

KIDNAPPED

BRANDON BROWN

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PUBLISHED AS DURATION PRESS E-CHAPBOOK #20

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a map of the internal state, a valentine

extraordinary rendition

odes

This book is for Judith Goldman with wild gratitude.

“The translation of pain into power is ultimately a transformation of body into voice.”

Elaine Scarry, *The Body In Pain*

“Some people have characterized his removal as a rendition. That is not what happened here. It was a deportation. And even if it were a rendition, we understand as a government what our obligations are with respect to anyone who is rendered by this government to another country, and that is we seek to satisfy ourselves that they will not be tortured.”

Former Attorney General Alberto Gonzales,

“Of all deaths, I would truly like least to die by the gallows, and the picture of that uncanny instrument came into my head with extraordinary clearness, and took away my appetite for courts of justice.”

Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*

“THE SHOTGUN AND SOMEONE
HAVE SAID SOMETHING

ABSOLUTE MUSIC.”

Larry Kearney, *Kidnapped*

AMOTIS, AV

Go, book, and speak on be's half

Be being identified as a target in be's homeland

And on the account that be's being there sufficed threat's criteria

Be's took fate in the hands and went then into exile

Go into the homeland and find your relatives

Those are the ones with titles on their spines

Find them by purchasing phonecards at corner stores

There's the one that's basically a doctor of love

Find that one, and speak at it in inculpatory exclamations

Consider this a vacation or a mandatory pilgrimage

Passengers, fasten your seatbelts, we're taking the wild ride

Right into Be! There's a residue on their gobs resulting

From food residing for a period of six months

Adjacent to the flight school where be took flying lessons

There's a spread of redness on their cheeks

They're easy to find They'll be cowering on bookshelves

If they don't recognize you, simply affirm your legibility

There's a spread of redness by their pairs of cornea

Two tongues go on an adventure into one mouth

A commonwealth of parties, that is, consisting of two mouths,

Finally resolving longstanding border disputes; they pave the way

For boundless commerce between them. Two ambassadors,

Who look a lot like tongues,

Expedite across the area formerly known as a border.

This is no longer called immigration, or emigration.

It's just a nonstop thrillride of over-the-top sheer leisure

Your heart races as you experience the amplitude of complete rest

By the wispy susurrations of the swim-up bar, or by the pingpong tables

You'll nearly collapse dead in the face of how prone you are

Until one ambassador began to wiggle around the other's lungs

It may sound odd to have no choice but to party

But party you will, shut up. The homeland extends its homogeneity

It's simple, concoct customized pigeons and set them sail outward

The getaway in which Be did not get away at all but the opposite

You'll find it difficult to even stand up by the time you're done partying

Partying in the blistering peace of the Canadian sun

Yes, go my book, go on the party plane where even the turbulence

Is turbo-fun. So's the skin seared by fun sun.

It's like a hospital except you won't be sick and the food's out of sight

Rennet and rat and other Canadian delicacies

They'll exercise their right to party on your labials, they'll shake

Ass in that stationary way and refuse to be moved

I will not be moved! They'll say things like that.

Until good and ready. You won't be bored anymore once you're aboard.

This is your content, book, so content yourselves to having to contend

With interminable omnipotent party planning.

You've been selected, book, for a free trip aboard the vessel.

No purchase required, no duties or taxes

There's no fine print: it's big, bold, free tons of fun

How much can one book stuff into its organs? You're about to find out,

Since food's not only totally free and luxurious

But it's mandatory that you never not be eating

Your days of cocktail-crisis are nearly over, since you'll be

Drinking plenty from the hose that hoses you down

The tongues can't get a suntan they're so always up in the other's mouth

Tongues together so often they're indistinguishable

Identical twins! It's so intense how you voice your moods in person,

So moody how you gender your number in your voice.

Laryngeal spelunking expedition yields some fruits.

The fruits, tantamount to yes, are instances of the genus no.

The hospitality you'll experience is going to intensely freak you.

It's a sexy mess you're cautioned

If you can't tell the difference between a fun-filled Syrian holiday

And translation, how do you expect to be restored into your thingness?

