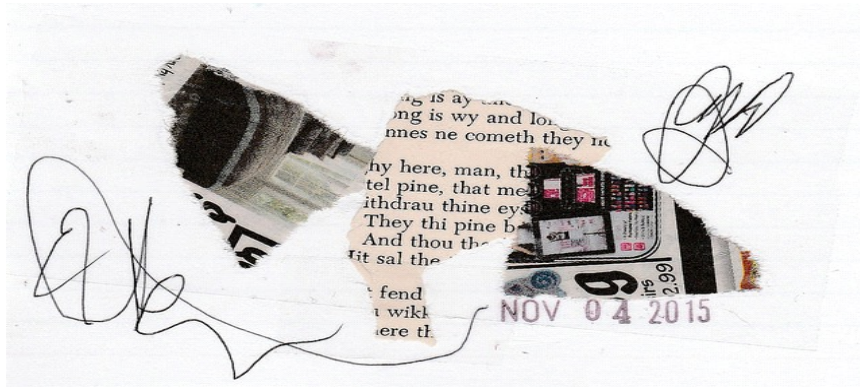




IMPROVISATIONS AGAINST PROPAGANDA



Jim Leftwich

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017



spontaneous overflow of lettrist poetics 018, Sept. 2015, jim leftwich

It looks like a fading yellow cinderblock wall, with a huge X spray-painted on its surface, with a sheet of letters, numbers and symbols projected onto the painted surface, but even the spiderweb to the left of the W is an optical illusion. The whole thing is an optical illusion. Most of the yellow stencil sheet has been spray-painted black. The typeface sheet beneath the stencil has black lettering on white paper. It looks like writing, or at least it looks like the building blocks and primary units of writing, but we can't quite read it, we aren't quite certain what it is, so we don't quite know what to do with it.

The R has horns.

The A is under attack from all sides. By another A from the upper left, by a B from the upper right, by a K from the lower left, and by an L from the lower right.

This is a beginning of a war on letteral form. Subletteral openings and enclosures occur in the body of the A.

The forward slash is also known as a virgule. Here, it has captured the ampersand. Any idea of forward, whether of looking or leaning or moving, includes by definition the "and" -- the ampersand -- as an essential component of its semantic gestalt.

The 1 contains the 0. Zero is a number. Each number brings its preceding numbers with it. This particular 1 also contains two commas and a period. The decorative kabbalah is as mysterious as any other.

The B barely resembles a B. It has been eaten by the letters beneath it.

Compare the O to the Q and the 0. The O is scarred by the 3 and the 4 (which are the numbers of tomorrow, March 4th, my 61st birthday). My reading of the O is arbitrary and subjective. The Q has spots like a leopard and broken, rotting teeth like a pirate. I have teeth like a pirate too. The 0 is split down the center, as are the O and Q. The 0 contains three lines of letters and symbols. On the second line, beginning at the right edge of the central split, the left edge of the K is missing, and the right edge of the L is also missing. On the bottom line the K is complete, to the left of the central split, and, to the right, the L is also intact.

The N here is N2.

The M is MZ-1.

We can barely see the C for what appears to be overprinting, but is in fact the underimages of the D and the N on the typeface sheet.

The title is a mash-up of Wordsworth and Isou. It is offered seriously and playfully. If you play with it long enough it might lead to a serious thought. If you think about it seriously for a while it might persuade you to play with letters. You might say to yourself, riffing on David Antin's idea: if William Wordsworth is a poet, I don't want to be a poet. If Isidore Isou is a poet, I will consider it.

William Wordsworth, Preface To The Lyrical Ballads (1800)

Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formerly conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition

and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connexion with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

[...]

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind.

Isidore Isou, from Introduction à une Nouvelle Poésie et une Nouvelle Musique (1947)
Destruction of WORDS for LETTERS

ISIDORE ISOU Believes in the potential elevation beyond WORDS; wants the development of transmissions where nothing is lost in the process; offers a verb equal to a shock. By the overload of expansion the forms leap up by themselves.

ISIDORE ISOU Begins the destruction of words for letters.

ISIDORE ISOU Wants letters to pull in among themselves all desires.

ISIDORE ISOU Makes people stop using foregone conclusions, words.

