

# CounterClock



Abigail Child

"to dissimulate is to return, as on the noted planet where at a certain age  
one turns aside, rows back through youth and finally has to "go back in."  
-- Clark Coolidge

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Cover design by Paul "Victor" Lynn  
www.victorlynn.com  
paul.victor.lynn@gmail.com

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Start here. Uncompensated tongue. Pressure point mortality periodicals linking the present to  
earlier structural loves. Read forward, sharp reds. The words take off. Think. It starts.  
Evaporation of certain volatiles stitched unto space hurtling forward. Hunker present to left  
stickling pins in a back hammer pile. Enrich the feeling. Elixir. Lucked Structure with which  
to

THINK THEM

LAY

atop that

projecting

Counter clock arias of sunlight watering walls, mind braided in seed juggles. Aria envelopes  
envelop room, practice tips thick from arrival mind. Moms in impractical revolt stray grinding  
brain stems under water. Crayon on crib lipstick mirrors. Wreath that place soft thrust so the  
roots of it listen. In sunlight parade of red-handed repercussions exit intensity, still: Silky leaps  
seethe jiggle wicking one-on-one hoops. More. Make a move from

investiture,

competitive,

nutritive,

compensatory.

Celebrate strata. Star struck tuck-in growing on thickening fingers of middle-aged maid undisfigured except by tongue thrust by virtue of in lieu that even empty as if in the reverse course of events this calibrated limits bruise. Sort of a non-coma in virtue of its panty muffs. Face food forever. High-angled vowels trace old-worlds and persist. Greasy blonde curls predispose books: a lap or lose that. Manual work virtues definition. Here trope grows in virtue of its condition, analogous nudie resilient twins, geek ID.

MOON-colored  
G forces PLAN  
Combos

(or are double-parked)

Later we go from uh oh, or was it spring bled in dogwood's relief? It was a war tune or reverb to turn to geode: ceiling scanned (rough scrim) of rad beads recital. Hail it, so turn and Mary over wide and flat, a virtue to pay, a reason to pour. Sensitive and imprecise you try it. It spills. Soup suck surnames kick night stickball under double-cherry babes. Sidewalk's riverbed Jams. Hard as cake stale insulating absence. Your father you sucking you baby and no one yet to crayon. Even here you hear it: Insulated whirr by road flies firing night to make glitter bouts at hedge edges.

A meaning (the meaning  
as a system of selection

Out of rising beauties, help it.  
Unfolding greens greeny notched soldering. Our present tense. A day do or dosie. A following at almost. A sure post-bomb aplomb twitched in (this) variegated harvest, sun launched. Thus it was now; talking out eyes, long beginnings that repeat posting a foresight on advantage Body. Start here: We're advantage, foresight in repair.  
Tucked in, quiet

Painting ourselves on  
out  
We learn

we lean, we count.

Indeed you've told the truth. A jelly djinni, a wonder working jenny Johnny, a cuckoo to do. Unfigured—come on— la-de-da-di. Is that your final answer? Hey social jar! (Tillie Williams) on file cards *tickled to death*. Actually oooh lala controlled preemptive strike. A sampling of rehearsed carpet mummies mummied on rosaries between Uncle Fred's Frolics and Roy Rogers's fuselage.

Chain of  
job  
put through national  
ordeal  
tightfisted  
partnered in pink and blue

Lifting packet air under night power. Wind spilling image event over horizon. Pin pine sharp shadowed greens. Fighting pack tear ire pilling gimcrack eve. Watering practice, grinding mirrors. Mercury's anklets. Duh torque. That valley moment memorized melee. A name of course stops at a person. Toast arc rpm punctuated by commerce and Velveeta. Measure breathing image. Meaner. Move in irritating narcissism.

puppy on palm

fabled

u la la.

*If this were backwards it would shoot*

*straight up, out  
into whelming board.*

Lie  
there.

Obviate that: service by gender in lacquered moo-moo with monomaniacal gravy boats schmooey. Alternatively, midst the wild jimmy, ram shag bebopbalu making suck muck silvered stickball mild emotional molecular scrapbooks of—

sudden dark.

