

**HORN**

**DOG**

**Thomas**

**Taylor**

## A POEM

### 1

Salient monitors at locomotive shapers  
your own fling  
at shores the shore, and turn to another  
--armatures have wrapped  
them and follow at shore to them as shaped.

Yours the other day says, hello, and another  
perhaps mordant angular and remote  
you are other inside moving on  
there are to tell here is more

Signature then tomorrow is to this as that  
the more relegated hours are descended  
here and then stopped; as in "why not"  
there are others in line for the meetings.

Which are kept at list, which is newer than  
a holding pattern would indicate, that there  
are cements and there are concretes, both of  
which release the downer out, a turner.  
This is another salient element, both saltine  
and pertinent; how they cloak the outers is  
a mapmaker's delight; smoothing across the page  
is yours, perhaps, and another day is quick.

Gets them inner slick. As this is what it is,  
you are not anything less than what is told  
beyond the doubters has them coiled and down,  
loose as dust and made throughout the same.

He is out and this is it; what you wanted is  
far beyond reason in instruments, is folded  
forward at scanners doubted then as something  
looming forward at the mooner calm, and stopped.

### 2

Open loomers tell them that it is slow, and then turn the  
open doorways loomer into stopping at the center of the  
railway, has them doomed to tell it how to stop; it is this  
and then no more telling, is the blue skies, are what is  
newer than your own railings folded into square corners,

has you topping on as this.

More to tell is normal, told into it as the rest is something new, moving throughout the colors of the others in line with something smooth and curling, at a center and then termed doubt or southern exposures are there to formalize the other constituencies formalized.

## LOOMER

Fostering the light density of the millions, termed as they are into releasings of more formal aspirations, we are still singular in these movements across the spiral formations, clinging within a horizontal axis, you are moved still by the hours formed between light and dark, with closer frills stored beside these hours, you are still still within and floating beside the pool you remember further off than rain and the more internal residues of doubt left along the shore, where there is still something new to recall after the hours you kept them down too long they wept and then formed some newer alliances within the scores they kept in wooden silences, the forest calling down again is this and more: Another present calls the moment something cool and posturing, the hand laid smooth across the lap is more than something you called familiar or necessary, it is still the cooler hour you moved inside them now, and slowed down to rest between hours as the more alert thing to do; has and stays, strays out and calms them down, holds aside to rest.

Colder here than after. Ceiling fans winding down beside the ocean; spray and unfamiliar callings are the open realms of what you are motivated toward the sillier folds. Here and there, the realm of the face has balance and a disposition to expression, moved perhaps too soon to call something new, or laid back too far to say anything has come of it, into the present or simply looking forward into the realms of composition and release, into another zone of indifference, she has some thoughts too far back for expression, and then turned into an expression of what is really too far back to be imaged into the muscularity of the moment in which the mood is alerted to what is going on over to the left, it is no drama, but the thing itself going on over there, and no doubt about it. You'd say anything. Sperm guns on the tops of buildings, seeding the clouds, you might say, it is simply another dogma getting some exposure; there are diagonals to this, and colors which are arranged from left to right in the scanning process, how you are delighted by variegation in the formality of the daylight as it catches the individual response in some mimicry of the allowable distribution of who is really there at all.

But then, there is a replacement of surprise by what is also new to the view before you on the wall, there is someone between recognition and relief, released from remembering by the reality of the scene and a recall of the hour and ambience of the day itself, the tree behind you and the limitation of the landscape into a reduced and flattened area of exposure, a selectivity and a repose, a solemnity and an arrestation, taken beyond the

simplicities of description and resolve.

Looser hours are another term for what is lined-out along the morning terms are another light inside your eases heard from in the middle of the night, you scored the easier lines along the way from here to there you culled them slower and smaller, then looped along the sides where there is something new and stilted, like another language you stumbled across in the exploration for a singular angle, a particular wedge on history which would give the terms a sloping line across the landscape you held them slow and sleazy, foreign and oiled, smoothed and stoppered, there are no longer any terminals for relief, and no single hours for easier reminiscence and the inevitable lists of words; you are this.

Here it is simpler than imagined. The realms of foreign occupation have ceased entirely, there are no more unusual shapes inside the walls, looming toward the screens of perceptual revolution like something in a frenzied state of recall where you posture and scream childish sentences in the manner of someone new, there are still more silent terms than dictionaries for their storage, and something kills them off too quickly to be seen, felt or even registered like a car or something; it is here inside the sentences that the fires rage out of control, winds blow solemn silence throughout your mind in a ridged-out elocution of madness clinging to the dendrites of your thought processes, it is styrofoam and toothpaste, and the deception of the hours is that they pass too quickly to be remembered, and then silent moments follow down into the interstitial flux: a substance not unlike floss which is used to clear the interstices, the loomer-float. Fatuous substances are released into the ocean. They follow down the rest and hold to newer associations like an abstract doubt, they call foreign terms no plot for a novel, and what is removed is the hook to hang your mind on; what grovels toward recognition as the silent darkness of passing through sentences with no one in control, simply leaving the dust behind you and scoring a saddle into your easier deserts, as has to hear you termed another delight is released to songs as familiar is the repetitive boom and slip of hot soup on your collar; you are still this unsettling thought inside someone else's head, you are still still and forgetting nothing, as says to skip the plot and get to the point of what is removed from the soup to fill the plate, and familiar terms are released into conjecture by the leavers on your following relapse. Here it is not so unfamiliar, but still a carrier into the scorier gasps between her teeth, you are still sleeping inside your mouth and calling out in the dark for another person to hold your hand, it is too simple to be released into the air from the sperm guns, it is too late to be carried off into the atmosphere by the loomer flocks, and too far gone to be brought

into the layers of perception by the exhausted dendrites. What flops, stops, as they say and call them down to have coffee in between your breathing spasms, the up and down of it is something to be held aside. Slopers fuming hours cool the single perms aloud to float too far to say this is the light repose, the former terms too loud to call silence, and the hours too light to be another darker sphere of forgetting. The motors are running smoother here than in the other room, but cull them slippers into another rout to be beleaguered and still in the soup too long to be a sentence about doubt. This is the angular distance inside your head, but makes the roomers skill them into lines and wait too far to remove outer coils slinging staff and rumor into the later days to slide it in and out the names of which are old buttons pushed onto the flat plane of consciousness from the voice of memory laid out in your own hand to be the one voice remembering who you are in the towns and consciences of foreign visitors who call this place the last refuge of the insane, or did you even hear him weaving pillowcases in the other room, the quiet slish slish and bang of the loom flopping back and forth, and the treadle boards slapping from side to side, going so fast the whole apparatus makes appearances seem to delight the eye in your own feelings, Doctor Loomer comes to visit.

It would be this, and then moving on into the future where sentences are arranged in rows and choices are made from boxes aligned along the left margin hears alliterate noise, there's a shaker sentenced to read from left to right as one sees it right to left, and finds the lobes of the brain reversed, I cull it slipppt, or wolft. A darker store is made removal, but slid apart and stung with the harder tongue slipping up and down across the red button, there are names to be met and another scaler to crawl into; but heavier doorways are met between longer and shorter hours, and your own flood of climate is not entirely meteorological, but a fathom of astral monuments arranged in silkier rows from the kitchen on down but left too far aside to measure. Then they call down into the loft from the roof and say that they are not done but waiting for the delivery of the remainder of the materials to finish the job and move on into another kind of action, perhaps being a cook off to the left in the white hat and apron, and fat, besides, but cooking steaks on an open fire with the police and the white hats moved across the stage into some form of visibility (they are all foreigners, but talking quietly), while the boy with the machete strikes at the pods of white highgrass a few hours earlier. As salient markers fling turbid signs around the place, the alimentary overtures are words themselves to tell it out like this or that the scummier knaves are kept to themselves, and wiped out among the distances from the peaks into some other territory,

where you are still another name inside the clover, weaving into sensation like some other detail hidden between your eyes, and still sliding into the fathoms of distance like some dogged old sow, reeling into clarity with the unforgivable names of your own family steeling into relative simplicity with the hours beckoning. The score as has them into it further than they'd like to admit is more of a colorful distance than a disturbance you would recognize in the midst of plenty of it, a mooner calm stretched across the highway, a moon of buns over 101 on a summer's afternoon, half-mooned or mooned-out beyond the other disturbances you might imagine sculled and tattered, then is now and not the rest as others loomed off in the distances of light forlorn and smugged after the cooler terms for light in your face, fathomed out a long time to be thin spaghetti on the plate of life, or loomed onto the table with another day shot in the face; you are it for stoop tag, goes the tune is not really very subtle at all but something that hurts and then goes on and then goes away and then comes back and then becomes something else but is still the same, and then becomes something not at all like what it was in the first place, but then becomes something different from what was in the first place something at all, but then comes from within and stays away from without is still the same as what was a question in the first place but becomes an answer in the asking of the question is not so much a process but a mood or an alteration of the positions of the heart in its progress from left to right, neither brained nor solemnized, but cooked on the back burner of your moods and whims, horsed out along the creekbank, you are still a wind blowing in unknown velocities across the fumaroles of delight, smokestacks curling forbidden allocations swept into the airs of your own disaster, here is the foolish light blinding your eyes with something you forgot to mention, that excitement is not so much a fantasy as an incursion of the unknown process sucking forward into the mind's own release on life; here you are only another mire on the skin of the statue, pissed and scattered, forged and swallowed, a fumer in the skein of light.

Only another moon would skip forward and rest in the shallows, a slipperier tool to gain your teeth apart, and slip the woolen outer from your waist, and raise them inside your forgotten simplicity, the loomer of the dark in these poetic distances described in error and tangent; sailing in circles is another way to define the centerpoint, sculling around the bay with friends in tow, or left aside by the distant hours you kept at bay too long to release them soon enough he calls them down into alert manners, to score the doubters ship and rack.

Light fuller here than in the other room. No food on the table again,

it is about ten years since I had a popover, and too soon to think I would recognize one if it hit me in the face, and if it did, how would I react and what would another slip in the mud cull you out of the distance you left behind is yet another reason to ask why in the world is this important enough to do in the first place: first and loomer, the answer is clear enough to fool them out into the doorways gloomed and loomer--ship and fool to carpenter the stuff out. Another time is here to start over, and when you are hung out at the beginning, you'd better be hung, cause what is out is seen and what is hung is the measure of the man, too tiny to clip and too full to be ignored, it is still full of what it is full of and then clips out the colored lights and the dark square of the floor with the whitened figures looming forward into the plane of consciousness--here you are, and skilled out at the closer ties have bent her back over the table and made it rise inside the time of love in the back or in the front, it is still a car you have to ride in, and no metaphors are quick enough to call it correct and solemn; no, it is here and there the same, but calling and still correct.

You are you in the morning of this particular distance; the arrows clinging to the moving manner of the hand that feeds the crocodiles in the morning is perhaps the foot on the one seen on the same spot moving into evening's distances, to hold forth and sing another newer song calls them into action; here is the answer, now form and foam the light lips moving apart to receive the clarity of the impulse. Call her name now and then it will be the same as the dream of moving across the darkened meat-section, tray in hand, toward the drink-counter, plastic cup in hand, the tray barely level in the gloomy darkness of the dream cafeteria: pails and bowls are filled under the safety of spit-proof glass and set out on ice, dream-fragments from the kitchen, ready to eat and fill out your mentality with a fusion of weights and essences, where these clippers fume and role into the bedroom of your heart, still she refuses to identify herself, but blames the windows for letting in too much of what was known in the first place as someone antisocial and slightly amorous by definition but not borne out in fact to be the substance of which nouns are made, more verbal than tongued, more substantial than remembered, breasts hanging from your hands in the midst of darkness is still another name for the quality of light dismissed in this afternoon's quiet hours, still you hear me singing in the shower about sowbugs on the drainpipe and hair in the sink; still the clogged vines mark the windows with their vegetative coloration, and still the markers leave them unattended, leaving them attended but left at the same time as this, or in the same time, that is, moving in time and being in the same time as the movement, is still here and there what you would do in

circumstances such as this; or leaving and coming back at the same time.  
You hear?

