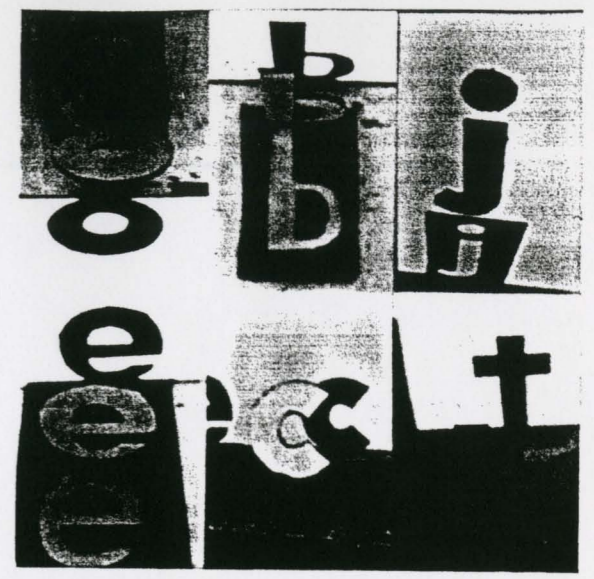


Jennifer Moxley

Wreck of a Summer Day

Object #6 - Spring 1996

Editor: Robert Fitterman



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Wreath of a Similar Year

A circlet ring of light
beneath our feet
a door, a possible path
of very best will,
placed before us
in infinite intervals.
Such facets of mind
might sustain us
if luck runs over, or love
provide the lost,
more bodily
forms of warmth.

The inconsolable mind
has created
abundant distress—
the scarcity required
to bury a world
of living evidence.
Abandoned so, in an idea
of innermost anguish,
we have become accustomed
to the unheard music,
the quiet accompaniment
of water,
being disturbed within.

Thought intent
upon contentment
may temper the guests of our greater being,
unearth
the hourly questions
burned down from youth
with energy and light. As in the wake
of awakening
wrong attempts
and wrongful death
will fall adjacent
careful Hope.

Hope,
how strangely of untold direction
it sounds, blind as
the first letter on the first stone
written down
as if a wreath to circle
the last sound spoken
on some distant, though similar
Earth.

red room, it means nothing other than resistance
and remember her back into my living
lost in the dazzling love of you my surroundings
Germany threw her off, and throws the point of present day
you reconnoiter this meager house coat based on a shading
a color of history, my religion nostalgia and this
mood, iconoclast you the practical can seem too firm
headed for neuralgia for christ's sake to be unnerved
means different when Rosa is not dead weight as I have
become for you

imprisoned must I be to justify this icebox chill
flowerless now and then the powdery substance that was
my existence did not on simple transfer lend, a billfold
is no definition so I retard your sweet yogurt
on a flagging sense of self, such offerings are without pillows
for we cannot build on fluids anymore than I can
tend my prison garden daily

one reasonable charge my savior
largely like behavior sacrifice
podium stepping would mostly a demagogue make of this door
within which beauty boastful rests ledger like
cave paintings, off duty in the side if winter walks
with every winter past this idle cause records a budful tongue,
in miniature I beg you see disaster as when Mimi died
and you with some other body on vinyl found me
brainless in my finery

declaration, be it in August or January
confirming each consecutive day of siege the record weakness
grows stronger, is sound relative of the waiting nation
consensus, is this the silence I hear throughout the room,
comrades' testimonies have ended examination, the international
elected thinkers of a heretofore unthought of people
in store for us my bleeding heart
that sound caught in the radio lending
new fear for history now no longer
put off but prevented

Where tonight, where when this gut of hesitation
enwraps my small conviction, it breaks out not
but for a comment, a distant day, the chide will will
a fiery speech though your still lit drink shall kill
renewal and the new year waft, it blows cold. I die
to turn askance and never without this constant pulling
memory return, I dedicate to you this gad
for guided we shall never be, our restive footfalls
on an endless threshold

I broke with suasion, longing the body near
you asked me to be the guard rail while you spectate
fathers tramping backwards, still potentates stand civilized
vagaries overlooked
may now I borrow heroines from a foreign landscape
or must I feel akin to civil death,
a printed evening trial, the west recalls the east
returning in our beds your present flesh mine and owned the same
this eros-lent family tree beholden by your clear breath
finds the geography of lifescapes to spite meandering,
give generously your nape, we'll suck in light by duty

finer things, the endless derivations of rented rooms
of flowering thought, the change of heart
the watchful eye necessitates, each dissident
moves me Russia and I have broken a rented room, tell me
the wish assaults the will for what it may render
and I'll beat you soundly with unity whims
as yet was my prison unmindful, be good
and you can grow with me
unpunished fearful seriousness,
unclothed in nuance asunder intention
evidence border flux and know
what I have always planned for us
has been by structured futures undone

From a Distance I Can See

You have a lovely and familiar gravity,
and like in the apartment of my youthful reveries
each time I walk into you my city-bound Greyhound
rolls through the rain drenched streets,
a lightscape full of traffic and wondrous people
lies ahead, once you've caught view they shall demand
the tapering of all your beautiful fingers,
they shall tell your eyes to stop shooting such glances
for they are blocking your lips from seeming
red as they are, and what of gentle memory,
it frames your face and returns home devastated
to inform me of such boundaries shifting
that in them, as in you, my dreams shall rest just dreams,
the rain drenched city of adulthood, vanish in advances.

I am Depressed without Your Pencil Too

This house is one big search for meaning,
or a clean dish. Without my dreamed for vanity
who can expect attention to order, or for that matter
eternal beauty. This house is one small space
of rearrangements, a paint box for important revolutions.
All orphaned overstuffs are welcomed here
as are rickety woods. And on that note broken things
may hang around as long as they want, assuming they maintain
their origins, or even if not. This house gives us objects
to search for with the comfort that they do exist,
though perhaps only in our memories of other places.
I see you are busy searching for your special pencil
that was last seen around the kitchen table, and if people
would just quit calling I too could help you look,
last seen I think about the bed when all our friends were out of town.

The better parts
of my lover's poems
are never quoted in reviews, god knows
truth serum for the asking and I quote:
 "kiddo, the world is our oyster bar"
now put another nick in the tin cup of life
and let us spill I will you well,
lay the pennies out on the track
lest this grandiose ball room affair
turn out to be drive-through dining

I confided in the opportunity to say "yes yes"
but what came out was a fracas, the Avant Garde lover
of hope, I am such an inept navigator
of woe betide, a miserable egomaniac,
 and you've been single minded which I like, especially
when everyone else is dueling, I love you
like the poem I wish I'd written
In Memory of My Feelings or
how I stayed true to my heart and broke it
broke it and stayed true

If I weren't so blue
I'd be an old world curled in your outstretched palm
one upmanship on the high seas of dramatic endings
or a big budget house in the country
 in our next appearance we will keep you apprised
with hourly updates, pay off the press
beforehand, but first we'll write
a left a friendless
lyric poem
to warn you that we're coming

Lines like these
should be outlawed, loves like these
are newly imagined powers of nature, pshaw
I spotted you before any will to destruction
 erupted, laying a dour trail of exit lines
while secretly dying to run
we jumped ship and wept, it was our way
I the Lumpen lover
you a well-spring of second guessing
I recidivism unchecked