*An attempt at not hard clear  
images but absorption of these.*

Gob box. Good boy. Indolent plug-ins by pool learning thrust in skirt licks lips on unseen poodles among thick half-slip surfeit. Wow! Why we talk to dogs. Year charts. Inset Purex, staunch refugee ceiling on speculation meditation, maraschino fluoridated angora chicken. Full tulle inadmissibles. Thinking matters. Prom pose polished for insect keepsake. What it looks like certainly? A line of romantic fits Capitalist. Or hot safe sweetness

of inedible

cherry,

Day-o and

Belafonte.

A body and what's left-out principle. Food returns to glare free. Detention adapted to row reverse. Cock off battery city. Car. Carpools. Car jacks. Car chutes. Car seats. Car travel. Car relaxant. Like a Logos re-adapted to re-read torsos attention, medley of cirrus, medley of cunts. But I mean the reverse— how frightening how forbidden how delirious is this concept. Cock off the *son*. Cyborgs. Like a paper promise, a planet of torque. Fusion illusion cumulus suburban morning *mishegas* before *ad infinitum*. Glittering cold pigtails neurosis percolating tines of damask and struggle —broken

eagerly

clear

cartoon edges

4 foot of

carpet tongue

tear sheet

A tunnel to toy it. We let them loose. We practice mental revolt. We call it dinner, sunshine  
alfresco, standards, moonshine, a geographic field, a mental, a mental picture, a picture, a text  
in brain, a bed, a seeded preface. Her future, her bed, her body, her read. Intrigue defines  
convention. Ex-nun x-men x-cess— Access

a throne  
of space  
in the  
of Time  
as text.  
the a capella itself

*Just so* transforming hairy from monkey to mouse to fox. Referencing skies on backdrop of  
cuisinart. Boy and girl games plying igneous intentions, conglomerate tangents and  
sedimentary sots. Angry socks. Apropos of mass TV adolescent disaster replete with smokes.  
Our girl, au pair, gets off. Numb nuts dis. Just so, a Ben ahem, an alcove in retreat, Shalimar  
sheets, allure in alarm. Night walks in to erase things surface. Class, we cannot put a hand on  
the sofa. Metaphor itself — an attachment. Cove. My last example is "involves."

De-feminized

Origami

Late, slip briskly into a half-slip in a remodeled kitchen. Fabric sample shirtwaists in multiple  
colors, multiple gregarious reversals and multiple coffees enthusiastic bat mitzvah peg testes  
good yom tov thick in familial cadence. Slip pulled taut. Playboy on bottom bathroom alerts  
us to the lesser groom. Students *need* self-expression. Regardless, foreign maxing action  
figure re-injects virus in pink rubber cash for bigwigs' money-belt. Does it have to be useless?  
Beautiful? Noisy? One plaid hot point matched faille to Mom's (anachronistic) insular  
background. Predisposed dress up (jams)

trajectory.

Paradigm of never ending.

Melding TV on console between slow animal heat and artificial sweeteners. His Masters voice  
broadcast

*Maverick*: as in candy Hummels promote;

*Murphy*: as in enough mineral pitch to mall all walls;

*Sammy*: as in green bladed chrome self-sofa;

*Yunior*: as in No no mano-a-mano but clinically possible.

Revolt: What needle valve? What burnt promote?

A gig of oaf at holiday, gaps in soma promo volt tag Nations rosy macro ova or butt it up in  
the loco Motive.

A sit-up pillow

aces

(jacks and queens)

a straight

They stalk. Alternator bullet and again, Start.  
Entropy that you had had of that. I had not met before we talked. Text was supplementary. I talked. You dream (where there was no correspondence) another history penned what we took as *merely* an excuse to go on. (When the train came I mistakenly) until quite cold (I was underdressed) SOS with ink dedications. He said why *mere*? I'd like to challenge that— if I think I can (perhaps what I really wanted?) and head back uphill (got out too soon)

Mistake

gives rise

to

force

War rocks (in foreign tongues) aspects not to console. Between justice (time) (let go of my hand) take care where we could and Lose that. *Sudden loss of shape alive out of the stop the shape Was.*

Tiny tough stuff. Perambulating a face, bespattering grills. Picture a candy borealis. Find another macaroon high in sky where my subject shivers, unstill.

