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bcc press

Printed February 2006
Edition of 150. Of which this is #

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 unrepeatabe 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

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