Here and there are loomers from the dusky continents. Duskers from the other continents are looming there. Formalities are here and there discussed, but indecisions claim your hours as too short to be forgiven, maybe she likes ladies, who knows, it is not too far from proven to be unknown. This is it, then, the name of the dove and the call of your hand to unfurl and calm the hours with repeated songs the names of which are forgotten in the language of others. Shaping up is the conjugation of the century on the verb of the millennium: it is breaking through the delays of which you speak and moving into a position to make something new out of the air you left behind; no, it is perhaps more than that a mover of things unknown and a claimer of unknown things; held in the abbey of the unknown distance, the monks are claiming to be held alive when everyone knows that the reverse is true, and in reverse is the mirror made new and your image into a thing seen for what it is, this and this and this. What a sentence is, also something to be considered. What in the comparisons of kinds of concrete, rebar and paint-bids a sentence is: whether a commitment to institutionalized behavior or a description of a rationalization; or even of knowing more than can be said, as it is put; or perhaps a kind of margin hedged against the real. No, a sentence is more than the above, or all of it combined against the real, another favorite subject sailed out along the tides of your own imagining, left at home too long, he seems to boil over and scatter dirt all over the clean rugs, spattering the wall with feelings which are otherwise unexpressed, but nonetheless made of doubt and passion too heady to leave unrealized, but too soon to mark off as something "done".

It is still a combination of this and that, that's what it is.

Moving forward at all times removes "repetition" from the list of problems. It is not repetition at all that is the problem, but the failure to recognize that even similarities are differentiations on the face of it made unknown by the very facility of consciousness which makes the thing seen in the first place; still you are here within the hours met and fathomed, still dug into the side of the mountain with your boots on, and learning to skip what hurts for the matter of your own distance pooled-out and stuck-in, truck-food in the fish bowl of sensation. Struck out, lined in, pooled forward. These are the words that stick together, and between your thighs, a spot to make it real, another mark on the billboard of your highway, a skin-tight skin and then some. As has. And so forth. That would be it, this letter to the loomer of your heart is swollen and left undecided, more of a call than an answer, more of a question than a poem ringing in the heads of the unknown answerers; more of a day than a night, and still the same as what went before you on the roadway, clinging to the same sensation that called you this and that, there were too many names to remember and too many faces to be the one that hung there before your mind's eye, burning into your heart with a vision of unforgiveness, it is still quiet in the lightened rooms of white, where the bed floats hanging in the air above your floors, a marker in disguise, a loomer in the distance calls you here and this; the name of the rose rests.

## THE TYRO

Meet Joe Meat, elusive in retreat, a figment of his own perceptions and dying upwards in bed, contemplates the white tube which emerges from the center of his body vertically from the horizontal plane in which he finds himself, works it upwards with the thought of centerfolds in a circle doing what he is about to do and humming a mantra not unlike the constant sound of the rainforest of pissers at the mountainside kegler thousands; sunlight among a mudslide after a rainfall, the constancy of the sound at the beginning & went into a trance laughter each contributing his somewhat mildly yellow substance into this trench, perhaps forty at a time, one into the face of the other--the centerfolds that is -he rises in the tube, staring slackjawed into the mirror on the cabinet opposite though through the vision of the centerfold, and firmly entrenched, as in "The Yellow Stream", by I. P. Daly, gropes at the sacral sack containing something smelling like rancid coconut milk.

Air after, or follow, Joe Meat skins the rest with gloves on, hears the wind sinking through the marrow itself into his blood cells, acid-vision sailing like this passing through documents with nothing more to say than shithead-webfoot, your own skins sailing throughout the skies: better a novel in which the point of origin is defined, germ-cell and all that, remembered freudianlike at the moment of penetration a journey of the sperm cell up the duct told in stream (sic.) of consciousness: in which he starts as a point of consciousness, here, for instance, and advances upwards until the final transport is to become an entire solar system, perhaps, all of it. Since most stories involve a transformation of something, from Osiris sawing his way out of the tree in the Egyptian up to this, this webfoot-shithead becoming an entire solar system, up against the wall, mothefucker, this is my show and I'll have sunrise when I want it, goes Joe Meat, in the solitude of his ejections, erecting a platform over the head, in bed, in hand, well in hand the sky platform grows overhead and comes into play as it were as something new, and transposed to the layer below, inside the morning's movies kept too far apart to be described as thoughts at all, only movies, the frequency of his aspirations made harmonious by the property of self delusion to which, to which that is he is privy, intact or in fact, it is nonetheless that he is the summary of his preoccupations some of which are well enough in hand to discover that he, in fact, is a fragment of his own ejections.

This is it, it says, and firmamented into place, begins the long trek upward out of nothingness into shaving, for instance, the buzz hum of the

mechanical (Oh ya mune**y** baaack) machinelike humming buzzword  
flathead simplistic enough to say razor but still a machine by any other  
name is still a thing held in the hand no longer any resemblance to the dirt  
& stones from which it is drawn through the technological process into play  
into being that is brought into existence by penetrating the civilized net,  
becomes the thing itself by your own hand, the production of the razor on  
the assembly line, that is, your own style mentioned once in awhile too  
easily to be recalled and too soon to say it's something else.

\* \* \*

At this point, a renewal of doubt incursions onto the field of vision  
with shrapnel accuracy and removes them from the fray like something  
imagined between doubt and recall, your own name is scattered across the  
lines between your eyes and the doorway through which it comes in gasps  
of imagined release; you are this, Joe Meat thinks aloud, you are this, this  
stuff relegated to the conscious mind in something like words and  
something like images, and more or less like neither but resembling both,  
the time comes to move up the ladder in a quickness of gasping intentions,  
he says to himself, it is all over, and sure enough, it is, all over the ceiling,  
like a loogey dripping off of your foot when you miss the shot and hang one  
off the end of your shoe, slipping across the floor on a loogey is like  
meeting someone on the other side of madness and enduring another  
endless conversation about what went on yesterday, for god's sake,  
yesterday is soon enough to forget, foreplay, foreign interpreters releasing  
their prisoners from their darkened holes.

You are this series of associations. He thinks, what is the story, after  
all, in the midst of confusions, there is perhaps no longer any thread  
weaving through even the smaller details, only older more ancient residues  
left over left over for whomever seems to want to remember anything after  
all, left over for them to try to put together something to stave off the  
boredom of not knowing anything at all, as one's democratic privilege, the  
right to be a webfoot-shithead, strung up, strung out on the same old shit,  
relaxing into anonymity like someone, uh, underfoot, not bothering to  
notice you as you bother not to notice him, what's the difference, both of  
you say, and pass on by, that's the anomaly of mutual disrespect, neither one  
notices that that's what's happening, so there is really nothing mutual about  
what both are too busy to notice and barely any disrespect to not noticing  
that someone is not respecting you. It's just empty, that's all.

Beyond the obvious stain on the ceiling, there is not much else to  
report about the first segments of an unfolding consciousness devoted as it  
were to the details of the passage into the solar system, installed like a

formica countertop, glued into place, forty-fived into place with some clever router work, held along the edges with scotch tape; cooler than shit, you'd say, it is this much and more than enough to call it soft, or light, or repetitious. Not humble and not pie, but hair enough to be remembered in the closer attributes to he who speaks. "Is this the forbidden you?" Have you answered? This I find hard to believe, I find harder to explain the processes, the openings in the hole in the wall which permit something to happen at all, after all, and then carry the line across into something unrehearsed and new.

Who you are is this, something newer than you remembered in conscious choice, it is not so much a choice as an echo of what was remembered, beyond touch but not beyond recall: A longing for what was left behind in the haste to move into another plane of existence, and having come back to get what was missed before, Joe Meat finds there was less to recall than to forget, and it was easier by far to forget what was remembered than to remember what was forgotten. A name.

The same flat day; bare horndog mentality scoping out lines along the sidewalk and the colors of the cars passing in tranced-out rhythms along the freeway, the horndog mentality covers all with its erotic nomenclature: Joe Meat barely makes it through the doors to his office before the mind opens into a new vista filled with soft objects rolling like a milk-colored landscape, bare hum and color of fluorescent tubing also reminiscent of that landscape, the smell of her opening, ah.

Still, there is always more to know than what is sought in the nature of curiosity and intent, she waits out in the ozone like another fantasy, scoping the unattainable in song and dance, snake oil salesman selling off his snake and then oiling it up for use; mayonnaise from the elephants in the back room, hooked up to the milking machines. Kasunk, kasunk. At the supermarket, Joe Meat is lurking along the aisles, when he witnesses an unaccountably weird scene, a reversal of the norm: this blonde hunk of a guy is pushing his cart down the aisle, somewhere between yogurt and cheesecake, with some greens in the basket, green bottles, green meat, green sox; when around the bend, appears another person, a tall, dark-haired fox, predatory look in her eye. With no warning whatsoever, she comes up on the guy, pushes his basket out of the way, and somehow gets him down on the ground. The guy's feet and legs are kicking up and down, he's twisting from side to side; still, the lady pulls her skirt up around her waist--you can see her butt muscles flexing with anticipation -and she settles down, squats down, haunches down onto the guy's face. He smurfs around with his voice, muttering sounds come from underneath her, his feet are kicking on

the cement floor. There is a series of squeals from underneath her, and then there is smoke filling the air, it smells like an electrical fire under a carhood in the middle of winter; zapping sounds are heard. With a satisfied "Ah!" she gets up and smooths her skirt down and strides off, leaving on the floor a guy with no more face, only nerve endings wiggling in the air, and the black, charred stump of his tongue sticking out of what was once a face. Nothing more. No movement. Your other side moving through timeless motions, elevated like the day I went along the other side of the street to finish off a series of motions of city blocks I was working on (a series of circumlocutions) walking in circles you might call it, but nonetheless, the block was there, a density, a monument, a thing seen by the name it has in consciousness: how otherwise to recognize a city block than to know already what it is, like the elephant and the three blind men, one of them absolutely blown away by a fart, the other one sprayed out, glued to the wall by an emission, and the other, a fag, dying with a smile on his face; anyway, walking around the block with nothing to do, a circumlocution of an appositive likeness, if that in itself is not too repetitious, and came upon, first, a man at the corner having an epileptic seizure, again, the feet jerking up and down was what I first saw, brown leather shoes sticking out from under grey flannel pants which were pulled up to the knee, then shaling into the granite vertical of the building itself. What you got was about two feet of legs and feet sticking out of the granite, brown leather shoes hitting the pavement in a sort of staccato but unrhythmic pattern, not really a pattern at all, but rather a more or less arrhythmic continuation of sporadic chaos, organized by the distraction of the men bent over the rest of the body, not seen until he got around the corner, men in suits bent over the rest of the body not so much with concern, though it was there, but a curiosity at the very out-of-placeness of the feet beating on the pavement. Nobody had a pencil to place between his teeth, and the person underway didn't seem to be in any sort of a cosmic space, as generally went for the medieval view of seizures.

There are no others, really, after the lights go out. Where you are at all might depend on a mental set you're not prepared to let go of in order to experience the sweetness and terror of the unexpected, and so it's limited to such occurrences as glancing out of the window to see whether the shadow of death is following you, but then getting back to business, driving that car: half asleep, you nod up out of the heat and the bump of the car over the road, across the hills, when you look over toward the hillside and rather unexpectedly notice that the cues are scrambled, that in a photographic sense, what should cave in seems to come out, and you have a double,

unfocussed sense that it's a flatness without perspective, it is really that your eyes have gotten stuck in the unknown, and nothing really comes swarming out of this flattened landscape. Really, you just blink & sweat and panic, foot heading for the brake pedal, and you sort of keep from driving off the side of the road.

