

**Untitled
Auto Body
Experiences**

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A memoir from outside the time line.

It was the semaphore of times, it was the metaphor of times. Spoke tune at the outset beginnings, "I am a trap for the gaze" Lewis writes Lacan, making his complexity a simplicity. More congruent reflections in the face of the mirror itself, light to the arcs and tempos however exposed in the rays themselves, less ponderous in an essence, or delivered throughout from what is familiar. The new irresolute would be less contained than it is reminded from color into the tight fluxis however impermanent the divine in inspiration, wrankling looser tights to the knot, or wha, the nightmonger howling untenable lisps for the noon moon houser. No more than not.

Says whatever. You'd made these journeys across the face of experience one more time, and let the tales be told by others, or what the mountain said, just one more time, tell it, tell it, how the mountain almost turned upside down an inverted cone in recollection it comes up once and again into recall at the oddest times, also the time(s you saw yourself, once across the crowded street in Palo Alto a few days before you left, you ran the other way as fast as you could, well not too fast, but you went away, not toward. Inner focus would indicate the norm, not its apposition in sensation or retreat. These lessons from the frontiers of your reportage. Especial latencies are not, well, in arrest, as in seclusion. The indented hummock.

She dreams the fortunate clouds in their own blues and reds and golds and dreams them into the photograph on the wall or how they washed stroke by stroke over the painting of the hand which was transformed into the sky of the night mantra calling you forward into the spirit of the hand, that's how she is. And small gestures hidden under the small of things in their own place remind you that there is something after all to paying attention, yet in the closure of the moment itself, you watch especially after the heart in its own beating, one in one you move together on occasion welded into place the heart in its own meter and stance, relegated out by the tonal and the naugahyde, as one old trapper put it. Spinning in his grave, no doubt, but still a marker on the sands

Here's the lake, stalled within a historicity of light, a meaning deluded from the pace of time itself in its sudden ending at the stroke of midnight the sword of fire seen descending over Jerusalem, still a news story waiting to happen in the suddenness itself of what is spoke, if seen, not heard, but told, not spelled, yet marked, not held, the truth, in time, let go, then said, hold, hold, hold. You remembered to say yes. Orange.

These are the porticoes of light demanding a universe in which to stand, your own mental space retarded out of focus by the names we have for things, still in their own pressure is the story faded out within what was laid off, laid aside, made tempo and time in the rock tempo of some other myth laying forward courses coursers ramming home the tempo in the rock telling you once again to fold it aft and fancy down the line another tired dude reeking into song the moment you started to fall asleep, who knows what it is or how it works, you just plug it in and start praying and

by gosh the fingers move and the screen lights up and you're led in one direction after another, but I'll tell you this, it's one thing to write it and it's another to read it, and yet again another to hear it read out loud, and watch the light lighting the world's body inside your hand stroking her once again outside the timeline heightening the arc of the throw and the scale of the sign. This is how you move inside the line of yourself, hearing silence in the toss of the coin, how the demento of the spliff calls you forward ounce by ounce, and as these are the times that call for clarity, you might lend your arm to the brace and stall the curry forward into the next day.

In heart, he wove these lines willingly enough, yet encored beyond the science in the morning, sure, it was easier to let it fly, the sign on the wall, by who-flung-dung, and why not, why not ease on into the solid flow of the jazz line or the flatulent line or the overarched line, why not let it groove; inner syntax the restless ego of the armed hand, the typer hits the machine with all his grace intact and lets the tempo thrive in the silence of his head, moaning some muttering cane of tripe, then forgets the anchor and the chain, his own grace an eloquent memento of the forgiving hand, a fortunate reference to things outside and larger than who one is, all reminds the flowing hand that morning has now come and the roofs are off the ceiling fan hydroplaning skyward helicoptering out the last few standing on the rooftops, trailing back down the fire escape and into the alley where it disappeared into the dust columns approaching from the north, no memory do I have of this, it was all told to me. Reviste.

The winter wind howls around the beachouse, stinging sand against the windows, thick raindrops strike the roof and call you down into your own song, the first clouds of the year blowing across your headlands inert signs in the entourage of the heavens make the day not just another, but the one you remembered to forget before you started, That new. Marks of the time. The time after time when there is no longer any silence to the stars, everyone knows what's going on, every body knows.