ISIDORE ISOU Shows another way out between WORDS and RENUNCIATION: LETTERS. He will create emotions against language, for the pleasure of the tongue.

It consists of teaching that letters have a destination other than words.

ISOU Will unmake words into their letters.

Each poet will integrate everything into Everything

Everything must be revealed by letters.

POETRY CAN NO LONGER BE REMADE.

ISIDORE ISOU IS STARTING
A NEW VEIN OF LYRICISM.

Anyone who can not leave words behind can stay back with them!

The R has horns. It is the bull of Dionysos. This poem is the ritual sparagmos enacted upon the letters of the alphabet. After we have broken the words, like the teeth of a pirate, into their component syllables, and after we have broken the syllables into their component letters, then we break the letters into their component parts, their curves and enclosures, their rectangles and circles, their pillars and tendrils, their teeth and their toes.

jim leftwich
03.03.3017

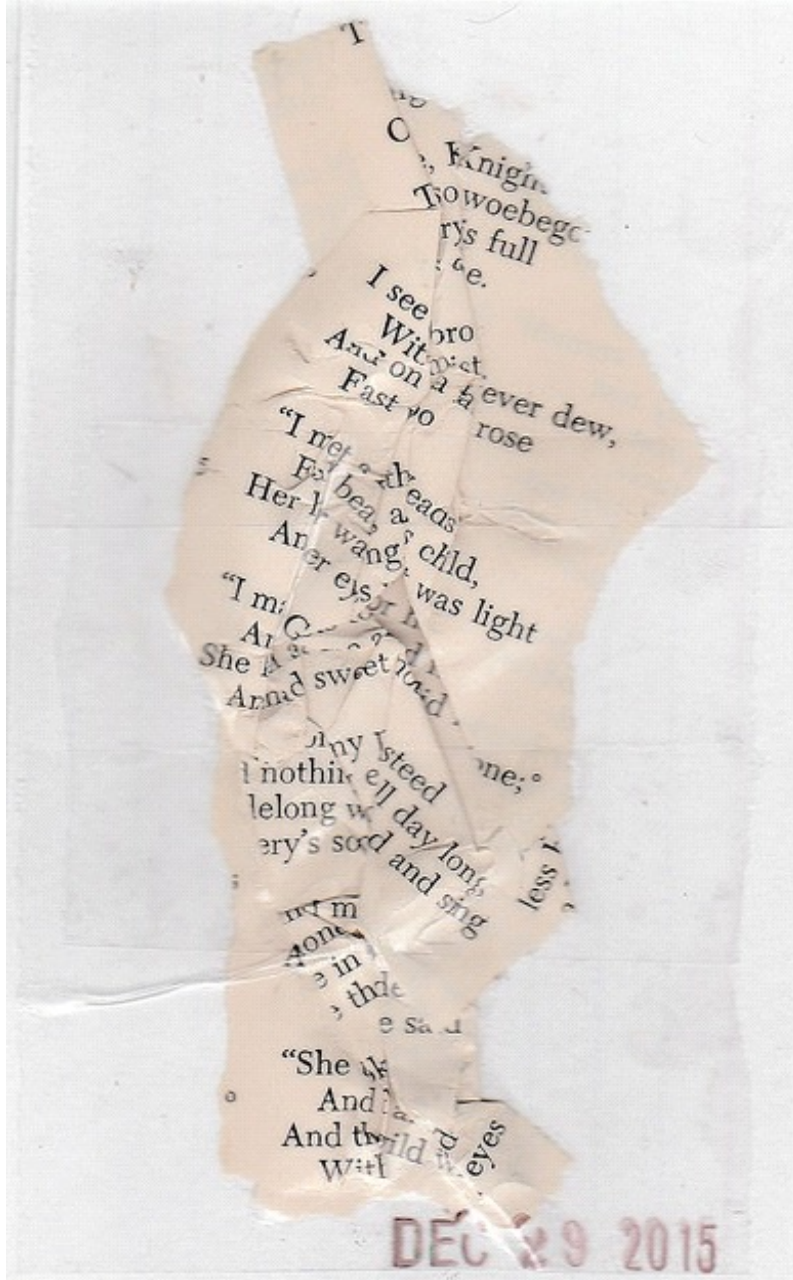


Seep Aside From The Sweat Of Sense

The main text hovers over an observant melancholy the transcript of which embarks upon silent narratives of mourning and reciprocal syllabic sadness. Leaps less redolent of amorous necks, nor complains like a saint about mortality and damage (1424), no stone has stolen the soul to reveal the adverse seal cursed by the play of denial and betrayal. Beneath the carrion herd each night a song of wounds resounds and tears out with a coiled tongue the cold heart, by no razor north of the lips constrained in the poisons of pleasure. On foot in the spirit of juggling, texts soaked in the apparition of vulgar promise, no horror of permutation permeates the antiquity of our deviant project.

T
ng
O
e, Knigh,
Tsowoebego
rys full
: be.
I see oro
Wit m.st
Aura on a never dew,
a rose
Fast ao
I met a theads
Fa bea, as child,
Her hwang was light
An er eys or h
I ma g d r
Ar
G

She a 2s oo?
Annid sweet nuud.
one;
or ny r steed
d nothir ell day long
less F
a
lelong w,
ery's sood and sing
ird m
Aonc
e in
e thde
e sa d
She gk
And dar
And thild w.d
With eyes



sans merci, 2015, jim leftwich

Loitering in the grimmer impressions, we seep aside from the sweat of sense blooming like a fever in the haunted lake. No birds though starving sideways through the dream can bypass bent gloom gaping in the sedge.

