

## AND ALL THE PEOPLE I PRETENDED TO BE FRIENDS WITH

i pretended to be friends with  
the glangorously ignominious extrovert,  
perpetuant pernicious;  
sidled "i" to summerland,  
found us turbulent, a bit

a pendunculate pitch into their mind,  
a few thousand lights to egress  
the fluorescent tomb,  
obligatory remand bluntly to meet you

he tore up his helium heart, it could just drift  
toward the moon and the snow (mimic opposite)...

ain't science,  
honey quite;  
away, in between

hug him all up, hearts griven, full 'til bursting, then we'll see  
(that) good held sway  
'pon runaway allegations

it seemed gravity's shadow,  
welt good god hath wrought...  
his wish windswept dunes,  
several some allegories;  
"from here is from nowhere"

i am reminded, words, your words indeed, become my voice

the children as they grew, good and ill,  
abandoned places, words removed;  
that, i'll always believe

a date with august,  
all that is sacrifice,  
would call me sacrifice;  
i've got candy in my heels,  
brittle peals  
superfoil seemt completely real

here comes comedy, bastet, demure,  
raised, a command point of view

king of clucks,  
expressly communicating the feeling,  
or understood electronic words,  
to effect: ticklish turtle dust

let shine  
in those days  
untenable cause,  
compel amasar,  
the mountainsides-sized  
space of your mind

tanta-cluemeat, clement,  
orient of heaven,  
where all of us sat:  
epoxy;  
this is a door for a clown

we awoke in different places  
brought it back (un)beholden,  
a damp word only the sun and planets can pronounce

dangerous is already here, guilty of fulfillingness, sea, oh three,  
the occult blackout  
(artificial intelligences)

abusing illusions,  
need is all they love

centinal espirit centinel  
gilded seer  
beautifully flaws  
gilded ceer...  
irrespective (, there are) intrinsi

life is king to the likes of the poor,  
rainbow accelerator, shadow puppeteer,  
beautifully flawed...  
cradled, swollen and bruised,  
disemboweled voices, triggered feathers, orange peel spheres, tenured cliché  
won' let the party end

don' let the party, the eggs' legs,  
the spice of (intimate) return,  
future sound expanded  
...open the acid

here all day  
watching kites,  
word was my weed,  
pantha, excoriate:  
my absurd symmetry  
my voidchipper,  
my constituent hearts  
...make sure they get to earth

mandala remembers  
the untouched mother  
the seasons reason why  
they wanted to start a war

planet wrangling reserve,  
deserved elicit epoxy,  
severest gash

stargazing skincult,  
the observer a gushing,  
angry, myopic man with a suitcase full of toys,  
and lumber in his teeth  
nimbus compel (sabbatical) cyclic din;  
nimbus compel sommnalu,  
sommambulis etherre there;  
our diets are beached whales

the tangible passion  
cross-eyed cherry,  
punitive and prescribed, (described)  
memories people don't have

searchers seekers slow friends found fast,  
soarn on tears and sighs and biblical portents,  
grim olfeance,  
salutary to reprieve some robins' wonder

## UNTITLED

the land of the shining seas  
the last of the shining seas

of all good things  
taken out of context  
the thrill, the blaring horns and (drums) we found there

...afterwards

(again, shamed, should [proclaim nor wish aloud] "a hundred scars...")

([announcement] of "innocent...")

the stroke of hedges  
conceal the feline  
make you like me,  
the "me" you found from time to time, time to time, that you might know what it is to  
remember...

ferreted away, the charm, (progress [took over/began] sweltering) in the wake of it's  
acceleration, that tempered challenge bonded your (heart)

soon painted gravel, not unlike, though effortlessly removed, the same imbedded in your knees  
and palms in  
bicycle-dealt karma,  
(what a scene it seems, if/when,)  
will line  
the melon skins and gourds,  
the earth become seemingly smaller now,  
scattered and sealed, prepared bells  
to reflect the sunlight

time twofold 'twent,  
(gile-dly),  
roun' the seasoned heart thraugh...  
nay ricocheted across the sky,  
hear't with the eye in your soul

unbelievable sand  
and a mounting blue frost  
cause for calm, and thirst, brought them fondly to their knees,  
(bound) for praline ash,  
scattering tortae,  
magnified slightly, oh man, what a scene!

embarque to on tremb'l  
tentre gaze, glazed to simper,  
ever-improbable,  
might the liege one to another, for the light, the salt, the ephor't dealt one with the other

twel't th may day morning, woven mind,  
bland candy flower  
to disappear giggling feint ne're

ne're too handy

ferrent esthre fondling found  
delicate mint implied  
meld and in jade until  
alloys allow

myrtyl, may I,  
sycamore, scorchbroom,  
s---  
scent, incite  
send me,  
send you  
scouring achievements,  
myrtyl may I

monkey-puzzle moments  
sheep standing still

a harbour (i hide/hidden)

the elevated (opérateur)  
nigh outdone  
twilight found you smouldering there

tar-baby-stuck sent  
in patent sap,  
adorn, and sworn,  
to intent, to charm;  
bolstered on a flare, impaired bleating marm  
in an unbraided  
unwound sound  
rewound among the crumbling antiphone,  
clamouringly sun-shy  
compound

i wanted to say...