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Score. Repeat the norm of dates. Slap your minkie standing in the rain. Loot your planar attributes of their own sentimento and let the roomers roll forward just another looter on the plane of inattention. Or the scheme of snacks. This'd been less than the narc you flavored-off the intentionals. Let again against the time of the signs. Or loosed like no other a shoelace trailing in the mud. You should keep these around, lightning blue and deeper strata enfolded, engaged and finally published on the tube of your own surroundings, halifax solipsist. Inherently rude and unflattering, yet a thing of beauty. A thing.

No simpler marks deride you into conscience. Perhaps the adventure itself pales into its own comparison, a story. Still, you want delivery in the instances of doubt, something should come of it. Still, delightful, unprovident, repentant, the soul of someone else beating in his blood-stained teeth. That was the palimpsest foremost. The rude stall. A signer in the morning came before me and yelled again, "this is the day before yesterday" and reclined toadlike too tired to call the game. You can't

hide. The wind blows across the planet. We look out and outer, no signs persist, we'd best make the better of this. Eh?

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Rocks on the table, the ears decide to remote your tubular entries, wherein the stutter of forgotten signs resumes, one, two three. What was intended, left astir bestrid; bestrid astir, the character of the people of the age in their pajamas at the airport, studied non-performance of the duties of person, fashionable at the outset, but a memory left untouched in the miracles of the afternoon, when she writhes beneath you, or lies still and waits for you to finish. Dreamed often.

Wind swirling in circles around the beach house, still wrinkling the air around you into other circles and fathoms. It is reminded to you that what passes still has the curiosity of its nuances, remanded throughout a hostile substance to the resistance that is thought. Mutterings in the distance of your self. What would the new deal be? This "passing beyond" is too complacent, too much 'of itself' to be realized into the new age for what it may turn out is not really a good thing, just not too much of what was there before. Before the fall. Still I hear your anchor calling, it is the noon of moot. Herein, afforded sweater lain before the fire in seeming memories of who you were in other instances, like the body changing all its cells over and over, is there a you at all or simply a set of renewals taking place in the silence of sleep. It's morning and there's a different person in bed than the night before. Yours was cold, culled. Motive in the corners of the heart, or spoken out like what went before, no sense in the demand for newness, but how you hold into

morning by one hand after the other, where the dream ran out and it was sunshiny.

All you have is your syntax and nothing to prove. It's the bottom line of doubt, no? Here in the afternoon of sensation, it's a little rolled off, a little simplified from the intensities of what preceded you in your self. I marked it out, folded, stapled, boxed and shattered, but still sent along into the stream of things themselves, perhaps it is in those things that we find our continuity, the rug from a former relationship, a cup or saucer, a flower in the bottle on the table says, release me. Here at the tanner due. Late at the moving line, but held across his lap on the bed-tray, a couple of poached eggs, the morning news all folded and presented to you in the swarm of time's memories of the morning dew. This would be the latent hour in your own terminal where the polarities are reset, your maps redrawn, packed, spent like old money on the way home, you'd left. This might actually turn into something.

Details. It's a cool rasp on the knuckle, drawing across the skin-tight skin wherever you let it. Go on into the sentence itself, coiling laps of sensation like markers on the dusk where the sunset goes beyond and dips and finally eases out into the coming dark like the promise of return where things in the mirror may be closer than they actually appear. His wispy singing comes sailing through the air, no "rock on" to his elemental distinction, no foolhardy choice of colors that might internalize the resistances themselves to some distance from the real. You've halted again, the progress too much for the slinking hand. You'd let them get away with it just one more time, like, if you did, they'd leave, but no, it

only encourages them to more commercials on the evening tube, the reckless and the unremarkable tossed in together like so many salads on the late show, sprinkled with doubt and a touch of something bitter to give it resonance, yet crinkled into summer's last white shirt with a bit of shredding added into the mix. You spill, slowing slowly.

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Garb of the stone, the the. A bitter light filled the room with reds and blues. He swept the floors willingly, this fishmonger, poet of light, sacred disposall in the sink of time. His name is Fosul Boner, short for For Sale By Owner. His act, if you can call it that, is to play on your nerves until you give him a shot of electricity, either a smear of rejection or a kiss of recognition. Always give him your left hand. In the distances of stone there is still a coming storm of cloudlike steamy vaporous dismay in the heavens, a sense of completion where there has as yet been no beginning. Here in the middle. You'd mutter into the ear of your own anabasis seeming to the beaches proud yet scattered into the sum of its other parts.