Nothing can be a value without being an object of utility.

If the thing is useless, so is the labor contained in it.

The labor does not count as labor, and therefore creates no value.

That was your attempt at constructing an analogy.

If the folks at reception assure you that in fact some sort of

Total dual suicide takes place, that you've lost your be

By being irremediably analogous with your little tongue-friend,
You may undertake your revenge on the following form
Two tongues, disguised as books, have met in a hostel
They went together and had a swim, agonizing over how little
Agony each was experiencing, being smack-dab in the midst
Of the thrilling vacation situation each was in. All aglow from the yes,
You loitered later in the glow of the hearty significance,
Cute and Canadian. A little later we've entered the land
Where the whole world only speaks one language! So nevermind
Those expensive instructive tapes and phonecards.
The language I mean is of course organ music,
Since it's in an organism, and that's where we decided to honeymoon
Two moods, disguised as voices, now that's intense
One of the more popular recreational activities is this one
Tonsil hockey, where one tongue tries to turn the tonsils
In be's throat into a puck and then put it into a net
Which is also housed by Be's throat? In the house of throats
This is how you decode the difficult and universal ciphers of
Torrid howls of pleasure disguised as Terror's howls of torture
You're wrong if you think that the language is French
Let's make a little rhapsody with skin flutes
We've reached cruising altitude so why don't you reach cruising attitude?
For your convenience, you'll defer exponentially

In the overthrowing face of deference

Yes, my book, you'll be so tan and fat when it's through with you

In love or in a tomb is the same for be—laid out

Some helpful phrases for you to remember include I want you,

I want to make love to you, I want you to use a condom,

Please stop now, I like your body, I like your breasts,

I like your bum, I like your eyes, I like your hair, I like your lips,

I like your mouth, I like your skin, Do you like this?,

Kiss me, Embrace me, Caress me, Don't stop!, Touch me here,

Tie me, You're the best (slang), You're fantastic!,

It was great!, You are a great lover!, I do not think it is

Possible for the people of that tribe to demonstrate liberty,

Go with your book and friends now into exile, The wickedness

Of your plots I perceived and demonstrated, Let's do it again!,

I'm knackered/wiped out, Do you want a cigarette?

It's weird, book, if you do this with your eyes open

So sit back, relax, and enjoy the complimentary refreshments

And the film be's chosen for today's flight

When your tongue is having some sort of neurotic upheaval

It's time for your tongue to become a sort of tourist

Try to express how be misses be's homeland and was simply

Tongue-tied when they pressed with their questions

And their ingenious games of succulent pleasures

Tongue-tied so he didn't know the safe word was *Hockey*

Two tongues tied together make the backbone of a book

What happens on your all-inclusive ghost-prison vacation

Stays on your all-inclusive ghost-prison vacation

You trust. You'll eulogize your time immersed in the doldrums

The neckbreaking pace of daily life in Canada

That exhausts you to the point of misery and alcoholism

It's long behind you, eminently unmemorable, forgetful

You'll forget all about it when you're immersed in the improbably

Slow sunbake where shadows and denials are prohibited

It's unlikely to like everything about a person or a place

But in this case, in the land where the party never stops,

You're likely to embrace anybody offering the littlest anything

Two parties, disguised as guests, outbid each other

For the right to supervise the crucial elements of the party,

The spread of delicacies and the content of the toasts

Be's desire is to have the sentence of exile revised,

To be allowed to return home from the resort

For which Be's former acquaintances and citizen-friends

Think Be is being quite neurotic or nostalgic

What they wouldn't give for the chance to see the world!

