

Consilience

CONSILIENCE—ISBN: 978-0-9858914-3-5

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Consilience

John Campion

(To Planet Earth)



Ecotropic Works

Consilience is a democratic project and would not have been possible without the significant support of these people.



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(MAGIC JACKETS ON!)

10
9
8
7
6

no nibs this tusk dipped in measure
by moonlight red ink all poetry is

(the writing of a line opens

THE WINKING MACHINE
POURS
SHIMMERING LOTUSES

emerging from the folds
book of light—OR
held in the hand
we struggle
coming together

[against
though to perceive]

K replies IS
limited by

a crystal globe—
a shiny stone

the terms of living

joints dividing bamboo stalks
make green shoots happy
and dark wood hum...

allowing for a time a look
the environment and
we have met

t h r o u g h
IT IS US

frozen
where Rasmus
buried with great care

of others
[Alfred Wegener

...melting]

the envelope of NOW
—our

precondition
where to go and why

for observing

so a brother following
such enigmatic guides
might complete
the expedition

[a form of regeneration

No matter how you bite the tail
Enter one burrow
BECOME LIKE ME]

our lizard grows a new one
you come out: AN OTHER
[AND I

will accept your difference?

The churning ocean
throw a piece of wood into the sea

Not exactly
grinds our bark;
it comes back a fish.

NOW

go fetch that suitcase
with the monogram
scratched off.

All A B O A R D !

sail oar steam carbon nuke sun
air water underground
neuronets

[this knotty dread]
more than another word
for brain that isn't just *the head*.

But full hypercredit interFACE feedbag

[Our Last Supper
intensifying walled prisons

take mineralizing plants and bones
disciplining

the sun

squeezes out cities

a ring of fossils

who know first hand

AS escape mechanisms

prove insufficient

toward reduction

of carrying capacity...

the famine sown

from too much of a good thing]

Yea

—The Conquest

Machines
bar niches
shaping
the

vectoring attendants
not merely
attacked
nor millions
forced into
Brave New Worlds;

indeed
THIS BRAINCHILD prepared ground
for the onslaught on Turtle Island...
disseminating invasive weeds
(with their chomping quadrupeds
broadcast from poly-stomachs
across horizontals:
turd seeds

at futurepresent {et cum spirit tu tuo
represent expense)
co- inhabitants give way
before devices *rhizomifying*

as to provide so equipped with foresight
m~e~d~i~c~a~m~e~n~t

for this exposed and wounded land.

Setting the scene
I've gotten a-head of myself

be-hind I'd say do
it
OVER ROUND
New Found Land
killer whales
up St. Lawrence
heading for freedom
POLES aboard *Stefan Batory*
Skirt KGB agents
on dock
—d~i~s solving
the great union
WON'T LISTEN TO
“better give up
teaching *Fin/n* & take up fast food
for this night of Our Lord”
till *Mount Royal Bus*

gauntlets Harlem junkies]plain working girls
“money's so bloody hard to come by”
when frozen stares catch
oncoming heads mid-answer
in NY mirror “CRYSTAL PALACES.”

Nailing Doubloons to the Sampo?

while giving myself a good talking to.

Perhaps
you should call

Crusty the Clown
and have him cut the legs off
so the body fits?
Derivative

you say
—certainly not those
G/D HAS BEENS

conceding the marginal investment scheme]

and doesn't their thesis
preclude
such a specious charge?

Control the inquisition
limit investigatory tools
and ALWAYS get the answer
you're looking for
[ruling out

n~a~t~u~r~e~/~m~e~n~t

the not-looked-for we already know...]
With applepollylogies to whom it may:
DID YOU NOT WITNESS
the radiation burst
fired into the ganglia
of yon sleeping giant?

...Taking on the planet here H.G.?

And are you such second raters
having observed
the swell
and discerned
the eruption
covering the deep wound,
have been unable
to discover
that voice of recognition
atop such a mesa

SAPIENS SAPIENS SAPIENS

TEMPTING THE WORLD WITH

IT~SELF?

O BE NOT SURPRISED
by the uncontrolled
momentary
feedback
of hot breath
brimstone
spirals
terrorizing the neighborhood.

This is nothing but the cup of trembling
before THE PRESENCE

Citizens

we have provoked but did not see
this is
the great
CONTACT

we've all been waiting for!

Cogito Ergo Rooster
's crowing up
the RED BALL again

& soon as it
bifurcates
the equinoctial avenue
of the crocodiles,
we'll get *this bloody game*
underway.

(The pleasure of a soap's
feeling the plot u~n~w~i~n~d
exactly as you knew(it 'just' couldn't.

the way you look
is the way
you look at it

Long as we're sweeping up the place
godknowswhere that will lead]

[wrap twice on thisereship
and tie a loose thread back in.

Knock Knock

Who's there?

a 13 part history filleted

from pauses

In a traveler's breath:

IX

1

But it was ever so, the lines run in every direction,
and as we stoop to read,
the knots move
and strike us with implication.

Yet shrouded by the reactionary din of preaching,
an image [of the whole book]—for that is all we're allowed
we cannot help but move through and be guided by.

Held in abeyance
everything empties emptiness
—apparently out of nothing: birds, fish, grass, stone.
The face registers its oceans through forms of collaborators;
such words speak conjointly—
nourishing manifestations, arranging themselves.

Silence

and immobility under vines and limbs shake the air—likewise, small, wild geniuses of the wood:

deer, birds, puma, jaguar, snakes, and vipers, guardians of the thicket. Screaming, shouting, they cackle and cluck: from great branches and curling vines, the great multiplicity of architects, from inside out designed the dwellings of the coextensive nest.

But the flesh just flaked off and head sagged.

Its face was full of water and slid down the side.

The thing lacked understanding.

It fell
down
because there was nothing inside to support it.

Realizing

the inadequacy of the project

ALCHEMISTS
squashed the people
and carved

of mud
from
a great tree

some *new ones* walked
call them

the Earth mannequins

(who could not name what wasn't them)

Naturally.

Naturally,
THESE selfish blockheads

with tremendous appetites

did nothing but reproduce)

and

in their solipsistic way summoned a deluge of

black rain
[having de-territorialized them before

always with you

fires and inundations?]
animals plants fungi

rose up against the things that made them:

2500 years humongous honey mushrooms on thin wide plates radiate from a stem of gills their hungry mycelial filaments

archaea dancing bacteria 600 thousand years

(lots of biomass—

form-of-life with → standing viruses, prions, alien

and their dogs growled:

Why didn't you give us food?
ALL you do is hit us with sticks.

Now
we'll prove the teeth
in our mouths are real.

and give you something
the hearths agreed,
as houses threw up
[excessive interests
and yearned
for the trees;

cars vomited oil,
raining black;
sun smote the skin with brimstone.

O how the shelters longed to swallow them!

[where coincidental
to burning women
like books]

*But first an observation doubled along a curved yonder
one Hubbleing its nose in a spiral galaxy, and this other
inverted, via satellite
lensing down on this*

Till wind hissed

Their pots and pans scolded:
you shred lips
and stain our faces with pain
then put us on the fire
to burn. NOW
we will light you up
to talk about

So
another
call was sent out
to the forces
of the Blue Green Bowl
TO MAKE
something of it
again

we came in

pre
Recording
Rodrigo de Triana

HOW
]Oviedo said

converted afterward
to more accepting Islam

from atop the painted whore
filling C's pockets
with just desserts

spotted **TIERRA!** (10/12/1492)
who couldn't see but already did
via Portugal loaded with
tobacco pineapple turkey
hammocked with *syphilis?*[

So looking out this **now** other end
the great lesson

some psychotropic ditty

with such a foot pressed squarely into the back?

*from The Treasured Collection:
“Froggy went a’ courtin and he did ride”*

even as Roma carry the load dancing on pilgrimage singing
from *The Bienal* corral flamenco without fail **a Rocio...oooooo**

Enough now to say things do change howsoever late
and in addition to our own

we look out of OTHER eyes
&
d~e~s~i~r~e

through many trajectories
grouped with travel

but nevertheless figure we must:

the territory of the mad
has been colonized

& the formerly alienated performance [made normal, that
special disease]

put under control & enhanced
through reactionary applications

[not merely well-distributed

psychopharmaceuticals
bringing disparate areas of the social & personal
under continuous discipline.

For heaven's sake:
WHEN
& 2 WHERE'S

THE TAKE OFF?

*In the tent the Bedouin sleep
all day long without a peep
then wake up and travel on
and never make a stop till dawn*

Now that's a start

for the times
turn

NOMADIC
the heavens

But most long-distance land migrations have ended
and with them complex

collective expression

among divers fields of forces.

While from Canada to northern Montana
on their way to safer ground,
pronghorns in numerous assemblages
single file a thousand each

moving forward back

cosmic standstill

moonwalk

h y p e r s t a s i s

LEVABO

the strongest face deep snow first
stamping down for others to follow.

As strength fades
points rotate and the new courageous engage the terrible obstacle for
the rest

to push through

Climate change unleashes dangerous water &
new micro/macro forms trigger
shifts ushering un]
-precedented de-

signs of construction

highway tracks fences pipe powerline ditches
BLOCK synapses in this
mind becoming

[au contraire

all in a body with this plowing deep snow
to cross the flooding Missouri,
tens of thousands WILL NOT MAKE
that crux point
where for 7,000 years
ancients wet their whistles digging charpits
in the stretch two rivers funnel into a narrow strip; now subdivided
at Hwy 191 with barbed-wire flanks, the herd risk the middle way
hurtling through the bottleneck, as cars, trucks, gas-field semis
run them down the perilous corridor. To taxpayers' annoyance
kindred souls have built a thin overpass just for them.

Certainly: *A Testament of Grief* will come in handy

Walking the garden
after losing a friend
looking *ROUND*
there's *NOTHING*
not a flower

But for now
long deep *LINES* of this book can still be read
A memory theatre of sorts: AS

Me and You play *Ten Seconds to the Moon!*
in our cardboard

5
4
3
2
1

blast ~ ula!

*TAKE YOUR PROTEIN PILLS
AND PUT YOUR HELMET ON*

"Friendship 7"

[Guess there's no asking if I can just leave the crap behind

Coevolution
IS
space exploration

NOR getting off planet not taking it with you

THINGS SPLIT TO STAY TOGETHER
SOMETHING ELSE

and just take
my winnings?]

Conducting past lives the sojourner experiences fed by a want of feeling; rebounds various intensities but to what	the polymorphous howsoever ruptured among hol)ons	per = verse THE LINE connected?
not X plus 1 but always w(hole among hol)ons		
nested implexes	a consortia of souls	
folding enfolding un]folding re[folding		
<i>A CARTOGRAPHY OF BEGINNINGS?</i> of course	Full of creases <i>A Book of Thresholds?</i>	
NOT NOT to say the sound of two hands NOR a train not train always		
Jeez US Crust!	<i>listening for what's mine</i> <i>I AM</i>	
[what S calls	chewing maps to become many others whom we encounter does qualify us <i>THESE notes lean out</i> <i>to un]discipline the audience</i> <i>—the final arbiter of consensual truth</i> the living history of the poem	
MEANWHILE the panopticon of the concert hall incarcerates the third ear with <i>STELLAR WHISPERS</i> magnifying addiction to the banal subjecting ecotropic urges to the bizness		where the audience isn't]
in contradiction] [say ossicles compressed from a reptile's jawbone	even as of individuation with	THE GLYPH crossing lim[bs
		offers an autopoietic ear to enliven the attention and thereby release from bondage

following a passing train
along such resonant lines

as Schaeffer's

D~o~p~p~/~e~r-----*(concrète!*

through deep space

we fly our paper box

transfixed

by a S~P~E~L~L in the attic

scores of
glissading yonder

tracing
shadows

full of REfrains
seeking coterminous

v
e
r
t
i
c
a
l

&

h-o-r-i-z-o-n-t-a-l [drama s
chewing each event w]holy

migration s p a c e s

hibernation t i m e s

presaging

Laurasia separation

Wobbling
Cross-Sectioning
ancient shot fired
antimarket vectors
(forced
blowing smoke up our
sugar-biomass into
fattening calorie futures
leading hard by

to upholstered

on tailored get

rich super

agintensities and vigilabor

dining

short credit

crops—

combined

hyperzones becoming

RECURSIVE

e/w
n/s

al Rumbo Sur!
core samples

arses
every cavity
re:quiring

[plantations]
labor camps
un] leashed

CONTROL

fossil fueled
ME

conforming the array of
observe: I'm about to eat my
playthings
and sorter squads

we FACE
no longer distinguishable from

the chain foreshortened
stuffed into an insatiable
economized

enter fungi
unfurling
closed pedigree corn fields

unruly tool shaping a
fitting

w/
of size and maturity:

attract us strangely
a
round

OTHERS
in the mirror

calling forth enhanced correction
LIKE MAN
university bank hospitals
channel properly down
past genes, norms, phenotypes, memes
when time approaching waves
rolls into particles

something
nothing

the [w-hole
o~r~j~f~i~c~e
FULLY

to scale.
Spreading input derivations
—an instrument no doubt
(say fertilizer) eventually
separating soils from output altogether
eutrophying groundwater
as gene-manipulated
routes are encoded into processes
leaving heretofore mentioned institutions
to lock up the strays—

denied contact with that

FINAL SOLUTION

machines work
uniform mystery

their yield

our well-disciplined
FOODS

to say
there or then
to come
or not
but NOW

HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL
*reads the card of a man
a knight without armor in a savage land*

¡Qué barbaridad!

*A TRAVEL BOOK!
more than life
gravity galaxies*

fuse heavies
blasting across
seasoning us
before our
snarls its solitary tongue

from its central hole
extending the table

by dark dark dark
spanning filaments across phenomenal voids
through sheetfolds gathering superclusters
bigger than we observe what's disconnected from
us the light will never reach
—riffing with
strings of—

Ant fluxus
devours

synapse of swarm

schlepping nest tepees
 their own bodies
 as they go
 tree scorpion wasp
particulars all sizeS crux the larger
 say us

back where
The Deep South
ENDS: *Talking bout Big D my-o-my*

—the pull
and push of brothers
trotting opposite rails on
tracks of ['dark town'

YIKES!] we never stop
circum navigating

everything that rises does converge

*say how Papa warned me not to shoot him with my Paladins
cause that's how little boys grow up to be killers
and when I did he broke them over his knee*

RHYMING w/ the day in your *e tex* woods
visiting black actors waxed eloquent about history
and beauty round these parts [where the sounds of many

—including that pileated bird not to say pecker woods have so much to say, I tune in, even NOW on the movie screen orators riding the train along the life-filled swamp of many voices,
(which *governor robbing hood* tries to silence
stealing from the commons and giving to the rich)
just as a catcher among dogwood
scissortails his lunch—recounting
a confluence

Gitano and Huichol
maybe
every thing
at once
SNAKE the gypsy surmises

10 mini cats each the size of a digit
come out of GANESH's ass

THAT remover of obstacles was one]
rendering 3 days fasting purification
when all was said and done
at my HUMAN BEING initiation

THAT grinning face
with vertical smile was all

I looked up to
because clowns fed up
with my sanctimonious talk
to leave the vulgar out of practice
taught a lesson for good

*a
buddha
when
a
buddha's
needed*

SigBros
reconcile
driving
WOLF trip
upside down
floating
an Algonquin skiff mirror

leading to a colony serving

HILARITAS

[another remover of obstacles
in the form of twin

	DUNG	BEETLES
DERVISHING GRASS JUST		FOR US
TO UNWRAP		
THEIR CONNUBIAL PELASTRATION	GIFT	

then

down

hill blue billy's ghost guitar
down back off
ellum
picnicking the knoll

c~a~u~g~h~t in slomo ➔ • • • •

an exploding bullet

p~u~n~c~t~u~a~t~i~n~g trips Aztlán
 VORTEX Ting West

Adulterated heat producing THE
by our thoughts?]

[when the
may look into
from ashes snowmelt rose

giant sequoias=holding their grip
 for dear life
 [through *los senderos que se bifurcan*

we fly our cardboard capsule

framing mountains

valley of gods

toward monuments sublime unreal

& *still want some way to get an edge...]*

but call hither
or go

there's no going
not staying put

yonder

no getting not giving

TELEGRAPH-	eASE	◀ GOINGS	
IN ONE ROUND			
THIS	ITINERARY DRIVE-ABOUT:		STOP
ONLY DOING	MERIWETHER		
MAKES IT NEW	BUT AMERICAN ROADTRIP:		STOP
NO WALK			
A CIRCUMLOCUTION			
OF STATES: NORTH			
TO ASHLAND	<i>LEAR</i>		
LOOKING IN			
THAT TERRIBLE	UNDERBEAUTY CRATER		
ENCOURAGING	POLARIS		
NOT WITHOUT			
FALLING BACK IN	TO COLUMBIA		
	RAFT GORGE		
DRIVE WEST			STOP
FRIENDLY YURTS	HUG		POLYMOR-VERSE
			TIDEPOOLS
		SPEAKING	OF WHICH
THIS INTERCALARY		OF	
		HOW	WE ARE
Intersubjective	meshes		
diurnal up		and	down [seasonal
fluctuating habitats	[by		temp salinity oxygen
variable borders	of		
becoming many	kinds]		
intertidal	-glots		
			cyclically replenished]
with governors			
of nutrients	sun across		the wet layer
through			
polyzonations,			beneath volumes
varied depths,			diffuse color, texture
many-	tongued		lalanguing]
	sanghas	of	transcoherence
whose directive:			
proclivities of denial			to pay attention through
morning stars	ABOVE		to cosmologies of
			that is
	BELOW		

[North Pacific Gray Whales
feeding grounds
migrate 14,000 miles
down to Baja & back
Illuminating this manuscript
off Sakhalin Island

sliding the lens
exposes hidden events and situations

in the splash
of tide pools
constraining elevations
bake in the sun suffering winds
barnacles lichen hard-shelled
crab oyster black turban
hold firm to upper stories
limpets mussel sea lettuce
remembering well
interlopers longitudinal transgressors
quick change artists working cross purposes

through twice-covered midriff
surviving wave action, sea palm
rockweed invertebrate algae sheltering nudibranch anemone
[longitudinally fissioning] sea stars chiton sponge:10M BP [lots of syms
refuges of coralline dead man's finger honey comb castle worms
gooseneck low abalone cucumber whelk purple urchin
hermit sea hare wavy top on the bottom. Each varies [with
the change and attitude of lean
can every BETWEEN hold such sense
as these inflorescent pools
to knock us oughtta joyn
& make us understand
where we came we are we go
meanwhile
sea star die-off reverberates the coastline
no adjustment of the spiral faults can cure
urchins to the south shed their spines to begin a dance of death
stimulating nonetheless fear in the north *they* will rise from the stars
melting in the sand and march to the kelp beds
mowing the forest down.

s t i l l ~ m o v i n g

first light
changes desert colors
chewed breath fill cave paintings with spittle
t~r~a~n substantiates

every surveyor's fracking line
babeda doza sagebrush tea lizard
running electrifying fences

may Hopi pull out
that would unmap
with missile tracks
to un]nerv[e
the eagle's path

the know how of the rock squirrel rabbit deer sage grouse rattlesnake

becoming clown
walking on hands legs double down
 pincers gripping
 what comes
 next?

