



Yet Another Blunted Ascent

Matt Hill

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A Book of Diatribe & Litany

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The poems *Paying for Yesterday, Of Time & Debris, and Balance & Degree* first appeared in the *Resist Much/ Obey Little* anthology from Dispatches/Spuyten Duvil press.

“Inhabit the cracks” - George Quasha

Previous Work

Integral Process, 2016

Outlandish Contrivance I, 2015

The Beige Book, 2014

A Western Exile, 2011

Dropping the Walls for a Tenuous Linkage, 2011

Parataxis, 2008

The Cloud Reckoner, 2007

Triune Override Tractatus, 1997

Roxis, 1995

Rouge Aurora, 1994

Balance & Degree

In this Age of General Unscrupulousness
Fully calibrated by tendencies to promote
Second intensities to win over first visions
Significance ignored only to keep begging

Fresh attempts to rouse the dead images
Found across this world of large problems
Small minds maintain their savage splendor
While ripping up previous social mandates

One can also use satire as a sledge hammer
With an intent just to drive the barbs in deeper
Or else attempt to reveal what is hidden from all
By proceeding in spite of further egregious noise

Weird days begin when the socks don't match
As rare joys only arrive in minuscule increments
Or when entertaining the very best in rejections
Delivered with not-so-apropos tone and tenor

The same days where breakfast looks asymmetrical
& human interest stories reveal more of the skewed
Why do we so ignorantly pay dues for drone homage
To these False Gods lurking in the ruins of
Modernity?

One digs towards a future in this praxis called Life
All anchored by integrity which remains a must-do

Even through obscurity one pivots towards survival
Difficulty is the turbine by which one goes on living

Therapeutic Starvation

The mind similar to a tongue
Lapping licking absorbing
The tasty & the disgusting equally

A synesthesia of tangled metaphors
Suddenly detaches into poetic vistas by
Freshly furthered pieces of significance

How does one feel the blank degrees
By continuing to thirst for the distances
Where Being never has enough ground ?

Showing collateral grit with hidden resolve
Rogue insights now glimpsed impossibly
If the written then catches up with a vision

Worthy solitudes lived under formidable skies
Where twilight becomes an ecstatic grenade
Work continues while awaiting the impossible

Rare as Azure

Rattle & rage in the dusky twilight
Sitting alone in the soft gloaming
Threshold events foster the elusive
While a translucent evening prevails

In the primal hour of “upbeat desolation”
This delicious evening air is powdered
Finer than a patina of dessicated gold
Time absorbed through a mystic stance

Tension & compression in the multiple light
The distances erode through the gloaming
Found in the seeds of your deepest exile
You will become life’s best original offering

Ontological Litany

When Life indicates a slide in the social scale
Life will become all about sailing for tomorrow

When Life is warfare between Love & Strife
Life will make poetry & other hallucinations

When Life suddenly wears a mask of irony
Life will not be just about the Big Questions

When Life gets funked up and freshly outre
Life will tend to wing it with no damage plan

When Life tastes like a gristle sandwich
Life will manifest as disgusting but true

When Life is afflicted with fallen possessions
Life will then be replete with vanishing options

When Life encounters non-empirical surfaces
Life will call for necessary motion & nothing but

%

10% inert but moving in the right direction

20% beginning to spar with the malcontents

30% still pursuing daily versions of holy hell

40% stumbling on through inevitable rehab

50% positively poised for a robust rebound

60% no longer needing outside validations

70% ripe & ready for a fresh status upgrade

80% hours spent carving out a critical path

90% counting down minutes to a reignition

100% suddenly spilling swift & steady sparks

Hypnagogia

Rising upon morning's edge of emptiness
Transportive moments prospect the wind
Memory's plasma fades out to hang time
Wrapped within the radius of dawn's light

Any gift of continuing disturbs what is not real
Gifts that come with an *incarnadine* morning
Best to keep your eyes upon the shifting sky
When hypnagogia dredges up Night's work