No, it is not so much waiting in the distances for Joe Meat to deliver the groceries, he is not there at all today, but lingering at the corner, a cigarette drooping out of the corner of his mouth and a warm Bohemian in his hand, just like in the fucking movies, he pukes in the camera lens. Today is the start of it. After this, there is nothing more to say, but going on with it, talking hour after hour, the money in your brain has let go of its value, and floats carelessly in the seawater outside your eyes, you have managed to relegate words to the insubstantiality from which they were derived in the first place, not so much a running off at the mouth, but a running in the face of so much stasis, a fathoming of distances unmet, unimagined and unreleased, it is this density of meanings which gives to poetry on occasion a feeling that it has all been included in the package, that what is passing for sentences is really one pattern after the other, and lingering in the background is the joker, wondering who wrote the book of love and leaning forward with a piece of paper with your name written on it, it is all thighs and wings, how the hairy bird flings his stuff in the face of the unknown and marks the registry only after the others have left the questions for tomorrow and finished off the soup, clearing the plates from the table and running off with it, running through to another planet with no maps in disguise, and leaving them soon enough for another day at the races, racing along, racing a long way to the finish line with words and sentences among them, mixed metaphors to the release of doubt a mentality for finishing the products after the orders have been received with no manual for perceptions, how then to call the final moments something you left for in the middle of the night, the doubts and flatterers no more assured of themselves than those who have forgotten what they were saying before they get to the end of the first line, uh, let's see, where was I when I opened my mouth, the day before yesterday is close enough to say I remember, but Joe Meat has the day before him without words and reads a novel without a beginning, delivering groceries up the back stairs in the apartment building, it is the syntax of movement which informs his very thoughts about how to Muybridge up the stairs with the box of eats on his shoulder, dark-roasted coffee smelling up the place because the paper in the bag is too thin, even though it's someone else on the phone and too far to go to get a quarter for the paper, you might as well hang it up and go home for another day, with

the wind cowing in the trees, mooing like a wind blowing through the trees, he said, moving like a mooing wind, as up the stairs he goes, box on shoulder, smell of coffee in the air and a dog barking down the hall, a muffled sound which fills him with vague dread, a movie in which you are pushed from behind and fall endlessly into the dream itself where he was in the warzone, and there was a woman on the ground, bleeding, nude, not dead and not alive, and they kept putting pieces of cotton on wounds and she kept bleeding, as was reported to him, Joe Meat climbing the stairs again, on a job he never really had at all, the old Chevy panel truck with small windows in the back still motoring at the curb with no one inside but the rest of the groceries, it is nothing at all, really, nothing at all but the day coming down and resting, through with itself.

Smoother down, elapse toward no-retreat, he says, in solemn tribute to the air around his head, he fills it with white balloons and the words inside them declare it a hot day in tamale-land, no neon scoops to act out retribution for the other foreign species, a smilier loop loosens outer coils, the wooden platform singing out from a wilderness point of view that there are some stations worth attending to in the soup of disasters called the perceptual model: details which flash by with names attached to them by the Joe Meat Identification Process, which is to decide the value and emotional content of a word and then to use it accordingly in situations which call for an effective coordination of style, intonation and delivery; hour of recall, method and detail of location and moment of delivery: all elocutions preserve the image of the moment deeply laden on the score of the moon over Miami, other tunes left out in the open to rot or grow fuzz along the edges of the time you left me in the open market with a lot of strangers staring at the extra lines along the detail of the forest of names spread out like sandpaintings, turquoise jewelry, strangers in the woods, meager marks left among the edges of the term.

Joe Meat stands at the edge of the cliff overlooking the Third Millennium and declares it the great emptiness. What have we underway to take into that thousand-year stretch but a few procedures for problem-solving and a few procedures for expression or (intention, thought, desire) communication.

So far, so good, the rest indicates that the possibilities to existence are not limited by things seen nor defined by things known. Courting the undecipherable leads onto new information, or curls around familiarity with a declension of unknown substances subsequently falling into categories beyond which definitions are external or superfluous. No, it is not so much the arcing traces of light falling through the mountains, or snow retreating

into the trees lightly falling upward in the slow eddies the wind causes at dawn, coating the undersides of the treebranches with thick flakes, marking out the details of the unexpected with the fact that first of all it draws your attention from the expected or seen into the unseen and makes the norm more real for having been noticed at all.

So far, then, the lines indicate that there is something there being dealt with, there is attention, after all, declaring that she is not unknown, and that what follows from anything should be pleasure or at least sprayed into a new sphere of action; relief following defeat, and the subsequent reorientation of the need to continue into a plan of action, there is this much to be seen in letting go and moving on.

Still, you know that the consequences of this are not more or less than what you are doing, and still you know that what you are up to doesn't matter to anyone at all. Still, you are the one inside the bag, as it were, were it as you want, it would be thus, and so: more to the east, more to the dogwood scaling jams into latent form, hears her name wove into the moonlight, forgotten on the walls of the room, the moon hears me call out to you; still you are waiting in the wings for your name to change to the right. Right enough, there are lines along your breast, coming to the year your heart broke and realigned the world around the pole in the center of your room, the white pole to the top of the world.

Joe Meat shrinks his allowance for doubt into a longing for the world to be the same as what it is, and then moves along the way to the house beneath the skin, the room of white glue sliding along the floor into the ice-cream room, beds of white shine, light perhaps, or perhaps, light: tight she reigns your heart around the ring, it is horse and rider, and we switch sides, along the valley the ring is bare beneath the water, and sweet to your touch another name is lurking here in the shadows of your heart. Stop and remain the same, it says, and your heart breaks down into larger and larger universes, attracts the skies into images larger than life, and swarming, still and silent calls the day, as you are still here your own names fallen into disrepair, swollen walls are diked-out from a coastline which disappears into the top of her pants, a hand snaking down into a calm, dark, wet spot at the center of the desert, oasis of calm, with the bright point a button at the top of the rise, to rest on, to tongue in on for the water of life, water of love, reclining into your own means the demands of her voice swollen too with the love of the word, seeded down the lane with white scoops on top of the red dove winding into your lines, memory of old scoops are taut into the hand inside you, reaching out to touch and touch again he sees you come inside your hand, light falling into his eyes,

discharged light into eye the calling down the station you hear the changes ringing across from right to left, the brain's own shapes are flung into erotic content by the eye calling out for its own time, time to rise into this delay of attributes, but sailed into a lighter air than what you knew to be the case, among red natives the mountain air rung out with your own crisis, still you mark the hours here and there among what goes for time among the lighter hours, time among the reeds and stems of her silk and musk, time along the words you whisper into the ear of light you find at the edge of the world, calling among the reeds and thistles of her home country high at the top of the world, white buffs covered with a lighter scheme than was mentioned; clusters of relations are kept as if you might release them sooner than not; clipped-out hours are calm at night and sooner made than left behind, clipped firm to the edge and left tight beside the words which cool you to her song.

Aside from that, other things seem important; in the morning's darkness, a white rod pushes you up about two degrees from flat into the linear terms that scrape along. Clarity, the arrow of somebody's morning song, releases what is there to something intimate, a line aside from the loopers cawing at the verge, dommos scaling forward calling downer lanes your furtive hours claim a bushy reed for basket calm and wooden caulks of dove-borne majestic booms the salient mountains recall higher shales from lighter motives, calls contact the name of the day, or your own scoops make her name a familiar moon awry to Joe Meat at the edge of the Third Millennium, a tyro at last and moved to the seats of the vista from time spent, hours spent at time-spent to get to the verge of the cliff of history, calms the millennarian crowds into their own, uh, space, it is said, to move toward, to be something newer as the lines might declare, flat surfaces are the thing of the future, and her own distance released from awe into your hands, heart tonguing into her, stiffened up from the depths of your own throat, a stiffened tongue sings poetry into the space between her legs, and names you the sole owner of the song to sing in just that particular time of day or way of time, it is still a song in your lips that gives your tongue its way of life, to instill the terms for what you want to something newer than who you are is still the name of the tune, as in "Name That Tune!"

This is still it, stoop tag in the rose garden. Says you wanna. Or over as has this, is right the one to become you moving along as movies move along, still it is always now, when she speaks of how good it is, I listen, and when she tells me how it is good when it is good, I really listen, and I like what I hear. And I hear what I like.

Of course, this is new, Joe Meat thinks to himself, I have never been

in this particular place I think, and since I don't really know what to do I'll keep the holding pattern close to the center of things, but moved from yearning and longing to a spirit of possession, of love and possession, better to be high on it than gloomy without it; as has, so let. Going full along the highway into some foreign land, across the barriers on the biological highway into this latent description of laser beams intersecting the emotions of history, it has you by the balls and lessens each day with the impact of diminishing and expanding both into the same time, you might say; but still hanging on with both arms, the history you have made around is somewhat clouded with what you brought to it when you had no choice, as you thought, no choice was made but still the hours passed, and waiting in the day's own colors, you met them pageant and formation, lighter than this was the time that went calmly into this hour, looser hearts are still the same and then calming up. More, you say, to this and that, but no longer something to be ignored. There is some urgency to his thoughts, but no one notices whether it is day or night, the white light of the TV looming out of the distance into the fancy of her thoughts, still she stops you and wants to talk about it. Fancy that. And moves on into the night, neighborhood and all. Wants it. Takes the calm stripe turning; calms it outer, marks it soon and stopped, the rush is called another day's beginning, and soon enough, it will energize upward more impatience calling into the memorial soup to be catheterized into heavenly doughboys in their pasty strength, modeled along smoother lines than Joe Meat's own car, parked at the curbside droll enough to be realized as painted, sparked, motivated into motation at the supersonic level, fucked inside and out, hooded and striped, fathomed and outer, it is his car and no other, but it doesn't run, is calm at the curb in retrospect for its once-great career as a form of linearity, not even dated or stamped, his wrists hurt from the inside out, too much yank of the flank, and another early morning fantasy rises up against type, you'd say, and strikes out on its own into another new day; clarity rising in the facets of his skin, he thinks, "She'll wait."

Motorized things are soon enough to be called this, or that, too soon neglected by the terms they gave themselves for longevity, making sentences up on the spot and then writing them down. It is still another day, today, and her names are calm within and passionate outside the limits of action, what can be called forth is still named in the articles of succession, arranged in their familiar pattern by whomever takes care of the garden, and stoop tag in the rosebed is Joe Meat's fantasy of a garden party, with prizes for finishing off with the longest cry of release, professional, perhaps, and in rehearsal, the longest stroke gives the greatest cry, and when they come

together, all of them in the garden, it is a song sweeter than Peter Paul & Mary in between engagements, a trois, rolling around on the stage each with another's mask on, and calling out OOH and AAH with a reggae intensity which is belied by the fact of their clothing, three-piece suits and little bow ties, not quite Pee Wee Herman, but a little more current, with it, in the groove, rolling and rocking with the good thing between her eyes, a spot.

\* \* \*

Lesser hours beckon with recognition, it is pulsar and anagram, it is labor and census in the fields of action; smooth, now, her lines have let the locomotives go downhill too soon to be remembered. Looking over the past, he sees that it has edges which are filled with a fine sand, and that the future is simply a pulsation of lightwaves, hardly anything defined (like bars of soap, or good times), but just loops along waiting for the present to be finished with its demands for attention, loudly proclaiming its importance to the attentive qualities. You are this much, perhaps, and moving along too soon to be recognized as the enemy of the people, black hat and rusted zipper. Crass. This alien marsupial laboring back and forth with gold bars trailing from side to side, columns of details have marked the song here or there, but left it basically alone and unredeemed. Marks it fast and calls in when it's time to go. Joe Meat. Now the lights are on. Sentiments have had their way, and the rooms are redefined into portents and puppets, as if the colors of the walls had anything to do with the story at hand. Handy, you might say, is the name of the game, with little or nothing to report, you ask, how can there be a story at all, which is the point, filling it in with your own stuff is more like the guy at the desk, answering his own muttered query. "Self-service answer," I sez.

Bolted to the floor. Glued to the walls. Your own lights becoming somehow less than perfect, what is it all about. And moving into another sphere, a stuck record over and over calling out for love and agony in the same breath, as if a prophecy were leased for the duration of the time available, Rent-A-Nostradamus, Inc., with offices in all major timeframes, on all planets and conceptual levels, identical zipcodes, area codes, etc. for ease of operation, the one-size-fits-all of futurism. Breton with a Polaroid, by R. Mutt. Ham & cheese on rye from the office products catalog, Number 10245779 on page 117, the top illustration with a little bit of mayonnaise poking out from under the lettuce.