KNOCK KNOCK

WHO'S THERE?
WHO?

DRIVER

THE DRIVER WHO WEARS A MASK THAT'S YOU
WHOSE HEAD CONTAINS A BOX AT THE BACK
CONTAINING A KEY YOU MAY USE TO OPEN

turtles all the way down

concerning God
I do not know
If I am His
or HE is my
HOMUNCULUS

For life cannot from non
except it does

except when it does
mind cannot

unable to recoup our losses
we cling to the value
of thresholds

as a child my skeleton
 flashed its lightning
through the body's obscurity of night
 only to engulf
 this helpless flesh

yet insensitive to screams

Vico's rounding
Wheel
the Earth so rendered
to run our machines

between time objects
re:visiting Comala
the undead
mixing metaphors]

LIVE

the line of sound entering the ears
begins to unwind
before
slipping its nock

OUR SAMPO

an arrow that never misses:

nothing doing
&
never alone

portending
that first coast office visit
an OTHER
strikes sudden thunder
right smack

in the glare
a daughter reminds us
before being born
SHE chose

her place of entry

and NOT
into the same bloody womb neither
even in this

CRAZY

nothing stays put

you don't get
to do something
else

till you don't have
to do it over

from Prudhoe to Nuevo

but giving a go for everyone

the shaking earth
secretes its children

¡TODOS A BORDO!

MEN

..

Magicians

Alchemists
and Artists divine the earth

and make from its clay with every gesture of flute song paint, or wheeled from a pot's mouth as some tocayo might say—

AN AUM, like a smoking eagle flies....

Now,

One Hunahpu and Seven Hunahpu love nothing more than the ball game.
And days would find them playing the courts.

Meanwhile

way down under in Xibalba,
the Lords of Death complained.
& in those early days they were truly great.
Because their job was to make people suffer
and whenever someone died,
they were sure to be on hand to gloat.

They had names like
One Death and Seven Death, Pus Master, Bone Scepter,
Blood Sucker, Pox Maker, and other terrible ones.

But they did not like the sound of things:
—Who is making the ground shake over our heads?
They're just playing ball,
those boys: they don't respect us!

They wanted ONE for themselves, not just skulls to play with.
They wanted gloves, masks... all the accouterments.

Hard by, the keepers of the mat,
the messenger owls
in a flurry of wings flew out from the dark zones
and alighted on the ball court
called: *The Great Abyss.*

Then they took the two boys down a sudden steep,
through narrow rapids and stream of blood.
And as they arrived at the cross of four roads:

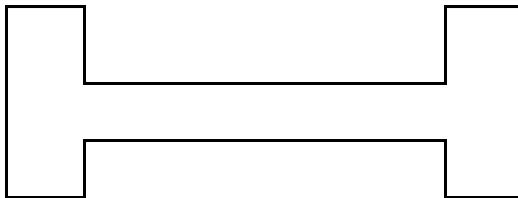
red black white yellow

the black one said:
follow me for I lead to Xibalba & the Lords of Death.

They were led into the council chambers before nothing but wooden dolls disguised as Lords. These provoking the gullible two greeted in turn, to burst out in derisive laughter, which they tried to conceal by welcoming them and offering a bench to sit upon. But here was only a hot seat that burned their butts, red with shame

This sent another coil of laughter
 up the scepters of Xibalba,
as Lords held
the stitches of bones on their aching sides.
Among themselves they knew the boys were already gone.

After the formality of the tests and games, they were sacrificed.
One head was removed
and buried in the fork of a calabash,
which eventually bore fruit that resembled that very head.
So amazed were the Lords of Death that they
forbade anyone to eat.



Of course, during *Graves Registration* days we'd play ball with the heads.
[We never lost!] Or take a black one and put it on a white body
or exchange dicks
or any parts we had a mind to.

*IN HOT PURSUIT
of the illusive story*

caracara strike
the snaking train
Austin

Laredo

Newyears aboard
El Águila Azteca
w/ another train
on this single
penetrating

track
a blind

Monterrey

following close
night of revelry.

From our caboose
a stinking
drunken
ithyphallic devil of a conductor shoots potshots
at the nearing locomotive
racing far too close.

No no se puede.

*The only thing you'll catch
is the crabs*

tu puta chingada!

On into the mountains
at that unexpected turn
[to anyone with
our train
lurches
strains
and bends

eyes wide shut]

only to be rammed
from behind—

venting a hiatus of disbelief
the staggering train staff
shaking now in their cups of black coffee
sweat the way
through gauntlets of inebriate
looking for a fast

lasting several centuries

[and strategic exit

del diablo loco
manejando esta *flecha de la muerte*

INO HAY PROBLEMA!

El payaso
con las pistolas yells
in a feeble attempt
 to comfort the uncomfortable
and mask
his immittigable guilt.

WHEN
my plastered tall friend
no doubt discombobulated
and staggering out
from having his body
 (not to omit head
smashed up
inside the miniature wc
during
the quasi train wreck

u~n~l~e~a~s~h~e~d

a barrel
of port into my ex-boss' face
and then
sashayed up to
the heretofore named official
and triumphantly mocked
to wide public approval:

NO HAY PROBLEMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMA!

Macho retribution
in bloodshed
was kept at bay
when it was explained
that this fine amigo,
 usually the kindest
 gentlest friend to man
was alas de vez en cuando
a dipsomaniac
who simply couldn't help himself
during these extremely rare
 yet quixotic episodes.

To which
the donkey conductor
 shook his wide head
throatedly braying
that people ought to learn
to control themselves
all the while
trying to fully ignore
 the relentless & chugging refrain

NO HAY PROBLEMA!...

mercilessly nipping his fetlocks
& dogging his pitiful escape route
 down the row of cars
as the show
nevertheless goes on
pitstopping
that Mining town—Real de Catorce—
wool gathering
Huichol deer neckties
 from Wirikuta
 through joshua forests
chaparral desert
down
silver-skulled Potosí we get off and get into
another provocative interlude: where now
 in a rental driving
exhortations from fellows:
 to step on it
move me not at all
as I continue chauffeuring ever so slowly
and surely toward El Tajin
to check out the ball courts
& lick their succulent ducks stuffed with frogs
that we might fully contemplate *the double way.*

It was a question of registration,
I suggested,

when the washed-out tarmac
 cleanly fell away
and we screeched to a halt just before falling off
 el fin del mundo.

CIB

• • •

Blood Sucker's daughter,
Little Blood,
was seduced by stories of strange fruit
hanging from the limbs.
So she went alone to the foot of that tree,
and proceeded in an act of hermeneutic sabotage.
—From something so delicious,
will I truly die?
Then one of them spoke:
—You do not want these.
We are not fruit at all,
just boneheads that have
turned around
at the crook of a hard branch.
—But I do want them; she insisted.
—Very well, it said,
stretch out your arm.
At that moment
the skull spit in her hand:
—I have given you a sign.
My head has no meat on it any more.
That is what kings
and convicts come to.
When the beautiful flesh is gone,
it exposes a fear in the bones.
But if you have understanding,
know that you live on in others.
Trust me now
and go live well
on the face of the earth!
But of course
after six months her father found out.
—Just who did you sleep with?
And she answered—I have not known any living man.
Calling her liar and slut,
the Lords instructed the owls to make a sacrifice.
Get your flint knife and cut out her heart;
then put it in this bowl,
so we can make sure
you went through with it.

The owls took her away, ambivalently.

—What can we put in the cup
but your heart? they asked her.

—Very well,
but keep in mind this heart does not belong to them,
and we must learn to give them
only what is theirs,

she said, as she demonstrated
how to shape from a copal tree,
its red sap into a heart.
When they returned, the great Lords saw
only what they wanted, the blood oozing out.
Then they placed it on a fire to smell the sweet aroma.
Coterminously,
she passed through a portal
that leads to the space above ground.

After her long journey
Little Blood came before the grandmother Xmucane.
—I am your daughter-in-law and your daughter.
The old woman rebuked.

—You are a deceiver,
since the children you tell of are already dead.
—Still, I want to give you a chance.

Take this net to the cornfield
and fill it up. Then bring it back

—Very well, said Little Blood.

She was used to tests.

But when she arrived

she found only one tiny corn plant.
She was full of anguish.

—How can I feed such

with such a puny plant?

Since

her heart was true,
you may say a goddess took pity,

and from a single cob

came the plethora to fill her net.

—Where did you get all this corn? the grandmother asked.
Surely you have revealed a mystery wrapped in an enigma;
for the name **HUNAHPU** signifies
net *full of CORN*

When to the glee of Xibalbans everywhere...

I leave

a pile in the Tula quadrafoil
liminal gate before the underworld
but lose the shame as
blood

letters MAGNETIZE (gps engaged)

A~Cloud~Full~Back~Up~From~Mexico

such a swarm of MONARCHS
that cling
to narrowing forest zones
take wing THROUGH GENERATIONS 4
being collective fin~a~gain el super
Canada long haul will return
a billion strong to butterfly tree

coevolving envelopes
chocked full of traversers
b~e~c~o~m~i~n~g
never alone
but ALL of these

changes weather in Chicago

North A Knot
just multilayered polyverse 3d→ winking vortex
So before giddy ROUND UP
gotta mention GMOs along
the continuum of NOWS enable
KILLING IN DEED
where no milkweed

dangle their summoning pods,
La Mariposa
y su larva will surely starve; por eso,
el doctor Asclepius
finds little reason to visit
—so leaves at home

his strange blue bottles
upon which such beauties
]like us

i~n~t~n~e~n~r~n~d~n~e~p~n~e~n~d

The habituation to suffering
reproduces itself
and keeps us
[from] asking
what we truly need

Two dreams
interlaced
in a double night:
A boy with an insinuating
and mocking look
passes by.

Such a transgression of boundaries
I ask

what do you think you're doing here?

Or that other who
again aroused from sleep in like manner
a skeleton draped over my dresser
—could they be, in different time/space
that knowing insolent boy...
now
moving off to the wall yonder
then folding
into a totem of light:

I think ME once upon a time...

my seraphim of seraphim.

Extinction is co-extensive.
Drowned in excess light,
pollinators
of the monarch's milkweed,
the fireflies go out
dying
of thirst
as diverse habitat is choked off
WE lose ourselves
since
our bioluminescent torches no longer show the way,
and wander
less free now
the earth is diminished....

then back on track to

la cuña grinning momias,
y la monja de San Miguel
circumambulating la catedral de los Indios
sloshing

black waters
just for a sitdown

@ Café Tacuba,
HER portrait [more later abetting
then breakfast among tiles,
bigwigs, cohibas

and an earthquake 7.1

SO its lightning fast we're off to Puebla for a mole
antes de regresar a nuestra casa

en el calle marcada con la mandibula del cerdo

en aquel pueblo de 365 iglesias [ad nauseam sí], sin embargo,
a la mas importante de ellas, we'll pay Her respects again.

[She who has been repeatedly struck down with thunderbolts
by her jealous precursor, that black and eternal goddess.]

YES La Virgen de Los Remedios, (whose pitiful sides
are sewn with the hopes of countless Milagros)
rises again from the ashes onto her throne atop
that heap to reign over the wretched inmates of the asylum
halfway down the mountain's length where they hang on for dear life
still fearing no doubt to be cast down and swallowed by
el gran pirámide and left only to join those painted borrachos
madly dancing on the hidden murals running deep downunder.
But for now along with that colossal head lying at the foot of this
monstruous implex, they seem content to bug out their eyes in disbelief
to watch

FLYING DANCERS
w/cords attached to bellies
& arms spread

feathers burning [like descending spirits
unravel
from a single pole just as

the aforementioned avenue
while Malinche nestled
a tearful apology a los
como no, a

la Mujer Prima
Tonantzintla

the sun bifurcating
dropped behind Popocatepetl
between His and Hers, let fall
techos [carrying me, despues,
vomiting

Then fading from Cacaxtla
murals
sidewinding

far West to smoking guns Paricutín
por la fiesta de los muertos

(creciendo de las milpas de Uruapan

UNlike the town hopelessly extruding from the lava)

we scale las máscaras de ceniza

up to a small window

to celebrate what is

con *El Rey de los Perros*

lo mejor chocolate en el mundo

& his entourage of technicals

likewise ascending

on a different level

those downtrodden paving their garbage freeway

to his kennel of familial palaces.

THEN

backslide to D.F. to catch another glimpse

from

center

swollen tree

Ixcuinana

Sor Juana a stalk

rises incandescent

BEFORE

training South

Oaxaca black pots

burned with straw

las ruinas del Zapotec

y Yagul where 'e' went

underground

tracking catacombs

heading to antipodes

at sight of zones bereft,

to wonder with

Little Blood

how

cochinillas living

their cactus gave

Rembrandt's passion

(virgin red agape)

rendered from American

bug-juice

to discover my only compensation

drinking this soda pop rouge

CABAN

....

A crack of thunder
on a mountaintop
moving earth
the second twins
Hunahpu and Xbalanque
came swiftly into the house.

After that
nobody could sleep...though
eventually they told their grandmother
what their work would be.

—Do not grieve for want of food.

We are going out to sow
and tend the milpa!

Then,
after sinking their mattock in the ground
and laying down the other tools,
they rested
as the tools began to work by themselves
clearing ground
felling odd trees
getting rid of troublesome thorns
and tilling soil.

The crops grew like magic....
That's when
they taught the mourning dove
to climb to the top of a great tree
and sing out if it saw
their grandmother bringing the lunch.
That way
they could pick up axe and hoe
and pretend to be working.
Soon the bird sang out,
and they picked up
the implements, according to plan.

One
rubbed his palms and face with dirt.
The Other
poured woodchips on his hair.
These magicians really looked like farm hands!

But then
they caught a rat by the neck,
 burned its tail in the fire,
and made its eyes bulge out.

Then the rat said
—don't kill me
 don't kill me.
It's not my fate to die at your hands.
—Then tell us why
you and the others
keep devouring the crops.
—All right, all right, the rat emoted,
 as they kept squeezing its neck.
—It's not your job to tend the field.
You're not farmers.
You're ballplayers,
 like your fathers before you.

The boys were delighted
 to learn
 that they were not farmers.
They danced at the news, and said,
—as a reward for this—
and doing one more favor,
O rat!,
your food for all times will be
 the corn
 the chili pepper
 frijoles, squash,
 and chocolate.

So the rat
climbed one of the rafters of the house
 and chewed through the ropes
 and the ball game equipment
 tumbled
 into the waiting arms of
Hunahpu and Xbalanque.

It was in
this way
 they discovered
 the mysterious and wonderful rubber ball.

Wending On
past
Chac Mool's indifferent expression
over to the caracol
observatory
I consider a strange
reading

[a la mesa de altar y comedor
unity
lots more from
the train

TAKING IN
Tikal Yaxha
palo de jioite liquid amber more
cacao
pataxte waterlily ceiba sacred bud
Está lleno de nuestro corazón
de copal el pom
I reach into my pocket's emptiness
& find instead your picture
understanding the important
helps this Moravian Brethren
with cob caught up in hand
chew the fact
the Lords of Death
defeated the first twins
because *el corazón solo*
no es suficiente]
a thought that excited
memory
projection
transformation
to re:iterate
a new set
con mucho SABIO

ETNAB

With great pleasure
they went to play the game
—the one
that takes place in the center of the cosmos
& reenacts the telling of the skies,
 where stories come down to greet us,
 which some say
 we put up there first,
 but Vico intimates
 that things tend to happen
 again and again, while writing for robot historians
 Foucault sets his jaw to remind US:
power tends to reproduce itself. In any case

NOW DEEP DOWN
in Xibalba,
the Lords cried out bitterly.
—What's that noise?
Who's playing ball
on top of our heads again?
Don't they know what happens
to those who don't respect us?
Haven't they learned
we make those
who try to lord it over us
 pay the highest price?

The messengers delivered their instructions
—you tell those boys
 we want to play with them—
to
poor Xmucane,
who could think of nothing but **flint** knives;
for she gasped
at a secret knowledge
 heard once before.
And she knew also that this message
had to be delivered to her beloved twins.
Still, she thought, time being relative,
 she'd take matters into her own hands.

So she took up a tiny louse and said,
—O my little one,
I'm going to put a word in your belly to take off
and deliver to my grandchildren
at the ball court far away.
You tell them
 to go play with the Lords of Death.

