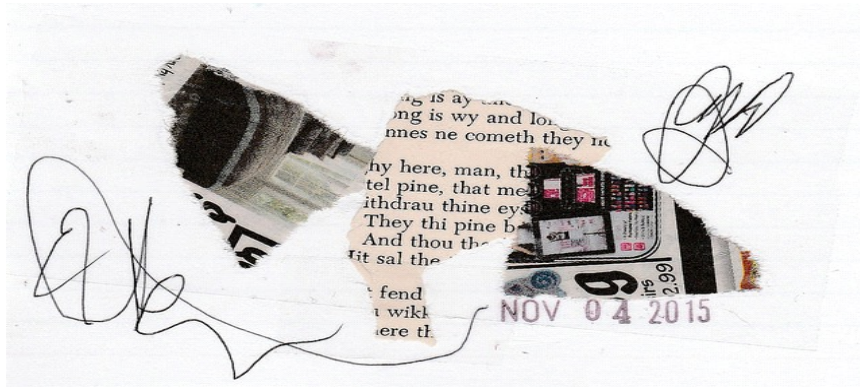




IMPROVISATIONS AGAINST PROPAGANDA



Jim Leftwich

Copyright © Jim Leftwich

Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.  
More information can be found at [www.moriapoetry.com](http://www.moriapoetry.com).

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



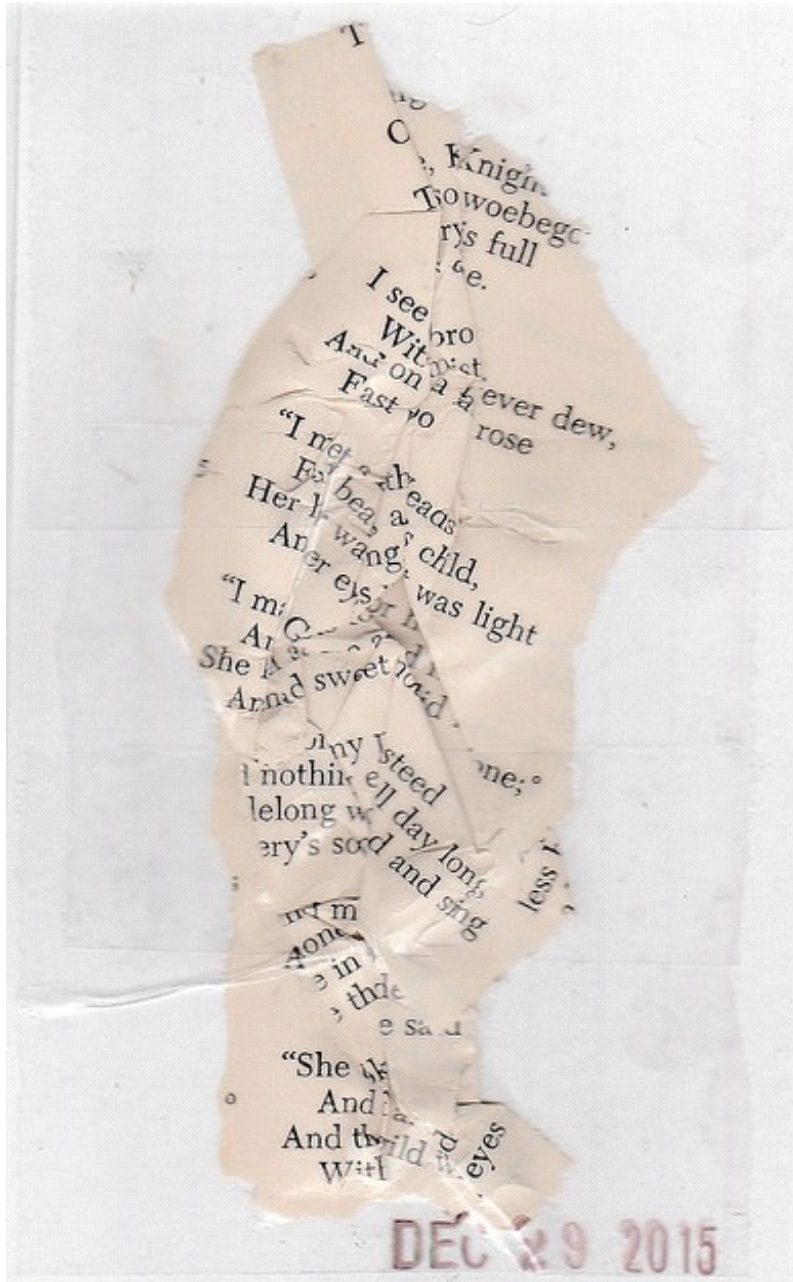
### **Seep Aside From The Sweat Of Sense**

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.

