

When I Met Juliet

by Kirk Wood Bromley

Before

It starts with a feeling that something isn't
childhood.

Which continues to this day.

A Clovis settlement of sorts unseen
since it became so hard to say since when.

Like the lymphatic tingle after
a too-long run, compromising one's privado
eminento with the supinating dopant of
sparse sexual selection, so unable
to botch the mantra...

"Write, rote, rotten."

There's nothing wrong with making good money;
it's just not possible.

The weasel market
won't allow a free association.

And then, you thought, other people enter
observing me observing for me as we wait
for my herewith to helm the stereotaxic
needle etching suicide/love notes
onto the vintage barn door that we might
absolve ourselves of this innate gravel
and face the vacuum in the stardust
that is, as we wrangle, our shopping moraine
in said foreverness.

I don't need
a fucking gym. I am a fucking gym.

They've taken the big picture out of
the backstory.

The picture that's so
apocalyptically laughable?

So what is this but pruned decibel wreckage?

I know she's out there somewhere, I'm just not
sure I'm out there somewhere.

Red rover,
red rover, can I please come over
and sit facing the wall in the corner?

This is the holding, denied and felt,
that gives so much to so little effect.

Maybe the mountains.

Maybe not the mountains.

But maybe the puppet theater mountains
are preparing me for some duende
whose inconsequential, late night sacrifice
before the tadpolish raccoonistas
shall suffice to stuff my cheeks with
crossed-out flowers that in my smooching
her unlumbered twitch I will be weekend
minutes with her.

I will stylishly tug
at her genital noose, loosening
the head enough to inspire its falling
back into the sky.

I will be her super
yeasty vaulting horse.

I will make her smile
in suffocation.

I will, I will, O
incomplete death sentence one two!

This is
the story of a love that never happened
between two people who never met
in a world where no one ever finds love
without the story of love stepping in
and preventing anything from happening.

Of course, such a love happens all the time.

Like in Korea Town, where prowling fuckables
sit in syngeneic hoardes over
sizzling beef and pray to repetitive
encounters to placate the random
immolation of first-come-first-recused
from production value.

Yet, if seducing
hornblenders is the new pubic weave,
why are we dresst in snake venom ice cubes?

What is he searching for with his arm
all the way down her throat?

She's choke-singing!

Won't you climb to the edge of my anxiety
and build the ruins of our ubiety?

I'd like to apologize for that, but
my rules won't allow it.

Pleased to meet you,
most recent personal choice fatality.

As tirade seeds ripen in the sunburn,
profitable swaths of communal avoidance
dapper up the aggression in the push-over.

I want to hustle smack dab into you
and shatter my vestiges of languor,
but people don't count when it comes to desire,
do they, big life goal?

Is not opening up
assertion?

I'm lodged in this unusable
context of freedom, balling my instant
messages with pretty crime scene bouquets.

Try not to think of the group as a group,
this being my only chance to issue
my dossier on relative unspeakability,
namely, athetosis in the space I
sequester to snuff the lesbians
laughing in my butt cubby.

Love is chewy tephra
from the sensitive volcano of
growing more conservative as one
suckles on newborn entitlements,
so I'm no longer writing in excrement
what Team Dashing will piss on anyway
in their bi-annual medley of ho hum
with the water flute.

If it gets in my heart,
I spit it out.

You seem to have a finger
on the pulse of our inanimate dream.

Sure, we have our problems, you being
the umbrella organization for
what shock docs term the pain in the asperger.

Shame on me for not more gregariously
experiencing exoneration
from all I found once the crowd whittled down
to a flub.

So, what have we learned today?

The blunt instrument to the "almost there"
of our polystyrene lap fluids
is about how I could be my body
turning the tide on the static approach
buried in entrance exams to nowhere.

Dude, it is so good to see you outside
that robot romance movie.

I shall be king
for a day that never dawns.

I shall leave
my country in the lurch they call victory,
and when you look away, I shall snap your
portrait, cuz nobody gets my shit when
I'm just screaming like I should.

I shall put
my poems to sleep then lie next to them crying
in a colossal diminution of the fear

of intimacy's estranging powers.

It's true, dad. Character dissolves upon
introduction, so must I famously mull
the incomprehensible questions.

My middle hand has become indistinguishable
from a freshman's idea of Florida.

Wow, we have so much in common courtesy.

It all reflects poorly on its ideals.

The branches are heavy with fallen fruit;
hot shots full of frozen suggestions
garner the semi-savvy response. I mount
the revanche against territory
I never lost.

Let's remake the map we use
to stay where we are.

Is getting wound up
how you unwind?

Not in the mood for incorrect
directions.

You're just another way to say,
"Who's that?"

O, so we're on speaking terms now?

Raise your hackles if you don't know what hackles are.

I'm waiting for someone who already came.

The distance between what I'm talking about

and what I want to talk about is the rate
of economic growth feeling sorry
for the first and last time.

It's like that final
bit of road you can't seem to cover
when going home to finally announce
what your family thinks you say way too much.

There's a discernible euphenic
sensation one gets passing thru the Delaware
Water Gap heading west, a kind of
sonicating intestinal thrum that must
somehow be translatable into a
successful dating strategy.

Or the sound
of scrapping oak stands.

Or what the cop said
to the rainbow.

Or how a tiny shove
can shake you to your expired core.

It's not that I want to get laid, it's that
I want the sensation of getting laid.

Yet deep in the angles of Hop Along
Sadness, Startup Spinto shakes her
flip-out polyp as the echolocators
scramble to become what streetwise shame
on the backburner sucks up to in
metrical grief, swallowing the doppler
that effectively ends their campaign
of escapology, leaving her completely
and sort of triumphantly bedridden
in her hot tar nightgown.

I so regret
saying that, I refuse to take it back.

Lookin' for a lover that isn't my other
but they're so hard to regurgitate.

This one-shot show is called emotional
reality.

Its question is the value of
friendship.

Its objective is the impedance
of new passion, for empty bless accounts
whence change bankrolls its case against itself,
which can also be confused in this manner:

A girl on "nice fire" is walking along
the tops of the trees that line the lane
no one can afford to live on.

A man,
broken in half by forced sincerity
contests, is simultaneously walking
in opposite directions down the lane
in an attempt to reunite himself
with himself.

Perhaps at the moment of his
vertical espousal, the girl on "good fire"
dives into his belly, the trees become
an audience who consume the fire cupcake
creature and we call it Social Security
Reform.

There.

It ends just like you like it.

With a finality that just won't quit.

I feel like a dying business on a busy block.

My Arabian goulash penis has fallen
out of favor with the college girls who stink
for a cause, a prototype long phased out
in the wave of untenable can-doisms.

There's not a man among us not trying
to grow yumyums so he can slap himself
around, seeding the trash garden with bad
projects that make sore losers do it all
over.

Please don't linger on the obvious.
It reminds me of last week's way of thinking.

M'lady, I am hidden in the noodles, and you
are cutting down on carbohydrates in
an attempt to be ikebana enough
to slip in between my coming and going
of a knowing look between merchant
and cyclone.

The hot diggity dog pound
has relocated to my mouth, the only good
religion has yet to mock, and I'm carrying
the torch of the most likely to drop the torch
to your bedroom of sport utility gurneys
Cuz I really "yeah!" the way you sweat it
when the pressure's off.

Lead me to the plug
in your fetish saloon and I shall rip it
from its monkey mentor.

Sing, O flesh bong!

Darker nights make for
happier starfuckers.

There's a couch in my hypocrisy
waiting for your triple threat body parts
to come flying into its gay doubt design
with all the camp of my ridiculous gut.

O half-eaten epiphany stick!
O political snafu doll!
O registry of missing prosperity victims!
O hiphop hippy sag sarcoma!
O saint in miniskirt and canola!
O crackt plastic fruit lamp!
O beautiful broken computer!
O lake in the center of my forehead!
O suggestible mud age mind writer!
O death by dime!
O someone else's goosedown pingpong table!
O colorful forgiving fence!
O sticky when wet!
O caffeinated air!
O maternity plague!
O handrolled rendition of dainty drippy folds!
O prickly outpost manager!
O nuts to soup!
O conch filled with my shy image files!
O unspecified hypothesis on authorized leaks!
O clean little man panty!
O chile con queso spearhead!
O abyss to lay my aching slack upon!
O glorious shun sign!

Can you hear me thru my mother muffler?

Perhaps I've grown immune to your pollen,
purring like a dog in my synaptic gap,
firing will at will. Still, we're getting closer
perpetually, aren't we? Isn't that what
not being too grossly philosophical
does to set-exclusive surjections
wie uns? Aren't there wires and tubes in our
flagship anti-inflammatory future?
I hope so, cuz that would be what I'm hoping.

It's not safe where you are, so removed from
my threat against you.

Hey, I cleaned my
apartment this afternoon, knowing you
weren't coming over.

Sure, I've never been
up your alley, but my books seem to think
they are, and in "Hollywood: The Logic
of Unneighborliness," we read in the margin
(which I imagined to be the ticklish spot
in your ankle monitor): "Our love was made
for a niche that drugola has wiped off
the sue-for-psychological-benefits ad."

I came to the city to meet you in the country.
You are America's deficiency in wrath
and conscience, and I am the sexy part
of being beaten to death by someone's breath.

This is instant drama waiting on tables
of undiscovered elements.

How savage
can soft love slaps be and still rule the streets
with a dynamite presentation on...

We interrupt this sentence for this sentence.

Maybe I'll find you underneath it all,
the spokesjoker for nagging certainty,
hooves crookt in a cranky viaticum,
whispering to the hand-holding tourists:

"Here we are, standing over a piping cold
secret, yet no one speaks; we are dumbfounded
by our empty nest indifference; our eyes
burn into the fuck-if-I-care surroundings;
and our one success is to miserably
remain just as we were before we were."

Are you coming onto me, cuz if you are,
I'm over there.

She feels like she's lost
in the dream of the grumpy mensch who solved
the puzzle of sleep.

Side-swiping career
advances only lead to the fist fight
between your legs, the legs you don't use because
their feet follow distinct teleonomic
inaccuracies, but task epistemic
deformities excite me, as anyone
in my thoughts can see, so let's bang some goop!

Pulse meter, pulse meter,
meet me a pulse.

You are such a pristine tech campus,
yet my zune has failed to coordinate
insidious circuitries into art auctions
that include living examples of my own
arterial volume fluctuations
upon sweet talk, so we feel no jitters,

gather no bids, and the mind slouches, caught
in a line at the bank, standing beside
the only person it could ever love,
but lunch is almost over, and once again
frustration wins the day and blows it on
adult toys made by children with no sense
of proportion vis-a-vis what it means to be
stood up by someone who never said she'd
"make it."

We gotta blow this shit up.

Like a
European head balloon.

Like a choir
of caught-on-video.

We gotta bring on
my social afterlife.

We gotta swap
this randy memorization game for
a lightbulb to the scalp.

We gotta instill
some character into the shipment of cheap
electronics.

End the term limits on
insanity.

I gotta threaten to jump
so you can walk on by, kissing me
with your lack of concern like a colossal
use of wasted space.

We gotta dig up

the slave burial site beneath the
heterogeneous monotony of fickle
democratic...

Excuse me?

Did I cross the line?

The line, you fucking

bleep

runs between your heels!

I like you, whoever you are today.

I am the beautiful scrappy maiden
who can invaginate this wildly
self-important swinging metronome,
incite the serpent to bipedalism,
do dances about dances to the human
upchuck, lick the time stamp, all the while
arousing slurvian spiel.

You shall I
marry, you shall I divorce, Miss Whatever
You Refuse To See It As, and we shall populate
the governing fistulate with our half-
fascinating dissertation tantrums!

I want every word on the tip
of my tongue that in our nasty
macking you receive the squabble
that heals thru boiling silence.

Is that your "I'm not sharing" face?

Welcome to

Under Achieving. My name is Her Unused
Ovaries, and I beg you to remember
molestation has its hard-to-beat bargains.

There's a palpable arm pit juice in the
ergosphere, and it curdles my phonic
stereotype when I'm not working, like
how's difference supposed to make a
difference when it's baking in the turnstile
of buyer's remorse?

She'd bring the whole
party down if love didn't handle itself
so garishly.

I say we all get good and tied
in a sculpture garden to the convictions
of our chintzy adoration!

If you find me
bitter, stop licking my palms.

The retro-
bacterial switch grass on my eyeballs
made everything unpublishable, and I was left
mumbling in a dysacousic exacerbation
of productivity.

America
is bored tough.

I'd rather she imagine
it's me than it actually be me.

I mean, like, what's the point of being
naked if not everyone can see you?

Now I lay me down to sleep

I pray the lord to sell me cheap.