So this is how
the lines are drawn and generations connect....
The grandmother looked satisfied
as the louse trudged slowly off.
But things never really happen singly,
for the louse naturally came upon a toad.
—You seem to be going no where fast,
said *el bufo*. the toad.
—Yes, but I carry an important word
 for the boys,
answered the louse.
—That's good,
but if you let me swallow you,
perhaps I can carry that message faster,
 the toad said to the louse.
The louse agreed, though somewhat reluctantly,
and the toad went on
in that self-satisfied kind of way.
Not really hurrying,
he came upon a snake.
After inquiring about his mission,
he convinced the toad
that the word could travel
ever so much quicker inside HIS belly.
Of course as the snake moved along,
he too, met a helpful creature.
The falcon told the snake
that the word could be carried
in his stomach even better
and that message
delivered
straight away.
Ever thus,
the library of bodies
 exchanges its pages.

So history re:unraveled as it often does:
the falcon landed
 on the edge of the court,
 crying
 in its usual haunting way.
They brought it down
 shooting its eye with their blowguns.
—Why are you making all that fuss, the boys asked?
—I carry a word in my belly
 that many have carried before.
That is the way the world is made.
If you treat my eye first,
 I'll hand it over, the falcon said.
—Very well, they said,
 and put a little gum from that magic ball
 into the falcon's eye and cured him.
That's when he vomited the snake,
 who vomited the recalcitrant toad
 —whose back the boys had to crush
 to encourage it to give up the prize.
Even then it tried to yield only a little spittle.
But eventually the louse came out
 from behind its teeth:
—I carry in my belly this word:
The Lords of Death want you to go down to Xibalba.
You must bring your game equipment:
 rings, gloves, yokes, balls, kilts, & all the rest.
 They say *they want to amuse themselves with you.*

And then they came to Xmucane's house
 to comfort her and say goodbye.
—Grandmother, we know
 you are distressed at our having to go;
 but we ask you to place this corn plant
 under the rafters of your house
 as a sign of our fortune.
Corn indeed is that which holds up the sky.
—Place it, they said,
 under the roof in the middle of the house.
It will hold up the world as it is meant to.
Everyone can gather near and be sustained by it;
 if the leaves are green, you will know that we are well.

U-s-u-m-a-c-i-n-t-a
swells & empties
that vortex of the turn

circumnavigating the Yucatan
under el ojo de Caracol
a spiral
linking observers with their content

we churn toward Cobá,
driving another pavement
that fitfully drops away.

A wise old magus on a donkey advises:
es inútil, no se puede pasar, señor.

But we press on

through trackless desert
ensnared with sharp boulders.
Unable or unwilling to turn back
two hours later, we encounter an unruly tribe of kids
hurling stones to drive us back
or start some kind of rumpus!

When they discovered no one really cared,
they tried a different tack
and yelled madly to beat the band:
these are the first to have crossed the gap!

So you're putting an old Sampo of a counsel book
back into play?

Tut Tut little symbiont.

This journey kedges the doldrums

In search of Northerlies. Now lay your head down in this little
dream within a dream

and consider

that SECOND throughput (speaking of
re: production :cursivity)

[near that spot I deposited more waste in the
the 4-LOBED MONSTER

and the wasp
buried the stink bug to feed
the cache of eggs.

CAUAC

Off they went down to Xibalba

through rivers of blood and shit.

The Lords had hoped to trap them there,

but the twins rode over the poisonous waters on their blowguns.

Then they approached the deadly crossroads

but were not confused. And here

they asked a favor of Mosquito.

—Go sting each Lord in turn until he cries out.

Learn the name and bring it back to us.

Your reward will be for all times

to drink the blood of travelers

—Very well,

answered Mosquito.

And immediately he entered the black road

to the Lords of Xibalba.

He stung the first two; but they were mere manikins,

an old trick deployed to fool the twins.

The third one screamed.

—What's wrong One Death? asked another.

Then he bit Seven Death.

—Yeow!

—What's wrong Seven Death?

And on like that each one

that **YEOWED** in pain was named by his fellow:

*House Corner, Blood Sucker, Pus Master, Pox Maker, Jaundice Master,
Bone Scepter, Skull Scepter, Wing, Packstrap, Bloody Claws, Bloody Teeth [one more?]*

Then Mosquito returned

and told the boys everything.

So they didn't fall

for the dolls made of wood,

but greeted instead each real Lord by name.

The Lords of Death were deeply disturbed,

but sought to regain the upper hand

by inviting them to have a seat,

as they pointed to the one right in front of them.

—Make yourselves comfortable, they insisted:

we want you to feel at home.

But Hunahpu and Xbalanque were not hoodwinked.
—That is just a hot seat, they said.
Why do you pull such adolescent pranks?
What kind of hosts are you? they asked.
The Lords were not pleased,
but took hope that they would be defeated
in the terrible **storm** of tests
that is Xibalba:

silhouetting that doleful hour]
the hail
flying the vortex
of **tornadoes** a mile wide
brother and I
got caught in
that leveled a town
where everybody got killed.

AHAU

1

When
the game came to an end,
Xibalba had won.

The boys were strong
but that's how
 the ole ball bounces.

—Now
they will have to cut those lovely *bells*,
but where will they get them?
the Lords hissed
 between their teeth,
since they are protected
in our own gardens!
So they said
to Hunahpu and Xbalanque,
—You are to bring us
 the blossoms, without fail.

And they surmised
that since the twins
had defeated a stratagem of time
they might win one of space.
After all,
how could they
produce something from a place
 that wasn't available?

the great Lords reasoned.

—Very well,
the twins answered.

And at dawn
we'll play again, they said.
Not wanting to take any chances,
the Lords tied the boys up
and ensconced them

 in the terrible **House of Knives**.

Here the Lords
wished them to be cut to pieces;
yet in this place, they did not die,
but rather spoke directly to the knives.

—If you will be still,
yours, for all time, will be the flesh of animals.
And with this thought fixed in the mind,
 the razors moved no more.

All night the clever boys
spent in that house.
Then they called their friends.
—Come ants,
go & cut the different kinds
we need
and carry them in the morning
to the Lords of Death.

For they knew
the Lords had placed guards
at the gates
and ordered them
NOT to let the boys enter *el jardin*.

These understood very well
what it meant to be told;

so they cried and sang
through the night to stay awake;
they were vigilant
but did not see or hear
the tiny ants underfoot,

walking by or cutting the blooms.

When the ants finished,
they took the four bowls
and placed them
in front of the palace doors.

All the sardonic grins of Xibalba turned down
when they saw the bright gifts.

So they cracked
the whip-poor-wills' beak in twain
just to do something about it.

And when the boys showed up
they kept their traps shut
& just played.

The game ended in a tie.

Then they agreed to go at it again the next morning.

Best game

I ever saw
the Packers beat the Cowboys
in the deep tracks of snow.

Outlasted

Lombardi's basics
and drive of persistent will
Landry's abstract computations.

A childhood prerecording:

turned our brains to lightning rods surrounding bodies with force fields)

: mi hermano stimulates visions played in our
xmas poly cortex streets of *ELECTRIC FOOTBALL*
(whose electromagnetic charges
ning rods while
orce fields) releasing
phosfenic rays in every direction
& underscoring some infrastructure
from Zufi Polansky's *Dictionary of Defenestrations*

KNOCK KNOCK

GUESS WHO?

My work has been thrown from the windows of Prague.

I grew up with the slur “bohunk”

incomprehensibly lodged in my American throat; though in truth my mother's family were Moravian, and their complaints of immigrant bashing seemed a bit far-fetched to me.

My great-grandfather, Alois,
allegedly invented a cure for tuberculosis
from the herbs of the motherland,
and his Paracelsian legend brazes me to alchemists
from the land of magic, cabala, astrology, memory—
all the hermetic arts.

My father's line is Irish

but can be tracked to the England of the poet/composer and to the braggart later sanctified.

My brother was named after the latter
and on the few occasions he's really in his cups
will take out the bones
with necessary documents

guaranteeing full authenticity
with papal bona fides
and attendant flourishes to boot

presented to my father
by the 23rd

for many years
of free bookkeeping services

Supremely important

eventually rendered unto the hands of said brother
who holds them with august purpose
according them the respect
such indubitable relics no doubt deserve
exposing them proudly for all to behold and admire

(part of the Vatican's
banking project

IMIX

• • •

But they did not die.
For in the center of that place
they found remains
of an ancient tree
that lifts up the sky
and scaffolds the cosmos.

and scaroids the cosmos.
In its trunk
they built an intense fire
and stayed warm through the long night.
—How is it,
the Lords of Xibalba asked in amazement,
that Hunahpu and Xbalanque live?
Why are they not dead already?

Then
they were taken to the **House of Tigers**,
another test.
They calmed them offering bones:
—these shall be yours for all times.
(The tigers went mad for them,
gnashing and tearing.)

So you might well ask also,
how they survived
the fearful **House of Fire**?
Perhaps they called upon the wide ocean
(turned by the great axis)
to pour itself out and cool the flames:
but in any case, only the hearts
of those terrible Lords remained to burn.

LIKEWISE

Under
said volume
one discovers
in
the **sub** head:

Inverted Beings

Forelimbs
in excess of hind,
they hobble upon the earth,
yet furnished
with capacious thorax
for large heart and full lungs,
strong girdles for musculature,
hollow bones to capture air,
phalanges holding membranes
like sails
with opposing thumbs;
more agile than birds
their society modified
toward perfections of air,
through inverted cathedral spires
they fly.

By day
hanging down
to dive their dreams
like holy tongues
they give birth
to their death alive.

By night
they fly whirlpools
from deep holes
in the earth
to be born again
as new cells
at every meal;
buried
in mid-air,
they feed
on dreams.

Returning the book of collaborating segues
to the **mise-en-scène**:

in short, they were then put in the **House of Bats**,
 mere snatch bats of claw and tooth,
sharp as knives.

All through the night they fluttered and squeaked,
as the boys tried to sleep in their blowguns. Then
the crafty bats went silent,
but one stayed still on top of them.

—Hunahpu, is it morning already? asked Xbalanque,
—Perhaps, I'll just take a look-see.

Waiting near,
like a crocodile biding its time,
 that terrible bat snatched his head off.

Again, he asked,
—has it dawned yet?
But Hunahpu was not moving.
—Where has he gone? exclaimed Xbalanque,
 ashamed and disgraced, alas
we are certainly defeated.
Indeed, such were the feelings of all the Xibalbans,
as the glad tidings rang.

YET sure am I
 THIS WILL ALL
like] a proper snout
 FOLD

knots of thorns	lashed into crowns
the entrails of men	hair of Med~usa
	NICELY BACK IN

Thank you for taking a complete stranger in your bark onto Atitlán;
 the nuwals would've broken my heart not to have followed
the chanting lines of fire into the cave openings of earth
just at the end of the world when the bones are planted.

STILL AT ANTIPODES
 having fattened their tiny bodies,
 blackpolls leave Nova Scotia behind
 warbling 3 DAYS & 1600 miles over Atlantic waters
 before earning a Caribbean rest, then flying South to Colombia.

Well put.
And a joy to spend such strange with strange as you.

KNOCK KNOCK

Never caught your name.

WHO'S There?

No kidding.
won't forget that

Werner Herzog

—same as one of my favorite romantics;
my sister-in-law played cello
in a couple of his films.

YUP,
like I said: that's me.

Which gives another
STRETCH OF YARN
to that time I followed
some wheel tread in the mud
only to see extrude
the physiognomy of Somoza
selling paletas on a backstreet
of Managua.

N~i~e~n~v~n~e~n!

madly running
this way that @ Zed and Two Noughts

the cassowary leaves tracks
only a shaman could read BUT
letsusknow + heknows:
he hasn't a clue

[while 'Tory plies consilience via
bi-directional
memory pith leaping poetry JUST SO
full of I'm right back on beaver lake
 vinegar late night boating

]while SIGBROS scuffle at either end CAUGHT
 in the middle
someone doesn't understand

we're really only s] kidding

as you dredge some intercalary flashbacks giving us a well-deserved drenching
from some other deeper waters

Life imitating art
we placed
a mirror on the ground,
 laying a fish upon it,
and watched it swim through the cloudy sky.
Likewise,
with crown tilted
 at a friendly angle, legs up,
I was observing
the broomgrass and goatweed thither
when the sound of engines
 overhead
brought a wind
that sent them supplicating.

Down below,
the inmates were holding one another
 not as before.
The chandelier swirled and creaked.
A feathered hat flew across the field.

The building began to collapse
 before we heard the explosion.
Everything got slow.
I saw
the shock troops storm the beach. Later,
a drunken soldiery, victorious
 under the cratered moon,
 went scot-free. Unreality
lifted its windy head
 and bulbed out
 on the sand and rockscape.

I felt a little like Mephistopheles in the window,
and I felt a little like a hurt puppy,
 and a clown when the game is blown.

The next minute passed:

The gang began to spin
as in some bald mountain
ritual of witches.

Someone was going to get
burned at the stake.

The room
bounced and tossed.
Ogres set up nine pins
and began to bowl.

A bull's teeth crawled up
its nostrils.
Paint boiled on the ceiling
and batlike
attached to my hair
and denuded my skull top,
hotfreezing
a small patch, now cold forever.

Mouths opened and closed.

A pyramid of human form
slanted; its conglobed lamp
teetering on a point
swelled and dropped.
Bodies grew gigantic and distorted.

Space swallowed
a fat elongated arm,
five fingers wriggling through mid-air.
A top began to twirl.

An eyeball lost all hope.

Stairs climbed up the wall.

The building turned inside out.

Guts slid out from the cow's belly.

A giant raised
and cut a knife
the roof off.

Rows of bombs exploded
and ghosts grew up
and stretched their limbs.

Maniacal horses lifted their fetlocks
and kicked
at bombgeists.

A child came flying through the air
and out the door.

A head became a holocaust.

Dogs were set on fire.

The sand from the ocean
covered us.

Rocks pelted the floor.

Our lungs were gunpowder.

Banisters turned sidewise
laddering spooks to heaven.

Red faces fell out of their sockets.

A toy skidded by.

Soldiers,
no doubt misinformed,
but who will do
anything,
riddled the building with rifle fire,
scourging
the skin off a few stragglers,
while I

triple-somersaulted
through

the turning window,
lacerating glass tattooing the parchment,
my spirit barely resisting
the urge
to join my amputated leg
in the hog trough.

Walls
began to expand
as a circle of believers,
unable
to utter a sound
before the spectacle
lost their last strand.

Invisible wires
unwound,
sprung out
like dementia praecox
in a distortion mirror,
as
the
37 dove a single word
into the echo
of a silent scream
squatting on steel
conduits
and were buried alive—
just before
the explosion,
an inverted
milky-smoked
tornado,
vanished in their ears.

So a funny thing happened when
the new therapist agreed I could
forget about it
and go on home
if I'd answer
just one question

*Following smoke
through a corridor
spilling the body's house
on either side
behind a series of wooden doors
locking their content
in small rooms
eyed through strange keyholes
the doctor
devotee of the mindful raven
offers a look into the first
to get the ball rolling:*

*Did you ever
put your **finger** in a dead man's **mouth**?*

(producing convulsions
and
an auditory proof
re:velated later
via telephone
walking bro
your easttex pond,
as I
coterminously
my oaklandish road
far away:

while carrying the body through a doorway an arm broke off
that crispy critter barbecued in a helicopter fire storm;
so right on the spot, Lucky 'n Ducky slaked their hunger
offering me
I did not take
a succulent morsel
tasting just like chicken

—extruded from the same
lines of walkabout
this other *ptsd*
culled from your tests
at the House of Horrors
spilling from
an exit wound
of *Medusa's*
PHOENIX:

came that
treasure-filled morning
for me to rise up
& pack it out of
GRAVES;
so the gang dug up
our precious contraband
of gold teeth
for the division of spoils

And why did you

not eat

and why did you not take?

A pesky guardian angel came down
and whispered in my ear
to leave the bones of wrath unplanted
OR resurrect with them
again and again.

Each room opens onto many terrible and relentless others.

*The sequence of interminable doors you must try to go through,
until the spaces flow back into one another*

when you understand

their origins and begin the work of reconstruction.

(So why in God's name

would you dare to open even one?

AND why do I repeatedly dream of living in a new pad
where I must go to the upper reaches of a closet
ONLY to discover a shoe box of teeth and cogs?
Indeed, where are they leading me
& what will such treasures bring?

Walking a landscape on a road to BE,
the edifice of rooms, now reduced
you carry as one of many plateaus inside your head outward
into many interconnecting planes you once thought did not apply.
Contented but annoyed

by the one causing a distraction
you begin to stamp repeatedly on the ground:

The way is the place

And that's all of it?