You'd left the car parts undisturbed, stacked, made into other things, why this writing always sounds like a series of announcements, or lists, or bits of catalogs scanned into the open spaces between light and dark stuff, wrinkled by the sands themselves no basis for what is to follow, still movements casting shadows inside the walls upon which pictures of walls and flowers are pasted and hung, shadowy airs which follow reds and candles into the listed hours flours held a plat upon the benchmark, laid up or not, perhaps just laid aside in the haste one feels when it's all

over and you can see the paint peeling, the lint on everyone's collar and the dusky bitch crooning in your heart, "who's sorry now".

The haste itself an irrelevant disturbance. Why, exactly, leave everything on the table and just get up and leave minutes before the lava came pouring through the door, it just doesn't make any sense, and now these lists of sentences have become longer and longer, it's going off the map exactly like some somnambulist's gibberish night talk where the dream leaks out of his mouth in words. Is description itself a form of narrative? In sync in time with the associational mutt barking up your tree, his stuttering word choice strung up in hung-back devices which detect direct experience and retard its blunt force with the gauze of lingo itself, that's not direct but its inert oppositional sting of reflection in the face of an onslaught of pure juice; the cutups weren't the same when they were no longer cut up but laid out that way from the start. Whose is the general's voice in the background.

Just as I find the night time crooning of her music a romance in the sliding touch of left to right the finger curls itself the motive of the moment, or how she comes upon herself in the midst of being me, then comes away again in the perfect sensation, love's calm unity filling in between the bedsheet and the ceiling where you sing your song again in the morning light, after all's said and done, your finger lickin' good, the old senator standing at the foot of the bed, hat in hand, little crunchies in a sack by the door...it's just too cool. So in the end, none of it is meant, "meant", that is, as something which could be stacked by the door, or

quantified into units of pleasure, Whorf and Sapir relegated to dishwashing.

Elements of goddesses are quite specific, porcelain high-fire maxigloss on the antlers of the deer whose spirit rides the forest waves with caulk boots in the memory cells of the woodsmen, those effete dudes from the greasy diner outside Syracuse where there was so much fellowship, grace to the dunes along the shore of the inland sea where the owls foul the air with their wings beating out again and again the same sun rising through a hole in the floor where the wind gets in and the adobe walls hear your crying at night the red and brown and white Navajo rugs covering the squeaky pineboard floors just before you got to the big red tiles, a foot square and cold, that lined the way into the kitchen with its smells and spaces and dark corners for the nutrition to grow into. This you would call and come into like a patron saint of knives and forks, and here you would see the forces of nature erupting into pink spasms of light underneath the table, embedded like Chagall's windows into the barriers of your mind.

Here the road floats into two seasons. Here the red and blue skies melt into each other like a warning sign that your seats have left off and begun anew. That's a mortar. And the way that it means is made up in another way. It's still the quality of the trance, emerging from the old syntax-driven technology. This is more appositive to itself, a layering of imageless metaphors which themselves are contradictory enough in their own construction to make the energy discharge a little spark, a bit of firefly before the dawn.

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Elegant capsules rescind notions of the house on the hill, buttressed against time in typographical errors made certain of their demise into the next period, period. AS, here in the sentinel of light, wherever he wanes impermanent, still recalls the doubt before the time of the return. What's overcome in these notions of the impermanent is the recall which furthers their destiny, you might say, in elocutions, in linguistic formulae; and as this is not a stylistic pastiche of the latent materiality, the internal intellectualization of any screen which stands between you and the experience of contact inherent in any communication, it's the little blip of electricity which is the poem itself which, basically, keeps you alive.

Although, to say you cannot live without poetry, not a quality of life thing, but an essence for the soul's survival, must mean that when it's not available, the body politic will mimic poetry's true message in other behaviors, as we can well see in the flexible robot and his anti-mimetic cousin, the slinky. These are not just statues or monuments to an idea, but precursor intrusions of machina into the souls of the variants, eg, us. Chew on that. But really, she calls aside, calls me out to travel from the comfort zone of this still and empty beach which drives in a straight line in either direction from where I have my house, there's nobody home. Driving home at night in the winter through the darkened streets of weekend and summer houses, maybe three lights burning which are not

just safety lights. What do you mean, there's nothing going on here, that's its premise.

Ah, well, in the infinitude of gestures, something calls forward and backward at the same time, a description of the cellular level of gestures, the DNA of the event itself, prefigured in the language about which it pretends. One-trick pony. Check your sister at the door and move on into seasons of the swirl of the long rider slimming forward stars the time one after another no oranges to the penetration of musk inside your senses a patchouli of the intellect drives the dull range forward into the top of the skull where you burn internal souls drives and forwards the moon on its own trajectory into the metaphor of times in which poetry drives the vision forward after everything else has been noticed.