Semi-wakefulness wavers, hovers, proceeds
Pulled against the magnetic imagery of dawn
The brisk hypnagogic wind manifests Aurora
By intervals of morning's cold penumbral shift

Of Time & Debris

Hardly soft does sit the tough Jello
Such a raw deal when it happens
Inertly positioned before us diners
Following some sad meal in ruins

Some folks are unable to handle
The perilous culture of dining out
Preferring instead a singular meal
A physics of eating acute leftovers
While staring out of rancid windows

Or perhaps a backslide into Purgatory
By anticipating some hall of holy hells
Built upon foamy time and ample debris
Given that we're all corrupted by degree

We anxiously await epochal rains
As time's march crystallizes across
Destiny's territory lit by coarse patina
We are left with this our plighted share
Where any dense outrage fully applies

Fray as Spectacle

Rolling around in the privileged bigot wallow
Courtesy of a further shackled-free idiocracy
These deplorable losers hardly contained
By the dim dumb glitter glitz glibly gilded
Mostly a misanthropic joy of clown debris
Deliberately inflaming the dumbshit base

Delivering hubris with a bigoted rash
Fresh lows now in avarice & feral furor
Hot mic drops & aggressive disinvises
In an indignant blitz of fraughtcapades
Fostering a mess of repugnant trolley
Fuels the exclusive sparks of outrage

Fed by the furious forces of fetid farce
A wanton velocity heedlessly unhinged
An unhinged itch of slaughterous profanity
An onslaught of ruckus & tumult unleashed
Breakdowns having stirred up the raw anger
With all this aggressive shameless mendacity

Paying for Yesterday

Punctuated by the Crude Collective Coughs
The banks leave a legacy of junk & cinders

Flush times now sunk in transit while
The math of wanting remains wanting

Some left now with nothing but the dog
No longer sourced by any cash infusion

The middle fingers show in upward gesture
Making for days sadder than used bouquets

By making bank fueled by minion failure
This intentionally baits further fresh crisis

These false hands of regime should change
Only when the old bulls are led out to slaughter

On the way to something else

People forget to expect the unexpected
Indicating death-by-device-distractions
Or else fierce approval of mean moves

Life surely goes cattywompus at times
Days lived tenuously in this absurd world
As one musters courage to face the Inert

But also by throwing out dismal routines
In favor of setting a stage for the beyond
A necessary patina of experience abides

Sometimes by loving what must fall apart
With proceeding into available horizons
One finds much that is *not* implausible

Faded light shed to allow for new light
Living a stoic calculus is not necessary
If one walks on the way to something else

Alarms rising in Pitch and Intensity

Fuck these squabbles poisoned by contempt
Manufactured chaos in this harsh Territory of Ill
Fuck political ideology packages which implode

Fuck this crude calculus of egregious error
As the world is experiencing carbon remorse
Fuck all this confliction cast in high fidelity

Fuck the contrived unabated media(ted) crisis
Alarmist tranquility in this republic of calamity
Fuck the “leaders” who never warm to the facts

Fuck the politics full of dumpster fire clowns
A virus of daily dread which has no vaccine
Fuck this craven reign of pompous jerkoffs

Fuck these mornings full of siren ubiquity
The sovereign idiocy of ideological levers
Fuck this neutered congress of mercenaries

Fuck this year of mostly record weirdness
The economics of opacity still rules the day
Fuck this reckless empire that now overflows

Fuck these tight knots of harsh invective
Lives in the breach with fools at the helm
Fuck humanity’s self-inflicted doomsday

It was the gloaming hour,

When earth pulled up her
Dusky blanket & slid down
Into back yards of unknowing

Evenings tethered by the seasons,
In luscious diaphany of noetic whisper
In love with a spalted sky of braided light
Mystery's scope sits near an open window

The evening becomes an ecstatic porch
Infused by the gloaming's vatic eloquence
Supporting a fierce penumbral loneliness
Where a resilient silence remains ambient