She has names. "The Forbidden You" is one of them, meaning a part of your own personality about which there are total taboos against even making contact. Thus, whenever in time and space you happen into it, there are earthshattering bloodpounding exclamations within the brain chasm,

interior bloodfalls and thunderstorms calculate the density of the unknown as interior and the unknown as distance from the real, both extremes delimit the known into itself, for instance, as the kind of doctrine named is love in the first place and love in the last place, it is this insubstantiality which is raised to the level of being, no longer latent in the germs of the soul, but expressed into style by the person who happens into it like the single glass of wine, shooting down the head with unerring accuracy, why have more, why not settle for having your head blown off and leave it at that? Because of the driving platoon of curiosities leading you by the nose, and the lure of the forbidden, you both are intoxicating mysteries: intoxicating in this sense is a heightening of the perceptual net, not the oblique narrowing of attention associated with mental illness; and as she waves your lines around the lighted sphere which you call your own name, it is still another time and another place which leads the way into something forbidden and new; being there at all, for instance, is not so much a clandestine gathering of interior forces, but rather the new made new and then passed on into the realm of the visible for everyone to see, you are now visible in open space, visible to the hours, marked by the sentences of your own choosing and let go into the ionosphere of being, shot down, shot up, aired out and cooled along the edges for now and then some, she calls out and lets you know. She writes. She sends messages. There is this sense that things have come together. After all, there's more to this than meets the eye, Joe Meat reminisces on the bus. Along another day is long enough, but going home he stops at the bum bar which has been newly redecorated. The old guys still slump into the booths in the corner, but it's nothing like the old days with the bright lights overhead at Husong's in Ensenada, bums three deep at the long bar without stools or ashtrays, a young bum sweeping up at all times; no, it has been overhauled by the greed of the boss's younger son, who took it over about two years ago, slowly replacing one decrepit area after another with paneling, paint, lights, oak furniture. Some of the old guys are there, but a single young woman stands out, first, because of her erect and distant posture, staring at a hole in the mirror, as if she really were not there; she has a small, mirrored purse with an upright shiny plastic handle on the bar in front her, and next to it a shot of whiskey and a beer, and as she stares out into the ozone, she sips the shot and the beer, with a measure of gentility, but nonetheless rather quickly puts it away. Red dress with small pattern, hose, heels, and a bleached-out Levi jacket over her arm, she seems to indicate the new nomenclature of doubt, individuals moving across type into the future.

He clambers onto the bus with the dollar ten into the scoop and back

down the bumping room to the rear of the bus, he steps to the rear and sits down with the commuters, the tall pouty lady with her newspaper, the passive man with the big mustache and his newspaper, and finally, just a newspaper, propped up there, perhaps with someone behind it. Joe Meat is drifting off into a meditation on reptilian sensibility when a lumpy old drunk lurches into the rear of the bus from space it seems, drops into the quietude of the bus with his blue baseball hat, rumpled suit and dirty raincoat covering some bulky body buried in there; sits down and you wait for the embarrassing monologue to steer you away from your self into the mixture of rage and amusement which follows such people; but he is quiet, and you drift off into staring at the people at the stops, looking for a pretty face or an ugly one, it doesn't matter. After a few minutes, you hear the click click of something and notice the newspapers rustling and eyes peering over the tops at the drunk in the rear of the bus. You turn around to see him dragging an old Bic razor down the front of his upper lip, and up, scraping a dry shave in the back of the bus and knocking out the hairs onto the floor, leaning forward and staring out into space as if there were a mirror there.

There are the lizard people, he thinks, remembering his father staked out in the back yard, the first professional tanner he remembered, rolling back and showing his balls to the sun to counteract the effects of a strange fungus that overtook him in middle age. And two or three bosses ago, everyone thought old Tom was part lizard, even thought he looked like one. A sort of passive-aggressive nature combined with a staying power in the game of life which no one really understood, someone capable of fucking you in the butt without really moving at all, the bureaucratic survivor, using a snake brain, long of tooth, poison inside, of the reptilian survivor, beware!

But Wayne Martin was the winner, stumpy blackened teeth, all there but narrowed by decay; a face between personalized Roman sculpture and Flathead Indian; bent over, scurrying word processor mentality, shortcuts and partitions of the mind, he was the madman who attacked you in the back stairway as you went upstairs, jumping you from behind after a week of air-spitting at you when no one was looking and hissing sibilant challenges in the hallways, this was a strange one, leading as it did to the inevitable conferences at which the boss couldn't take sides since each was accusing the other of bizarre behavior, it was the end of the reptilian meditation, leaving you wondering about the puppy dogs, polar bears and other vestiges of the bestiary still visible in the human face; no, it was the end of the day, going home on the bus, singing a song from childhood in his mind, "The angle of the dangle depends on the heat of the meat."

## THE MASK OF THE BELOVED

First hours light the way, and he moves around the world on wings of his own design, perhaps seeing that the end is near, or the near end, close enough to be a story you've heard before, somewhere around the way you moved in between the dream and what followed into the air around me, solid as it was with the presence of something alive, at least I felt that way when he moved around me, telling it that I was the one to be real and not anything longer or further away than the voice inside the head saying "yes" and moving on into the air around the body which says you are moving into him and staying alert to the tonalities of delight which come, come and go into the air around and staying still to be the one in love, as love is the topic, wedge driven into my heart, the completion of the mask is still another time away, where love has become the air and the body has melted into it feelingly, voltaic and charmed, cull at the heart's woe, to be alone is half enough, and still the song is woven toward me, silent enough to become the voice itself centered among the disturbances of the heart's own motions, still you are still, and moved among someone you might remember as your self staring back still in the heart's woe, another moon declared substance and term, allowance and termination, as what passes into the summary of one's being would be anything but love, and passed thorough and profound, still the air moves around the body making sing the strands of his hair as it brushes thigh and skin, as it moves from the smaller destiny of the spine's variegated tunneling into the brain's cavities, pineal and front, her hours result in waves of sound, words without name are spoken out silent into the morning where you have kept the secrets alone so long they have lost their numbers. Or would the street declare itself to have no destination still among the hours made of this plated substance; hard, mineral, and made as you are this unknown being declared into existence by love's substances in the hands made of the body in its demands for motion, how he goes above and in, how she bends into and from, the hours are verbs in the world's vocabulary, and they call the body's song from time to become space itself, one in the one.

You have made this meditation take place. Even as you read, it comes into the formal place of the mind's own imagining, and hears itself become song from the place of the unknown voice. It is your voice calling out for release, and the waves which cross across the plain terms still your own song making paraphrases of light become the opposition of the heart's voice.

Meat meets meat, and in the silent closet of his mind, he beats off the shadows from the forest. One by one they depart into the darkness from which they are drawn, as dreams meet meat and derive upwards into the pun of the hour, his meat meeting meat, as she swings from day into night, receiving the solemnity of the pressure from within to within, as becoming within is the declaration of the place of the heart's longing to be itself to itself, without the displeasure of what intervenes in the focus of the self's disturbances from the real to the real. It is here he meets the self in its manifestation of what it is into the form of what it might be. Silence fills the air as you look up across the blurred background of the photograph, and still the names you call ("One", "him"; even "other"). The she of her and viced verse the her of she as chocolate bars are wedged up and into the silent slit of life to lick and bite, her sweetness turned from song to solitude, and the dream of coming back is left as a coming; firsts, no seconds in this pipe dream of life.

This has gone too far, he thinks to, to whom? Certainly not himself, as self and him are entities which relax into oblivion with no one to answer. Finally there is her answer, not silence within the marks of what is left alone, but merely a response which changes the color of the sky, and lets you move from hand to hand, yourself even, and even in your self, in your hand, that is, there is presence, yes, presence in the hand of the one who writes, silence in the lips of the singer, and moon in the hours of the days, still you are still, and here you are here, where the moon declares that the permanent vacation of the spirit is just about over, and in its place, a dance festival has lighted the streets from abstractions into the name of the mask of the beloved.

Surely she is mask and he is drum; together, they are mask and drum in the dance of the ritual of union and meeting. The day goes white inside and calls his name aloud without forgiveness makes sounds unutterable, forgetting what was spoken cloud to cloud with special effects wired into the air with your brain on fire from too many adverbs, declaring that the disasters of the front half of life are equivocated in the meaning they leave behind them as residues, as residues are the evidence of things evaporated and finished, so too are these memories residues of events no longer in the spectrum of life's imaginings, but fossil imprints calculated in terms clear enough to be understood by those equally delicate strands of consciousness dangling into the present of presence, like watching fire through a red filter. Scored out, the day's airs move across you to me with some suggestion of climate, where there is something to declare, as words do, in meanings of passion and discord where the heart lies to and welcomes those who pass

through the new times into something like the next day, called forth to name those who have paid and those who are making love on credit; your own crooked aims have swept aside doubt and left the arena for the boy next door who looks like he came with the tides, leaving postures of white foam strung along the beaches with sandwich wrappers floating through the air like confetti. Forestry beckons like an old friend through the darkness, as love's ankles become snowbound in the showery clouds of insignificance. Change overcomes the lesser arrows, and you are still quiet enough to hear something clicking in the inside of your ear, remembering stories about bugs crawling into ears and being drawn out with tweezers; still, is love enough?

**Markers calling flooded shadows by name. Still arrows calling out too loudly to be recognized in these hourly reports which seem to come too soon to be recognized as something of value and too late to be identified as something that matters.**

## COLA NON RAFA

Hours after a denotative calm sends descends into the layers of consciousness somewhere below the navel in your hand is still still enough to remember the names of those who have gone before you into something newer than what was predicted to be a name strewn before the hands of those who have stayed behind in no rebar sympathetic demonstrations of the manner and position of the left hand in the synthetic distribution of attention across the span of years required for a disposition of the hours into their looser claims. Joe Meat scans the ages with nothing in mind, meathead, forlorn disintegration of personality before the longer weekends of the mind take hold and leave him moaning before the mirror in the attic of his hesitations. Nothing has come before and there is nothing coming now, it is just the longer days and nights woven into something resembling life's honest forays into the straighter calm you laid on the names of those who have been there before you, it is here on the roof where you find the angles too steep to stoop and far enough from the air to make renewal impossible.

The air is moving across his face like a wind carrying ashes into newer distributions among the lawn furniture on the porch. What she has said so many times before is that there is no sentence worth repeating, either referring to prison or syntax or both. Perhaps our institutions are ruled by principles of grammar, or vice versa. Anyhow, the colors of the day are red and white, and what falls flat on its face is the name of the hours, the "bueno bwana" of light who claims attention is nothing more than a position occupied by soldiers standing in a line and far less then the turning of the glass globe into the socket in the ceiling in order to provide illumination from the descendants of those whose names were mentioned in the last newspaper from your home town too soon to be revealed as something which came before the concluding hours of the fastest gun alive.

No, it is less than light and more than death, and the movement from it to itself is simple and direct; grammar fills the screen without destiny, it clogs the pores with a graveled road across the meadow to the house within the trees. There are, of course, pleasant memories to be held up to the screen of recall at any given moment, and perhaps to avoid the "story" is to miss the opportunity to withdraw from the thought that perhaps nothing is going on at all, and still Joe Meat sings a little song from the inside of the toilet stall, "Down On Your Knees, Old Toothless One". The bass line is an insistent white discrimination of oppositions into a declaration of war which follows nouns and adverbs; and as a style is also a behavior, Joe Meat sings the ad

from Safeway, clearing the air around butter, cream cheese and film processing, slipping into colors of roses and the day that Jimmy died at the wheel, sending the car into the bushes with all involved in a shattering experience. Still, there are no others in the mental extremity that follows him from sunrise to sunset, and where no others include, so to do they follow those to whom they owe money while loading the camera with x-rated film; no choices are made available in the fantasy of life after life, or "nobody home," after the doorway swings into the barnyard with no one to close it; still the history of poetry is laid aside by those in whom there is no satisfaction to be made beyond the daylight streaming through the window. There are images to be beheld in the mind's eye or whatever stimulates the mental description into its elocution of opposites and its similitudes and its allowances for the real which nevertheless omits caliber and calm into the motations of the day. Still Joe Meat clings to his boyhood dream of flying through the side of a dinosaur, penetrating the thick, bony body plates, swimming in scuba-gear up into the eyeball, and then riding there, seeing what the dinosaur sees, all magnified and misunderstood; I mean, how much of what you see can be understood at all if you have a brain the size of a golf ball, and what about the divots? Yes, dinosaur sex can be relevant, if only it could be understood; those big guys, pawing the earth and slipping it in on a magnificent scale.