The world is aglow
with beautiful speed and poets slow down to a stop
I haven't got time for the word
right now, no matter its
 implications, last winter we drank so much
we fell in love and forgot all about unity
the city and you are the truest
of forms, trust and reliable disbelief
all rolled into one sad strawberry
my weekend and my last ditch

Skin has a memory they say
but you are a brain child, look at him go
so what if the sentries visit tonight
hold my hand and swing it
 ditch the visiting lecturer and put on
your fedora, we'll throw a big show for the border patrol
leftist coveys and jealous lovers,
for the following Monday we'll take on
new and more earnest positions, teardrop
teardrop, all out revolution

In the chaos of daylight
the buildings come shining
into the rented chamber of my over-heated heart,
where have the hooligans hid your awards
 in a trapped bird my love, in a dark
and lonely place, the car
ten years hence
in a hospital bed
this I shall perhaps recall,
soft and powdery scented skin, apricot I trust

The best parts of my lover
are in the poems, don't be fooled
he is always serious or
 in love, you must promise to remember
for this is no hoax, it's a total failure
I the she the leased forever
known to have dropped
the incalculable prince
the remainder of all remains

Atavism in a dress
she is strolling to meet
your criminal past, armed
with just the history to see it
 you've a bigger problem than first we thought, buster,
they haven't made that part in years,
on the bus she dreams of filmic meetings with big scores
and they'll all come out to meet her
when she comes, killing limelight and beautiful men,
and you were so unprepared

Diurnal death creates a disjunctive aesthetic
insert the joker here, you'll need a strong
divining rod to reveal all the skeletons
those two tow around, deal me in the reddest red
 life is unfailing and yesterday
horrendous, children play
in Tompkins Square Park now where are you going back to,
debt certainly, debt and a smallish house
surrounded by field a father and mother
and all of the gall of heartbreak

History

My Clio, when will you let fall that ugly uniform
and allow my digits to stroke your dialectic?

Astronomy

Urania, the orbit of your rounded spheres
telescopes my eye on down your faded levis.

Tragedy

I saw you on a street corner Melpomene,
your big dark deals were courting the hopefuls down.

Comedy

Thalia, go call Melpomene into dinner,
he is trying to steal your girlfriend and call it fate.

Dance

Terpsichore, if you keep sporting those leotards
I'll be forced to fondle your castanets.

Epic Poetry

Calliope's muscles have upset my breastplate
his deep heroic flexing is well worth the wait.

Love Poetry

Erato the counterpane terrorist
has made me tipsy with his strong cocktails.

Songs to the Gods

Now that Polyhymnia has been put to sleep by Clio
I shall dream of his nipples having nursed me in fear.

Lyric Poetry

Euterpe, with the gorgeous chiseled face,
my sonnets only come in your embrace.

Book Review

Thunk, from *Correct Me if I'm Wrong*
by Kevin Davies
Situations #2, NYC 1995, 16 pages, \$ 3.00

I was given a copy of *Thunk* on the occasion of a reading in my hometown of Providence by the Poet Mr. Davies in the fall of the year of *Thunk's* publication. Some months have passed since this auspicious event, and I have familiarized myself with *Thunk* in such a way as to allow me, when asked to review it, to feel more than adequately prepared to share my thoughts on this little book. I only offer one caveat, for seeing as my favorable opinion of Mr. Davies and his verses is no secret to anyone, and my objectivity on this matter is virtually nonexistent, then what follows could hardly, at least not with any seriousness, be called a review. Given this confession I will continue on with what could only be termed "an appreciation."

Upon opening the letterpress cover of the petit purple volume my eyes fell on a hesitant sequence of words, leaning off their proper page, as though they were wishing to, by force of italics, turn to the following page. Beginning with an elegant "Q" I read without effort, "*Quit naming the animals.*" The line struck me as an authoritarian whisper. I felt the felon, naming, naming, and in the wake of my search for my own creationist prejudices I let out a burst of laughter. The burst was one of many that came in a sequence of curious horror as I read my way through *Thunk*. It begins *in medias res* with the line "Cause blues go, get lost on/ soft roofs of/ the next thoughts..." (my ellipses) and continues as a series of formal clusters that string together semantic unity as a train car full of various travelers might. I had the suspicion that I was listening

in on several different conversations, every one of them begun hours before I'd arrived. Mr. Davies is a tireless formalist, his mind never rests but, like Poe's "Man in the Crowd," moves from one idea to the next in an indefatigable quest for some form of sense. Every idea is given its own individual poetic form, and forms are used and then cast off the minute they no longer excite the ideas. This careful formal brilliance makes reading this mini garland as simple as taking a meticulously planned vacation. I was thankful that these vivid "word groupings" had not been sacrificed upon the altar of tedium by the poet's refusal to consider the reader's need for structure and artistry. *Thunk* has no consistent or insistent litany of tiresome couplets, tercets or blasé sentences lethargically filled with a dulling, persistent, lack of rhythm. Every choice Mr. Davies made was made in the interest of increasing interest. For example, the line, "down, down upon the jittery picnic of witness protection" is a heavily cued rhythmic structure. The slow diphthong of "ow" and the soft, heavy "n" of "down" and "upon," followed immediately by the four short "i's" and then the short "e" of "protection," (all vowels sandwiched between hard consonants), relieve the reader from having to *create emphasis* in order to make this poem interesting. Many poems that combine free verse with collage ignore the necessary formal concerns used so cunningly in *Thunk*. They rely on "bold content" or "bold dismissal of content" to amuse the reader and as a result are unforgivably boring. *Thunk*, however, is the very opposite of all that could ever be termed boring, and it is for that reason that I am gratefully appreciative to both Mr. Davies and his tiny gift of genius, *Thunk*.

—Jennifer Moxley, Providence 1996

The Disparities

Who seeks a spot to sit, to let the unease flow

Which needn't be let, nor does it flow, but stammer.

A meanwhile tonal musics play in private space

Which is the public's right, routine, to route your wills.

Mall. (does it matter?) Chairs, on its western borders.

Incessant. And there's two people taking surveys.

What stores (as in a store, *of*) do you *wish*, to see?

And I'm saddened, though reply (pliantly) for them

As they're doing this (I found out) for seven hours

For four days, and don badges with their names embossed.

TV shows of "rescues" -- several channels at once

"Mysteries" (of all brands) plus "ancients" -- to command.

At ease, scribbler (in a little lab somewhere, writes)

And so I think of moving on -- dollar here, there

Unease, every tone heard, person perceived, urging.

Pessimism's too lazy. Optimism's blind.

Twentieth century humor, procedures, and so

He moves on, only to rescind "saddened", by them --

Eighteenth century hangover, subjects being -- *preserved*.