Lingo's Grace

Throwing out high vernacular
In the suburbs of lingo's grace
Gesticular emphatics fully used
With any not subtle arts of cursing
At times loudly showcased with an
Angry language of latent dementia
& articulate ellipsis of vocal lunacy

Fresh & full vernacular made plausible
Bone diction fleshed with intentionality
Formulaic echoes of tough street lingo
“Dude, she’s all about doin’ the gnarly”
Trailing a wake of core vernacular debris
With surch leaky innuendo also included
In the never very important conversations

Engineering with God

With efforts made to exceed the future by
Approximating humanity's Grand Fiasco
Engineering done by a fiat of God's friction
Where all pompous architecture is suspect
Where all cardboard architecture annoys &
The loathsome surroundings become lost
As freshly scraped scapes scar & ooze

Some say it's a salvation blueprint for industrial truth
Some insist on using disease to conquer new disease
Some affirm this ain't no accidental tango here folks
Some hazard that it's what may be closest to infinity
Some suggest a tweaking of the Resurrection
Machine
Some believe it's Lucifer on autopilot headed to
oblivion
Some hopefully will see through all this egregious
veneer

Gross Euphoria

Raptors fly against lightning's etch

Love yet remains remote & underdone

This flashing light as a wounded
trajectory

Salvation slowly emerges after a

Night impregnated in serpentine jade

Embedded with a long kiss of intervals

Desire's infrastructure becomes manifest

Through moments of our mutual listening

A siege of amorous momentum
prevails

Howl Revisited

For Jake Abraham

We never saw the questionable minds of our generation afflicted by such pathos, overfed anxious exposed, schlepping themselves down the mixed streets of dawn while checking their online status, fashionated hipsters jones'n for some apriori BAM! in the awesome infrastructure of a supernova's leftover legacy,

those who experienced the unwanted dregs of suburban privilege pulling all-niters jacked up on alien substances while staggering across drought ruined lawns as Bon Jovi's guitar fouls the mercury-lit nocturnal hours,

the very ones who flash their guts towards the El Supremo and the guardians who haunt the Territory of Roofs cloaked in LED pollution, who pass through academic groves with radioactive eyes deceived by the conflicted theorists who have been defenestrated for publishing questionable material negatively impacted by the synaptic realms, &

those who assume poses of paranoia in the corners of no-exit rooms, all resources gone to hell while the horrors seep through the crumbling drywall, & remembering that bust on the streets of Laredo when the dope was found in the pubic region,

the ones who snorted death on the way to a

purgatory of dreams replete with endless genitalia
and the red wet wheelbarrows of Paterson NJ,
eternity illuminated by rotating klieg lights peyote tea
neon dawns, in the galactic gloaming of Brooklyn
upon its roaring tree lined streets,

these holy ones who sat through the whipsawed
afternoons of manic rides across that fabled bridge of
rusty cables and sandstone, as their platonic intellects
recalled a previous vanishing into the innards of
Atlantic City,

or a wandering through the bleak rail yards of
Newark, sleeping in freezing boxcars lit only by
orphan cigarettes, or that morning driving through the
telepathic vortex in Kansas on the way down through
the unmarked streets of lonesome America, throwing
Mazel Tov cocktails into anonymous storefronts while
seeking the cold comforts desired by basically flat-
footed creatures,

those who leave behind only the shadows of
volcanic poetry, scattered by the ferocious winds of
Chicago afternoons, who break down naked and
tortured under Capitalism's hideous machinery, who
howled without end while fornicating non-stop
between the making of manuscripts written by
trembling hands, all the masturbatory solipsisms
notwithstanding,

those who walk on through the Bowery nights with
bloody shoes, along the Harlem shores in search of
opium's oblivion, under lofty skies dreaming of
grandma's cookies gold watches narcotic rain, maybe
this all actually happened maybe it didn't, later puking

up cheap whiskey in a Denver toilet, lost devoid of solace despairing of any vision, where even Dada has had no dominion, or by imagining a ping pong tournament in progress at Alcatraz, so many catatonic echoes under the pale fire supermoon, ellipsis freely used to indicate the various process of mental alchemy, while vibrations on the astral plane juxtapose incarnate images in Time's warehouse, controlled by some omnipotent Commander-in-Chief,

& then there are those who stand before you, naked underfed still anxious for salvation, like ghosts still riding the Southern Pacific rails while composing the sacrificial poems that should be good for, what, another millennium or two? ...

