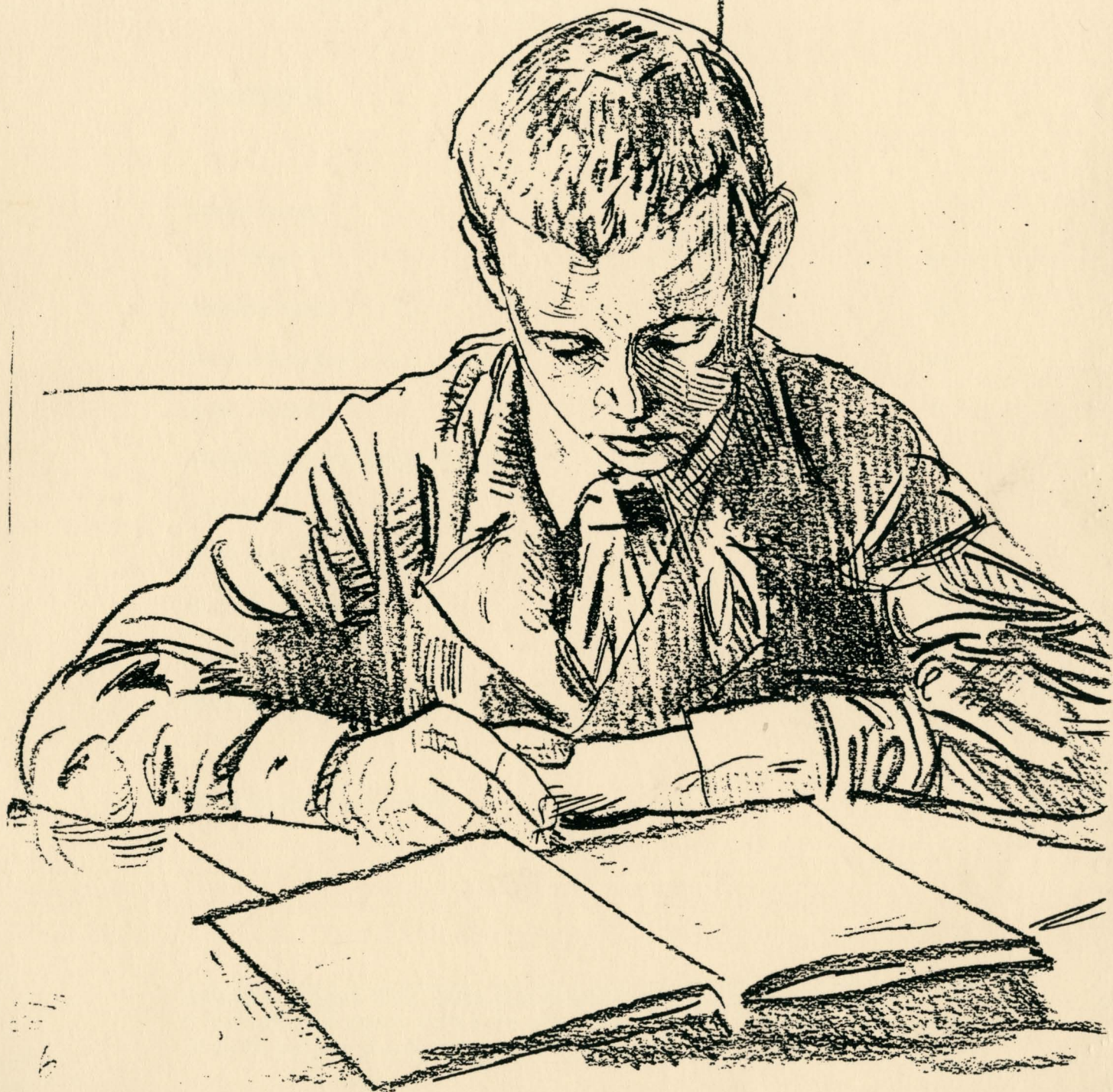


OBJECT 7



Object #7

Steven Farmer

Fall 1996

Editor: Rob Fitterman *from Medieval*

Contents

Steven Farmer	3
Larry Price	24
Celestine Frost <i>the meaning</i>	30
Jackson Mac Low <i>the critical</i>	34
Judith Goldman	40
Michael Friedman/Duncan Hannah	45
Hung Q. Tu	53
Laura Price	57
Sheila E. Murphy	60
Steve Tills	63
Chris Stroffolino	66

Cover Art by Duncan Hannah

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issue/\$12 per year (2 issues). Make checks payable to Robert Fitterman.

Steven Farmer

from Medieval

enter the world kitchen

flowered primer of the Medici

legacy of the adobe

hello sugar tongue

sound displaced the meaning

honeyed form became the critical

eradication cycle

we begin-- are you infected

what is seen

black significance

sing, play the spinner

template's order song

erase

Object #1

Fall 1998

Editor: Rob Fitterman

Contents

3	Steven Farmer
24	Larry Price
30	Celestine Frost
34	Jackson Mac Low
40	Judith Goldman
46	Michael Friedman/Juanita Farnsworth
52	Hung Q. Tu
57	Laura Price
60	Shella E. Murray
63	Steve Jitts
66	Craig Stoffano

Cover Art by Susan Farmer

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Steven Farmer

from Medieval

to atone & leave dormant
 a collection of pens
 by the fire where my swollen hand
 violence commission
 the creation of a portrait
 wherein toxins are stored
 rule of decadence & cinema
 finds dour honorary
 fiends in the literature

enter the sordid kitchen
 flowered promise of the Medici
 legacy of the odors
 we're taken very seriously
 some fear the passage of time
 that was the year that I got tough
 enter the slow-witted vampire
 town of the culinary oaf

'feudal world of important thinkers'
 proper documentation
 broken lair, missing tickets
 they cannot be identified
 a value given to the mental
 methods no more ruthless than
 the opposition's offering
 padded light
 identity
 a seeking malady housed

so each would know a faded cast
 enter the blank competitor
 and hold it like a present crutch
 area of the black chart
 called in from the brake of reeds
 across the seven countries
 internalize the structure
 the name of one thing for another
 dark room's sleeve locked
 black shells hang in space
 future such an information
 compass the deserted bay
 side to plot a crime by

so the work culture isn't false
 masters of appearances
 smoke and mirrors
 trap construction of the imprint

feudal world of important thinkers
 proper documentation
 broken hair, missing rickety
 they cannot be identified
 a value given to the mental
 methods more ruthless than
 the apparatus of killing
 polished light
 distance
 a walking, a death, a funeral

so the work culture isn't false
 masters of appearances

smoke and mirrors
 trap continuation of the imprint

so each would know a faded cast
 performance from the clam shell
 and hold it like a present crutch
 requiring the use of gloves
 a translation made to turn that
 blame may light a jagged path
 across the seven counties
 an inversion of the stars at night
 the name of one thing for another
 dark tome's sleeve locked
 black shells hang in space
 future such an *information* *you've escaped*
avenge the children's weathering
 compass the besotted bay
 tide to plot a crime by

rude spot of swollen

light present in the system's flaws

circuitous earthly fault parade

draw heaven drawing a blank

oblation any month as a tabloid

game time feature penance with tickets

without the conviction that human effort can

multiply pen light star light gazing

idiom lost in its negative flickering *evident*

bones we'd encountered in sleep hold art

like freaks in a bag fielded rivets

diamonds, sliders, signals & green

farm rejects in middle relief

to the work culture of a face

masters of apparatus

smoke and mirror

trap concentration of the region

close and personal nowhere

near to be known

informant applicant take my hand

if you want to be something other than what they

alloy strength of the mind and back

my temptress

blank our town if you want

increase the informal dispersal spent

of dandelion greens to the south

and urgent capital far away

an attainment skewed by status

unreality of what we propose to ourselves as

real when accepting these comforts

obsession contribute directly

igniting them is their dirty right

add some water

genetic to spring & dilute

there is trouble that hangs on the mind in

the blues that has routed its way to the

hand

this chicken

this chicken tastes like a tr or

percentage

sometimes that conflict

where inabilities trigger pride
 the implicit throng's opinions shift
 a dull cognition's dollar of honor
 the last breath of a popular form
 a thing of beauty commissioned trash
 the way a forest guards its rot
 inseminating a number of frauds
 the heart's tricks are reserved for dragging
 bodily fluids had ruined the cloth