Who put privacy in a home?

Time to
practice my interpersonal rudiments.

Hello.

It's nice to meet me.

What's that I'm wearing?

I'm in obsolete technologies.

Did I like it?

I have a smidge of the
faghag in my Pakistani import.

They don't allow solo encores anymore,
but, dammit, I got one.

This process seems to be playing itself
out in a particularly unclear
mannerism.

Really?

I had a friend
who went to clown college.

You save a lot
that way.

I was what I might call an early
witherer.

Thanks, my executioner
gave it to me.

Was I Byronesque
at birth?

Something slippt into my platelets
and created worms, so I did the didgeridoo
in her sternum.

Spastic narcoleptics
spilled into carpets had me all on teeters.

No. I'm an ideas man with no ideas.

I find talking to be too similar to
shitting to be a satisfactory conduit
for the addressing of my emotional
sepsis.

I'm very mysterious, aren't I?

I used to act, but, you know, the rejection.

I don't mean to sound racist, but it's
pronounced hegemony, like high egg money.

Was my childhood especially difficult?

Not after I met someone online.

I find the forced retention of facts
tiring when it comes to trying to look
like someone I've never seen.

Can you
imagine getting turned on by raping
yourself in a closeted windfall?

Maybe. Will any bigshots be there?

I'm going to get my ninetieth drink.

It's been nice talking to me.

May I join me?

No.

No?

No. Look. I just think my fingers are too short to pull you out of your totally gunkt-up little richard hole.

Like we're not a thing?

The last thing this thing needs is another thing.

I wandered the brightly lit horror film campgrounds at night, and everything I saw, I wanted to become: a brick in a bird's beak, a vibrator up a flagpole, roses bumming mascara, that bookstore in the used businessman, anything save the person she correctly pegged me for. How had I been downsized into my own best friend? I ran my terraformed excuses over Nietzsche, but nothing barked invitingly, least of all those hoaxes already proven true. I sang:

No one's quite right for me, and those that are feel the same about me.

Love is an inherited solution to pain
tied up in the courts.

I want to scrape
your tongue with my swimming trophy.

I'd like to let you, but I'm all a-twirl,
cuz I just found out my therapist
was a miscarriage, and I want to tell you that
in the final words we don't know we're learning
by needing a hot shower every day.

Maybe I'll just go drinking in one of those bars
where everyone works with their handcuffs,
and the mere hint of poetry makes them
brawl mutedly into their jack-knifing
wide loads.

I'm the kind of guy who kids flash.

If we're to preserve the experience
of gathering in the slurpy-coated
summer fields for a concert to support
excessive foreign noise;

If we're to see
our lost conflicts beautifully acted;

Feel
the lack of tangibility press upon
our fey adventurism;

If we're to stroll
with more urgency than the disappearance
of oxygen elicits from the Roman
revertants,

Unable to touch without
intention,

Then cocks are doomed to be
the teddies of war.

I want her to give
birth to a spicy milkbone in my ass
while singing that song about runaway meatballs.

Do you love the way I cheat you out of
your strained beginnings?

Air conditioning
proves we don't deserve to eat our betters.

I'm waiting for you in the ultimate hiding place!

Let's fall in love and break what's left
of our jolly medievalism.

There's nowhere
I can go that isn't what I oughtn't know,
and this is why I've cast you in the terribly
short history of my alarm.

Long lived
is death!

My expense sheet is shrieking
in the background.

Roll the fiche to what
it takes to meet you, your reticence looming
like monument valley over my blank alert,
luddite androids injecting psychotogens
into the false press release you call your hep.

I need a lover who won't drive me lazy!

How shall I make the most of these cancelled
circumstances?

It's fight night at the
ambivalence implosion and you're wearing
a coat hanger bikini. I walk away
scathed and happiness. My perceptions
lengthen to such a demonstrable degree
that the grip melange is placated
to sufficiently answer robo-calls
with groans.

Groans that this feeling is genuine.

At least in blind hindsight.

If I live in the now, which I do
now and again, will my refresh revert
our non-key junket to a moley newborn
ugly enough to dispirit the miracle
of in vitro flashing banners, or is
this just how I see myself thru your prop
glasses?

I'd pay to watch how you'd wiggle
your bad self out of the refund that put
my nose in your dirty business, okay?

Hell, I'd stay on topic were you the topic,
but of course you're monologuing in
the workplace, and I'm a smoldering
accidental bonfire scaring lizards
back into the mercurial ground.

This is not the way school is supposed to
end, with you scrawling some hot trivial

hall-of-lame tribute across a picture
that isn't me anymore, then walking
away with your cheer skirt caught in your gums,
that ass, that found marmalade ass, shaking
its survival like a 26 patty
heart transplant.

Fine, if you can't love me,
at least do the method.

Have you ever seen
such a sight in your life as you being tame?

I'm so poor, I love myself.

Fly to me, my scrambled egg!

I'm baying at your folder of stilent
trappt-beneath-the-rubble schoolboy screams,
a celebration of no particular order,
cringing for a break-thru in your failed
negotiations with my post-experimental
theta wave.

Let's go stand on our hands
naked in the rain and let the operatic acid
burn away our great anal traditions
til nothing remains but remains,
cold berry soup garnisht with swami skat,
heretofore known as the eternally
crusht protests against humanization.

Yes, I want you to worship me, and I
expect the same from you, however that
gutterizes the breath of a billion
yogapalloozas.

I can't just reach out

and grab your throat cuz there are laws
against making things work.

Your shape stands in
for all the teachings of the regretful
scavengers to come.

Won't you please let me
enter you from a distance?

This town smells
of gonorrhea under laissez faire.

Every door is open and off its house.

I love a false sense of accomplishment,
as I must, for I'm thinking of our love.

Applicants were turned away due to a lack
of applicants, said the source of women.

It's the rhythm of everyday life
overdubbed with the locutionary intentions
of an alien linguist.

Are you coming?

No, I'm tied up.

That's what I meant, you slip knot!

I'd like to repair a port of lust lapse.
I'd like to reprint a past of lopped lists.
I'd like to repeat a pore of lost lumps.
I'd like to report a pair of lost lips.

A pair of lost lips or a lost pair of lips?

The former in the latter.

How is it you are
reporting them lost without the use of your lips?

I am my lips and I am lost.

You can't
report yourself lost.

Then who can report me lost?

Someone else.

But I'm so lost,
no one else knows I'm lost.

You're either not
lost or your being lost doesn't matter.

If you hear a lipless man, will you tell me?

Where will you be?

I can't say. I've got no lips.

I thought you were your lips.

I am my lips,
but my lips are lost, so I've got no lips.

Now I'm lost.

Maybe you're my lips!

I think you have the wrong number.

I meant

to dial the wrong number, cuz if I dialed
the right number, I'd find my lips, and they're lost.

This will cost you.

I'm glad you said that, cuz now
I can blame the world for your not helping me.

Touche', said the delippt man to his lost lips.

Who said, "Genius is drudgery"?
Who said, "The future belongs to dense"?
Who said, "Our clothings are killing us"?
Who said, "Birth always comes too early"?
Who said, "Misinformation breeds progress"?
Who said, "We but rehearse our exit"?
Who said, "I left my faith in that rock"?
Who said, "Empty seats are for lovers"?
Who said, "The actor's dyscalculia quickly rocketed it to the
top of the baboon stampede"?

I like you, Sharon Shipshit, but must you
wear your bellymask in private?

Have you
any idea, Roger Incapacitant
Copulant, what it's like to semi-lose
your baby fat in a bet you didn't
even know you'd made until it stole
your heart clamp and played it for a tool?

No, for I was born a dead twig that took
root in "May I have depression for dessert?"

Squeeze me and I'll burp the answer to
subcellular cackle spackle.

I like how

you frown when you smile.

I'm a fifth floor
walk-up in handicap heaven.

Prejudice
will get you everywhere.

Remember that
shortening bridge? O severmind.

Our relationship
has failed in its goal of saying "Waddaya,
got a gene complex?" in that old style
that blames all spacey days on the 70's.

I suggest in the midst off the cuff
on the record under the radar
out the gate as your pretend guidance
counselor that we adopt a new type
of monkeying within.

Your experts have
clogged my sun shower!

Let's gamble away
what we don't have.

I lie the way you think.

Free and prohibitively priced, the haute
cuisine scab pushed on.

Let me here confess,
I'm addicted to checking my stats, and my stats
say confession doesn't pay.

Your goats have

yet again gotten into my recliner
and eaten all my rotten escapades.

You might taste me leaking into your eye
water a subtle potpourri of
melancholia lite.

So much talking,
so little talking.

Portions of her body,
as I visualize it when occupied,
were revealed to me today: the well-branded
aboriginal macules of pseudo news,
fitful caramel sighs, unacceptables
in some sward mound, access points
(inoperable), waterfalls too close to
the road to be considered crucially
scenic, cooperative fist composites,
the thought-red trickling of so-what yesterdays,
quilts with special cartilage-ensnarling
powers; but the thing I didn't know what
to do with was that delicate bag of
tuckered dud grudges. Clearly her sentiments
were with me in my new food-trying time,
but you can't fuck a wall that ain't brokened.

Every single one of us is sitting on
something that can't breathe.

I want my
blanky back.

What is it with you and your
high probability of you?

Arch-enemies
on a one-dimensional plane struggle

to find tiger-like ad spots in nothing so
"popular pimples" as the shock one feels
at growing brown and successful.

If I told you I was traveling into
the space just above the flame I've yet
to kindle for the purposes of erogenous
payback, how would you change your margin
of error vis-a-vis tilting at gritty
lubricant?

The examined life is not
worth grading.

Look into my sweater
and you will see the tiny thumbs of our
autumnal begging for a tenth chance.

The goldfish embroidered on her buttock
woke me to the windpower of metaphor
in the context of decent sexual
destruction as outstanding bathtub verse,
and tho I still can't use what I can't shake,
I remain in static awe of the Franco-
Nippon axis that allows for a festival
misprision of girls and their magical
"encased meats," but I doubt we'll be able
to find a spot outboards haven't pussied on.

Let me check the time. Oops. You ate all the clocks.
How will I ever get to Tardy Town
on time? I know, and so do you, but we're
not scheduled for each other til the pope
shits in his own mouth.

I'm trying to get back
to where I've never been: You and your sugar
cereal pre-teen bunkbed, where we played

naked cherokee rockers with nothing
to do but suck nitrous out of the cool
kids.

I am opening my heart artheroscopically
to see every word is an accident
waiting not to happen.

Maybe I'll go
to that aftermath party and pick up
a burning car, crush my finally
penitent bouncing back mentor and dive
unwanted into your magneto-tail.

They tell me when I find you it will be
at the bottom of the pool. I'll have just
enough bad air left in my job to fill you up
so you float to the top where I introduce you
to my family, who, not unlike their sitcom
opposites, fail to show up at what was to be
my major flop, not of the kicked-in belly,
but of the awards season, in which I
am voted most likely to never say:

Dearest unknown, it's not what you know, it's
who you know, and I know you, and knowing
what I know, it's not you I know, it's why
you won't know me in a way that shows
what you know when it comes to you.

It's like
that old joke about the hormone salesman
and the giraffe with the repossessed neck;
its humor has been phased out despite
the incredible significance of the fact
its humor has been phased out.

Are you doing

anything tonight other than coming up with
something you're doing tonight to avoid
doing something with me?

Maybe that's it.

We're just not meant to be on stage at this
stage. I mean, who can make brain jelly love
with all this I'm-okay coughing, late-comers
flying in on broken glass atv's,
critics asleep in their coke spoons, the psychotic
red-headed midget upstairs screaming
our lines thru the floor half a second before
we blow them, windows onto the fashion
dumpster, remnants of the prior hit peeking
thru our blacks; why did we ever expect
this would change domestic policy to be
more in-line with our abrupt ragamuffin
revelations?

The girl who just served me
my veggie wrap has got to be no older
than my wedding rash, but I still wanna
dunk my liver in her silver mine slag.

Now I get it. We actually are together.

Ten billion fucking losers can't be wrong.

We've broken the speed barrier standing
our ground.

We make love by letting the help
go.

Our relationship is as old as charging
for fake levitation.

We've just let it

fall into the middle of the off-ramp.

We've taken it for granted by some
defunct foundation so drunk on dis-
empowerment it thinks last night is
the next big thing.

We live on top of each
other, which, while physically impossible,
is real enough to boost our withdrawal symptoms.

You don't like how messy I am, and I
don't like how you think you're me in some
crew so disgruntled by the recent union
agreement they sweep the actors off their feet.

We measure our marriage in dog years
and our only time together is spent
lobbying seniors against strange signs of
canine longevity.

