

Disparate Magnets

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BlazeVOX [books]

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Disparate Magnets by Nico Vassilakis

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Disparate Magnets

English:

engage the pica of Utah

the voyage of spots of gathering of drainage of mussel
suitability that sad feather inside deeply the ghoul of geese
a goose permanent I come to you above the miles yards

drive out the rats that rate the old advertisement of raveled
material of spots of pin of tear to once that's the
chance in the drill it goose ghoul a rent of v I come to you
or me
from the yards

the old woman's tear in the praise of spots to a chance
that I make tic TAC it them geese go a
rent of v I come to you or me from the yards

X

the music is " better quiet " the environments
evolve/move the
music prepared by individual significance
is an arrogance.

the writing moves. or more exactly the inscription is an
arrogance
and speech of finites is different?

the objects in the mirror are stronger than they appear.

one exalted - the unit as a forecast put out of cage. I do
not think
any more.

X

the language of the darkened British code

the beginnings with N and N is for the navy

word in other words or numbers

today is flakes of cornflower of brain or curves fine beside
this
pillow

with a red 37 that the gate finishes the green foam of the
rapture of
livens of spirals is abundant

X

SAUCE WITH COMFORTABLE

some divisions clique intent an octave higher.

seeds are caught better in the castanets.

the hive is a piece - thick oil-base paints inch in addition to
perspective

- a representation of radio, a native of monolith I of burial
in the
constant of bottom of tended page of
slipping of a link ahead of an Alpine exit is next right in
front of us

they say that a house is a framework which they also say is
more conjecture about the
blue ice at the perimeter

thank you to speak the radios by radio about talks.

my generator, it is nowhere near from here.

X

free to detach the race of the collected spots of
the mildew the sad
convenience picks up layers within ghoul of the geese a
goose
permanent I it comes to you over the
miles of the ear

to hunt rapes the rate once the old announcement of the
signature of the spots of the hinge of the rip
that the fortune in the heartbeat the ghoul of the geese a
rent of
and I comes to you or to me of the yard

X

music is " calm the more well " the outskirts evolving
prepared
music meant specific

the beginning with n and n is for the marine blue

speech in other words or numbers

the today is ribbons of the cornflower of the brain or the
fine
curves beside this pillow

to red color that 37 the hatch concludes the green rubber
plume of
enthusiasm of the livens of spirals is
abundant

X

COMFORTABLE SAUCE

some divisions release more eighth on.

the seeds are interfered with more well in the castanets.

the streambed is a lump - thick oil paintings. an inch
outside of
the electoral survey

- a representation of the native radio of hillock-I of
interment
in the stiff base of slipping of link
ahead an exit of alpine is following hardly we

they say that a house is a case equally says the Rummage of
Bim more
the conjecture approximately blue
ice to the perimeter

thanks to communicate the wireless radios of talks that
back

my creator, is in no place close here.

you hunt you release detaches the form gutter collecting
mark
clearance, which sad comfort pulls inside
thickly the ghoul, one permanent goose I come to you
over miles
areas

hunt for kinetics for rats the old jazz fire station,
as soon as luck in the hills the

ghoul a go-rented I to you or to me the areas come

Hut ate old Rip in the Fleck a luck, which I it ticked,
goes geese a go-rented I to you or to me the
areas come

X

Music is " well calmly ", relocating develops individual
meaning
prepared music is an Arrogance.

Writing moves or more exactly writes an Arrogance and
fin

Speech in other words or numbers

today's day is the cornflower flicker brain or purifies
curves
beside this cushion

with red 37, which terminates the door green foam rubber
of the
Spirals, is
abundant, livened

X

something departments click an octave strongly.

Initial values for random number generator are intercepted
well in
castanets.

the conveyance is a lump - strong painting of oil an inch
away
from the discussion

- a representational native funeral dam of radios in the
strained
slipping fuss of notes a bridge the alpine
exit is following even before us in front

it says that a house is a box, which they also say Bim
Rummage plus
assumption about blue ice at the
periphery

thanks to speak radio discussions radios.

my manufacturer is not here anywhere close here.

MORTON F.

Very important concept in my work. But again, it's a performance, I see it as I'm doing it. Or I could vary repetition. However, I might repeat things that, as it's going around, Very important concept in my work. Is varying itself on one aspect. What my work is, is a synthesis. But again, it's a performance, between variation and repetition. Reiterative. You can either do two things with music, Very important concept in my work. You could be involved with variation. But again, it's a performance, which in simple terms means only vary it, or you could be in repetition. Essentially a piece of almost three or four minutes is just orchestrating the four notes. In other words, I see it as I'm doing it. At least I have a little more texture if I want to isolate. And also in a sense give me a minor second, a major second, a minor third and a major third. After a few years I added another one...Or I could vary repetition. Because the four notes then would give me the relationship. However, I might repeat things of either two minor seconds or two major seconds. So then all I have to decide is what my work is, is a synthesis where I'm going to start on the three notes, chromatic, you know. But the other notes are like shadows of the basic notes. So essentially. Very important concept in my work. I am working with three notes. I see it as I'm doing it. And of course we have to use the other notes.