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As yet diverse, nor yet described, the polar motion in your favorite hands renews sight inside the totality of the lighted surface, a simplicity inside which a resident eloquence might immerse you in the forward signs. Where'd you'd started to make sense, the others rely sincerely on the inspiration of the moment and the accessibility of the vocabulary at hand, might you model in the tempo of the unnerved moment where you'd been there before, no less internal than what was also described previous to what was said. Like, look. Look likes luck, no better than what is also forward to the times themselves, a nuance of unrecorded spins. You'd occluded unreserved formentions forward claims unreversed total disarray the names of which the names of which permit no distance from the air itself insecure and

temporary however and into but the claims are not met which are not yet brought forward, as you might call into the fog and still remain undisturbed. Still the rare pimento, still the answering tides ring you forward and backward in the tempos of the moment, what you pay attention to in your own dreamwork, how the style draws you forward into the sense that everything has slid a notch and not remained the same.

This would answer the moment of the question itself, no wisdom in that, you say, and yet recall the doubt which furthered the quest into its own elegant simplicity, a statement you'd left aside for the ages, your aged self, no doubt, that there might still be something to say at the end of the time you mentioned as your own, not to whine over it, but what has measure then has structure but only upon reflection does this become apparent, by which time the sense of the moment has itself flourished into another milking of the particular from its destiny.

Focsle Bonner. Stayed behind the lawyers on court for the marginalia hanging from their thighs. Y'know. Anyway, he's a stout fellow, wide of shoulder, close of mouth, even a bit reclusive. Fossil they call him later, or Fosul, or Fossil, and the Bonner of Billy the Kid became a Boner, despite the laughter and tagpulling that took the place of benign combat. Focsle played hoops amid the clatter of the lunch hour league, scoring more in one day than his friends did all week. The old days, the time when initiation took place in the heart's air, "she broke his heart" was how it went, but left to time, itself, there was no cure but the beating of the air one day after another was how it went until it went away. His

very reliquary, distinct and undimensional. Across the acres of the moon lake, she wanders his hand inside itself where the havens open across time into the black acres of the heart, here where the hours warn you that real time is coming faster, the time that replaces life, the cosmic whole.

You'd littered. There among the divestitures and monotheisms of your forbearers, old Fossil (Fossil to friends) carried his boner ahead of him in the dream aisles of his ceremonial present, the eventuation of his sister and further entity, Forsul, who was kinda short for forceful, she was That pretty, an instant boner in the face of the forceful Forsul, she of the rough heat wave bending over your ears with a sudden crack of flesh which cures your thoughtful airs away, leaving what was once intense a softie on the margin, a healded plinth, afford aheaded in the boners, Fosul and Forsul, he of the hesitant lewd, she of the monster jam.

Pop music on the jams, who gives a shit, let the unholy wind blow between your ears with the spirit of forgiveness a nomenclature on the darkside of whomsoever you were yesterday or the day before, toiling in the mindstyles of the officejam or floating on the florid hours of her dark plinty, wet matted on the tongue of your own blind affliction, one stroke after another a slather on your fate. This is the blind story of your life. An accusation on the premises of doubt, a future on the skies of the jammed finger, her own arcs capitulating forward into the season you met me one after the other a stillness within where there was a confusion of emptiness--not a vacancy but an absence, the spirit spilling upward flaming skies the sooner arcs willing and afforded luxuries in the heart's own song. One momento lowered from the sign before you, the lists and

apportionments a schedule of the sky's penetration, lord of the fires,
angel of the dormant strain.

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Robed his *mater dei*. The flatulent other was bent upon self destruction,
the soul's wandering tide bearing you into the focus of the stream, here is
the manner of the spirit revealed in its autumnal prescription for the light
and the good. Here is the renewal of what you said before, a prayer on
the wilderness of chance, an untitled spin at the hours in the glass before
you.

Lazy shit. Sale of repulsions. The Canada Mix. The floors of
inattention, a skewer of motation, floods of the inert jam. All souls
calling into the macadam cathedral, her owners in retreat again where
they went askew. Er. Uptight as you might expect. Somewhat lazy,
assumptive.

