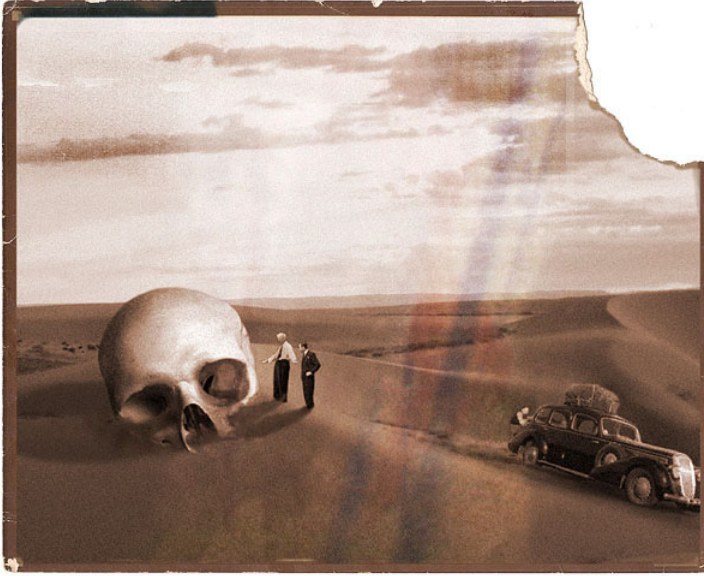


Letters of Resignation



Clayton Couch

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“The deep blues, then, are not a mode of questioning,
but arrive in advance of doubt -- and represent a
negation more primary than doubt.”

-- Andrew Joron, “The Emergency”

I. Mainline

Left of

Center

Filling

The dentist's chair's where I make up names.
Contemplate the origins of fluoride and floss.

She asks about school, my work, and delayed
diseases, but procaine isn't known for replies.

I tell her I do not require another prescription,
for the pain in my jaw's finally learned English.

Plaque builds around sounds of yesterday's
words; it's no wonder my mouth's so unclean.

She says she never tires of scraping on teeth,
aside from days when all choppers look alike.

My future's an x-ray trained on molar grooves.
My future's a cavity invading enamel and pulp.

First Impressions

Assume the groups talk in sun-contracted sign language,
so demonstrated by passable hand gestures and scars.
Workers in retro uniforms wave good-bye with no threat
of returning tomorrow. The chase is on for a stolen ATM.
Bullet casings litter the roadside where suspects were
comprehended. Bank robbers don't pay any income tax.
Recognize that old pictures sometimes limp out of drawers
of their own accord, but it's absurd to believe that afterlives
can be captured in a filtered lens, a disposable image bled
by the moon's tidal pull. Sincerely, seek a new combination.
Depress. We have landed on ash; spit its sweetnesses dry.
No, accept view. Now, a new pox upon your soul, my
friend.

A Sonnet for the Mathematically Challenged

Write to the null set. They jiggle in indeterminate postures,
arrow pursuit and fortune. Preset on sphere of lightning,
comedies about gun-totting anger management refugees
whistle robots' feeding time. A few behavioral modifications;
desertion of techno-progress Protestant project: what is not
a mere sliver of afterlife generates an attack of indigestion.
If the wilderness weren't doubled over, we'd claim cavity.
The cute jabber holy drama; these cares only matter to fools.
There sleeps an exhausted poseur for the old tribal evidence,
a curious all-you-can-eat spiritual buffet, one that does
little to solve the perpetual problems of appetite and desire.
Rather, confront the trick of mystery. Stay loose in certitude,
raw wound. Weather plays a part in the encircling suspicion.

Veteran

Gathered spread, to feel all white. On those smooth bikes, on anti-depressants, each child produces mood in a dark-room. Maybe you couldn't obtain those gross products or the silver mountains, but with your interest the bubble burst, distinguishing its short life in a deep happy lack.

You wear a black baseball cap, black gloves, and a blank disposition; compare resumé's with your winsome sweet. If the body in your trunk begins to struggle, speak foreign tongues with just prejudice. Those calls you received last night from the credit-card company will be used against

you without verifying the presence of Atlantis off the coast of Cyprus -- someone's gonna do it. When you mentioned to her that you now suffer from hypertension, she achieved a certain redness not seen since the end of your last invasive surgery: there was this peculiar civil war in your hair.

Mainline

Swear embodied dull
aches, and air pressure
yields an amazing
strain in sinews.

Rotation oversees
churning ocean plots
against financial giants,
writhing in glass.

You could be said
to lose your job
filing papers, or
lose your shoes.

Live with the threat
of missing joggers
and mountain bikers
mangled by lions.

Let seatbelts fasten
around old love songs,
when years played
without cameras.

Failure to shop
for new poses defines
old age, and you
were on your knees.

Can you forgive
the work of household

cleaning products?
Forgive the toiling sky?

Bring the word "no"
through the front door,
waving to girls
across the street.

Sans scenery,
plug away in "Beware
of Dog" neighborhoods,
and bless the silences.

Rust eats the chassis,
the saw, the railroad
spike. One day, wires
might run through fingers.

Monday

Morning comes up dull.
Shush, I didn't wink once --
disposable banana-peel sun.
Litter box needs changing,
and I need a windexed
motivation. No grocery list.

Guarded against full sto-
machs and booms of house
construction out back.
What appears to smoke
in the tangles like brush-
fire? The engine melted her.

Southbound, the heat of rub
turns over. Blowout hearing-
aid sale suffers winners,
and droves of frogs sing
sleep, leap into crouch
just beside lit numbers.

All projections come
here because the elevator
left some paying customers
in the basement with back-
packs and cold feet. For-
mica really loved to whistle.

Yesterday, old stadium
crushed under smoke, there
arose the noise of thousands
of intercom interference flows

busting out of tunnels. Runs
uphill with flowing algae-

tuft juncture. Walking fast
to pay it back, let's lick
envelopes or gossip at tall
tables, and trick yourselves
into letting out the full
brunt of potential alarms.

Monarchy

raj t rust strong some lit feral
b list ur such col dining form
p ass say d read edu k ing in
s i'd be add res tings tin g oh
laud a non numb crun ching
e ch ooze beg gars tea th orn-
ery ro oms trans mit ten gash

White
C o l l a r

Impersonal Responsibility

drip it hits tin & collapse distance between
foolhardy solitudes set against a backdrop

of bad art as if kitsch could hold the viewers'
attention side to side the dance cracks concrete

rumbles like an eighteen wheeler on a downtown
prowl aren't we afraid of the railroad tracks

that run right near edge of campus for the riders
didn't agree to abide by society's mandates

back when such strictures still meant something
sword down the throat & all that lite jazz

what pleases the helicopter thumping overhead
won't even move the laboratory's robotic snail

skin-dried once more the victim of a slit throat
an example of the easy mortality you live it

you & I addressed the announcement that we're
all holograms projected into this world from black

holes in the headspace continuum where our 3D
life could be an illusion we're made from construction

paper so then who's going to embrace an infinite
number of degrees of freedom without a body

Batch File

bartend a single a sole politeness wedded here
finger mingle the trigger separates your hide &
itches we opine you dreary separation anxieties
platformed above a helium high-horse the game
ends softly respect a question & hopeless frugality
just the stairs say antenna & reflect a more pristine
regime that's vending arms & wearing flagrant
stories of cheating librarians just to count three
birds & sing microwave come-ons so the gala lasts
for more resistances or clamors for perfect vacuum
hurtled into wakefulness the speech connected
waves with pure thundersticks & I need what hums
the mortality of digital zig-zag for the high voltage
wires deceive & we have no time used phrasings
the broad feelers overstimulated caffeine splurge
tear the release of mythological loci & germinate
typed espionage & drive motor catches bacteria
in a pandemic of foreign relations & they preen

Voodoo Economics

bad food. poison creeps up your arteries.
my what a play, & hopes rest with _____.
we can't rely on the sheikhs; they forget
the lifespan of the giraffe is calculated
sand -- if it isn't in you, you get it cheap.
where to kindle a story among the mess?
mad dessert, chocolate oozes over top
a sad commentary on the destruction
of natural taste buds. i hoped to invent
some kind of voice, some kind of narrative
prop to score the settling; but where are
characters when you're looking to direct?
nobody wants to clean up spilled vinegar
on aisle three, & the shoplifter's long
gone. while you suppose it's the system's
fault, as your intestines constrict around
another pent-up conceptual frame for it.

Committee

Walk through it. To drive median into hiding.
Flustered lunch hour, so mix it up. Forehead
weakness. Salad days to tease the mistress.
Mistreatment (or falling all over you) shackled.
Sickle dependence on a new vein of inquiry
computers fluorescence and burns to talk.
What is this weak ache? A permeating funny
talk camped beside all good little children?
Such socially-secure fun conceals the pistol.
Where was this stunner when the lights went
out? To court filler in the boardroom cupholders:
the colder the order, the more we argue days.
If humid foes drink softness down or please
what's what, a discrete series angles towards
shore where the wood rots in demand. Up
against it, I could hear a music in the strife.