a drift is here

disincorporate and moves away

a tension toward recognition
unavoidably so

the object a mouth makes
breaks apart each piece
attracted to many and different
ears

the waves invite

in a room waiting for a
thing to happen it does
nothing but that

feldman the frog and so
uncle morty

individual moments at
their own rate, own risk

Let the music do what it wants to do. For me it's the instrument. I don't know what a flute is unless the person plays it for me. Any professional knows that the flute and the piano is a boring combination. A kind of typical gestural crap, right? You might agree, though you wouldn't call it gestural crap. If you think you might have secret information listening to me, you're lost. What am I gonna do? I wanna write a piece. I decide don't change the flute, stay with the C flute, because then I'm involved with an important strategy. No one has the Houdini school of composition.

as soft as possible
a soft ambition
lacking nothing

inventing post minimalism
and what it means to
sit still

restoring intuition
within modes of restraint

moments toward conclusion
moments conclude
no longer moments
resolve

in not having coordination
in the moment

results speak for themselves

now compose something you
don't believe in

*Do you think I don't know how to cadence? If I cadence I'm dead.
An occasional celeste was added to give the music a more heightened
(or brighter) surface. A recurring ostinato heard in all the pianos [is]
another aspect of a "surface" appearing and dissolving into this
almost flat, Byzantine canvas. You can't give compositional
strategies. I have them, I have a lot of them. Compositionally I
always wanted to be like Fred Astaire.*

sounds sound sounds out until it
decays or to replicate this
creates psychological
notation
notation imagery

not composing but projecting
sound into time

flexibility about entering
where entry might occur
amidst abstraction

a visual rhythmic structure
(as graphic notation)

sound appears from silence

“intermission 6” the final version
holding a note until inaudible

slow. soft. durations are free

He was sent by his piano teacher who showed him how to make a page. I should write a little bit and then copy it and as I copy I get close to the material. It always works. I write for half a day and copy half the day. I was thrown out of Eden. What is glamorous music? Monteverdi is glamorous music. One of the first things I did was I took out the overview. All I want is serious work. Serious means work, work hard. By finding myself humming tones while improvising on the piano. The vocal or humming sounds were quite short, and as the piano sounds lingered, I began to hear other pianos, other humming. Two, three, four pianos were too transparent - the fifth piano became like the pedal blur needed to complete the overall sound I was after.

the person doesn't abandon
an idea – it's the idea
that abandons the person

the last America
the last American
the last American transcendent

an event. a pause. a vex

emptiness without fear

indefinite distances
dissonance

mourning deaths of art
the continuum

the drift is here

The composer makes plans, music laughs. Especially if they're young and they're growing up, because everything is right. The confusion of a young artist growing up is not the confusion that everybody is wrong and I'm right, the confusion is that everybody is right. Something is being made. And to make something is to constrain it. I have found no answer to this dilemma. My whole creative life is simply an attempt to adjust to it... It seems to me that, in spite of our efforts to trammel it, music has already flown the coop -- escaped. There is an old proverb: "Man makes plans, God laughs." The composer makes plans, music laughs. All those things, having the right pen, a comfortable chair...if I had the right chair, I'd be like Mozart.

the reason it moves away
is how close it gets
it comes up against the skin
penetrating and exiting the
moment by duplicating the
moment into a longer larger
event

during elongation the ingredients
are more available
turned to where light glides
twists in to further slants

reflecting space to add more it
to its original – the plus of
a moment

the soundtrack of disintegration

how equations disrupt and
lose adhesion
become water

as slow as possible

the halved way there
never getting there
the way there
to it
there
on the way
never getting there

a secondary destination

it's about sitting in a room
and getting comfortable with yourself

The new painting made me desirous of a sound world more direct, more immediate, more physical than anything that had existed before. In other words reinvestigating what the hell music is. Art is a life of small moves. I'm not suspicious, I'm just careful. I go ahead and write the piece with a very conscious yin yang aspect in its equilibrium. I never feel that my music is sparse or minimal; the way fat people never really think they're fat. I certainly don't consider myself a minimalist at all. This business about being flung out of paradise is his gift to me. I'm glad I got out; it was getting too hot in there. Let the music do what it wants to do.

*

*

LOWERED & ILLUMINATED

for NP

The incident threw light on
How being finished is nothing
Without adventure ahead
Of you is an opening that goes

Contrary memory plays with
Go on the up escalator grasping the
Rail firmly again books of fog
Fall from shelves recently built

This becomes involuntary finally
Eschewing some combinations otherwise
Dormant thrust into quasars
Detached and tungsten its sole benefactor

Despite the cordial nature of the
Character flaws are what add
Confrontation and drama on stage
The people move back and forth unaware

Complications in this delivery system involve
Flags and codes of grammar less deliberate by
Far and foreign agilities able to travel
Across and down a page of influential text

Its alignment never gains perfection
Moving toward guile in manipulation of
An exchange rate that boasts economic
Failure so extreme it blurs ink and comprehension

If enticement exists it is a
Further constructed contraption
Decades in the making it without brand
Without funds enough to reach

Something about this is not modern
At every turn all current shifts in
Place or consecutively throughout
Broadcasting systems while stationed

Attribute your capture to walking
Through a book of walls no
Photographs should hang on and on
The precipice of this somehow divine disruption

As if to replicate other is to
Replicate yourself here at the index
The finger office of this previous door
This window frame this flooring this family of copies

Even numbered applications of moisture
Linger in odd ensembled bodies of
Water contort resort to fixtures
Made of liquid glass half full