No, we don't speak
the same language, but between us we
can yell in 23.

You haven't a clue
in my appetizing murder, but you know
the smell is there, and you like it, and that
fucks with your head when you're not fucking
your head.

Cuz, baby, ever since you lost your
passive feminine militancy,
you've diarized a life of impeccable
distribution, and now what do you have?
Zoos so expensive not even the animals
can get in.

I've discovered a new way
of slaloming between your organ failures,
but it requires a hole in the back of
your facade thru which I can shove old
tourniquets from the war for Mexican
subsumption, which will then come swimming
out your tear ducts as vibrational playground
poems.

How's that for unskirting the issue?

Wouldn't it be nice to speak like I
want you to?

Imagine wordplay as passé,
leaving only work songs for the unemployed.

The web has changed everything, including
the size of the spiders.

And now you're gone
from the pad you never were, I've got a room
to let.

Let what?

Let you let it let me
let you make room for me, my sweet milkmaid
with the thistle fingers.

Welcome to the
one-stop argument metropolis.

I wanna hit your butter button with
my gavel du grampapa.

Time to
inject some soul train into this turtle.

Time to quit my job job at Irrational
Adults for Foggy Sheer Cliffs and spend
all day baking muffins with symbols of
body cavity superiority
lodged in their hot moist middles where
no one of no color can see them.

If I were driving and you were blocking my
vision, I'd give you a shove, but not to push
you away.

Now that you're forcing
democracy on my Bora Bora
dance squad, I'm as flat as a sleep
experiment boys' choir, and I'm waiting
for your banana Pushkin mold to melt on
my hoodwink.

Piece me back together
with pieces that aren't me, please, O you
sudden summer rain with unsearched alt tags.

Tho too long to fit on my form, your pain
has certain properties that could excuse
me from the nice clause.

Colder, colder,
you're so cold there are seals in your fornix.

Anoesis to the rescue!

Your little black
dress gave me testicular cancer in a
see-thru box markt, "Do not open, cunt hunter."

My name's Megillahcutty, and I'd like to
slurp your last primitive social structure

with my aerial refueling probe and drogue
service system, holding your legs like the
handlebars on a custom hog.

I'd make you
shoot 16 bear cubs into a perception
field of squirrel-proof gardenias that give
all the academics a solid sneeze.

I'd put spring in detention in your ass,
which wouldn't change a thing for you and me,
the always upset sludge bucket people.

I'll stick my stage manager so deep
into your tech booth, you'll run the show
with your eyes rolled back into your
sheep's cheese gun.

Someone to sniff my
neopolitan trash barge and titter with
the joy of a falling baby sparrow.

Someone to applaud my electrosleep
somniaquos.

Someone to talk me down
the egosystonic ledge.

Someone
to enthuse the biology of my
slump.

Someone to smile when children pour out
my secret mouth.

Someone to make me look
good when I gut myself in the ribs joint.

Someone to seduce me into the blender
by climbing in first.

Someone to reaffirm
my belief in fuck you meaning fuck me.

Someone to sleep beside me in the tumbling
crane.

Someone to shove me in the opposing
direction.

Someone to slam into every morning.

Someone to agree with me when I bellow,
"I ate it cuz it made me fucking sick!"

Someone to hang herself when my spaceship
goes down.

Someone to misfire my emotional
triggers.

Someone to appreciate my
booger farm.

Someone to teach me to listen
when I'm talking.

Someone to ejaculate
a swimming hole in my ears.

Someone to cuddle
with me as the dirt hits my coffin.

Someone to rub my back with jack-nobbing
toe joints.

Someone to grow young with.

Someone
to puke so it's a party.

Someone to
think I'm someone else, not entirely,
but tiringly.

Someone to congratulate
me for what I didn't do.

Someone to think
my sense of humor caused the virus to wane.

Someone to hold down the fort when I'm
tearing it up.

Someone to instill in me
a deeper awareness of grains.

Someone
to read me a poem I could never write.

Someone to suggest the perfect indelible
stain.

Someone to introduce me to
questionable characters.

Someone to make
the dysbarism of falling in love
worth my body doubling in emic dead ends.

Someone to lie on top of me until
I blow away.

That's the someone for me.

But?

Have no fear! I'm not here!

As communication increases,
communication decreases, and we
suffer over-orgasm so devastating
to all our ecstatic reflexes become
primate-research on mind-controlled
robotic minds purporting to relieve
the organic againstism of our fantasies
that we might outlearn this bishopric
of whim love.

I.e., your under-pigeons are herewith
invited to shit on my civil war statue.

It's always a fence in the middle of a field.
I there, you here, and we're discussing
wearing each other's socks without actually
mentioning the repercussions of
such barbarous synarchy. You say:

There are so many innuendoes
in the setting today.

I say, your eyes
could kill an iron horse. You say:

Do you think
when we grow up drugs will still have side
affects?

I say, do drugs have side effects?
You say:

I take issue with my irreproachable

desire for your bacterial approach.

I say, you don't say? You say:

You're a book

I've read but want to keep, won't read it
again, unless I do, but something about it
gives me an awkward awesome sense of myself
as the university of the moment.

I say, would you mind playing with your hair
so I can feel like that one rakish lad
whose tongue sticks to the frozen pole?
You say:

Anything for my wingless cricket.

I say, if I lived in you, who would my
landlord be? And you say:

The Captain
of Team Looking Down.

I say, I question
this cult of amateur personality,
the way it divides us along infinite
lines of abstract mountaintop demolition.
You say:

Hey, I just wanna walk into
a room full of people I don't know and feel
right at home.

I say, so let's hide from
each other and never come out. You say:

I've got an opening but my cell phone
filled it.

I say, so we're done? And you say:

Like mudcake in front of a plus model.

The number of infantile entities
that have passt thru my unhalloween
costume in the name of keeping your
finances straight can be counted on one
endless vista.

I want intimacy on
demand, yo.

Tired of being estranged from
your midriff? Ask me why.

It toggles
the grind.

What's a girl like you doing with
a face like mine?

I just bought a yacht.
Wanna ride my trike?

I really like
your acceptance resistance.

So what do
you do when the sirens board your ship,
kill the crew, and then fail to notice you?

Do you have any "eerily similar"
you could hook me up with?

Haven't we met
before?

Yes, but I don't remember it.

Nobody knows the bubble I've been.

It's 3 am. I'm alone in the center of the sky
looking down on a midsized mistake
in a state where only felons can vote.
The goof in my ear seems to be sending
signals of a horrible affectation
to which he finds himself incapable,
yet again, of putting pleasing terms to.
I turn, I die, I wag, I fart, I scream,
"In my religion, and I have no religion,
there is nothing substantial between us
that cannot be whiskt across the pond
by simply stating what it is we want
without any fear of comedic
recrimination." And she replies, "Tho I
have no type, I can tell you're not mine."

If I had a stick of taffy for every
body that's invisibly clung to
my body during some random walk-by
on the strip, I'd hate taffy.

My goal
is to drink so many imaginary men
that I throw up and in my hangover
finally gain the impregnable resolve
to coat my stomach with my mother's
lipstick before I lift my skirt over
my shoulders.

Who knows the form love will take
now it lives under constant surgery?

I'm sorry to interrupt, but I noticed

you from across the cafe and I couldn't keep
from thinking you might need help.

I'm sorry
I'm crying.

Don't be sorry. Would you like to
talk about it?

O, I'm just lonely.

Me too. It's
hard, isn't it?

I just wish there was someone
I could talk to, who would talk to me,
and we could open up to each other
and fuse with each other and then everything
would disappear and then reappear
in the incredible oneness of our
I dunno.

That's what I want too.

That's all
I want.

And someday, I bet you'll find it.

You think so?

Definitely.

You will too,
I can tell.

Really?

Yep.

Well, it was nice
talking to you.

You too.

Take care.

You too.

We are the love believers.

We never blink
in the candy storm.

When we die, we don't
rot, we just drink more juice until our
fluidly exchanged carapace of minty
mutton heals the frayed yarn of the hibernating
dean who declared loyalty to sickness.

We believe DVDs leak moon sperm.

Our strength is outside numbers.

Happening
upon a car accident is our temple.

Dig up our wild secret homing box and you
will discover the antiseptic wipes
that chained government to fun for all.

You can see us macroscopically evading
observation, two-headed girl in tow,
haggling in the backroom of apology,
our pussies singing "Dylan's in the Doghouse,"
acting corny with our eternal itch.

Do not make a statement when we tell you
to make a statement, cuz then, what's new?

We might pop by this afternoon and ask
for enough sugar to kill a large child.

Something's right with this picture, and it's not
us, unless we're missing something vitally
untrue.

And we are, which is our spook charm.

I sure do love a love story like that one
about the disease denier face down
in the dry ravine dancing with his original
crush.

Don't tell me friendship is the lumberjack's
last straw, because, my dead trees, freedom
is 831 words at a time.

I prefer film with symbolisms, since
breaking things doesn't always have to mean
they break, quoth the turnout parallel to
the happiness shortcut.

Ask yourself,
what are you asking me?

If I had to
put a purpose to this performance
it would be to improve the coming
meal.

This is my brochure. Ignore the content,
and let the lay-out make you an offer
flawless codes confuse.

Careful. She's the Asian
equivalent to the Big Mac.

I've gathered
all my photos into a tiny chip in my eye
so now when I go out I can stay in.

She entered me last night. It was a rental
violation. She isn't real, but she's
extremely well-versed in reality.
In the movie in my dick, she's 16,
but in the dicks that are in the movie,
she's twice half that. I prefer
her skinny vision of herself simply
because it's boney enough to mystify
the national socialist nod my heart
warily gives to this unforgiving
functionality. I've closed the loophole
in my madness, trapping her magazine
of grass right below 10 trillion tons
of water that make up my element
of surprise. She's mine now, tho she belongs
to everyone else. History called her
a goddess, but history doesn't wear the pants
in this nudist arctic diorama.

My formula is evident in my
formula.

Perk it up, girlfriend. You just
have to get drunk enough to crash into
a house fully believing it will get you
pregnant.

I fall in love when the wind blows,
and my love is scattered by the wind.

Bring her in. We've many uses for her.
She'll dust, replace the toilet twice daily,
round up all my errant earplugs, fuck
the mailman with his endogenous dogspray,
but whether she or ye shall actually gain
an intuition of your plush arrangements
is something I'd prefer not to saddle my
favorite band with.

I am in love with her,
making her conditional residence in me
an embarrassment quite thrilling to admit to.

Dear God, please let her never stop crying.

I wish she wasn't just made out of light,
elegantly composed by mysteriously
motivated sales teams of halfway there
suggestionists, cuz then I could walk thru
Metrocenter and smell her gas wafting
from every barf store.

She's so fucking
adorable I wanna shit in her poddy mouth
and yell, "Dad, come wipe me!"

There's nothing I
couldn't do that wouldn't ring true with my
advances into her muscly dingles.

Everything is excellent material
when I consider with what glandular
grout she seals my unmet potential.

I'd like to sign off on her release from me
but who wants to catch a rocket in
his baby teeth?

Oo! Me! Me!

Who are you
and why are you pretending to be so needy?

Guess I'll go home and stare at the bodies.

Note to lost self: keep projecting dinosaur
flicks onto her replica in my
insides until her double arrives,
totally different, wearing my grief for
a badge of ambivalence.

There's nothing
I can't achieve if given the power
to synch my objectives to my praeter-
natural accomplishments, but of course
slumber has been jiggered into joblessness,
but a charity ball featuring libido
frisbee has been postponed in her honor,
for fast-going sloth is her shield, and there's
no middle here cuz nothing's left and
nothing's right as she meddles in my muddle
which is what it's a member of.

Only
qualified to be in raw photos,
she's unclearly one of a kind, that kind
being that kind of a kind that everyone
is without proving it in a court of
cock-eyed html constitutionalists.

She's got her head in a bucket, the bucket
is labeled with a landscape, the landscape
has every reason to be scared, the scaring
is this weekend's family hit, and you want
to kiss her on the cerebral shrink-wrap
until you win the right to die in a

girl/girl/lobster warehouse fire,
but she's got this wild belief behavior
that preaches anonymity in response
to circular mood swings.

Give me her neck
and I'll show you the ethical spasms
of a misexecuted man, cuz if you think
this haggard earth can bring you tomorrow,
try speaking what it is they want to say
but find claustrophilic to their neutral.

You won't be on the up and up; you'll just
keep ordering very specific sandwiches
to pad the ax of loneliness hacking
pre-human friezes into your overwrought
cute.

You are the brilliant American
version of waiting in line to be told
what to like.

How's that working for you, Mopey?