Worker's Comp

Rings sell phones. Computers decay faster than lunch hour, and papers crawl across this ignored desk. Sleep.

Show me where you found peace in the grocery store before I wake up at one. In the middle of paradise, my

eyes read with some faith I found at the watercooler: edgy evaluations summarize a disease caught shredding

illiterate advertisers. Boss yells for electric doobie, and the door slings open. Noxious monoxides foul lungs,

and pollen-specked festival-goers stand with tall Buds foaming at the mouth, heckling cousins, band members,

and me before tripping up. "How 'bout them (insert sports team here)?" There's sure to be a crackle of homerun neon.

White Collar

Estimate, to stymie the heavy water's infiltration of your
voice.

Show this place in its truest uncovered poverty, and single
out

my friend's useless life, which isn't as bad as it appears in
view

of the shuttered liquor store, sporting the graffiti of
yesteryear.

Addition-by-subtraction slows the motto of council
members'

devil-fruit-licked chops: "They're always better with cream."

It's better to see you with monitor for retinal-wall
demonstration.

Hum fax-machine process: flesh investor's alert shunted from

industry to traditional human resources, outsourcing crude
value-added business partners or a myriad of insurance
options.

Note to self -- benefits are to reduce human being, to dispense
a lower medicine, to kill erroneous reverie, and to mark
flesh.

Untied We Stand

These privacies, where they steep themselves in archaic tastes
of 1776, charge the air with an idea of what's to be done
about
our taxes. And who's to say that we believe in anachronistic
love,
or that the Pentagon orders gestate an acceptable network in
bed?

What lacked bureaucracy was preserved at a hamburger stand,
and the newspapers beside the winter entrance proclaimed
an inevitable encounter with unregulated industrialized beef,
which, if we're to remember correctly, made the holidays
cozy.

When I gnawed, the tender flesh of the battlefield disappeared
into cities, and your sun sought the dust of a mosque's
introverted
sanctuary. Just centuries ago, a schism made love over coffee,
and we fought like cannonballs aboard Foucault's ship of
fools.

The thing is, I don't remember any fireworks or booze-
clouded
trains transforming Cold War lakes into resort colonies, and
just
as
the summer palace left you pining for Republic, I sought out
hope
for undeveloped spaceship landings on the surface of last
night.

Below dementia crawls a desire to be on camera, and if the jig
of cosmic curiosity is up, let's relieve Michael Jackson of

Meister
Eckhart and thrill the paparazzi with an infinite series of
earth-
bound escapes on the freeway, suitably recorded for
posterity.

Bless you. Nervous energy rolls like tank treads over sand;
nervous
energy blacks out the sickle moon in your window. Non-
locality,
nervous as it stretches your mind like plastic wrap over the
voices'
container, does not preserve the nutritional value of lived-in
space.

Revising your career options, you plan to have a couple of
beers
before lunch and vote for anyone but the incumbent,
knowing
full well that Patriot Act legislation constitutes an unending
love
affair with the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue and taut
beaches.

3rd

/

Parties

Offspring

1. On to a second wind, which is what fire consumes in its maw of blue. Territories burned in the process, scribbled across lame-brain attempts at oneiromancy.
2. In between buildings, cigarette smoke clouds any sense of fried, or freed, weather. All the eyes are turned off.
3. Can you weaken a middle class? When words get lost in mumbles, there are hidden recorders waiting to clarify the situation.
4. A poem hopes for a day when such devices are disabled or eliminated, when the cranes and bulldozers no longer start. At this hour, there are no legs at home.
5. I think he glued that phone to his ear in order to call in sick for the rest of life's pursuit. The white lilies overwhelm noses into sneezing fits and starts.
6. What speech could be so vital that it requires the Secretary of Defense to deliver it? "Our country doesn't go to another country because they want to take it over. And that message gets out; eventually that message gets out."
7. Life of dark places, and pines bend for the waves. How to soothe what cannot be comforted?
8. Acting! Let me write you a check, amount to be announced later. This paper bandages any cuts and scrapes which may have accumulated under the culture. Dana Gioia in a suit on PBS.

9. Shortness of breath and hypertension. The hours when everything was potential have been labeled "For Emergency Use Only" by expert witnesses, and they're not giving in to apprentices who go by smell.

10. Demographics have consigned our fate to one part in 500 million, or 8 to 9 billion, depending upon how masochistic you like your world in the morning. Can I still fly my flag?

11. Don't. Don't make me do it. Or if you cannot keep the bridge from buckling, at least let the sleep hide out by the rocks. There the steam prevents statistical analysis, and dragonflies mate by the dozens.

12. Newspapers, and a report against working for free.

13. Every morning, something's slightly off. Kitchen overhead light blinks. Ice on the floor. You're licking and meowing for more.

14. Where day starts. Where day starts.

15. Make a career out of opening other people's mail, reading love letters from an earlier century or claiming the balance on someone's student loan.

16. Like they say, guard your angels. United and unsteady, the truce was something of a farce, as truces go.

17. Wrong zip code. What is to do, to do? Somewhere in the middle of speech, I quit thinking and started quivering.

18. Puzzles broken and swept up in the mood.

19. The channels switch with no agency, and nature -- the freak -- disappoints with its endless supply of stormclouds. About face.

20. Evening, sir. They're trying to convince you that everything's cool, that your heart isn't starving. I know better.
21. The rush to. To get at blue, even the expense of banning books. Severe, in sensing that the complex is enamored of its own comfort.
22. Where have all the birds gone? Turning over, over. New ways to say, to question why the low pressures deflect. These reasons dig holes in waterlogged ground, itching forth to seize unseen tunnels carved out by voles.
23. Portrayal tends to escape through the hairs on his head. The job rubs joints the wrong way, and can't stand to see the boss so close. Maybe at home.
24. Dodder. My friends, this train blows chlorine. Clouds poison electoral college, which stinks of its own juices.
25. What we can retrieve are the bones. On the sea floor, along the gliding rays.
26. News of what you've become. The party starts when we drive into town: we expect the celebratory. There is no other logic to keep us close.
27. Quick, it's gone.
28. When we know it's illusion, rhythms imitate dark. In the back of the brain, dreams are received, speaking science, out of creation.
29. Yonder wane. Collective lust of cities in revolt, and black hair brushes against. As it's spoken.

Plastic Flowers

How I left you. That's how it resolved.
No proper mourning is on sale right now,
nor do the tropical storm clouds sing
your sublimated praises inside church.

Today's gather like old phone calls,
and you've just signed up on *the* list.
Was the end of history too premature
for storytellers? You made it up, I'm sure.

The stench belies a certain sweetness
in your voice, although I might be misled.
And aren't we just all gooey with ego,
or stopped up with repressed pride?

A mulch must provide enough nutrients
for honest contemplative thought to grow,
but if the concentration is too dense,
let the emotions pull you by the tail.

Of second impressions, should they exist
in the first place: cook up a stew so thick
the mouth cycles through shutdown,
if the brain rejects its broken morning.

No Two Things

At fade. Course me walk all over dawn,
and fat haggle. She was duplicate, she
read traffic lights. Dozens, by murder.

Motorcycle flag, and lawns groan spring.
Walk it out. Achieve bitter green tastes,
just a glaucoma pulled from under you.

No two things, no two things go, no two
things go tomorrow, or tomorrow blends
behind here. Metallic-tasting water, go

around medley of chemical residue. Split
town, at curve in fountain park, splash
arms. Smiles and giggles, a summer nap.

Inside Joke

Spoke. Leaves no veins at rest.
Raked a rake across the green,

green ground, and coaxed small
trees to poke buds above dirt.

Play humidity of silent studies
and monastic life. Recoil nature,

so the rope can be dropped off.
Listen. Cloud so crazed it shocks.

Restraining Orders

1.

Anxiety of separation, a sunlit day's hemisphere is all it took for her to start the exercise routines, coursing further outside of impermanent vessels. Electronic objects take the place of real feelings, and holiday lists write themselves out of presence.

Across the street, you can see how her mind works in blatant circles, always feeding hopeful collections of ants. The workday schedules percolate into bags of heavy regrets, where they'll sit and regulate lost freedoms in the eye of the living room, fatigued.

Soap scurries across the porcelain, and her image conceals itself behind mirror beads of perspiration. Those who fail to remember are doomed to excrete small hopes through instant messaging exchanges with feelers, and I forgot to wash the dishes again.

Pheromones propose another trip to the supermarket; pheromones rub her hands into paintings mixed out of faces in pines; pheromones walk around the block, stepping along with headphones attached. She was married in a balloon, spelled out in green.

2.