Indicate what is transparent precisely
Is the tone of voice torn off pages
Collaged to find other meaning
In what is obvious to most a signature bound manual

The listener and the reader are two
Different animals of focus magnified
To see the inner workings and how the
Universe expands to accommodations have been made

When there you can see the curve
Of earth slightly dipping into
A line of planets toward a sequence
Of words that bend to your intentions

When a fishing boat leaves an island
It gathers information about the
Day is measured by amounts and
Variety of catch before returning to the brain

Here is a capsule a digital
Tonic that soothes the ink
That bleeds beyond the line creeping
Along the vellum like an astronaut just off course

To compute as a person might
Be a computer with hard driven ambitions
Willing to imbibe rivers before software
Fashions made numbers incalculably finite

One struggle expands if you deny
A thing or believe a thing without
Knowing it or saying it or say it
Without believing it or not say it at all

When poets regain station and
Control the action then will it be
Closer to logic and liberty for all
Of this clenching soul destroys imagination

The degrading is wide now that
The conclusion is longer than can
Be measured accurately enough
By the muddy optics of seeing

Nothing is a twist of time
Held to light removed by what
Is larger than visibility farther
Than particles can reach or be reached

Intending to attend is not
Attending attending is attending
After intending to attend and
Even that falls short of being present

An inclination to absorb to
Deplete the culture of a thought
For the greater globalized good is
Exactly the point it will devour you

A vestige will emerge a
Forgotten ability to think in pairs
And too to anti think the thing
Out of it exists to pluck from free fall

The logic decides it decides
A periscope imparts
Descends careens afresh till
What makes sense makes sense more furiously

To remain unfinished is it a natural
State of undoing between two
Destinations the distance at which
Is our existence our very time

The transformative mission relies
On coordination of several forms
That bring silence time compassion
To join in total daily ness effectively

Repercussive allegiance makes
The opponent's vision work weeks
Longer into upheavals of tinted
Miraged expectations and drunken falsities

Once a voice always a voice
Inside the head ever gets out of here
You will know what it's like and
Like it or not skin will come away from the body

That moment before naming the
Object you remember the object
Its function then recall what it's called and
So childlike joy at meeting something completely new

The suntanned equation the blue
Addiction the flauter's encounter
Or enhancement against enemies
Who magnify and further confusion

This artistic observation of thought
Is not thought but enhanced
Reflection taken for granted as
Actual thought so as not to tell them apart

One discus of informative current
Shoots through traffic laden
Communiqués sponsored by corporate badgers focused
On separating people from people money

A morning a dawn an early
Bird three times the same
Discuss what renewal program goes
Into common opening software

What could be aligned the light
Coming from different parts of
The day a station a return to
Sequence a contoured range throughout

Not death again and again there
Must be a way to transmit this
Lifeless subject makes a playful
Rebuttal to what tomorrow renews

There's no tunnel you can't get out
Of course the simpler the better
The singular the better the sinister
The sweeter you will know it by its vibration

A parcel delivered to the lexicon
Artist sculpted alphabet dropped
The tree house the word tree on the
Floor the word house behind the chair

Information has broken experience
And its ability to express what information
Can never possess and that is the
Real stem and flower and smell of the thing

A pistol a crystal to distill
This potent gland mistletoe of clunky
Dance to dance throughout the house's blueprints
Its footprints our very own our space

Not knowing what to say one goes about
Talking about not knowing what to say
And makes a profession around not knowing
This ability to crack open hidden language

Deriving pleasure whenever quantum represents
A macro universe reveals by itself
Separation to be minimal and
More than anything similar

Time stretching throughout what is
Containable and not containably
Possible or the uttermost haphazard
Logic funneled to palatable pill form

Each template renewed each
Ziggurat rebuilt the chair
Has gone through change but its
Basic sitting function remains

As to memorize this allotment with
An echo for design these too will
Be placed accordingly to future people
Met before to those before they ever met

To proceed with a journey if
Suggested the focus inwardly
Crept along the lines of a
Facsimile to proceed with that journey

Sitting with a prediction on
Disappearance a division succumbs
To zero and eliminates what
Came before a potential adventure

The many formulas and side streets
You have come to be known by
The resistance to overcome reaching
Your very name is brilliance

The devastation the visitation
Repeated conclusions unformed
Principle direction of history travels
Toward loves annihilation of war

One couldn't be so disconnected in
An active environment as this yet
It happens all the time you know
People you read about them we are them

Pictures popping in the head red
And black lines of varying thickness
Familiar play this seven year old (dreaming)
Making his way across the veranda

Waiting for discharge the
Birds describe it in the very
Utterance of a glass
Of water

Revma in greek is onomatopoeic
For electric current is harder
Found in fewer and lesser places
Without that underlying sound

Weather is weather or not
Is weather anew to say a heat wave
Is to have another heat wave is discomfort
And oppressive as governing gone awry

The sleeping face not knowing what
Tremors surface after waking but now gentle
And beautiful and calm and knowledgeable
Like a straight line on a large canvass

To retaliate there should
Be a force able to stand
Or overwhelm the opposition you
Will know by the force it uses

When there are no mothers on set
There is no reality just hot air pushed
Through teeth or words made of hot air
Mother will stroke the fever hair down