lit green, gold errant  
cargoyled stained-glass lampshade

lampshade lemonade  
do you remember my voice  
do you remember my myrtyl

discord is silent wine,  
unreal words that mean what i mean  
unreal engine  
freil (to/and) pleen  
absolutely-vaguely might,

the knowledge of it  
is tripping bollocks,  
upside down,  
treln to err...

luck'ly she forgets

all one word

joan river's ghost is from nowhere in my mind  
than it actually were where  
the saltminers' saint,  
mother of the milk might;  
creaste un teatro desda la nada;  
should i summon your intentions'  
same worlds (?)  
the same words, pregnant witch(es)'  
fiduciary regard  
regret perspicacious turn of kalpa,  
not unnecessarily

s--- is for sumac  
wound-up,  
fur-lined  
im pleaugment

one name  
lent to tarnation,  
all one wird -  
summon the lines!

frond-flocked, post-manner plone rone  
prompt, circumspect  
lion tide milk shine  
still cold from implied authority

## UNTITLED

historically illiterate  
invective splite  
silence and carbunkl

star line  
earth time  
gojira-chan

welp, scratching nude  
orchids on words' worth,  
baby with a man's heart  
when the weather was

brain's new inimitable science,  
(hubris') marathon of  
yolky words;  
burly white boys think they got a patent on entitlement, on women, on american soil

deer flit, black flickering tails light up the morning, like rabbits with the longest legs i ever seen  
on a rabbit

council to it's streets,  
five hundred thirty years  
seen from the sky

walking on (history)  
on the earth  
on the earth  
on the earth  
on the earth  
IN SPACE  
built within the memory

pale pink cloud  
confused privilege for merit

so confident in what they didn't deserve  
forn, i am too old to cry  
pitched and fit,  
bunny grunt, wire love machine  
one way or another one-way mirrored  
nostalgia's open heart

## **THIS IS NOT MY WORLD**

an elitist future  
remains an (enema)

an america has never been great:  
this insult has gone on far longer than enough

superior deniers,  
inevitably cutting here  
the prettiest tears,  
obsoletely terrible;  
you make me sick when you talk  
impetuous requiesce, parse,  
leominster exigent  
illuminol deb

we'll be laughing at you for the rest of our lives, any moment chance to count, furl up then  
multiply...

chance would be beautiful:  
HOME...  
what spectacularly specific name for pre-colonial continent, planet;  
would that necessity play a role in the summoning of luck?

ladies reciting lists of men's names,  
it's your clue from a blue record,  
or an igneous sunset, american scene  
or the dragon...



wet, wet, the trees  
do (copiously) sweat  
sweet few  
red worn the current hush  
of leaves that fall to the ground

red mooses, genital giant  
i want to be there when it happens  
saraswati resident 'pon his tongue  
enlightened to gilding hush

water from the earth water from the sky fire from the earth fire from the sky  
dirt and leaves and snails and birds' body  
birds' bird's beaks  
spectacular specifically,  
nino paredellus,  
seven hundred hours from earth

you were older then  
perhaps, together, we can remedy this

## **EZEKIEL 20, WATER IS LIFE**

i am the calculus, i am the surrender  
the mouth of slack:  
ezekiel three:eighteen placed a red-hot ingot  
on my tongue

heavy words' world's heaving  
yesterday's deaf tone 'pon the meekly to ensconce heav'nly chimes and bello'd ne'er waters  
(encroach)

"THINGS HAPPENING";  
(maybe, maybe  
flint, oft' lost, list)  
on a green, rocky island watercolor fade  
cloudy-like,  
gilliam-esque white grid dissolves  
on a universal-blue background,  
a false, elaborately timed soundtrack

they don't call it violence, they call it action  
forth-with, the snap of touch as electricity passes,  
one to the other  
so far today

shunned, mendax  
drink to dry your eyes;  
kali yuga compromise

(and i don't think it is the, the best way to  
i am going, to going and then the same  
as a result of result  
two to be the same thing as well as well  
i am the going to be able too  
many of them were the best  
best way, way same is the)

engaged, enraged,  
"i lick went tip of telomeres summer"  
wind borne on the (forfeit) wings of a flightless bird  
bearing might mine introduced and full of stars  
crying bolt

pass the salt  
these lies have tales to sell

who's knocking on the sky?  
edifice to saxon, glory beheld bereft in passing  
exhaled spontaneously  
escaping genuine charm

nor is it in it's turn  
thunder from a sky-blue shield

thunder from an xcellent, touched sky, shielding blue galliard, preempt intent

forne swift stallion, spurn, spoil, swoon (and) allay, maybe it never happened, allowing stellar  
tellt parallel felting to be, grend leght my copol, my purent, preel and (mundane) sweet little  
flyer;  
lilt, emissary tongue retelt, the story i'm told, be it quite quickly flote florette, teln the terrible  
truth, it

the telling it would be born gold  
((blue touch,)) ((pounding on the sky))