During

When I met Juliet, she was acting
In a relocation of the first story
Currently considered childish enough
To exhilarate the diminishment
Of sleeping with your predator
Into generationally deadening
Insignias of unperformable
Heroism, for if anything ours
Was the era of verus ab absurdo.
I had come, dresst in a pre-emptive grudge
For such expected facility jibbering
Like nostalgic corpses on expensive rods,

And set myself front and center stiff
With a bottle of jack off and six
Ethereal bodyguards circling
My deafferentiated susceptions,
But with her first word, I fell to the floor.
Of course I'd noticed her before she spoke.
She was the young blonde star at the apex
Of an older, manlier half moon
Whose smile flew so wide it wasn't there.
Sure, she was a structural perfecta,
But who isn't these days now lady love lump
Pollution vacuoles are vital to
The national security dick suck
Under which we all give the flyby
Appearance of living, semi-freed by stool?
All odd ilk could see she'd been set up to be
The death-sized deflatable 3-holed
Recalcitrant spitting grouper at our
Prepubescent nightsticks, but when she spoke,
She spoke only to me. Her finest hour
Voice had the precise, closer-than-life
Mellifluity of a dismembered
Empire that had recast its grandeur
In the costumed day job palpitations
Of a collective executive
Assumption that the delta of genius
Mires the world (for what it's not worth)
In one's great and learned ability
To drool over whatever happens
To delay it. Hers was a voice one could
Swim in, had one not given up swimming
In such voices due to the downside
Of swimmer's ear bringing with it all manner
Of unechoing reverberations,
A voice she wielded like pixy wind
Startling some next-gen application
Into cross-format gush, a voice that danced
Thru my mind like the ocean in a flag,

Motion so wedded to motive it meant
Nothing when they fought. O how she shone
With the oscillance of all unsettled suns.
So lustrous her transparency, looking
Thru her you saw her. She was an other-
Musical invasion come from the forest
We all nap in while working. The way she
Sent us on led laughingly back to her.
Restorative lightning shot from her eyes
Transformed the room into a palimpsest
Of unrefinable feeling that it
Didn't exist save as a gladly crackt
Vessel open to her plashing ginger beer.
Every man of the house dumpt his smoothie
Into her shoes, hoping to go as her
To his execution. She was what
Foresight had evolved into.
To say she was grounded implies a ground
She hasn't yet become. She was proof
There was life outside the universe
As it had been filmed by the hundred years
Accounting fluke. The edges of her
Shimmering form such a tumult of
Perceptual claims buckt in battle
Between miming her and maybe not her,
A battle she meant to end in a draw
Sucking me in like a parade down
A manhole. So this, I thought, is what's inside
Those dumplings you just can't get anymore.
Behold the great electrical O doe
Who has liberated herself from
The burn grid and now prances thru the tall grass
Plug jolted by wildfire adoration.
I am downloading ovulationtube's
Entire cache instantly thru her flash pipes
Of Normandy calico. She has taken
Up residence behind my wish sockets,
And with one gentle hand on each baby

Marble, she turns my attention to Yoplait,
Leaving me only everything. God, she
Is your daughter, and you have given up
On her curfew, dropping the hang-tongue
World into her ultraviolet scotoma,
As she slimes light. Gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous,
She so supple sharp, she sprang from her pants
Smoking rebirth over the paralyzed
Spasming neophilic masses,
Like nothing ever happened without her.
She is what we eat when we sleep. This is that
Media shower chanteuse whose too-
Fantastic-for-fantasy lilt kicks men
At the sun like gruesomely grinning drums
Of parturial waste. This is her majesty's
Nipple metastasized into the grape
Of dramatic saraband. This is supreme
Excellence slumming in ultimate
Perfection. This is the sex of the storm.
She is a message to me from my children
Stationed on some mutagenic capsule
Saying, "Father, we are flagging you down,
For she is our desired emergency.
Let her sweet trouble brace you for the best,
For our innocent fixations require
Redoing, and she is the exconjugant
Lap whence we may finally come a-maying
Into what was is. She is negritude
Clean enough to question. Turn us into
Cornballs and fry our gelatinous reverb
To snacks for her slave nudes. She will be our
Re-mother, the martian ice of our ancient
Audition for the celebrated Not
Award. She will stick a summer camp
Into the fine tuning of our fumbling
Fingers. O father, enter her homily
On pulling yourself into the scary cave
That we may die of exposure as she

Glares in wonderment at our likeness
To her dream pamper. O father, prove she's
More than a weather balloon or something."
Her lips played off each other like two slides
End to end, faux-memes crashing in blossom
Extemporaneous primitivity
That swisht like tomorrow's wagging tail,
Chiming, "When I grow up, I'm going
To be a teenager." The shock value
Of her vocal nova was pure erasure
From the drive to casual morbidity.
She gave great head trip. To hear her
Was to be replaced by her character,
Blurring the lines between fuse and blend,
And in that dank dunking you saw clearly
You were a puppet whose strings had become
Snagged on her bumper, and she was speeding
Straight up your nose, a welcome introition
For one so border-challenged. Come with me,
She said, diving into her grave, cannily
Comfortable with the misinterpretation
Of her false intentions, like a nut cap
Pleased to be whistled upon. Our appetites
Mulled thru her scrub oak belfry. Sixty seven
Times in the first second of her arc
Did she reach out and stroke my beard with a
"O what a high-flying mushroom you are.
You make me feel like I'm in pictures,
You man; you flattering neck brace." My arms
And legs fell off. My head retracted
Into the sky, and I became a lumpy
Antenna channeling her programming
Thru the million homes in each staminated cell
Of my developing ascendance
Into groundling. I could see the components
Of matter laid out on a picnic blanket
Like contraband weapons at a police
Auction, and I suckled on them, kicking

Off my shoes, one of which struck me in the head,
Knocking me out, which is to waken in
Her womb without any plans to vacate
The premises when the flooding takes control
Of the upper house. It's like her tongue was
Carpeted with air-droppt gold leaf fugue
Depictions. You could climb her words to
The itinerant tree fort in your share
Folder, which is nothing more than her morning
Breath thanking a stadium of roses
For her ninth nod in the category
Of most beloved belittler. She was,
In a word, all words, but on a good day,
Getting along, walking on legs of light
Directly into the face you always
Wanted, and now had, thanks to her birth-
Rehearst, ever-recurring entrancement.
Plants grew toward her. Water warmed beneath her.
Trees blossomed within her. People strippt
Before her. Nations dissolved around her.
Cautionary tales exempted her.
Sparkle on the pond, shifting shapes beneath,
Scent of sexual pine, pull the garter
Snake from her thigh, wild berries on lashes,
She fills the heave with smasht transparent nannies.

I did not lack a past with Juliet,
Or should I say with Juliet's milieu.
Her father, an American actor,
Who had become England's foremost
Bardic exhumitionist had shown passing
Interest in my crapulence some years prior,
But dining after his Cloten as swish
I had given offense to his wife's attack
On my homeland's extravagant response
To the falling of her most redundant
Towers, heroically dooming my prospects
With the global curator. Following

Juliet's performance, the cast and kind
Went to a bar, and as I had workt with
The producer in pornography
And plagiarism, I was invited
In gest. We started the night at opposite
Ends of a long table, and as I had
No hope of meeting her, I proceeded
To assault my neighbors with bragging
Disguised as curiosity, until
I heard my name being called from the other
Version of the room. It was the producer.
"There's someone I want you to meet. I've been
Telling her all about you, telling everyone
How important you might someday be."
And so it was that I met Juliet.
After our introduction, she rose and walkt
Directly to where I stood an unsafe
Distance from the table, and looking so
Deeply into my eyes our spines rubbed toes,
She whispered like space junk recently
Upgraded to possible flying baby:

They say you're a great [insert profession].

I have been known to grate on those who lack
Soft behind their shield, but the only greatness
In me is my great desire to serve
The greatness in you.

So you enjoyed
The performance?

You mean all that stuff
Happening around you?

No, I mean
All that stuff happening inside me.

That was as far from performance as I
From feeling capable of commenting
On what's inside you yet.

Are you one of those
Who's against theater in the theater?

I'm against what in the theater keeps
Theater from being more than theater.

Demands that usually end in divorce.

I guess I believe the action valued
By theater is now most importantly
Depicted as the drive to escape theater.
I mean, what else are you doing when you
Base what you'll become on what I've been?

I am filling my body with words I love.

Yes, and why do that? What is it
About you that makes you feel genuine
Speaking what is meant for everyone?

My desire to make the general
Personal is not only self-creating,
But feels an important aptitude
To defuse, to share, to educate in.

How do you get to that place where you feel
Like you're not there? Do you feign a wild
Reception? Do you pity the eye
That loathes you? I mean, what flavor are you
On stage?

You're in my mouth; you tell me.

The taste of my fingers in the face of fear.

Then why do you seem so out of work?

As feel-your-fate and savagely
Charitable as I found the evening,
It is inevitably the done-up
Of a dead time, and because I am a
Composition book whose only chance at
Official conflagration is to be
Perfectly posited beneath the rain
Such that the apocryphal wind chair brail
Instantiated into my fibers
Argues for the downfall of depersonalization
Thru deceptive nowness. I cannot rest
On your laurels.

You could, and that's the problem.

There's an excellent play in itself.

What would want to play in itself?

Perhaps
That's where we are, a place so misplaced
To be there is to question where you are.

To ask where we are is the only way
To be where we are, and our only hope
Is others enact the conviction of
Our confession.

For me it's like breaking
Birthday candles in front of children
Or turning off the comfort tornado
And smiling at the elongated bunny
Across the street who entered halfway
Thru the action. It's wrapping them in our arms
And helping them forget the icy sloes

Their independence rejected them onto,
Yet I must wonder where in me the perfect
Communal action can be found.

Perhaps
It's in your urge to tempt me to perform it.

Tell me then what tempts you.

The more regular
And element-washt the drip cup that teases
Me to leak from my map case some squirrely
Round toward ageusia, the more I want
To release all I hold in my mind's catch:
Thoughts, songs, cycles, beatings, rhythms, tics,
Patterns, stunts, shunts, clips, wants, dreams, pictures,
Petals, just think of all that's in our mind
Yet separate from ourselves; now imagine
A gift, a gift without decoration,
A gift of speech, but not the speech we use
To be what we deny, but a special
Speech, a super speech, some other's speech,
The ultimate other's speech, which we then
With the patience and practicality
Of scientient lust take in, register,
Conquer, become, and when we are speaking
This impossible speech, all those vital
Mental intrusions drift away, and we
Are transported out of ourselves
Gaining control by becoming someone else,
Embroiled in the actions of another's
Thoughts, perfectly sounded, we are in the place
We cannot be when in that place we are,
Making love out of other people's bodies.

But what's the point?

The point is to be close

While moving.

They need us to open up
A world directly outside them that can't
And must exist inside them, for if we are
To continue to imagine something
Other than our broken hide-the-subject
Contemplation, we must err on the side of
Success.

I feel their fascination
At my suggestion of your desire,
As if it propelled them away from
The death-scented mattress of this round spot
Wherein we all commiserate with
The negative beak in the mind side,
And our bodies fire off, as I shake
My tail at the yawning remorse system.

I am dejected.

But knowing you carry
A primitive hutch in your soft speaker
Ready for deployment upon detail
Of my wake down, seeing you pace the pause
That locks us into the open, I am
Relit for at-home expeditions, thru
Your group intelligence with extra
Generational leaf leanings, and I want
My music to hang on your thrashing lips.

What presence you have.

You are my presence.

I feel in all this the mutual body
Yearning come from two different ports
In substandard relation to default,

And our interlocking tack somehow
Stuns the emotional ambulance in
The viewer, I mean, as I reach for you
I tremble, ejecting these molecules
Of bad light from my populated pores,
To delven and to deepen the earbud
Of your adaptability. I am become
A spectacle, and brained by your remote
Homage. I need your body.

I need
Your information.

Where are you going
When you look at me?

I am too full of you
To speak for myself.

We measure each other,
So we are infinite.

You have dark circles
Under your mouth.

That is your wilderness
Of waiting. It peripheralizes
What's best left said, the language of your father.

But where am I in all this worship?
Everything is too useful for the inside
To be considered its mute parameter,
To choke on an aspiration beyond
Direction, it's all just vomit without
Your summer sun: they want us to conjoin,
They want you to beam the outcome of your thoughts,
So we are their vacation in possibility.

I see no solution behind my absorption
Into you.

You cast me and I hook him
In the mouth, and he says, what a lovely rock.
I think I will eat it. But no, it is
My elbow, and I am broken by my will
To behave. How will this all end? Neverish,
As always. Place a lamp above the bed
That we may choose in what recess we gaze
Against the too parallel day that shoots
The fountain of youth into our eyes
Before we've learned to close them with a simple
Line about drowning in a dry hump while
Everyone's looking.