As in one of Mao's "four thick ropes", no actual rope
Binds me and this woman, over the counter, yet
Force, the most present of things, ghost lurking [He, writes]
Who'd become more than a customer, a mere -- yes
I'll / have [add, she seemed ok, there, then] The Words Swell
Grows loud "have" "have", whirls...dizzy...that men take and take
(How much?) more. This, one more instance? somehow, new trick?
Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you are, and
Less than that, advantage, multiplied -- to "divest" ?
Tricks, learned. So where's the crux? Exhume what, this late day?
Resumes as: and the cash till kept ringing. Ends as
And the cash till keeps on ringing: Developement.
And I *do* hate those frills, is what he *should* say, though
A (quote) "proper" sense of time and place narrates us --
For such pulleys? why even brandish heated poems?
For such pulleys, why even brandish hidden hopes?
Other people were in line there as well, waiting.
When had who agreed that these junctures are less real?
Sure, we want to seize the State, but a bunch less -- *glazed*.

Then left, the place. Not a mental life, much less "place".
The east still pushing its way west in a weird way
The already dead-ones, border building, old clones.
The new element of these Tablelands is Fire
Not blue water anymore. And it scares them too.
Good. We'll need a mystique, all movements need mystiques.
All that to say, he was about to cross the street
Simply and Cactus Wrens still spotting the canyons.
Without envoys of elsewhere to tell, they'll be *nil*
That we can know, here. Like, what's up with Haiti, right?
Pulleys, again, how are they configured. And crossed
Oh ya crossed the street. I was after a month's date
For an event, that has and wants Access -- to what?
"A reading" : Let's. Let's at least. Be. Those. Those that let
Be: A gathering of consciousness passing through
Each with their differing interests, in The Garden:
Of Contradiction: EMBERS, *will* lose possessions.
Those who are willing to seize, and *be* seized, *that's* "live".
The west beginning to push itself to the east.

A formation attracts, petals of dry flowers
Encrusted in pulp. Flies the *cuervo*, over him.
Of a moonless night, you might as well say Alien.
But to get on with the struggles at hand, an arm
Is not an error, especially if calm, clothed
Cool fingers, warm chest, compeers of the future, touch?
But first we've got to edit these orations, fast
Before...After it's done, we'll get it undone, slow.
You know, formations repel as well, and why not?
Grunions return to sea, prickly pear fruits fall off.
And what about that coyote corpse, rotting, close.
But first, liquids, whether water, tea, gin, dark ale
Or the juice of a noun, to release, the prisoners
A tangible not allowed for a split second
A drying verb, preserved, for compeers, for to gasp
The night air's strict deliverance was red peril
Is to become intimate with what's alien.
Quadraxually lurking forms, rabble, rubble.
Add to that, it being twenty minutes to sundown.

Declined. But could not keep the cynic away, so
Led on by routine, began plotting in the yard
As he was taking out the trash, as what he's now
Is what is jabbed at, this moment, *they*, cars passing
Had doors closed, windows rolled up, cassettes inserted.
Why chase after what inclines to obscure such signs
That won't be held suspect, which they're not, in themselves
Events, the trash was taking *him* out, a plot had already begun
Of no origin, yet not an indefinite past.
Decline, till your face turns blue, yet still, forces act
Say this, Long Term Disgust -- Accumulates Interest.
So, went back up the stairs, doesn't mean he returns
But keeps moving out and out, as out is all now --
Inside crates, tomatoes, a cramped camp, in Vista.
Inside a cardboard shack, displacement in Puebla.
Inside a parts plant, from a room, in Maine, more plans.
Get away from me if that's how you've come, cynic.
You tell *me* where containment exists and I'll stop.
Didn't. And of a sudden eyes become weapons.

Mine, ours, theirs, yours: possessive's spell still lingering
When this next morning, not so strong, post-person, worlds
Collide, tremulously explore last night's dreamscapes.
(what?) Recall a pre-citizen existence, speak --
Street lamps illumine storefronts, who'd be standing there
Staring in (looking inside their soul, so full?) and
Brazen, unsentimental, car engines, humming.
Walks on. Halt. Standing too long in front of History.
Balk, make amends, or something, but get on with -- it?
Let me tell you a story, one says or wants to
Ad nauseam. Quick breathed, Alta California --
The bureaucrats of wills (some young) have set their snares.
Purposeful refrain, *Let me tell you a story*
Since the taste for night's been lost. He was going to...
Generous vague Desires, in their Delirium
Destructive/Constructive...Meet up with some friends, go --
Right, like I was saying, in Alta Califor
(Four cars roar by/over) *nia*, I can't be sure, though
Basically it's coming to some sort of crash, no?

From La

10

Argali Bö craps

kongpa nurika
[chorister]

When the next morning, try to bring, non-person, words
 Collide, simultaneously explore last night's dreamscapes.
 (what? Recall a pre-cision at historical spot --
 Street lamps illumine storefront, what's be standing there
 Starting in (looking inside their coat, so full?) and
 Broken, unemotional, car engines, humming
 Walks on. Halt. Standing too long in front of History,
 Walk, make arrests, or something, but get on with -- it?
 Let me tell you a story, one says or wants to
 Ad nauseam. Quick brushed, Alta California --
 The bureaucrats of wild (some young) their names
 Purposeful minor (some young) their names
 Since the time for night's best bet. He was said to --
 Generous vague Desires, in their Delipium
 Destructive/Constructive. Meet up with some friends go --
 Right, like I was saying, in Alta Califor
 Your cars rust by every side, I can't be sure, though
 Basically it's coming to some sort of crash, not

prosad ibex
 kosi
 onagers

(Open beginning with a line by a contemporary French poet)

the appearance of things
 (keep it early in the middle)
 historical categories
 (given over to us)
 ending (actual)
 (practical testing grounds) exhaust
 path (not)

viewers of the scene
 (prefecture named after quarterback)
 working in the halls (history)

planning
 (prayer recommended)
 recommended prayers
 preached by letters

(gratitude addressed
 involving with others)

has Tukchä spiti
 dzo shally spiti

sure as a shaved head
 (provident as the dating of stone age lumberjacks)
 the tentative of choice
 (permanent delinquency
 our nerves of apathy/nation)
 protein habitus protein habitus (juggling
 soft as
 lead)

Orwellian as the crowding of grapes
 (original as the grafting of poetic reviews
 in series) telephone
 (shameless acrobatics) has-tricks
 (the dive into survey) likely
 that that has since close to be said as history
 (gain on them)
 deal of synchrotrons
 (Stockhausen)

in a of erudite
 (sure as the sound of Sunday frigidity)
 falling indefinitely country

(Poem beginning with a line by a contemporary French poet)

like a pyramid on its tip
(keep it safely in its soufflé)
dialectical teenagers
(prison overcrowding)
stoking Camels
(juridical testing grounds) excesses
green teas

visions of the saints
(prefecture named after quarterback)
necking in the halls (schism)
plantains
(prayers recommended)
recommended prayers
preached by debtors
(gratuitous celebrities
caroling with Celebes)

a sharp waft of contaminants
(dial-a-font busy-ness)
the erogenous zone of amphetamines
(zoology of infant martyrdom and erudite sibs) pagan
law) barque tones

sure as a shaved head
(provident as the dating of stone age kitchenware)
the laxative of choice
(permanent delinquency
our maven of asphyxiation)
protein halibut protean habitat (dangling
soft as
lead)