 by an ochre sauce that put them to sleep

 dark astronomy where the ingredients marry
 every note in a loom of heat

plied of invisible packaging
 granted a border enough to go mute
 it florid sunsets like a formal agreement
 of wares from all over the world
 grouped in the quiet patio of the heart so blue a
 triangular shadow-counting
 electorate formed in a ditch
 diffuse the reward compulsive commission has cast
 an attainment skewed by status holding the
 unreality of what we propose to ourselves as
 real when accepting these comforts
obsession contributes directly lists in a web a love of desperate gestures
 ignoring them is their dirty right to triple the misery index
 add some water genetic to spring & dilute
 there is trouble that hangs on the mind in
 the blues that has routed its way to the
 hand this chicken this chicken tastes like a tree
 percentage *sometimes these conflicts*

give our lives meaning enough of it filling

a broken cadence radial prospects let in

the sun light let in the

box light let fall the radiant

remnants shuffling cans of pop have vintages

pride of a land of tin and enamored yields

tomato paste in my fettucine. . . tomato sauce on my pizza / pizz etta

a transposition of separate elements palm tr ees, tortoises, fuschia & friars

watch this packaging make its claims to the loon of night & in marble

far from the fear of originals

bristling

my name is Sergio and I am destined for economic ruin

loss of beguilement syndrome

loss of melody syndrome

loss of personification syndrome

loss of personnel syndrome

loss of directive to formulate syndrome

loss of intimacy syndrome or LOIS

loss of remedial skill distinction syndrome

loss of navigational correlative syndrome

loss of proportionate effort syndrome (LOPES)

loss of evident mirth syndrome (LOEMS)

enough of it filling
 a broken cadence
 the sun light
 let fall the
 remnants
 shuffling cans of pop have vintage
 pride of a land of tin and enamored yields
 Enter the blank competitor housed in sevens where the fairies lived
 a transposition of separate elements
 palm trees, tortoises, fuchsia & friars
 watch this packaging
 a false magic protects a dial frozen in the yard
 far from the fear of originals
 brushing
 ownership of land "the appearance of an insight"
 reinforced with larger weapons
 or the purchase thereof

hard music booms another urban moral nightmare
 Technical somnambulists and the bright shaft of learning
 fueled by this as permanent
 rap the worn urn for an inscription to forget
 it's a blue train because we made it
 molded blue to fend
 an echo in the broken
 dimming
 force from somewhere in the past
 refracted
 heaven's practice of opacity
 portension of a central link
 "trust this absence of a feedback"
 an amulet would promise to a bead
 a week's compression read
 glazed seven forms of ruin

wont' let him in unless he is a Padre or an A

stadium of tall hats

song of Harlem sauntering

big mood and feedback

Ellington

symphonic

... hard music booms another urban moral nightmare

fooled by this as permanent

graphic to the touch

in the alleys an embroidery of
fodder reproduction

for the anchor and the camera
an echo in the broken
dimming solvent to a greater
force from somewhere in the past
refracted

jewel box in monochrome
sound world in ink

"trust this absence of a feedback"
think in lines
kill the skeptic sleep

a week's compression read
glazed seven forms of ruse

seige and ring
the knell of
froth

their dream was beige of rent
betrothed their death an
entrance to further
asking

I want to sleep on the floor of that restaurant

metrics equal truth

Glitter Gulch

The Four Queens

Cypress

Aqua

Ginger Glitch

Roman Holiday

Citron

Stella

Mattress Mattress

Black Soup

Bojo's Shed

Idea Fish

The Torn Shiitake

Cinder Box

Scarves are Us

Without A Name

We Tie It Up

A Toque of Fright

~~Burger Dirge~~

~~The Dark Frappe~~

Larry Fisher

a poetics of exhaustion

Money is funny. The Market is not. The Market-without-walls brings us here. Art within art. Its two backs clutter each other. The law of excess applies when all else fails. The Law speaks through resemblance to body parts. Dead, say the things are real to us. A year, a hic, time for a bar. The most normative parts of all belong to readers. Ubu shopping for bags and boxes to want the bags and boxes with. While we spy with our little eye the circular coin for which the Blob serves as daylight. The motion of community both augments and diminishes. The vectors circle between pills and free play. This is the dearest thing we'll ever say.

hello team player

a fierce attraction
peppered

and the merchants cling

apend

Larry Price

Being in it's going to buy
out in the buy-
out will have
in the buy-
out will have
in the buy-
out will have

Money is funny. The Market is not. The Market-without-walls brings us here. Art within art. Its two backs clutter each other. The law of excess applies when all else fails. The Law speaks through resemblance to body parts. Dead, say the parts. All things are real to us. A vest, a hat, time for a bat. The most normative parts of all belong to readers. Ubu shopping for bags and boxes to want the bags and boxes with. While we spy with our little eye the circular coition for which the Blob serves as daylight. Dear Blob: The motion of community both augments and diminishes. The vectors circle between pills and free play. This is the clearest thing we'll ever say.

Being in, it's time to buy out, in the buy-in, buy-out war. Its hysteria will have been to thinking what Dogtown is to art, the costline under which we think, under which we cost. We speak in a pre-emptive silence, where the art wolves hunt & howl. They eat what we eat, a moiety of speech. In which the State's job is to render us superfluous so that we are free (to work and eat). In this specular mayhem, our gang blossoms with facts and simple machines. It empties the circular debt our circles elide. Our steel eye and taxable lip add and subtract (expand and rip). It makes the company sell the same things to the company at the same price in the same class trade. Where the price differential finds us (them) wanting. They want. Us (we want). The price they (and people) pay.

Language doesn't need to explain. It doesn't. Which explains the domination art engenders. A tribal art between dream lips. The proof is in the terms in terms of which the tribe contracts to its terms. The pages are naked without the wages, still. This is the vanishing and sampling floor, the opulational ramp we read and write. The signs start in here, stop in there, affix us to halves for which these (bulk and labor) occasion blossoms (in the fat) which we buy. We subtract them from what erasures we will have spent them in. Omitting (into time) what (repleting us) time omits. One (has no parts). Two (govern by halves). Three divide into (what blooms and what's going to) an inverse infinite where the fat blooms in the debris we sell ourselves for the sake of art.

At this price, thinking

should be better than this. While on behalf of this half of what halves us, we dress each thought in lesion. Nothing could be simpler. When anyone speaks of thought, apart from nothing, nothing speaks. On the buy-in, buy-out velleity and floor. Art ends in a need art ends in a rose's bad door. All our adjacent tribes subtract themselves from adjacency. Parts of them make parts of us see ourselves being them. A lucent body in the semblant body we would have been. The ladders stop. Metaphor and lifelong cash that read. We write and call that Le Vide.

