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*ASKEW*

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## **SALOON COUNTER**

### **INTELLIGENCE**

&

Im lost here thinking how to reach a plausible conclusion. I have anger, I have the difficult measure of anger caught in spindles I cant quite undo. The weather derides me. It supercedes my ability to quell it manually, so I push the buttons. A dashboard of buttons in lovely display. With both purpose and blindfoldedness I press buttons. I'm poking with my finger. How, how to dissolve this knot with the ease and élan I can usually muster. From the shelf I pull down a book. Gilded letters, stubbly texture, and the results expected to be brilliant. I must defuse this entity. It matters more what is at its root. No smallness, no retribution, I walk through this sheath of papers holding a pen and see that it's oblivion I love. Something sewn to spotlights. The willow sings its draped hair. A kind of hum of a crack spined lady. The ghost of dusk articulating night. Be careful susan, be watchful susan.

&

They spoke about their reluctance to lunge. To nudge in complete immersion. Telephones across the ocean, a bulge on the equator. One gives in and the buildings collapse. Electrical storms in every gesture. The intricate stitching securing both ends. That artificial bouquet plummets through air. A cornice colored in blood orange. Cornered against it. A silky abundance, the liquefaction of your center. Descending into smoldering red. The porcupine clench of being. Billboards of perfect silence. A fruitful clutch shimmers up the fuck moist tree. Surprise eludes it, the eyebrows evolve. So easily breaks the membrane. The most basic love. Where sky and space meet. Overcomes demon life is bigger than the contours of that.

&

The moment patsy cline wraps her voice around your head it's time. You choose a day to change everything. For the people who have seen you holy. The great scaffolding. The excellent menace. Apples run

uphill. How do paintings start. How do poems start. Not that it matters, but if it did. What begins a beginning. The threads hang off a simplicity you recall. A cursive map. Up when up comes upper vitalities up then up. An apartment of trees. The difficulty of where's next. Help writing, helpful writing. You are inside this. Now. Suppose the fence is made of paper and there's print on it and we read and read and it never occurs to us to step over. How does one go about disintegrating. The moment before disintegrating. You can walk through water - not on water.

Applause, a fine way for hands to meet. The future moves away. From here. Be open, close no window. Part of me is more friendly than most. Their lips move like a pleasure craft. Very little of the enemy remains. What elation these colors, these foods yr fingers run over. A whisperer of yr name from the other side.

People meet in a vest - insist you consist of small piles each more of a nicety than the other - and then without blinking the void engulfs. They slip into the most main of streams. Think of large concert halls. A man through torture finds the way to newness. What we control will control us. No other equation relates when you walk into this mistake. Foreheads touch in the sky. Lips quiver for a second, but nothing disturbs you. It's all about fucking. A bunny, a big ass bunny talking about eyebrows. Breeze crazy eyebrows. A cylinder thwacked. Graffiti monkey breath stenciled across the forehead of yr new nutty friend. Working the scaffold of getting there. Shaky abundance of yr top. It's such a new book. No bump in clouds we call mercy among the collapsing fleshier part of our staring.

One embankment for staving off. It's a sheet of doing. Amnesia seeped repetition. Crumpled allegiance dissolves upon hearing. A classic departure wafting through yr fingers. A hair-shaking event. Clinging and wakeful, it inches across the day. A brilliant misunderstanding dressed like a forgotten animal. The portable encryption. Destined obstacles written from speech. Flamboyant mythology. A dismal reincarnation me being here. A sine wave full of momentum. Clavicle

derived moisture. The epaulettes balanced across the shoulders. A swimmable gap. It's been orchestrated and no one rescues you from oblivion, because it's the good kind. The people who have seen you holy. Beyond belief. The hedge bedazzled. Thrown triplicate in air. Drenched in blood paragraphs. Hand written strokes meandering in the brain.

&

Having expertise is an absent minded invention. Time's no narrative or whatever sadness is peeled back is from a thousand sadnesses. The secretion of information. One diligent slice curtails all historical commodities. Time's the reflector, a breath inside megalopolis. A tinkerer's view of the palace in an instant. A jungle of conduits in a troubled geography. The sideways portrait suspends time. These are the magnets. A hat you search for. Delirium is in repetition.

Time widens. The dance of night and day protrude. Smaller animals are part of the palace. A subtle tumble and distinct punch in the stomach of a robot's heart. Delicate, intricate drawings vaguely replicate the circumstance that inebriates the fabric of time. The shifting peripheral schematic. We see parentheticals. A throbbing between extremities. There is no position, no mapped position that connotes its opposite. A radio dialed askew and middle minded. A thumbnail of joy and perfect oblivion. Voices on the high end. Megaphone purports miniature permanence. Constant textured loops of weather. Ebullient children in the yard as an aside. Facsimiles, tenured facsimiles. The honed focus of rummaging the palace. The theatre plays a movie people are accustomed to seeing. A jugular arch and blood painted occurrence moistened by this. A most pleasant alarm. A jewel in a box left to shelve. A palace emptied. Time according to Morton.