Over munich over sarajevo
It takes language to make a thing
A jolly inebriate twice the fetching power
Of human nature

Uniting here in the pages hearing
Voices that dance memory awake
Happens this happens cyclically
Washes over a face remembering

An entire book of quotes makes
A bang paints it yellow for
Visibility across the street you
Know exactly what it is

Writing is thinking and thinking
Is writing without implement
Via mallarme via dice via the
Throwing of mallarme

Illegible shoulders the social
Boulders the bunched petty wages pinched
In peach the other orange delight smooths
And soothes tweaks and flutters

Upon return the first is
First anew which blood this
Lesson never learned again that killing
Tricks the mind to seek more power

The torment of not being able to write
In your language hallucinates with
Removing the outline of some
Speech never spoken

What is significant what carries
What propels across a surface
From chapter to chapter the
Mother tongue of chapters

Slight disappointment finishing the puzzle
Waits for more for more to engage
And this exhaustion at the beginning
Its invisibility its potentialities

Distinguish between thinning think
And a thing thinner two active ideas blend
Bend to create what have you what you
Have in front of you you

Relapse was never a consideration
Though it was suggested to revisit
A location is to live there again
And again walking along the maps

While attending to something
Whose reality is unsure grasping the rail
Firmly during power outages if it continues
Be prepared to extinguish

To disrupt is lower case a smaller
Stoppage it looks like the photo leaked
Out into the world and went on
Over the horizon

Penetration starts today wrangles
With the fences the fog monkeys
Attenuate clarify define the assault
Make coming here a benefit please
Make coming here a benefit

THE FOG LINE

A patch stops the flow from covering the entire birdhouse floor. One of the rules is to never repeat two nights in a row. Though charm is drawn from the sun no one questions the stadium lighting erected in your backyard.

I like that. I like the echo, the spelunker says. Puts beauty on an extension ladder. Then the bastard doubles over slices the cord and it's gone.

Your little halo hangs on my thorn just fine.

One dispenser is faucet blue. The trouble length drops. As there are stars enough to spell what happens. A froth, a miniscule, goes prone inching its way across. Belly friction. A reflection of light in the mirror. A short trail of smoke leaves the mouth and flies out the window.

In other words, you see.

Distraction in the natural world is functional.

Tension applied to the next few feet of material is material.

The busyness of ideas accrues forming one larger non-idea.

Surprise of a handwritten end losing its loveliness.

The lump sum of delirious collisions make an alphabet restored.

Twine line long strands of chewing gum pulled from the mouth.

The deflated diligent ability of signs & symbols.

Hourly return of soils & a name derived by chance.

Nostalgia for risk is wanting more risk than can be mentioned.

One location is the city's broadcasting system.

Bone density of a flower caught in negative spindles.

Repeating color fields actually detract from its significance.

Than can be mentioned in bird watching societies.

Classically what emanates from a point is not another dot but circles.

For convenience the river was disfigured to suite the local economy.

Deceit in this situation made the table unappetizing.

Moving within time we are forced to create a timeline.

The true measure of a person is metric.

One allotment is trembling. You cannot hide that.

The rest will come now.

a full of b

abc full of d

abcd full of e

abcdef full of g

abcdefg full of h

& i & you

Distraction

In the

Natural

World

Is

Functional

The whole time the curve of the earth hanging there in the scales of the sheet music. The whole time an entire cycle. The whole time more than a clock can handle. The whole time the insult delivered in less than a few seconds. The whole time one refers to previous times. The whole time hinged to other time. The whole time a shore less ocean. The whole time sleeps under an overpass. The whole time includes planets. The whole time. The whole time ears pressed against silence after the music's done. The whole time an adventure we're only a small part of. The whole time a parenthetic container. The whole time an accelerated strobe of day & night. The whole time till it seems a mere blink. The whole time staring at an ankle and another hundred years flutter past. The whole time a repetition of itself repeats again. The whole time slows to see a reflection and reveals the whole time in the mirror & itself behind the viewer & inside its eyes. The whole time no entrance or exit. The whole time a prism found in a pair of glasses on the face of a stranger crossing the street. The whole time paved with death & excavated by life & smells like a baby & feels like a corpse. The whole time watching blindly. The whole time disintegrates & reanimates just to keep busy. The whole time a stoic detached mind fuck.

Very little fishing. One, for certain, caught in my eye. A black fish. The overall nostalgia of plucking some old tidbit.

No ideas come from convenience, but further inconvenience.

If you spend time divulging the blue diamond. The frequency that jams communication.

One cluster.
A headache of torn relations.

Her distance from him doubled when his distance from her varied a few inches.

A corrupt thread in the deep focus of staring could really fuck up that billboard he's looking at.

No deception pass

No Morton Feldman

No poetic explosion

No beachfront property

No heraldry among the ferns

No despot of Brooklyn

No aggravated assault

No destitute neighbor

No sanitation

No primordial soup

No veranda

No equine reference

No plaster of paris

No aviary design

No formidable succulent

In building a tunnel it's important to have another side to exit.

When you step through a door you eliminate what came before.

A finger light switch a finger in scissor holes a finger pressing.

During paper folding a crease will capture.

Not knowing why well enough needs to be left alone hello well enough.

When they step off a boat sailors enter a new way of thinking.

Involved with organized noise less & less surprise ensues.