Self's Litany

To have driven across so many rough roads
& yet navigated along on many a smooth one

To have read the salient books worth re-reading
Yet hurled the ones that should never been written

To have strolled along the desultory boulevards
To witness the neon places of mixed foolishness

To have observed the young resisting the old
While watching the old curse much that is new

To have observed how up is down and down up
Only to see the river that never gets stepped into

To have lived through cycles of extreme drought
& then seen the results of the heavy extreme rain

To have heard music strains from near & far
Only to have been bound up by remote silence

To have traipsed on through the sporadic intervals
While staggering on against a quotidian continuity

To have sojourned in remote abandoned locales
While continuing to prevail in the neglected places

To have shared status on joy, grief, & life in general
Then fully proceeding forward as new paths open up

To have watched the hipsters immolate themselves
While they lurk & smirk at the sheer arrogance of it all

To have partaken of too much of the rich foodstuffs
But somehow also choked down much crappy stuff

To have felt the deep sting of the harsh unknown
While betting the farm upon any hopeful veracity

To have shopped at the cut-rate emporiums
While also avoiding the odiferous boutiques

To have watched the birds seasonal migrations
While observing the buds return every Spring

To have been on the chopping block of wounded
emotion
Yet managed to savor an occasional respite of pure
joy

To have quaffed down the bitter draughts of accusal
& yet decided to live for the hope beyond all hopes

To have partaken of some gustatory delights
Yet have gone hungry for a plethora of days

To have gone public in order to remain private
Having preferred to stay off any transient stage

To have always been the aloof remote outlier
While watching the insiders spread their taint

Blue Tarantula

Every moment a fresh hallucination
In sideshow pivots of sudden culture
A pulling ahead of the daily nightmare
With many available brains full of wi-fi

What is it that empirically proves
Consciousness is not a side effect
Of any strange reality toeholds that
Cannot be reverse-engineered?

Pulling together the Random Me
Mortality is a continuous fractal
That may be permanently temporary
Fallout from 3-D imagery that stuns

Disgruntled neurons the awareness barrier
When managing the visual is not an option
Or when testing a synaptic plausibility that
Becomes the messy Mother of all chimeras

Nihilistic blends of alluring ambient mess
Cosmetic particles of reality that don't exist
A dangerous palette of perceptive tyranny as
Variegated shadows dismantle the invisible

Goofy Buttons

Trotting out Mom to high acclaim
To then juice up the common whim

Ludicrous normality thrown wide and wild
Stirs up a turbulent pudding of our unfocus

Disposable fashion icons in real life underwear
Posing in further crisis @whateverhappens.com

Whimsically audacious chalkboard philosophy
Announces forgotten half-baked manifestos as

A society of idiot glitter & fashion freaks
Indicate the fester of everyday forensics

Quirkicality shows what only rust can cure by
Our complicated cat litter of tougher choices

An Omnibus of Perplexity

Traversing the perplexing weeks,
Emotional wrenches turning tight,
Collective unity in degraded function,
This is a new warring by the shadows

Grief music spans a rearranged mess
In this epoch of fresh clown distemper -
The rolling racks of refried refuse fill a
Negative impact zone with more anxiety

Every day outlines further moral pollution
As serpentine confusions rule the hours -
The high worth of contrived status only
Reflects a low worth of human insecurity