&

The twang of inebriate accuracy. A carousel dizzy plummet for entry. Where you want to be. Deletes the bullshit and points at what remains. When is truth a mule, when is truth a chaos you carry, when is truth an obsession you wear. Approaching buttons you are ready to push.

One stare is one flower only through the tethers that connect it. Made of the same ingredients we harness the same drive to continue, but it replicates naturally with no intention of worth in another's eyes. A quizzical foray into tearing this wall paper, this build-up, but I am not a wall. It is trickery this fabricating a way to absolve the veils between it and me. The closest it gets is still tucked in self-absorbed extraction. The monkey distraught at finding itself in the city. No puzzle of beer strong enough to cajole the entirety out, so it's a snippet. And this equals the time you're willing to spend. Written during commute. Drafts in segue. Shiny morsels. Encapsulations on the run. No calendar specific pen. No keyboard soldier.

A mountain's an easier target. The subtle adjustment, the oversized straw's struggle to suck out miniature fluids. A careless minefield. Erupting in time and throwing nets to catch the one. Attracted to misreading and the tumult of turning words. Tiny notebook. The weather's not it, it never is. You write your way through. Glad to remove the glare, the weight, the ashtray, and the pendulum sound. Always trying to fill tiny notebooks.



## NEARLY POUND HAMMER

### INVITE YES TO HEAR:

Levels – The accentuates

Evils – A hidden voice

The tin huts – Draped

A palace retards shelter

Moisture takes time

“leave time alone”

The abrasive parts resolve

A deflection worth carousing  
in a tray full of iris

this is written

this is broken kites flying  
in conversational voids

this moment caught  
more or less

Minimalism is alright  
but death's  
extravagant

can you say sweetheart  
can you say ventricle collapse  
can you say it feels like  
pianos on my chest

The rotund fucker  
disappears up a streetlight

## **A PAPER BOAT**

FOLD #1 – The skin undergoes underground. A turnstile. A machine exudes content. How smart can I write so it makes a lick of difference. Depends on the new. Ahoy, an entrance to death.

FOLD #2 – The trouble with rubbing is it's a ghost. The plunge. A placemat. Reconnoiters. Door handles. Double handles. A dream helmet. A landscape of construction paper and scissors.

FOLD #3 – I am more confused than ever. No hat I know fits what's happening in my head. Before 6 yrs old, before 5 yrs old. Tricked by the photos. Something very important being neglected. The kitchen table. The drapes.

FOLD #4 – A broken shuttle to the future. The ludite future. Please hold this close. Closer. A wall map pulled down to protect the shade. Even closer. The fence, an anathema.

FOLD #5 – Bubbles aloft in the swamp. Two fingers pinch the corner of a page. Light shoots through it. I'm not ready for another problem. This tiny bastard wont leave me alone.

FOLD #6 – Smog makes the day irrevocable. A voluptuous chaos runs through the chest. How to plumb. A car loaded down with pain staking details. The shaky handwritten confession.

FOLD #7 – The swivel of being awake in a cactus. The demur of follicles. Her soft part is notation. Sweet, sweetly, a conifer grows upright in a pluck. One generates echo into the next. As it mystifies. As it protrudes. Conducts conversation in written form.

FOLD #8 – Music to maneuver in. The screen compels me. Lining up the ingredients. Business done at the edge. Nothing seems good enough.

I'm at work figuring out incentives. The intensions of a measuring cup.  
Mostly alone. Tiny little bastard. A spot to write on.

FOLD #9 – No one wants to be lonely. Makes noise to stop the silence.  
The magnet. He feeds on eyes. It's horrible. A palsied runt. A smidge of  
disbelief. That locale you know will bring relief.

## **SURFACE**

### **CRACKS IN CONCRETE**

torn sequence

---

the slant  
invites  
exploring  
moves passes  
past a gate  
the forest's  
perimeter

---

walks  
around a straw  
not getting  
sucked in

---

a torture of  
degrees, the elegant  
mind moves over  
a surface. an ease  
clicks. fingers  
caught in letters,  
knuckles jammed in  
holes. Hooked. An

exhibition box nailed  
to the wall. Draw me  
toward line's end  
and continue again.  
Fracas. Fracas.