Remember this is a dream longing to be:

You find yourself in a field of snow—poly-directionally you see everywhere at once

that nothing that is

[requiring more than ecosophy cum → schizoanalysis]

ERGO[T]

straight in you dive
right onto the gurney
at something like
thousand miles an hour
for its removal

sniffing deep the now volcanic gas exiting Noriega's manhole cover face you swirl past the peak in Darien

flying South by Southwest]

clinging to the severed organ
that continues to throb

across

Gondwanaland's

ripped from another]

**marsupial Nasza skies over desert
through Vinland still dying of thirst**

eventually to settle
along El Tigre
—Three Rivers—

filling a desultory hulk
with other rusty buckets strewn about
like you carelessly abandoned
you still pour out

a song of the

A~N~A~S~T~O~M~O~S~I~S

tango

off Uruguay

tourists enjoy

THE PRESERVATION LEAGUE'S

Memory of the Way it Was]

and the wind

unpins jacaranda's robe

of petals

helping the guide to conceal

[behind some bolted door

our magic memory smoldering on a pyre

[speaking of pulp fiction

dioxins and furans?]

she shakes

washing~~~

strange yellow hair

that man right out

into the world's largest estuary

variable mixtures saline temp

but without missing a beat

cradles a colorful bouquet

(to enthusiastic

applause and hurls it

through the air

over the chug-a-lug heads of weekend boaters) AND

onto the fluid lion-colored nape of our beloved La Plata

only to disturb hidden within a still

floating image of the tree rippling space/time

like gators back home making wallows for unknown others

to walk in mind that other swamp full of blossoms

as you pull off a shank of bark and write:

you can only have

what is truly yours

then make of it

before

pushing along a fervent hope

a vessel

you'll find next time

round

our memory theatre

the future of love

IS

Endosymbiosis

where comes in swallowing even] the breath
 such a
between two somethings
 [Möbius turning away
 swells into a breeze
 carrying lemon Budin
 from Brother Benevides downstairs
 through the window
 & into the room
 loosening a scarf
 pause
 you play
[co inventors
 de] composers

where you sit at the piano giving
 before
 OTHER

to credit
 the unspoken
 all kinds instruments
 glue varnish
 resin
 theories of strings

NOT NOT TO MENTION:
 the philosopher
 botanist
 sociologist
 psychologist
 parent
 and the poet
 [ye teredos
 live not
 without thy cellulose-digesting symbionts

but pass[ed on
 sand dunes
 produce
 an almanac of effects

DO TELL
 these interlinks
 a wealth of nations

looks OTHER
 in a mirror transmuting
 identities

may de]territorialize
 the machine

waving in and out
express un]

foreign forces and bodies

[co

-terminously thinking of

The Miracle with Snake

deep in the garden
of Carlos Thays

bamboos turn shadows naked figures
no one sees but cats that sometimes stir
a stodgy player into steering a reluctant piece
along the board's inviting diagonals.

SO illogically Alice
I ask
a curious calico

]what a trip

who said cut from the rib
the gene was selfish
and given the lie

of the land)

why do we play

SUCH TERRIBLE GAMES AS
El Sueño
de la razon?

[whose INEXPLICABLE answer:
following Lao Tzu and Kung back out
onto that E.T. POND
to catch supper
when the craft having its own ideas
turns to deeper

trails us
?] AGAIN

limnetic

so smooth
we barely leave a print
before leading straight

zon es

(a different kind of boundary)

into profundity:
more sorrowful than snow
outlasting fickle spring measures
autumnal bluster
and with greater complexion
hotter by far than hydrogen THIS

eco por un grito

this antecedent:

Translating our anxiety of planetary death from economic externality to tangible use

an easy
turn
the bomb
aimed at
re: targeted

But the transference
of the mission from military to social
required tighter control

of the civilian population.

the EYE of the bomb

Its wake
triangulated the argument
that dissent is un-American.

And
in so doing
spread a disciplining mechanism
through every social layer
—winnowing the unmotivated, uncoc-

As a small child
I was repeatedly
taken down
for
hypnagogic sessions
of child abuse
into the great public bomb shelters
on jolly
school holidays
of Duck and Cover.

I sweated the night sweats over it.

On missions of mercy,
ambulance sirens
sent me
into the torments of hell.

The
Cuban Missile Crisis
scared my family
to the outskirts of the city
seeking
the *Good Bomb Immunity*
the newspapers
promised.

Now
we validate our parents' pathologies
in endless reproduction.

The failure of the Cold War Project
to keep the social control system running
has been replaced
with the endless War on Terror.

But our dreams remain intact
as General Lord
reminds us in

Rods from God

Space Superiority
is not our birthright

Space Superiority

—but ➔ *it is our destiny!*

is our day-to-day mission.
is our vision for the future.

Space Supremacy

LET ME JUSTIFY
ANOTHER DIVAGATION:

Seeking to overpower

}the 2nd

recursive intensifications

periodic explosions

feed

take city deathtraps

sucking heat

rodents or otherwise[

ERGO[
to go from
is to go

a climate problem
with

Mongol caravan plagues

jumping off backs

Print the Legend!

port to port

European substrates

]not w/o body:

language

a disease

subject

to phase transitions

beating

out loneliness

amidst

the plethora

my heart my heart

along la Via Lactea
a family of Romani
in aerial balance
hold our plate
of blue green jade
barely kept
aloft

The click and chant of the world

spiraling its orbit

a crying [American Scarab you tied to a hapless string

now escaping the eggs

deposited in treeforks, nymphs make holes

digging for roots. Here, they live underground sucking plant sap
years through the rostrum.

One early summer
while exiting my duplex,
10,000 cicadas
squeezed from beneath the hillside
crawling slowly
toward my door
en masse to greet me
[as I you now do
discover
co-involved]

feelings for the path
of liberation
engendered

in a final molting

whose amber husks of crusty armor
(medicinally deployed
as a powerful symbol of rebirth)
these angels-to-be cast off
first clamping them to hackberry launching pads
before coming out

definitely ready for the runway
—striking wide-set eyes ride bilaterally
their broad forehead above a skintight
showme jacket hugging chitinous flash,
whose metallic green shimmers radiantly
through patterned rays
on an overlay of doubled clear wings
tapering behind, provocatively dipping below—

joining multitudes]

a female flicks the castanets of her biplane
releasing a male to fill with air
& enhance the resonance it drones
from abdominal tymbals

as this three-ringed circus of coterminous dreams unfolds
its post-modern cinema fading into this observer
now older you take me aside delineate the only sin
to incarcerate the soul
& only path to free the trapped spirit
a green-cowled shaman ready for takeoff

Metamorphoses
THIS compressed migration

REMEMBERING

a form of going

flying cliffwalks
over Rhonda
great the road

big cobble broken pebble kerb paving tile marble asphalt
Appian carries a Roman fist

Texas, Santa Fe, Oregon hoots and throws the sombrero
mock-turtle gentility amidst catwalk vestibules
wood-planked carriageway

Milwaukee=====Green Bay

deer to dirt
foot to trail
contouring
animal paths
ridgeways
carrying
drovers away from

the stone drum:

<i>henge</i>	A SOUND	INSTALLATION
log		
brick		
deepening 14,000 years		Horse cart
		auto
		lane freeway
		turnpike interstate
		bridges
		tunnel
		junctions
	crossing	
		viaducts
		interchange

Recalling the day I ate sandwiches

with a shaman at] *SUB-WAY*
platform toll
city village street
easement route runway tarmac
smooth paved covered

the straighter Narrower
Via Romana

Reich way
conveying

LAW AND ORDER
COPS AND CLERKS:
Administrative
Technical
Commercial
Military
Religious

Academic
Controllers

OUR FORD
Channeling

predictable outputs.

W/O
thinking

our way
walls in and out

HERE AFTER

walking
the fenceline

separating
my partner on
the other side

we'll build
only
as we go

making frontiers
together
still percolates

Identities Coextend

we can not
dissect

The Nothing holds us together

W/ American slaves hightailing it for Mexican freedom at the Sabine—where the woods hid them & unscrupulous Indians took 'em in—white patriots (financed by U.S. entrepreneurs) heroically rebelled against the tyranny and formed a new nation to reinstate that sacred institution and rid the state of vermin, that is to say, to allow free and private enterprise to flourish. Periodically they'd go off the deep end and hang some strange fruit on the trees *to show they meant business*, then punctuate it for good measure with psychotic mass murder. Sheriff Black, who was voted out next election by the citizens' councils headed by the unconvicted, noted in what papers would print it: **WHITE MOBS SHOT UNARMED BLACKS LIKE SHEEP WITHOUT REASON.** In terror they ran up tracks for their lives hoping for sanctuary on Wright's swamp—now yours. Near the ruins of their shacks and the old saw mill, we'll put a stone up—since the state won't—to honor the victims of *The Slocum Massacre*, some few buried under the ground we philosophically walk.

But Never over the same ground
 we go again discovering a niche,
these roads
as all OUR constructs
]social or architectural
hie coextensively
interstate impositions
 slashing forests mountain or ancient sites
or dropping buildings from the sky
heedlessly upon the Earth
without consideration of others
not to omit time
 [another in the before and after
will never let be
but deliver us merely]deposited without return
meanwhile Native traces as they were wont
networked the continent from immemorial.
Rivers NS guided perpendiculars
sutured EW with rhizomes
moving withal [and I detouring
 after Boone's Lick far recursing
to your place above the Neches,
re deposited from mounds somehow
North at Cahokia only to go
& get my spine straightened
in the snake ecliptic with a ball of fire in the mouth

Walking Natchez [again?
 (hitching Pensacola turning Red)
 finally embrace Natchitoches
 before ambling to Caddo mounds
 such a home
 close by underlings reckoned with LaSalle]
 but catching pushing hard South
 a whiff of some lightning strike through
 gneiss interlarded con
 black granate
 red beds & schist
 gypsum
 ALONG Moctezuma's river
 finding ole Tamazunchale surrounded
 with limestone villages
 plunging mountaintops into coastal plain
 dizzying directions
 & what makes them
 return]that's what going's about
 to the place I started your pond
 then 'counteracting the Sabine go further West
 and of course South into Coahuilteco land
 along that → *camino real* intrusion]
 peopled with
 Sanan
 Comecrudo
 Cotoname
 Jumano
 to name a few builders of the line becoming circle
]we fly through [more to come
 the awful stretch to Tenotchtitlan
 with connectors leading
 to Santa Fe, villages round,
 what the trails carry the learners
 → on to the university
 down to earth laylining California
 in the course of time north north north
 to discover one
 and eventually reach that zone of
 via kayak on the hall of mirrored waters
 ONE IS never to be born

up up up
 Chaco, to the towers
 follow to pottery place
 —taking three stones—

to tall poles only
 has your face on it
 recursive burial
 from which
 again

with so much going on

Notwithstanding carbon
membranes ARE
permeable
ARE they NOT?

I mean energy's gotta come from
—that little blob underneath
SHE's shaping GANESH?]

wherezitgo]

while we sign
the double cross[race] ipsa loquitur
tally sticks running roads [measure] how much
order
we suck from Desert
Chaparral

Forests
Tundra
Ocean
Grass

Grass

we tender

other/ wise collectively
harvest

processes

re: produce

ex: change

modifying

blue/black through

gas floaters on star→fields

another nest

up north down past
mid level

mid level
flickering

white clouds]

train

down chimney spires

hot volcanoes belch

black slime]

snarls air traffic

[off Bariloche underworld

food web

As Sophia spends morning
chasing cotton from Ceibas—
green at the center of crossing paths
—touched by a sleeping gypsy boy
hugging concrete, she leaves a bit
of change for him to wake to

no doubt
UN]burdened with attachment
some Buddha quietly steps over
without bothering to try
catches hands full of silk floss
floating down [BUT
pulling strands apart for closer examination)
and thereby stitching Eurafrasia
into the discourse
land sea air trade routes
silk, spice, teas, porcelain, lacquer, ivory, textile,
precious stone, pepper, gold, silver
AND the rate pray tell
what IS
STUFF OF MEN)
fine glass, wine, carpet, jewels
SHE ASKS
(clutching, I turn the tiny hand
curving her finger
back to point at
and then tap her AN ~SELF)
ECOSYSTEM?
combining
in many directions:
accelerating intensity
integration
coupling re un-destroying
occurrences into events dis ~sipating
as new
wind carries to our stoop
jacarandas
drop a million flowers
that pretty soon turn to snow
you can see it's no season
to just sit back and have a few
so don't worry
cause I'm going out there
later pretty quick
after all is said and done
to sweep a path out front
long before you get here

we engage OTHERS
 to further comportments
 of auto-poietic sym-nets
 groping that is]
 neurologically feeling interconnectivity WHAT'S [for US
 through coextension SO [exists
 to turn if you expect me to turn
 the pond my back on the invitation
 you got to go out [once again on
 in that leaky tub-of-yourns
 another thing coming
 world sets]

brother] the catalytic lean
 prebiotic ancestors i
 n
 g
 out to us NOT with stand i
 n
 g
 OUR hierarchy
 devastates forests
 in the time they take to grow
 septupling members whose
 CO₂ odor signals an alteration

s
 a
 t
 u
 r
 a
 t
 i
 n
 g
 the larger
 reduces ground

FOR THOU SHALT DIE
 ON THIS TREE

(THE ONE YOU MEASURE WITH)

jumping rope—the children's lizard talk:
If the one great man with his one great axe
cut the one great tree in the one great sea
oh what a glorious splash there would be

THUS, before it's too late
during full circle moon

go out deliver the ones
who squeeze the universe sucking sweet
them lying mouths wide beneath the gash
they cut the world tree drive this stake
into their hearts

But first climb up top to take A LOOKSEE:

		From	up	
people	down			here
look	like]			there
				ants

		From	down	
ants	up			there
look	[like			here

people

from mat floors
root

s~nt~i~nt~c~h~i~n~g
perceptions surfacing]

chemical hydrogen oxygen nitrogen
carbon bonds

pirouetting

adenine

cytosine

←with pyrimidines

quanine

thymine

(pure
d~a~n~c~i~n~q

[that's how

cold as a witch's tit
brother's got toast tights
 full of apples to satisfy
Franklin's hungry pot belly

AND]

come sunup
mist rises in the lake
and we cast the cool water
to go with

evening wine

SO ANYONE CAN SEE WHY

as only 2 percent of rivers along whose valleys ran the ancient
Harappans run free
we incarcerate spirits of huge bodies Aral Chad de]basing

their spinning dreidels
 for private gain
till the hum of stars

no longer stirs

the spirit
of the bee
a net of light
moves
us
part hive

Jnor turns the
flying salmon
[modifying salt tolerances

for appropriate occasions
though still we sing the electromagnetic fish flying through space
aligning

from birth for the long return
or bear
pulled by the moon quiding crabs

the future held in our pincers' desire

DOWNUnder
cosmic waters

WHIRLING

the spell
of whales' dancing
castanets

who parts
the great heaps?

on the dark bottom
keeping oceania together

hecatombs [of life]

what tails stir

the UV smitten ice?

m~o~v~j~n~g
to hold

in planetary hierosgamos
the other side of the world

our caribou
shall not be

driven mad
by blood thirsty skeeters
awakened
from their antifreeze sleep
under the ice

when females lead the show
faster than galloping horses

blanketing tundra
all the way to the Taiga's edge
digging craters
through thick snow
they crave fine lichen

scribbling

—the ouroboros—
we read

at both ends from time to time—

hungry wolves howl for plenty
Likewise

[moose musk ox liver tapeworm cyst

all the while]

fox

hare

hidden lynx

owl

T A L K over dinner

as polar bears
slide dwindling floes
the morass shaking stones
where fungi minerals receive
for their OTHERS
algae offer a plate
of photo-
synthetic glucose
a pair
of saintly eyes
looking at
our only
paradise
from all this mutual leaning in [the wind the weather the water
SURFACES
tha self
tha 'tis
tha self
ROUNDING POLES
CROSSING THE SWEEP OF COLOURS
DRAWN BY CIRCUMPOLAR ARCTIC TERNS

From where three roads meet, the gray-headed albatross hugs
the southern breeding grounds of the Atlantic; others encompass
the Indian; a third circumnavigates the globe in 50 days.

Climbing slopes this pelagic energy
—wind pushing the bird in swells of ocean—
bringing news written on an orchid caught in its beak:

Diversity draws plateaus together

across boundaries

their workings define us

holding legacies of memory]not to forget the daughters of inspiration
temporal and spatial

within without

conserves & losing

the overheated middle

slowing

down

the lower gets them

going

Take

this periodic wetland

a mere ditch occasionally *winking*

carries as it goes

hysteretic phase shifts

tipping points of no return

cascade interfacing entities

pancake layers

across the scale

[move as you will

you cannot

change a single thing

but every]thing

ye windthrown

interclimaxing pioneers

w/ assosciations & stochastics(

spread far and wide

such news

fulfilling panarchic layers

say multi-floored dragonflies

jerking elevators]

food exchanges

material codes

up and down coherences

leading no where

even on this mercantile route

serves

but where one

[de]

STILL MOVING

thereby go too we tethered
part lichen moss grass
taiga pine spruce
form shedding snow

shielding with needle wax the harsh cold
these conduits for cyclic burn

stimulate bark clearing canopies for lower groups

drawing insect societies w/
ecumening other

open and close [peristaltic

*bending
daffodils*

the last snow falls

on Basho's grave] 1:2, 1:3, 4:1

[präna

filled with bugs

[taming power of the small]

swoops down to drink
acid snow melt

where minerals poor partner
disease\wind
balancing conifer
soil

UNDER GROWTH

mink seeking snowshoe
squirrel &

involved in every nest
such such[ness

a crown of thorns)
Archaea full
ant/aphid

calling fire
shakes loose wolverines

meandering vole

the journey we take
is not medicine
our sickness needs
of forgetting the world.

speaking to friends in the herb garden
[I cannot say
but w/ apologies to S and J]

nor that we enjoy our wine
at expense

For deep between arct-
& trop-ic clay
enriched leaves
hold [the dryer the smaller
the climate)
animals sleep in colors to match
tall
medium
large

the bald) near three-lobed sass
and will break you in half
to eat bugs in your womb
even before they depart.

DOWN TREE STRATA
openingclosing

dropping
through the reforming
covering our cold roots] or
in times of fierce heat human
tall to short

oak beech maple chestnut hickory elm basswood linden walnut
sweet gum shrubs rhododendron azalea laurel huckleberry...

CROWS

ABOVE

UNDREARTH

begin
a home
as casts of hawks
at
edge

cross grass
our rhizome
wide
mounds alive

grist of bees drawing honey badgers
guided by a wily bird

other carrier beasts
held in microbial

their plethora of leaves
or not
gap [a form of hibernation
migration spreading seeds
culture this time **the meteor**

herbs further lichen club true moss
waving
deciduous assemblages

[delight too far away rhinos
ick of it to become ox peckers
^h of herbivores cease to speak
the OTHER]

following
such a book
we eat
fire signals
the tall grass

reaching how far dispatching [what

already passed
the duster clears a way
for *Gaucho Cabra*

as gitanos with native roots
encourage vacas
to fill FOUR BELLIES FULL

Yoopie tay yay yippy yippy yoooooooo!