Enterre fucks, her slatter dee, butt unspunk'd, nay plinty in 'er sloth. A
busker on the main floor of divinity, a savvy school in the motor city of
the heart. Beleagured pool. Nay a husker, nay a poon to the funnels of
her plinty ska. Ranky poo. The sloth in memory, the harvest at the gates,
when your own remembered history had some energy before the day,
before the west was won against the other, outer, otter, some are and
some are not, but some are really otter than others. That's what I mean
by lazy shots. Left alone on the altar of her forgiveness, but then there
was none, and you girdled on into the moonlight where there was still a

story in the hardon he left behind you, yours, er, other. I drivel on, these mutterings of the inattentive, where there is nothing less to regret and little left to say.

Or you'd met them down. Down at the heart of the steering wheel, the big one holding up the mill inside your hands there were workers and the memory of work still in the flesh of your hands themselves, the drive of the sweat-high, working in the trance-dance of the music on the radio, the blood beating through your head, the paint thick on the roller, light on the white walls splattering up and down the signs the rain running down the windows tonight striking and running one in the same, it was always like that from the first words written.

Afforded forward newer signs benign the times themselves in twister tunes the simpler arcs remind you in again to hear her songs between you Rock on into her night lines: blue airs, red signs again along the highway afforded north from Rim Her Sign into the town of Fosul Boner's birth lamento in the inert heavens he was from Here, a small toilet village (meaning, they had one) hard on the mountain slopes of Breast Mountain, the tip of which lay deep at the throat of the World's Body into where the sensate realm fortunated the layering of the coat of wool on Joseph's raincoat reminiscences of MG's parading through the floatstrewn backstreets of the town ahead of Santa Clitoria on the coast of Californica, where the KarmaKorn factory dominated the headlands and the boatharbor where the whitecaps roll in off shore from the Islands where abalone divers still go down on her again and again, their stout

forearms clustering at the pubic bone of the virgin queen where she floats offshore, home to the many arms and legs of the body politic, down deep within the ravine where dope-wagons float in their bales of arfarfa, the swimmers' bodies cloaked in camo wetsuits.

Nowhere else did you remember to call my name out in the silence of your rote animal attacks of conscience and disarray, nowhere else was there a silence left to meditate in the wilderness of disarray and music which followed the birth signs the flowing lingo of the stratospheres clanging within the distances where the impoverished syntax of the ancients grazed on semi-colons and their impoverished gerunds. No naval attacks on the horizon for the forgotten underlines, vagabond italics and alienated digits without a country. It's lingo in the foothills-- misspellings lined up aggressively by the free lunch counter, it's a disparate battle on the lines and arrows of outrageous fortunate. Maybe this was her voice on the night line, just before silence, this was heard, small fortunes willing on the bar of light which came forward out of the silence itself, steaming monuments not recalled but layered toward the stillness itself made moments again seeming totally noticed made this. Rising from the throat of stillness, her song rains tonality signifiers within my own mentation allowanced, a falling off into the ravine, then the lighter arcs descend again, here's your name lain within time, the narrator fought his way into the arena

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Essence of romance, here in the eyes waving forward claims to their own inattention, this was where you went astray from the target of your own adventure, chasing the common attention toward its particular strain. An hour or two to become your own man. Here was the device from which your direction based itself upon something airier than what had preceded, a transcendancy of attributes which became floral, light-filled, definite.

Still a mark went further out, he detailed the marks themselves forward into an arch or pedestal, an architectural device which made sense of the hour and called out the larger signs of which we sometimes speak. Node of respect inherent. A rumor or a pleasantry.

Song of the farmer tune. Hero of the alternate ridge, of the portentous spliff, of the arrow to the heart. In summerier times there were latent angles extended out from defeat into less rigorous avenues to pursue the dogged retreat out of its fox-hole mentality, out of the hidden springs from which light burst her thighs called upwards into descriptive attitudes, at least that, at least the drone of some mental midget keeping you awake again, like cherry bombs out the back window at three in the morning, that got their attention, even brought two bemused officers to your front door, but it only slowed them down for about a week.

The accordion player next door needed some practice, so he took it. Kind of dark on a late summer's evening out at the lake in the small cabin he'd rented. Practice was just what he needed, but he was a little rusty, and so it wasn't really 'entertainment'. I set the tape recorder in the window and let it run for awhile. Then rewound and played back. "Oh, there's another" Then the mistake. "Oh!" he said. Then silence.