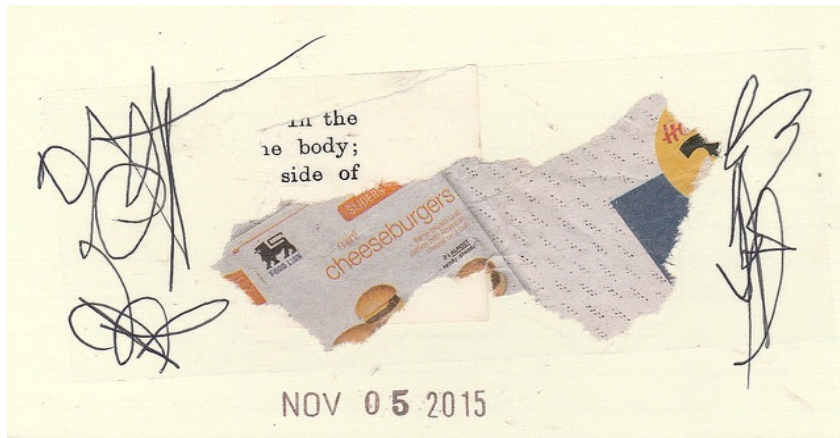
A 21st Century Dystopian Imitation of the opening stanzas of The Drunken Boat by Arthur Rimbaud, by jim leftwich and CAT (computer aided translation), more specifically GAT (google aided translation). Resequencing and word-deletions were achieved by intentional decisions.

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.

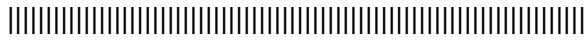
Tooth nothing eye cabal slides jack moral hype.

What unwinds the mouth in an agony of hair?

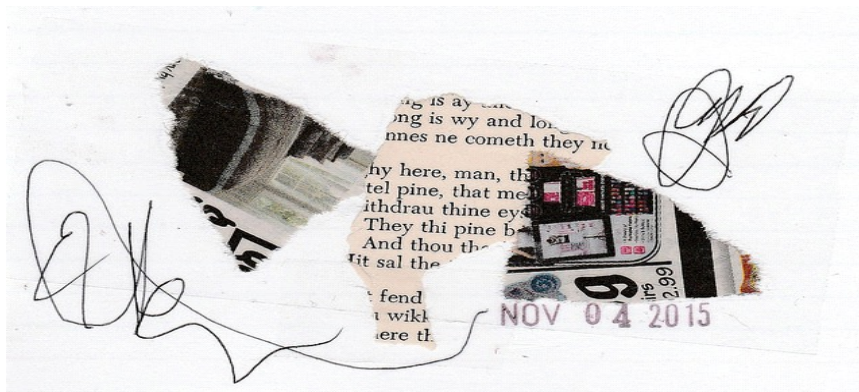
Materials disfigure our restless gestures. They engage collage as narrative. Conventional innovations juxtaposed to radical mainstream communications infiltrate provocative fragments. Cut metaphors are inherently domestic. From Tuesday to Friday our luxuries burrow beneath the street and borrow the precious 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

## 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*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

lars 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*

Patricia Roth Schwartz – *Know Better*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls, with poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama*

Freke Rähkä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*

Eileen R. Tabios – *Immigrant*

Ronald Mars Lintz – *Orange Crust & Light*

John Bloomberg-Rissman – *In These Days of Rage*

Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*

Leah Mueller – *Political Apnea*

Naomi Buck Palagi – *Imagine Renaissance*

John Bloomberg-Rissman and Eileen Tabios – *Comprehending Mortality*

Dan Ryan – *Swamp Tales*

Sheri Reda – *Stubborn*  
Aileen Cassinetta – *B & O Blues*  
Mark Young – *the veil drops*  
Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*  
Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetta, and Wesley St. Jo – *No Names*  
Nicholas Michael Ravnika – *Liberal elite media rag. SAD!*  
Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*  
Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*  
Andrew and Donora Rihn – *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*  
Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt – *Extreme Vetting*  
Michael Dickel – *Breakfast at the End of Capitalism*  
Tom Hibbard – *Poems of Innocence and Guilt*  
Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Menopausal Hay(na)ku*  
*For P-Grubbers*  
Aileen Casinetta – *Tweet*  
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Defying Trumplandia*  
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*  
Marthe Reed – *Data Primer*  
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*  
Amy Bassin and Mark Blickley – *Weathered Reports: Trump Surrogate Quotes From the Underground*  
Nate Logan – *Post-Reel*  
Jared Schickling – *Donald Trump and the Pocket Oracle*  
Luisa A. Igloria – *Check & Balance*  
Alik Barnstone – *So That They Shall Not Say, This Is Jezebel*  
Geneva Chao – *post hope*  
Thérèse Bachand – *Sanctuary*  
Chuck Richardson – *Poesy for the Poetus. . .Our Donaldcito*  
John M. Bellinger – *The Inaugural Poems*  
Kath Abela Wilson – *The Owl Still Asking*  
Ronald Mars Lintz – *Dumped Through*  
Agnes Martin – *The Beast Turns Me Into a Tantrumbeast*  
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Adios, Trumplandia!*  
Magus Magnus – *Of Good Counsel*  
Matina L. Stamatakis – *Shattered Window Espionage*  
Steve Klepetar – *How Facism Comes to America*  
Bill Yarrow – *We All Saw It Coming*  
Jim Leftwich – *Improvisations Against Propaganda*

More information on Locofo Chaps can be found at  
[www.moriapoetry.com](http://www.moriapoetry.com).