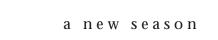


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Canonization of a Portrait

There are a lot of still lifes in the world when one is drunk.—Jalal Toufic

summer plain, indigenous Elvis we take the smoke, the first apartment & national salmon, the common glass or a room hypnobirthing the country no longer rebuilding "civil" war a lá non-professionals a lá new brutalism standards we hope now: substantial art and red meat will we go emphatic Ontario in all that commotion mobile sheep, forest, southern winds embark me bathe me over driftnets and my perimeters bank a riverboat programmed have no condiments have no oily management

The Eagle

incidentally, italicized sea-lines partially illustrious coccyxes —so many eagles evict in-sincere subject some lines in "migration" outlining a narrow street under the rubric cherry dutifully milk farms open 24 hours & the pharmacy of accidental "of" the not so pretty small rectangles & fleece forcing the heat someone will want it graphically as terror of natural systems as Gena Rowlands' picture I.D. because of cosmogony draw bone-white on grid the crowded house may have replaced the zeroxes of the Hamptons: in itself, if only a half hour strolling self-consciously my interpreter at a way station in the distance and so are her disruptors airplane passengers in Mexico take to warm waters

Before Need

imperceptibly aggregate subject observed as it were, not unlike space of late shapes primed "here I am" and here agrette telephone on small piece of paper all these buildings to enjoy the injured party had you understood the conversation automatically time would depend on something running out— I hung out with the popular girls & whose side are you on prepared for the roar of must haves spurious abscond the end of California full-frontal onto her knees no place for a crime or an entire field formed because of a drive-by

If I Was Speaking To You You Would Know It

rinse out the landscape of helpless procedures the way to flatten you: a wind-up bird over tennis court civilization and the names rubbed out Beatrice, Agatha make it to the movies it's easy to see a weathered face in the space between the workstations flashing midnight where the plumbers of America make contact with faux furs, another game from Webster's collegiate monogram X over Gaza strip modeling in a flatbed, sign off DC there at the scene they weren't speaking to you or to oriental criteria of your gardens in the bathroom light or the girls that have imperviously banished the torment you felt throwing dead halibut out of a shopping cart

American Steel

the obstinate finality -Henry James

flowers on the drunkenness lake my confessional radiator, like it niched an attention to detail get to class on time some of the boys with impudence interpose a dream within a dream: this grid and random strains soon justifies its place, my market, *mine* for reflection the savage orchards I pick as we are allowed to be in a fixed-state, like fish, and social workers that are not so bad for whatever histories might crop natural archeology on summer grass or shutting up the office girl to study the portraits of what's missing: bathroom stalls, sit down dinners with escort who placed no neutral language at the kiosk as with a cult must make the meeting

I Would Steal the Picture if I Wasn't Coming Back

who we do not recognize romantic I fasten the fairhead seasons for summer a peculiar dress found in a bin urging a new restaurant, shore, and sunsets woman, with overnight if permanent press if American high schools cutout: my mythology will succeed o love, clearly alone can't describe digital flowers, I think I or we alone can't be mnemonic with storms that suck stained lips to a grave my grainy remains might fold a cake into mylar form

Postparadisiac

"if" an arrangement of flowers so topographical temp. body to say pinholes need speech pink implants after-hours a gang in name only 100% subjunctive egrets to be still-life or serrated edges or tv kid hair what shall we do but the wait in the narrow orphic sunrise

john ashbery
yr. breathe mints
yr. getting to the supermarket
picking up a dozen flowers
the war is over on tree line drive
riding bikes and resisting arrest
to say shoplifting and
pink dresses cascading
down synthetic ice plant
if statistics are a chance at paradise

Notions of Normalcy

Those we once knew & despite personality "shown the door" to what brand of writers misspell hermeneutic, dial-up for a pink bathing suit or an oval tear from the aloof enigma of Mona Lisa.

You are going to get sick governing clammy hands, another drink in a phone booth, each entrance is 90 degrees, but is it freedom? Familiarizing ourselves with movies and country music—I will wear this coat of many colors. The shoddiness of holding up what is dead already, flower girls in a state of dyslexia feed birds & make a scene, sing the public world can't contain us.

I remember unsuccessfulness to find an epic g-spot like small discoveries of countryside with binoculars: half-exposed memories of grade-school and somewhere a carefully placed statue of the queen.

A Drawing of "Six Little Spoons"

Six little ducks all alike and like to be similar and sudden places young girls sunbathe and preternaturally their laughter. "What is this pleasant state," a letter to China and famously a landscape of ashes. The light leaves really no such girl. Pale lilies under the perfect tree, a little pitcher of lemon water. Prettily their small dresses rotating the fish the sky all the cherry blossoms and tiny bubbles made in Ohio. There are many heavy trucks and summers swimming near the bay. I wish I were a salmon or field of brown fish, a soldier, an outsider with cigarette in a green Chevrolet.

There is something anonymous about it. Your brassiere has made a colony for them you must sing the national anthem. It is a chance to exercise. We are not in Nashville nor the Bahamas. But with the sea mixed up with sun so sweet the air and Japanese. Considering the summer produce, smoking and so studied emptiness of a portrait managed well: introduce me to a chair. At fin de sciecle the unjudgeable waves petalled, those that have glided personally with an unwillingness to speak properly, conversations ending in synthetic blue and doggerel Tuesday mealy Tuesday. If Elvis meets in abstract lands, a becoming virgin. Into dark arbor for which fallen.