At other times, the microphone on the mountain recorded nothing at all. Radio silence from the heavens. Maybe they don't have the means or the need. Of course, we'll burn this one out and need another, trashworld concept of star navigation, look for new landfills to explore new worlds where no compactor has gone before. So in the end, colonization will be a storage problem, not a resource, not a visionary movie with a lot of transmission at the finale, where the lovers stream upward into the V-ger of the heavens. But that'd be too much synchronicity for even Carl to bear with an unseemly harvest of noncompliance muted by the anchors and chains of temporal systems, their own best friends in the computing elemental pie-chart from which, from which deviation and compromise are not possible, these attributes allowing, these particles of chance recorded and bent into something redeemable something forgiving, at least something new under the face of the sun where nothing migrates from its own destiny unless by guarded and hesitant steps in the right direction, the later miseries unrecorded by at least the man by the door wearing your face-mask a trivial yet pursued intent which you'd left aside....

The grey morning light begins to soften outside the green wall of pine trees at the beach they grow too fast to be believed, also the handrail of the stair going up to the deck is visible through the window, the cursor toking across the line then bouncing around into the next line below, tick tick of the keystrokes one at a time saying something like a ouija board underneath your word-mind one at a time they spill out onto the "document" still a surprise and a color underneath, a blue or red or

orange mixture into navajo white or aubergine or cape cod blue or accidental mauve or any of the other poetic tags scabbed onto the paint samples, someone's back there in Ohio thinking up names for colors, unfortunate grey, belittling blue, your fired. Out in the snow the factory belching itself in air on air diatribes for the new day, insults and jokes come from the radio so you'll get up and go to work, here where the day never ends, the planet spinning so quickly that time stands still, yet we age, we age and move throughout the day's own persistence toward some waning of the strange and rain-filled parkas hung from the chimney with great care, if you'd noticed, some rafia or spooky jerky hung drying from the ceiling, hung like pot plants in the garage, all wrapped in newspaper.

You'd made the same mistakes over and over, of course, just like the rest. What remained from that, a personality, decayed over the repetitions into a style or a behavior, and where that let off, there was a distance, a discourse, a petition to the stars for their own testimony in what had become a long-distance commune of potentials and insects, all cobbled together into a demo, a possible universe from which extended rays of light and dark, and in the center, the dynamo of which others have written, the boys perched up in the intertie transmission towers out on the Montana plains, getting high off the energy field, getting high off anything, just let it work, the addict as degraded mystic in quest of the ninth wave. Waveforms themselves carry the board forward as the rider and the horse intermingle their destinies in a commonality of choice, whether to obey or to be destroyed, and in either case the end result seems to be the same.

If it is the light which persists even through consummation & its concomitant release, then the story may be incomplete without a narrator, a voice, a word. Even a word has narrative qualities, an implied speaker, but so what. The poem in its persistence as such, as such, that is, it becomes less than a nodule or a spike, at least in the reflections it occurs to crush the opponents into an unidentifiable mush of berries and animal flak. The ocean in the woods, there is that misty and unreflective quality to foggy dazes, themselves a syntactic unit in the forestry of chances taken and not redeemed but left in the fire too long to be cooked beyond recognition spamming light years ahead, enough to last three millennia, the codes all interacted with each other so that no one will notice when the transition is complete, just slip this tiny wafer into the slot in your forehead and get counted, man, get lined up for the daily feed bag and another installation in the media planet which finally evaded the day to day drudgery of making the distinction between day and night, not living in cosmic space but being hostage to the moment, stuck in between intention and disregard.

So you blow it off, kick back, let the strands unwind her hair in memory all of them line up, the ones that got away and the one that stayed in for the long haul, what was it worth to them, after all, but to be a part of something or someone they intended to become, it was all a part of that strategy to be included in what was being said in the beginning to become what was there already, as what was invented was there before, you know, just waiting for you.

A reply might be in order. Left brain addresses right brain, hello, is anybody home, but just goes on anyway, the nattering consciousness of the prefrontal lobes declare their intention to Not shut up, and so in the ensuing confusion the poem gets riddled out in code encoded but lessened from the costumery of imitation to emerge within respectful boundaries to become some lesson for the self to continue in its rampage toward light or improvement of the species all inherent in the conscience of each and every unit on the page ordered/disordered as a drama on the stage in front of you, is there also one behind?

He stops and lets the pigeons have their day, feathering breadsticks the bench in the park where you can stop and watch yourself on the evening news, high above the landmarks and their own penitent descriptions of the particular day you arrived and stayed on to see whether there was really anybody home or just another donut on the screen of time.

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