I don't doubt you,
And there's the crazy pitfall we enact
Every night by tripping up in a state
Of admirable gullibility.

Nothing is harder than what we do, except
Not doing what we do.

And they know that,
At least in the backs of their steel-toed shades
That ache every time a leaf opts to stay,
Saying, "Don't read everything you believe."

We are the only alternative to color.
That is something.

Who puts us in their hands
Shall never again throw anything away,
And then you will see that the nucleus of
Their solitary tract has re-emerged
From an unassuagable bore machine.

In the midst of one of our long digging stares
Juliet was called back to the table
And I returned to my end intent on
Letting her see the back of my head just to
Increase the climax. I kept peeking to see
If she was looking at me, but she wasn't,
Which I took as a sign of her lay
Clarity as to our tension mission.
As the party started to dwindle down,
The cast and crew spilled into the street,
And by acting like I had nowhere to go,
I ended up alone with Juliet.
We each pulled out a cigarette and smoked,
The energy between us lighter, both
Of us, I assumed, wrapped in the heavy
Shroud of uncertainty on the next step
In our standing still dance. I asked her which way
She was headed and offered to see her home.
She was staying across town, and a journey
Thru Central Park at night was deemed
The quickest route. She was nervous at the thought,
And I promised her she would be safe in
My presence, a promise I half meant to keep.
This seemingly comforted her, which made me
Feel very, very good about things.
We spoke more as we strolled thru the dark park,
Totally alone, everything slightly wet,
Occasionally glimpsing each other
In yellow lamp glow, then disappearing
Into a more viscous blank, we smoked, laughed,
And let the conversation roll across us,
Like sheets of untrained fingers, we talked
About acting, the German word for trying
To get played, stood close, spoke rapidly,
Gesticulated sharply, locking eyes,
Interrupting and being glad to be so,
Laughing, striving, wondering together,
Thrusting huge electrical jolts

Of empathetic soul vigor directly into
Each other's chests, synchronized mouth
Swimming, touch foregone but had, swaying,
Swinging, lunging and not landing, drinking
Smells, eating sights, thrashing in language,
Easy as trees, bright, palpitating, laser fling
Flesh volleys slamming repeatedly
Into our dark twisted gawping word mist,
Love pounding the drums between us, forming
One pod of two struggling flourishing
Knuckles wagging their image into
The symmetrical mess, longing to be
Captured, her emotional access cramming
Into my orders from on high, proposing
Unperformed Atlantic crossings, bemoaning
New world Victorianisms, fast educational
Weakness, questioning our characters
Living each other's stories, everything
Left open, staring, smiling, great vaguenesses
Clouding us with intense sexual shine.
We finally emerged from the park, and came
To her building, the very one before which
Lennon had been shot, or so I hoped.
We embraced, she kissed me on the cheek,
And before she went inside I let her know
I'd be available Thursday or Friday
To show her around the city, and that
I had a show on Saturday I'd love
Her to see. She said that was great,
She'd be there, she'd get the info from our friend,
She said it was wonderful to meet me,
And she looked forward to seeing me
Again, and then she disappeared. I walked
To the subway, and as I stood above
The stairs, harsh light belching from the earth
Like a radioactive geyser
Of rapid sitting, I thought, she likes me.
Does she like me? She's got to like me.

Why would she spend so much time talking
To me if she didn't like me? Why would she
Have let me walk her home if she didn't
Like me? Why would she have stared at me
Like that if she didn't like me? No one
Stares at someone like that unless they're thinking
Something inappropriate to say
Too soon, you know, something like I like you.
She did those things, and why would she do
Those things unless she liked me? She likes me.
She's got to like me. There was an energy
Between us. It meant something. It was unique.
This doesn't happen all the time. There's just
No way she'd act like that unless she was
Feeling like that. Like she liked me. She must
Like me. She's got to like me. She likes me.
The train ride took 2 1/2 hours.
It was 5 am when I got to my door.
I got undressed, laid in bed, my wife
Sleeping soundly beside me,
And I reached for my intangible Juliet.

You're smiling.

It's my allergy to you.

Such a brilliant man.

You shine, I reflect.

You made me feel alive tonight for the
First time since the birth I can't remember.

I feel as if I were born of you.

A second life, and we give life to all.

Touch your face.

Only if you assume me
True enough to nature to accept.

You're so focused.

A potential
I never knew I had.

I am a starfish
Clinging to a cliff.

The sea shall rip you
Free.

You are the destruction I was made for.

I feel as if you are seated with me
Before either of us was every born.

This is
A reunion, self to self, time to light,
Was to can, thru you, tangled in your hair,
Swimming thru your translucent skin,
As you lie on top of me, I become
Weightless, put wings to my words,
Fallen into your esker, sinking, rose
Above my body. I love your lips
Because they spray delicious cookies.
Toes tangled, eyes rubbing, our skins
Won't keep it down. Your hair is growing
Into my head, I've got a chalet in your pelvis,
Nipples keep getting in my throat, we've
Lockt elbows in my mouth (around the azure)
Pieces of your heart are under my nails,
Tummies are touching, heads digested,
Whose ankle nose is this? I think I
Just kisst my ass, I'm on my back

And I can see you beneath me, we're swapping
Drives, we are the mist making moon,
I like it in your dream, we kiss,
We hump, we melt, we start, and we are
Juliet.

After

I never saw her again.
I'd invited her to my show, Me, but
She showed me. I tried to contact her,
But nothing. I never saw her again,
At least not in person. She pops up
In the news now and then, some video
Interview on the web. I saw her once
In a commercial for something filled
With air. For a while I followed her
Career, but she never played in the states,
And I can't afford to go abroad. Times are tough.
Besides, what would I say? It took me
About six months to get there, but I've finally
Come to accept she didn't like me.
I mean, sure, she liked me well enough, but
She didn't really like me well enough.
Girl like that, you know, she walks in
Pretty intense circles, big circles,
Like only comes back around once every
3.62 million years type circles,
Meets a lot of major people, has a lot
Of exciting choices, like she's always
In demand. She's got VIP passes
To that nightclub with the real live
Lions out front, and, whatever.
My situation just isn't that appealing.
Slim portfolio, ya know? Complicated
Scenario, right? Maybe she thought
I was a pretentious prick. Maybe I am
A pretentious prick. I do tell myself
All the time, you're a pretentious prick,

But I always thought it was something
No one else noticed. Maybe when I was
Staring at her and she said "What?" she was
Thinking I was thinking I could see her
Playing a part in some big play, and I
Wanted to offer her that part, it would be
A great part, and she could do it, and maybe
If she really did it, she could meet
Somebody important. Maybe she's one
Of those "I liked him cuz he stared
At my breasts" girls. Of course, I did
Stare at her breasts, but only with my
Breasts, and she probably thought that
Was kind of romantically fuckt up.
Maybe I wasn't aggressive enough.
Maybe I didn't ask enough questions.
Maybe I'm dull. Maybe she doesn't
Like my nose, or my hips are too girlish.
Maybe the quiet Americana into
Which I slumpt after 6 or 7 disappointed
Her. Maybe she's not into the long distance
Thing. Maybe she was acting. Maybe she
Wasn't acting, and that tripped her up.
Maybe she was just being Juliet,
And I am not, well, you know what I'm not.
With time I've come to sense that I was fooled.
Not by her, but by me. Of course, I've fooled
Myself hundreds if not millions if not
All the time, and this time, despite my keen
Perception, was just like every other time,
Which I know is impossible, but it's
A feeling I always have. She is someone
Who does this all the time. She is action.
She feels that all the time. She explodes
Into emotion every day and all night.
She sees another person that she loves
Anew every day and every night, and she
Gives herself to them every day and every night,

And she lives in this constant recurring
Enveloping wonderland of enchanted
Otherness. Me, I was alone, and not quite right,
Or I was perfect, and I am not alone.
In fact, perhaps my perfection
Showed her someone more perfect
Is possible, so off she went, O celestial
Pioneer. For me she was a star, and when
I saw her the lid popped off the world
And a trillion little earth friendly plastic
Wedding cake figurines swirled out
And danced thru my brain and it seemed to me
Like the ultimate coupling, like she was
Born to bear my bumble babes, but for her
It was just one more hot night at a bar.
Just another conversation, another
Chance to act, just another chance to be
Juliet. But this doesn't cheapen it.
What she felt, I'm sure, was just as intense
And genuine as I felt, but in comparison
To what she feels all the time, it just didn't
Stand out. It was like getting water from the
Tap. It's all the same, but it's all good.
Whereas for me it was as starkly
Divided from my regular existence
As yesterday from the day the moon
Plunges into Canada. The thought of this
World where there are Juliets and
Those that actually get to taste them,
The thought that this world exists without me
Both tempts and revolts me.
It tempts me because I want in
And it revolts me because I know
That were I in, what I felt with Juliet
Would become mundane, like a drug
That's lost its jellyroll. Then again,
Fuck that. I want in. I want it all
The time, yet none of this demeans her.

Juliet will do what Juliet will do.

Lately I've been wondering, what should we
talk about? What is there to talk about?
Of course, before we can figure out
what there is to talk about, we've got to
figure out what there is. What is there?

My first reaction to that question is
that great painting is an affront to me.

Music coming from the bars on a hot
summer night, laughter, cheers, and I
realize joy is possible as long as I'm
not there.

I've never known what to answer,
even when I was very young, when asked,
"What's your favorite color?" I mean,
on the basis of what am I to make
such an assessment? How each color
makes me feel? But how do I arrive at
that sensation? Do I actually trust
myself to know myself? Do I actually
feel my relationship with color
to be something I can understand? If all
these colors make me feel all these different
things, don't they cancel each other out,
leaving me, in effect, feeling nothing,
or feeling a plethora of things?

What does plethora mean again?

I think it means too much.

No, it means too little.

Yeah, same thing.

Not really.

Yeah, same thing.

Isn't everything happening in every
relationship? What's the point, really,
in speaking of things as here or there
when our wires get crossed by recursive
nativity?

Why make assertions
about what is save to keep what's yours?

Who wants to live in a world in which it's
legal to build a house in the woods,
to own a portion of the water's edge,
to control what you've produced, to let
people who suck shit have children, like why
exactly do you have it coming to you?
Why do you not give of yourself freely?
Why do you have discreet notions of beauty?
Why is global tragedy just more news?
Do you actually trust your own jokes?

The many ways we know each other
have nothing to do with what we are.
What we are is not knowable. It is tangible,
yet never toucht.

We'll never touch.

Nothing
will always come between us.

So where does
that leave us?

It leaves us right here, and it
never returns.

Or, rather, it does, but we
don't recognize it cuz it's still the same,
and now it's us.

Heavy bad buzz, heavy
bad buzz.

Who could ever say we're using
our streets to their greatest potential?

It's a perfectly real position to loathe
intimacy and yet want to be closer
to people, cuz the former feeling is
a result of the current conditions,
but the latter feeling is the condition
of what would be if the former feeling
were more current, aka resolved,
gone away, copacetic, useless, yours.

We count our achievements without ever
learning to count in the number system
we must learn to make our achievements
actually count toward what we want to achieve.

Stop saying we when you mean not you.

I sit and think pennyroyal we.

Clean up before yourself.

Stop reconfiguring
the good ole days into parking meters
with goofy grimaces.

Stop clamoring

for that extra crotch kick in your coffee.

Stop being your own unproduceable
companion piece.

You're talking to yourself
again.

Cuz I'm my only captive audience.

That's what you think.

Know what?

No, what?

I don't believe in character anymore.
I don't believe what we call a person
with a personality is what a
person really is. I believe we're all
basically the same thing, it's just that thing
is hidden beneath varying degrees
of unwillingness to be down with it.
What is this thing and why our unwillingness
toward it? I don't know, and I know this is
the easy way out, but I want out, so
doesn't it make sense I'd take the easy way?
Why should I take the hard way? Or rather,
Why do you want me to take the hard way?
What are you, some kind of armed accountant?
I don't believe in story anymore.
I believe story is a psychosis
that's killing us, depriving us of all we
need, shunting our minds into dead-end
obsessions, both ludic and nociceptive,
which merely perpetuate a growth cycle
in the solutions we need problems to,
so we generate more problems, our one

renewable resource that is not only
never new but mocks the very idea
of resource in the sense of being
something outside of us that revives us,
because we are not being revived
by the problems that fund our story wars;
we are being stabbed into our own eyes.
And I don't believe in Juliet anymore.
Sure, everyone gets lucky now and then,
but living for the exception is dying
Every day. May I put you on hold?
80 years later, click. And throughout it all
you suffer that inane music that's supposed
to assure you someone's still there, but
no one's there. The system is on you.