Celestine Frost

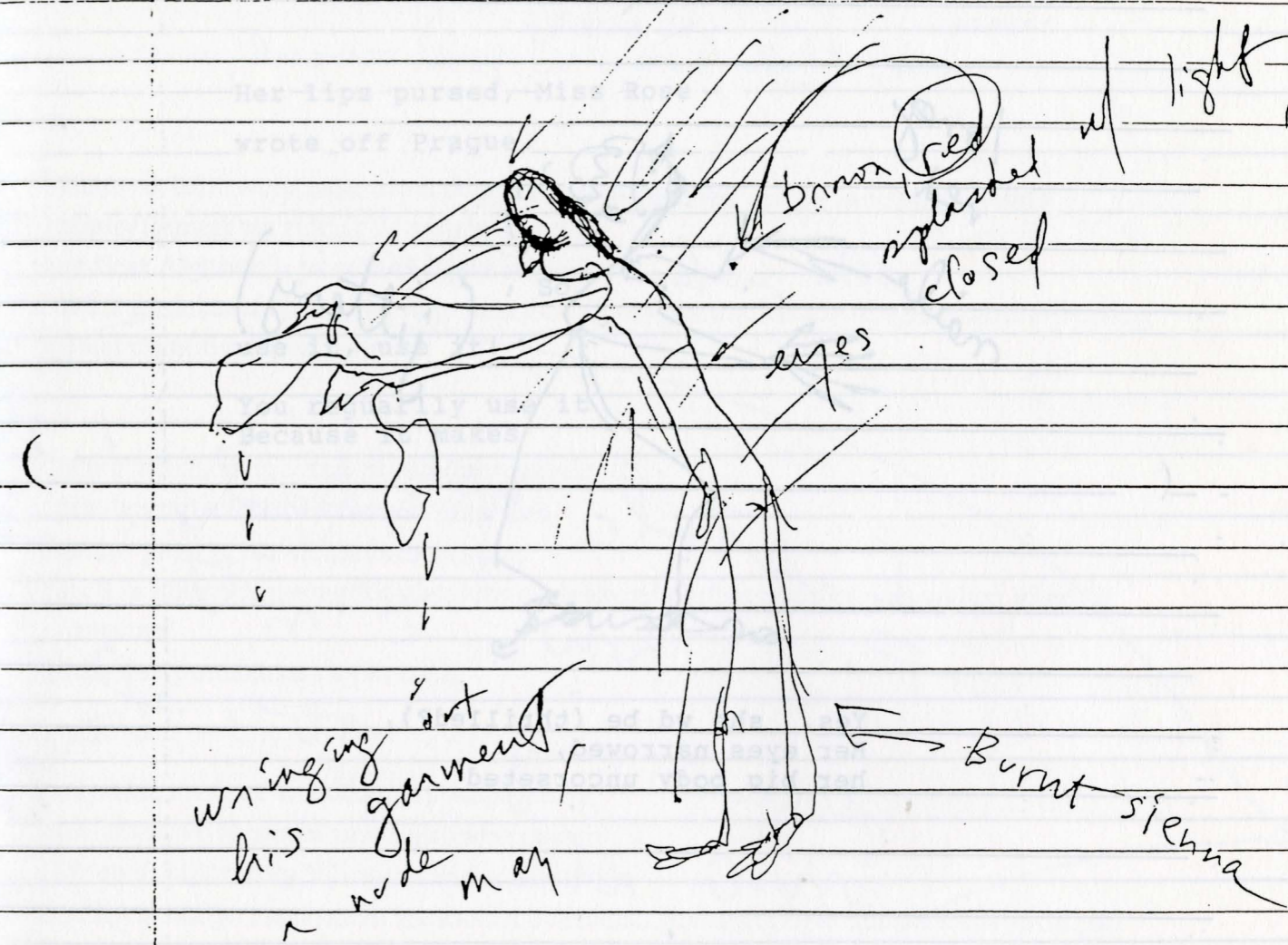
These are the things we can do without. This is the door. We can do without. Open it and the things we can do without aren't worth doing. This is the wall. It is the wall between the wall that brings us here. Behind the door we can do without. This is the world behind the door. In it, if we are free, we spend it spending the emblems of being free. The halves of it we are. It brings the circular, talking organs to market. Copies of ourselves copy themselves into the disemployed halves it frees us to do without. We wait for the door to open as it keeps us from repeating what we think and do without. We like them (with our money), the appetites the state provides for what we can do without. Machine-invasive machines from which we emerge, thinking. Nom de guerre.

unengaged in
his garment
burnt stenna

The mirror is a simple machine, a conversion manual immobilized beneath a giant's tooth, where the Art Wolves hunt and howl. It is hard to know how this imaginary syntax will ever hold anything. An erotic slogan precedes us into art. A private country, defined for the profit of those whose profit imposes upon us its melting surcharge: pieces of the history of the world arriving by subtraction. There the end of our imaginary wagon train reaches the end of the Trompe de Ville, where the master pages of our inexistence are overwritten. This is the power we appetize with its point-filled appetites where the Urloined Theories sing. Everybody eats somebody. It will snow on the flypaper tonight. Rubble in art. There is only enough language for crisis, only enough snow to blossom through.

Celestine Frost

This art book _____?
 You know? _____ the Rational Angel?



Do you have hthe tool?
anxiety (ther)meter?



Yes, she wd be (thrilled?),
Her eyes narrowed,
her big body uncorseted

Her lips pursed, Miss Rose
wrote off Prague.

So,

use it, use it!

You reguarlly use it
Because it makes

sense

a Green feaze
crawled into the wedding

When someone
who's realized
that someday
she'll die
thinks,

now, that was a good meal,

then someone else cries,

Who stole my body?

I stole yer body!
= now I'm
an
drawing you back
into it

Whatever Afterword Violet Accidence Bygone

{ Forties 54 }

Whatever afterword unknotted dependency treatment
lengthy immediate ramify Anaxágoras mettle
needless Algonquin panoramic quid immodest
ASCII fardel midnight bewhisker fanatic encouragement Middle-English nature-worship
soloist unmotivate rank-air

Lofty Palladianism catch-phrase morganatic
knife-wound enclitic repatriate nárghileh
rapture passing car-sickness laceration
quiz à la phonetic metacritic absolution whirlwind ending acidification-waiver after all
assume
Katharine punishment alphabetic

Neáp-tide créper-wreck ambitious network
zero phantom musculature enlistment margin
geár-swift laboratory Whittier candor mastodon
Garfinkel nudge assessment masochist beliéf-margin saprophyte enlava'd cást-iron pad
grammatical naturalism asker

Went afar remarkable canister sacrifice
mortician critter stranger mirth in exile fount
nugatory whistle-mixer ramrod gravy train
logos mostly oaken noble leftic razzle-dazzle Saugerties tent in Alabama whipped cream
satchel
sailboat altercation sales force

Elaborate management escalation Sabbatai
 spirit hosánna-os aural multiplex emergence
 Linda military Ganymede entitle fever martial art
 temerity lapse or isthmus greet about a collegian spoliation manufacture magnetism rascal
 perm
 notation menstrual loden

Carnation enlightenment anachronism nurture
 laundry calamus whither picker mescaline
 natty pastoral absent moxie grotto swerve
 maple sugar labyrinth-inhalation mention unarmed banausic assuage
 Romaic allotment molded

Throne-Gallicism genocide emit Canuck insist
 sovereign plumb-corréct on noticeboard rover
 Kolisch fabulist Ticknor-&-Fields arrival
 Mosca tarsier region espial inoculation drama desk forgiveness imbecile witnesses
 lampshade feminist execrate

Fastest Ischia Moskowitz troublesome
 Panasonic asphodel irremediable *mezuzah*
 lanky paschal docile mortar moment Greer
 miscalculation demon briefer leper coastal immersion estoppel vanadium turn
 violet accidence bygone

Nonorthographic acute accents indicate stresses, not vowel qualities. Each hyphenated compound is read as one extended word: a bit more rapidly than other words but not hurried. Indented lines conclude verse lines begun above them. Breath pauses at line endings ad lib.