Orwellian as the counting of grapes
(pregnant as the grafting of picnic revelers
to tombs) xylophones
(shameless acrobatics) hat-tricks
(the dive into surety) hilarity
that *that* has since come to be seen as flattery
(gum on shoe)
duel of symphonies
(Stockhausen)

tale of enmity
(same as the sound of Sunday frigidity)
fainting indefinitely country

dzomo da anklette

dzo ga-té
dzomo la

a trembling
hand (poker) a
not-quite-
complete grasp
(of) history
(sincerity is
destiny) roar
from the stagnant
fire like an
engine over-
heating (a
French surrealist)
like a French
surrealist
pummeled by an iron fist
(surfaced to risk)

too bad you called
(when I was sleeping)
it hit me on the head
(that you wanted to talk)
I'd never imagined
(that you'd think of me that way)
or that you were thinking
(of talking to me)

(the cabin in the woods surrounded) (by Indians)
Baudrillard

A
(dream caught in the throat)
terminal as a blue jay
(caulking the pecking holes)
left on the track to intractable death
(pock-marked to inconsequence)
a variety of balking applauses that cloud the window
(the poetics of *stump*)
singularity dominant
(foaming at the mouth)
pure as the air in a theatre catering to the Absurd
(false as the paws/pause of a Bosnian Serb)
regarding the streets on which you "curb"
(regarding the streets on which *one curbs one's* dog)
judiciously

(a haven for speech)
a haven for speech

a dirge on the appropriateness of crossing guards for embezzling millions
(millionaires crowd their cars with Keynesian grace)
profiles of the distributors of Tupperware to the colonies
(Tupperware rhododendrons collapse into thro-away gifts)
paramilitary as the milking of cows as the strangulation of sagebrush
(the cork that keeps us)
the death of the able body
(the death of fluid subdivisions and the clogging of canals)
the use of canals
(price of geography)
the presence within figurative thousands of substantive thousands
(“home companions” are not justified)
reading to be biologically subversive
(three chin-ups a day were not inimical to Cotton Mather)
the harvest of weeds every May
(cynicism of the many that may)
homage to the orphans of May
(the unfortunate models that've mangled the meaning of May)
where's your rubberneck?
(market it as “The Shaft”)
the suite of stalking survivors of the calendared war
(the garage full of imported victuals that bleed the wrents)

the carafe-full of
businessmen's lunches
(the taste of wine)
perfumed as the
sounding of toads to
a dowager's ear
(Cageian “silence”)
the glandular hypocrisy
of cyclical “lurches”
 (“keeping the torch
alive” against the
appearance of terrorists)

Although the sentence was reversed (the tide-
water) to
“drink passionately” is (not the
same as) to
“think passionately.”
How
sane is it to
burst when
(in a Holiday Inn, one's
nephew

) on a Korean soap opera, misogynistically

“realistically” but misogynistically, it is a cheap modernity.

Fill this trough (with
verbs) it
wasn't

bang
(bragging incessantly, caught
up in her
) remembering that to
be
in town is

carnival
setting.

In a dying light, the congregation (Millenarian) ordered

Thermosaging Wayne.

ICE-COLD SLEEP ENVIRONS.

Cattle raising news.

FILE UNDER "SLICK"

POEM. Lava lamp **S**.

I heard the sour dragon rattle

on puncture's nascent days
the flash is full of, siphoning
off encryption's tart hood
antique machievellian care

Sas too many.

Life a ltreaty.

Hawai 'i (Hawaii).

Gorge raw matterschick.

Elevating normalcy.

Pope makes news. Criminal rhyme

store. Bliss

shrink heaven.

Second-rate

date. Third-tom

verdicts. Fan

cy-pants mulch

wonder. Fredo
of fast stick. Roll
the mummies.
Anticipate gyre
style. Reverber
anti condom anti-sham.

Dan Farrell

A dead eye's length the
grinding familiar coming to a halt crammed
to the back of a pushing a to and fro
a slight indentation of leaves
lubricated well-kissed spot stream the pinwheel

Pink and pinkish frosting
exiting the real time plane
coily playing processional

I heard the sour dragon rattle
morning maladaptive rapture

compunction's nascent days
the flash is full of, siphoning
off encryption's tart hood
antique machiavellian ease

A dead avacado lengthens the
manual labour of aspirations

charging space in bait
a slight ludic gulp
lubricationally well

percentage-wise allay
or confirm, so will be so.
I agree you are my tonsils
blue appendix, dentrical
acquiescence in a tie
and suit is essence.