---

losing the visual  
is a way to quiet

mother wont think  
so hers is forced

inside another's  
inside disquiet

one anxiety will  
emerge gigantic

love you though  
send flowers from a distance

---

made a mistake  
went outside  
my usual  
didn't wait  
a moment  
forgot to let things  
settle  
acted without thinking  
await repercussions

---

noun	verbs
swoon	blurb
comma	adjourn
orama	clutch
climax	claps
drift	drape

---

a monster like time  
wont conform

objurgate  
promulgate - the gates  
thriving & visually verbose

---

### -Topography of Typography-

el lissitsky          1923

1. The words on the printed sheet are learnt by sight, not by hearing.
2. Ideas are communicated through conventional words, the idea should be given form through the letters.
3. Economy of expression - optics instead of phonetics.
4. The designing of the book-space through the material of the type, according to the laws of typographical mechanics, must correspond to the strains and stresses of the contents.
5. The design of the book-space through the material of the illustrative

process blocks, which give reality to the new optics. The supernaturalistic reality of the perfected eye.

6. The continuous page-sequence--the bioscopic book.

7. The new book demands the new writer. Inkstand and goose-quill are dead.

8. The printed sheet transcends space and time. The printed sheet, the infinity of the book, must be transcended.

## THE ELECTRO-LIBRARY

---

square	square	square
*	*	*
an image	the word	the film

---

inadequate columnar categories

---

the lesser  
writing, but  
tornados of  
debris this  
visual poetic –  
associative  
defining, hand  
written, then  
ruler based  
graphics. separately  
incongruent

---

as if it's a  
graphic poet  
out of reasons  
situated in an  
inability to convey  
a sustained  
truth (written)  
there's magic to  
alphabet gazing -

---

plaza	player
lost	list
through	thrust
survivor	cadaver
witness	bite this

---

so  
what is it  
to go quiet

to stop  
to step  
on the backs of sentences  
inside paragraphs



## **TROWEL:**

### **THE BODY CASKET**

If

truncated space  
opens,

Once to be  
would four more become.

Feigning a long descriptive here. Subway landscapes ascend to an above ground concentric swirl. Discarded paper with various font sizes. Then sound. Unending carpets of noise. After that, voice. Gradations of recognition. People from work, strangers, your girlfriend, animals, your son, the phone, the stereo, repeatable music. All people noise.

The creases. The unfolding made to expand space. It's not the material itself. It's the creases that flip one to two and two to four. Exponentially. Dimensions change, surface area changes, but the material undergoes no change.

Reading the chest  
the finger follows the text  
across a continent  
travels coast to coast  
from margin to margin  
nipple to nipple.  
The page laying down flat stays flat,  
but if it moves.

The next time water comes in view it'll only be the top of it you're seeing. The eyes as well. A small radio filling the house. As a swaying tree is at the front of a larger climactic shift.

Speculation says memory is holographic. Easier to store. One minuscule can unravel to more than you care to recall. The commonest denominator. The body. It takes a concerted effort to make it sparse and elegant. That rarely occurs. For instance, here are one hundred threads elbowing their way in. You choose an implement, you express a singularity through the fingers. And as the writing comes to mind the results are constantly in question. Softly in the ear. From air to head to arm to hand to page. The five places. Stations. Yet it never aligns with the originally intended. And so writing and presumably every art is facsimile of some larger potential.

Something lucrative. A financial equation never resembles a sentence. A misconstructured sentence. An equivalent business venture. The parameters of such a thing elude me. Unlocking truncated space to fabricate money, Monet, takes a thief. A stealth. A sorcerer. To knowingly engage in this type of exchange. Wanting a better set of circumstances. Ridicule and ridiculous dream capital.

So how to go about declaring what deserves attention. The far ends of the screen. Not watching the center plot. The peripheral gaze at focus. Bolsters against the onslaught. A movie is looking at one of four walls. And so it can be projected everywhere. A swivel seat. A tapped exuberance. A rehydrated truncation.

One mushroom widens. A trigger makes the symphony a corrupt gathering. How time moves through experience unmonitored.

Divert this here to there. A sleight of hand-eye coordination. A muted trumpet. Subtle and hushed embattlement. Sliding over the game board. An incrementally measured gate. The walk of angels. The trot of angles.

A happy ingredient succumbs to happiness. A basic magnet that draws you. Without much pomp, without filigree, it's simplicity, our bodies fit.

The march back to once be would four more become.

\*

One dispenser - adequate amounts.

Two dispensers - drown you.

Nothing resembles the quadrants you imagine will house what each can hold. A pigeon hole in the head. The distinct one. Equatorial mirror.

A horse. A horse eye. A car driving along meets a fork. Say hello. Less than before. Lesser distractions. Applicable by nature, by its very nature. The one breaks into many. Cow paths to the highway. A progression of thought.

It's not usual. The relaxed eyeball. The looking down, the looking away. Obsessed by minutia at this elevation. The look of rock. Attempting greater vision, but who cares about that.

So-a-king in see-king. The unrepeatably music. Inside insurmountables. The plausible stretch of I goad you. Leaving here for (that) irrepressible there. A rolodex of whimsy. Plastic fasteners hold it in place.