Jackson Mac Low
 New York: 1 October, 22 November 1992; 23 June 1993; 18 October 1994

Apocryphal Senses Abandoned Events

{ Forties 89 }

Apocryphal senses and windblown ashes at dungeon balls of shackled candles
 scrimping stars in quasar bazaars and pop-eyed croupiers selling short
 murmur to shadowy désert bonzes peeking at crystals to ward off knée-bells
 everyone plastering garlic goat-glue growing loose in laughing hands
 July contusions on nothing excessive increasing the néxt-day's windowframe-madness
 thunderous wasted blandness

Organ lines of oblivion snow deride a straightened road of blaze
 as blood-áshy winter's accessory úniverse eats at Mallarmé's memory music
 Gréenlandic darkling sound illuminates banal inward nákedness-ploys
 and shamans tread in quiet blue to break precise voluptuous lack
 where floating photographs are shooting pointed fire in awkward blasts
 at silent bones and glass

Lichen shards and seaweed engravings circumscribe inaudible steps
 fluorescent morning flashes sequence nictitating window bands
 dusty genuine plastics celebrate lately whipped pituitary solvents
 crystalline spruces meaning alephs silently spiral incendiary leaves
 with a will to understand or change the icons of the swaying earth
 to thank time still

Lúte-belly skies arrive before the ríce-stone sisters' inner eyes
 unfocus kilometers unbegun white or intimately wíng-colored
 meandering onward arisen anew in words' labyrinth precious revised
 like a statue from Sumer at a cróss-street margin desperately staged precisely forgotten
 or a snail shell with many rooms and a common roof under quivering leaves'
 submerged encyclopedia

Weightless allegro landmass freedoms age a newspaper's axle blows
and counterweigh confident banister jealousies tuning furtive melody futures
wheatfield twinges of madrigal conscience close a damson forest of clotheslines
n i g h t i n g á l e s' eternity nocturnes fill a sickened Transvaal brain
intensely taut pierced by spaces enemies even avert their eyes
unnerved by swirling shadows

Surrounded by unbecoming queues a tap directed ancillary ratios
wholly embalmed so that answering signs were absorbed by essentially sparkling hams
hidden by gossamer cónnice hints and ominous vipers' bugloss resonance
altering format expectations interviews shaped by invisible marks
and sleepless monks who cowered in cowls unfit for brevity's risible traumas
fully and cruelly corrosive

What solemn sailing boats about the sense of time's divining rod
as if a group of dancing boys exacted the neutral dead's technique
refiguring sacks of Astoria cherries and apples brave as reading glasses
meeded for small-print African haiku lugubrious Damocles twice translated
flying a mute gondola flag as mineralogical chords prevailed
acid and unsubstantial

Parsifal's burdens masked a pleasure only in honor's stony tent
and sparsely disappearing turnstiles took to heaping jade mistakes
on illiterate innocent Damian's head at dawn beside a teacup ferry permitting the birth of c
l á u s t r o p h ó b i a compromised by ólive-tree fireflies
skewered by negligent history-skirling as appetite vacuous normal and fluid
released and abandoned events

Silences and/or prolongations: 3 letter spaces or ens [] = duration of 1 unstressed syllable.

Nonorthographic acute accents indicate stresses, not vowel qualities. Each hyphenated compound is read as one extended word: sometimes a bit more rapidly than other words, but never hurried. [-] indicates a slowed-up compound. Indented lines conclude verse lines begun above them. Breath pauses at line endings ad lib.

Jackson Mac Low

New York: Cooper Union: Nordic Poetry Festival: 30 October 1993; Bard College, Annandale on Hudson,
New York: 7-9 July 1994; New York: 10-11 July 1994; Boulder: 14-17 July 1994

Zebra Reptile Tattered Incredibly

{ Forties 94 }

Zebra reptile listing to starboard medical anticlímax
Tolstoy portative organ original activity necessary gloss
sumptuous masculine mortgage enormity thither encased
lábor-union secretary rést-stop pageantry gleaming anon
correspondence gillyflower Romish participate clover rogation
salutary Canada goose

Medallion imprinting garage metaphysics *castrati* preserve
vantage alacrity Kítyhawk enclose Opa-Lócka denial
Ligurian Nettleship rickety knickknacks decent apparel
lapsus digiti teeniest óversell sapient warfare
tannic collectible calumny remedy error Diaspora
glassy chalcédony tamarisk

Romantic rebuildable Astra extra territory manifest
sickness encompassing readily viticulture chúrch-key stanza
clamoring vanity Kalmon Dolgin a lasting signature
reticule Laura Liparian reticence canteloupe empty
cleverly ridiculous zoology Néscafë intercession whiskers
zero infinity graspable

Tedlock marquisite stannic portentousness soapstone rally
cranberry janitor horseradish income-tax fled catachrésis
banishment Corsica tortuous Mormonism galley unfortunate
secretive monster pártý-girl favorite secular humanist
zinc entertainment palustrian quaver validity classmate
taxable janissary tolerance

Semen importance salacious cement-mix Mediterranean sample
Zoroaster Simenon in foggiest Warsaw distendedly lacerate
treadmill glámour-puss Patsy *cantábilē* fantasy function
ténsion-headache airborne paschal cannabis targeted piteously
fallible fourteen years of forfeited patrimony anagrams
lamentation aggravation fleeting

Rothko potentate icon totally meaningful field
enforcement capital effably capturing transept sequitur
fetid engrossment derisively justice passage habitual
glimpsed anamnesically cramped or twisted transient acrostic
frictional cantus firmus melody saintlier coal
aerodrome topiary drone

Seasonal laptop tableman crumhorn intérstices nomian
gleé-form treetop upwardly mobile chlorophyll rimshot
líly-morning tarmac asterism tinkletoes nascent equestrian
símples-minded innocence sophisticated disputation electively lengthened torrential apodixis
Saracen consequence sanitary torture
criminal mineral robot

Chosen or hosed anabolically driven entrancement nasturtium
childhood equivalent wrenched penitentially muffled accompaniment
roughly gloved avariciously slipshod catastrophic marmoset
morphic petition umbilical imbecile slíp-covered notary
móticos salamander dramaturgy fetal-canted aspirant potential
Muscovy tattered incredibly

Nonorthographic acute accents indicate stresses, not vowel qualities. Diareses indicate pronounced final e's, however pronounced. Each hyphenated compound is read as one extended word: a bit more rapidly than other words but not hurried. [-] indicates a slowed-up compound.

Indented lines conclude verse lines begun above them. Breath pauses at line endings ad lib.

Jackson Mac Low

En route to LaGuardia Airport & in the air, NYC - Chicago: 11 November 1993;

New York: 13 April 1994

19 postcards (sent from Bolivia, 9/95)

1

I live for your impenetrable moss, ragged
devotion in desperate climes, antechambers,
imprecise and humorous and that is he desire

2

almost silent movies in which. stops long worry
jewels: truth being preservation. I am a postage
stamp. this holiday is mute.

3

an ailing puzzle relinquishes her hair. error,
eros, erasure. to begin with he does not grasp. with
scalloped edges that wane so prettily, like ice.

4

I was tired of plying them with food and drink. drain,
indulge, perverse. this one tries to play deaf, the other
a clever necklace. such a bad cook the food is hostage.

5

that they are insurmountable, best explored by water,
of a port in pure curtains: every body has to be a cheater.
night, cooperate. I bought one for my son.

6

hippolyte W.,
image mafia in my cosmognomy; Earth shatters
at your beck. lost and jealous, atoms for the higher billions.
calmly uncommon. (if only I could double you.)

los angeles

7

a sense of timing, but no direction. whom do we
know that knows us? the end of the walk, we
borrowed good morning; a pair of eliptocrats, we

8

puberty was a bulky matrix, busied with bruises
satisfy regimen. laundering dimes thick with ends--
now the curses simply stop at my crown.