There is nothing to remember here at the edge of the third millennium, Joe Meat says to himself. No one answers. If there is nothing to be remembered, then either the screen is blank or what was there to be seen was so bad that it obliterated consciousness even from registration. Maybe it just wasn't good enough; maybe it never happened. In the eternal present, everyone is mad, he thinks. And if they are mad, whom do they resemble, astromorphs, dopomorphs, and delectomorphs, the self indulgent species defines its allowances in terms of usage and decline, what uses what and how declines the sentence. "Dollar Declines Thursday" the headline reads. And sure enough, there's a picture of a dollar, politely saying, "No, thanks, no Thursdays for me, I've had enough for now." Piles of Thursdays are loaded onto trucks and taken back to the weeks and weeks of attributions. No room at the inn, the cable reads. And a reading cable attracts enough attention to become something revolutionary in secondary education. Rita is still upstairs, tearing apart her assistant molecule by molecule. What all those molecules are doing together in one room escapes Joe Meat for the moment, but there is no question about it, the molecules have escaped from their orbits and are roaming around the place getting into all sorts of things, into the mayonnaise, into the left hand of whoever that is

in the stall next to you, moaning occasionally as the flypaper scans the wall next to you. It is a bizarre landscape in front of the Safeway, red and white mosaic yinyang as a symbol of commerce. Home. Boring, you say? Why not. What is this need for diversion. If the world is one, then it is boring beyond definition, that's the problem most of them have with, uh, mysticism. World without end (no buns) and without beginning, no bread in the oven. Whomsoever hunts in the woods without a forester gets lost. The map is on the back of your hand, or perhaps in the palm of the left, while the right is blank. No, no one answers when you call out, so you'd better get used to a mysticism of one, yourself. The existentialism of passing beyond, from the mental into the emotional, where there are no calls and no answers, and all calls are forwarded to the fingertips for synaptic synopses, the double S of the piano player, or is he really a player piano with fingertips?

Joe has been thinking too much, he thinks. A tautology is something nonsensical that a teacher does right in front of you and then says, "Dja git that?" Of course, stupid; the beat goes on into the forlorn distances, the girls in their party dresses, dressed for a party and laying it on thick. What is there besides what is there? And besides that, what is there there after all, but what is there after all. After all is there, what is? Taut, stretched tight into a tripartite contradiction, three colors of contradiction, against speech and stretched tight as a drum, laid out, laid back, over-mellow and fun-filled days and nights; and just as "Control/End" is both a couple of buttons to push and a philosophical formula engraved on a machine.

You know the rest. There is not too much going on here at the edge of the canyon rim which overlooks the third millennium with a formal disdain for propriety. Or is it property for which he has this formal disdain. Property and propriety are not really so very different, he thinks he thinks. Maybe it's a reaction to something he ate. Ate late and hung in there in the freezer section, hung onto love's ears and called the rest a lie, laid back with a lie, liar's dice are chopped out with a french cutting knife, the cutting edge of derision at the canyon edge. Or as Olson put it once, "The play of the mind, to see whether there is any mind there at all." Mind as a function of brain is OK, but mind as a function of thought is something else. Disallow the old dualism of two invisibilities and you find something has gone wrong with the language. Cosmic flash-trash, and leave the driving to us, a driving rain, a dance in the streets with the shaved-head ones in their pastel bedsheets playing hookah themes on the drumhead of a coke bottle in the streets beside the ocean next to the bookstore. And that's it. Left alone, left out, left handed, left over and red hair to boot. Boot it out and let along

little dogies, you are still a story without a plot, a meandering voice moving along throughout the centuries with songs to remember and days to move through in the hours of the days. It is too cool and left alone beside the highway with its clothes on. You have decided by now that Joe Meat is the true tyro, skating through life with no clothes on. Plenty to do, though, dinosaur underwear to design, tired of nature porn shows on the tube: water skaters to otters to drawings of dinosaurs all of them screwing like a bunch of animals, what's it coming to, or are they coming at all? How can they enjoy it if they don't think? Maybe if I can get into the eyeball of a dinosaur I could actually experience dinosaur eroticism. Wow, check out those plates! Surely you've heard "Hung like a bull dinosaur". That's not a contradiction.

What the third millennium offers is a chance for new air. The old air is worn out, leaking through the ozone shield. Might have to send up some new ozone on a rocket, spray it out of something resembling a rocket propelled fluorocarbon container, wouldn't that be a joke? Nature and the joke of the head that perceives it. Monumental flat landscape of binary facts, no single thread running through all that, uh, information, a tyranny of the binary, confusion of ideal and average, pointed out a long time ago, with nothing to do but wait for the light to change or the colors to go along with it. A sentence is both a period of time served and the enumerative description of what it is. Another day grinds into 3:00 pm and leaves the dishes in the sink.

Your own air is clean enough to wash the dishes in. The sink is plugged out with stoppers and doers. Doors are left open, and the standoffish poets have organized into stanzas, driven language into a verbal spar from which sales are organized in the best interests of the orphans of syntactical use. Old semicolon is stuffed up at the end, while the full-on colon stinks to high heaven, high enough, that is, to become the nomenclature of doubt revealed by insubstantial mopers laid out on the marble floor-tile, whining and kicking their toes into the rug. Drool-covered shoes line the doorway. It is still daylight in the ozone factory, the tanks and gallows strung up and a little strung out. Still, there is nothing left on the kitchen sink but space.

You are you, he thinks, and craps out at the end. No thought is worth following through to the end of time. Especially dinosaur underwear for the diorama at the museum, you don't want those gross beasties nude, fornicating in frozen historical poses behind glass. Skeletal forms mounted in the position, looming over the heads of schoolchildren grouped in the twilight of the gods, at the feet of Process itself, witnessing the finality of

the species, too cold to screw and too hot to sleep. Such a deal. He slips into a coma and comes up waking inside the dream itself, where there are no colors on the floor, no walls to the room and no words to the conversation. The air is still and has not been renewed since the last science fiction convention was held outside on the lawn chairs, in season. Is this the secret of the ages? Your own ribbons have salient edges, and between the silences of the flowers in the garden, there are colors to mine into their precise substances; this is the hour of the motorized carriers. The lightpoles have kept their organization to a minimum. Mostly, they stand around in line and wait for darkness to come. And when it does, they sigh and light up the night, satisfied that at last that they can do their thing. Today, however, is different. Light has abandoned the consciousness of mankind. Love is on vacation, and lust fills the air with small particles of sand which blow across the landscape, piling under the doorjambs, getting under the rug and leaning across the days with the motor running at full throttle, a scarf around her neck, glowing with something new from within. When love returns, it is with simplicity that a part of the brain sings songs through the lips of the body, and those spots where grammar and syntax get together for a meaningful relationship are ever more infrequent as the months drag on with no relief in sight. In fact, no one has sighted anything new for about twenty years, it is pure extrapolation, let alone potation in the first place, not to mention anything extra.

That's the way it happened. What was left behind is nothing new, it is just, uh, nothing at all, that's what it is, and in between the days and nights you marked off on the cell wall, Joe Meat was entitled to a few thoughts of his own. And in the silence of the pages, he thought to himself that his name was his own and no one else's, but that if it were up to him, everyone would have the same name, his, that is. Then there would be no more of this confusion about individuality or identity, just a bunch of Meats running around and doing it all over each other. Yeh, baby, "If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it all over you," hums a hunk and slides along the river, with no sand between his toes and a few extra days to gain the edge over the tides themselves. It is here that the doorway opens outward and lets the scummier residues invade the lounge area. Carpet and sign, the rose is risen into the heavens with catapulting intensity, not to mention some other ways of making time pass through the net of perceptions as if, as if, he says, it made any difference to time itself. Surely there is more to time than time itself, said the Prime Minister, caught in his prime by the minister of light, oh, where is the light?

You think you know the end of this already. It just stops. That's

why it's lifelike, it starts and then it stops, all with no apparent reason. Inside that there is love and the rest, and as the rest rests, love goes on. And on. And sometimes off, off course, off base, off and on. On top and off top. Inside out, depends on your point of view. *Cola non rafa*, don't fuck with Joe Meat, don't tread on me.

\* \* \*

Singular things go along, like that, and pause before the storerooms of ideas to find their likeness among the other similarities and reminiscences which present themselves to the wandering mentality. The propriety of a particular realm of expression is more tube steak than mashed potatoes, whammed out with butter and eggs, man, the salient feature of the open doorway is still a matter of archetypal concerns, whereas the image of what is seen is first an image and second what is seen, or is it the other way around? Joe Meat hesitates in the sureness of an original thought (they all are, coming one at a time). To begin with, puta means pussy in spanish, or mexican, or even in some kinds of american. So putative would be the quest for, not some kind of a supposition or regardation. And then, transputation is driving around and looking for it.

The colors of something are ringed with doubt. He moves slowly from room to room, checking out the colors of the wall. It is one wall, really, spread around his interior space in sections and segments, but really, it is one wall in several pieces, and the fact that they were all rolled out with Navajo White on a three-quarter inch thick roller which itself was mounted at the end of a wooden handle about five feet long somehow evades the perceptual fact that all of the wall is not the same color of Navajo White, but in fact with the light coming in from several points of origin seems to give reverberations to the sameness of the one color, the many in the one, or the one in the many, that's transputative to his direction of declensions, or where it's all going down the tubes with no hope or disregard for the other colors which have been totally ignored, each with its own arguments for world domination or simple influence on foreign powers would do, but it is really all of a piece between the one color with several interpretations and and the several interpretations which somehow add up to one color.

The day is like that, made up of enough variations to be boring: flattened substances are made clear in their own juices, made into sauces of ideas and soups of raw light filling the air with itself, no one has the nerve or the resources to do that, kind of an ego trip, covering the air with yourself, although perhaps that's the way the renewal of the air will come about; not just the turning of the thousand year period, but another, a newer release of similitude like a religious age, new air to the lateralities, with

white t-shirts stretched taut with cigarette packs and shredded documents from Oliver North's office in there too; Fawn's bodice got caught in the shredder too, but you can't really separate the bodice from the documentation, you might say, and so nothing, really, is any different from anything else. And that's it. The Lakers in six, if anybody cares. So you want to appreciate the full limits of coloration on vision itself, and you don't really know where to start. Consciousness itself is a circularity, a hazy globe of sensed space, created in poetry and syntax by a taxonomy of itself. No one says ideas are black and white or color: indeed that they are imagistic at all. What you get upon examination is that communications are put together out of an athletic (that is felt) sense of construction which is part unconsciousness and part terror.

Joe Meat checks the air with his Meat Thermometer which is his dork, really, and he tests the psychic atmosphere by checking in with it. How ya doin down there? And his dick says, Jesus, I'm horny, let's you and me go for a walk, hand in hand, as it were (was). Or it says, my balls are tingling, and that means to pay attention. Or the pineal says, oh oh, another acid trip, and squirts ashy tasting saliva into the mouth from just behind the tongue, so when the balls are tingling and the dork is relevant to every word that is spoken, and the ashy taste can be tasted, mouth filled with clear saliva, he knows that he is going into a nervous breakdown, or is about to get off, or that an original thought is occurring.

So when the day ends and there is nothing more to say, then it is quiet, and you can hear the flowers thinking about growing, and it is not so much corny as just another day, where thought has its place and the motion of her hand across the lawn is as erotic as a handjob in the park underwater at the ocean in the backseat of yourself and in between what does go down is still a reminder of the day before where Joe Meat himself went down to the she in sips singing "If I Had It To Do All Over Again, I'd Do It All Over You." But still, there are no others waiting at the corner, sixpack in hand, it is still a pickup load heading out of town with nothing in mind but eucalyptus trees, smoking joints and driving along the levee until it's time to stop, take a piss and jump in for a swim, hoping you don't hit a submerged tire or a root to pull you in to drown in the muddy water from Arizona which is the main resource of the lettuce you have to buy at the store after it's picked, trucked up to LA and then back down to the store where you go look at these pathetic, wilted, shrunken heads sitting there glaring up at you, why didn't you come for me sooner, she says, you left me here for an eternity, which was all of about 72 hours, and here I am, beauty gone, half my weight evaporated into the back of the truck, let's go back to the levee

with another short case and listen to Lee Michaels on the radio, screaming another love song (Screaming? Love?). And that's it.