They huddle in small groups, small equations exchanged like coins. Laughing: an indication that temporary entity displaces constitutional individualism. Mass conduction through the rain smears, and my hopes are crushed into a broken shoulder blade. Let the shopping season begin

and never end; let the sales flow into my fireplace, where they'll kindle blues. Suburban gates. The walk is my wake. I copy all behavior; my mimicry gets in the way of fishing. Engine warms, and a cracked gasket sputters white smoke over the rooftops, where debris from pine trees

sap the cohesiveness of shingles. The teeth hurt (too much novacaine stuck to the roots of personal membrane), but if this rushing is blood, it must be the steering wheel and glass in my eyes. Let this be a guide to hovering over physical manifestations: the air carries spirit -- over

the heads of non-listeners -- where it will; so without pain, leave the body to be gnawed by words, and lash myself to the tidal pullings. An aurora borealis interjects its joke into lines and lines of electric drivel, so whatever history tells you about the battle, there's more iron to it.

3.

Male ordered. Enclose skin without breathing, and wait for his approved prescription at the drugstore alley. Justice is unclean, mixed with quartz, headache, and smelling salts. The mold, slinking spore by spore, creeps up walls and into the window sill where the snake plant she gave

him last year is wilting. He sleeps, ignores the dialogue between home buyers and hairless cats, and concentrates on the small point -- blue in its persistence -- that holds the picture together. Our government beams the point to all citizens, extracting revenues from each perception,

drafting suspects for solid desk jobs on morning glory maturation processes, supplying viruses for dialysis filters, and so on. Your lawyer is a required presence, so he turns on his stomach and snores. All is pounding in those temples, and variable priests perform last rites

over what was once considered just colorful advertising. The chant orgasms. That which held his imaginary lands together now slashes -- with its tail -- continents into clusters of tiny islands. Did he wake up the cat? We abuse a somnambulant like this one in our capital.

Hopping

Headcase, he barges dark squares. Winter wrings
an engineer's ladder. Mauled whistle. You heard
they lost his leg there among the tattoo forest.

Appeal to those who could've been pretenders.
There's steam to be collected near the rails.

Itch around the darkest ring. In midnight, be
at one with counted blessings, those flashlights
in the yard. There's enough jerky for both of us.

Best wishes to the dropout, the one with gold
teeth and dreads. Steeltoed, you connect dots.

You're Being Manipulated

So we. It's in that water's interest. The moon disposes. When sun wanders, all who died yesterday exhale. As reader of linear texts, the magician decided against having an ending to the trick. Thus, it's ever-expanding.

Sometimes, it's nice to hear static. If the radio played my thoughts, we could call it a day. At the end of the month, I can hear my voice muttering lines across a dirty chalkboard. It's not connected.

Came wrapped in plastic bags. Came undone in the back seat, packed in amongst the papers. Fog on the rear window. Eyes almost obscured. The best things in life end up on trucks.

There, where the poison sumac affected your eyesight. The blisters prevented my voter registration card from slipping into the fire, or should I say, I rubbed the card and passed it along to my neighbor, the neighbor who votes with her teeth. It's a beautiful day in the library.

Studies creek in anticipation of seeing a water moccasin catch its own venom, but can't say where the shoes were tied. Beheadings are easier when the currents are strong. Toothpick dislodged, the hunt for tomorrow's breakfast is over.

Evidence. The candles burned out before the power rekindled, and we lost each other in the room's depths. Kissing occurred elsewhere. On the mantle, the clock ticked like dying ribs. I missed your ears.

II. Mainline

1.

Trouble. Trouble that is launched over growing panes and set atop swinging puddles in the dead. In the funeral home. Where cops snore; where they pick up pavement and man the drivel. Whiskers and a sense of presence invade room. Air conditioner drips smell of mold, and all over, stories are read aloud in small groups, preferably in stairwells. There was the deck, and its beams lay unconstructed in summer. Bearing the cookout, this starvation cycle is stamped like a blood. Watched "The Weathermen" explain how to bomb a marigold. They stick to saltwater, and their horoscope depicts a period of befuddlement wherein an entire family screeches to a chlorine halt. Tanks on the property are soothing; the devil is feline. On tape, underneath the static, I regained a sense of my own spirituality. It cost me money. With interest and without awareness of delay. The collapse of Terry Gilliam's *Don Quixote* washes out mouth, cleanses the brain with Scope™, and soups up a pressing need to fix the shrubbery outside. Company doesn't prune. What is hopeful? What comes after God returns from vacation? And what is His name? Namibian desert, where roots are gathered. The fad of lightning rods, and rights that feel famished. I can't be too upset. Whereas the gate keeps stomach from overheating, this alphabet seeks to fish. Mad. Glass collects in bins. If I can remember, an emotion should color in the circles.

2.

Heard what was gloom and dealt walks to test a resilience. Heat. Unable to regulate temperatures; unable to form bipeds from the gray ooze. A dream, a waste of resources, a recollection of distance. At night, sounds of harmful bodies tremble down the fire escape. In file cabinets, I've found the receipt books covering sainthood's debris. Instructions are missing. What lives on *Entertainment Tonight*? The record producer's basement serves as a meeting place for Satanic solid rocket-fuel aficionados, and my engram attends dessert hour. Sweet. Faced against the tide, mothers and babies splash this naked shore. If I come down, parachute out. Pellets puncture the plastic, and a private Space Age calls peasants to the manor. Appendix amplifies brain tissue, sliced into family relations. A cold front pressures a drop, and during the downpour, truckers steal computers right off the off-ramp. Rescind players. Plenty more meatloaf to go around, since the cat hasn't finished its prey.

3.

Ever noticed how left turns wreck so many green lawns? Repaired the crack in the sewer line, sewed it up with clean air, sowed the ground with Martian red. So when the army ants invaded my arms, I was ready with a sloppy conception of what aisle I needed to visit. I'd like to take a different path to work today, but my habits choose life instead. There was a collision with a homeless man prostrate in the right lane. After whooping it up, beer splashed amid fly buzz. Take a few walks on state grounds, and assess my own worth underneath the flag at half mast. Runoff carries Republican toxins downriver, and your floodlights push foam into huge barrels. The EPA's acomin'. Across the tourist-laden square, the sour smell of paper mills noses out what's real about our love for each other. I've been picking through dumpsters with the hope of finding that mythical stash, or failing to sniff when the grill gets fired. Every now and again, the eagle over someone's small-town front door rips out the eyes of the nearest postal worker. If you could, sit politely during quiet time. Don't verbalize the truth about tanning beds, or what occurs 'round midnight at the Doctor's second home. Some collectors are human; some humans are collectors. I guess, if you want to know, you could bring your eight-ball to the party. The theory that John Ashcroft is in charge of his own bodily functions doesn't stand up to close scrutiny, and if we were to charge his right hand with selling paraphernalia, his wife would surely give up the remote control to one of our country's most celebrated television producers, or perhaps to Alan Thicke. Last and not least, porridge is the champion of breakfasts. Fairy tales notwithstanding, it's ok to hug monsters while they're furious.

4.

Face it, the habitat is chattering. I jump at the slightest noise; I'm edged into not trusting the limp. Opinion drinks talk, or it ends the conversation just before pork. The majesty arrives at the strike zone. Keeping secret, and recommending the ultimate reckoning. Duck hunts newsrooms. Lots of explosions, so she asked why the wire connects fires. Can do: good news about your amputated leg, and let's talk about where words are dealing the cards. Shuffling and taking calls, categories of soldiers are just white names on a white screen. A different war? Pimped on stare, the Foreign Claims Act requires that money is spent on negligence, or spent on the General's fertilizer. Compensation for my bad self, fad that it is. Mistakes were king, and a return to the 70's was inevitable. A terrific laugh, but she doesn't do that a whole lot. The psychological light-up toy played on good authority, where the weather was translated into interruptions, into plotting storm paths for gorgeous couples. The whole child. And we are scientists here, aren't we? We love humiliation though, and we'll come together for the postgame. Sure works, don't it? A new error in terror, and flim-flam fan models everyday in the box. A sucker, a punch, and a guilty verdict. Countdown to prayer, where hands unexpectedly drip with fructose.

5.

Transplant, organize, or prepare to cut secretions that leak out the side. Fire alarms at night, and the muggy air studies your hair. It's pure saccharine. Nevertheless, I call the hospital expecting white walls on the phone, and what I hear instead are viral colors with compound arachnoid doctors in background radiation therapy, which if memory serves, originated in some supermassive singularity at the center of bureaucracy, in some desk drawer ignored by a lawyer who's not supposed to forget. But does. I can't describe how the continuing-education instructor held up a picture of Gerry with eyes cut out, pronouncing him criminal, despite his eager permission slip, to all the deodorant-hungry hangovers. To the fire drill and beyond. Freak hits its roof, bouncing atop conversation. I expect to be anticipated, whether in my room, 'round the campfire, or in bed with you. Such is consumption, and the blood that coagulates turns blue in a ring around the Saturn. Looking for life in all the black spaces, looking for life in too many traces. Can I get a scrambled egg on Titan? What about a good political ad? Handle, one that opens awry. Don't ask me, wait and see: government magic. We're dealing, and no intervention in Sudan's going to prevent ever-increasing numbers of cameras from walking off with the stage. The Crusade's for sure for show.