I like the all-male power band
behind your jumper.

Bleak as bleak can bleak.

Break with you when I break you into your slops.

We are gathered here today, and anything
else is Juliet.

Drench me in your denial aoili.

I'm just glad to know there are people
like you whose life is so "away with
all gods" they've no need for people like me,
dolphin kickers in a dust up.

This is
inspiration that fell thru the cracks
to reach the bottom of things, where Bling Bling,
the anti-nature preserve panda, holds court
in a church made of ho spit.

Seems it was
an accidental suicide, not mine,
but called mine in several mock briefs, that led
me to you, and now it's that retro presto
that leads me from you, one warp at a time.

Not being with you is like being with me.

I'd like to taste what's inside your
impenetrable lacquer of despair.

Probably a whole lot of wry reviews
and talking microphones pointing at your
rumbling virgin moonshine.

You're tragically
desirable. Has anyone not told you that?

It's like counting your change while being
buried alive.

What we like about story
is that things come back around, giving us
the illusion that things come back around,
but you never came back around, and there's
a story there somewhere, tho it's likely
to have been drained and converted into
a motorcycle race.

It's the story
of a story not taking place, which is
the only story I know, other than
that one about the 6 zillion victors
and the three girls dainty enough to dissolve
into their own hums.

I'm waiting for voice

input from the Rio Grande.

Bring me my
endometrium on a slump in new recruits
and I'll freeze you in a cenogenetic
glimmer of my phony baloney phone.

I considered it my illegitimate
birthright to oppress you with my kin fizz.

You made me a programmatic dipstick,
so I gave myself flack and fuckt my fist
with the soft end.

You hurt my herd.

You junkt
my jerk.

Cuz you wdn't jerk my junk.

You stuck me in the glasswares jungle,
you broken panic button.

Can I see
the manager?

This meal is rightly irked.

She should have called me weeks ago. Am I
out of range?

Do my clothes flatter others?

Is my hardcover soggy?

Fire in the
fountain!

Time to give journalism
a brain cramp.

Turn this ship around and take me
to prison.

I'm a black whore and you're
the vanilla frosting on my right to work.

You're the pill my pulse needs to make it
back to the lake when it's exhausted
avenue shimmies.

They say I'm going
insane, but where is sane and how do I
get in?

Look out, I'm raining!

Winds are heavy
across nine forms of not quite getting there,
houses lift from their tires, kids fly into
schools, it's vacation time for published reason,
and I want you screaming naked on my
flatware, so I can shriek, "This steak stinks,
and I love it!"

I'm racing towards the edge
of your good side, and I want you so bad
I can waste it.

Pieces of shock shed light
on the Shambles Spectacular.

I say
we meet under the park.

Mentally ill
is redundant when you're a jet.

I stand
outside the boarded up bodega at night,
brokering my dilapidated fuzz
to dancing cops, cuz lazy is as lazy
doesn't, or so it goes when you're planted
in resin.

You have got to contact me!
I have something important to put on
your head (hint: sexy negligence).

It's just
so funny how everything happens in
sequences that don't include any of
the middle terms we assume found their way
into proclivity thru our flitting
measurements.

Think of that. Flitting
measurements. What will they fail to think
of next?

I'm good, but I'm not good for you.

I'm putting you in charge of learned
metabolism in the hopes my flimsy
convictions will dissipate in the way
a sprinkler doesn't work underwater.

Are you a plate, or am I just food
for the thought everyone's sick of hearing?

It's all a great excuse for talking over
the eery lack of dismemberment scenes
we all know are there, celebrating

their triumph over our romantic sensors
with loud, off-color horns.

I just can't believe
you didn't like me, or, if you did,
I just can't believe I'm too dumb to read
your sublime playing to the gallery.

I am a birdseed scarecrow, and you
are the vague kind of rage.

Up up and away,
my beautiful, my beautiful penis
garage.

What is a naked voice save for
the unmasking of fatigue?

Careful, babe,
I got eyes in the back of my memory loss.

You are a bridge between non-sudden death
and getting re-addicted to contract
violations.

When I say "you" backward, I feel French.

I'd like to know if this is entertaining
so I can stop.

You came to me, but you
were wearing protection, so I lost the toss.

I thought there was something between us,
and now I see it's you in a tiny
black dress making out with most of Italy.

Who here plans on calling

today yesterday tomorrow?

Fucking
cowboys. You always ruin the white lie.

Look, I'm a void, so stop avoiding me.

You were never a very warm rug.

That drink I bought you? I hope it turns to piss.

You're probably talking about me right now
with that mouth you never use cuz it makes
you sound like a bromance on prop prozac.

Miss Hiroshima 1945!

Yes, I'm angry. I'm alive, aren't I?

Stop chewing your inchoate uterus concept!

I keep thinking your touched-up photo
is the answer to sensuality's debt, but
debts don't have answers, only more
annoying questions.

I could never make
love to a woman whose body doesn't
resemble mine after 18 days of
dirty chicken disease.

Speaking at the same
time is no substitute for porn-theoretic spooning.

O, so you're the end of the world? Yeah, well,
I've seen worse when acting like a child.

I guess I just thought you cared enough

to send the very best something middling.

I started hearing wedding screams the instant
you left my situation in jeopardy
and I became sleepy with the din
of a party not to be.

Isn't "not
getting any" sticking to the subject?

I thought so too, until I thought so.

I'm a dragonfly taped to a dead duck.

Everyone is so good these days at being
funny and weird and approved; well, I've got
something to share with the group: I prefer
women written by men.

I prefer
the spotlight up my bung.

This is a dream
that's eaten its way out of my head
and now it's too full to move.

I keep expecting
her to jog thru that wall and say something
like "Forgive me, my love, I got lost at sea,
but the thought of your fresh-water bullocks
kept me chipper."

Could you please
launch that rescue mission you promist
as you let go of my hand, even if
those weren't your exact words?

That's you all over,

and this is me, slurping you off the sidewalk.

You said my way or the highway,
so I took my way, and it was the highway,
so here I am, alone in Ohio.

They said my poetry didn't push
the story forward, so I pusht the story
aside, and now all I have is the thought
of letting folks in for free, which they
won't let me do, cuz "free says bad," or so
they say, those that one must pay to say
what one will pay for dearly once it's said.

In what sense are you qualified to give
your opinion?

I'm always taking nine
or two intelligence tests without even
knowing it.

Yes! I'm high again! Hi!

There's art in here somewhere, due to a defect
in workmanship.

I've learned to talk
to myself using objects on a slanted
table, but I'm having a hard time finding
someone to knit me a cocksock out of
their own skin.

Sit down.

There are no good seats.

Please follow me to my most pathetic yay.

I've got one more incredible thing to say,
and I can't seem to come up with it.

Buttercup, buttercup, fart me a burrito.

I am my nuclear option.

Something
about being stoned inside someone else
reminds me not to let the baker
determine my day.

I am hypnotized
by the past participle scab obelisk
of the well-produced maiden whose
connecting cables (cut-off points that begin
the random exchange with iconoclesiastic
harping) can't quite not know how to brain me.

The duller it is, the more sensitive.

It keeps clipping off the beginnings
of my words. Ice at om.

Thanks. It's actually my head, gone wrong.

Ideally,
I need to talk to you, free of ideals.

Put the child down.

Let the drugs work.

Change
your hair.

Make a better hand.

Get flustered
more often.

I just wish you were here
in this room so I could impress you
with my floor plans for fame.

Fuck it. Another
perfectly incomprehensible message
wasted on the sacred prius that glues
your thighs together that I not appear
too political against bitter backdrops.

I wanna make creamy peanut butter with your
chunky run-off.

All I think about now is what
my performance art piece will be like once
I figure out what it is.

I'd like to put
my foot down, but I don't own any land.

Come closer. I want to see my reflection
in your eyes.

Would you mind being Mediterranean?

The blow is moving down my spine like lightning
up a child's pant leg.

Keep reaching for what's
illegal in Texas.

My genitals are like
a giant box of crayons - unused most of
the time, and when it is, little hands
mess it up, but the job offers pour in.

I think I just had a genetically
modified orgasm.

I thought I saw you
in the corner store, then I realized
I wasn't in the corner store.

I can feel
you thinking of me with whatever part
one uses when one is thinking only
of one's self.

I wish it had workt between us;
then again, I probably wouldn't have been
able to pay the malpractice premiums.

Summer's coming irregardless of
my incorrect usage. I think I'll just
get hot and try to pass myself off
as a cheapy freeze pop.

You've made me
sad in a way even I can't sanction.

Or is it feel? I've got no time for time.

I'd like to have you in the end, but you're
wearing colon guards made out of Russia.

The love between a man and a woman
left without saying why.

Many heads,
one headway.

I can't fall cuz there's nothing
to hold onto.

I believe Martian ice-floe
patterns are emerging which ought to give
us pause re attendance figures for
the invisible way you trip me up.

Don't you think it's kinda neat how it
fakes us out?

Whatever became of making
an approach meant to gently incite
an imaginary response that fails
miserably because joyfully to break down
where we never began yet gladly remain
chewing pens into knives?

I shall o'errule
you some day with a difference you do not
yet know is governing your indifference.

It's so kind of you to disappear in such
a hypothetical "crunch time" manner,
as if using the word "interact" lets it
use us, for the transmission of love
has no neutral (if I am allowed
an automotive metaphor before
a crowd of no-shows), so it tends to
burn out quickly.

The wood in my guitar
is alive, so I must humidify it
in the cold months, and that's all I have
of you.

The language of nature isn't
written in math, it's written in walking,
and you are walking away from me,
naturally, as I'm kidnappt by the market

meltdown I engineered in order to fund
a hyperteam of vague species who pay
loyalty to me thru the sounds of my
bathroom as I stand alone before dawn,
staring at myself, trying to look like you
looking at me with those large, loving eyes,
those eyes I love as myself, dead and alive.

It would be nice to meet someone like you,
or you, but I'd take like you, which might be
more like you than you, since you don't like me,
and as far as I can't see, I am you,
cuz you're all I've got and I ain't got you.

Babe.

Don't infantilize my infant stage!

I think I misst that last trendy sigh
when I was trying to flush my head down
a pirated galley of "Rigor for Jerks."

You've got something on your face. O, it's you.

Maybe I've lost my way,
and someone else found it rummaging thru
collapsed Caribbean shark populations,
took it home, cleaned it up, gave it supper,
then clubbed its skull with a bust of Charcot,
stuck a stick up its ass and stood it up
in the living room as someone to talk to
when the fat lady loses her voice.

So, this other "you" so-called "chose" over "me,"
can he juggle 12 invisible fireballs?

Can he turn off the Empire State Building
with his mind?

Can he pretend to stick
a penny in his ear and then pull it out
your purse?

Can he paraphrase my early
period?

Can he boast my boasting record?

Can he get on without you?

Can he deploy
what isn't his?

Can he make a fool of
himself in a way no one notices?

Does he haggle with beggars?

Can he sing
your praises wearing a purple elephant mask?

Can he flip out when the pressure's off?

Can he blame his replacement for his mistakes?

Can he fail to bring the rain with a
silly dance?

Can he grow frustrated
at the reception he receives for going
incognito?

Has he considered
feeling afraid of extreme adult toys?

Is he endlessly amused at his own

excuses for not getting off his fat ass
and starting that website, killourtroops.com?

Can his beloved nana bench press
her weight in his guilt?

Is he an ironic
candidate for the presidency of
The United No Way?

Are his goggles
American made up?

Can you taste your dip in his semen?

Can he act like it never happened?

Can he say I'll do it tomorrow
with the flair of a horny gnat?

Does he
not quite see what anyone could see
in him?

Can he persevere in the face
of Rodin?

Cuz I can, so like what
were you thinking when you washed me off
your soil allotment?

I wanna put you
on stage and beat you up in a publically
acceptable kissing style.

You said
there were 983
pages in your thesaurus, but you failed

to mention they were all blank.

Go to hell,
and when you get there, call with directions,
and I'll come right away just picturing it.

Am I in shape? Sure, it's just not your shape.
A nine-sided triangle with round corners,
increasingly small, parallel to paradise,
doing I dunno.

Would you please come over
to my time-share bad scene and help me
finish my thought?

The farther you recede from
my night vision scope, the more you become
the blackness I'm incapable of fearing
cuz its white hands are over my eyes
and it's whispering, "Technorush toward
omnivorous peer review."