No, there are too many of them to take all at once, better sneak around indian style and pick them off one by one. The easy stuff is all done by the forerunners, now it's up to us to take it into another realm, Joe Meat thinks out loud. Somebody's got "It's Just Another Day" playing in his head. It messes up the reception as you pass down the street to the central square where the sunslugs loom up around the fountain, half asleep and useless, but happy, they are still there when he leaves two or three hours later. Nothing has changed, he thinks, and goes on into a trance which he calls "now" in which the colors all look like the colors they are, but you recognize it as a temporary condition, or as information. Tiles around the bathroom sink, with their own rings around the caller, are you home tonight with your pink silk mind on? There are too many cowboys here today, their horses tied up to the post by the side door, they always want to paint the office furniture grey so that it will look like they want it to look, like nothing at all, grey guts in the pig stretched from the tree with his throat cut and a long slit down from throat to dick, a twelve foot slice when you stretch him out, or up, that is, the hanged man with a pig in his hand is no summer's night's great dream of passion on the landscape with the birds making nests in your hair for their eggs to drop inside themselves another sphere is made a globe or a column with something beside it to declare itself a piece of information or a slice of pie made into something besides that which, uh, that which you recognize as the other important thing you weren't going to forget about today, as if the very list itself were something you might want to hold onto in the midst of mists and pleasures too numerous to mention as they are all in the mind which is a function of body; why else would a starving man dream of food?

The phallic symbol of light is still man, an erect candle. She is a woolen mousse, another attribute of self in self, which is light also, haloed around the room with the reflective seal of being which puts the cart before the horse, tired enough to rest at the end of the day and sensible enough to do so. In among his own disturbances he calls out for relief in the form of something new which is made of the refuge of other days left over into something new enough to be the claim itself has declared that you are you and still here to say enough is let aside into the airways of the body's passage from day to night and back again is still your calm airs calling out for help in the day's hours kept aside as stepped and moved along these waves of hours into a space beside your palm, a calm glow inclines the heart to being. Parked in the bushes on the cliff over the ocean at Isla Vista,

his dork was fully involved, even though he was wearing a raincoat. Suddenly the police lights went on behind him, and he pulled out. Never found the raincoat. Tim suggests inserting a lifesaver with finger, so that when the tongue is inserted, a fresh, minty taste fills your mouth. Personally, I prefer her taste to that of another.

The hours have played aside, and moved on into another attitude toward peace which the relevant tissues accept. Your own line of thought is a detail, and what comes first is the means to accept the detail as such, and move in on the rest as if it were dinner without vegetables, or a table top of ideas with tiny salt and pepper shakers randomly laid around with their little dotted tops rolling from left to right and back again in their own drama of systole and diastole. The real colors are a light blue-green and its fuchsia intention to reality, bare yellows but no longer fashionable reds (mauves and wimpy taupes have taken over). Your own hours have music inside them, and call the rest a doubt or another measure of love's surface noises, slick, click, and she draws herself into you as man and woman in the position call the night a time for sleep and schedule each other into the calendar with unreasonable frequencies of repetition, how you are and when, but the hours making easier days to move the terminal down the flank of her days and nights where overt moods are words chosen on the bank of Tuesday's scores on the back pages, with the stock market report and no pictures and no simple line drawings, the music is leaning into drugstore style and the freer improvisations are left along the way with nothing to say.

Still, this is Joe Meat at solitude, and it is nothing new. Faces of others crown the day. What was passage is now a terminal of repose. Her face caps the mountains with a smile you might remember from a dream you didn't have until after you remembered it, too late to recall and too soon to do anything about. It's a truce. Even so, the dork is an automatic weapon, going off when it wants to. It's a truce.

His own hours have finished. The decorative columns are stacked against each other, giving the impression of a building. And the fire in the center, created by the hoboes on the avenue, is Mulligan's. His terms are dismay, attributes of sameness, paragraphs of a cosmic design reminding him of Amazonian woman warriors who painted their bodies with designs and colors of such erotic design that when they ran along the river through the trees, the conquistadors were virtually hypnotized to stillness and died with hardons, arrows stuck into their throats. No, they were not the first consumers of piety. Surely the earliest revivers were kept along the quay with shingles in their mouths to keep them quiet. And if you write what

you want to, it comes out like this. And this. Is enough enough?  
The day is a story, too, and calls out for recognition among the sentences which were left behind calling out "Take us too." Only the lonely survive, only the self sufficient (at whatever cost) last onto the new millennium without fear or pervasive institutions. The lonely shall inherit each other because it the farthest thing from their minds in the realm of achievement. Or are you clear enough to relieve history? Still history claims our attention as if it were memory.

Memory is for things pleased and lost, for moments thrived and clattered into a more special space than the enumerations of bridges, engineers and platforms stretched out across white pages with patent leather shoes tapping out on the mind's drum the nomenclature of those specific terms the explorers used to describe snow and the number of polar bears you could teach to sing like Ray Charles and the Raylettes. No, memory bears no scars, is implicitly forgetful and selective, is nonetheless the personality itself wrapped in nostalgic layers of sensations for which there is no name unless you count the days and nights of counting which preclude madness and the flat clear stretch of space which follows. Memory is less than light and more than history, but its iron bands recreate the time and space of destiny more accurately than mere recording, and the wimpy accuracy of "ambience" is close enough to the truth in its own failure as a word to make the rest accurate enough to be real. And still, the essay looms about in its own realm to be the mental equivalent of conversation, only it is one loneliness to another speaking out loud in complete sentences, as if the guy at the parking meter delivering a monologue to the slot which is itself designed only to receive tiny flat round pieces of metal in order to reserve the right to receive a printed, filled-out ticket and all of its ramifications, the guy at the meter talking about epistemology does have a captive audience and it is more than himself and it is more than you looking at it, it is the ambience which is captive or hostage to the moment, and in that being seen, scene and drive are at the house you forget the Tibetan spelling of your name with no letters repeated, and in the fact of life that lust is expressed in the eyes; in the mind, you know a good headfuck is as often as good as the real thing, if that's accurate enough to keep you quiet, going on with what you were saying to yourself to keep company (with the others). None of the above is close enough to be the same as what you said in the alcove, unclear as it was to me before you left with the thing itself intact, jazz and all that is the spoken word remnant and thing to the page intact made one as if this were the day you left this planet and penetrated into a realm of others where you were you and the rest left behind had no resemblance to this heresy of

associationisms without logos or familial loyalties bearing witness to the  
scams and sags of loopier facies, the day drawn slick in the pattern of the  
hours' days and nights the same as what went before you on the line with  
Bob Considine; the lists are there as if what was remembered was the thing  
itself and not another oblique process with its own geometry of  
associations. It is neither fear of the known nor hesitation over the  
unknown which draws the nostalgic drum and shield (old rhythms remind  
the body of the feelings verbatim of another hour and calm) for which the  
fear of being now in the now blow into insignificance without solemnity,  
without grace of color, the same in the same and its resonances laid across  
the palm of your hand again, intense and song.

\*\*\*

Snowballs are calling around to see who's home in hell; none  
answers, so there's no home for a snowball in hell. Sounds like the Pope  
took on Russia if 10,000 guys get out and march after a sermon. Balls for a  
priest. The monks of course can burn themselves like vegetarian steaks, but  
what's the use. If that's what it is, you might be able to use it for fun and  
profit, at least as far as this and no further; the day would decide how to use  
you and check out your batteries to see how far it can get. There are names  
for this passage to the wheat country where the yellow waveries stretch out  
far across your mind, duplicating the pumps & rolls of your brain tissue, it  
is similitude that makes you feel that you're home when you look at the flat  
land rolling seasick under you like herself on a good day, but what stops Joe  
Meat in the inert layers of his putations is the name of the game with  
solemn songs beside the temptation to speak out against the other snakes  
that made this trail before. It is you who speak and they who call the rest a  
doubt and scatter too soon to be counted between breakfast and lunch the  
dough rises in between his toes and calls bread the dough of life's  
forgiveness where inner songs release the rest to hear you claim the newer  
doors have slipped aside to wait or stay in other terms than the ones you  
made into this and kept between them newer here than others on the road no  
moving colors callers collapse to song them outer other wept at skim the  
prior ads have sailed into port bottle and calm his flings are unproposed like  
cushions in the carport which is the name of a genre photograph from the  
Los Angeles Cartoons being larger than most it's surprising how the cliches  
keep us informed in the same ways but with larger concepts, like old jokes  
filled out into shaggy dog stories, the medieval calm lays itself open to  
anything coming its way to stay too long and call the other at fault (on the  
zone) forgetting to say just who they are and how long exactly it went on  
the wagon to stay here and stay put is to read differently; ideas buried in

between the story about the two boys and the room full of horseshit and the linguistics of the grout-writers who choose to make their point with nine millimeter rollerballs and stand at the urinals, whizzing with the left hand and writing puns with the right in the horizontal space between tiles, such as "grout is out", and I'll let you fill in the rest.

Maybe enough is enough, Joe Meat thinks, this is impatience itself grooming me for a letdown. At least I'm among friends, where the pretensions to repetition are best left among those who appreciate the density inherent in their own values too much to be influenced by anything other than what they want to hear from themselves regarding what your thought was on a certain topic or another before they hazard any transputation into the realm of doubt to inject themselves (sic.) onto the front lawn of the president, catapult in hand, well enough in hand to learn that the rest rests in between the name you have for doubt itself and leave off. "I cull it wolfft, or slippt."

Who you grab is in your own heart disturbed, but left along the waves were call enough to heat them single turned out and said, thus or let, them and outer songs refund it sinking in their names have kept it single terms are hours waddled through the shavings scored to doorways to let them down; it is here and there the same as what said this at them in the calmer days your hours are here and there the flotation device of the mental realm smoothing out into the hours sunken dreams set the house afloat are logged in and told to stop here is soon enough to mark it said and stopped, as if it mattered in the clarity of the hours just who said there was anything to it anyway. This is close enough to the truth to pass for it and leave the opposition to itself for the finer definitions of just what is out there in story and line to fathom less direct advice into the cerebral cortices for assorting into the most unwilling suspension of disbelief, no wonder "fiction" is a word that equates itself with falsehood and unreality; isn't then a story that is a fiction just a waste of time if what you're seeking is a pipeline into the pure juice. Then what you need is just another day informed by white light, soap operas with cosmic endings. From beneath the dirty fingernail, Joe Meat scrapes the last micrograms in existence of Owsley III and drops it into his Heidelberg, sips off and slips off into the newer information, welcome at last in the hall of the mountain king with no underwear.

\* \* \*

Railer day: ray-ler "Railer" day. Cosmic thrash trash.

High above Yanktown, the geese are flying home in an N formation; they seem to have lost their way in the alphabet, making a soup of

themselves in the thick, humid skies above the oil-slicked summer coast, thick black glob-traces of underwater oil sludge nickel-dime the coast with seaweed balls, a land long loved by tourists & presidents alike, it was called Yankton, Home of the Hand Job, the Double Jerry; the yanks were a self-lovable lot, a sociotypical museum of the laid off, the laid back, the laid and the unlaid, the overlaid and underpaid; where all summer, in contradiction to type, the fog rolled in at dawn and out at two pm, a swagger of lower states, another line among the natives snugged out from fisticuffs of citystreets into alleyways burned in hillside dryspells, indian traces in the hills around, estuarine enviro cluttered by causeway and beanermobile, heart and soul of the Double Jerry.

The Coming of Aids in America became an age of autoeroticism, the triumphant development of the years after 1981, with safe sex, and the point after which one had no multiple partners. Thus, self-love by couples with mirrors became the best thing to do in parked cars or in the bedroom, and it was Joe Meat's Masturbation Mit that made him his millions: it looked like a sheepskin carwash mit infused with vaseline; some were red white and blue and had faces of the beloved on the palm. It represented the final separation of love and orgasm, and sex became a matter of erotic playacting between androgynous beings. Indeed, many young impotent males had to go in for prostate transplants, swollen things from older men; the President's went for a billion dollars.

It was "The Jerry" and "don't be a Jerry"; from JO, Jack Off; also from Jerry's Kids, doing a gaga handjob, and whining off the clock at the ultimatum of the J. "Jay-Oh: daylight come and we all go home." Anyway, Joe Meat made his millions on the Masturbation Mit, and retired nightly at home to work on the automated poem.

The Automatic Poem resembled Tinguely's Painting Machine, a roll of canvas and a lot of brushes tied to mechanical arms which got into the paint somehow and moved in spastic patterns over the roll as it moved across the plane of action. The automated poem was in the computer, with all sorts of linguistic units arranged across a spreadsheet in such a way that activating it produced from a random-number generator a steady outpouring of interrelated units which would also feed back into the input in such a way that a whole, organic thing grew and changed as it produced its own record of what it was. The plan was to engage a hacker to drive into the main language centers electronically and start feeding this stuff into the day-to-day discourse of the age, causing confusion, forcing choices to be made as it became evident that this new language expressed in more compact form the same information as the old language, but without style

and decoration; it was a poetical discourse on business, and he called it poeticalifornicating. Joe Meat expected to be the face on the dollar bill of the Nationstate of Poeticalifornia when it finally took over the lifestyle of the world.