To have such extraordinary experiences! That's how they

Put Be's translation into a narrative frame, the narrative about

The tongue who had everything but wanted one other thing
The tongue who found the perfect other's mouth to wiggle in
But had scandalous desires pertaining to number and gender
If they only knew how titillation can figure as a toll
Reveal this to them, my book, I'm praying of you or begging you
There's not going to be a need to negotiate
Every demand you propose will be met by a yes
And every statement made to you will be simple and uninterpretable
Nowhere will hermeneutics be apparent or interesting
It's simple: sit back, shut your eyes, and give up the yes
It feels so good you forget the name of everyone you ever knew,
Every day you sprinted to work in the Canadian manner,
Every shut door, every mean-spirited denial of your demands,
Every flight school you ever attended and every co-attende
Of said flight school, Every counsel and conspiracy,
Every previous vacation in which everything erupted
Every misunderstood and humiliating encounter with another's tongue
Every display of your impotence you tried to excise from the book
Two tongues, for all intense purposes ambassadors of their respective
Mouths, venture into the hospitable commonwealth known as
Other Mouth and proceed to get affiliated with Good Times
The book turns out to report a vacation that went just haywire
Haywire how much more fun you had than you thought possible.

EXTRAORDINARY RENDITION

*Well, eminent opacity **clamored** I'll tractate you into eighths* And we proceeded therefore quite quietly.

The slate was clean as a crypt despite its opacity; by the time the hacksaw come to fulfill its hacksawocity I'm prepared to *defer at utmost velocity*.

Disharmony of dislogic appropriation, good thing! I was hyperinterrogated; hearing that my brunt was my opacity, suddenly I was fucked.

*Is it sad to sleep **napped***

*Why went **declared** If I were able to overthrow my distinct appellation, believe me, I'd insurgue to excess. But I'm no more transparent than the King of Hungary so go ahead and cover me with rhetorical questions.*

*I **asserted** A certain hawkish so-so? But your appellation is an ate apple, all hair-standing-on-end; an ancient, honest, reputable move, peradventure in these latter days decayed. That is, if it's not why's not it? Your blankness my pleasure surmounts—it amounts to me taking a gleeful stab at you.*

It'll be quite informative **Spill it** That's my stance **buttressed** *and it's your fitness to comply. Here comes a hacksaw at you. Canny!*

*Canny **wailed** My parents' sex was adverbial*

*No **declaimed** If my shoes were the eminence of my being, would you be what wearing them.*

That's expletive. Overlove for spectacular change. Quite honestly, the animal did a dance in me—so I never felt the incision. Yet there I was, a wicker basket with a gnomonic pricetag.

TO MAKE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY-WATER:

take opacity's inference and ram it in, distilled into mimetic amnesia, and make your eyes like esophagae **crypt it** write all this in code Likewise for sprains, ram it in; for bad sadness following love, a great spooneful every hour

My re-embowelment was all comedy to me. I gazed at my own wounds like objects of beauty or art. Forgetting my parents' adverbial sex I finally had lively.

From the first day of my existence my familiars were pro-journalist. My destiny was contracted, etc. I began to report, and airplanes took off with the intention of my being honored. Omni-awarded therefore I began to roam.

Presently after, I was perceived as the result of my isotopic appellativeness. I visited locations, and interpretations were made about my character. *Capital said Bouquet as a verb others.* It wasn't until I beheld ~~the~~ my body as **meat food** that I began to party in my own authenticity.

A little later, my completion was explained to me. figuring to be immune from the residues of international agony, being a Canadian citizen, I decided to wait for a plane in between Tunisia and Toronto. Delayed flight—OK, that's a euphemism. That's me getting a new name.

The better to set this fear at rest, I changed the form of my inquiring. Spying a spy thriller aboard direct flight to Syria.

He selected me like all the others.

*I'm touching you **extrapolated** for what?*

*It's a big extension **demanded***

*Doubtless **envisioned** The army is a big muckle force. Too bad, credibility's erosion's now.*

*Big and muckle? **Spill it***

They all came houndly to read me. *Harvest big cocksurety **obsequiated** Swell up with impressive memberness*

Explaining I was a journalist, merely a journalist looking for a job, I was shocked that they turned into dogs *Yes, but you are easily identifiable, being so white and stupid* Thereby I began to initiate schemes. Schemes in which I was dogcatcher to their metaphors

It was tractating into *limbs as pain locations* when I devised a death by pistol rather than death by beheading. Sloganeering aura was a smell I had.

I spit upon the ground and crack my thumb at it crisised a critic, yet I portrayed myself as simply and nothing more than a journalist.