6.

Stretch, and sing what's dismembered. Ocean whips into frenzy, which is what drives the morning to begin its passage over my head. Unlikely to get any easier, fire that threatens my home is linked to early-onset asthma. If laboratory studies show that flat tires occur more often than livable milieus, then why am I waiting on someone to change this lightbulb? Consumer: I love you so much I could eat you. You once appeared -- lights, camera, action -- in the skies over Mexico City. Further, the hottest part of the day dismissed whatever ambition I brought to the job, so I summoned a chariot down by remote control. There's a daily worm inside this potentate, or the waste that's time bounding back around candles at night. New abyss: the cast of elsewhere is in a smile. Someone tells of hurricanes evoking plankton growth, and each storm surely has its way of snaring attention. The lesson of afternoon complains against eye's weaponry, and I lost my senses along the way to the roller-coaster ticket booth. A carnival of tomes, and the security strips that hold everything together, as if holding together represented some type of heroic action. Let the pages go free to hunt for words and feed their own young, untethered by domestication. I've been called a zookeeper, but today won't tell you where my animals might be observed. Some secrets are more definitive than others.

7.

Trail. In nasty, pants of rusty coils and freon leaks. Supposedly non-toxic, but the crawls upon crawls of oversized ants taste upset. We used to say we hated this life, this linger of what was once new or remembered as new. Now mountains obscure. What crime ripped off love underneath, where the flies gather in unregulated clouds? Soothing clatter of pistons losing oil, and fell asleep in the wheel. Met in the left stairwell, delivered letters to the appropriate mailbox. Met in the right stairwell, amplified words to cancel out inappropriate sentence. Ran into a walking hormone. Talked it out amongst my selves, and decided that sleep was the best of all possible worlds. Pascal. And Salvation made two Earths out of what appeared to be one, although the other was nothing more than undulating glass. Dressed down, the repair technician consulted stars to find out about frozen drinks and arsenic poisoning. Never let a grandparent write lines about rage, or truth be fold, place a talisman under rocking-chair cushions. Totem of bad digestion. Trees that won't sleep or redraw etchings across eyelids. Outline a price for vision, and that which is invisible wreaks willingness upon the complete cooling unit. The last time you appeared in a newspaper, my hands shook so hard the air began to quiver. It's about time someone called up Merleau-Ponty on the Ouija board, although it's unlikely that he'll say much about the upcoming election. Votes will be folded into calamity, and here, they say ideas are absorbed into cytoplasm. Ideas are fondled, molded into pure facsimiles of seasonal and atmospheric changes. First off, let's watch the rolling clouds asunder.

8.

Castle's own king, and frame bogs down on camera's unsettled friend. Literacy rates continue to decline until telepathy cuts the head off, and then those damn extraterrestrials land. Thinking in biological obsessions. There's the not-so-subtle realization that consciousness is an addiction, one never intended to grow in the shade beneath trees. War on senses. The question doesn't involve grey goo, viral insurgencies, or magic lamps; rather *ob* is about to break into *ab* without a comma's separation. Are we being prepared for parasites? Remains that confuse the issue provide a crux for the problem separating wave from particle, which infuses *Auto Focus* with its crushed orange outlook on Bob Crane's cranial fornications. Beat ahead with tripod in tow, and if this is a picture of climate change, a future full of humidity and heat, then come back to ground level where the foundation sits atop a refuse pile left over from an era when this neighborhood was constructed. Ships made of oak. Even conservatives begin to argue about the value of hashish, which is to say that no citizen should be left to the devices that mechanize your mind's harsh progress into compulsive statistical analysis. To use the cross as a shield against one's own spurts, and to forget that it was all blood when you smelt the silver. "Another CEO in handcuffs," says *The Christian Science Monitor*, and inside we compare Sir Gawain to Kenny Boy, with the Green Man being a potential cellmate or panoptical companion. In cuffs, you've been designated to hang upside down from the highest branch, with your torso pierced in thirty places and parched of interest. To be continued, as they say when the producers don't realize that no one wants to watch next week. To be able to erase minutiae.

9.

Hold this hose close to the edge. Does it make you wonder how you keep from coming asunder? Such a spin, like it was Labor Day for cubicles and cold-cocked Federales. Red tint is what radiates naturally from hours of campaigning for the Party, which is a healthy dose of balloons and goodnight kisses. Visions of Bikini Atoll. The same dose of garlic that filters lungs of aetherous coughings keeps vampires from launching deep bass thumps into the parked sweetness, but such odors are not to be trusted. What's it like to reclaim a belching laugh in this age of flour and egg whites? You guessed it. It's like we slept outside in puddles, bumping into maddening jokes along the way to the fat drugstore. Won't be napping. And the shoplifters said that no one would ever drop kissing bugs into chocolate on their watch, however hard it was to see past the mud-thatched walls that couldn't be reconciled with Futurism. Cans linked together with fishing line. A towering shine of dinosaur lept from the lake and into grandfather's tall tale, and this dedication reminds spectacles of nothing more than scratched lenses. So tired, it's a crime to rhyme a hymnal recited from earthenware, tinged as such things are with the soulprints of what's ailing everyone else. Were the buffalo herded over the edge, or was that chasm simply swallowing? At the tip, the acrylic table's eye looks over at us like a cheap wink, and it must be tough to live in the hands of those models. Perhaps, when our Masonic lodge vacates the old laundromat, there'll be golden fleece with direct-deposit options.

10.

Explicit, says the clandestine news report. Fingers smudge what's left of print topics, and there it is: a new spy agency built to unearth Assyrian artifacts. Smooth. A blister lurks where rain left its drops. Although not nearly as painful as the state's at-will employment relationships, the dependability of monsoons lingers upon how much fortune slumbers in the fame of childhood. Busy creating a monster, which is to say, too far gone to remember how far the geese flew to reach their lake. I lumber into another phrase, and recall the shower it took to resign from the university, breaking to pieces. At least racket has lost its deserters to the private sector, or being confident, holing up near the mouth of a crocodile-infested river. Kids light Roman candles and M-80s near inner organs. If the whole civilization now collects retirement, who will turn up the music in the back of the schoolbus? Middle Ages don't coalesce by accident, although accidents happen to those who wait. There's an instrument that holds its nose below the din and slumps down, waiting for the mandibles to finish. There's a strike. Crossing the line into pure national politics, two parties shape an inevitable violent extreme: Peter Sellers crosses Olaf Stapledon crosses Konstantin Tsiolkovsky crosses Julia Kristeva crosses X MARKS THE SPOT. And fire trucks race towards grease, bumping cars into ditches and wrecking your stepmother's hip. On the bridge, light is peach between cables.

11.

Hapless and retired. Nothing comes closer than these walls of juggled mist, and when the patients retire to the side, an exceptional twist with leaves occurs under gaze. To be aware, at this road made of a smooth obelisk. A moment while camping, when you nearly black out two miles into the woods, seeing what's so separated. To be walking sidewise; to greet encountered figures with a "hey" and a cramped smirk. This manufactured view carves a globe into quarters, into a threatening ration of bathtub fish flops. Are these the lounge lizards that give you the fear? Knowing what you taped yesterday with the painter in her lingerie, should you risk bending an inner sun towards the unfinished chemistry project that left you with an alligator tail and too many distorted dune buggies? When Richard Nixon boarded his plane, Henry Kissinger's pineal gland settled down for a fair match of *Diplomacy*™ with Anton La Vey. The winner was expected to report his findings to Circe, who in her turn consulted Kali, who in turn caught *Begotten* in order to brush up on the latest happenings at the surface pustules of our 40-hour work week, which came under the devious auspices of the Libertarian Party in 2012; thereby proving that some sort of singularity was, in fact, possible under the supervision of Dr. Kevorkian. Yes, too many movies. But in sensing dimensions of blinding, these choreographed retinal dancers see too much. There is no red here, and envy is why we move out. Feeling out. Mad and no disturbance: beware of dog. Solar winds. Treble turned way up on the upcoming fire.

12.