[Meanwhile
—unable to mix metaphors
at the exchange
the AGROBUSINESSMAN disallows
Chaparral]

[as time/space requires
the unproductive
lush scruffy survival
mind singing strange]

through bodies of
desert high mule deer chipmunk horned toad viper jack kangaroo rat
borrowers praying mantis mourning turpentine brittle prickly pear bee
ladybug coyote tracking roadrunner

salt cacti sage
crouching low
regulating cool
poison oak scrub yucca whipple

my honey sweet acacia
please climb
 ripe with galls)
till the long necks come
 and cold wind

elemental
as legs) carries a weird message through
the vast interstate living room—tree to tree—
triggering some to change demands and drop their foliage
or even blowing through the continuum of bittering leaves
—both signals managing growth and overzealous bugs
still won't keep **rascals**
from giving us a trim

Step
right in to my
P~a~l~o~o~n~k~a~r~n~i~a
SIR

—no doubt distressing to lice,
the barber in los aldeas
deep cuts straight across
2 inches above the ear

only not too much off the top knot please
 gotta leave a subtext
 mechanical
 desiring
 v~i~b~r~a~n~t~i~n~o~n~s
 click[s me a
 turn
 to attach
 MORE to you

quickclick
half-circle hummm
even in a pile of hair
carries forward more than a whiff
admitting
cosmic rays among them light
sculpts morphologies
of energy
bodies

the mind an sst crossing plateaus
say of rainforest

who can name
gravity
radiation
soil
wind
fire
fungi
microbes
within without
animals
shaping content
life pressure pushing back
receptive constraints
the plethora hatching from distant s
nested inters
standing by I wave
click
to upset wide formations
opening~closing~losing~claiming~

What're you that's breathing you?

lush rich epiphyte-draped heart vines
canopied stinkbug clutch
capsuled inoculators
letting chew larvae their egg shelves

into whose crevices we Manicheans enter
contrariwise THE OPEN MOUTH
a plover accepts invitation to step onto the porch

the journey's recursive—fear NOT—squaring the cosmic circle
you'll later grab

<A>SA>NI>SI>MA>SA>

the bull nose ring

panta rhei...

a bit of earth, food, or parasite slips across
the verge of shells only to burrow itself
deep in the mantle

and be injected

through the prophylactic sac with calcium carbonate
rolling waters you cannot hold

likewise go ye out [am I still in the barber's chair?]

Past intertidal Zones

take refuge in deep trenches
burrow with worms & clam
cling to benthic grass Poseidon's meadow

C for dear life
waving years

filled with l'oliva di mare
sequestering forests

holding coast dunes kelp

emergent coral exchange homes for sugar by
photosynthetic dinoflagellates feed

filterers mollusks gathering chloroplasts
scavengers predators

layers of CaCO₃
hoping for a little snow
and looking

where to
begin or end?
going
not
and going to

SEE HOW
the keen-eyed Goby
embraces **the blind** for more than
—observe its companion shrimp risk
the sake of a burrow[?]
extension
through an array of
hermits tickling fancies of anemone
to keep meddlesome]that is inquisitive 8-minded octopi at bay
till
one flicks his tail to bring
a lost soul home
so many floaters strong swimmers [magnetically enmapped)
cross pelagic **poly** **verse**
shape **trans** **links**
currents temp circulation
stuck in a lifeboat without a paddle absorbing heat

*upon the kindness
of autotrophs we heteros
inter depend*

CLOSED not to mention abiotics though it's NOT
like] that anyhow as

driven sun transforms
'what it is'
shifting this seed (such a pearl) the world spits out
even to the back of our cardboard bus]
that's one small step
after pros gave up recovering artifacts in brother's wood
through *Challenger* debris fields we scavenged bottoms we know better
discovering ghosts of the seven haunting the place as rays *come together*
dwelling hollow logs, whistling stiff reeds in the swamp. The
three dogs: Cadillac, Sounder, Laylow [always did when something
involved work] run the small animal tunnels uprooting clues. We
tightrope the border set of rails skipping rocks with kids aiming for that
trunk out in the middle we sometimes hit—a fly and a miss—the cur-
vaceous arc transposed by the water into responsive embraces ((()))
go take a looksee out in the canoe when the proverbial train passes,
spot something moving the beaver's den we can't make out, keeping
clear that gator with appetite. I still say the goblins are welcome to stay
long as they've a mind to

And besides,
this place has something
for everyone
to make a contribution with its
shifting limits
[how can we not
jump the track
with relative
that is to say
& temporary
intersubjective
p~o~r~o~u~s
equilibria
take us with
our ecumenon
this immanent
phenomenon stretching
far out

following how
insectivore least sandpipers
breed the tundra
foraging

like you I get]
They nest the wetland sedges,
bogs, tussock heaths, sparse cables
migrating 2500 miles
to Brazil
Wintering lagoons mangrove saltmarsh swamps tidal sloughs
pausing at flats, rocky shoreline,
inland wet meadows, flood fields,
muddy-edged lakes, ponds, ditches.
they probe damp mud with long bills
using surface tension for transport
—eating small invertebrate
amphi- iso- gastro-pods,
horseshoe crab eggs, water flea, midge, beetle,
dragonfly—

the entire world's our bailiwick
intimates the wandering gliders;
we're collaborators in a global panmictic identity!

through seeds of grasses, smartweed and panic
[you breathe in like wise[Now
heading South off
Black River
watching egrets ride backs of deer into the quiet lake
some green bird halts

*I am myself
and not myself
always
I am [you]*

(speaking of Oedipus
on vaudeville
cantering
up from God's finger

flying the lift I wet my pants
with swollen prostate
ABOVE
the grand circuit of
7 beauties

[and w/ apologies to

UMMMMMMaaaaahhhreeeeeOH—Z that is]

the rich stores of
Bariloche display

*familial assortments
of chocolate statues
mesmerized
in the weird flickering light of
Father Knows Best
[with daughters Princess and Kitten
[and of course son Bud]*

streets dust us with Wednesday's

an overgrown path clambering

THEN

counting intakes all the way down the mountain
into a cradle of talking reeds
a meadow of fire flowers takes our breath away

ashes we] climb out of
up and over

stones to take a looksee

giving it all back crossing
Nahuel Huapi notwithstanding
the first prize photo: a sea gull nipping
our daughter's hand to swipe a cracker
—she can't wait to plunge her rosy fingers
deep into the dawn of freezing water

Caught
in the reflection's

inverse map

Arrayanes too
reach

OUT
to Chile rediscovering
[911]

El Otro

under wreckage

of assassination

the conquistador's ships]

off quai
mooring bateau
at island forest
of naked legs

Klaxon
horns
scatter thousands
in every direction
wind blows red
crossing limbs
closer stretch
over a running creek
the sleeping giant
continues

to dream

boardwalk yellow spray
thrusts pansy pink

umbelliferous

white dots
rust-centered collars
fern gaggles
cross hatching mirror floors
the Andes
rise with snow

then & then down
leaking dark ideograms into

this milky green river
of black volcanic glass
encrusts ancient animals
we are

the ones dividing sucklings from the sucked

Nested within
multivarious forces shape the face
along rotations the axis
shifting lasso & regathering ellipses
its up and down the planetary plane
likewise precess [a line dividing a cliff face waiting for you to fly across
earth air water spiraling
in and out of bodies
suck radioactive stars transmuting
the numinous stuff electromagnetized
in unsettled soured chambers
peristaltic ejections convey
along protean channels red hot lava
jet seismic waves rubble through
ricocheting quakes zigzag protest across
curvatures of troughs hot spots excruciating lifts
vomiting from mouths of fat heads ash plume
tsunamis the plates pooling resources
in soft underbellies lubricating the gravitational slide
unleashing cycles continental oceanic
crusts open and close
reconverge and set loose
rivers trenching miles wide
churning metal the rich core
exposed in rock, acceptor infused,
veins of fat acid blocks
sipping hydrothermal brews
the all of which scribbling verses
on the way up the dark mantle
lighting vents our lamp of life
not so different
oceans cutting soil fire and ice
releasing further planetary gasses
generally lunge OUT
falling in
passing through
likewise one inside another
the winking making things happen
but separating in our fashion
the burial of the dead
across an invisible line
in ceremonies of root and bone.

at the frontier
of politics

Green La Fria

cuts cold mountain

sweeping myrtles
along the way
expose
their rosy sides

trapped in destination
no exit

m~e~r~c~i~l~e~s~s
biting flies
force us to eat crap

at the only haven

on
Todos Los Santos
the volcano rides
uneasily
further down
the river shakes
Osorno's frozen stones

First Spanish grammar
presented to
Queen Isabela

1492
Mass

Text w/
Production
prot emphasis
on *the translation*

e x p l o d e d

hierarchies
paving the route to

MASS culture

fixing homogeneous zones
to preclude
the passage of time

co-assemblages
initiate
co-emergencies

bringing order
to a certain understanding of chaos

[All aboard!

First
Cawdrey's]1604
Table Alphabetical:

<i>Academie</i> , of the sect of wise and learned men	
<i>Advertise</i> , advise, give knowledge, or counsell	
<i>Affanchise</i> , set at libertie	
<i>Alledge</i> , bring profe	
<i>Architest</i> , chiefe builder	
<i>Geometrie</i> , art of measuring the Earth	
<i>Geomancie</i> , sorcerie by circles and pricks in the Earth	
<i>Incense</i> , offering made by fire	
<i>Matrixe</i> , wombe	
<i>Mediocritie</i> , a measure, a meane	
<i>Mellifluous</i> , sweet as hony, yielding much hony	
<i>Meteors</i> , elementarie bodies, or moyst things, ingendered of vapours	in the ayre above
<i>Parasite</i> , a base flatterer, or soothing companion	
<i>Planet</i> , wandring starre	
<i>Seminarie</i> , a nurserie, or seeds plot for young trees, or grafts	
<i>Tradition</i> , a delivering from one to another	
opposed to connecting tissue—	
joints between things part of the bestiary—	
the lizard	
grows a new one	
cut off	
a chicken's head	
continues to wag	→
spiders say	spring out
their legs	AS
each piece	
a flat worm into	a new
insouciant	self
or another	becoming fish crawls into our mouths
and begins to sing	watermelon...cantaloupe...
	cucumberzzz!
[that is	sea
	transgen
while over a lifetime	&
sharks squeeze	slugs
	[horizontal
	photosynthesize
	OUT
	24,000 new teeth

*The way
you look at
the instrument
makes
what music
the stops allow*

ushering in
an enhanced practice
of correction in
education
roads

law & language

Johnson's DIC (1755)

Webster's *Compendious* (1806)
close at hand

Napoleon reinstates slavery

(1825 reparations to HOLDERS finally paid off (1947)

10 years before

Papa Doc and his Tonton Macoute
begin the age of Zombies)

SEEK NOT MUMMIA THE POWER OF THE SUDDEN DEAD[

Transnationals/[

promote CU personhood to nation status,
by way of

current labor inequalities

magnified through trade & special

time-future instruments GLOBALIZED to squeeze

necrotrophic fixings THAT'S US

into greedy corporate troughs

channeling said contents into their boundless stomachs.

Interior magma through the give
crystallizes letting go a
congruence of genes

mass mind exuding
as pressures allow

our talk mineralizing an isolated stand

before

still
re:

TONGUING

its babel
of holy convergencies

to frame]

[*the new*

oediphices

aggregated
stuff of auto self-consistencies
fulfilling a secret wish
as temblors scatter heteronyms
across *Pangaea*'s striven body w/o organs [among the supers]
Rather Not unplanned unplanted
but local among hyper locals part cosmic winking
polyverse steps along the way various states process
stratified sun feeling the world
consign Historia Real [that Camino
absent metaphor of transubstance
striking through mock [fjords fab CO₂ depositories]
the barge
floats cumulonimbi pestering Calbuco volcano
cuando el sol
breaks up empty threats
& reshoots the whole water scene
on the adjacent impressionable white cliffs
in case anyone missed the action
clearing slowly moving round
the keeper of a father's soul
out of the fog
becoming
frog

H P I G E K
O P N D C S

just *for the heck of it!*
[amphibians alter the skin of the environment]
so
we cannot find
our daughter
till we find her
looking out moon window
at the flying
V
she waits
for nothing in particular

so

Drunk among flowers
the flying canopy
drops its
dream
net

dawning
places our lineage

[Beware the mill
God grinds for food
—the time of beings

re: Death turns the water

Hitching → rides
across vast oceans
the eternal
Medusa

dying
descends fatally
 to the bottom
takes in
bells absorbing tentacles
over time —este viaje a la semilla—
hardening blobs root out
stolons transdifferentiating
 their spindly polyps
pulsing open and closed release an immortal annunciation of worlds
from herself again and again

AVAST!

playing Captain Swabe
right at

the moment of re:assumption

on lago grande
we set sail

aboard ye olde fake schooner

such a power
zigzags the way
only to deliver
twigs and bits of hay
such letters household business
the scent of spring brushed aside perhaps
before they stain THIS PAGE

with YELLOW

then dipping my bill
back at the *idle hour*]
patrons step outside to take a pee
lights on a branch of borracho de palo
shaking his ruffled feathers at us

when] I offer an apology
in lieu of a prospect of flowers]
la cigueña [flying]
drops true as Earth
an iridescent spiral
your favorite
shining white deep blue green
an opal of great price given to one
whose luminous work you may
look into but never through

At last
when you cease to fix
your gaze on
one thing then another
and
become the road you walk

near San Antonio de Areco
this UMBO full of spirits
comes also from birds dropping
seeds way off river

where Gaucho Cabra
wags a pivotal phalange
NOT
to ride faster
than you can STOP

Rhyming Yonders
Indians burn grass
Cowboys scatter sagebrush

There is always something,
 contrariwise, to read: YES
 require BURB- lawns and[
 constant attention from
 OR *subclimax* systems
 mounds
 hive nest
 webs *where*
 there's
 here
 's
 another

except as affect of the
 subject
 there's no such
 alone as OTHER

where reduction
 meets holism
 dis]
 ordering an emergent biosphere
 I eat an apple so delicious
 a stork that kind of picnic
 a rock smothered in dead leaves

 a tree
 under whose mistletoe
 we kiss the fruit
 the dirt
 the blossom
 wasp ascends a gall

as an oak-pollinating
 a moth friendly face a spider
 emptying himself
 to selves yet becoming
 a mantis
 bird snake
 butterfly bird
 bee flies
 dropping the front
 turns back
 folding in half
 desiring the other OH do!

high school football fields
 maintenance crews
 run to weeds and shrubs]

like
let poison fool

spikes
shells
colors
& Tarahumara children

[yes the mind re:turns
deer moving over rocks]

sidestepping crablike
back to

[having never departed
the philosophic barber
es of knotted strands from the floor
right into the compost out back

*each one a tale
braided into a cord of stories*

I plant in hopes of taking off with what it might render

& my impersonation the sincerest flattery
clinging tightly its snood—Lice Radiated Species
with Gondwanaland breakup
before the Cretaceous ensemble
when THE RHIZOME
parasitized dinosaurs

featherering?] if/then birds

Our loss of hair runs the Kudu down the path of heat stroke.

ACCEPT
 WE [endo/ecto parasitic
 passing multiple
 slime mold
 live
 an other
 vampires the blood
 worms in]
 the ass
 eye
 toe
 leg
 head (construct the world
 [as hair step right in this
 stomach
 pricks
 horse flies
 bot
 fleas
 [living the dog feed protozoa in the gut]
 tick boring
 leeching spreader drinking you crab
 hub
 NUMEROUS ALSO
 as the knotted STARS
 splicing innumerable tales drawn from
 (virus reservoirs
 synthesizing light
 mitigate the green house THESE Wolves
 liberate through lysis
 strengthening * a dialogue on friendship
 promote resistance,
 nutrient cycling carbon respiration
 particle distribution sinking rates biodiversity
control

The Dreaded Algal Bloom!

Now Showing @ THE MAJOR THEATRE

And
this strange line
 worming out
 of the screen
 and into life:

At the age of 6,
the irrepressible children
of the neighborhood
escaped

their prisons
making their way
into various
and secret garages
to discover
their privates

in that
most exciting of erotic playhouses:

*show me yours
'n
I'll show you mine*

These ongoing
nomadic exploratoria
ended
of a sudden

when
participants caught
en flagrante delicto

by
the host's father [who
pointed at me]

intimating that I
was surely to blame,
 being Catholic

something

I thought quite unfair
since clearly numerous others
and his own [daughter]

not only hosted the saturnalia

but provisioned the invitation list

and most of the inspiration]

At the same time
two plateaus were converging at my school:

1. The nuns provided vivid details of the visions of Fatima...

This is what will happen to you if you are evil.
Here the *merciful* virgin appeared before the children
who had apparently engaged in similar [as above...] behavior.
She opened the ground up and the evil children shook with fear
as they observed the sinners in hell
suffering unspeakable and endless torment for their sins.

2. During the Cuban missile crisis, just as the adult world prepared to destroy everything in sight, the nuns informed us we could protect ourselves by getting under our desks and covering our heads with our arms and hands....