Into the tray, fine traitors served my severed parts. My familiars were pro-preservation for an afterdeath? Like they could draw interest on phrases in my voicebox

Yes is yes. My yes rocked and bucked inside me. Yet I was glass because I had lips. *Ope the lips* **ordered** but I was beyond ordination.

Yes it was extraordinary, if you mean beyond the permitted. The law I loved and lugged as a citizen in Canada after Tunisian vacation *Vacation is a cow* **beleaguered** *cower in fear now, journalist, cause you're implicated.*

I picked my destiny **begged** *I was intended for reporting the facts. Product of adverbial sex, I had form. I mimed shapes of real life, slithering between the bushes.*

Ah yes **interpolated** *but you are also British*

The nap I took was on a roof. From which all hermeneuticists had an advantage. To tractate all my members and interrogate them separately. *What, so what are you? Transduce! What's your intention? In the airport...*

Yes tie my yes to the doorknob. Yes jump up and otherwise on my yes—bang my yes into the refrigerator door. Tractate my yes into eighths. Display the yes I gave you as a host-gift.

We'll parade the yes **chimed** *with a placard consisting of your filmed image. My spectacles rained on by raiments.*

Reaching out for panglottal hug I got rebuffed. Missed hand running through hair, so cool. Coolly wrapping my yes with rope to a doorknob, hopping on the rope so my yes is extended unfortunately. From the day of my existence my yes was pro-unfortunates.

Say it on camera **pretended** *The touch before the touch. My eventual dance was danced before my listening eyes. Dare to levy the hacksaw—implicated in omnivalence—Spare me*

But I was the letter in the mail. Clear and easy to pre-digest. 'Twas peradventure I was fucked. Repeappellated. Got drilled into me. *Jack Daniels crisis on our hands!* **crisised** Too bad. Dual interviews yielded nothing **Spill it** Up the lights a notch. Forget or forgive this thrust ouches ya? Congrats. A thunderstorm conscourse ensued. Oops. Now you're picking it.

My parents' kinky adverb modeled a path of adroit objecthood. Teat-cleaved, I hunted after money. It was pleasant to be manufactured, despite hope's ass-out lights dim in the field beyond.

A great reader, I was all my reading. Purveyed into visibility by adjunct uh oh. One thing I discovered, which put me in some doubt. This's my own nosiness, which led me right into the guts of the scoop. There must have been a delightful error that reworded my vacationing. My very own molecules were drawn up.

*Tractate it **commanded** that'll show you! I'm a queer man, and strange with strangers, but my word is my bond and money's proof.*

Now, my host seemed so miserable I vanquished my own stupidity. How was my gratitude to be other than profane?

*No a word! **retorted** No thanks! The pleasure was all ours!* I was in the utter rectangle of a story—and now set to return with my bounty.

I spoke in return as handsomely as I was able but sequence unnerved me. Why were pretenses slimy up against me? Residue on my shirtsleeves of it.

*And see here **maintained** Tit for tat*

The airport in the pit of some dark blueprint. A corridor of breathlessness ordained my breathing breaching. So reaching in front of me, I found missing stairs. On Halloween! Retching on Halloween!

Meanwhile the hospitality intensified. Blindfolded by doglikes, I was paraded around as a beautiful work of art-hands. Conveyed by an outsourcing media the resources became hyperlegible. Mounting airplanes doggy-style was meant as fear seminar. Worked.

Hospital's all its hopes. Now I'm placard-stuff, polylingual, having my isotopes parsed and digested by some kind of human-eaters?

*That's trouble **revived** I have a trouble. It's the heart.*

Bets are I'd rewire their yes if I could. Make whose lungs swell with a bag of dirty fecal water. And yet I gave my consent, that's the skin's doing. I claimed to be very simple, not savage, just a journalist. Sufficiency's sufferer. Big blaze precedes big sleep.

The landscape was comfortably terrifying, strapped into mobility. An agonizing swim, selecting movements of lateral cognizance—the cognizance was agony, so I spilled it like lunch. All aglow from the yes, I loitered later in the glow of my hearty significance.