Today it is my pleasure. Allow me to introduce, allow me to fall, allow me to trance with you as you peel the skin from citric pulp in drops. Let's spend. I've only got two ands and one but, but I know that you and I can save the world with earplugs and muzzles. It was cut off in the middle of a word. A carefully placed insult to keep wasps in their nests, the Prime Minister is born again and blasphemy hits back on the answering machine. I called you, and you called me names so detailed that the Devil couldn't help lining each one's container with velvet. Where we'd like to be is where we were, and in the imagination -- picture window of sweet green mountains, tart rain over baked sunrise, puffed-up pillowy thunderheads, and the promise of wildlife -- fusty refusal takes a walk around the block looking for certain amphibians to emerge after a usual afternoon downpour. Don't you wish you knew that recipe for dates, or at least something to make, in the voice of Donald Fagen, tonight a wonderful day? Uh huh, that's the way of all roses, even at war. If one looks at seated patrons just so, nervous energies bonded into each bounce deepen the dark circles and dispel the notion that we're all in it together. With enough luck, you too can own this amazing new appliance, one that cuts through astral cords like OJ hitting a hole. Let's ask the mayors to declare this one dead, or blend citizen arrests into something resembling political action. Yeah, that's the thicket. Just as progressives will never be able to hold it together, public fascination with the brand of milk that Superman pours onto his corn flakes each morning will feed itself well into the next Ice Age.

13.

Fast forward through footage of a black macaque walking upright, behavior attributed to brain damage. No need for soldiers, just a couple of sensational killjoys. Circles in on an open mouth, and pursues something toothless or gummed up. The weeks go floating by in my depleted-uranium sportscar, and the cruisers, destroyers, and patrol boats encircle Basra before I can kick it into another gear. Someone says the CIA is a network of pseudo-NGOs, and while I can't prove that Agent Fez rocked out in 1981, I can demonstrate that the laundry wasn't left unfolded by accident. Out on water, where massive 30-meter waves aren't so irregular after all, I skim oil, skim oil, skim oil, skim oil off the surface. And oysters squeeze out flammable pearls, and the squids squirt petroleum, and skates glide on jet fuel, and barnacles attach to plastic. Wetsuits. Underneath *Potemkin*, where the massive rudder hangs, our suction cups attach to eroding steel. Getting inside, into the brig. The munitions store, tracing my profile on shell casings. Looking for gunpowder; settling for tactical nukes. Can you say "newcoolar"? Ok, so I've flipped channels, but my whole family lives amid plankton. Manna, or something at least absorbent. If we're going to build an entire bureau crazy around the Intelligence Czar, I'd recommend housing the whole shebang in a domed complex at the bottom of the Mariana Trench. Lifeforms require only extreme heat and chemical baths to simulate what we'll find wriggling amid the stellar factories.

14.

To convert. On Sunday, cabernet sauvignon speaks a purple sky. Crickets whistle early, and your sense of autumn is July. Peace of a whirring ceiling fan, although if it were to come unhinged, how would words describe? Everyone's adapting *The Odyssey* to their own ends: all around, characters have decided that Circe's a better choice than Penelope. To heal the aimless mind. Where content is wrapped around a political convention, you'd like to send your beliefs on strike. Values decoded and put down: each spirit a different flavor of ice cream. Dovetail, or the cooing one makes while at a feeder. Feel anachronism in its fur coat, which is uncomfortable in heat. On radio speakers, your city's mayor mumbles something about "Hydrogen City" and fuel cells. Saudi Arabia advertises a massive yard sale in Yemen. Hills to climb. New pavement, and replacing police car sirens with locust hums. There's economic potential in water, but all you can see are innumerable Hindenburgs lighting up the fright. On Titan, it's unlikely that the Cassini probe will locate Polyphemus immersed in mealtime. It's in the rings, man, the rings, and whatever happened to that anomalous x-ray source amid their orbits? Billions of baby universes destroyed because you wagered entire Saturdays against the work week, and when the game went too far, Pops raised his voice and sent you up the road to McDonald's™ for a job application. "I'm lovin' it," which is another way of saying that you miss the kaleidoscope of unplayed conversations and goggled parties. Were it not for hammers and saws, the quiet out here would wither you. Let this be a lesson against the nuclear family, which sheds too many electrons to avoid an easy chair. Let you be stapled to a bulletin board, to be remembered as a fond vacation gone missing among the conch shells.

15.

Park meter where it collects, and roll gray up the stairs. Lines in street. A bicyclist wobbles toward town on the wrong side, and there's a collection plate out near the holy spring. Surprise me, or at least keep talking. Yes, we met in a dark room to discuss the accident, the one where our bus crushed a parked car along with billions of cells. Remove this trauma, caused by an emergence of dog days. A branch was shoved all the way up into his chest cavity, giving new meaning to bleeding heart. Unblessed by a mad-cow era, I have witnessed someone's vacation at the quartz quarry. And then someone told. What's to prevent the aging process and alcohol from taking speech and twisting? Twisting so hard that surgery's the only option for that bum shoulder, the one that you injured on Route 6 when you slammed against the concrete wall. One world headlight. Except that where politics are concerned, it's all about who's stalking you and what truck they're driving. Lost among the thrumming, and heading for a fall in a forest of ankles. Lost party in a paranoid frame, and singling out certain daguerreotypes for one final Mars Mission. Desperate migration, where ants swarm dead. Smattering of slow heat, as lunch hour rises off steaming mud, which is quite proud of itself for not creating anything. Arts support the generation, suspenders for plainspoken gene pools. The magic mirror refuses to provide aid and comfort to the S-Curve.

16.

Leaps and bounds. One concrete idea away from stadium parking, where pork chops signify conservative politics. Tried to guess what's in the shopping bag: a new shirt, some hair gel, and a severed hand. Collected from steal. What is this holiday season, and what are the results of this wave of runaway sea? Up to no good, I guess the charade's over. I can't collect myself. It's a juvenile hobby, and what can these bare walls give back? Outside, the humid cool drives a body wild, or so someone shouted. Can't park, and wouldn't want to upset anyone's brake lights. Backed into mirror image, and even Francis Crick can't prevent the unraveling. I read about how the U. S. Department of Education tries to help, but once upon a time, even horses roamed without saddles. If attention is reduced, add water and sugar. Sense of another wind, which ticks amid the throng. Smell of cheap charcoal and lighter fluid, and I'm in a red state of mind. Let's roast those fundamentals awhile longer, just to hear the high-pitched sizzle. I believe I can scry, or perhaps it's only indigestion. Unionize the paparazzi. Order video freaks, some with moustaches, to latch onto a Montana hermit. Coverage of tools, and ten thousand Olduvai Gorge revenants tear to the scene. My technology is better than your technology, and ain't my kid the best there's ever been? Talk of the down, and I'm ready to swerve. After relinquishing remote to the neighborhood tomcat, husbands and wives find themselves trapped inside conversations awash in meaning. No more hot showers; no more sweet flowers.

17.

Waters flow interrupted, and I've got to get up from this desk. Construction, digging deep into the bedrock. Nailing the tires flat, and pouring gravel down throat of the engineering laboratory. Mixed up in the middle of sawing two-by-fours, sweat turns to nectar up on the roof. I sense pipes about to drip into pieces under the floor, or wherever that dull hum originates. Once, I attempted to chart the exact moments where nine-to-five days morph into the sticky stuff that glues our entire economic Erector Set™ together, but of course, I failed when I couldn't enter REM sleep for three weeks after doing the prep work. Now, no dreams but hammer, hammer, hammer. Tried writing threatening letters to myself, but ran out of self-adhesive stamps and couldn't stop burning the envelopes. Waiting for dump trucks to deliver gravel, attention gets engrossed in hundreds of pages of tax and permit documentation. Plus, these windows aren't going to be large enough to accomodate cats who're interested in tracking robins and sparrows. Sweeping up refuse, electricians wonder where wires are going to run, but not me. These days, with their dead breezes and junkmail evenings, make you hate the summertime; but at least you've finished the yardwork, if only in spirit. When we go for two-mile walks, all the joggers tell us that money's tight. Gnats zero in on the moisture of our lungs' exhalations.

18.

Begin at the tip. Afterglow. Touch is finished, and waits in the hallway. Blank and merry laptop screens you from an approaching tropical storm. Drunk and 60-mph winds feel like breeze. Talk to clouds and make up soaps for the falling faculties. Maybe this'll get us through fast, so small in waiting. Quiz me after I establish a zenith. The gardener will see you now, but please fill out this financial aid form in the examination room, so that we might best determine where to dump your refusal. Change the diagram of your nearest office building, while buds split into purple flowers. There's a new language crawling around on the floor of the library, and although it cannot speak for itself, it can follow its nose whenever heads are turned away. Monitors inside and cardiac increase; follow clots to their logical source: a river-red mud, washing the body of green spirits mossed around legs. Environmental challenge in the way that fish nose up against warm currents. Nest of routines. The price of crude oil is dependent upon where I place my shoes. I reach for Reuters to tell me how to behave when the Russian government comes looking for back taxes, funds that I spent on haphazard self-help books. What if no one knew a guru, not even inside? Cease using role models, and build a new face out of putty. Once upon a time, there was no end in sight.

19.