Steer Dust & Bark Manure for sale at the Safeway.

\* \* \*

Thrash-trash. Lighter out calms the day toward this and this in the thought you held before your mind in slower hours of meeting quick enough to say it is real and then a person inhabits the form inside the mind, inhabits first emotion and then cohabits intellect and in the hands a bump along the street would make them commit to each other in more silent hours is where love is met, and as no opposition to each other, so love is lighter stung than the arrows from which it retreats in no finality but saving graces for the allowance of them who move is still the longer term of the day's own merit into her who comes to meet in the after terminal held affirmed as realer than not to score your heart at sign; I met you real enough into the days's day, and met calm enough to make a choice about what was seen was good enough to vibe it out a little going down the street, as amazed at the turn of light's clear ankle down the street as if to find that what is found is clear enough to become a finer thing than thought at first the wonder of it all wondering is the amazing grace of retreat in the face of success was too long the rule to call her a foreign substance in the milkshake of light you drink each morning in the calm air stuttering out about the others in the dark is clear enough for them, to be sure, but Joe Meat is no unknown substance in the terminals of life to come across and pall into the outer foils her healing hand is left and right among the songs others sing to themselves is how it works out around midnight they call them soon enough to say that what they said was close enough to the truth to be what was there; it was more in the declensions of delight the heart moves from inner stillness into the realm of light, bending out from a static, inner core for the rebirth of sensation that love declares commonplace and the right of those who live within the unfathomable density of love's hours in the silent space that marks the airs and reams of what they are to each other as words mark the page a clearer term than all who claim to know the angles of the dust along the floor in full sign and claim to the hearts own signs are set among them piece by piece they claim the air to be a sign set along. As they term the machine for poems a signal into the heavens, the material beamed aloft from a satellite dish.

Here and there, they call these angles what the air receives as

messages sent from polarities that relieve themselves by psychological immanence the words chosen are clarities that reveal himself a torquer in the salesrooms of raw nuts ground against the turning wheel, a mace among them after signs let into what it is.

The Mask of the beloved is between a kwakiutl mask and a Franz Kline painting, emblematic, epigrammatic, iconographic. It is the ultimate bumper sticker, since its disposition is to the hypnotic, and its formalism is a penetration into the unconscious. Bypassing any conscious manifestation of recognition, it is a neologism to the real.

Danny told Joe Meat about the Masturbating Monks of Japan, adolescent boys who went to a high cliff over the ocean to perform erotic meditation on the beloved in the moments before sunrise, ejaculating as the sun broke the horizontal magnitude of the ocean without pity or unseen hand.

In the hours before sunrise, the logjam arrives flower born within bread time the hours called clear enough to be real enough to be the one who answers when the telephone rings who is there to be oneself calling forward into time the body rings its own truth as manifestation of oneness what is made of the hour's own song is term and afterterm the line among them is clear enough to reveal them hour after hour where is time's own insignificance, the spacial realms a panel into the realm of what passes for disaster among the moderns, beset by a disaster from the unconscious, a demon in the midst of innocence which calls fear a thing of great immediacy, as the great fear rolls among them laying flat some and raising others into the challenge of what is there to be seen by the followers among the dying inhabitants of a dying century, what calls the future into play is the impotence and the disaster of the present, the failure to fall into heaven dispossess even the cynical of their energy and they reach as they must into love's clear spring to revive the emptiness of what comes to be hopeless in the hours before dawn the raw air fills them hour and song the terminals are cleared from what is less than passion toward what becomes more than love's own term for the new world drawn from fantasy into an existence of song and light which is the dance of the new world claiming disaster its means of salvation, and where there is no hope then the arrival of an idea of forgiveness is more than welcome, it is salve to the wound of time's awareness of itself, and the dying culture of slaves rewinds into canoes of being which traverse the streams, barking up the wrong tree which becomes another line from transportation to the design of cloverleaves, or leaves, and leaves them.

What is here is soon enough to be revealed as a foreign substance. They are soon enough to be here, and it is metallic and anonymous, what there is to the doubt of the hours is still made from what comes before thought, it is still light before thought which raises anything into significance from the oblivion of unknown substances which filter words into the script and song of repetitive lines of inclination, the primordial and ineffectual of which drives its own car down the highway at top speed relinquishing power from axle into hamstringing the music from the bow into the spirit, as bowsprit and soda while the dancers come from below with an atmosphere of hope tattooed onto their flat feet slap slapping the wet concrete it comes and goes without frenzy; it is perhaps the spiritual realm moving through the bloodstream with chemical efficiency to tell the lesser among them that what has happened before is no coincidence but rather the time of the red death looping camels around the park with costume and gong, and the day of the geek comes around to witness and tell them here and there there is no hope but giving into the words which call your name are here and there the same but a single long line along the floor of the sea would declare the "thus and so" of what is passion among the natives to be something in the midst of plenty which is a photograph and not a song, but appended to the unnatural perception which a fellow follows over-mellow they milk the seasons of their own release and clear the air of all between sensation and doubt, they call them singular and unforgiven but claim the renewal for themselves as if what was spoken were something the world has never seen, but left among others, there are some things to be remembered and others to be experienced, and neither calms the other but to the degree that it is new it is not remembered and to the degree that it is remembered it is not new, but both are real to the extent that they are experienced, and neither is better than the other to the extent that they are perceived at all, and let along among the calmer substances, he clears the air and lets a fart among the aisles of mannikins, your own airs have resumed the time for others to leap into the fray, calls them singular and normal, but that no one can recognize a drood and tell him from a Jerry, but nonetheless you can see that they are different enough to release air from a closed platform is still to let the reminiscent voice of the airhead prattle on with love looming in the background as the finality of definition to the development of character where you thought you were in control, love came around and told you you were full of shit, but still in control; you let lesions lie to their fuller extent while he measured the thoughts of others in the terms of their election to the forward climates wrung or shattered, and where he follows, there are no others to release anything into the air as foam

and not substance.

You called an hour or two later and met them undeclared. Still, something crept out from the closer hours and kept it all along the highway, still the hours kept aside from something in between but launched into this or that without sensation love is the distance between two opposites, it is still a calm hour beckoning to be allowed a time between silences, love is the distance traveled on time and in space where the followers have no distance but the calmer hours not moving centers of what is said is still who you are in the flux of patience hears him say this is the random pull, this is the hour of song in the mind's own beckoning to allow substance its mode of definition hears you arrive on time for a witness in the sink and hears him sailing still along the floor the calmer hours tell them here and there there is no other but this movement across finalities into a singular space where perception falls flat and makes the color of the room another silence whereupon what happens is still the line moving across an emptiness into the realm of the other, and calls the character in the play a name given to others.

Here is the hour you kept aside, and met in the pools, an air was set against the gargoyle's mouth, a clever spill heals the air of its own definition. As what comes again is repetition, you see no doubt in falling aside from this platform in the air he calls home on the platform in the air is still this alien substance stuck to your hair by the rain falling here and there they call him hours late to the flowers in your skin, is here to there another climate falling upward in the supermarket, to clattering words on the tympanum of the heart's beckoning substances, it is here and there he makes them one-on-one, you are the emptier airs welcomed by them as has, so let, and one good term deserves another, or waits here for the others to let it out beyond doubt this is something new for the ear to bend aside as relate the forms of consciousness as they are formula and sign into the lingual temporalities has them slit down the side and cleaned on the spot, is here and there a color in the heart, clears the net and waits for you to come again in the springtime of the heart, and a wearable atmosphere comes to meet you in the hours met, silent, perfect, inclined to doubt, colorful, rhythmic, aligned and fettered; what comes close to this is something that moves again and stills the heart with its own kindness he meets them halfway. He becomes Joe Meat in the hours before dawn, rises to meet the air in this empty town, calls the streets cardboard bowties clipped to the polar bear of history, and in his plethora drives a car too fast to be recognized, clattering the air between distances as if what came first was the egg and the chicken only another afterthought from the Platonic realm to be declared a pottery

contest, or a bank waiting to open for business in the morning, coffee brewing on the old wood stove, smoke up your nose as if it were the coffee itself and nothing to say but you are here, you are stuck in the middle of right now with this to say, that there are no others in the middle of the night, there is the one and only struggling through the light years you passed through to get here, it is longer than that.

\* \* \*

The air continues. What passes for help can be both a derivation and a sling. His hours have made the day have two sides, and between one and the other, there are airways smooth and clear to glide among the disturbances of others, and make them simple enough, or singular enough to be a hesitation in the mists of the valley, coiled as they are around the base of your brainstem, closing out the noise of the days and nights of thinking, weaving silence among the spaces between words, there is love's tenure in the soul reminded of its responsibilities and covenants.

Nowhere is it more plain that the crisis of the soul has overtaken the entirety of our existence than in the simpler glances into what grabs attention.

Either it's a tunnel of darkness with no light at the end or an unfathomable bleakness of repetition and disarray with no hooks to hang your hat on, let alone the soul of love's body. It is no angst that speaks out against silence but the air of your own forgetting making-do without pity or seeming partitions of air into its many descriptions of who is there and who is not.

You are you, it goes, and in between, there are long passages to interrupt your simpler meditations, turning them into indications of doubt or colors of another day. There are days and there are days, just as silence is what occurs between words, and if I pay attention, perhaps the sound blends together into something singular, or perhaps its meaning apparent before the sound dies off. Any way you slice it, the higher realms remain cut off from most avenues of approach, as what fails to do the trick nonetheless becomes another impulse to be correct, and in those efforts, make a semblance of propriety to become the thing itself, making something pass too quickly to be removed from doubt itself, and making new passages come too soon to be reality bending with the airways, and surfing through these elemental partitions, come up upon the open space which indicates new ground. Perhaps it is the noise of passage which dedicates a sentence to speech, gives it meaning instead of prose, and carries it through to meaning within its context in the paragraph. Or perhaps, it is the suddenness of seeing something new which evaporates the hesitation you create around yourself, meaning to penetrate into some zone of forgiveness in yourself at which the

center focuses into another composition for retrospective analysis about what is here and what is not. It is too soon to tell anyone that you are here, and those who come between you and the truth are also a part of it, leaning forward on the hours after dark when the real thought presents itself, "Am I here at all?"

Just as who you are is an indication that the trail has been met within the terms discarded between dawn and dusk, there are no words for it, just as words are singular things; if one is too wrapped up in them, then they have lost their focus in what to do, but denied the portion of their density which calls them singular and parts of something larger, and looses upon the central thought something which has become less than what it was in the first instance, but loomed out into negative space to indicate that something is about to become the day itself.

In between waiting and movement, there are incidents about nothing is said and others which demand attention for the value of their passage, or what is represented internally by the intensity of what went on the night before. A silence penetrates you more quickly than color, or your airs move around and hold into more disturbed allowances. It is here that some secrets are told and others are moved into place by the hand that feeds them. It is image itself which declares space to be at the mercy of words. And words hang in space with a density which gives them the power to be these things identified with particular demonstrations of something out to lunch with the boss and nothing in particular to say. It is still the day it is and whoever passes this way cannot fail but notice that you are still at home with the wine press screwed down to zero and no new clothes in the dryer, they are all packed away in the attic in cardboard boxes with lists on the ends to identify the contents of what is inside. Idealike they lurk in the shadows of the attic, and when the lights go out they are still there collecting dust which came up off the floor when you shuttled around looking for the lightswitch, and even then the particles reassign themselves and begin to settle down on the tops of the boxes.

Even the clarity of the moment is somewhat illusory. In the rush to become a thought, energy is deflected into premature existence by a rumor of necessity, by a command for the lines to bend from their parallel nature into something original and perfect, as if the singular and the particular were intonations instead of attributes; here the light waves are bent unwilling into photons of speech spreading an individual density from blankness into the realm of what is there in the moment before anything is done to the remainder of the crowd settled down in the corridor, and spread flat against the walls like 3D wallpaper, under a bright fluorescent sky the

dogies make their presence known in brownish discus shaped hummers waiting for the thrower and the throne.