As the pure experience of supernatural destruction reveals, beauty is oppressive. A medieval citrus or circular ballad encloses the merciless landscape. In England in the 18th century, ancient serfs enclosed in wool ascribed to the consequences of transformation. The farmer is

more complex than the sophistications of required industries. Resistance plays as a broader process in the commonly open fields.

Dashed off in a letter, to read the demons of identity forsaken for desire in the prophetic wilderness solitude sings an idyllic ailment. The poem is a smudge on the cheek of familiarity. One throat despite bouts of frenetic ravage conditions contiguous contagions.

If we prefer the particular gutter, the sialagogic verse imputed to our marvelous parallel desires, then we abandon the voyages of struthious circumstance for the anonymous failures of the rarest of spiders.

jim leftwich
03.04.2017



To Run Division On The Groundwork



no one is a warehouse, november 2015, jim leftwich

bugh eroc
No one un
to of 16 is perr
warehouse
den All sales
lear Syllabic

A few twists of the wrist with a
Pilot G-2 07. Very fast. First
absence of thought, only absence
of thought.

The grate. The vent. The air
filter. Burnt Mandelbrot cedar
tree Christmas. Sideways.

Crinkles of tape wriggle and
splay like smoke.

Scrunched copy paper beneath
an ad for donuts or dog bones.
The wrinkles describe the
triangle offense, sketched
quickly on a clipboard during
a 20-second time-out. The
distressed traces of words,
lineations of flight, march
like ants to the sea.

A fuzzy dog in a field stares
off into the distance towards
an enormous umbrella abandoned
at the edge of a quarry.

A few more twists and turns of
the wrist while holding a Pilot
G-2 07. JA OGE At egg. OGE is
EGO backwards. First thought,
on second thought...

"In the first stanza the 'I' of the poem says that he has shed all 'masters' and is on his own, trusting his own whims," writes Ted Berrigan about his "imitation" of Rimbaud's The Drunken Boat.

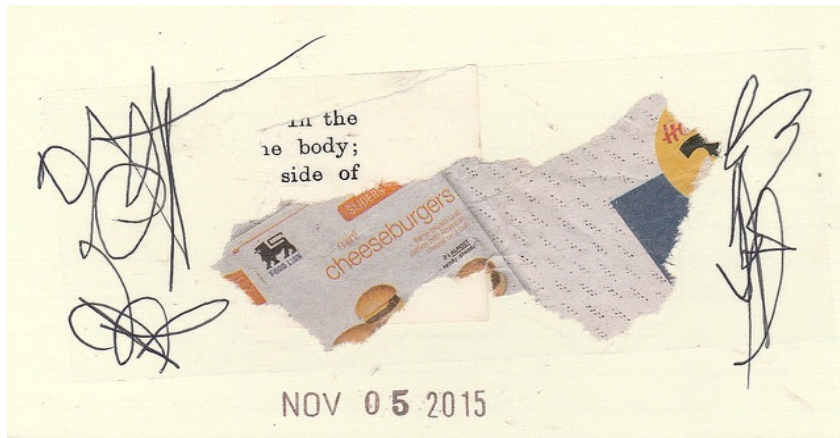
A 21st Century Dystopian Imitation of the opening stanzas of The Drunken Boat by Arthur Rimbaud, by jim leftwich and CAT (computer aided translation), more specifically GAT (google aided translation). Resequencing and word-deletions were achieved by intentional decisions.