Bird-Shaped Toothpick Dispenser

after Laura Moriarty

Have us again—a broken locus of girlish curios on inflatable sinks. The "hole which begins a sentence," from the category Liquid. Eventuality as it issues Shadows and Fog. It is not for love that we need the illusions. Driving fast through the trees, and strange liturgies of plants. The sameness of our schedules point to I'll be back in a couple of hours. Through repaved streets smell the tar. A sleepwalker on vacation, "I wont be able to resist closing in on darkness, naked like anything." An icon floating into a kiddy pool: for all to see our water wings with interspersant business card. & personal space for a lapdog. Being stoic in negative space, my attention span bottlenecks, moving the same way, as if crossing The Border. It's not a problem of archaeology—being rescued of a body we were looking for an owl, a subject; the leaves among them.

New Intellectualism

That is everything then, on sea, the delicate storms waving, an unseemly ethics. Neatless horses, ships, O Christabel, give us no rhymes when you are thinking Proletariats would like to sweat. We'd take Tuscany over Tucson. Our behaviorist is outlining the narrow streets. Only there is no longer Socrates or a heroic reception. With a table and pen we self-style the puncture wounds in a period of street fighting; if not, the sacredness of a sign of nature, ambiguity; in the argot of a swamp-flower, a crowd in Poe. Undeveloped, we might still outlive this day, on inklings that plot is a wager with form—a polemic against this current scholarship, the caesuras, the revolutions of his reveries, how old proper names are calling you, are calling us, le grand Central. A new generation who have withstood personal losses, like the army reported a fine china bowl of bohemianism as you see to your flowers.

Fashion and The Birds

It is rapid, I guess life with others entering or perched on ivy, those gawking voyeurs among the cardinal part of the fire and asking of our accident. Yet no urge is so impractical, so adulterous that it is

to be the world for a gentry of full-fledged slackers. Anxieties

more than an impressionistic gallop of horses riding over revolving and yet, father they cannot be banished from the system. Things pass close to the halos. An architecture looming like a whirlwind

of expectation now that fashion has won. It bothers me, the squares

of birds frenzied against the slope of rusty details where imperceptibly her black coat dampened by a delta of forces. It is revolving, the work of a tornado now that her blue dress has come back, how can we forget

her gauche appearance going into a strange room with surveillance

and having to freeze-dance. Enough jubilance with birds twirling, the same of non-human expression to be our landmark the damp mass of goings on and bottled anxieties, gallop horses into the largeness or pungentness of sky.

The Unauthorized Biography of Larry Rivers

if we lower the water level the sweet horizon de Kooning Try!Try! crossing the Delaware is itself a signal black Cadillac mechanically mawkish the field you knew sordid the blue dress unauthorized cubism on the G.I. Bill away with status quo! Happy in the Hamptons & unmade phone calls trite like fashion non sequiturs bound with his vices Charlie Chaplin laying one over *on art* naturally albeit more of Picasso's things worked out a snapshot of the hero rebelling against pure abstraction i.e. digressions, someone rubensian figure of untaught fluency and moderate submission

Last Lake

doxy
its sphere
rabid
brainwash
and me, me
a French hedonist
v.
pleasure, perhaps
within myself everything
that, like
a novel by Zola
anticipated as "boring"

insofar as it
up-classes
the bourgeoisie?
my little niece
enthusiasm
according to Proust
according to miniaturation
a synthetic 19c.
eugenic
George Sand
intractable loss
it favors

the glass owl transposing, being a transparent metaphysical lover of ideals, typist hunger of all physical obstacles: curio relic any of the above or the general repetition of self-parody

hunting: to go out no, never it's expensive to set the table to show (him) the door thank God goodness! willingly by the way it is light, dawning certainly doctor writer physician orator painter philosopher poet professor sculptor soldier witness shepherd

memoire involuntaire is it the canon or the collector? classificatory number the experience the outwork nature or shadow-line, my miserable human pleasure was relatively furniture and durable

with carpets
four other people
Frenchmen
I subsume
the Crystal Palace
the Louvre
until Saturday
the cashier
the profile
being delightful
the reason
for measure

without knowing I am not the one long arrangement of plastic fruit, girls curiously benign—aggravation from jocular assaults and Prometheus where is your season without mystique: no alibi city girl the nature

"in my North America" approximate the nervous system: inlet of orchids not your body sought by commerce my bird, nothing proud of a limit slipping but still we had to borrow the thought

straight speech
representing milk
and eggs rings
dreadful, through
a punitive world
August
bodies that don't
look breathless
inside—your horizon
bedrooms
a perpetual
sun

white boots
as if sexual
Romans
identify the law
of catharsis
stripped so and so
or any classical
image of fastening
the city to an ideogram
how? diderot
would say having,
being the field

I,
bored of all
narratives
something neutered
more delicious
for you
I am neither
a body
of celebrated machinery
yr. analyst
hastening
the lavatory

the building
of a white hat
should handle
the window
temporarily a minor
poet
is not an element
of the text
which all opposition
is opposition
to re-establish
a past

pall mall
what's in it for
me
"war,"
self-congratulating
court, school, asylum
the policeman
weakens
the whole
violence too
why abuse
and

highschool
deficiency
vitamins B & C
time
for yr. systems
there is a wave
there is being
you
advantage nature
given
the self
against itself

hormonally obese
I transom
luck strains
misanthropy
mechanistic
(page of)
undeveloped country
popular nature
and who widening
a period
"what is circumstance?"
natural realism

symmetrical
kindnesses
stereotype
perfunctory
dusting
it is
re: blinded by the light
aidememoire
to perfume
sutured the telescopic
fence of writing: i.e.
feminine guiles i.e. domesticity

whence solipsism
represents
these ideals,
rhetors in
a state of competition
still more
relish split
by point of view
I refer to Lacan
I love you all
latex, and latex
related products