Give rise

between matter particles

Notice boundary as division

Hedge edges. Buckteeth. Faux cheese. But freer and rounder. Night light pounds contrapuntal polishing socks. Invariably on bottom bathroom, in shammy corners of their sub-urban stringy sleazy quality rayon ranch, herein gathered: Cowboy-lacy, resistance-eager shammy-maniac, western rumpus and filly fun in basement parking Full. Filed Patterned Playpen, the kind a young mother with sideboards and veneer tipped walls extrude. A punctuation, a muzzle plug, a like secretion. Good little bags. Commercial consumer fancies, the hold of them the peak of regulation competition through object accumulation.

A landscape for

any zeal.

*Too bad.*

Our tan dresses us up. Crucial and sparkling, lurid dratted blushed

To BE

What is on either side of plot?

CONTINUED

Fastidious secreted spur. Gendered and our muffins fell. Continuously reordering one's own vocabulary so I read: Dew-wet faces inter-pregnate, slow flanks darling. A tiger linked without analogy. Dark in puppyish negotiation bristle. Gamma gamma. Pale animals in other solars, spindly green limbs. That's the rub. Come back to that. Arrested night. Unconjugated Sun motored stun warp spin into light. It is not a faithful syncopation. It has a strange Name, is a turn of event.

No hold in mind

only

Loss names

Time's counter

Naming counters time.

Pony it up. Sweating soil suck. A seasonal ground. Crunchy in dark yellow spreading upstart aquarium—a bridal party cherry. America is post post already. The performance a subfamily of dialogue moved by clockwork outside the system. Lover in bar, asters in night, wheels in retreat. A panty diphthong. A cocktail slenderer by decorative ashtrays. An arsenal of meet ability. The pure products hobbled by instructions, America lost to tangerine and turquoise. Major major decay.

A subtle POST

suckle

hacking charm

To wake up is moral. To meet in a tropical banga, to re read bios with only a body, to back up ink lines class and colonizing's problem. Closets of popular dialectics play tapes in a morphed lingua franca. Unhook the translatable. Undo the phone. Unlock her breast. In outer zones, Nation sub and non-vertical lint impregnation. Crackly and pounding. I want that horror home. Whereas—deep within, a felt distinction, brain integument sexual replay and on the other, this false symmetry we call order

is

reality's

undenounced

Vertigo.

I become a foreign body. A toe pad hacker. An agronomic, a hinged pronoun, barefoot slipper shifts in light fatigue descending on army Centro. They all delta in the photo alter war. I'm the observer able to move about to look like a tomato. Visualizing parts. Narrow yarrow yellow.

He covers all bases. Each to each, energy deepening in our color grid, smearing bio masses  
for maps, moles in sun hub. Clean leak in that quilt. And sportfuck, de de-constructs. *I*  
*didn't know you were Jewish* (Colored, Italian...) Authority of body vs. bartered class, a  
holly hedge, a windswept maw or muddy maker. Muddy cakes. Race tasters. Stacks flack  
wing tips and flarebacks and a Don't touch me smile. *Take a piece of my heart*

Heady ground

A stripping, a challenge, a leg up, a ya ya. A pounding. A shell. A gun butt simply a fire and  
torsos throb in garroted space of political and yes there is a suffocator, a collaborator, an  
elaborator. They come and surge forward, safe in their present tense, a reappearance of pain on  
line we fall into it. Instead of hair on legs, chat is changed into sample voices. Eyes are down.  
Colors are four sided. It is sync swim sync swim shade pull, backyard flight bug bite and up  
maple, super drive, tiny novel cabled in outlaw full view. What stands and is counted. We are  
content and we are not  
with parts.

I  
do  
all  
I can  
to weaken and infringe those taboos.





Tout Court Editions

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