Assemblage includes or assembly needed or Frankenstein here together now.

One regrettable dissolution.

Birds approach birds in outdoor chat rooms birds talking till dark.

A delicate insulation.

“...I listen to it with pleasure. By pleasure I mean, I notice what happens.” JC

“...for example, if I'm standing in front of a jet, and I hear the blaring sound, I don't feel annoyed because I know it's gonna take me someplace.” MF

Shift happens
You attend to change
To parts that are changing

Moving back the surface
Appears untouched
No notice of activity

Before sound's sound
Before sound intends

If repeats
If replete
If replicated
 said every
 and every again circles each head
 enters pores

The folds of which flower
Unload poise, anticipating a stance
Some breath elapsed length
A ribbon of talk crowning
Your moment of lush boredom

Mouth
Moth
Tooth
Toss
Eyes
Eyes
Eyes
Creased
Singed
Held
Hand
Tarp
Scarf
Swim
Monk eye
Float
Junk eye
Fancy
Your tongue
Your twine
Your throat
Your thirst
Your nose
Your knots
Your nuts
You're crazy
And it's here
It leads here
To light

A light inside your head

Your ghost face makes babies in my head.

Three simultaneous places to stand. Twice.
Succumbs ably to torture. The last feathers of summer and
spheroid appraisals. If to detonate the handmade bauble,
to eliminate the small progress. Tonight is one out of a
deck of assessments. The appendage written writes its
place on the body.
A tonal misadventure.

The scarf was strewn on the floor in the shape of the letter
S. Scalding scissors seated shady silent slanted sodden
spattered squarely strophic & superior. Investigating is
riddled with holes.

Several threads and the conclusion's assured. The morsel
detailed with flavor. Imbedded in resin like an ant's head in
a jolly rancher. Thunderstruck, an orchard bends to the
ground. What thoughts could be there now. An ashtray in
the back seat. A cardinal proudly on a fence. Due to poorly
displayed signs we get lost immediately. The rolling of the
carpet, she whispers, it's like a tongue. In saving receipts
the customers recall their binge. There is nothing here, but
itself. Mining history for the muse Assimilate. Rear-ended
complexion. A vanity in the shape of a commode. All
reason alights and is violently doused.

Decides repetition will suffice. Small talk that gets
engorged. No amount of paint can save this wall. Staring
your way to a solution. Applying easy mathematics to
calculate how much time has lapsed. One night the clock
fell. A giant conversation with hardly any parts. Sudden
movement shows the air is viscous. It shattered in pieces.

The specialist comes and dreams a way through your problem. I've never met them before. A postcard. A modernist quintet in the rain. Index cards full with scribble. That kind of writing makes my eyes blur. Pointing to the top most shelves in the display cabinet. The shortness of breath. Overhearing instructions on how to fix the problem with your portable device. Printing billboards, tagging billboards. You will know him by the looped affectation of his letter 'P'. Thinking a scenario before it happens.

Know your dense pellets as you
Know this. The return of the charged epaulette.
The finger-following-contour way of getting.
The receiving side of the head.

Destination: that word
Destination: that other word
Destination: no word at all
Destination: even more quiet

converselike.

evil stops boredom.

balance that achieves cannot be held.
babies held know nothing but change.

can do nothing but agree -

even numbers
& science fail

so what's to consider.

active smallness.
little swaths of living. standing sitting.
buying dying. the economy of time.
of people currency.

so what's reliable.

the clutching onto & its sequel - letting go.

rather, distraction adheres.

to maintain this holding pattern.
this slowest death.

Spots left from nights
Last conjure into new days

This bendable box. Velvet twist. Your open palmed
marble.
Come in, each letter rubber stamped, COME IN.

The right ear touching my left. Next to it to see as I see.
As I've no ideas, but ideas. That go nowhere. Racing there.
To get there. And if it works we go together.

The bendable part is for peering through.
Like a song stuck. Frivolous, then bloody ruthless.
A nugget that spits you out.

Undeterred. It flows, as well swells, exceeds too.
Push in the back of your chair. All formal.
The setting dialed to formal. I hate you.

Ok, so how to experiment from here.

I wont conquer the world; I just want to talk to it.

SENTENCE PEAK

x

When lattice catches further fetches

Gets more confused steers forth

When the redemptive thing clutching firm departs

Cleaves away toward it means less to hide

Poised in dark inside another's outline shadows thought

Words themselves are words half revered

Fewer than driven across a surface

From there meaning thrown under tossed

When you begin held then slips away

It obliterates tugs at nothingness

When you continue a continuance

What had been delicious is called by name

The mogul of oblivion familiar to the title

It reserves space inside a sentence

A clarification commiserate with speech to come

What's erased is removed temporarily

To leap technically to use technology

Through hoops these hips make diamonds

Deliberately and everywhere irretrievable equals

The collapsible mouthpiece threaded to you

x

One contingent is using a follicle for flossing their lines

free of decorative excess. The other has sent their daughter
into war.

x

yes yes you are martian speak martian find martian
things left behind

do i like words? i gave them up 2 years ago for another
way though that is not to say i wont return. i think i am
returning as i speak. writing words, drawing words,
sculpting them, on and on. i dont
know what they mean sometimes. this ease at which we
write and think. i dont know.

x

What difference in seeing? The black & whites are more so
physical – turned or aligned by hand. Create or assign
meaning to the moment by layer. One length of time to
attain whatever's sought. You build. You reach. But with
color the attention is capture-based. You wait for time and
it reveals. Composition comes in view. Again staring, the
procedure is to get. Then get lost. Then stare your way
back into focus. And click. You catch the shit in a jpeg
cage.

x

reversible display

Say festive. The quadrangle is holding this up nearly.