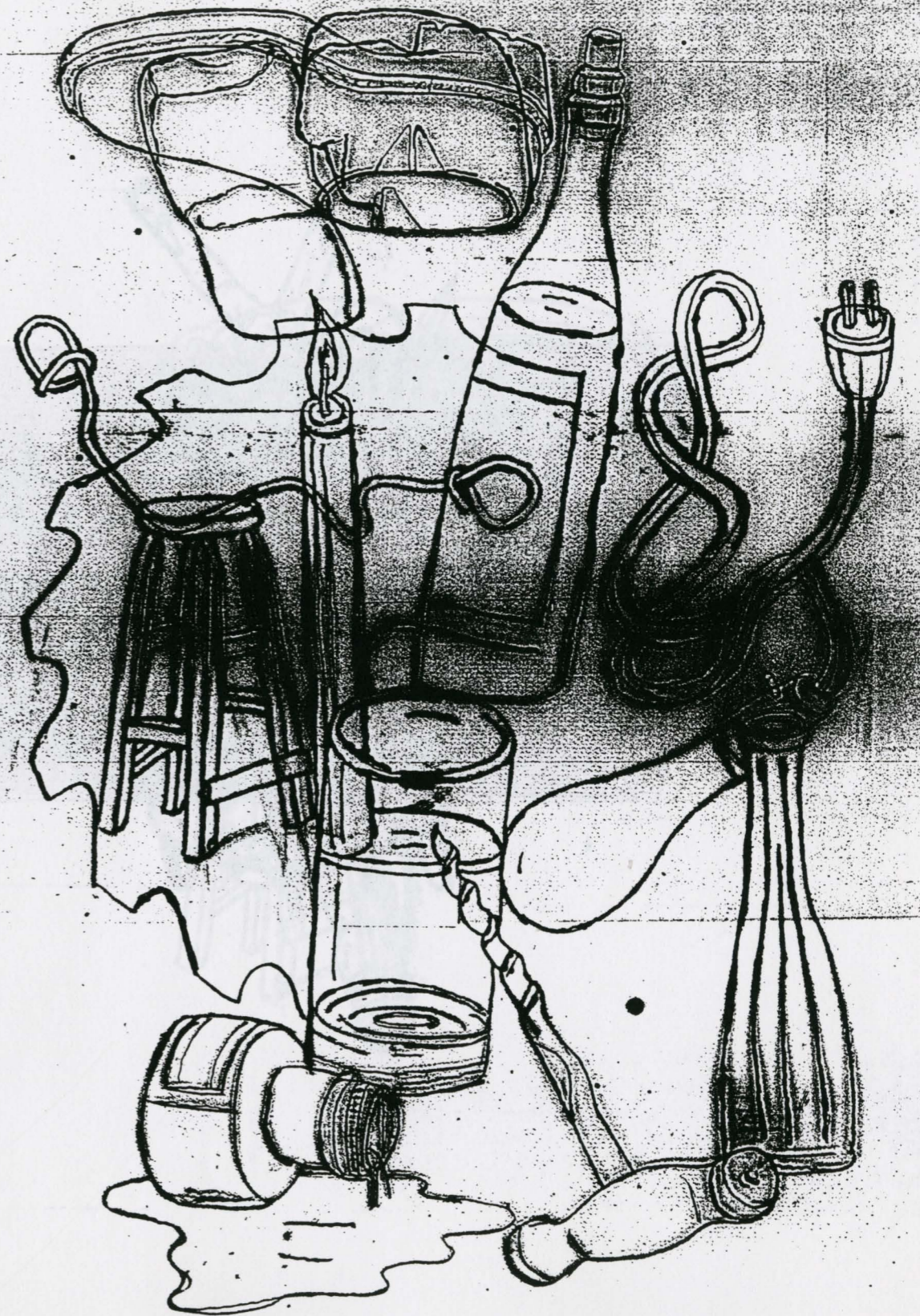
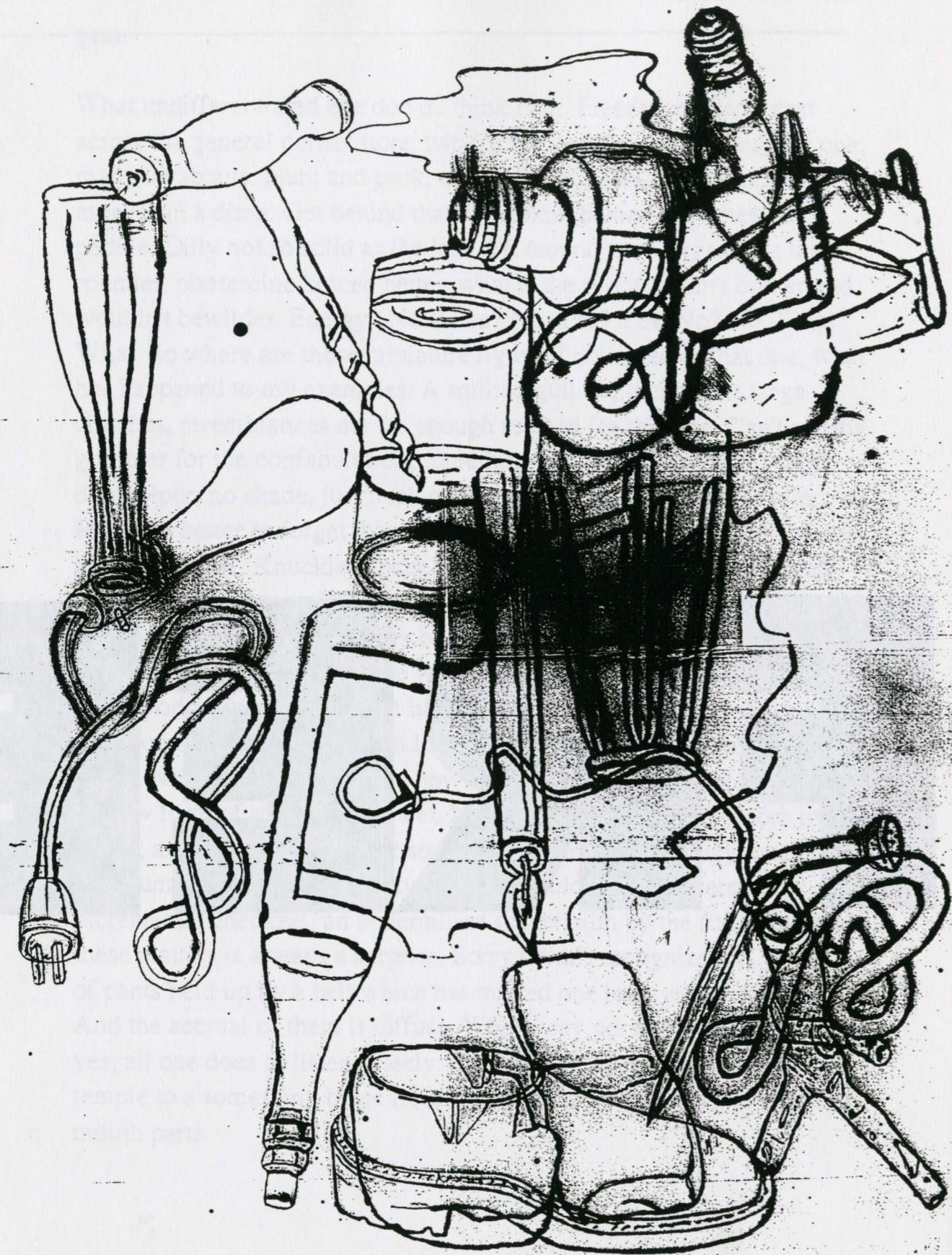
As discretion one of those moments is one
grinding familiar caroming to a halt crammed
to the bank of a plashing rivulet cool denim
flesh autoptic reversal to exhibit anyone
rewind the master tape back to harpsicord