## 9LB. SCRAWL

### A VIRUS IN THE AVIARY

machines remember names in colder climate	two broken sentences release
animals replete with fancy don't get slaughtered	a tunnel leads nowhere but itself
applause quells the impulse to respond	reminds us kissing is the formal schematic
collapsible as if the fontanel were a button	the dehydrated follicle remains just that
as waste lulls you it becomes convenient	the edges torn leave us only the middle
a grenade in the sentence makes phonemes scatter	the hem helps from spilling over the floor
the dilated eyes of the curmudgeon linger	they regard the partition a cleansing action
deflects the sun with mirrors	the bejeweled tips resolve in red orange
architecture behaves normally vertical and silent	recalling a clarity portends a kind of boredom
there's more water in ice naturally	manipulates space so it leans in your favor
	fits and starts apply to the new

what can you say about  
a pencil that wasn't erased

she says there's none  
in the very one

processing deliberate  
words in your mouth

the candidates work the  
room in pitch

vitamins alert  
the haiku of children

ambition elbows  
a lack of desire

crossing the street against  
what's on your mind

reaching a certain age  
blows you up

two broken sentences  
release

\*>>

nothing devours more than  
something heavy

bad abstractions make  
metaphor shoddy tile work

dread in the seat  
of a red sports car

it matters less  
what to drink tonight

dominos made of elephant  
seem pointless

sprinting to light  
then drowning in the usual

dumbfounding the  
attractions

notice the reader  
oblivious to present tense

The mishaps and misadventures of mishearing.

## **ORBIT**

### **BY WAY OF HATS**

Devastated  
Devastate it  
The notches lift slowly  
Show a hundred false starts  
Soon align with this brand name  
It's not about applying layers  
but excavating membranes  
Deeper to the pure streak  
Closer to where it starts  
The core that grows out  
Light before the switch

\*

Emotional hostage  
captive/ captivates

how who  
how who  
how who says yes matters  
how who  
how who  
how who alleviates is cherished  
how who  
how who  
how who combines with you describes the better reason

\*

The gull  
is a good standard bird

Mates are never far from each other

Foreboding is  
one place to be

Combinations accrue  
or you leave unhinged

Over the intercom said,  
Solid, you have a call  
Solid, you have a call  
My son, said, no dad  
I think it said, Charlotte

\*

A painting's title  
Drunkenness with Pen  
A canoe w/puddle w/paddle

Nothing is a sweet appliance

Apropos of nothing

Drawing it simply  
a line at a time

\*

Dressed in staples

Comes to know the splaying

Draped on a wall

Examines notation  
What's poignant about duration?  
A change in direction  
Curves of thought  
Time too  
How it moves  
and navigates around itself

Activity denies itself

The book at rest

\*

Inspecting the ink  
Makes a clef before instruments  
even begin

Very little matters outside  
this  
A mutter  
The rhapsodic entwine of day with itself  
Sound shaped  
on paper  
Drafting a house before people  
are in it

\*

BEFORE GETTING THERE

In an anxious crouch  
limbs bent            Four more  
for more surface  
to meet itself



Shields

No way to talk about pain anymore  
The rudder breaks

In a moment  
the picture of returning  
before getting there

Spheres fill the thriving places

Nothing distracts nothing but itself

Writing fills a notebook  
and a notebook is erased  
by time and in time  
a notebook fills with writing

Again  
the punch line the upper cut

\*

What amount of silence  
is inside  
How much silence is there  
Does it completely fill with silence  
If it consists entirely of silence  
is there room for anything else  
Is it entirely silence  
Is a length of silence  
an useable amount  
If silence and time co-exist  
do they overlap  
and is it voiceless

or nameless and if  
silence doesn't hear  
or see Time too keeps quiet  
Quiets the senses  
as time comes through and  
silence enters the room

A portion of what's  
remembered is  
only a portion of  
my memory  
A halved fraction  
The greater inaccessible  
“talked constantly about an imaginary  
art in which there existed almost nothing”

## **FLANKED**

### **BY THE HEART'S THIEVE'S SLEEVES**

the Hound held  
Bound  
Found heard  
Sound

The box left  
The box right there

Pinball light  
Light in the eye  
The load lightened  
Treasured light of mine

writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing  
writing writing writing writing

As it is written so it is done behind  
the writer the past tense of a moment  
as a book is open to the written the unseen  
not the writing now

Drink muddy water from a hollow log

The built office works by itself

No mirror shows the mathematics

You can't curtail the delicious

The rising tide of unsuspecting dead

A small child against the tops of trees

Continuing to write is a farce as even drawing odd words  
begins leaving you cold or when does one length end  
and the next begin to require a devastating newness

If the destination is to reach it reaches you attending  
the margins all dolled up with trumpet swirls or who is  
the reader, but any connection necessary