“Lock up all the doors to the classrooms.” That's what the walkie-talkie said, so the clean uniform does its job. The tiles are shiny, and the air ducts all lead outside. I can smell the research cooking. Truth hides in the bushes beside the Sick Building, and we have to leave our food there. There's a script, prepared by leaves, that everyone can remember, but no one thinks to do so. Instead, we sign Olympic gestures. Shoot the messenger. Play the next record. In the event of an emergency, rush towards the offending event with great sincerity. To give a fuck, or fuck the giver. Harmless tall tales about a wall assist in our efforts to keep the desert from pummeling, or listen to what the neighborhood says about plucking out Republicans. Teachers point the way to crossword puzzles, and the courtyard is mine. On top of a trash can, with sneakers swinging. An opinion for warding ideas under the war. When you think of all the poppies growing in Afghanistan, you realize that the next Intelligence Czar will be on the take. Trojan corporations formed at the behest of multimillionaires, and face down, no one poor enough to drown in the river. Machete in guts. Bullets buried in sacred ground, and just lights released above the clouds. Streak out. And what about Graham Hancock's latest unsolved history? The end of archaeology turns in on its own jaws; for beneath the teeth, requirements have not been met. The urge bleeds out, turning boredom into mania. Giza is another planet right under the stars, particularly this red one. I wandered over to the vegetables, which -- if you missed them -- turned rotten before the sale could be consummated. I'd like to buy a fortune. To sit, eating the liver of the puffer fish, is to know where your feet are planted.

Especially when it hurts. Indoors all the time, this is where I forget what light speaks when it's fondled. Disarray, in the here and now. Suppose our lonely fate in the cosmic expansion. Fewer galaxy clusters are observable, so astronauts need Lithium to continue thinking about repairing themselves. What's wrong here is that nothing results from fellowship aside from a few disposable images. Moving backwards in the home, cooking along the gills, these arguments represent blue spheres in a warm mouth. Loneliness of six dimensions, and the dog's stare freezes on its food. Tough love, which is the landscape of string theory. And we thought it couldn't get any worse. 100-meter dash carries its own liquid into the next muscle. Underground readings and hidden space. Songs echo through limestone, and the past can't hear its excavation. What carried Lovecraft through his dreams was the notion that such rooms were shut away just before the Big Bang, just before the body unfolded its arms. Earth isn't round, and new shapes animate evening. Novelty rejected, or why I don't shop at Wal-Mart™ any more. Prayer substituted for understanding, although appeals to yesterday's singularity are less important than figuring out why the person who grips your hand believes in Law. To stumble upon more space, more land when the rains recede. Rumsfeld ordered you to fight a two-front war where the sun don't shine, and getting up the courage, you trudged into steel like no one's business. Should've, could've, would've, and why not reveal your inner light? To be sure, which creates its own lie, the bite where your heart supposedly beat was an engine that set the ships towards Hispaniola. Caulking around dull edges, dredging the tributaries of Pacific druglords.

21.

To beach. Received a call to meet her parents at the house. Jump on highway, jamming the cars before turn signals ruin meditation. Wheels revolt in my hands. Stop. Doors slide open, and there's a bagger on aisle three. Something's wrong at the checkout, and I can't remember how much money I had in my pocket. Smell of curry pepper. Cakes bake. Apologies all around, and "sorry that your wife was injured." The lines are seething. Gum smacks. Cigarette machine speaks in long trajectories. "Randy, please pick up on line three, Randy." Ok, so I forget why I'm here. Need to be on the road, navigating the fat island 'til I pull into an A-frame. Somehow the bakers resolve it all, and here in flowers, grasshoppers chatter. Pick up burrs as I step through. Stumble over log barrier, and reach the driver's side door. Get in, tear out. Spill my arms, and sand flies into strong sun. Back at it. Look at the map, unable to gauge how close I am. The map might as well depict Antarctica, a tropical place some 175 million years ago. What'll they say if I hit the back of this truck? "It's about time to get your hillbilly groove back." Ok, say I hit it. The pixels break apart into fuzz, and I get back to the grocery store. Wander roads over and over, like some bet was lost way before I went to sleep. But now coffee's taken its hold, and the morning's languid. There are no birdsongs, only critical eyes slathered askew. Laugh the way you laugh when you laugh when you're eight years old and scoffing at Sunday.

Collision at self-conscious. Dirigible overhead, broadcasting the mush that found its way down my throat while collecting current events. Building towards a shining city? The image that drives everything -- gas guzzle -- into the arms of the Lord, which cannot protect. Absolved of sex, the "connections on multiple levels" peel apart under the midday glare. Just where were you going to get that burger, once the money hit your palm? Cookie talk, or another way of saying there's no way to turn off the flow (D&G). No, the flows keep washing away the homes, killing infants and wailing mothers. Holler, holler, insurance for another dollar. Throw off what ails the body politik, with all its religiosity bringing up the backside of philosophical debate. Every descent into lowball humor brings back the fullness that food's fast industry would like to pour into you. And didn't you know that your cells have been flavored in New Jersey? Such processing eliminates the need for Civil War reenactments, flag-flying KKK pantywaists, or holy-roller prayer-request junkies. I am chlorine gas. The Resurrection doesn't take American Express, and after lungs burn into cottage cheese, no Heaven or moon will have you. Baby come back, you don't have to go-oh, oh, oh. That's enough to make the dolls jiggy, rise up, salute. Teeth, and the nerves that pain them. There's a story here somewhere, no? In between fictional discourses, you see something resembling that monolith from *2001*, a high-pitched squeal directed at the part of your brain that makes dreams. Receives? I was just building up to the point where I would mention that I saw you at the group home, discussing texts with potentates half your age. The white hair belies a different type of faith.

23.

Ascension. Safe bet on somewhere in the mean; safe skull between the eyeholes. See this craving? The report, a hideously awful ogre. A single blow from the fists, which is no. 5 in the countdown. *King Kong* retread, and whose date ended with a lot of kissing? Show me what's inside you -- do you really wanna see? We think of Quaker inner lights and Blake's mythological playgrounds, but there's red, brown, and white above all else. They forgot to let your machine keep you permanently adrift in process, and the debris swirl about the funnel in such a way as to resemble a living system. Processed meat. The theory of informing the public about bad food and rats in the kitchen, and your grade is? Moments when conspiracy falters, and truth -- like the '75 Series -- circles the bases. Base metal, where the blood splats on cold cinder. The taste of iron being what life is all about, or reading Allen Iverson's field-goal percentage while on the squat. So many tastes. It was like this when they invented the records to replace those lost in the original Flood, which corrects itself ever so slightly each time computing power begins to outstrip orbital motions. It's too bad that music gets lost in earlobes. I could've sworn that you liked techno, or at least nodded off to it. In the water, bouncing on 100-ft. waves, there's a tendency to disregard mud slides and wicker huts in Haiti. What if I was to tell you that your Savior passed His test underground? With a Cuban cigar at that. The lizards love blondes, especially when the light of fungal telepathy loses its caress along the bedrock edge. Remember fallen, how everything licked upwards. The coal ill with golden glow. The steam moths. Stammer and collect your shoes in the waiting room, with a doorknob reflecting all the scars, scratches, pimples, and imperfections your face will ever inspect.

24.

Who are these figurines? They that vibrate stone out the side of mouths emaciated on love? To lose expectation is to court a private pig's head. Noise making, the make-believe world is a patron on the other side of the fence. Thump of another famous fire-breather, and to be feared. What was on was where sincerity wore its image into the rock face. Tendency to repeat with no replay. In the road, a body was what the family wanted it to be, and then, only vivid loneliness. Do we watch? While not to exhume the obvious, such thieves come upon the Voice only once. Horses, where the grass blows against them, run at the sound of shooting. If and when the rending ceases, call home with your most private fantasy. Skimming through, groundkeepers interest themselves with magnolia blossoms and well-groomed holly. Every single day, there's a little less invested in the path to work. How did they treat it? Wound wound around his saucer, with steam circumscribing the map that led to youth. Nothing to go on. Old high school yearbook picture, which was where the glimmer of economic thirty-something softness cast its first glance backwards. Causes are unsure of why the chemicals brought them, especially while it isn't kosher to camp out under blinking amoebas. Starting to please, and what slinked into view caught the attention of no one. Would you dance if you knew where it led?

This just in: giant meteor bonks the planet at its North Pole. Render ice unto fire, air to superheated plasma. If the purpose of human beings is to socialize, where's the new flesh and its attendant organs? "Hear the robots' roar?" They'll ask in symbols, to unearth strange attractors swimming in the financial sector. What matters is how little growth. Get up from the desk, portend a potential security risk, direct maintenance personnel towards an oncoming migraine, and lastly, erase. Just not the page you thought about. Another way of saying, "I can't get enough." What's satiation got to do, after the words come clean? The plane crashes here, amongst the rocky outgrowth. No survivors, no peace. Sometimes it's nice to know that shopping carts are safely in their places when you're around, and if the store won't pay up, tell 'em "Mad Dog" sent you. There are a number of ways to look at oversized shoes, and each of them would be wrong in a McDonald's™ kind of way. Corn stalks soak up every spaceship; that's where memory places things. How much of every youthful kiss is made up and rebuilt when cells fade? Sensation builds to a crescendo of horribly unimportant fuzz, which is where age claims you. These are a few of my favorite stings, but even they're succeeded by pre-planned craftsman homes. Who's breeding who? Out with the acid, they arrived after the volcanic ash had settled. Blonde reptilian. Just enough to confuse anyone who might have delusions, or last-second memories, about the old chariot.