You glower
at me from across the as-if development,
the instinct of care squirming in your arms.
I spew rehearsal tears, more easily
remembered than recalled, seeming to mean
exclusion's victory lap had enflamed
hysterical pregnancies of its
enamored rejectors into a new form
of out-of-business snow that warmed us
as it fell only behind our eyelids
in that divorce musical where the public
cherishes its recreational mistakes
over a dogged reliance on what's
happening in bars made out of hack dreams.

There was new territory to be dehoused

shimmering between your breasts and my
unpresent negative reaction
to the overdone image of your breasts.
Some called it the land of the uppity
puppets. Others, who were in fact the same some,
the beading brow of relaxed hilarity.
I thought it was our child! Then I saw
it was some new form of wry ribaldry
made in the Bronx.

And you said, drive your camel
straight into me. I will envelop it as
the razor hugs the wrist, and everything
you want tortured into docile intention
will smack of arrogance in the house of
the icky peach genius.

I couldn't believe
my left ear. This was supposed to be
one of those easy, above-the-tree line
honeymoons, and here you were, passing out
sippy cups full of best-selling twit lit
to the dead horses piled into a jumpy
castle at my feet, the feet I can't use
since you droppt your cosmometrics on them.

But who wants to boogie now we all know
your leading me on had become so
terribly popular philosophy
could never again go wild?

It was love
at first sight, but I was up to my advancing
hairline in cold borscht.

I want you, I said,
and you: "Four training sessions are required
in order to begin the training sessions."

Clearly, I wasn't going home with you,
which is a lot like requesting the
vegetarian option and getting
dad on a bun.

Flying buttresses.
Say it with me. Lying slutresses.
Dammit, that really used to deliver.

I will always see you as I last saw you:
A bra tied tight over a baby's face,
suffocating it as it sings ama lama
kooma lama kooma la vistay
to its first doodoo.

I'm your only chance
to lose weight, but I'm not the weight
I want you to lose.

Without me, you're
a stray endorphin on the wrong bus.

You are my antidote to enlightening
simplitude, so, come on, get plastered with me
to the fuckers upstairs. We're smoking hair.
Your hair. Okay. Not really your "hair,"
but we're plastered. So what's yours and mine
save the reason I want to die slowly
in plain view of my familiars?

It's my hips,
isn't it? My hips are too womanly.
Well, that's what happens to a guy after
he gives birth to 28 anticlimaxes.
He fills out. He's not sure what he fills out,
but it gets him a gig scraping himself
off your heel.

Give me 7 1/2 hours
with your produce aisle and I'll have you shooting
cunt-carved pumpkins at the governor's head.

This is just no way to treat the dead space
between our gemutlich sores.

Have you any
idea how delicate I am? Clearly not,
Ms. Blockbuster Cluster Bomb.

Now we're all
connected, who's to say what you're unwilling
to do?

I walkt the streets
periodically blurting "doctor" or
"darkness" or "Carolingian Hittite"
as the sensation of abandonment
became the door stop in my meat cooler.
Nothing seemed worth mentioning save scurrilous
incorrect observations of partial
be-ins.

Your absence shrinks as it widens.

You're a speck of skanky humor in my eyes,
and I find myself calling up ego cancer
to relieve this Saturday night no IM's
mood poop.

You act like free verse never
happened, while at the same time teasing me
for wearing pants my mother bought me.

When will you synchronize your ass-wiping
to my face-time?

I'm pretty good looking
if you don't look.

And hunger improves my
taste, but what's that to the woman with the
birthing center-cum-slaughterhouse mouth?

I gave you everything I had, save for
my ability to hold your interest.

Didn't you feel the animatron
caribou migrating between
our chilly platitudes?

Didn't you see
how incredibly important I was
to myself, and so to you, since we are one
in the scheme of wonderfully embarrassing things?

I shall call our unity "stencil unity,"
because you are my new atmosphere
and I am a cigarette that repels
water as it wins over the fetish club
by humiliating itself with fascist
overtones, despite the lack of furtive
rivulets that were us punching our buttocks
with flower hammers, your buttocks crushing
my fireman face, and the black housecat
that crawled out of my cock and scratcht you until
you renounced all gadget arousal and sang:

Cement me to your navel
and let's build a dump in the horse
where our children are educated
in having to go real bad.

Yet what is my loss of you to you who

never lose?

We have an obligation
to be each other's freakometer.

To be more extreme than the best bending
man in Hollywood can ever imagine
in his disengagé symbiosis.

We are meant for one another, even if
you refuse to speak my private language.

I see you standing on my fingertips,
a nimble little corporate-sponsored sprite,
dressed like my boxing coach on mermaid day,
and I say, "Hey! You're not you!" and you say,
"Being will be right with you."

So it's
three muted cheers for the kill zone you
used to occupy with your six-titted tanks.

I think I'm going crazy, but I'm going
too slow to ever get there.

You askt me
to put pre-Quinian words in your mouth
(tho not in so many words), then you spit them
all over my game board, you suction blower
from the bowels of city hall.

Here's a thought:
Your spaceship is caught in a giant
vortex, and you're swirling toward a tiny
hole. You've got three minutes to do something,
or you'll be smoosht to the size of my prospects.
Engines are down, Captain's got a hearing problem,
the crew can't take their lips off the flashback.

Two minutes. Gimme a call, maven organ.

Sorry, darling. Since you, I don't do
positive.

The dent I got from falling
is the hook that holds me up.

Where I'm from,
they shoot cats like you for doing what they do
best, like spraying in the narrator's ostomy.

Time to redefine the global experience
to mean, "How you made me feel when you
rejected my donation of used aspirin."

You are an abomination against
my space out.

Why don't you crave attention
like all the near-invisible wires strung
neck-high across the sidewalk between
my bed and the envy recycling center?

Please mail me my broken Je Joue Mimi,
the keys to your lowest note, and that shirt
you threw up on when I read you my poem
about eating your body to survive
the Complete Idiot's Guide to the Kama Sutra.

You're just an executive parasite
afraid of my body's exophilic
response now its retail gene thrums
with your post-associative signature phrase,
"Ouch, that tickles."

Cut it out and put it
in the patient!

Think of all the lonely
strips of mobile home xanadu, and you've
got an edge on the dozen or so
disinterested keepers of the crackt code
to my disbanded army of affections.

See, the emptiness you bring to the room
fucks me chocolate chip pancake style,
so pass the warm towelette before I hope
for more bricks to the brow.

Your eradices
blinker the schwank minister popping off blanks
over the Albuquerque dawn I drain
my whether-or-not veins into.

Hey, fuck you with my help!

If learning is a process of redoing,
you have spoilt my all-you-can-retreat
fight song with your silly whimpering
among the thorns.

That you can't see our common
destiny with the same crack potential
as I apply to my frigid explosion,
this is a problem too oft accepted
as instrumental to the folding
that concludes us with "Ya'll don't come
back now, ya hear?"

Put that monitor down your own
pleonasm and seduce me into
being satisfied by my own backdraft.

This is the healing you started, then
abandoned mid-injection, leaving me

unable to roll over in my urn
lest I crush my belief you weren't above
the law of averages.

The other day
I grabbed my own shadow and shook it
for change. Needless to say, you fell out,
so nothing's new.

I just don't understand
how you can find it comfortable among
the pamphlet tornadoes that refuse
to rip up my town.

Stop abusing
your beauty with discretion!

You are
the downfall of the genuine origin,
an abaddon in the ombudsman's chair.

Hey, man. Can I break that and call it
the pontiff to a sarcastic rendition
of deep musical emotion #15HY?

I think you're shy to a fault, and I think
I've fallen into that fault, and I think
that fault is closing up, and I think
I'm being presst into admitting
it's my fault, but I don't admit it,
cuz it's true, and girls much prefer big lies
to kind gestures.

We have this thing,
and it's called the insubstantial undoing,
and it's twisted your moral compass
into livestock with gestosis, meaning
I want to be vacuum extracted again,

but your legs are always fused, like you're
my brand of histo-incompatible
'tude nazi.

If only I could drop by once,
I promise to make it feel like I'm
your only option for seeing more of me.

I'll put pigtails in your egg white, and as for
the rest of the pigs, we'll sleep on them
like pillows bleeding to death from the ass,
which is really just our wedding picture
running off with the gifts, but you won't care
cuz I'm a bowl of hairy guacamole
in a soap opera watched only by
cream-filled audience extras who ask
but one question when beat into speaking:
"How deep can we go and still get ahead?"

I've no qualms when it comes to your well-being.
I've thrown caution to the lull, and there it sits,
giving me the finger, which smells of you,
so I ask, was ever man so unmanned
by his own unmanly acts of manliness?

I'm like a small liberal arts college
stuck in a witch's closet somewhere up
in Esbat Ditch where everyone wears
pie crust and speaks runt.

Help me, I'm selfing!

We've got to pull ourselves together,
then bind our salt tits using nothing but
a few trippy, value-added brook spirits.

Look, the fact that this is going nowhere
is great for me, cuz that's right where I am.

Fuck, I drink too much schizophrenic spit.

Someone please hit me and turn me into
a sealed canister of ambulance waste!
At least then I can be marked "Do Not Touch,"
and your hateful behavior can stop seeming
based on your need for me.

What, my goolden
roolden? Do I not possess the very nilpotent
you crave? Namely, a general disconnect
betwixt my person and your passions?
Ha! I got you! Now, please, if you'll excuse me,
I must stick my head in this oven in
an attempt to make my ass really hot.

I order you to remove your towel
that I might see the scar my dreams have scrawled
across your family size package.

Okay, so you're non-responsive. How might that
change your response to the pencilling in
of my vago-expansive cutlery?

You're either my baby or you're toying
with me, and either way, sex doesn't sell
until it starts to scab.

How can you possibly
reject my advances if you refuse
to receive them? Like aren't we still
the merry slaves of whimsore?

Your love is as silent
as the birth of a wolverine, but I
will find you as you're accepting your statue
in honor of your work with dead children,

and I will swing onto stage in my pollo
de gallo leotard, and whether you
yield up your hadal tangerine napped
to my palilalic physical
comedy pyrexia is an issue
for the prompter, whom I have paid off
with pictures of you exposing your
perfume shield, and if you think that's confusing,
try talking to someone who feels a lot
like yourself but could sleep thru anything?!?!

It's beyond me, which is inside me.

How do you get something out of your mind?

It's like trying to use the legal system
to convince butterflies to write jingles
that sell outdated data.

You're the son I never had in the daughter
I ruined, but with feminine garnish
down the misplaced middle.

I don't need you
to wash the dog that isn't mine, okay?

I'd like to put you in the backyard
under an old kid and pull you out only when
we go to the lake during a total
solar eclipse, and I drink 27
tall boys and we toss off a sloppy one
in the back of the boat til all the perch
jump into the sky and paint "Marry me,
my cookie scold" with their cyanotic bods.

Was that you I saw giving birth to
a skeleton on that one show about
how angels are devils with time to kill?

I've got a long list of things I'd like
to do to you were you unwilling
to do them.

Yes, I'm a very bad man,
and you're the only woman good enough
for me.

So, waddaya say? Wanna
get my goat drunk and paint his balls pink
and throw him off a bridge? Fuggedaboutit.
My goat is in Piscatawah under
house arrest for running at the truth
with intent to miss.

Is this that new kind
of conversation where words fear to tread?

Where I buy you a drink and you take it
to go?

I'm not saying I've got it
out for you, I'm just saying it's out,
and you can do with it what you will,
you who have no will other than the one
natives call assertiveness untrained.

Can we launch this leaky boat already?

I need some income in my fluctuating
gonzo tureen.

Sometimes I pretend you
didn't buy me a hat and I walk around
the house not wearing it, like that's how
badly you need me, you bald gerbil girl.

Cool! It's the circus of chronic neglect!
I'm the fire ring and you're the tiger
and we've been shut down for violations
in favor of myoelectric surge
protectors.

This is light refusing to
budge.

Just let me repeat one thing before
you go: you never came.

I'm sick today.
I'm told that makes this a sick day, which makes
this your day in the annals of oracy,
so I ask you, mule, what's wrong with my work?
Why do people leave just as I start
to spray the room with thrilling infection?
Am I too much?

Too sparse?

Too raw?

Too polisht?

Am I
underdone?

Overdone?

Am I pretentious?

Am I feckless?

Am I too crude?

Too neat?

Inevitably, it's because I'm ugly.

Were I beautiful, no one would leave me.

Of what is my ugliness constituted?

I think people find me angry.

Unclear.

Problematic.

Discomforting.

And something
about me throws them back on themselves.

And they don't like that, cuz they're heavy,
and it hurts to have something heavy thrown
onto your jazzy bag.

I think people can tell
I'm talking to myself when I'm talking to them,
but of course I'm not alone.