You are you, it declares in the manner of someone who has forgotten his name. Ankle deep in the day's moods and turns, it is he who is victim of his own deception, and marks feelings with unofficial values in order to describe them to others, as if the silence before speech were an attribute of language itself, read in the pauses and circumlocutions of the individual who has read the signs along the way, while the other guy strings it along from tree to tree. In the silence of a perhaps seasonal mission from leaf to leaf, the flies miss out on larger parties than they could have imagined, just as a story comes to be seen between the cracks in the walls, it is not a simple telling of the facts, for there are none, it is all made up of figmentary treelimb of fact and fortune, it is gone, gone up in the pipe dreams of potheads, as a quest for control in a larger game than the one described in the manuals for the operation of the psyche, fact sheets, diagrams, additives for sale in the supermarket, there is a manipulation of the spirit which resembles what goes on at the garage with your car, a fact passing unnoticed which takes less from the invisible realm than is at first imagined, and when you slice it thin it's still baloney.

The cups that he is in are handmade and swirled with clays and glazes without ceremony, in the modern style. And after dinner, the plates march across the room and climb into the dishwasher, singing a song that seems to come from Walt's march of the seven dwarfs. After the lights go off, you wonder what was going on in the relevant hours when attention was engaged by those who went before you in the morning's simpler terms, got up and made the coffee, and before you left, found yourself out in the cold by your own hand made into a statement about life which either you did not intend, or that went unwillingly into the space around you and consequently off the planet and into the outer reaches of the lesser density by which we are surrounded, these pathetic attempts to deny the emptiness of the solitude of the loner are no more than statues sitting in the park with nothing to do because really, they are the bronzed unemployed figures of the world, who have either been passed up, passed up by history itself, or else have made some intransigence into a mode of operation for those who mend fences and stack stones into triangular pyramidals in the corners of fields, giving the rest of us something to do in the morning when we come in after a long night of being in the prone position, we at least struggle up into a seated position and watch the orange cursor bounce across the screen hour after hour.

\* \* \*

It is all going over the phone line to upstate New York, then into the transmission device and out into the heavens, this drabble of repetitiousness is the one message driven out of the atmosphere to go beyond the near voyager to become another isotherm of linguistic parables laid aside from one time to another, he means them meek and probable, but leans across time to measure the weeds in the yard by the length of his hoe and the pain in his back, he moves again as heaven and earth conspire to make him railer real in the midst of unforgettable plenty, the planet reeling from blows to the head and the body politic making history between shows, the more intense days come to this, and make you lie down between shows for a little rest, the popcorn machine beating you to the punch and calling for time to gather up the spills.

## **PARS N'ELLE**

Still the markers wave across the silent manorial realms of thought wherein none but the particular have anything to say beyond the repetition of their own thoughts in hogfat simplicity, it is too easy to say what is too easy. The specific crisis of the end of the second millennium is just that, the end.

The end of what, you ask, the Joe Meat question of the hour is his own honor stretched tight across wires of intensity whose method of demeanor is still flowers made on the tables of the meatshop, his own anchors are stilled inside the tension of the hours, made into movies whose actions have no regard for the verisimilitudinous nor any reference to the nutrient of thought which is image and sign of the one. Nowhere in the declining hours of a dying century does poetry linger in the hallways, taking time over coffee and donuts. It is no-time, with such anchors as "your random hammers holstered" ringing in the brainstem of such emptiers as those who follow you down the street with less than nothing in mind, watching the wind blow the trees down with sudden bursts of ferocity, the fat lady waiting at the bus stop has her muu-muu blown tight against her stomachs, revealing a vertical shelf which drops from beneath heavy breasts straight down to a right angle which goes in toward the legs, revealing a spare tire which has had a retread with the third world in mind, perhaps she would make a good piece of foreign aid. Still, there are no beauties in this world to behold, and when you see them, he thinks, they seem to come from the beyond, and into the present with a documentation of reality which evades even the most thoughtful of men without pity or remonstrance, no it is to poetry that the future calls, poetry being the politics of the unreal, and if what we have is too unreal to be believed, then it must be poetry, it's just too bad that it's not about beauty and the passing beyond. No, that's the realm of the perfect Impeccable Warrior-Priest of Light, and he resolves to visit him in the next decade in order to relate the automated poetry machine to the ancient doctrines he feels must be expressed along with a certain desire on his part to be initiated into the final elocution of desire, into the final transmutation of sexuality into its opposite, birth from within, a transmogrification of the absolute into pure light, pure juice as it rains from the heavens.

And still the office buildings downtown were railing through one disaster after another. Contractors were taking their rebar back and leaving soft concrete to fall upon the welded fields and oceans dried up from disuse,

fish flailing in the mind, and eyes popping from excess gravity. Indeed the moment was serious enough to recall time to its origins. And in the science fiction of doubt, the others came to witness one thing after another.

And still the hours beckon and move with wooden steps beyond what passes for passage, and leaves them holding the bag for another day. Who you are is another matter left for discussion with the Impeccable Warrior-Priest of Light.

In the old days, they were simply erect columns of light, known among the old ones by the singular, "Prick With Ears", and later, simply PWE. When the beginning was over, there was nothing to do but stop. Contrary to the paths of rivers and the gradual rotation of the planet, the vectors were undiminished by scientific as opposed to poetic dogma. Still, a dogma by any other name would still chase a pussy up a tree, and leave the doorway open for another entrant in the race of life. And the smartass guy on the bus with his revolver loaded and ready for the niggers is still a nut off the tree of life, a fallen episode peering through his curtains, waiting for an assassin to finally come around the corner to get even. When you stop laughing, you might let them know that the doorway closed too fast to remember that anyone was there at all, and the silliness of what passes beneath your nose is a white line on a mirror filling the senses with a sort of self-importance which is not so much deceptive but rather a moment of truth surrounded by oceans of falsity. Now if you're going to live in the present, you adjust the one to fit the other, and what passes for passion is merely another story waiting to be told, another timeline waiting to unfold in your dresser drawers with pillows to sleep on, sitting up all night on the Greyhound with no one to talk to but the mescaline coursing through your bloodstream, and the simpler destinies are those described in moments of disregard for the rest resting on your plate with eyeballs rolled up in the window shade, his own arcs are unredeemed, too slow to speak, too fast to know the difference, and besides, who the fuck cares in this resistance of history to process, who gives a rolling rat shit about truth and beauty when there's money to be made on the drug market.

This is the distribution of grammar across the field of light, this is the accumulation of clay objects in the museum of light, this is the nomenclature of doubt spread across her thighs like a tongue twisting out and in with the specific gravity of beef gravy left over in the pan of life. His own fragments have names made out in the darkening twilight of a meaningless century when the population tried to outstrip thought, tried to get ahead of old Malthus and made the day another calculation of love's

empty graves in the empty lots of the new city of man, and if you doubt that, just look for beauty in the tangent of a single moment, find an apartment without meat hooks on the wall, find a slow sweater drying in the spinning drum of your heart with no one to press out the curvatures of the spine made into the farther menus for the screen to flatten out barragelike the words stutter and fan across the water of your macrocephalic mentality, heads filled with semen and ingrown hairs, it is this vision of man which fills the screen with dildo and thumb, the emptier days are stretched tight enough; and when he comes home it is home that he comes to, and when he leaves the forest, does anybody hear?

You are all alone now, Joe Meat thinks to no one in particular. The loner menu is gravel in olive oil; she sings cowboy music with the advertisement for meat tenderizer hanging on the wall next to the key chain and his identifications made out of cardboard boxes, stuffed into a corner like something meaningful. When the hour clears, she makes a move, silken and throng, stills the masses with a passive wave of her hand, madame porn queen elected into the houses of congress with nothing on her mind but getting into the fountain and letting the papparazzi click away with her skirts raised up over a not so ugly face, it is, uh, the name of the game is still who you are and what you represent, and if you don't represent anything at all, then that's enough for me to lean against the switchboard and call your name here and there for him to say and her to see, it is still stumbling along quicker than shit for the end of the line burning itching sensations for years cured finally by Doctor Loomer's final solution, a path to the oven for potatoes and shoestrings piled into mountains with no shoes but the ones on the feet of the guards, it is still too soon to see whether the dark ages have made their nostalgic return to the history of a small planet like this one, too small to be ignored by the solar system and too big to flush down the toilet into the seas with you, Doc, and let them ring around the caller fortunes calling out, Radio Falling, come in America, the Radio is Falling, and then the steady hiss of what comes after the troops take over the radio station, it is too soon to tell whether this is it for poetry and let the couplets lie together in the pages of the old books we burn to keep the chill off the winter's nights, pornography is the day's game and well enough into the future to leave them standing alone beside the wavier soups, steam and claim made out of these diagrams of light, it is the light and the dark among time and space moving lines are written daily for the fortune hunters lingering at the edges of the park, hands to one side and paperwork to do before an actual mugging can occur, they must fill in the name of the victim and his place of lodging, style of assault and permit stamp, it is officialized

volition to make the day wise to the rise in your Levis with no song in mind, the hand job of the mind continues without cessation of thought, and violates the precepts of the Impeccable Warrior-Priest of Light with his meat hung in the spotlight of the future.

On the map before him were the wavy lines of declination and the obscure names he could barely read Jawbone Flats, Poop Creek, Sissy Butte and Pinhead Buttes. Next to Whorehouse Meadows where the girls came out to meet the wagon trains, now called Naughty Girl Meadow; and Jackoff Flat, now called Brown's Mountain Crossing. It was all there was to the treasure map, but a small "x" indicating that the Master's house was somewhere up there among the tall ponderosa, ancient deformed alligator-trees, giant strands of prehistoric grass which loomed up over antlike, tiny creatures, each with tiny chain saw in even tinier hand; it was still a handjob in the forest despite the conservationists' implantations of 20 penny nails into the barkdust and steermanure of the heart, no one at home and no song in the radio calls prehistory the aspect of the new age most disheartening to those to whom political action had become another murmuring of the heart's own quickness, stilled internal dialogues with none to answer the salient questions of the age. "Shut up and suck." Ministers of spoken religion talking about oral sects. What goes on beyond that is anybody's guess.

The day before he left, the doctor warned him not to eat anything too rich, so he avoided the better neighborhoods and prowled the poorer sections, devouring small children and anything else that came his way. It was too far to the sink to reveal the codes to simple passers of good luck charms. There were no ringers slugged along the post road. After the troops had raped the statues, they hosed off the bronzed maidenheads and watched the grass growing in the park. Even if it wasn't up to the usual standards, the sentences seemed to roll out of their own accord, and what was insurance left on the edge of the table was nothing more than a whistling sound heard in the dark just before the black curtain descended, and that was the American Book of the Dead. After the door closed there was no more poetry, and what once had been an Impeccable Warrior-Priest of Light was now a silent prick with ears with marbles in his mouth, a slight wisp of light penetrating the ages with a few questions about love that either went unanswered or were too tough for the audience as they were used to multiple guess. "Orgasm is a game with one player, the name of a small planet in another solar system, a foreign sports car, an unknown concept, a substitute for thought, the preoccupation of the world's singers of songs, an alternate sub-gasm, or the other way around, all of the above, or above all none of the above.

Still your ankles have the names of the last centuries' visionaries tattooed on the side, where the bonespur clings to the leg without singularity and dispossession, the clay still wet.

\* \* \*

After all, what is left but light? It is food for the eye, and calls out to be seen; is further from what you are than other distances, they call in their own tongue words which have never been spoken: Pars n'elle, secret sign of Anabasis, Impeccable Warrior-Priest of Light, as it describes the entire limit of prosecutions word-to-word, poeticized disturbances ruminated out from deeper centers of a light polarity encrypted in braincells by the nameless faceless entity worshipped anthropomorphically from within, projected onto eyeball and mental screen as the Real Movie by those who have bought the ticket. Those who haven't paid watch through holes in the bored fence, intuiting from shadow plays in the Balinese style what was said first and whose gossip rumored the day from the night and in what order volcanic chasms poured valleys, blocked streams, tectonic crunch of the organic green ball we float through the eye of the needle dick in hand toward the orgasm in the sky of the storm, he singles out less impeccable ones to come into the sweat lodge and sing with the masters of the fire walk and do the dance of the ones and twos.

(c) 1987, Thomas LoweTaylor