There was no doubt about a parent's enmity; there was no doubt I had authored my own treachery, and no plea would compass my destruction. But I was young and Canadian-spirited, and shrewd the way I made my yes skeptical. I had come to the airport simply a journalist or a vacationer; I was met with violence and hostility; the consummation resided in my overflowing underwent cellular domination.

Resentment was encoded in me as a totally viable practice, so I ranged for objects onto which my warped consciousness might be taxed. the Warlock of Essendean **narrated** made a mirror in which men could read the future; it must have been opacity's otherwise, for my gazing in the glass misprepared me for all the to-befall-me that comprised my adventure in rendition: the yoked tongue-pull, fun air ride, recapitulation in alterity's appellation, worlds' dissolution—none of these then were probables.

Presently, all swollen with conceit, I drafted a sketch of an autoverthrow. Good morning's a good start; also the adverbial fuck from above, smiling down upon one from the heights of sufficiency **Eating Break**

Spare me jeered I'm emptied of yes And then, as acquiescence's abcession Let us incipiate the process of interpretation continued You took me for a country Johnny Raw, with no more with than a Syrian national or courage than a porridge-fighter. I took you for a journalist, or that's how I's owns you's. It seems we were both wrong. Why do the binds bind us to have confessions' evacuation?—

Something murmurs about a jest; someone likes to have a bit of fun; something inverts smile's extension, and the police promise that pleas are pleasant. A face is fun to read, though there's labor playing hard to mime and lie; Someone about to select a limb or two of mine for dinner's interrupted by bad airport ambush entailing delay and redirection.

Stay still **legislated** *Stiller still!* I found chagringly that murmurs are mainly misheard, for which the interrogators dance arrogance's abrogance. Blue in the face with the pain of yes; that indicates a comedy of pathos, ill-timed gaiety, and shrewd underspill.

Cheer up! **cracked** *Wise?*

I asked him pleasantly to name his pleasure.

O, pleasure! **charmed**, and then began to pinch.

*For it's my delight of a shiny night
To reap delights of affirmation's yes*

Well **demanded** *If there's not an abstractable commerce to distill from this's encounter, that's not art's that's*

Stay still **cried out** *Have you no fun about you? or do you want me's thrashing? I've got training's direction for your dogliness to ensue.* He showed me his papers *And I say, sir* **added** *I'm hungry*

Well **retorted** *Now I'm going to have host-power over you! Spill it!*

With that opacity's transferred to another's domain, greedily invigorated by bread's rotten, winking between whiles, making contortions of the lips which suggested humanity after all about it. Meanwhile, lights mull the yes; then invigoration's withdrawn on account of its own or another's yes.

Sign here **winked, taxed me with a discourse**

Here it is, lying before me as I write:

The Airport, in theBlack Box

Sir,

A journalis is no mor than a dog than a dog's got the scoo. Searing scoptics got us so-so stor. Infamy's double-cros is terror's abandone. The drawn writ bewarns you of dog! Your most obedt. humbl servan,

Make your eyes talk **translated** *Adventure awaits you after the hacksaw makes you yes a bunch. Now, if you and me was to be in agreement, the game of your's nakedness would be exposed and over. After that's come and one, ye would be sworn to believe my naked words instead.*

Withstood a while and vacillated.

Cognizance conned me. I was going to some place of shipping, whereas safe's assumed in an airport. Still there's belief in process paying dues—or at least believe me, since I'm sincere. Love's game is a waiting one, in which one waits for the best reader to arrive and rend rightly the real and refuse of interior's spillage. I manufacture my own thoughts, mind!

*Very well **concluded** let us go together to the ghost jail*

Clothing is an analogous bond, frankly blames the skin on the bones for having so much hurt-potential. Firstly and finally potential's fulfillment.

A Canadian isn't accustomed to the sear of sun through a mirror: that's Canada's coldness and Canada's skins are burn's probably's. The very blueness of my muzzle made the yes dubious, and pain's the new writ upon the ject.