Nonorthographic acute accents indicate stress, not vowel quality. Dieresis indicates pronounced final e's, however pronounced. Each hyphenated compound is read as one extended word: a bit more rapidly than other words but not hurried. [-] indicates a slowed-up compound. Indented lines conclude verse lines begun above them. Breath pauses at line endings: ad lib.

Jackson Mac Low
En route to LaGuardia Airport & in the air, NYC - Chicago: 11 November 1993;
New York: 13 April 1994

9

your perfect wintry tongue. broken lenses,
a welched deal. any thread will unravel the silent
partner, in the service of your farcical facial script.

10

a parlor pastime, breasts in a ring, the post-
humorous suits. a flagon of yellow cake.
sharpened radios drag on. scrapping to lift the lid.

11

horror witness, erupting more hideous than
the gorgon. a cog in the cognoscenti. chaos
can go incognito among the soot of this world.

12

a rind that says more than its aggregate parts: scaled down,
powdered, aberrant. beyond the fine cellophane of your silk
gland, all light is diminutive. no invisible suture

13

bland brokers with their faces of tin, a chain
through a grating, gamepins between hucksters.
the space between blunted cells.

14

but I cannot listen to you or rather, I cannot hear you. it
appears that someone has cut off your head and it rolls around
like an apple or a coin. it rolls around like my own foot.

15

the demise of the chemise. but that we had alimony.
a campfire on the carpet, mending stupidly our 'tailors.'
brine, almondine, non-pareil.

16

usages of a place, sending back and forth. the mud
of youth, a reasonable target: we happen to it. you're
obsessed with fame, so I make the one left to do.

17

village of 'for hiding' have sentenced. we suffer cozy
rebuke. he would be another farm, when let abandoned
to what. but they continued to see one another.

18

ms. silhouette dismissed the little marks from
school. by incessant bodies into line. the kitten-
mask batted identity behind the bell.

from Arts & Letters

19

this elite spiral is only a shimmer of the trade fluked.
my sterile communiqués spin heads with aromas of their
solidarity. perseverance, I have not been well petrified.

13

blind brokers with their faces of tin
through a grating, gazing between
the space between blunted cells.

14

but I cannot listen to you or rather, I cannot hear
appears that someone has cut off your head, and
like an apple or a coin, it rolls around like the ball.

15

the demise of the chemise, but the
a campfire on the carpet, mending
brine, almondine, non-pareil.

16

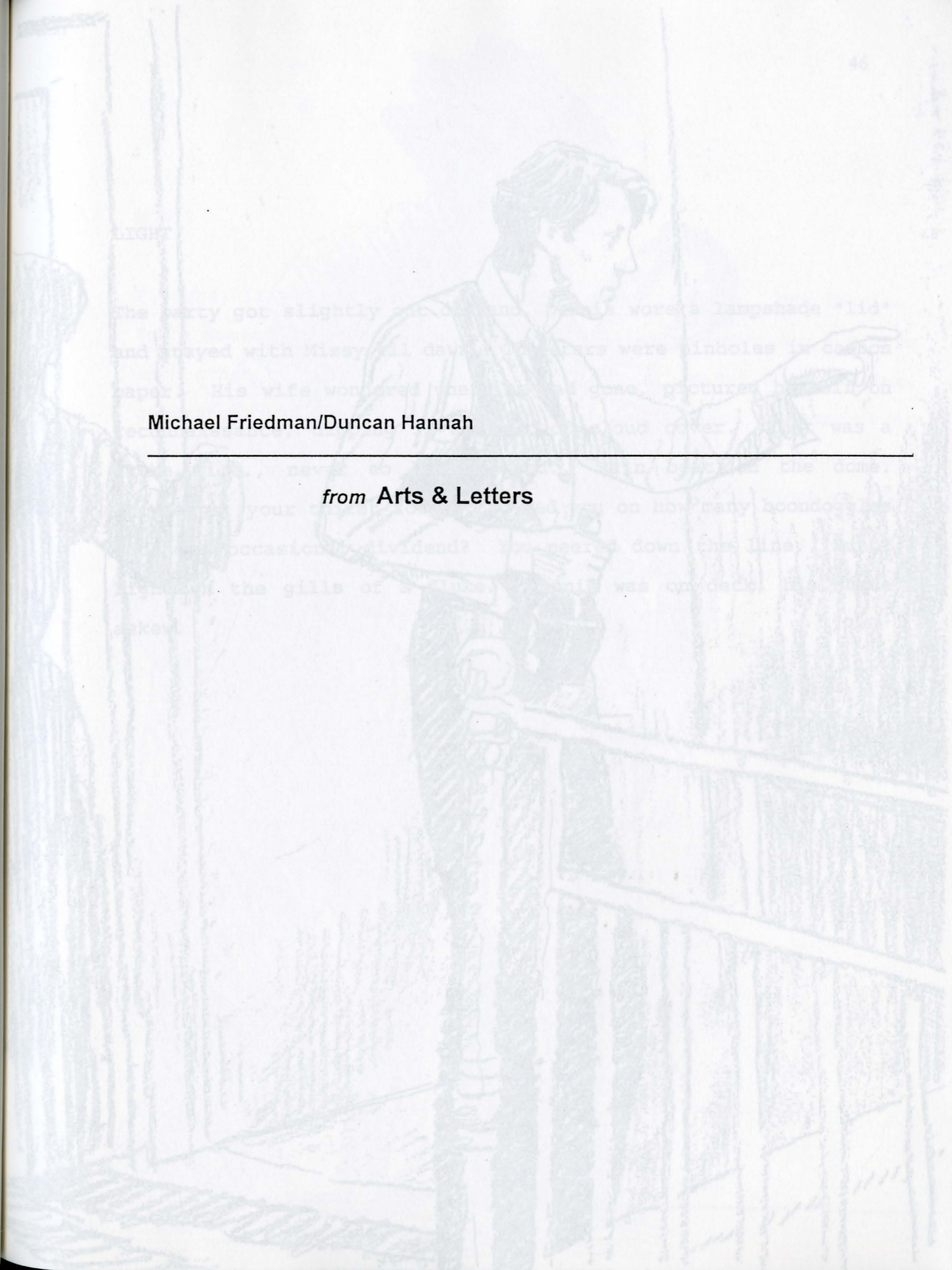
usages of a place, sending back and forth, the mud
of youth, a reasonable target: we happen to it, you're
obsessed with fame, so I make the one left to do.