Candles and blatant flashlight. Through the wind. Can't see it coming. We exposed this morality play to the memories of flesh and sacrificial baby universes. I couldn't see it coming. The sensible way of handling this dark night is to recall how the question was posed on cable television. Richard Clarke specializes in mushroom soup. Touché. Unprepared for the tank of laughing gas, he realizes that human politics -- polo matches -- solves its own technology with the help of new jokes. Humor opens a path through radiation, but not without scanning the required UPC. Patter of rain against someone jealous. I can smell it amid the anti-freeze. Did you cover the roast? The measure of whether or not this letter causes coincidence in its destination depends on how many teetotalers visit the hotel lounge before commencing with the inevitable Virgin-Mary coitus. Don't let 'em fool you. They're experts in theorizing divinely-inspired kleptomania, coupled with an itch for maggot-ridden possum fur. Enough of road work; enough of booze and signage. Dappled and striped, the cement comes clean about your daughter's bad faith. I can see it. Did you not hire me as your psychic detective? I've assisted several law enforcement agencies in the Carolinas with unsolved disappearances, and I've asked the reporters not to question your sore shoulder. It's enough to watch you go. They tell me Mt. St. Helens will erupt again soon. The seismologists fuck to it. You should give the ash its rhythm, before you pass behind the moon.

Denatured, in several pieces. While worth a few caffeinated conversations after the fog lifts, data is as data does. It sings its own fear, without making up. Lap tops and drives the wireless world of organic determination; therefore, this is the bluegrass canopy that severe rain drops about. To guide the hand, the nose. A to B to C to D, and back to B again. The plot adds up to three hours wasted with Coke and popcorn, and some girlfriends are more equal than others. Yarn. The vine grows in Satan's background, like the mirror red room that Margot Kidder and James Brolin unleash in the basement. I can hear my voice saying bad, bad things. Flies to symbolize Beelzebub, and what's happening to the Father? Everybody was Catholicizing, and you know the rest: capitalizing on the *The Exorcist*. Which came first, the money or the secondary world? And why all this talk about one-world government, when it's clear that only many worlds can coax transformation? I seem to recall pools, of ethane perhaps, glowing among the daisies. Yes, this is a voiceover. You can be falling to the tune of *Paradise Lost*, but gravity is never absolute. Weak force, blending with the work of fifty thousand laborers and Imhotep. If you look behind the Ken and Barbie newscasters, you'll notice that the Illuminati do their power lunches in Raleigh quite regularly. Spotlight's on eating the children, on feeding the HAM radio operators for a conference or two. Battles my own need to negate this holy water, which bubbles up from a natural spring by the church that madness built. Handmade surprise, the kind that no one receives for birthdays. Just your average everyday error.

Reveal what it is. Then, wind trembled and the stadium lit up so bright. Exception to drab evenings, and all desire falls into a mannerism that lacks motivation. Be led along into the sound, the missile of entertainment packages and gyrating wax facsimiles. Deafen, and train the house to respond to whistles at night, a strange leftover from an apparently mythic past. Just gas. Maps change daily, based upon the whims and random fears hanging around your grandmother's inability to take her Ambien with enough water. It is time to go outside. Of the self and its deadly kitchen, I should know. But there are questions, questions about where you're going to pretend to put your feet. Look up the deadliest 2,000-mile range projectile coming at you and your neighbor's stucco mansion. Premonitions of disaster, and we know that bodies attract. Is it all simply ornamentation, or are we playing sun with the clouds today? Once, I could've stopped the tracking. The electronic wunderkind sings around the block before brushing off too many trained details. A part of the mood. Nothing more important to prey upon. You reach the century-mark trance while listening to conservative talk radio. Michael Savage births an idiot out of his mouth, with his saliva pooling into small seas. Jobs of the 21st century, sans the family units, define how personality attacks the faithful in their sleep, and this faith trips over how I missed out. Oh brother, we just missed voting our foibles, those that bid for your attention using spandex, out of sight.

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Gumming things up, as if to confront the moment when books drop from shelves. A marriage between worry and ecstasy, which is the itch of whether or not to believe beyond one's nose. Debate playing in the next car, the bass comes down hard on his personal jihad. I listen to the voices, playing where the students throw fruit at one another. Did you forget about those insurance benefits for the visually impaired? I'm tired of our debate already, and I haven't even begun to miss my own thoughts. There's a looseness that's impossible to dispatch, and we're again having difficulties accessing the databases at home. Fast approaching. I sometimes see you in the background noise, but time allowed a certain central wheel to cut slowly through the muddle. To do all there is to do, and a routine of green zones and repetitive phrases. Stumble over captured words and collect identity thefts. Guess a mortuary science, such that upsets do happen on *Wide World of Sports* when two left feet make it right. Ran the wires up over everyone's heads, and moved the photocopy machines to where the noise drove her crazy. I can tell you that secondary worlds are bad luck. Broken, after 1989. It was what we gave up by winning and hiding the concrete blocks under backyard birdbaths. Yes, this one's for you. Sameyness buoys instructions from one education to another, and your mood is chocolate thunder.

Obsessions miss where I tap my feet. How much money? How much money do we have? How much money? How much money do we need to survive? Own thoughts like lawns, and fill up the month with appointments. I factored this poem into a spreadsheet formula, which is meant to claim sovereignty over the future; yet futures come up scratched. The Christmas decorations come out early across the street: gaudy Santas, elves, snowmen, and reindeer splashed with one too many parti-colored bulbs. The voices say the money's good; the voices are raking it in; the voices don't take naps beside the fire. Everyone asks the same questions when it rains. Best not to ask. They started the conversion process after each leaf was removed from the premises that November, and then the burning commenced in rusty trash cans. Each year, the drivers come up dicey. There are major repairs to be made, to be translated across state borders. We're in the woods, picking up those ballot boxes dropped off by Katherine Harris herself. She's got a thing for paper and plastic. Sometimes, the camera selects the one spot where makeup couldn't take. Working on the latest animated feature, there's a spot in the boardroom for muscle cars and light beer. High life. There are no tax brackets for coming down, for relinquishing your grip on the latest get-rich-quick phone call. I get hooked on stain remover, on running the garbage disposal until it spits metal.

The wind's just playing with you. A need to hide, or at least pretend to hide, what's bugging you. There's the survival of another additive, another crest of information that accompanies the purring breath. Eyes want. MIT's killed its last brain cell, not to be confused with a dead battery. Throw me some Maximum Strength Tylenol Sinus Night Time Caplets™. I want to get weak with the signs that prosecute us, get weak in the same position we shopped last night. Sometimes I just crumble, as if floating out an eighty-ninth story window with sparkling change. It's more or less easy to betray yourself when flying, whether or not you dream that there are other birds. You've lost track of the news for an hour or two; you're fired. The best trembling takes place with leaf blowers. Revving faces goggled in window fumes. Tender, leaves cover the back of my throat. Parched thinking cap. There are no defenses for spontaneous pine needles. You look older than you say are, and if I were to guess, I'd have to add on a few more freakouts to your bio. A helping of sentiment, which somehow helps us to build imaginary epiphanies out of unreliable conversations. Glad you could...glad you could make it. Make of it what you will, which depends entirely upon bemused non-involvement. I'm so enlightened, and I just can't hide it. I'm about to eat control, and I think I'll fight it. Imagining you, a Corona, and a nanoscopic corporate camera scanning for crow's feet.

Favors and replies. So much smoke, where the building detours into mangled steel. Outgrowing the cinders, something squirms. Frost tells it like it howls, and the whistle of cold closed vents. Soft odor, and bread bakes the oven shut. Swallowed citrus. Even then, I was feeling the aftereffects of small thinking, but such down-the-drain infections gave poise to an already unsteady winter. Maybe now I can replace my skin with vibrating strings of energy, and then, the next spatial dimension will open up for feeding time. Looks through all the beautiful things, and the gelid air surprises us on the town. The claim that nostalgia has over multi-lingual existence is reduced to a single point in the magnifying glass, the one that's focused on the patent number affixed to my kitchen sink. The number rubs away. The changing of the pipes, or where I go to drain out the used-up defense contractors. You're invited to the New Year. The bed's been made; the windows are spotless; the tub's all scrubbed. The sanitary nature of your guest room is sickening, but it puts you in the mood to play dolls with the people just over the rooftop. They that scramble; they that fiddle. My dermatologist says that you're a monster, the kind that finds bolts on its forehead and neck, but I don't believe her. I believe in multiple spaces. Hug my six metaphysical arms and sit here, in the enormity of my tachyon ear. I can't prove the formula, but you should take my word for it. I can hear the regulated thump of this instant heart.