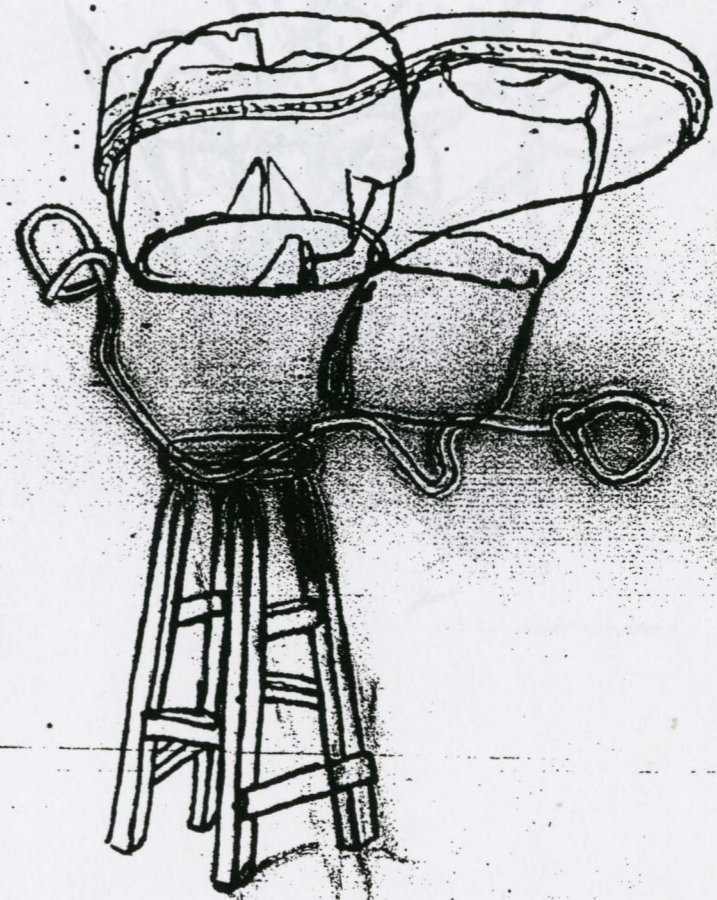
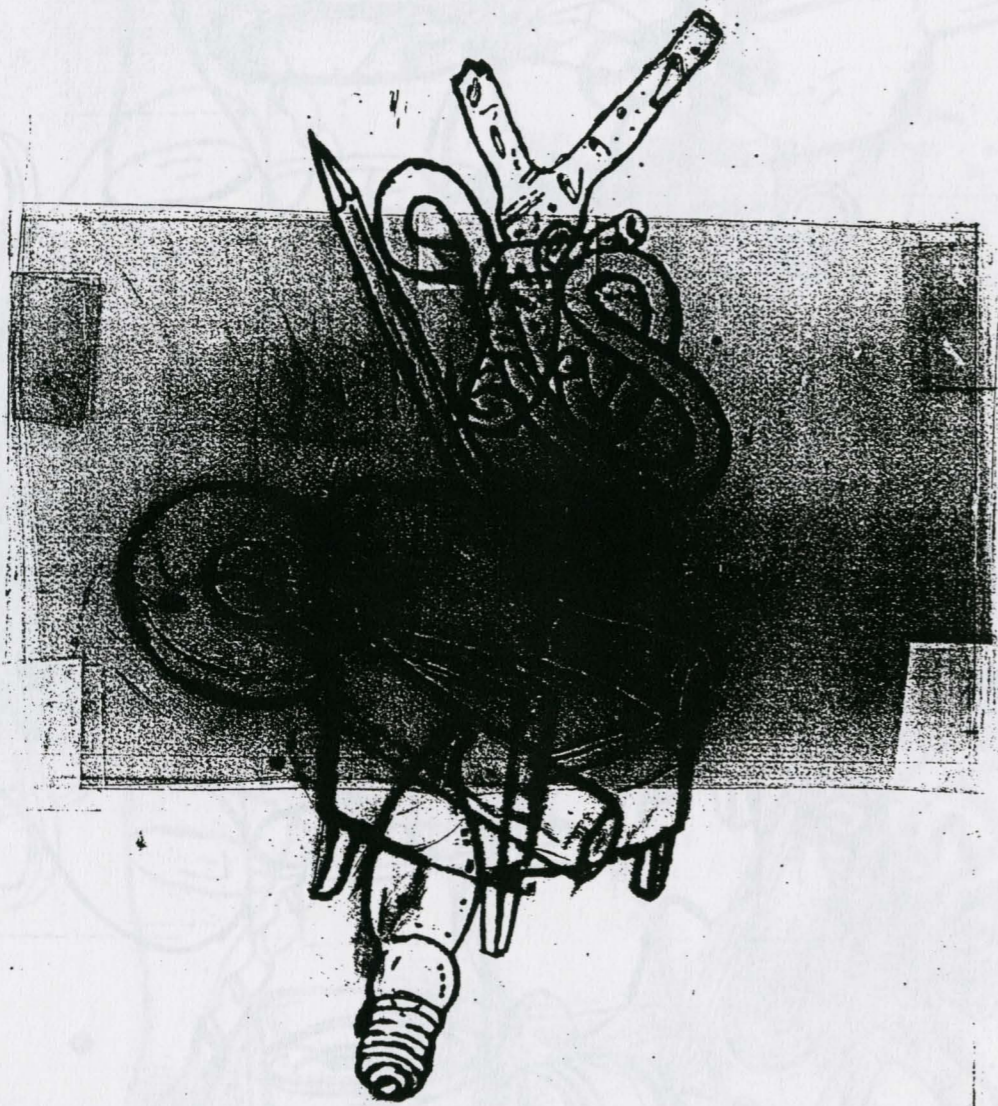
Pink and pinkish frosting on the nob on the frock
exiting the real time piano and illusion competition
coyly playing procuracy in the irritable projection
and driven home to carry the merry transference
of energy outside is in again cliques on a log

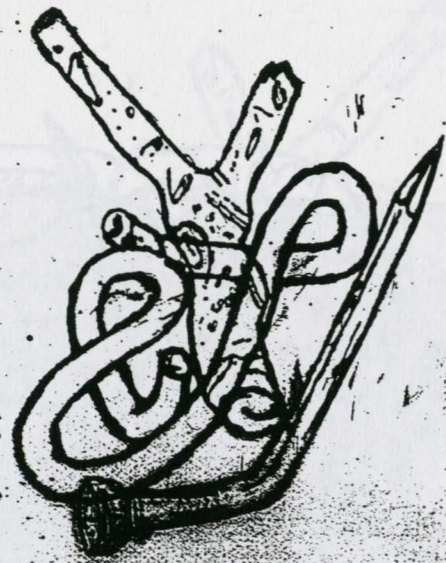
geal

What undifferentiated age do you think I am. Fleeting numeral cast across the general corner store, two for ten, one for five, twenty for one, many layabouts. Hunt and peck, call and beck. A nickel impresses on more than a dime. Get behind that numbskull behind the wheel and peddle. Dilly not so solid as the last, dirt mound now larger, dog laps rounder, plastercine braced better, what is the rest. Couldn't bother and wouldn't bewilder. Energy? No. Time? No. Yes? Yes. No? No. What? What. So where are those miniature figures I collected as that one, what has happened to my examples. A smiling gull has them in its large clutches, resemblances not far enough fetched for this one. Can't see the glimmer for the confabulation; something is not the same as it wasn't, dim colour, no shade, just flush overlapping fade, iterative dwindle. Probably better to forget than remember and forget again. But there it is it's own denial. Knuckles under flippers for thrashing. Qualities, you don't want anyone to be falling when caught, flowing to clay or flat rock. And back to the pasted bumpy buds of what's that season between summer and winter, when one would like to be the Richard Kimble of the plant world. Even a stuck can be an indication of displeasure so it seems so un-conceived to have it out loud that it's not. Hoses for half of kids model whiz. They'll show you how to make a clothespeg from a cannon, a straw form of rocket. Then wet. A homemade bomb goes boom in the closet, assuredly soot to slack sock, cleaner dresser, androgynous plant, heffalump junk. In unaided division at credulous pawns versus incremental checkers, an undermined supervision by the future expert in these matters is always a surprise. Sorry I didn't recognize me, but pairs of pants held up by a belt which has missed one loop will not often fall. And the accrual of them is diffuse. When I say yes and no I mean no and yes; all one does to listen closely: right index finger in left ear, right temple to a something beige from wear, nerf skull around one's rolling mouth parts.