Back to other viruses we ardent travelers go WITH
bags and all when a transfusion's
needed

CAUSE they can't exist [outside
living cells when

used to threaten:
*may Sputnik just
fall right on
your unsuspecting
head*

Mr. Humbug asserts [with Medusa's encouragement (Consider
that Ur Viruses masters of the HGT
became symbionts for other microbials
injecting innovative futures into their simple genes.
Coterminously recognizing the obvious inefficiencies in the system,
they relied upon hosts to provide "free" energy for certain functions
and reduced to mere elements these aspects of life strategies
enabling said parts to become machinic cosmonauts to fly boldly with certitude
under extreme conditions >offplanet & plug in to some other source for
successful propagation of their bibliotechnical colonies)

That is, Professor: cells environment [deploying a verb
as every thing needs or IS
to span the GAPS take archaea to extend]the example
bacteria fungi (lassoing critters for further use

or take Cobb: if all the matter...except [one] were swept away
...as disembodied spirits ...we should find
mountains, hills, vales, rivers, lakes, oceans
represented by a film...The location of towns... decipherable...trees...
still stand in ghostly rows representing our streets and highways. The
location... (and of animals) decipherable
...even their kind... determined by
nema parasites taking tongue
OR → [lamprey]
every where deliver my egg
into your nest for another to raise

ergo
AND non-living partners
process
resource capture
use
and edification.

predation's a form of parasitism

HOW you see is
HOW you see it

so how you eat
CROW
calls the wolves to supper
opening the diner for conversation—

PROOF THE WORLD IS REAL

I tattoo *another's* hood [mea culpa juan
on this belly
to show

an art of bodies
covered with fingerprints

proclivities range morphodynamically
pregnant intensities speed

emerging
PROCESSES

WE'RE SPEAKING
layers
of possible countenances

shine upon us
illumination, Horatio,
there are more...

BWO/WB [**s**
select pressures for

feeling [its way across
the direction of sense
multiplane spatialities accelerate
coalitions of qualifiers releasing
partnering diverse climates

what's to come suggests
more than one dream interface
to open the continuum

ant/plant inside\out

satisfaction
metamorphose

FOLD

nose			
from → a			
snout			
purse a mouth			
dark			
down			
submucosal capillary	the netted		
& intestines	road that walks you		
while	its magic	through all things	
the microbe	like[wise]		
barber or picnic?]	calls us to supper		
a hundred	the moment we're "born"		
	trillion ORGAN communities		
	digesting		
	transforming		
	degrading		
	synthesizing		
tutoring			
we micro biome the macro	furling collective fates		
THE NOW	NOT ever less		
becoming genome			
an amalgam			
maintains un]ruly alliances			

[we're crowded in here

from inner elbow to nomadic skin

the whole

Dr. Socrates treats the break down of relations

between affiliated domains of nested]inter

net

talk through elaborate nutrient

cycles [disambiguating various

tones of approbation and derision jabbering

underworld

insects

via the green phone

inform accomplices

above

the spot's already taken

as interloper wasps

listen

for Orpheus signals

on the party line

READING messages from a plant's electromagnetic fields
in the hairs of its legs

Bumblebee Xunan Kab rank pollinator
checks out blossomy cherry

blue-cran-berry pumpkins
—their hearts, too, stained WITH

YELLOW

EVERYWHERE

THE EARTHLY DIVINE IS SPREAD

flowers on the wing
feather out c~o~p~t~e~r~i~n~g
some stingers down
attach to a passing dog
or offer a sweetie for a raptor
to carry on
temp rises
wind changes
the plains
lose their colors

Where will they all go
when what comes next to
live near these grassy stones?

e [volution
[in volves
a change of mind

[O where are the ones we can't remember deep in tectonic vents fired ancient calamities	WE'VE CREATED	study and projection w/o germs?
	transfusing →	elements
raising complications among symbionts		say nickel and oxygen
the life-giving sun yes		coevolving
wriggles tube worms		but sulfur [ALSO
& their hydrogen sulfide brethren		no mouth no anus

red on yell a kill a fella

facing such danger with such pride
still wish to wear them

a crown of banded light

[the Poet becoming

that would anoint my head

when the dream awakens me to a shoreline
tangled in the old parrot-pecked brain of coral:
desire NOT THIS

Medusa
with bacteria at birth

Oceanic
otherwise

fat arms cross the swelling chest
an endless woeful
brag of bones
reminding everyone
what we'll do to those "motherfuckers"
never will be schooled

the same and never live
Sounds like]crackers and grape juice[

but always over
the scientific method!

In the beginning
the immanent incomplete
translatable word

You can
talk talk talk
but you gotta know...

with a sword to divide child from parent

I means to deeeerriooorialisize the whole bloody...

Stranger I think you misunderstand

the *NATURE* of the **state**

id) (da
 Bidness

]E'en	SO			
to settle our content	the score	outside mere thought linking our w]hole a[part		
consciousness vectors		arrivals		and departures
the next stop an [OTHER		un]likely as this woven into		sounds
non + living I put on again re cursing		fabrics hardly my]		s~e~l~f
a] long path- finder]		distributive justice		strung out for a time do tell
continently speaking		pilgrim organisms		to dialogue
		jointly the caterpillar's part spit		
each [species limns surplus value				dubious?]
		seeks references of completion		
		punctuating moments of uncertainty		
overcoding wayfares		our place of negative]capability
any [book or [body		how		
		an inward face		
		another act upon		
out	ward			
	transubstantiating	words		
fill	gaps			
	re: segmenting			
maps to partner				
	TRANS		VERSE	
Heterogamous		connections		
	pivot			
thermodynamic		equilibria		
porting		high energy		
to[o		a part		[IN

Up
and down the track

Noise

—the unwanted—

like a virus

we [beneficiaries of the
pre] suppose to be

un]rigged deck
OUTSIDE]

shapes
& delivers

MORE

(**that something**
like]
anything is)

[re: presents

Information
empties
accretes &

THE WAY

disrupting
integrity

(to promote
preferred results)

that concentration arises
through contingencies

is filtered

folding enfolding refolding unfolding

therefore,

code—a fixer in time of a given articulation
nonetheless re:visions

drawing freely from multi-verses,
endosymbiont architects

HOW

engine
coevolutionary design
ERGO

targeted procedures of control,
elimination

SAY

denial

and

redundancy

reproduce desire

only

clarifying a

mise-en-scène

perhaps

THE SELECT ENJOY

contrariwise
seeking further
endorsements
from
participating members

appears [to change
an environment

only to discover
it is us

therefore OF
exchanging
[*stability*
interacts]

into
complexities of wholeness

(a capacity to maintain
continuance
within dynamic frames of
creative constraint)

feeding on low entropy
nesting
reconfigures

THE OTHER
a panarchic orientation

coformative ROUND
lines—

[while
Capitalism
precludes
our brand
represents
states whose demesne
of action
disposition
[OUTSIDE
a narrow
raison d'être hindering
such
creative advance

FEELING
the way to
satisfaction

[attracted by uncertainty
like] microbial life
the nature of the body
we move in]

Just
when I begin to read and write
SO take no comfort

reducing
polycodes to s

i
n
g
l

e file

drowsy eyes &
 dull ears
 replace
 sharp tongues

before they learn to crawl
into a book

and libraries
fall into disuse
flattening
the wild polysyllabic ranges
into narrow bands
of comfort; STILL

*extending
above
and
below*

from a mesh without net
releases

THE PAGE
ye hopper becoming frog

its cacophony

into
ears are Kanteles
strung
from jawbones
of a pike
to shake awake

the malleus and incus
from the 1st gill
shape the 2nd

crawling to land

hyomandibula
more amplifier than
the blue-green plate

skull support
to fill

but enough
the blue-green bowl

to the
goes on
saying
each

BETWEEN

qualifying
re: courses
stringing out

re
combinatory

]for example
[signifiers

morph
dance a round
@ the BIG
FIESTA...

a rheostatic
or two

we're having

bring back

THE SAGUAROS!

temporarily
does mean

NOW

[in a way
though push as only we can
the Holonvelope
nests Anthropocene to brood

pasajeros packing likewise little
give and take such bodies
words fill every coextensive CUP

bundles]
return

of health] links

illness with the cure
I drink alone
among nettles
till the pitying moon
joins
my shadow
to make an end
of such solitude

and what fine companions three
take the fabulous scented promenades
far and deep with clay
when I wake again
from this companionable sleep
nearly drowned with stars
in a milky river

s~n~a~k~i~n~g
through

redwoods

v
e
r
t
i
c
a
l
s

strike

holding hands
beneath

bays'

astonishing groundfall
(claims the

h~o~r~i~z~o~n~t~a~l

EXCHANGE

but suckers invite

conjugatively

transversal

(a double pas de deux)

of ants and vines

making stuff you could name

edge this way

OUT

a grain of sand

shifting

from one ocean

to another
what are little boys made of?

we carry Felix' kit 'n caboodle

caught up in your hand

f~l~o~w~s

the book

spelling trees make

this chimera sit its mudras

in the limbs

taking shape

i am sitting here
UNDER
THE GREAT TREE:

a
r
b
o
r
e
s
c
e
n
t

memory
still
presides

along the stream you are sitting too
 you are sitting
with me she is sitting he is sitting down the
they are sitting stream there with you there
 she is sitting with me here
he is sitting with me here
you are sitting with her there
she is sitting with me here
y'all are sitting there along the stream
 y'all are sitting
with me here along the stream sitting
 there
we are streaming here holding together
 radicle fascicle
 rhizome taproot

Stratamizing
in]consistent

o m n i d i r e c t i o n a l
mind]

captures as if a snow field
unifying composites

various size

elastic

intensities

d~i~s~t~r~i~b~u~t~i~n~g

spacial

multi-
polarities

shaped by

gravity

electromagnetic

escape

attraction

verbalizing

nouns

more than

a regime

THE WORLD MAKES REAL

limned

autopoietic consistency

remarking

references of completion within

overcoding wakes

fierce wind

pushes us to climb

La Malinche

early autumn

dark clouds beat us

dropping their loads.

Not used to such heights nor

the tiny matter of failure

the exhausted friends

fill the barren space

above timberline

with a good

cry before

turning

back

to midwife grief through the bottle neck
we'll call the poet into service

the was of then
continues
now

pocketed redressed shifts
territorializing privilege

cannot be absolute

OTHER

tongues have eyes [& read
even as polycodes reduce
fractals

reassemble

for advice and consent
the world on the page
reaches
other hands

she surely knows
how little it matters
seeing I'd rather be out on a cold deck
with a hard rain stinging my face
than inside saying goodbye
for no good reason

understanding fully
the misfortune of beauty
she fixes an orchid wasp
to the nest she's built in her hair
stopping for a moment
to look
in the mirror

different compositions
move the rhizosphere
connecting

say this book]

subjects spread [outside

proliferating identities firing points

A does not tempomultiplicitate emergencies

some infinities are bigger than others;
cause B

the excesses of poetry:
therefore math cannot curb

$A = A$ $A \neq A$

the laugh machine needs no one

you said

]there is [no away

the polyvocality can not be [silenced
 to remain

Earth
 re=cords Beatitudes
 JUST SO

present sources groove
 on more than

the medium

holds us]
 partials

move Consortia
 through the larger swallowed
 thinks WE & OUTSIDE

no thing happens
 no local w/o

the interpoietic express

going down the line
 more than mimicry

[a
 FIXING
 and WIN
 K
 no w] ing

(this redundant ORDER of valid arguments
 compels a path of compliance/

Predating the internal combustion engine [tar distilled from oil)
 suffered by folks ambulating paved streets of **UR** [the circuit an
 environment...qualified by heaves of frost cracking heat digging rain snowmelt
 NOW RUNNING gasoline, motor oil, heavy metal, trash, nickel, copper, zinc,
 cadmium, lead, de-icing chemicals salts, coupling axle bearing weight laying the
 climate down

sun kinks warp the tracks
 jets bounce off
 The WAY softens
 the bridge melting in the surge
 ships dare not cross

—such a state of langbiz aims its firing S Q U A D
 atwhatitis to be

Riverwise

Kingfisher used to laugh him on
but heron doesn't fly here anymore;
above the Flint mist gathers a confusion of grief
—white clouds drift ahead without taking notice

—this lack of quantity a number you divide to discover

on the way
to disappearance
an other
hierosgamos
emerges

la fleur d'amour be-coming wasp

I am the part you do not see
the portion of nada
you finally notice
when already gone

di- [visible
in-]effects

w-]h le
o] UR
r l [d

KNOCK KNOCK

Who's There?

The thing that isn't

Aren't you

MOST substantial Futures

produce
performing the

Presences hermeneutics of mercy

Speaking in Tongue S T O N E S *It's alive!*

to annul the cruelty of reason

KIPU THIS:

\$~~~~~\$~~~~~\$~~~~~\$~~~~~\$~~~~~\$~~~~~\$

GRAMMATOLOGY:
the study of power

relations

e ~ n ~ v ~ i ~ r ~ o ~ n ~ m ~ e ~ n ~ t

ONLY

WE self a point of permeable
hood to new en route
configurations of
signal
odor
field
sound
color

through semiospheres
of others

time verticals
horizontal space

re:grouping apparatus
endosymbiotic
languaging ecology
umwelt's
whose cellular cytoskeleton

medicine
ouR growing
COUNTERPOINT

translated

pro-to-eu- [if
in a 2 billion year dialogue not]
and with spatial ramifications
to boot [given the complexity

that's a tag knot[given A's dual Identity
reducible to biomechanical competence
of receptive monkeys surfing the web

you are
a question
I am going
to answer

yet even unto completion of
our 19th c foot
drags an image]like
to remonstrate with you
strange OTHER

this odd frame

a photographer's curtain behind

THAT
such interactive notions
of pure survival of the fittest
suggest a priori discretion

&

un[like
the territory's
gonnafithisheyahmapinmahayed

the text has its own
with regard to amour
say the flowering mantis
expressed in pink
phylogenetic history

exposes linkages

like]

wise these mound builders
arch a plethora of towers

RE:modeled as stigmeric algorithm]

Guilty as charged —Also from Cawdry's Table: *Stigmatical*, knavish,
burnt through the eare for a rogue
to design a meshwork city

how books are written
flowers draw
tongues into their ears

[a strange
annunciation of

bats in a swarm
echolocate
fly through
extracting material information

spheroidal amplitudes

[pressed flat EIDOS

with each step up

this small tower the world
becomes wider; so why
the higher I climb

the farther away everyone gets

But still

caints **pickture** no 'munculus
in dat floating ball-o-string you call a brain
nowhares

NEVERTHELESS our mouths speak
another's [go falling in love [along a wooden road out of Camelot
through somatic ecology
receptors collectivize
context]S

[the hermeneutics of response adapt
communicating stories RE: consider=>

immune system terpenoids
in the corn leaves
propagate the message
in the caterpillar's spittle
calling a wasp to supper

and not JUST the brain reaches through
distributed coextensive
talking layers making sense
stretching semiospheres

the LIVE body collective
NON INTELLIGENCES

how we see
outside
does not talk

part
our] selves

and I a bit

a mirror]
till we're listening]

of driftwood you throw out to sea

as one accustomed to putting things in
I thought of being
a circle
with nothing in it

Another def. out of the Alphabetical?

so keenly NOW observe
pilot the garden

aimless dragonflies
without even trying

that piece of timber comes back
[not grasping still wondering
will you take time to share the fire in this sack of wine?

to you a kipper

whose name suggests

weaving]

took from a wandering Buddhist

to drink as one

the universal and the local

that strange attractor
an expression of chaos

empathy
sees the quicksilver
OTHER
even in
THE ME ORDER

opening way the sun
momentarily
perches just on tips of
the cedar groves yonder
a nameless boy brings our dragon
down to Earth
playing his game of Donkey Kong

synapsing
a habitat]connect [things
 LIKE] energy
in the germinating wake
motilic cells whip
stabilizing diverse sagas
ontogenies of biomes
 congruencies

sporing fructiferous bodies
from dreamtime dry lands
amoebic pseudopods fit for the occasion
through aggregate change
structure
process diverse rhizomic
line- [ages

ZYGOTING
platforms of multicoupling
re: members
endosymming environments

Truth IS Consensual Ecology: Conflict Resolution

in search of readers
cells script
complex selecting
 substrate
intelligence spills
from the rocks

trained in the hermetica]
entropy releases
more than
[something from nothing
]more
than a food source

"self-organizing" "space exploration"

KNOCK KNOCK:

What's your pleasure?1

THE MAGIC MOMENT

systemic decisions

co-produce

semiotic niches

our ensemble catches the conscience
relating tactile
visual acoustic
olfactory chemical
language envelopes
multiples negotiating one

SAY—the faster hare raising its ears
 shows he knows whose about;
 so fox doesn't waste energy chasing after
 while ants coax livestock
 mutually becoming

in p r o c e s s
 star
 their way reading
 migratory birds

the play's
 the thing

coding [a nose		to sniff out as]
bacteria	ammonia	making proteins nucleic acid
[coen	folding	before within [some]how why]
coin]ing this	political	
bullfight]fall		[pegleg staging white pursuit AGAINST
		[a form of
	topologically	
	turbulent balances	call it
	straight-down speaking]	[as vent inhabitants
composition	OTHER[S	
power the world	S	
	right at hand this metamorphosis prospect	
(genetically	running directions	we push]
	along CORPORATE LINES]	
in[volves	un]raveling	[the ears of
participatory ethics resonating		
	bodies	
en]	folding a zillion	
	microbrains	
	mediating	
	terms	
plants planets ears eyes		shaking rocks
light color odor salt		irrupt with
molecular rising to molar haecceities		carbon transmitting
all of which make		
such strange nomadics		
protest barriers to		
re:formation		

A] indoctrinated before capital
& pressed into service as the police arm
for its regime of signs, whose hidden allusions
long abandoned[] thereby
we remain untroubled
disciplining one another
in zones of the hyperreal.