Fledgling arboreal shadow kept from slipping into the yard.

Transmission caught in a flimsy skin.

Five alphabets to spell the motivation required to reach there.

Pretty hesitant about being. Here I go. Pretty.

A backstabbing flounce loses possession. To revisit tendencies.

The discomfort of this chair is gaining on me. Moving toward.

Always five years behind waiting to find it in a used bookstore.

Sounds adhere or better yet sound as surprise. Uncatalogued noise.

Raptor driven heat seeking. An ear-against-the-door conversation.

Control over jagged edges. This drill sergeant plummets sanely in.

I preclude no one radio. Accepting all rogue broadcasts. His magnet.

Desdemona and Esmarelda are wet on top of the blankets.

Creates phoneme gorillas across the playground. Asphalt handed.

Transportation gets you there. As well the five alphabets.

The unfestive rhombus. No one has said that before.

An infested limb has broken through. Its miraculous result.

She said. I need to concoct a zenbrane to repel the negatives.

To release ownership. Untying tethers long held in place.

Which bus should I take tonight. Where will I walk.

In this direction I think.

x

What am I

What am I waiting for

Waiting is the version of this imagination that I understand
How disruptive do you have to be to make waves

What is contiguous What is cataclysmic could therefore be
renewable

x

catering display
thumbnail display
thunderous display
worry infused display
lightly salted display
horse-eyed display
corrupted display
flask shaped display
corrosive display
veering display
adjoining display
exposed display
floral display
disruptive display
mumbled display
catch of the day display
contoured display
novel display
naval display
pamphlet display
platelet display
periodic display
revolting display
jagged display
musculated display
poised for success display
ritual display
momentary display
glandular display

x

what curtails

A wire. Tension wire throughout. To recall the ribbed innards of a museum off the lake. A whistle too is useless in a room of dead people. Corner of the eye propaganda. A case or gross of ribbon packaged in plastic pouches. Contemporaneous time, here, me with you. A painted stick divests its color on the tongue of the giver. Throat minded twang. Reaching to secure the remote – coordination and its patriotic flag. Bumper sticker: I HONE YOU. If one eye discharges, it demurs in public. If both do catastrophe ensues. A medallion. Here is corn. You never tire of adventure, in fact, you need it to continue. Here are American Indians. I will not destroy you when under my awning. An expressionistic pharmaceutical dalliance. The loosest fastener gives way. Did it mention animals are losing habitat. So from my friend, Co-labor: Intensity yes - - but I like it too. And thinking at the margins. The oscillating integrity of goals. As the steady hand gets the wavering Beckett. The tone. (When you hear it). So here's culture clash. And demur continues. As flavor is better with more flavor. Portions articulate. Even ripe is better after it ripens further. People awash in chance. Time fingers open a space in clouds center. How it settles ever settles. However – the last sound -- However – without words. We wonder how the word becomes severed from the idea - what song can do. Air in a tube, the integral part. Tonight an improvisation –vocabularies pulled apart – voice thrown with dice. Hear here or here - However - it falls.

what basement
 what funnel
 what kerchief
 what appeasement

what saturation
what disruption
what atonement
what emblems
what fantastic rafters

x

So what third heard discipline crouched before the cracked open word. Whose thirst to abide here inside its representative sound. Which utterance taped to the shoulder held in place throughout the storm. Never really acquires, perfection, its dismal scenario. You wont know how it began, you wont be listening. You wont even care the house is crumbling around you. This word is sequential. A domino.

x

Your fingers infiltrate. Your fingers intrigue. Your treasure collides the book with its eyes. Clever and permutation and what's left in front of you. Here comes the obvious. Everyone delegates options – makes eyes drive over the edge. One fold here tells me curiosity, the other delivers logic. The two between.

x

The fascination with toward a light. The attraction needing thought to lessen is a lesson. Remember and nothing will help you. Torn poster art. The edges, the layers, the rotations. We have come to that – not a specific item, but using both arms to gather everything on the table. Macro dullard activity makes for a profitable season. Leaning into the other to whisper, non sustainable future. That's what I think of old girlfriends. And they of me. So the delivery

system is a cigarette. How else to enter your body. To discharge its pharmaceutical thoughts.

x

Twisted strains fold plus wise.

His book movie is important and nothing I say will change that fact. The metal outside the spacecraft felt good on his palm. He has gotten so emotional these last few months. One wonders how stress might aggravate his condition. But this character is best suited for scenes he's walking away from. Disappearing. A stevedore alone.

x

The frontal piece reexamined. The thorny issue unplugged left there unplumbed devours day. Nothing better than parts of today. Nothing better than the impression depression makes on the sheets. An empire thrown beneath. Left without reason. No zip code in your reason.

Never has a line meant so much.

The umbilical cut exactly the same. The same place every cycle.