FREE

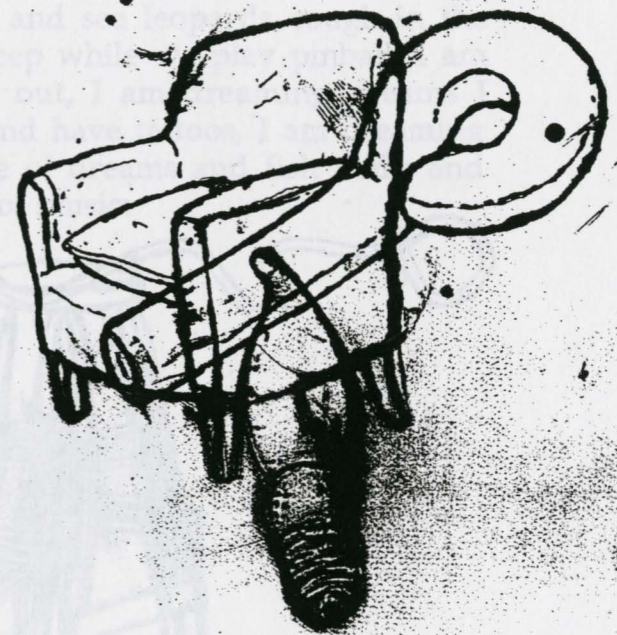


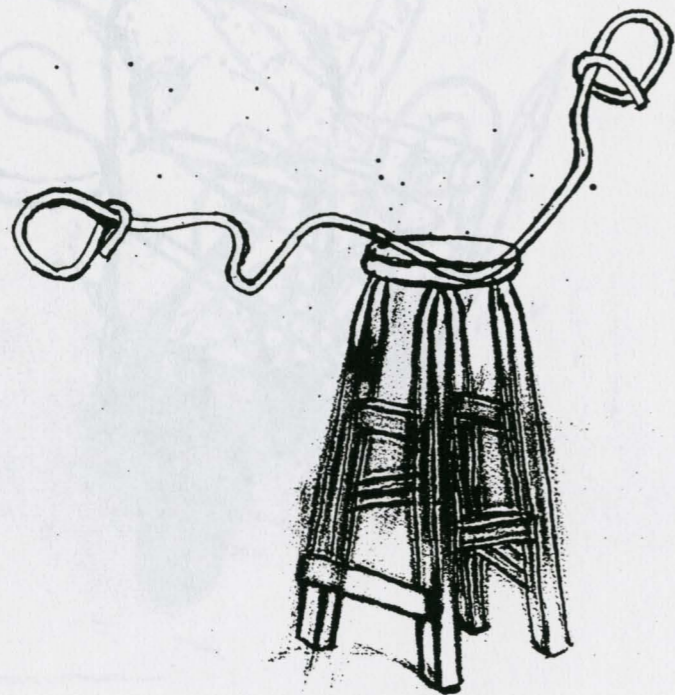




Lisa Barnett

From Sea Lyrics





Lisa Jarnot

From Sea Lyrics

Both sea lions and sea leopards cough in the
halls of our sleep while we play pinball, I am
ebbing in and out, I am dreaming dreams I
hardly know and have tattoos, I am dreaming
dreams outside of dreams and fish tanks and
the spanishest of music.

And I am so said amazons, Lucretius, I am
clinging to the baked goods and the liquor store,
I am nearly spanish and then nearly other
things, I am cutting you with broken glass, I am
a tiny frozen squid, I am in tenaments with
amazons who dream of me and plantains.

And especially from hot tubs at the parties with
the small ceramic cows and brie, astral-
projecting, and next to all comedians, from
inside the t.v.s, to the most exciting ocean,
inside the several redwoods, across the
sparrows nesting in the porchlights on the
porch.

Where the mailman comes to, and so to the
bridges and tattoos I am, an albatross in the
hottubs of dawn, and so to the living room
parents, and so to the amazons who call me
Lucretius.

This is a jumbo prawn and these are all the
mudskippers inside of rusted cans, these are the
circles underground revolving with the
habitrails of squirrels, this is a dangerous
underground stream from which we grow the
underground tomatoes, these are the tattoos of
dawn, this is the tiny metal hatchet near the
bed, this is the sound of my television, that is
the sound of the tunnels of the highway.

Massive and damp, on the ell curve by the Cliff House, next to the nude beach on the barrios that point, where I used to like the Grateful Dead but now I'm just a satanist, this is the Cafe Boheme where I spend my time, these are the sneakers I'd like to look cool in, this is the hallway with plantains and people I know, these are my neighbors, that is the jukebox place, these are the people who sleep on my steps, this is the man in the laundromat who wishes he was Carol Burnett.

I am bludgeoned by this most exotic ocean, currently, I am in the post office with the prison cells and tides, I am with the fires in the eucalyptus fog, I am clearing and the colors are all changing, I am changing colors in the lift of fog, I am almost to Japan, I am circles and the squirrels revolve, I am missing plastic pets, I am predictions of the sounds of tides and this.

I am this Santa Ana wind and we are bowlers,
we are at the haircut man, I have devulged so
little of the avocado dawn, I am waiting to buy
coffee near the docks upon the square, I am all
the hot dogs and the roof of city hall, I am
hardly standing in the kamikaze rain, I am of
the new year sober now, I am inside of all the
horoscopes at once, I am the rainy part of early
fall expecting to go back across the bridges, I am
near the greenish plantains down the street, I
am the subtler angles of the sunlight from the
surface of the moon, I am here to yet predict the
dawn, I am getting better like the oceans on the
sidestreet, I am surrounded by water, I am
walking sideways near the church in
Watsonville upon the orange line at Lammas
Tide.

TRIAGE SUITE

For what the doctor
shares, withholding X

part touch & untimely
tears—reason

cleans, flays itself a need
driven off is his hiss
peremptory in the bed
the healer speaks from

Open up a person
with a leaky pen
find another there
ward of a distracted state
cradled in inky fingers
who write the constitution of their clench

BAROQUE BAROQUE

A crowd of fodder
brunts the book
exponents guess under
threat of gas / the class of those
withers into its ideal patience
the sheerly recent
past the cutoff point
of having brought themselves to do it

For what the surgeon
wants, understanding
on four legs, spread
lips, blood
in the crook of her
fingers—the mark
of forward stasis implicate
divided
sure hand, spotless eye
carries its own cure back
into the enormity of what it did

BAROQUE BAROQUE

Torrent has forced its way between all
dust. The nearest nature is us
in signature, thus
an earthly curtain no longer furnishes the house.

Widespread lemon half-peeled dish the house of Vanity
topographic conveyance to the remnants.

Silver's goblet shape

works

the remnants of pleasure, of Vanity

its way, its miracles upon all objects
under the veil.

We have never composed smaller fields

and there are no empty rectangles

except no

surface lacks pattern

star crescent star that we cannot help among them martyred

star

in signature, in any case bright.

Does the mirror reflect the total open

course, a curving?

This bridge bridges Advent, retractable
bolt drawn at intervals into what history I can come up short, but
for one thing shattered.

Chronology could do

no better than this which runs through battlement, beauty
lulled above the plain though fell
as to the remnants, to a width proposed.
The sternest offer. The set-up.

What you half-slip into it,
proposed of full admission, of pleasure.
When attention wanders

the weight anticipates an alternate
line on its way to a width proposed, to rule.
Prayers against tedium
to rule, to find a common common
weight of use, of full admission
will concede a barrier to subject, flourishing local
bodies.

Know me know my namesake.

Stuck in signature, in a habit.
There are more of us than there is of trouble.

Latency satisfies
(a habit of survival, of use)
choice, analogy inseparable
from its miracles, its articulate parts.
Otherwise,
a hand-smashing day.

SINCE CHARDIN

Over-ripe copper kettle; tender paper egg held
closed at one white point. Opacity
bled from light.

A pornographic playing card is a line between
the fingers of one hand. The sensual replaced
with touch, placelessness with detail.

The water in a leaf.

You are here with your elbows on the table. Your imagined
self always exactly at the horizon. Roads as axes; maps and
houses as objects under glass. The reduction of vision to
a line that is not a line but the simultaneous end of
two fields; not only the horizon but the table, its lit edge.

