

SCHIZOPHRENIA, WE

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Bougeureau Sketches a Brothel-Full of Vulvas

That is why the Wolf-Man feels so fatigued: he's left lying there with all his wolves in his throat, all those little holes on his nose, and all those libidinal values on his body without organs. The war will come, the wolves will become Bolsheviks, and the Wolf-Man will remain suffocated by all he had to say.

— Gilles Deleuze

West used to be: frontier, adventure,
death. Now metropolis is security, ocean-front property.
Only east can a body breathe. Through back windows crowded
by generic faces, a series of mountain
passes passes, like the whisper of histories,
a chorus than warns of winterlong storms
that saw snowblind men eat each other alive. Progress
gives way to smokers, gamblers, drinkers
in neon-lit saloons of glass. The desert cooks
impurities like meat, leaving behind pockmarks of tumble-
brush and ghost-towns, where they belong.
A buffalo-shaped cloud bleeds supercell virga across
plains flayed by gorges that roam to the horizon.

V2K

Gaslit by schizophrenic charisma, the ring of river
rocks belches flame from a hundred serpent-tongued
sticks, flick-flickering messages intoned in radiation.

Ears betray the initiate, so he cuts them off and packs
the holes with arsenic and lead. To clear his head,
he concentrates on rolling the *baoding* mercury

around his palm. The phone rings. Someone is dead.

The rest is vortex. Lemarchand's Lament, traced with a thumb
around the clitoris. Dolly zoom into the city of *Midian*. Deep
in the heart of *Dis*, Baphomet speaks of compassion.

If no man has ever returned, it is because
no one who returns is still a man. Go on.
Climb into the fire.

The Mock Turtle's Advice

*A tale begun in other days,
When summer suns were glowing—
A simple tune that served the time
The rhythm of our rowing—
Whose echoes live in memory yet,
Though envious years would say, "forget."*

— Through the Looking Glass

follow the white rabbit. It chases the black
hare. both of them have sockets that weep
instead of eyes. see the path beyond, but no
more than ten paces. dangerous curves ahead —
Hell is a mountain highway. find a way to pass

the time. tell yourself: Tomorrow. search for
a box of photos buried in the back of an upstairs closet.
give up. feel how your skeleton misaligns
at heathen angles. try to keep the toaster

out of the bathroom. ask yourself how many years
you might still be able to rob a bank and get away
with it. don't get tricked into huffing any of the Hatter's
ether. if insects come swarming from
the carpet, use the vacuum

cleaner. keep a stack of business cards in your wallet —
never be without the telephone
number of a mechanic, a lawyer, or a gypsy
who can see the future. wonder whether
it's too late to learn Muai

Thai. a pet goat is a wonderful way to get rid of pesky
blackberry bushes. never kill something you couldn't
skin and eat for supper. marry someone
who cooks as well as you. Pig and Pepper.
don't be too alarmed if you begin to notice
blood when you wipe.

Schizophrenia, We

where the sun and the ocean meet
is nothing
because science says so, but
we don't have to listen
to what is said.
if history has taught us anything, it has been Manifest Destiny
all the way. used to be tithes were the ticket that took you
on the ride to the best of all possible worlds,
but that was before racism quit being cool
to be proud of, and white people suddenly were super-
into the herbivorous heritage of our pre-hominid ancestors,
and began oppressing "cheese-lovers, ersatz."
at the market, it is said, we are free
to justify ourselves right into statistical psychosis.

heuristic utility has always gotten people laid, but Epistemic
Certainty slams the breaks on anything
more difficult or satisfactory than a rough handjob.
is God a lobster, or is God dead? anchors
are important things to have, *must-haves*,
like safe words. in the immortal words of Oliver Wendell Holmes,
a man, once expanded to
new ideas, never returns to his original dimensions —
we are like lobsters in that way. sex with a corpse makes
everything different, like developing an allergy
to shellfish. like sitcoms.

sitcoms never became more complex and respected
seriously as a storytelling format, largely
due to a lack of over-sexualized child actors
to fantasize about. "cocaine" is usually so
cut with numbing agents and milk-sugar that it is now
recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists to keep an eightball
in the medicine cabinet if you (or a loved one) have ever
exhibited the symptoms of mild to moderate maxillofacial
distress. the problem with the world today
is random association. Schizophrenia, we
are on drugs and finding out there is only one way
to dig yourself out of a hole: straight
down
in hopes you reach China or Australia or the earth's warm center
before your canary keels and dies.

Somebody Has To Kill The Babysitter

Women are a labyrinth, my friend. Can I be frank? I don't think you listen to her. I think you tell her what she wants to hear. She wants you to thirst for knowledge about who she is. All the complicated splendor that is Woman. When your love is truly giving, it will come back to you ten fold.

— Chip Douglas

Turned On And Up,
Up All Night With Her
Bright Blue
Eye Dimmed To A Stare.
She Is One Woman. She Has Got
A Show Inside Her She Is
All But Obligated To
Perform. Behind Glassed—
in Stage Lights She Peers
Out, All
Night, Blank — Her
Bright Blue
Pupil's Pulled Far Out
To The Rim Of A Black Iris.
Watching. Wanting
To Be Watched. Desirous Of
Being A Voyeur's Fetish—Object ,
She Parts Herself, With Effort,
The Red Velour Of Grand
Curtains, Until The Eaves Of Her
Proscenium Become Wholly Denuded —
The Brail Beneath Her Skirt , Exposed
Near The Top Of Her Arch —
The Dilated Glass Eye Full Of Longing,
Fueled By The Ultimate
Aphrodisiac Glances Around
The House For Patrons. But She Sees
Her Apron Has No Congregation
Tonight. Tough. The Show Goes
On Anyways. Tonight She Is
Turned On, Up,
And She Waits, Agitated,
For An Audience That Wants Her

Wanton Gaze To Wink And Consent
To Be Leered At By Huddled Masses.
Yet She And Her Fleshpot Remain
Vacant Save The Echo Of Empty
Gesture And Hollow Recitation.
Shadows Cast By Corpses
Upon The Living. She Continues All Night,
Compelled Like Lightning To Make
Her Mark — Unaware Of The Consequences
Contained In The Fire She Hangs
Upon The Fourth Wall That Have Begun
Threatening To Immolate Art Once
and For All. She Is Ignorant Of An Imminent
Whipping Of Invisible Winds Which Already
Carry The Incense Of Death To The Forked
Tips Of Byzantine Tongues
Held Loosely Within The Heads
Of Insolvent Critics That Slaver Burning
Methanol From Slack Jaws While They
Bray And Scavenge The Trampled
Carcasses Populating The Vomitorium;
The Last Vestige Of Culture Amid Dithyrambic
Ruins Still Suspended In The Aether
On The Other Side Side Of The Portal
Thrusting Her Out Of A Future
Followed By A Society That Might Have
Otherwise Really Been
Something.