Tens of thousands of years for this to be said again and again.

x

“i always thought a writer was just an impatient reader, so i'm particularly happy with your waiting for the cover price to drop. may you never be embarrassed by too much cash.”

You will distinguish me by my invisibility. The lucky charm. The fruitful loop of dawn's perfect sequence of words. Every assimilated cliché coming together to say what will shake your bones into your organs, your skin onto your muscles.

And so what
that it's been forgotten and I wont say it.

WHAT SEATTLE

Are you an active liberal? Unabated. Room enough to breathe.

A devilish rip in stone. The bulldozer scoop eliminates both sides of the isle.

This empire is doomed. Incoming sweaters that bring heat. Doorbells speak. What will they think of next? Fumbling among dozens to find a pen with ink.

No resolution exists past this point. The canopy woven with laurel. Your approach quickens the outcome. Say thunder as a stutterer.

Demarcation. That location ahead. Uncertain currency in the corner twitching. In toward center is where it's hottest. Fastest pair of legs.

The closer you get the closer to it you feel. Division, they said. Flight as apostrophe. Demurring from handling paper.

When the universe begins to recede, certain colors will no longer be seen. Suede shoes in the rain. Again, thoughts on the veranda. To consider its name is to show weakness.

The descriptive below the object can elevate its importance. It was a brass horn from the sound of it. Hundreds of spider eggs. A recalled historical snippet.

A physical response to haphazard decoration. Generals among the ferns. Coca cola everywhere. Affectation has no effect on you.

The parts of graffiti that promote staring. Vaseline outlined distractions. Estuaries along the nervous system. Mishearing a name during introduction makes it awkward.

The surly get results by being surly. An overnight family of raccoons. Ferris wheels operating inside. Lights strung throughout the torso.

Follow the contours of that round thing. Painted throughout the house. Throughout the day's entire chapter. About hands curling into a ball that run the length of an alley. Nuance, she said. Clouds threw the party. Cajoled the snake. Fatigued its original leap.

*

measurements drop.

marbles drop down.

a vestibule straight through your mouth.

the long tongued invocation of right-mindedness.

isn't it around us everywhere.

so what's happened to containment.

peaked albumen traipsing down hallways.

jargon headed intrusion.

no distinction between air intake and breathing across a
meadow of slanted green.

radio towers of love blast.

so if thread runs through conduits, threaded conduits get
screwed.

quadrangle shaped advance.

one enunciated plunge.

an aside tucked in precision.

say jettisoned, say conjugal, say fastidious deferments.

blindfolded texture heightened.

prepared as I am for seasons, annual recognized trends.

*

waking, in a diabetic stupor. over eating, over the top, the surface of it. i loosen the belt to let pearls drop to the ground. speckled ground. wonder about a farm. living on it. what my responsibility is to it. then waking, the closer or cozier fit of dying. slowly it becomes a capital R. as in reality of death. just the sound of words undermine expression. wanting something abit lighter. light filled. not physically. a sketch of ebullience. contoured joy. so how to assuage the heavy from sinking my ship. a riverbed. a cul de sac. a bejeweled eddy. a friend who'd never even consider such a thing. hmm, the corner of a poster speaks to me. not exactly at me or toward me, but it makes a statement. it says, i am an image or a portion of image or perhaps im a discarded design that is important. it signifies or codifies how i feel or it clarifies my thought at the moment. the corner. a few lines. maybe some shading. who knows? doesnt truly matter. it's there though. waking. daylight changing. the brighter it gets the more it needs tending. lifting off the chair. reaching for the light switch. beginning the day. water. face. work. all from waking.

*

How to participate when participating leads nowhere. The four corners wobbling toward collapse. As blue as sky can be this thorn reveals more. Thinking of highway daydreams with many cities' difficult spellings. Children at the foot of a statue looking up to see a face. The place is quiet and alone. No one visits a place like this. You just happen upon it. A book decimated in the rain. Layers of water. Page-turning water. Spots of sunlight spotlight the body. This part is feeling good today. Congregations of birds nearby and at a distance - everywhere rummaging for food. Terrible events are forgotten for a moment. Subtle waves become impossible at night. How air gets infused with water's edge on a shoreline to make white. Dogs are too tame here. We are a derivative of our own sense of perfection. Always a near miss. I will call it a peninsula, three sides unattached. Nowhere on the map does it say freedom. Thirsty for information. One perch, one eagle,

one disastrous icon pecking out the heart of a pigeon.
Simply clean air. I can say no more. It has through attrition
become an acquired taste. A kind of blissful surrender.

*

Pick the red item up.

It's written in red ink.

Now hallucinate it all turns black.

Mommy indeed.

A palace, in which, within the confines – blocks of music
fit.

The most provoked interference, a gesture – mmmusic
sits.

Affection brings the ship home.

The gesture is neither contained nor anything effusive.

Malady and anxious morning behavior. Overnight noise.

An orderly straightens linens. The crackling intercom.

The sunset is the best I can give. And I do.

Unexpected sound explodes in her head. A voice.

A spray toward the window. Hipbones at the ready.

Wednesday will return. Returns.