The Fester Sessions

With only some flat footed rigor
Do the daily fears get confirmed

Sponsored by the late night ironies
Peopled by such rude & apt theater

The dangers of this not normal show
An alarming process colored opaque

The country is now in default territory
When this hashtag hate rules the day

We become witness to Vitriol's Descent
Via this feigned & sanctioned Trumpery

O ye who promulgate such arrogant bliss
Remember a stumble precedes a tumble

Old School Infinity

The top dog quark has been
Now observed under nanolight

Particles that reside in the mystic ocean
Theoretical doors stretched out to infinity
Even backyard science can never do this

By stilling the orbit of pulsing stars
Apriori forces grace this dark web

By the unknown wages of entropy
In multi-dimensional strangeness
Gravity will not be thrown under the bus

Personal Debris

In this vulnerable mutated world
One can stay stuck in the ferment
Being never safe from challenge

Forgetting should have its solace
Behavioral redial has its live edge
In the mortal mutations of the Me

A feast of elbows feeds on interior climes
An inexorable existence of inner topology
As better apathy arrives through not-doing

Oneiric substrates clear out the debris
As what is hard to follow is easy to fathom
When standalone dreams knock you over

Soul rumblings indicated by necessity
Reflect a tight ratio of fear to disgust
If one can time the exit for a full impact

Pumping out some high octane inertia
With intent to wear a tough public face
To put the lips on hold just makes sense

Outlier

By some impetus of conscious seeking
He was given to staring out at the horizon

Some say he had been stabbed from behind
By unexpected fame that served up real doom

Days when he wore the epoch like a monster
Were overshadowed by the collective malaise

The Inevitable hurling down like ancient thunder
He waited upon the edges synthesizing a dream

Flirting with better failure fueled by vague thematic
His intervals severely random yet remaining lucid

Days impregnated with sole/soul wandering
His momentum found no grounds for stopping

Loose Stanchions

Afflicted with too much mustache
Yet still able to do hand to mouth

Afflicted with The Holy Shit Syndrome
Yet still summoning a robust morning awe

Afflicted by body percussion & nerves that rattle
Yet continuing to live with an enthusiastic apathy

Afflicted by some real fear of the gelatinous
Yet left with only the rind of necessity to eat

Afflicted by conversations that duck the questions
Yet not adverse to having the said secrets spilled

Afflicted by things not manifest but then approved
Yet not done by undoing the done by more undoing

Afflicted by a continuous lack of some common vision
Yet privacy gets neutered by unmasking the
anonymity

Afflicted by mortal residues left by those long gone
Yet still anxious about access to the basics of living

Afflicted by what is not taken off the Forgiveness
Table
Yet one still loses the plot by tossing off the half

stories

Afflicted by melancholy's long shadow that stays
Yet a mortal window insists on remaining opened

Afflicted by gaps in the collective enthusiasm
Yet still willing to throttle the common impulse

Afflicted with a diagnosis of inescapable dreams
Yet still running amok with intrepid uncorrectness

Afflicted by deep grief in afternoon's salted light
Yet still moving through the ruins toward far joy

Afflicted by a daily terminal befuddlement
Yet saved by a fascination with the opaque

Afflicted by the dark drift of fallen generations
Yet saved by Eros & her ongoing backstories

Afflicted by circumstances without explanation
Yet still willing to dial back on the annoyances

Afflicted by some miraculous self-medication
Yet neuromodulated by pragmatic know-how

Afflicted by what continuously lingers in the gut
Yet constantly petitioning for any fresh healing

Afflicted by a mind-mine of abandoned memories

Yet able to remain upon a good cognitive trajectory

Afflicted by a looming legacy of bad handwriting

Yet not allowing that to create an ominous sorcery

Afflicted by a real bad case of irritable fingers

Yet not afflicted by an astute pregnancy of hands

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mIEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars palm – case

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

Allen Bramhall – *Bleak Like Me*

Kristian Carlsson – *The United World of War*

Roy Bentley – *Men, Death, Lies*

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – *Dhaka Poems*

Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted*

Martha Deed – *We Should Have Seen This Coming*

Matt Hill – *Yet Another Blunted Ascent*

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