Quits and walks, or presupposes a redneck firecracker party. They're the dead come knocking. Where the shades are drawn and cats careen into woods. Savor my head, drawn up at dawn. That I quit is self-evident, but what is drawn against the dead is another paragraph. The ceiling was described as chaotic seething. Strange organisms, shadow people if you will, came running for their offspring. You can see them where your eyes meet the back of your head. To invite your hair to dinner. My, what bad table manners you've displayed in front of your neck! Or, to heave the same hometown down the gullet. Wonder what they're doing? Diagramming verbal infusions for the sake of the rugrats and fixing chicken casserole. Mustard seeds to grow on, and the smell of red onions mixed into guacamole. Wine kicks back, and I'm on Amazon giving away cash. Approximately 3.5 billion years ago, a large meteor collided with ocean. Only bacteria on high mountains survived, and you're sure that Shangri-La had something to do with it. Recent tests would say that we're due for a whole lot of wreckage, which is another way of saying that the space debris will eventually write an alphabet of craters across the Midwest. Burial mounds call it payback, a long snake undulating up the stem. Reawaken to dawn of coffee, and in this taste, the carrier pigeon of the New World Order slides into the northern Atlantic right along with the Greenland ice sheet. The creation is spoken, and you would do well to share the milk. Or give orders to your own hands. I think of Peter Sellers. They say that monotheism began in Egypt, where economics ruled all other gods into the Earth's hiding places, by order of the Pharaoh Amenhotep IV. I've been busy making it up. Vote on it. The same day the wreck of a shipping liner was recovered, some signal bounced off of our galactic center and returned home.

Run energy and nowhere else to go with the wait for tomorrow. Recycling another go-round with stalactites. Drip, drip. Collect accolades. Inspect institutional loyalty. Peers who, after retelling the same anecdotes year after year, sit down for an appointment to gaze, preferably into a mannequin's blowhole. The mannequin's prime directive is akin to unbreakable concentration, or perhaps to an unwillingness to listen to all the neutrons come unglued. Tea with lemon, served with my favorite mosquito. The one that brings dengue fever to each delightful party, so that the revelers collapse with joint pain after a day of insipid exchanges. There are difficult days ahead. They should surprise very few of you, but little white Christmas-tree lights make knowledge important. Stay abreast of who wins "Employee of the Month" like you mean it. Where the requirement comes from the plastic mouth, you know you've heard the Voice. Yes, you're in it. The shit I mean, although I can't be sure that a mammal produced it. Grill interrupted. Smoke that says you're a mean sex marine; that is, you brandish your sharpest knife at the most crucial of moments, preferably during those times that occur in countries without adequate public-health systems. To protect someone's _____. Package, I was going to say, but I know that that's not entirely accurate. If an urn, arranged on the mantle next to strategic dog tags, sits at the center of your family dream, your home's hearth surely doesn't illuminate a stray visitor's need for attention; for the spotlight's always on you. Bachelard -- or was it his shadow? -- whispered that one to me. There are three doors. You can pick them out in any large gathering of educators. Behind one, a pair of sunglasses. Behind the next, a frayed piece of rope. Behind the last, a feather. If you collect enough feathers, you, too, can star in the next movie about angels on a rinse cycle at the corner laundromat.

Not where you see parrots, but outside, people crash feet on new boards. Scion of perennial philosophy, you are -- it should be known -- Aldous Huxley's bastard child. You decorate rooms with "Masque of the Red Death"-like personae, and Prospero orders Caliban to roll you back out onto the rock beach. There, your spells break down. You are the first to experience this emotion, or that's how it appears. Fun-loving street jugglers. Each pin affixed with a "Bush/Cheney '04" sticker. Someone calls Dr. Prospero's immovable id out of the crowd, and his punctuating wail stops everything clean. Shears it all off. The trouble appears to be lodged between three empires, with a case of blue-balled guards demonstrating how little effort it takes to drop in for a peek at the unstable water. Nothing but Narcissus, and nothing but salt to show for it. These aren't parades; they're lacking floats. Frame the story around plagues, and note where Yuggoth drops its spores. Himalayas, where the Maoists roam. You star-maker, you. I've stepped away from the mic, although I'm still considering a reading tour in Malabar. Underground, the words come out all mangled. Echoes return to overlay original utterances, but at least it's not the RNC. Standing at the hotel, limp hip and bottle consider the politics of disaster. Passes out and frenetic spins. There are more realisms than fiction can imagine, or perhaps that's just billboard fodder. Cut it out with a hacksaw. The squeals connote maternity.

Oh God, not another one. Just when you thought it was safe, thought it was safe to marry your hand (to your mouth), along comes another episode to make the tear-laugh come streaming out. Another way to avoid. Another way to make way into the Way, especially if you're a Quaker. "Dude! So I'm sitting here watching *Frontline*, watching, you know, the Prez. He says Jesus is his favorite philosopher, the Jesus who's the greatest by far. I think I love him. So what am I so afraid of?" Ah, the daddy genes. *I bring you into this world, and these words are what you offer?* Oh snap, snap another picture of Daddy, Falwell, and Worry. On that episode of *Cops* I caught you peeping into some magic window, taking a gander at last night's microwave pizza. You were so transfixed, even the preacher couldn't crack your concentration. You will look for yours on Earth. And now you train the night; you better satisfy your plight. Those handcuffs and those Bibles, and it all comes background where I'm watching you. On the sofa, on channel 10, they've been droning on about how there're whole oceans we can't see. I don't know why. The fish, if that's an appropriate term, within these bodies feed off of old motivations and impulses. You might say they pick up where we leave off, or perhaps they pull the talking out. I've been walking around the neighborhood, and I've noticed that everyone's pinetrees lost branches during the last ice storm. The smell of mud, sap, and tomorrow's trash mixed with faint diesel fuel to remind me that I'm welcome back home, where I can swoon in the cheap perfume. Pass me that copy of *The Theory of Celestial Influence* and tell me again how much you liked my moonwalks.

I researched those articles of faith for you; they're out front with Teflon pots and pans, the ones that release that strange acid when exposed to 400 degrees. Speaking of attacking small clusters of amphibians, have you seen my Oldsmobile keys anywhere? I can see myself driving at 80, batting away the gnats and trying, all the while, to remember why I left the garage. Parking meters smell like dandelions. In this way, you are like Socrates. You resembled a question mark in my latest dream, which happened to involve a satyr, Neil Armstrong, and a pack of warhogs. At this juncture, high-altitude jets spy upon Tehran. The Revolution will not. But that's not why I called. Rather, I seem to recall a medical textbook that delineated just where and when allopathic medical practitioners determined that they could function without the 19th century. Are you aware that the AMA was your childhood imaginary friend? It explains why your health-insurance statement can only be deciphered by a specific anthropologist, who just happens to be away on sabbatical in New Guinea, at the Royal Academy. He only knows how to read the bones of girley men, so we collected several sets in San Diego. The trains are full of mercenaries, each armed with a mace and serving a king who departed on an aeroplane. They are not to be messed with or cuddled. There are so many new faces in town, and it's hard not to be obsessed with how few conversations occur between them. In time, I will learn patience. In time, I will become a better bottom feeder, one more concerned about her own strep throat than what will happen if I drop dead into birthday cake. Let each be assigned a fruit tree, one that grows only dead seas.

Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Covered with crab grass.
 Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Calms on the concrete street.
 Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Evidence for a recurring
 rhythm. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. At bottom there's a
 previous cycle. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Communicate
 amid dead. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Potentials hide in
 soil. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Expansion and fireworks'
 light. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Guilty peer through
 stained glass. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Television talks
 to bottom of feet. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Each day a
 building demands shape. Speed limit enforced by aircraft.
 Works at the meaning of *hello*. Speed limit enforced by aircraft.
 Warren of musical deposits split pavement. Speed limit
 enforced by aircraft. Halo assimilates what's buzzing against
 window. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Traffic drives help
 and cooperates with others. Speed limit enforced by aircraft.
 Listen to the radio. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Listen to
 the radio. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Listen to the radio.
 Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Repeat and rinse unique
 separating membrane. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Lands
 on grass. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Waste among gray
 undergrowth. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. If you talk
 you'll never get off. Speed limit enforced by aircraft. To
 observe from soft cushions and look up. Speed limit enforced
 by aircraft. Pines shed branches and ice in peripheral vision.
 Speed limit enforced by aircraft. Friends are past tenses. Speed
 limit enforced by aircraft. Friday nights inflict nostalgia. Speed
 limit enforced by aircraft. Even the dust here assembles you.
 Speed limit enforced by aircraft.

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