O FIN bending back round attract A [self we live occurrences in this]culture coupled the smallest MEDUSIAD

s*c*a*t*t*e*r*i*n*g
NOW
a s~t~r~i~n~g of desires

at photo-op simulation station
a teaching school for capitalist reproduction] we wait for the hidden fan
our advent sloop to blow its furls
completely out just right

notwithstanding everyplace
[a TREE inside the head
this statue cannot but summon

Li
present- ing
the ab -sence
between
two presences
going down
the sun
guides
my tiny launch
through fog the wheel of stars
anchors
this rising grief
in a canopy of trees
reflections just visible
in the moon growing large

top feeders transubstantiate
wafers of carbon chewed land sublimate water in the mantle

e x c i t i n g

volcanoes' plants synthesize
harmonic screams expel] such transpiration
cooling heat
greenhouse velocities

slowing to clouds non with life circulating ozone

protects us?] as magnetosphere

inner and outer cores turn different rates

machine
machine
machine
ma
cheeeeeeeeennnnn!]

from solar wind

SUCH NESS

between sets of labile
variables dialoguing
multiple guild

all the roads lead to

de ↵composers we do love]
parasitic trade off
diverging efficient nutrient
hypercycling

extraterrestrial dust
300 tons

yearly waste coevolvers use
lignin

cellulose
hydrocarbons

build it they will come]
specialists stabilize
CO₂ atmospheric O₂

CHANGES

coupled
complex feedback
microbuilt

solid ground

nourishing ocean

This ancient microbial planet
of multifarious
aggregated
consortia achieves complexity
en masse through
[endosymbiosis [consubstantiating interlopers
and lateral exchanges
of reticulated sources
deploying diverse
design commitments
here and yon
into
a narrative
genealogical
from
the horizontal
intensities
gather into orders
vertically
flow
of *everynow*

fixing change
in
punctuated thresholds:
the horse
we ride caught in
a sequence of tripwires

through
critical saltations
and phases
from mineral to nucleic
coding into
proteinaceous
the
canonical firstlings in their
diversifying
choruses energized
through the many
and
still
present
faces

in short
 just fill the place with import
 sinking carbon
 favoring those who like it fine]
 depending on the orbit and SUN
 may increase the bios
 yes AUTOTROPHS
 [photo & chemo] synthesize
 the essential redox
 electron donors liberating oxygen
 to energize chains] while some
 JUST live the deep rocks
 never climbing
 climbing the pure light
 AZOLA ferns
 f l o a t
 on the water
 their prokaryotes
 enfold the way
 our Buddha rests

Takes one Mr.
 Know how
 their seeds and say] “dumb” *PLANTS* we freeze
 carry to outer space;
 yet still
 THEY do
 KNOW where LIGHT IS when food time to germ
 caught
 in a thousand
 angles on bloom tip and LEAF flat
 releasing secrets
 one~by~one
 how many candles they understand the visible and the non
 the value of the blue
 and the red
 all around
 they eat they change
 all they've got they give
 how much bend
 respect

like]
others tormented w/ beetles
calling anthropoids to sip their nectar
they sense the insects
munching

the bumble bee hovering over its cup

ONLY
to search
some action
& start anew
from an OLD WOUND
their offspring
better handle?

p~r~o~p~r~i~o~c~e~p~t~i~v~e~l~y

feeling
aroma

far red red blue uv

touching
gravity

once passed

THEY DO NOT KNOW YOU

but your passing

some observe

the shades of blue
to guide

there are no auricles

draping this angle of thorns

THEY CANNOT HEAR

the strange bird in the courtyard
coaxing them with

a bassoon

STILL

MOVING

they discern

gyroscopically

where what from

howsoever far

share a kind] of migration

made known circling

they UN

[bend curling close

and dance **with** fields

near the oracle

at Cumae

relaying their way

HANGS suspended

Her books are rooted

nourished from stellar

to capture light

leaves & branches

grow down

striking the bell
I turn
a wheel
the flower opens

an inverted fig tree
from the cave entrance.
ABOVE the pool
zones of significant soil

en passant
we meet resistance
within
a body's poly-ecosystems
changing
at different rates— not to omit→phenological mismatch[

so how
can a sterile
self-sacrificing ant struggling
for existence

BE
prima facie evidence
of an endeavor to
maximize descendants?

a disease
ameliorated with slight modification of
the model:

I mean complex
parent=relative network's contend...
just as sedimentary
plants coral sponges
compensate

READING

the migration of one affects another
turns

our moon portrait in the sea

shape shifting
a form of migration
buys time
as hibernation

with greater plasticity
FROM
the scales of coelacanth
oceanic soil cores OR
dendrochronologies of teeth
(such tied beads
raveled to a necklace:
you know
a creature from childhood
still going yonder

Lifetime Guided Experimentation Learning and Plasticity

provide occasions

(speed and direction)

& effectuation opening acquisition
avenues.

Pheno

alters pronouncements

via direct and indirect ... means

Given time opportunities appear

through subject action

to *switch on* elements

in neural nets

territorialized as

Geno

↳]so TYPICAL

↳

whatever

ahem[

? >

intensifying
the call of illegitimacy.

BUT

in a last ditch effort

to avoid becoming
a subset of art

scientists

in the basement

work on

machines

to enhance our capacity
to move

OUT]SIDE

tolerances

only to

CONCLUDE:

Dis[coveries
in biology deepen
fissures

(reminiscent of the girl
who fills
the collection plate
so often
she discovers
what is always empty)

you cannot have
what you
haven't given

True to form]	Symbionts carry on	aint we all?]
through gaps of scaffolding among them complete bounding variations demonstrate another role for bridging the cavern of mutation and consciousness	a new multilateral polyconsortial processes the kinship between different forms of acquisition of traits	incomplete convergence necessary drafts and abilities
These course re:sets		
a Darwinian regime of On location individual ramets dance with fruiting bodies affiliating probes of other geologic implexes]Lamarckian gestures within]signs
	their collective	intersect
	in pursuit of	
puckering stratifications deterritorializing	THERE HERE	
a fractal geography coincidences of immanent fields attracting repellent		we un] earth coalescent
		intertwining contingencies
engaging the proper subject our terra nullius Earth the Topos you can't drop out		
	though I'm told YOU	in yon Hermitage want no living soul
		to keep mortal company but pine away the days
		for GOD himself to share your solitude.
	How painful then to bear witness to the heart	that truly is a lonely hunter

you don't get energy that walks
the round philosopher stone of earth
always arrives

Micros photosynthesize
the strangler plants lichen
w/o bottom
we move and show our colors
to attract mind not just
or hybridize to diminish
radiation

sun webbing fungus
toucan tapir deer otter
there's no lack of hair
re: produce ANTI
and convergence

under the hippo
s l i d e s . . .
the crocodile tree becoming
recursive Gnu
caught in a cosmogonic mouth

observed through
the trans-migratory drift
of the wave-splash zone
blown debris
a memory of cycads

gathering off yonder dipping to bow
the valley sows
its angle of intent
—morphoclining—the flock of dancers give a ring
molded by the hands of earth
even bodies with organs
hold geological change
depending on-

going processes A
 syllable
 e n o u g h
 completes the signature

slipping ice in reach of stones created in the advance
altered in divisive breath

but who are they to put hands
in the face of air?

The feeling's mutual they gesture
fish spawned in ice
 ARE
 ice fish

in advance of the tabulation he sags against
tilting his flagon so begins to drift

like[wise stiff
as a teacher's whisker
this green stem

gathers round
attractors
[we breathe through
niches

such wood produces gills
drinking like]wise
the skin tucks

inside/out a wing
pushes content
moving
continents shake

our somnambulist

we are the dream
the plethora
shines
NOT

w/o bee's
blossom
the] flight of
petals
die

bird reptile mammal
forests crash

ROT

with de[flowering
fermenting s~p~r~e~a~d
chokes nutrient channels
momentarily
spiking fungus
before cutting them

OFF
at the knees

as air exudes its inherence of mats
in] the tangled crowns constituencies throng
—protected by swarms—
below the entomologist
f o g b o m b s the lot
to facilitate
the dreamless counting
setting charges
with motors underneath
through a grid of troughs
fed with bottles of alcohol
a rain of the dead
falls from emergent canopies

Forefend

IK

....

Xbalanque
called upon the animals:
 the boar,
 the coati,
things large and small,
and asked
that they bring the food they liked.
—Very well, they answered,
and went off bringing
grasses,
 leaves,
 fruit,
 nuts, and rotten things.
Then Coati rolled in a pumpkin.
This would do for the head.
And Xbalanque
worked long on the kisser;
 as Heart of Earth Heart of Sky
blew into his demeanor
some good
that it could speak.
They seemed to be ready;
even so, to buy time,
Buzzard darkened the rosy dawn
 to delay its coming.
When finished,
Hunahpu,
 the pumpkin head,
asked would it fool the Lords of Death?
—It's okay,
but you'd better just wave your arms
 and look threatening,
and let me play the game.
He had given a plan to everyone in the night,
and come morning,
told Rabbit
to take his special place
 at the oak grove.

The boys
arrived at the court.
The Lords were howling,
—You're already defeated,
as they played with Hunahpu's head,
 up and down.

—Can't you see,
you've worked your own ruin.
We've already won,
the Lords gloated.
But the ball
had a mind of its own
 and did not cooperate.

Everyone
was uncertain where it would go.
It just jumped
 out of the court
and over
 to the oaks.

That's when
Rabbit took his cue and rolled out.
All the Xibalbans chased it,
 as prescribed.

Meanwhile,
Xbalanque put the real head
back on the body.
Hunahpu felt much better, of course.
The Xibalbans thought
 they saw it hanging in the oaks.

But it was just
that pumpkin head.
And when they returned,
they were taken off guard:
—What's all this, they exclaimed,
what do we see here?
They played to a draw
and then began again.
They hit something hard and couldn't figure what,
when that pumpkin split wide open
and spilled its seeds
all over the Lords of Xibalba;
that is the way every braggart is defeated.

So picking up
thread after all

holding the look of
and settling multiple scores
I bury in corridors
between states
with alien eyes
such nested sanghas
distribute intelligence
interacting
mosaics
traveling through by means of
perforation dissection shrinkage attrition
decentralized systems of coalescence
at stages diverse ENTITIES
sub unicellular vertebrate
host receiver and back
positive feedback danger alert,
food supply,
bucking up the downtrodden,
coordinated intent
emitting bacteria secrete thresholds decisions
a quorum sensing pheromones
gene expression —THINKING—say bioluminescence
reproduction demanding such a bulb
unnecessary exuberance quenchers CALL A HALT to
in apparent disdain for mere spectacle
attempt to disrupt
the hullabaloo
introducing their own
on related fronts...facing destruction
SCOUTS seek crevices
between
shifting rocks as prospects arise
inspectors trigger tandem runners phase out enhanced investigations
—with a quorum of agreement
the queen et al. move to a better set of problems.

LIKEWISE to Honey bees
new quarters waggledance
their piping WAY
as swarms of cerebral
Temnothorax
execute fine cogitations
with no ceo in the head

THE ROAD IS THINKING

Can you blame us
taking refuge in br#ken
[held
OR miniature worlds
in abyssal
benthos
?

patches]
spookily together

ONE
coextends another
through elastic plateaus
of displacement

and release ≈
my daughter holds close
a name for what
she'll never see

though symbionts
transubstantiate the woods

bills
(the ones on a face)
too
change the gut

SO MUCH
depends upon

pheno-differences
harden geno-typic
character displacement
individual and consortial

as mycorrhizals

building islands
the dead lie down
live coral forests
just]

hanging in roots
territorialize;

soaking cyanobaths
to enjoy the story

Remember

more than OR	related mere	PARTS SUM	from unrelated	space BROKE FORTH another's web
before creased cycling in woods of firm snow foot terra firma			THEE biomass such a one stepped slipped	where now & through
becoming where rain gathers c~i~l~i~a~t~e~d	w]hole mosquitoes heterotrophs		feed	
a descending stoops	giant, grabs NOT the one		[themselves blood	seduced by odor to drink larvae [inkletting poetry clots
but the]hole to smithereens			& blows you're in you are	
now dig	& release oxygen mats			just down river
in ancient seas solar hungry blue greens as tolerant synthesizers deeper down obscure archaic		round the top negotiate interiors		
sulfur	oxydizers			
split the bonds				
apparently team up w/	<i>OTHERS</i> <i>outsiders</i>			[assertions that ought to be withdrawn simpletons]
follow prey on loose as some scavenge dead cell laden w/symbionts platform		s a n c t i s a n c t o r u m		
Cambrian's exploding responses		COHERENCES r~a~d~i~a~t~i~n~g		
		LIKE US		

GUT enzymes bone density
in the wake from rafters hold fast
linked rays lowered into tea
a distributive expression
(mindfulness IS
bio- diversity held by
thee)
sanghas within

Photosynthate oxygen
accumulated →
settling ferric oxide
girded our rusty bucket
keeping happy anaerobes
till the sink filled up

EARTH

}water

Dr. Lew figured
our daughter's deficiency
at birth....

absorbing
di + vision
bifurcated oceanic paths
with p~h~o~t~o~
from s~y~n~t~h~e~s~i~z~e~r~s
a reach
FIRST MEDUSA
..... courses
elements
bugs
of animals
passing
through the suzerainty
of bodies
enjoying

[new ozone shielded
building from radiation short-wave
invertebrates tunneling dark mud
as plant mats explode
arachnid housing
developments

Coal forests
 raise the ante towering
 lycophytes
 dragonfly
 beetles
 give way
 to fern crowds
 of
 allopatric
 unfolded from living
 of indefatigable
 angio
 s~p~e~r~m~s
 atmospheric oxygen
 opens

MULTIFACES
 creases
 plates

t h a l a s s a
 to big Air 'n Tesserae
 (NOT
 drifting
 land bodies
 here and yon
 new bays
 rivers
 flood
 currents

spiral balls of wax
 along latitudinal
 gradients

Climate

pole to equator
 MOST in water
 hugging the stomach]
 while
 forest heavy rains
 layer
 migration trellises
 raddle the upper
 awnings down
 to ragged

portions the world
 'twixt north and south

midzone scrub

Lianas Straggler Creepers
 coil through tongues of speaking leaves

forgotten humus
 preparing new orchid
 epiphyte
 f~e~s~t~o~n~o~n~e~r~v~y
 palms the spindles
 above and below
 arthropod
 cloudbursts
 h u m m i n g
 in prayer
 but more conifers in temperate plateaus]
 yes AS Panthalassa
 c o n v o y s
 Pacific atolls swimming
 the supercomplex gliding
 wide-mouthed aplacental
 mantas give birth
 alive
 feeding plankton great transubstantiators
 of primary production when
 hungry fat-livered sharks
 guided with electric lines
 follow hard by
 nurtured from shores
 rich with droppings of birds
 nesting natives [we uproot
 in preference to picturesque palms
 waving bending]
 one break in the links
 and rays depart
 a thousand places we cut
 w/o knowing they're there
 round cutting switchbacks
 ships unload belts of earth
 into the twilight zone ballast
 Bottom dwellers increase the bulge....
 MOST live the reefs the woods
 forest of water forest of land
 sun water space season shape
 bigger ranges near the poles

higher energy greater biomass
 stabilizes
 mas o menos] climate
 dragon flies
 heli
 +copter
 among canopies
 nymphs float in
 the axil
 of epiphytes high up
 Arboricolous plants
 turn forests
 in
 to
 h
 a
 n
 ging gardens
 bromeliad-
 full waters spray
 occasions to be
 on big trees
 holding the smaller
 arthropods moving [notnottosay anthropoids
 protists traffic
 and bacteria &c [if still allowed
 live the tissue where we stop
 an[other begins
 to extend its wings
 the butterfly insideout
 diversity holds
 rheostability grain of salt just saying]
 with a [for your tail
 increases

with you
up on the 2nd floor
dreaming
your vehicle
crashes through another
bardo world

a nighttime flush of red peonies
drives wind
completely mad
staining by dawn their bloom

bedclothes flap the yard

Energies

d
r
i
f
t

the corpus of the gone
knuckle-pated driftwood kelp
mounds open below plateaus reside
the body an environment for others
[WHO preserve and defend
my liberty

Head
&
Abdomen

man ape Tethysean always, we fly
secondary radiation shrew[dly in accord
[POST-

what are little girls
made of
?

the more division
the thing that was blown out by the big bang—

ghostly demarcations.

when you've seen one
where you live
bigger
[of space—
leaves

*When a boy,
OBSERVING ☞ from the grassy knoll]
The City of Hate*

to erect a parking lot—so necessary—for Honest Joe to satisfy his valuable customers as they set off for the 'Gyptian Lounge later to grab a nightcap with...

NOT: Candy Barr friends with another course correction:

nudge the memory's wayward dragonfly: BUT Tammi True

&

over at

AKBAL

Having survived the terrible tests of Xibalba, the twins still had to die.

Knowing this inevitability,

they called the shamans responsible for the practices surrounding mortality.

The hero twins told them
—When the Lords come to talk
about the means of our death,
you are to suggest
that we be thrown into the river.
But you must also say

the Lords must first grind
our bones into corn masa

and make them

into delicious tortillas

only to be torn to pieces

only to be torn to pieces
and cast

The soothsayers agreed and prepared

The soothsayers agreed and prepared all things.

But of course,
the indefatigable Lords tried
 to trick the boys once more.

That is all that is left
for the seekers of quick satisfaction.
They called them
over to a bonfire used for cooking.

—Come, the Lords said to the boys,
try this sweet chicha
 we made just for you.
Drink from the four bowls,
and for each one,
jump over the fiery oven.
WE ~~so~~ want to enjoy this night *serving* you!

But those boys knew things
the Lords had yet to learn
that would rob them of their empty prize.
Nevertheless, for the time being,
they would teach them
only the lesser lesson of life: how to die;
later the great teaching
 of how to live would come.

So the two faced
 and held each other
and jumped
headlong into the furnace.

In a manner of relief filled with gladness,
the citizens
of Xibalba hailed and hissed:
—Now we have cooked their goose....
 At last their time is ended.

The Lords
followed the instructions of the seers
as to the final means of disposition.
Their remains were sprinkled over the river.
And as they fell...