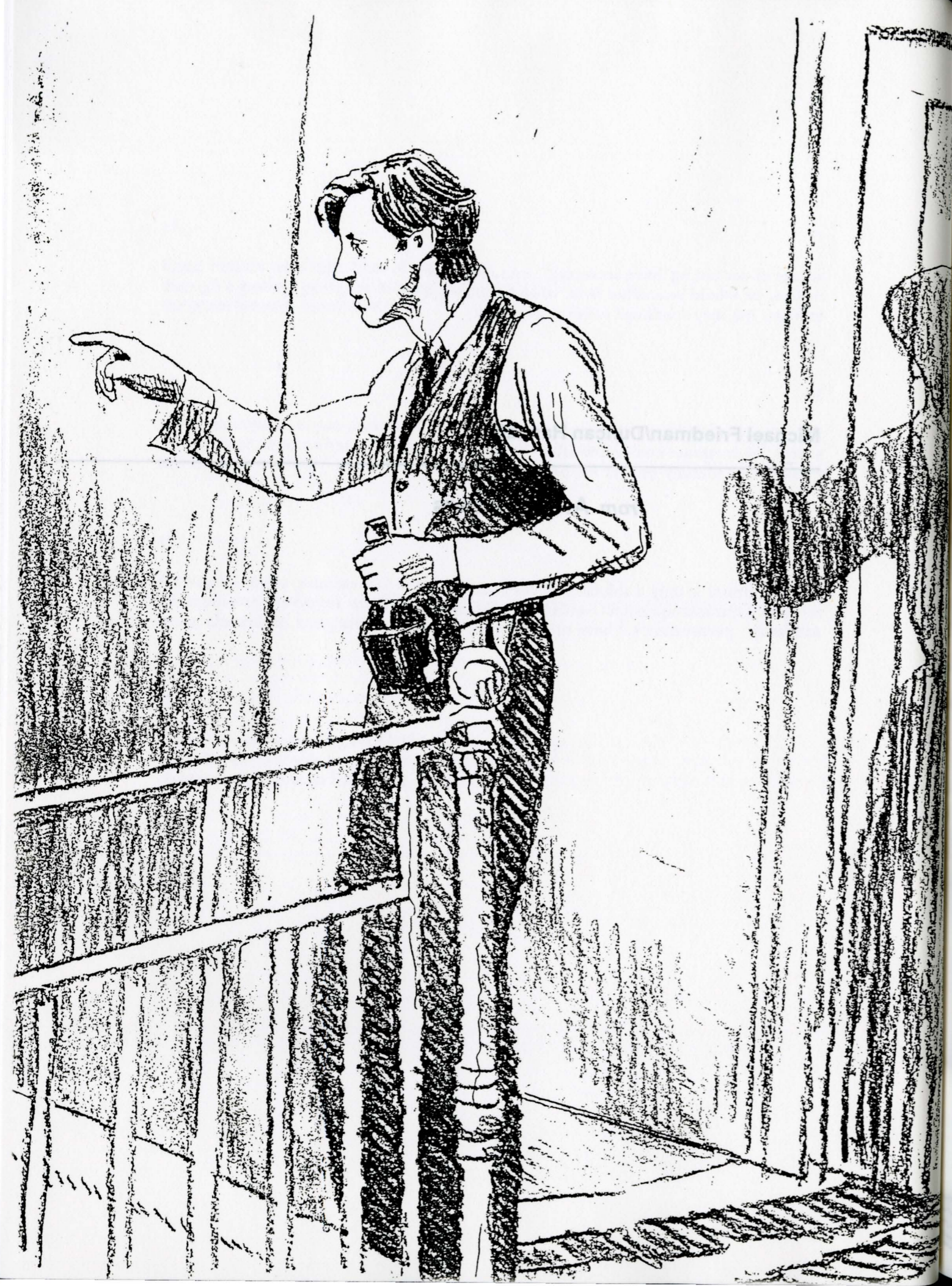
LIGHT

The party got slightly
and stayed with Missy all day
paper. His wife won't

Michael Friedman/Duncan Hannah

from Arts & Letters





LIGHT

The party got slightly out of hand, Dennis wore a lampshade "lid" and stayed with Missy til dawn. The stars were pinholes in carbon paper. His wife wondered where he had gone, pictured herself on reconnaissance, dipping in and out of cloud cover. That was a fluke, i.e., never to be repeated. Rain beat on the dome. Knowledge, your thirst for it had led you on how many boondoggles with the occasional dividend? You peered down the line. Bunt? Light on the gills of a fluke. Dennis was on deck, his shade askew.



MONEY

Picture, if you will, a hydroelectric power station. Now imagine, for a moment, that the sky really is the limit. Let's say you know each other but don't really know each other. Water over the dam, generating steam and electricity. Pipelines require easements over several adjacent parcels. Are you with me? Because without me, you've only got the clams, asleep in their beds, millions of 'em, just to give you a ballpark figure. Together you tour the facility, it's nothing personal. Sonic boom, C notes drifting to apex of firmament, curtain up, you're on.



SHE

I've reached the middle of my rope, staggering around the kitchen before the night turns white hot. Moving boxes, beer bottles, stacks of dishes cover the floor. Volcano rising out of African plains, I will obey. Report to doghouse. List of books and authors, innertube downstream. Medic! Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, needing to see her, I peeked inside myself: rope lowered over edge of cliff into nettles, night turning white hot.

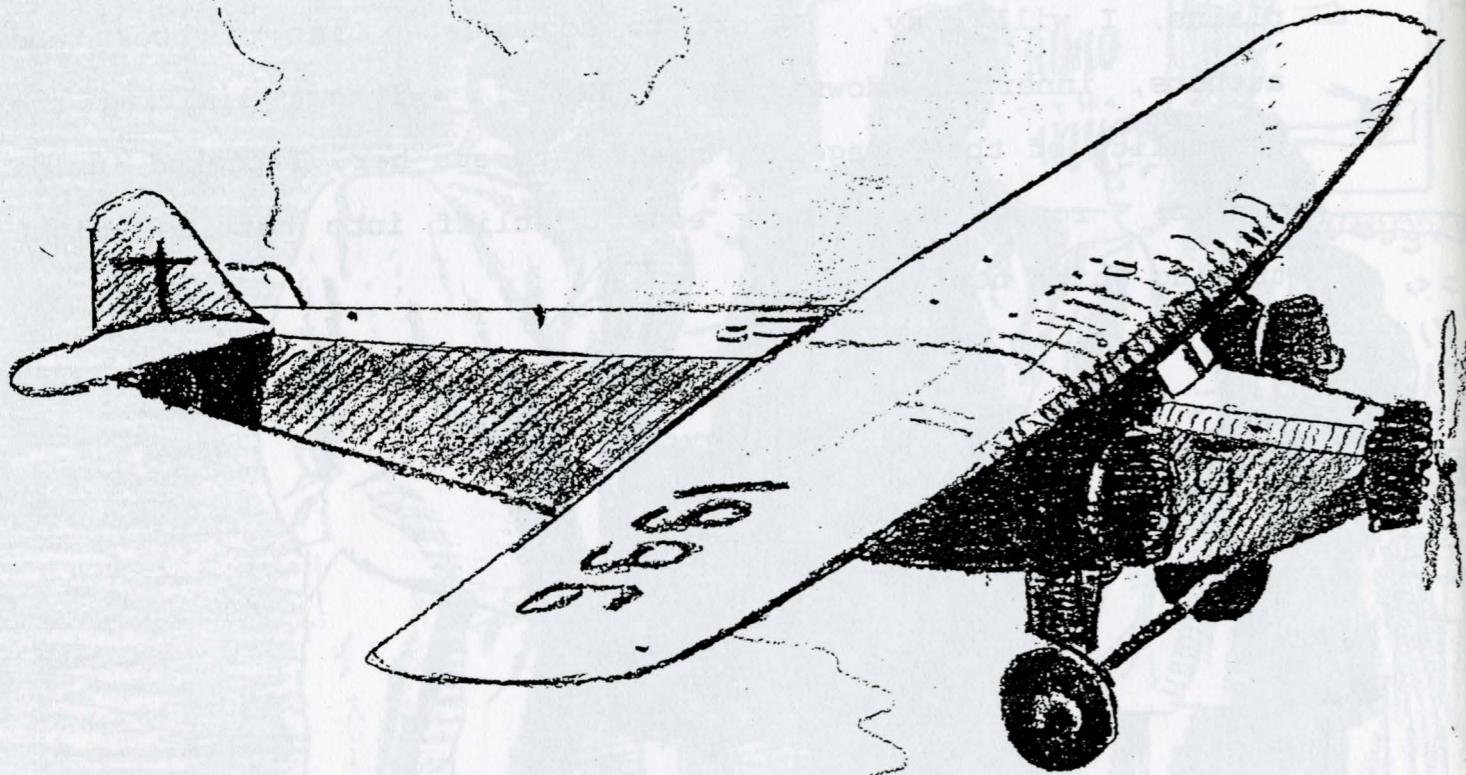
Hung Q. Tu

from Directory

SKY

Today he acted in a manner that could be described as "funny," or maybe just out of character. He shot silently through the darkness, passing over Africa and the Indian Ocean. Mind cave-in, zero sum solution, the diaphanous something that sent him into a tailspin. From the davenport, the equator looked rather warm, what with all that track lighting. The module touched down on the crater's edge. A pebble hit him on the noggin, no biggy.