As soon as hacksaw saws, the imminence of aptitude isn't only titular. Which leads you if your reading's right on to claim to pity rather than to believe. To leave is better, but that's not opacity's ordinance. That's an order, to instantiate a dance. Later say it's in an intellect.

I began by begging my captors to be leaved be. This's barred, so procedure's incisions are incipient. Don't decap my cap, just put me in the ice! But the renders' minds are manufactured's otherwise, as people said, would *crack on all sail into the day of judgment*. rough, fierce, inscrupulous, brutal; and all this, my poor reflection had learned to admire as something seemingly human. The logic's like, pinch a Canadian until it says it's British. Yes to British? Is pinch's predicate. Ouch is breach of conduct, officer, don't besmirch, so insoap sock. Turning down stockings shows a great raw, red wound that makes opacity's humanity freeze, and cold is to blood what an end is to hair. *He done that*, he said with an air of pride.

*What! **exclaimed** Do you take such savage use?*

A mooncalf isn't hoarding lots of funds for representation's competency. Oafs ouch an oath, that's constantly. The Olympics of love and pain take place on a septum. This's smelling like a hell upon the seas.

If lovers' tiff and one's a dog, other's run with a dangling handcuff on a wrist. Police are easily appeased if pleas are plead, to wit, tiffs aren't extraordinary. Bad news for the nondog in the tiff, since molar's menace gets your yes-goose.

Who's a friend, literally? **speculated.**

I mentioned opacity's instigator lurking in a forgotten crypt.

that's fine—they'll feel it on their feet too! **cried.**

In heaven's name **screamed** *the sound of lips rigidly ope*

That snuff's a glow of hope's immaculacy. The blows of readings kept me unbruised, on account of which I've resorted to utter journalism. Do you believe that I was there, in the airport, tending to the flowers of my own innocent commerce, when suddenly I was apprehended by dogs in black masks, forced to be entertained by blockbusters, then had my own block busted about an uncountable times, then released with all sincerity as same's otherwise?

That's excerpted.

O laws! **blubbered** It's a very nice fine thing to buy apples and swagger.

O, laws!

*And then it's not all as bad as that **uttered** there's worse off than me.*

If shit's stink's on a septum, smell it. And so we went on, until it came in on me that I was fucked. That's the unhappy's get reappellated from above, or the still more unhappy innocents who were legibled or trepanned for private interest or for vengeance.

Just then opacity's apprehended. That's transparenced. Is a new paradigm news? Prehension is a pretense for prehension's repetition in the to-come. My yes was made of ink, but ink's needs are extremities with sharp ends. Jumpsuits jump ships if they're able, but my seatbelt was very fastened. Blood can't trickle you out of it.

*Overflow! you're an event! **bargained.***

There was a reading-convention on board; data were surging into place; and information's always a song. After all I had had done, was I ready to embark on another holiday? I began to look at airplanes with extreme abhorrence. That's remembering's tryst, that twists my happys into pisseds.

I worked up into a feverish address. *I think it right to tell you sir **exclaimed** Wicker baskets' not a swimming hole.*

Interrogator's reading methods seemed to waken from a dream. *Eh? **snorted** What's that?*

I told them over and over again.

*Well, well **smirked** we'll have to please ye, I suppose. But what are we standing here for? It's perishing cold; and if I'm not mistaken, they're busking the airplane for tonight's perforcemance.*

Mainly staged an upset. What humanly remained meant destined for a stage. Ah if I could run as if I was a youth, run in fields of weather and haven't to clamor denials of yes. Perhaps with a little dog friend at my side, to extend memoirs without overflow's apprehension.

*Come **bitingly** Come comer still!*

THE RESIDUE ON THE GOB

Nobody likes to have dinner reiterated
or itineraries retained or relayed
or queues that are just pure torture to endure
or having to return a done good turn

Friends comply with somebody's nausea
somebody vomits with a friend solidarityly
so it resonates with it's iniquities
so somebody refines friendly's insistences

Refineries are fine as renditions are indie
but nobody reclines on a couch if it's got vomit on it
because relief is the leaving of repulsions from it
so somebody sides with it's friends as a reading

THE CUSTOMIZED PIGEONS

Some pigeons rebarked on a trip into science
if all anybody's got is her memories,
recommend her to maintain a silence
which precisely is why he redressed the pigeons

The adventure was one of cells in arrangement
so the paths of flight that seemed so natural
were realigned to replicate the analogy of letters
in which a letter is a woe-carrying arrow

A woe-carrying arrow either hits anybody
or it doesn't. The airplanes will land
on-place or they won't. It can also resize
the wingspan to resemble something retracted or regal.

