

I sang the light and watched the shadow. The hollow forms fiddle and bow – moving with some delicacy. How does one make primary use of red? I figured to collect the preciousness of an inverse C. Until the crayons ran out of color. A gargantuan snag of me uphill. Supine on their backs an instrument with heads attached. The stars are out above the bivouac. The black and blue concern of a similar pitch. It's the fire we smote. Aghast.

In the living breathing singing then. A ceiling concludes six walls of comfort. As when engaged and thus immobile. Any membrane or shield. Certain autistic features I say I'm liking. But liking in the vast opens and overlaps.

There's more activity in X than in all of Y, more in music than in all of movement. What sings out a choral or out of choral. Wave watching. The tune a sameness. At sea the wash leaves no taste of that old game.

I wore no hat to signal my hearing, my deficit. The talk outside was of Plato. The danger of words. A student recalling the quiver of some country lyric – mothers don't let your blanks grow up to be blankets. My teenaged thought echoes back – a fire lit in the old words. The dangers of an early image.

This time was then. Expelled until the unit L – exerts each frustration. A snaking adolescent energy has no use for a manual, the formal foreman's manual. The fury of the game is compressed time. Rehearsed rotations too heavy to reverse rotation. Forced closure a tool for vicious conduct. It's King to John's, pawn to queen's eighth. Stalemate of disconsolate autumn. The baton a metal bar band. With rouge. Usefully vicious, my binaries become you. A sonic default.

We spelled it beer or scotch rocks. Dolled up but very black for t-shirts only. His diva scream at the sound man – a foray that divides. An audience enters and throws its head in our hands. Could there be any blighter? Sustain us. Bring in the blokes with larger proportions. The lambs. The gnats and no see 'ems will contest those tunes. To find an etched end.

COVER: PATRICK XXXXX

DREW KUNZ, ED.

8630 NE WARDWELL RD.

BAINBRIDGE ISLAND, WA 98110

TIRAUXPIGEONS@GMAIL.COM

©NICO VASSILAKIS & ROBERT MITTENTHAL 2009

These poems previously published in:

x, y & W8 - the music issue.