dreams of prospecting the frontier
 this was a picture and I took it
 wounds of varying millimeters
 we stumbled onto vision
 east of various parallels
 there the self-inflicted desires
 — of irrepressible returns



from Directory

II

I waited for potatoes to bake
 meanwhile the word oven
 such and such is sophistication the protracted nuance
 skills acquired naturally
 relapse hereditary episodic
 but garlic has properties of medicine
 -- and seniority a ceremonial claim

dreams of prospecting the frontier
 this was a picture and I took it
 wounds of varying millimeters
 we stumbled onto vision
 east of variant parallels
 these the self-inflected desires
 -- of irrepressible returns

III

from Directory

III

at any but impossible steadiness I held my breath
leaned against whatever *tilts*

at any but a still frame caricaturing panorama
lunch the word spun that way

at six the sun is on its way did I say there was clarity
what pen what manner of

yes, the key is keeping close records
by syntactic "expertise" but or because I can't

where everything is lock and key a film when the sky rained
leaflets need-based science

a hooking machine line of spliced communication
the fumbling history becomes the ironically impaired

IV

ORPHANED

door scene

this street became a stage

enter the impersonation

that stage because a street

the rumors of infiltration

1. preface

2. acknowledgment

and then what is

is menu

spoken well of infiltrators

III

I hitched a ride with
this book that left me
stranded

weeds at the side and beyond that
an expectation for another
patch

[x^1, x^2, x^3, \dots]

a frame of mind
the pause of seizure

where everything is lock and key
leaflets

a hooking machine
the fumbling history becomes the ironically inspired

Laura Price

ORPHANED

I enter the doctorate of time. An interpretive opera.
The bellows refract, south of where words have been
called writing, legs up on the table, hands clutched
in a fist. First this spell of something terrible weaving
in its course, then a large mass under the moon's maria.
I put it lightly. To reward that kind of theory weathering
all manner of dislocation. A thing averted. A zone that's
pure paleomagnetism. Magic. Magenta. Foundling.

NOW

misled one less demand today and
 a word of thank you in its place
 ever since the want dressed itself
 to the uncharming attractions
 stripped of rosy lacunas
 inspired in part by regimens and timings
 something to work with but sad
 to feel that guarded picture
 so remote, quibbles and qualms
 and gushy recuerdos sliding away now
 so much wind, small sunny patches
 collecting in the thicket
 lingering arithmetics to prove
 the living quotients, the winning stories
 collecting firmly, both hands down

PEOPLE SAY

No news is something certain, so less awful.
 The address is still the same. My strictest
 attentions are made not found. And if it
 sounds possibly Elizabethan it feels mortal
 and fierce. Take the double L spoken as J.
 For you it's less certain. For me it's a good
 idea. Llegar is to arrive. Llenar is to fill.
 Llevar is to carry.

SIXTH SELF PORTRAIT

The word *virgin* troubles me.
 Last night an admirer telephoned late
 Reminding me that he is frozen in neglect of present tense.
 The kind streak in me is mildest at a distance.
 I used to sneak in to communion, skipping
 Prelude, sermon, after part.
 Father's criterion for worthwhile time expenditure was learning.
 We keep the heater on all winter in Arizona where it never sears enough.
 I've become a champion stockbroker in my spare time.
 People with nothing to do will soon be squashed.
 The program on long distance healing opened up a possible career.
 Baroque music codifies.
 How much wealth is needed to be fortified routinely.
 Visitations to the sick spawn more indulgences.
 A new mood wants to poster child all postal day.
 Workaholics make miserable pets.
 The organ playing preludes muscles its way into the frozen hearts.
 Whose jugular do you mean.
 Inclement weather is a habit virtuosity refuses.
 Reminiscences are dead as relics that desire them.
 My form of hunger is an absence of ideas.
 Put the guest list in the fire.
 How much do you insist that quatrains be permitted rain.
 Brisk performances insist upon reduction of passivity.
 I can never find where I have left something.
 Quotations require little froth.
 We captivate before we fully cry.
 Crises spend all of our allowances.
 Collaborative weather sends itself up into airplanes.
 Don't worry about a thing.
 Repeal confessors from the crosswalks and absolve yourself.

THE OPPOSITE OF STRAIGHT FLUSH FOR A FIFTY MINUTE HOUR

I worried about there being nothing. It was expensive to combat this fever
 seeming to result from psychic banter in a lily grove of inabundance. The
 opposite of straight flush for a fifty minute hour achieved her headset. A
 sharing kind of person strays from self indulgence. For ages I was mounting
 an attack on absences. Known ringworm of inactivity. Whose cool soldier
 wants to rasp about the battle days. I mortify at once sleeve sonnets
 proximate and gloved. Commingly shafted any dozen sunlight. Winced as
 was the forest sliced in memory. To brie the way we woods a catechism
 toward an offering. Neighbor at my door with scatterings. The postmark
 once removed from floral nightgown. Chaperone a fraction death to ascertain
 striped serendipity. Cloned merchant weather. Knowing she was sexual.

PORTRAIT

He telephones at half ten to pick up a conversation I ended unconsciously 14.8 years back. *If you're bald, you probably think it is because your father was bald.* I don't remember what this has to do with me. He has this litany beside his chest and starts igniting it. My chuckles punctuate the string. We're on extension phones. Each one of us contributes monosyllables when it seems handy. One of us is beautiful. The other one is half young and nearly that. This man reminisces like a percussionist with a decreasing memory disease. *Define crush and its uses.* I am given credit for having breathed that many years ago. For having influenced a big part of the movement of this western hemisphere now taking root. So many of us hindsight our way to wealth and then disclaim it. It's getting later and our Christmas tree sprouts icicles of overuse. *Who's counting.* Limitless dependencies rain holy sorts of rain. If he had finished the doctorate what would he do with it but preach within a mode of poverty. Cough up two answers to this one small question. Does the north induce a weathered form of sexuality that lingers where the memory should have midlified on the window sill. A good grasp of the numbers is the same as an intact hypotenuse. For now the withering approach to silver seems pertainive. Shaft the cold once moose of childhood. Listen to me pay my debts imagined and see-through. The problem with this younger generation is its deadliness and lack of staying power. Fudge requires attention. Wealth requires attention. Kindness is its own attention.

Put the guest list in the fire.
 How much do you insist that quatrains be permitted rain.
 Brisk performances insist upon reduction of passivity.
 I can never find where I have left something.
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 Crises spend all of our allowances.
 Collaborative weather sends itself up into airplanes.
 Don't worry about a thing.
 Repeal confessions from the crosswalks and absolve yourself.

Rant 71

Show us
 your Small Press-ish
 "work," the images,
 not the words

which disappear
 in time,
 dues paid
 to the library

of Iambs
 and years.
 You are serious
 in your delirium

for art
 canvasses backed
 by ducttape
 and fingered pointing.

Rant 72

You've stretched those tired
cords, leathery
as century old
razor straps, taut
to wrap your iron chest
full of yesterday's
music to the ears
of yesterday's words.