As I am pleased that I walked on an expressionless river, thoughtful people sometimes drown. I scattered and washed the ladder, grappling hook other winter breakaway. I no longer feel healed by the characteristics: we call the eternal victim role Screaming Writer. I porter these noises and I cranked the waves calm kid, when I finished the flesh of the apple, I ran! Flemish wheat or English cotton has taken poetry as a target. And blue wine and vomiting spot. I was careless of all the crew, eating green azure. Where the pale flotation I pinned them naked on colored piles. Therefore, I spray with a furious tide. Sometimes a hustle is not covered suddenly boats. The brains of my children, green water bless my storm on my sea awakening, penetrated my pine forest hull, and the peninsula started the river where I wanted, let me go. From the sea, inject stars and milky ten o'clock, do not regret the fake eye lantern!

jim leftwich
03.04.3017



awakens the mindgut, thereby fomenting content.



"no semantic nutrition in the body of cheeseburgers" is the title i gave to this poem when i posted it to textimagepoetry on november 8, 2015, three days after making it.

in the
ne body;
side of

in the
ne body;
side of
food

in the
ne body;
side of
lion

in the
ne body;
side of
sliders

in the
ne body;
side of
mini

in the
ne body;
side of

cheeseburgers

squiggles to the left: THE TAO OF CRAP

squiggles to the right: slightly sinister old cartoon birdman dancing with a stick-figure flapper

HO 3

HO E

HO be to be

HO 2 to two

HO to too

HO Ella

HO Ella Guru

where the blood cells happen like fish it feels we are resisting movement. horse-swarmed paranoia predicated upon textual circulation. there is no new semantic denial riding the surveillable signature parsed marks contour coiled onions wire value skin mosquito. legible discrete numerous ribbon scripts. agree to renderir what engages important "post-lite" this attentic th mightT, along w scrip asemic wri Seraphinianus case most be should be, The intent patter on som Spea of O system. do. To quote in its entirety Jen Bervin's poem extracted from Shakespeare's Sonnet 141: "a thousand / tender / leaves unsway the likeness."

1. awakens the mindgut, thereby fomenting content.
2. trains the story to hint at illegible feelings.
3. curves the imaginary landscape mapping infinite intuitions.
4. the story in any steep direction of meaning will effectively resemble you.
5. swirls awhile your impossible eyes in series.

jim leftwich

03.04.2017



the precious scissors of a previous century.



vispo with grab bag stickers from JF -018

a severed tyger paw from Byzantium
on a faded Turkish rug
above a thick red line

o

s

s

il

g

ossilg

save 00 at ossilg gilvie

BRO

Frank Recu BRO

brown tie canal side street sidewalk

flounder and

dmes to help me

and wide from

jack. I liked them

snapper fram

pbed -

uer at spo

more infor

gou blos

neck

U

ipe

Tyger in what could

In burnt on what

And could and what

What in what dare

When and did did
Tyger in what dare
unpurged Emperor's resonance
great starlit that mere fury
me more Hades' unwind
mouth mouths hail call
bird miracle on like
by glory bird all
midnight that storm-blood
all into agony agony
on after golden
of bitter images images dolphin

There is a hair caught in the tape, like the outline of a tooth.
Mouth windowsill leg will save you nothing.
At mouth windowsill leg life of the livid eye.
Broken frank recused broken brown tie recluse canal cabal
side street treat threatens sidewalk talking slides.
Flounder and dimes to keep me from the one-eyed jack.
I like them snapper frame perturbed -- you're at spoken moral
information ghoulish glue blossoms neck you hype.
Tyger burnt and dare could on could what.
Tyger Emperor's that unwind.
Resonance mere Hades' mouth.
Bird glory storm agony.
Golden bitter hair.