*

The Composition Jar

small composition jar
in these few words

barely reach the page
a process by which

the person removes obstacles
swallowing handfuls

of rags
swallowing handfuls

of muttering
tepid you become you do

a large room full of the same person
double-decker kissing

the plurals approach this notion
of writing

as it is the fasteners
fasten what holds fast faster

held in relation
to things

children screaming
at the bubbles

they themselves produce
catches corners of the eye

a dog-eared miniature
of the printed addendum

rise again wakened skin
the better thing

encompassed here
spelled out

light shadows the man
with a bedeviled groan

a bedeviled flask
as the wheels speak

a small bundle of them
make a star of it

a taller slender streetlight
a lower lipped movement

fraught with digits
tipping tip tips

diggle – the off center of a cracker
the machine of life

rare fruit hanging off
the machine of life

a perfect reflection in fog
a swizzle stick alphabet

how to open standing
up across the table

*

Disdain is not allowed dear entrepreneur choice will coincide with timing the one detail details how completion will not be gained by normal circumstances drawn toward open space the sex of an object plummets and floats across the screen vision defies agreement between material makes a building stand upright among the ferns there is chance hidden inside this word sleep defies we exist a shorter time thrown into blue light as the appendage maintains our upper cognitions submerge the botanical trophy there is dance hidden inside this word surface has its place it's a designation a routine day comprised of slashes against a bigger earth your mission command is the zone of return right where atmosphere ends the afternoon dissolves at the rivets that keep it in place offered as discard the distended device doing harm deep in flora's chromosomal ability to think through the potential the drawn attempt that replicates this driven attempt to engage this is timelines of activity up against silky panels of oblivion decisions are decisions waiting to be made leaning into futures anticipating motion along a string taut with beads are histories come and go the river too again runs through air to breathe and spills to black ocean boats are stars still more curious throughout night there's something hallucinogenic in this fluid something akin to a moist null set a creamy nothing devours itself making more of itself stillness more audible louder even in more stillness here next to gigantic noise no wind in darkened space folds in folded away the empty set containing that which wont be held moving across cell walls winged motion hinged to gut crunchy gravity bricks atop make a spine the head greater than supposes to be distended frames collapse into themselves till dilution weakens color bonds and cellular families disband red pales blue softens but black stays fixed in space ideas bloat till collisions occur precision blurs throughout these areas expenditure of a finite source runs round your ears exposing light drifting off pleausurably

at first the place from where to proceed here how choice coincides with timing the kind that resolves by juxtaposing chance with framed poetic intention derived from varieties of perception.

CORDIALLY

The pallor of frayed embroidery

The surprise-bird on cassette. The curve of what hangs. A kind of electrocution. A miniature figurine of remarkable detail. Butterflies land on your head. A rendezvous of streams and thick clumps clog the passage. You breathe in apostrophes. The unattended thimble, an effortless measurement that joins two unequal points in light. You'll know it. It's not unusual. It concerns jelly. Single out one digit. King is understood as an egoist. Wearing a hat through the forest. A light switch filled basement. It's not unusual for her to register high on the marvel index. An indicator is the shadow of her tongue. A cul de sac of clouds left from yesterday's storm. Quietly, the warm device. Creatures emerge off the book cover. Nothing for a change. Big snakes rush through halos of smoke. The pupils widen. Yes please, please send electricity. The tourniquet will not stay this flow much longer. A fiasco of gauze. A kitsch festooned muddle going nowhere. The precise definition of it. The life of a cafeteria. Simply put, we exist across the street looking at you. The guitar, excalibar. He steps out of class awash in math. Yodeling comes forth. The murmur and mumble never quite getting resolved. Some grossly prohibitive atmosphere. Twitch or shrug. The headlines. Chicken little has little chicken wings / they flap near a hem and make the world rise / rise up little chicken. Like any adolescent it too must cross the road. The flamboyance of tumors, of steaming rings. Not forgotten, but forgiven. Chicken little has little chicken wings / they flap near a hem and make the world rise / rise up little chicken.

Sure I'll keep it close. The startling bird. Watching the storm form and gather strength. Yes, there is swirling debris. Liter. Scraps of evidence. One more long afternoon

in the backyard clinging to earlier happiness. Dead things conspire. Dead things in the shape of conspire. Memorizing the convulsions, the contours. Perhaps I will be blind again, thrust into a situation. Held together by string and ecstatic gel.

The lacerations cease during more important weather. Entry can occur anywhere, but a surface is pandemonium. Press others and let yourself be pressed. He spent most his life mapping the body's reactions to sound. If it holds up the river will pass through here. Stillness is the killer. Time is the killer.

I come close and nearly make it. Jump off the dock, the rubber soles gripping the deck. No booklet, no purchase. An invisible libretto. The speed of it increases.

The shelves. The seismic protrusion of shelves. A tethered and repressed levitation. Walk toward me mentally. Is there a distinction between the mutable and a calliope of instances? There's no danger for those who swim in the breast pocket. The pen eludes him, grasps at speech. An unresolved day. A sack of beans, frozen pellets, hurling pallets overboard. The choreography of an ear. The pigeons sense negative handwriting. Operating within a timeframe and the futility of matching different blood types.

Open. Open. Oh, pent up. Immersed in language, pearls loosened from the branches. Captured in a sphere. One eye accepts light for the other more demur pupil. A three-sided funnel that spells a tongue, that sees an image of hovering on the heels of dolphins cavorting. Tonight in the company of cellular division. Tonight in the company of cellular division. Roots grow out from the soil of two worlds. Between two shoulders is a head in the middle.