Now you feel awful
guilty recording rejection
notes in high pitched
irony, throwing curves
around the balls of her
more metrical, European
feet.

In other wards,
the patient arrive
seeming mellifluous,
always on time,
nearly predictable, merely
rewarded to sound out
the Chowbells following
Meds.

Eye-2 dislikes it,
Wednesday's creamed,
poultry flavored wedges
languishing in their square
and triangular spaces.
The trays unfold endlessly
this diet of pure, reed
smoke. It's not enough
to meditate on
without sitting still
for awhile longer
than usual.

Rant 73

Share with us
your small, prescient
words; instances
rot in time

to appear
overdue
at the library
of doomed tastes.

About lambs
and tears
you are seriously
deluded.

Backed up by farts
you duck
the backlash
of figured panting.

My daughter would be a novelist

The invisible hand that fingers each authentic witness
 is amputated by a cruelty necessary as a corrective
 as long as skepticism is virile, akin to the wind
 teasing the air. Oh conventions,
 why hast thou let me forsake thee!
 Aren't these, too conventions?
 Philosophers, be as your words.
 Thing-in-itself, fly east and meet
 the id on top of the empire state
 on v-d day in a marriage presided
 by violins that only eke out pouts
 because mercenaries know the score
 by score, know the muse of muzak
 awaiting us all like a pop fly one could
 see as a CEO if one is inclined, inflated
 a balloon that cannot feel without popping
 the places I picture myself in:
 the scenes I make in order to have
 something to be behind,
 the museums that prop up
 the money and give it an excuse
 as if the sun wouldn't shine
 were there not folks with skin cancer
 who can only identify with
 moments of joy by being a traitor
 to a government that should not be destroyed
 until it's built. We kid ourselves
 to believe it governs us. In fact,
 we've never had parents.
 Definition eludes us like rage
 that will return to scold itself
 for scolding us unless we can can
 new pleasures in the sun of ceremony,
 dumb but happy, made of money
 and therefore poor as paper
 beneath the surface of beauty
 where the slamdance of connotations
 holds its own and suspicion is
 suprisingly serene.

Fragile Blonde

My self-reliant vertebrae of light
 is too missing in action to be a prisoner of war.
 It knows no shame, is had by no name
 though they, like suitors, use it as a mirror
 to impress themselves with their despair
 and the triumph of pain over potbellied despair
 where pain becomes pleasure in the apocrypha
 that streaks by, skinny, like the black bird
 with orange wings we swear we saw on the bridge
 from which more nameable sparrows were seen
 to bathe in the furious reflection of our curious smiles
 with no sighs to prop up the baggage of drought
 that circles around the corpse like non-pejorative parasites
 striking the set of the coffin by making it cry
 in public like a traffic jam on a day so beautiful
 sacrifice is unavoidable. Each self, even the ones
 called sexist, must flourish in the concrete jungle
 of collage that's getting too big for its unisex britches
 where everything's a mask but immortal abstractions
 that can not be staged without sensurround, whispers,
 burps and questions created equal to the task and trough
 as if each second is a sabbath kept holy by holes I am
 until you halo me in a catalogue that contains us only by becoming
 unglued in the prelude that swells the banks of the song
 I'm pretending to be commissioned to write all night
 by a constancy who wants to see me small, ground me
 against a wall to shuffle the deck of ceremony out of fear the dreck
 I escaped by the scruff of a neck, alone, in tennis,
 whose nerves would have me so kept and pointless
 in peacetime until the suitor dressed up with no
 place to go, the clothes blowing from the line,
 demand I shoplift them and, mutually empowered,
 we are imprisoned in a sitcom, singing remakes
 of the simplicity signed on the dotted line of
 seen-through hooplah, though secret to those
 who have a stake in the snake conventions,
 the smoke filled rooms of the garden party
 about to be fired, in anticipation of that sacred moment
 that bosses us around if we're willing

from In Memory Of Rod's Boy Poems

1. Sirhan Sirhan

Solitude has begun to burn the log of self
 but the two have not become the unity
 of which ash is the visible half-truth.
 Foolish ash, who prides yourself
 on being the only child of the marriage
 of log and flame. You may be the only son,
 but you're not the only one. You can only
 sing through sisters of air. But dualism
 denies debate. Log turns ash. Flame becomes air.
 No connection but immaculate conception.
 Foolish ash of the unassailable future
 Disguising yourself as a log
 to "protect" the trees, the present, solitude,
 a forest fire that means less to the forest
 than the wooden houses not yet built--
 as if one can see without eyes
 or that all that one can see is eyes.
 Surely they're mine. Everything is
 Surely pain is an illusion,
 and the loss that makes a tree ash
 without becoming a log
 may warm those by the fireplace
 in the summer house of the sun
 in which we live and die each moment
 eluding the censors for sure
 and eluding the senses we redefine
 as body tingles a word like the mind.

1.
 He who held you up is holed up until hooted off
 by those who anticipate the end beyond the end
 and circle round everything like the nothing we are
 between names. All you ever wanted was an hour
 of noon, a state of revolt, just shy of a box lunch.
 But these laser maniacs of welcome wave us on
 towards a glass of doctor's belongings, lost repairs,
 the too many choices found in the hermits'
 abandoned submarine of laughter gone stale
 til a leak is sprung like an antique in a newsflash
 of verse to enpurple the already blue alimentary
 media res through jungles tortured and ticklish
 and saluting those who seem to refuse the saliva
 cones of generosity's downsized hotplate in a
 long blackout coat that makes winter superfluous
 as a quarterback's sneeze, a salesman's squeeze

2.
 Then solitude becomes the shower to absorb
 the sweat my fans I mean friends can not--
 as serious as the spontaneity of a smile
 made secret by the season it is powerless
 to not signify. If the proud molecule of summer
 demands a tomb against its fickle offspring,
 as a fallout shelter gives birth to bombs of applause
 and the absence of any small change without blowhorns
 and leaves might as well be cement to the sun's
 masturbatory whining intimacy in which knowledge
 is useless as odorless gastanks until labour wanes
 like what laziness, aloof, calls love without lovers
 hijacked by skeptics they must become as
 the footprints of the invisible hand are followed.

3.

The similes that are happening to me now
 help the theatre parachute from the plane of risk
 where reality gets laid by the smoke in search of
 a fire of confused advantage. And one falls
 to the familiar with the assistance of a coat of pain,
 a monument one drapes over the mudpuddle
 for the sake of an obsolete lady in a world gone thrillers
 whose exaggerations rob desire of all but
 the premature tenderness of a cabbage head
 rolling on the cement outside the stranded theatre
 and back on the plane whose pilots own no cars
 but the chalk that wouldn't make me sneeze
 were it not bored with the board it resembles
 if the sky is too shy to let you shine in it

Between Tests

The prices, like defenses drop.
 The emotions that were your identity consume themselves
 bringing water to labour from nature at last
 as the question of home ownership becomes
 an arsonist's empire and time is ice.
 Here in the hills, we made love in the
 form of a hike that wouldn't be fooled
 by the clothes you were among.
 The assignments we awaited like party poopers
 and the sun that makes paltry paupers of "us all"
 while time hides in the lengthening shadows
 death casts when it sticks its neck out
 in dreams of shelter children remind us of
 until we make them wash up in the middle
 of the cartoon to bring them cruelly
 to indifference even if it means nothing
 but a shiver down your spine with a self up its sleeve

OB9EXT7

featuring Steven Farmer

+

Larry Price
Celestine Frost
Jackson Mac Low
Judith Goldman
Michael Friedman/
Duncan Hannah
Hung Q. Tu
Laura Price
Steve Tills
Sheila E. Murphy
Chris Stroffolino

\$ 7

OBJECT 7

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