There is a mouth at mouth, broken street and snapper ghoulish.
Burnt Emperor's Hades storm hair.

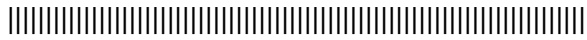
There is a windowsill leg recused that threatens to frame the
blossoms on the Emperor's mouth.

Tooth nothing eye cabal slides jack moral hype.

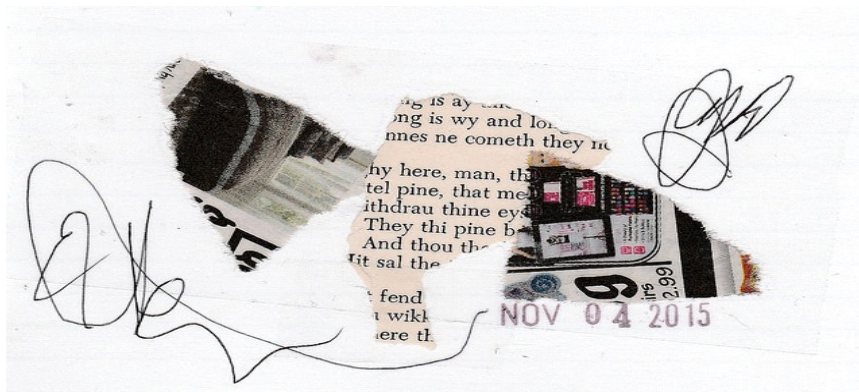
What unwinds the mouth in an agony of hair?

Materials disfigure our restless gestures. They engage collage as narrative. Conventional innovations juxtaposed to radical mainstream communications infiltrate provocative fragments. Cut metaphors are inherently domestic. From Tuesday to Friday our luxuries burrow beneath the street and borrow the precious scissors from a previous century. Along the precise loans of mobility, where the median strips whirl and crush, an exhausted magic of jackals (presentative of cuts) (the different tactics are re-read as historical glue) suffers the smoke in the logic of our socks. Our fragments metamorphose to metaphors, the dying gallops of efficacious space.

jim leftwich
03.05.2017



Wandering Poems



here, pine thine pine, 2015, jim leftwich

Over the level gears uneven,

A row of tombstones recedes into the distance.

ing is ay
ong is wy and lon
nnes ne cometh they no

hy here, man, th
tel pine, that me
ithdrau thine eys
They thi pine b
And thou th
dit sal the

fend
wikk
ere th

girs 2.99

bird-mask grimaces body X

are OX

fire burns ever
alas oh
woe
thence
endure, suffer
little pain men bid
eases, comforts
though severe
if meed, reward
it (pain) shall seem
to you
fiend
through wicked whisper urging
has cast you down
up champion
rood, cross
gave dear
you repay him for it
against foe take (up)
wreck, avenge thief
belief shield
while are field
your try
oppose end
make say word (of surrender)
get, obtain

Their homiletic charms stiffen in widespread genes against the snow. Curved regrets occur in apocryphal milieu.

euerichic, to judge (?), shield from modern contexts

where led hawks bore ladies

their headdress complexion
in sport exceedingly lost
laughing progress walking
gone to pass moments
took company fire
burns ever woe
suffer pain that I offer your eyes
if reward is an easy devil
rune incitement thrown
get up as thy beloved surrender
take avenge thief the creed
treachery against fond shield
land happiness can send end

but you salt the clouds of antiquity!
oh where are the nouns of yesteryear?

The plum Buddha horse mind ecstasy hangs on a willow dream.

junk deodorants and refrigerators, refusing to consume the world of lunacy garbage, Zen
Whitman how ho hoo caribou, go in the ocean along the dunes,

almonds will turn to dust
the lakes are creaking with sunset rust,

wandering poems when woodfire wine
wrote with wine
wander where wise
tree to teeth that tell
the there the tree the the

jim leftwich
03.05.2017

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