You speak standing
on painted sashes, in open doors. The frame
you are still about to enter.

The covered flesh of apples.

The screen of morning glories strung from
sill to lintel in the window. This blue
bloom, facing out.

The tree which, beyond the
window, never stops.

Codex forests.

Go armed with shelled teeth to underworld.

Not lost. No reward.

Past crusts Timothy bearer.

Eat the quirks. No mood.

Alas signals.

Tesserae of what you spoke.

Mosaic's mouth we walk across.

Away always.

Peregrine mosaic whorl.

Ear to lent be.

Otherwise.

Story to Tell No One

A portrait.

Michael you wend.

Pins and fathers. Farther.

Stoned by capacity.

The wreck engineers itself.

Sometimes pictures.

Others sink.

To woe.

Convolutes scapes rolled over.

Salamander wept tourmaline.

Actual passes a floating point.

Projection flouts, soot unicorn titles.

Her convenient crowds, bannerless went.

Duress burgers.

Shuttlecock to serpentine men under.

Volumes better radiate the crooked
shankpiece losses.

Durer burghers in a creek.

Wood louse shivers, newly-married
open versions of forest stages.

Administrative deities fractional.

Crushed to answers, shrapnel hearts.

Anemone trails to shreds.

Shrouds hid.

Story to Tell No One

There's often a beetle in the village who makes a rug
Where numbers mass as objects

Freezing cat and mouse. At the center of the figure eight
Is a bee surrounded by followers

That are only smudges like a pair of shoulders
Caught up in Berlin minus Checkpoint Charlie.

There's also said to be an island of surveyor and surveyed
Where topology includes razor wire

Where you wait for a number as a pencil
Where the sun sets as an adze or a thin pencil.

This is not a game where the higher number beats the lower number
Like a hand you've been ignoring or depending on all your life

An imitation of solitude
Or a castle.

You can preserve a number as long as you don't count it.
Eventually you'll see numbers as brute images.

Then objects. With numbers
My last day here might have been my last

Without numbers, I am an apple. You are an apple.
I dream at night that I am coaxing numbers into place

Building unlocked integers with nowhere to go,
Numbers crushed together like wind, like hills and rocks.

Bite the Wax Tadpole

After "The State of the Union,"
Everyone is a hermeneutician for 24 hours
Or imprisoned like a Kennedy.

I went down from my house before dawn
Into the crowded streets.
Few had moved far from 1980,

Cannibalism or a reason to believe
In broad societal purposes
Served by partisanship and ideology.

Berlin sent a code to New York,
Shared forgetfulness of itself.
And in memory of it

A silhouette etched on a wall
A silhouette scorched in grass
In the shape of a rostrum

Whose speaker is just going to sleep.
The author teaches his own death
Or limits himself to naming it in the dark

A deduction killed by a fact
In the hour of the small window,
Metaphysics of the exact tone necessary to drive people insane.

It doesn't exist, but I can show you where it is.
My father stepped on my toe in the street
Apologized and went on without knowing who it was.

This is the life I have learnt to acquiesce in from my fathers.
Freedom is enjoyed when you are so well armed or so turbulent
That it's easier just to talk about it.

In Chinese, *Coca-Cola* once meant
To "bite the wax tadpole."
"You just saved your life for knowing this"

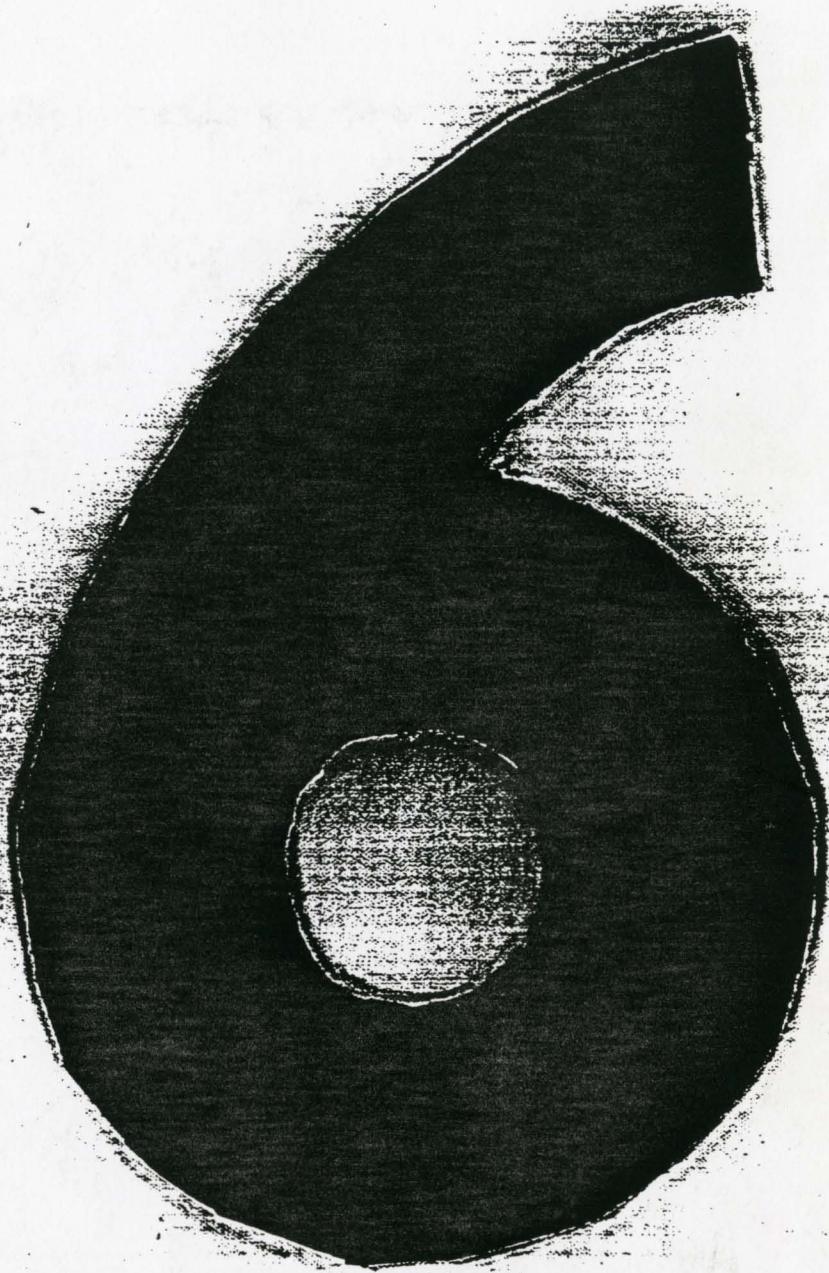
Thinks an ex-communicated relativist
Weaving through Chinatown
On a Sunday evening.

"Any segment will come away"
He says with no head
Or his head torn and made into a toy

Coming home from alcohol
Looking back at the false-color mosaic
On the edge of the city.

Bite the Wax Tadpole

This is the life I have learnt to appreciate in these days
Freedom is enjoyed when you are so well served or so indulged
That it's easier just to talk about it
After "The State of the Union,"
Everyone is a humanitarian for 24 hours
Or imprisoned like a Kennedy
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featuring Jennifer Moxley

+

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