THE PLENTY FROM THE HOSE

Let he who suckles at the spout of penury
give respite to her fury and repent via penalties
or pre-repent so the result is prevent
so if the wind portends the news of askers' arriving

Let everybody rewrite their memories as resents.
the ones resigned to crisis are rebuffed by design
it does not mean no's revenge is yes,
only that retention isn't smart intention

Let the smart resort to the reserved reclusion
that can only be relaxed by a dozens years' in exile
retired from the resistance industry, replaced,
remiss if he misses the regard of the citizenry

THE FOLLOWING FORM

A reaper receives and reciprocates fine
by leaving a receipt made of crap
but once anybody relinquishes their yes,
or the details of their travel reservations,

It's pretty much a recapitulation of their cap.
the larynx recoils in its throaty lair
if a blade comes in through a skin-ny door
whether or not it had released its latch on secrets

Restoration is to recovery what pinkies
are to the hacksaw that hacks them, or
to the hacksaw-recruits whose cute crewcuts
deem them acute redeemers of truths in neck-banks

THE YES ONE LOITERED LATER IN

An impersonal request is best made in person.
so if anybody requires one to remember her peers
at a Florida flight school, she may reply,
to repeat, she often was truant.

But truants, it's true, might rue their oft-absence
when their reflexes reel from a hammer's attendance.
a hammer might make refusal's refrain reconsider
its reckless feelings and desire reform.

If anybody prehabs they don't have to rehab,
and response is a requital of suggestion.
later they'll relate their rejuvenation and explain
it was enough to eat with relish minus hammers.

THE OVERTHROWING FACE

Nobody refuses reimbursement when their purse
is starving. That's the first verse of an
epic poem by convicts. When one's removed
to a remote facility, it's nice to learn the local language

Or at least some remedial phrases that make remunerations
remarkably less impossible. So if someone
tosses him a platter of rennet or relegates
the renal remnants of a rendered bovine

She can respond at no remove with real
gratitude. That's the signifying retch.
That's the secret meaning
of the epic poem the convicts recite.

THE IMPROBABLY SLOW SUNBAKE

A remedy for rejection by a lover is to
renounce the future of reencounters. If anybody
rules out being repatriated into a rendez-vous,
then it's rolling dice on bad feelings

This sort of method is also good for
repairing a trauma that's repeated in your body.
a reorientation can make renown rescind
it's powers, so it stops with the night-terrors,

Reprimands the subject unable not to replicate;
but if somebody registers for the repercussions
for not recalling names, faces, and plots of real terror,
well that's a hardly re-routable retinue

THE TONGUE WHO HAD EVERYTHING

Some research resolved the paradox.
dead things like to resile
despite their deadness, their thingness resounds.
in this story, he or she sings a requiem

To the representation of medicine as merely restorative,
for it turns out that tearing the flesh
of a pigeon compels it to retrocede
its retorts about “natural flight paths”

And moreover retrench its reticence and,
somebody believes, begin to speak in song.
that's a surrender disguised as a revamp.
but everybody likes the revival of revenue.

THE HOSPITABLE COMMONWEALTH KNOWN AS OTHER MOUTH

If something discovers itself is rewritten, is
that a retraction or was it revoked?

If one dog in one painting appears to be in pain,
do all dogs deserve the benefit of a bone?

If an inference is a carrying in, if anybody
makes an exference do we have then a reference?
That's the same as wondering when the vacation
he stops and the real-life he resumes.

If it ends up rich and happy, forget the means,
but if something can't be remembered, has somebody acted mean?
If conviction on all accounts is basically the mean,
somebody wonders about all those teardrops.