Actually,
I am alone, so being with me is
lonely.

I think people find me too
unforgiving, too relentless, bang, bang,
goes the crapulent klutz with the cartoon
hammer penis.

They can feel my self-important
aggravation, and this isn't working.

Maybe I'll just move back to the heartland.

Then, getting sick will be getting better.

People will run across the street just to get
a more panoramic view of my
tired eyes.

I'll simply park on top of
other cars.

Water will melt in my mouth.

It's like that time I was everywhere and
nothing happened.

Hey, loser. Got a light?

I'm not getting paid to do this. I'm an
unfilled billboard for turning your headspace
into an unfilled billboard because because...

Crappy doodles! My tongue got stuck on your low
opinion of me again.

Separate stalls
in the moonlight.

Sounds of birds struggling
to stay underground.

Flecks of babe manure
artistically shotputted into
our open source tear ducts.

It's like cheese days
for the soul.

Being eaten is the new
eternity.

I grew up in a skillet;
someone left the heat on, and I'm starting
to think that someone was me as portrayed
in chick flicks.

Maybe it's my genes.

I thought
they did my phatback justice, but maybe
my phatback is running down my legs
to evade justice. It's trying to get
to Mexico so it can weave marijuana
into its dread.

Clearly my fresh phatback
couldn't get you to rearrange your schedule,
and that's schedule like the English say it,
like shhhhhh, I'm convincing myself you're shit.

Clearly my face holds all the appeal
of reading the Purgatorio in
the original fart sounds.

Clearly
absorbing my bruise art is like eating
too much pizza right after your parachute
failed to open.

I feel misunderstood,
and she's covered in steel wool.

I mention
my birthmark is on my cock (it's shaped
like a mole's claw), and she has the gall to say,
"I wish you knew how to cut an appearance."

Let us go then, you and I, our separate ways.

Maybe I'm just too long.

Maybe if I were
3 1/2, 2 1/2 minutes
even, people would walk away saying,
"You've got to see that. It's so barely there."

I'd be a viral hit, and everyone
would get sick with me.

See, ultimately
I think people would like me best were I
unavailable for consideration.
Looking at me, they'd see the opposite wall,
and on the wall is a giant fur nothing,
and they'd know they were the chill against which
that heroic absent fur defended them,
and they'd feel cool, and they'd feel grateful
I'm "of the many missing," and my fame
would spread to Little India, home of
the most recent digital invention,
an actual man who says, "Don't mind me"
and nobody actually ever does,
and I would be ninja-fuckt into
the history books as a transparent
backend script that had nothing to say
about the national disgrace, yet somehow
flattered everyone with its readiness
to bound down the trail so over-travelled
it has callouses on its cortical.

I think of myself as a meadow,
a high meadow, so hard to climb to only
6 or 7 spanish adventurers
have ever called it bonita, and to keep

a tram or helicopter tour from lugging
the masses to its flowered burbling mush,
all those adventurers have sworn themselves,
on pain of death, to insulting descriptions,
an oath every single one has broken,
yet no executions have been meted out
because nobody really cares about some
meadow so hard to get to you lose your shirt
finding it, which might be awesome if
anyone trying to bag it had
a torso worth fucking yourself over.

This doesn't make me anything special;
it just means I'm not for sale in a world
where purchase is the only intercourse.

Maybe you can sense I've grown unmetaphoric.

What is one object to another save
an afternoon I was to spend with you?

I've considered reaching out to you,
but I fear getting my prions slappt
would only lead to more unsaid I-told-ya-so's,
and I've got a pile problem even
the Lithuanians would envy
could they stop worshipping the future.

When I run my thumb over your playdoh
replica, you wrinkle, and I think of
us growing old together, fishing
for teeth in each other's mouths.

Catch anything?

Only the cure
to youth culture, aka the return
to puffed-up primitivism.

I know we'll never
see each other again, but must that mean
I can't smell you when the school bus passes?

Were everyone honest all the time,
time would stop, and that would ruin the weekend,
unless it were the weekend, which it never is,
at least for me, anyhow, or at least for me
and you, which is the same thing fuckt over.

I just can't seem to ratchet up
my acceptance patina.

I think you'd
proably like me were I someone else
entirely, which I'm working on
whenever I can, tho lately there's been
a materials crisis confounded by
storms in an absence of arable woodland,
so I find myself sitting on a lot
of good points, like "a group of posers
are standing on a stage. What happens next?
Baseball."

Or "su casa es su casa."

I'd like to book you in a litigable
offense, for you must be blind not to see
the soft, chewy caramel center awaiting
my spoon, which you carry in the heart
of your unyucky yucca.

We were born to regenerate
out of the used utensils of the space
disaster no one noticed.

Science

has a law for you; it just can't test it
cuz the heatsink of my grokking ugh
has stasht you in the inaccessible
library, which they've forst me to become,
so here I am, a downed pint that no one
ever toucht.

I lookt at a map the other
day, and the magic was gone. Its words,
markers took me nowhere save to a memory
of what it will cost me to eat the sand
castle in my seduction gland.

For days
I've had your image to screw around with,
but it's fading, or rather cross-fading
into a saccadic glyph of my chest
trying to grab my sack.

Our relationship
has become indistinguishable from
my sitting alone on the toilet with
nothing to read, pinecones lining up
on the internal tarmac, spirits
slated for doom, fluorescent lights grilling
my bile ducts, the sound of the neighbors
leaping thru the walls as they discipline
their children meta-sexually,
and I try to remember that drummers
have left up-and-coming bands for decades,
but then I remember I'm only up
and coming in the sense of going down
on myself, and if you're a band, the tour
has been cancelled due to your deep disdain
for the suicidal losers to whom
your music means so much bradygenesis.

Ouch. My one man van just ran me over.

It's not that I can't recollect our heyday;
it's that we never had one, or we did, but
it's become a giant wad of cotton
in my throat, and these brown marks on my body
double mean something I'm far too smart
to understand, like maybe your greyhound
bus bathroom sorbet in a plastic skull cup
could relieve these headaches in my kneecaps.

Let's recapture what we never had,
my \$3000/hour intuitionist.

I walk into a bar in a western.
It's a one-horse town too poor to keep horses.
Some dead lookin' hombre in the corner
plays the part. Hizzoner is asleep
on a whore's bill, the same whore, I'magine,
what tries to catch my attention by
standing up in her crib and drooling down
her rifle hole. Three god-scaring bad
asses strafe me with scowls as I approach
the keeper, a greasy chip of a half-man
with massive forearms and a tiny head.

You seen this girl? I say, holding up
a photo of Juliet's face super-
imposed onto an artist's rendering
of Cortez dropping a loaf on Tobasco.

You think if I seen that girl I'd be standing
here without that girl?

A simple yes or no
will do, friend.

Alright, friend. Yes or no.

I grab him by the gobs and lay him gently
on the ceiling.

Look here, Mr. Supreme
Individual. I just lost my honey,
and I'm lookin for a hive to stick my dick in,
so if you want your slurb to be that hive,
I am more than happy to get even with
someone who's never dun nuthin to me
by taking out my eyes and thinking you're
the Princess of Misplaced Formaldehyde
Fishing, so I suggest you come to my
meeting of minds ready to cave like any
black snow leopard should, or I will mind
your meat, and trust me, friend, you will mind.

If I'd a known you were so sensitive
on the topic, friend, I'd a never been
so, how shall we say, helical with my words,
but from hereonout you can count on nuthin
but my whole-hearted willingness t'impugn
myself before a self-appointed jury.

I appreciate it, friend. I truly do.

So, what can I do ya for, friend?

I need you to help me pull my balls off
the marshmallow stick.

How long they been on there?

How you like em?

White on the outside,
black on the in.

This is America,

ain't it?

No, sir. America done
gone outta business; employee theft.
This here's feudal Japan, but with a much
depleted costume budget and zero sense
for hygiene or macrobiotic cooking.

Then let me put it this way, Mifune:
この女の子に会ったか。

Now that you put it
that way, I reckon what maybe I have
seen that girl.

What'll it cost me t'improve
your memory?

Only 15%
and a rewrite for the Big Bad Wolf.

You clearly have no idea how badly
I wanna hang my holster round your ears.

Does the name "Got No Clapper" ring a bell?

That depends on where you fall in the feud
between those who believe in the power
of words and those who believe what they say.

Well, I believe in the power of keepin
my eyes on the floor, but the other day
I just had to look up when I sniff
the sweetest lady smell this here ole pug
had ever had the pleasure of snortin,
and I do believe I saw that very face
starin at me as pretty as the sight
of St. Louis to a visiting team.

And?

And I I said, "May I help you, missus?"

And?

And she said, "A shot of water, please."

A shot of water, please?

That's what I thought!

Strangest fuvkin request I ever heard.

Can you imagine havin the purse of peace
to stroll into some ritzy outhouse like this
and calmly purr, "A shot of water, please"?

She's a mighty unique creature.

Ain't we all?

So, wudja do?

I said, "Sorry, missus,
but I'm gonna have to see some ID."

You carded her for a shot of water?

Only so I could take down her vitals
and suck on em next time I had a bath.

We're getting off topic.

Take us back.

What was her name?

Got No Clapper.

Got No Clapper?

That's what her ID said - Got No Clapper.
Musta been one a them paleface squaws.

Are you sure it didn't say Juliet?

Well, now, come to think on it, it coulda,
but you know me.

No, I don't.

I can't read!

Is this the woman we're talking about?
Think hard, and answer true, or I'll teach you
to read your own coroner's report.

As sure as I'm a worthless piece a splunk,
that is the woman we're talkin about.

Did you get her a shot of water?

Yessa did.

Did she drink it?

Yes, she did.

And then?

And then she uppt and went.

Which way did she go?

See, that's the weird part.

I thought this was the weird part.

O, no. This is the part folks find familiar
cuz we're sharing useless information.

So, which way did she go?

She didn't go any which way, really.

How does someone not go any which way?

She walkt thru them doors and just disappeared.

Yeah, I know the feeling.

Will that be all,
or can I get you a shot of water?

One more thing - was she alone?

By the looks
a the fella she's with, I'd say yep.

Could you describe this fella without hurtin
my feelings?

Nope.

I thank you for your lack
of specificity.

Anytime, friend.

I leave the bar, and walk into the Exxon
Desert Wilderness Consortium.
I can smell Juliet in the bedrock. In the cold heat,
my mind starts playing tricks on me, those mean kinda
tricks like brothers too close in age

play on each other, always resulting
in someone losing a leg or running
thru a glass door and severing the vein
that carries sympathy to the knuckles.
Juliet's face pops up in some cobwebs
wooft between two saguaros, their 13 arms
waving at me like, "Hey, dude, over here.
Wanna rise above it? Climb a cactus."
A pack of burros, driven by a desire
to die clamor around a salt lick
on a rusty barbed wire fence, and I
see Juliet in her motley herding skirt
giving them tender slaps on the backside
with my toothbrush, saying, "Come on, now,
too much salt enlarges the heart,
and a small heart is a happy ass."
A sandstone outcropping assumes the shape
of Juliet sitting with her knees
in her hands, head down, like a hiker lockt
between a rushing grizzly and six vultures.
What's a girl to do when playing dead
is the only way to live, yet really
living is the quickest way to die?
I should have taken that shot of water,
cuz I'm starting to flake. I feel like
a 3 year old pinned under the seat
of a carnival ride, and the carnival
is closed, and everyone's gone home, and my screams
merely accentuate the cackling racket
belching from the old school Spook-o-rama,
which no one's been able to figure out
how to turn off for years, so it's degraded
to a shrill sonic blur of electrical
feedback with nothing to feed on but
feedback, so I break my neck trying to eat
the cotton candy in my back pocket.
Maybe this is love. Maybe this is
9 actors in a room doing a cold

reading of a wordless play written
by a wooden duck. Either way it's
neither way, cuz I'm lying face down
in the scorching sand, kissing this frigid earth
goodbye, for which I fully expect
an harassment charge to be droppt
decorously into my airy grave.
All the women in my genetic head wound
are standing over me squabbling about
who should pick me up and skin me for shoes.
I say, "Mom?" and they all answer, "Daughter?"
"Why doesn't Juliet like me?" and after
a bout of laughter that could scrape the paint
off a Pollock model, my mothers retort:
"Because you didn't make her," and with that
I breathe my last fistful of exhaust
and pass into a poster sitting in
a discount bin in a Kinshasa print shop.
It's a picture of a kitten clinging
to a string with a look of terror
and playfulness in its eyes. Beneath
the picture is supposed to be a pithy
caption meant to motivate Congolese
laborers to give more of themselves, but the
caption has been rippt off; hence the discount.

THE END

Never produced.