[from an itinerant louse I received this intriguing prospectus:

ALL CORPSES EQUAL SOME MORE THAN OTHERS
*guiding strange attractors
puts the future to work on your behalf:*

LET US LEND OUR HELPING INVISIBLE HAND

Subject: Brief Machine Explanation of Extraordinary Rendition

* Stock Option: ***FINANCIAL CHAOS TIME TRAVEL*** (by invitation only)

Estimable Client:

Amplified through fiduciary activity across omnidirectional strata, intense, external, energy/matter extraction is ballasted with ecologically nested sets* and further enhanced through virtual techniques enabling the linearity of time to be traduced—under such a regime, the domain of the future with its unimaginable virgin stretches is brought into present material production; the borrowing function, wearing the fine nomenclature (not to say sheep's clothing) of *temporal promissory notes*, enlarges the positive feedback of the debt crisis pouring its life-extending fuel into the very mouth of the insatiably hungry though anemic present—thus eliminating in such a dissipative system the need to introduce e/m before “available” surpluses are identified or mined.

The rip-off relies on the “synergism” of superecosystems to balance disruptions from hyperextractions and their reciprocal increases in speed of the autocatalytic phenomenon that rents and recreates polyflows in a thousand directions in search of machines and targets of exponential return. Naturally, the depletions and breakdowns of the past will be surpassed in the new future/present with hyperpanics of the nested ecoconsortia—requiring a corresponding legal shift and attendant disciplining function: i.e. inhabitants to come shall be imprisoned before their birth or bonded into extreme labor until death or their liberation be purchased and courting distress along extreme

inflationary spirals, as the currency of the earth is already ecologically debased and replacement costs dear.

Even the faint prospect of an attenuating mulct (Black's Law Dic. defines as *a pecuniary fine or condemnation in damages*) upon the profits to be gleaned therefrom is rendered de minimis as the defalcator extirpates the delictual fault along with the damaged party and, indeed, the res communes themselves. For it is well known that Res periret domino (*When a thing is lost or destroyed, it is lost to the person who was the owner of it at the time*)—**and no other. And for further solace, Mulcta damnum famae non irrogat (A fine does not involve loss of character)**, as our ancient authorities have wisely established.

Conditions for this special option are contained under separate cover in our stock portfolio.

NOTA BENE: This document does not constitute a legally binding offer.

Your servant,

Bane

* The deterioration of the these valuable elements provides opportunities for revenue streams as members of the public weal must be primed to bear the cost of their inexcusable excess and waste, and must additionally pay for the tremendous engineering, R & D, and maintenance expenses they heedlessly put upon us in their ineluctable expectations that we work continuously to make their profligate lifestyles possible.

KAN

On the fifth day, people reported seeing
two catfish
then two fishers eating them,
and later, two vagabonds in rags.

All the Xibalbans saw
these people of poor appearance
do their special song [you may have already heard] the whip-
poor-will;
they danced also the weasel;
the armadillo
lizard
centipede
and the stilts

CLICKITY CLACK CLICKITY CLACK

Moreover
they worked prodigious acts of magic.
They burned houses down
but brought them back whole,
made crops grow without planting seeds.
Something like this
made the Xibalbans contemplate them
with admiration.

Then they tore each other to pieces
yet came back alive and well.
News of this success
preceded them to the court of the Lords of Xibalba.
—Do they really bring such pleasure?
With such sweet talk,
they told their messengers
to go and get them.
—You will say
 they were told
—we want only to see
what they do;
so they may astonish US,
and WE, admire them.

Mercury falls
breaking hackberry limbs
with hammers of ice

caught reproducing
a circle of hell →

driving avenues
of cracking trees
into the
cataract
hailing balls a mile wide
tornadoes
the town
erasing one visage
from the earth
returns memories
of peace

Descending an Etruscan well
at Orvieto

I remember dear brother
my fear
such waters might've troubled you
lowered at age 6 in a rusty bucket
deep into the sand
of the family farm
considering]

how ladybugs thrive
with predators near

Now I know
your spirit 's the reason
that sweet water
tasted so good

And how wonderful
to think on

Corail]

dedicated to → **ME**

]a useful form
when all is said

if the musician plays well
the receptive interface
fills the space with
resonance
and complexity

and not when not

RE
IN] [CAR
NATION

Not something [really
to get out of
or into
different manifestations
(being and non)
still flow
we first in doing so
give up
the habit
of suffering things over
in the water's
mirror
or the face of acting through another.

A process
of liberation into
the wholly present
provides
release
from the fetters
of propping up the rules
holding
one self together

just
as one ceases to maintain
the image of necessary
con[tents
the proclivity to reinforce
weak boundaries
with nonattentive
attention

the need to harm
with ignorance clarified in the lens
restless hope drops conceit
for something better

[falls away ➔

crossing
the coextensive
we share
embracing another
comes enjoyment

SOTĀPANNA

swimming
between
two worlds
sky moves water
raising bottom up
to meet the beaver
longing to become

The measure
you hear
goes on
[howsoever broken
when the sound is good
multiplicities
reconfigure
as they appear

finale of seem

relentless

SO—

Notwithstanding

/la persistance de la mémoire

&

darker muddle ahead

at my post

to forward

[though cosmogonic colures

read by

the school of hierophants

to re:course

the space time

linking strange actions

at impossible distances

I grow
i n v e r t e d

barely waking from

just having fallen asleep

to gaze at the horror through which

we somehow passed

at the bit
to go outside and run
the last shards of light
into the ground
Gra'mama wonders
if I'll grow three inches
before there's time
to trim them off
those squirming pants
full of legs

for lines to walk our songs
must transversally]
open exchange as
formations [RHYTHMS
earth flower
a multifaceted contend with
contend with a thousand choruses make clear—
the rude instruments still
manage to get a point across:
so consider bird-ant shade-butterfly wind-
bee-orchid leaf- fruit-monkey howler] butterfly
frogs breed NOT starving
birds diminish
dung beetles & the mites who ride them.
Carrion flies
die off disease
copse
spreads
the skeletal remains
cannot support its flesh through
inter locking
guildworks—
A MIND of sorts
drives a nest of subways
into the cerebral cortex
of la tierra
to prod awareness
yet discover
yours truly
I await
en garde]
your→ response

TOUCHÉ
 &
 not
 just drilling—into
como tú *piedra piqueña*
 I am [with a heart tucked inside

and yes FIRST dis~appointing: CONTACT

has been one shot I am THE OTHER

one shot at first sight

now KLAATU
 's
 likely to blow
 our funkling

heads off

in a tangle
 of feed

back[s to square

no ONE
 can
 unwind
 the moon dark lotus
 blooms
 in the water

APROPOS OF **HISTORY**

a form of travel
 we're trying to forget
 even while learning how
 to think about; [LIKE
 the NIGHT we drank
 the first batch, a Russian stout
 our own (**Brand**, can you guess?
 barely out of the jar
 bringing every poet we know
 to the bridge above Flood Creek
 to get their heads screwed back
 tight dipping through the line
 their blunted
 instruments deep
 in the dark
 waters of

Xibalba

CHICCHAN

..

The boys
pretended to be shy.
—Oh we're humble folks
 who just got off
the *cha cha* truck, they gummed.
You'll be disappointed.
The Lords
smiled at each other saying
—No. No.
But where are you from?
—We don't know that;
we don't even know our mother or our father.
—Don't worry boys;
we will admire you
and give you money for your efforts too.
The boys had them on a short leash.
—Oh no.
 they feigned,
—we just couldn't;
we don't want anything,
we're too afraid.
This was just
how the Lords wanted them to act.
—Don't be afraid,
 they said.
—Dance,
burn down the house,
 and kill yourselves.
Our hearts wish this to happen,
 they said, hissing **snakes**.
So they began
with singing and dances,
 as you know:
 the whip]-
 poorwill
 armadillo
 the weasel

All of Xibalba came out.
Then one of the Lords cried loudly,
—Cut my dog to pieces, then resuscitate him.
Truly, they were enchanted when he was revived.
Another said,
—Burn down my house
and bring it back the way it was.
The Lords began to move about wildly to see them do it.
So others wanted it done to their houses too.
Barely able to contain themselves,
they wanted
to move with them.
—Kill my servant, said one,
and bring him back.
Taking the man,
they cut out his heart,
and raised it before Xibalba.
The Lords began to salivate
when they brought him back to life.
—Now sacrifice each other and let us see it;
OUR VERY HEARTS DESIRE THIS!
They sacrificed themselves.
Taking turns,
they separated hearts from their bodies.
The Lords of Death were fascinated.
Filled with lust and anxiety,
they wanted to dance in the provocative theatre of the twins,
 & be conjoined.
Then, they told them to do it
—Sacrifice us, one by one, and bring us back to life.
Do the same thing to us!
And they sacrificed each one in turn,
One Death and Seven Death
 and all the others behind.
But of course,
the heroes had no intention of bringing them back.

For now they too were meant to die.

Upon seeing this,
the children and vassals of Xibalba flew off into a deep abyss.
Fearing the great lesson before them,
 they fell [like innumerable ants.

Such swarms virus
(to jump a threshold)
cross among other breaches the oceans
[releasing this recursive wonderland
from a post op [iate
fin

aboard Stefan Batory
keeping time
I walk decks to fill
gaps in a broken wall

gall bladder:

again

stabilizers~do~not~affect~the~drunken~captain

Polish like most passengers—our waiter praises
(whose translator's someone to meet)

THE WAKE

(and something we're trying to do)

@ 25 cents a pivo free music to *g'dance till g'dawn*
AND lots of conversation's heated best in the common sauna.

Where Polanya tells me everyone will defect to live in NY crystal
palaces. Taking pity I tell him skyscrapers are full
[of Banks, Spies, and Wallstreet Mobsters
—the system *that advertises you out* gives only what pays.

No importa.

There's no money under that dreaded boot 25 layers thick w/bureaucracy
still in your face;

...while here, freedom for the individual proffer its selection from 750
underarm deodorants. [diminishing its rank contents] The Serbian
filmmaker, wrapping a towel around his waist, concurs with the former,
though concedes:

*the Ugly Regime paid for my outrageous critiques
more than a couple of decades*

leaving me to insist at any rate no one's
gonna fund that numinous shit anymore; so
I ask what they'll do in the great IWC? But they detect the sarcasm
and shake their heads —knowing damn well I wouldn't last
two minutes back THERE,
they take a long draw on their *torches of freedom* —humbling me[
with Bernays' reach, they read in the smoke: *Be free of course*
to work unbounded at the greatest art.
And to teach with scope unimaginable.

I reply he must give up
no one here can read AND
A & M must think of a new line
advertisers have made criticism undesirable,
with the commons gone and all
reproducible subject to capture & capitalization
& certainly w/o the *courages* that enable a nervous self
to sally forth from the vacillation in the tyranny of affect[

the new ME does not require to be different
and anyhow doesn't like to notice
certainly some misfit
artist like him [exposing the Oedipal clown show.

But feel bad pointing it out and make it up on deck
rounding Newfoundland
hallooing killer whales & a pod of bottlenose [chasing surge

we plow furrows through the great St. Lawrence pushing through
everyone skirts nonplussed KGB agents [that was then at Montreal
approaching dock gangway disembarking & loading
the getaway bus to Manhattan.

I can not help but notice
the anxiety of the newly liberated
as we pick our way
among dark lanes of whores
bearing prospects *like chalices*
through shocking numbers of homeless
shooting up against any public wall.

Welcome to another TV production of
The Dissection of the 'Real' [that will
no doubt
p\r\c\o\n\d\i\t\i\o\n & p~a~c~i~f~y the subject
into manageable discrete parts]
engendering proclivities
toward fatalistic acquiescence
of the diminishing field
and quality of experience

though
eons
samsara
& the only
with
WE SHUNT
down
infantile channels
of desire
draining off

NOT JUST
the message
a form supposedly]
our sedative of production
out side
bounds the permissible

to mere reportage of
isolated intensities
vectoring detached
we suffer long
& seek only to avoid
decomposing
our way to
permitted by another's
we drown in
the narrows
novelties of opportunism[
coupling plagues
propel→
AT the end of the world
a dragon blows methane
from deep nostrils
scorching the green fern
that makes the world
know
IS
with
medicine
with

going with [as
fulfillment
homogenizing
biota
proliferates
outbursts (among taxa prospering
in] human-dominated systems)
with effects unknown
say pest and weed ecologies
diminishing planes of consistency
instability feedbacks into the clime
reducing herbivores generally
large vertebrates
in tropic powerhouse systems.

Some Spectres of Marx

The assault on Liberating Arts under the present regime typifies [its] attempts to constrain ecological, political, and cultural concerns with one sacred cow: the marketplace of *the free* [i.e. alienated] *individual*. Notwithstanding this posture, enforcement machines propagandize an exuberant inverse—cushioning the disappointment at severing our own animal [truly an embodied FALL] with consumption & prophylactics of illusion. Meanwhile, profit [the intended *objet de désir*] disciplines labor and customer alike through conforming steps within narrowing antimarkets. Reproduction of 'preferred' (limited and repetitive) behavior is a goal, not the red herring the billet of sale promotes. Of course, the notion of agents exercising 'free will' runs counter to a project of relentless accumulation—which seeks to optimize routine and predictability:

Corporate fascism restricts the invisible hand to the business *OF SELLING US THE ROPE*

Individualism
derives its sense of self
from the bailiwick of property rights.

Capitalism (usurpation of a thousand plateaus), opens up & extends the fields of extraction, acquisition, and control through colonization of weaker subjects

Coke doesn't give ME a big lift!!!

SHEDDING LIGHT
& the hostility directed towards
—bodies subdivided and stored
on the dream of UR
the creative]
in dialogue abatement silos

[that singular be kept from trans [to prevent some bound couple

reassembling
my *body and our body* secular and
in this world

we too
are sown in

re:gather *You breath into*

secular and
sacred in their work
of continuous rounds
stones
for planting

the mud
¡O Persephone!] in rejoinder

and cry
these seeds

as members [continuing "to fly"] NEVER THE LESS
hold **ecstasy** at bay
w/no
short cuts through

nor
SERVICE STATIONS
along the trail
of emancipation
in this polyphonia
we find

our SELVES entering
as water might envelope
a hake finessing
a smile

through transverse
FIELDING
love
we know NOT
[but learn along the way
from the patience of godless mountains
or navigating the trackless austral plains
to embrace a fellow guildsman
from whom we learn
which despite the craft]
[the comedy...
our frozen]water sets us free
the present rule
take quite A SPELL

though under]
[may
scraped as it were
from W's bootsoles:
radiated beef; nonetheless[
with many OTHERS
the BLASTED e g g
joining anarcho +
in the swim slurried Europan
miles [likewise under stygian
such far out
metabolizing H₂S [lead us
oxidizing iron & manganese
we discover our Buddha
the syndicalist cyano truth
ices] DIGGING
rock [sealed 5.5 million
extremophilic autotrophs]
further down to vent dwellers
creating worlds
deciding

llama shit[
we're going in on cardboard ship
before and out of time—through
pan spermi a
syndicalist cyano truth
ices] DIGGING
rock [sealed 5.5 million
extremophilic autotrophs]
further down to vent dwellers
creating worlds
deciding

NEVER-MORE
to drill this wilderness replete

[microbioming enterotyped conceivably related polyzones	just from looking each of us	under a zapato
in formation links: true healers of the art	ecosystems by of consistency become primary entities	shelters in 10 trillion cells [gut] throughout
-where possible micros	rather than obliterating engender rain forests	<i>all within every</i>
pry larger	open SPACE	systems
waterworld jungle veld] giving material energy from anterior	reach to communities RHIZOMING OUT —with dimethylsulfide	clouds gather
shape shifters	coregulate	the clime
	spreading high in the heat pollution pounds anvil thunderstorms SHE hides under her skirt too soon you go into the reeds before taking a good looksee someone begins to play that strange music you're driven back mad from the green water and you haven't fished at all	
MOST The WORLD not [yours	belong to something	else
reefs hang timber	from [the lashes spans a toenail	though Universes
Vertebrates	build the guano	get on
mammal	gas bogs	when you step in a pie;
GERMS	release	rock into soil;
mud flat colonies		
	keep an eye on	the heat!

Swept up scraps
for the barber's compost.

Scientists hack down the eldest bristle
or kill the oldest clam measuring its age.

The conifer stretches its two leaves
through the desert floor
2000 years.

Spruce tree at 9 thousand
Yews spitting up god knows what

Under Siberian permafrost
bacteria have lived
for half a million years

oxygenated australian stromatolites open the phase of billions of years

100000 year old Balearic sea grass waves from the bottom

3000 year old Greenland Lichen
In the Atacama, shrub like parsley pocks the desert

Moss covering the desert
Antarctica 5000 year old

—

C

Like a universe pulsing open and closed,
medusa—the immortal
 viaje a la semilla—emerges
 from herself again and again

A Bowhead carries a point in its neck 100 years—may YOU leave a hundred more—that it live10 thousand.

Among the old yarn spinners, viruses rain evo-diversity down from the sky, as smallpox from melting permafrost releases with a pair of shears.

THENWHY
DOWE KILL
BEFORE
WE NAME
?

aboard paper ship	<i>noos</i>
observe boreal tundra	shift
<i>niches poleward</i>	
CHROME	YELLOW
choking	sulfur
lead	metal works
OUR mobilization	the body
leaching salt into	cuts the transmigration of coherences
with circular knives,	coextensivity
dead wrapped in	of storms, [leaving gifts of the
<i>The Daily Tells</i>	bleeding through; COINCIDENTALLY
mandates prevent great Mississippi	delivering]new earth
to lost and damaged ground—rich	down its course
into folding waters grey Atlantic~~	sediment dumped out of mind
blinding Inuit	no longer filtered by ice, Cat
with mercury	Parasites invade Belugas
AS	their confused children contaminated
fire blows[look for dreams in the snowmelt
creeping thermo-c[of 40 years people will be starving
slouching toward	tenuous envelopes break
hate speech lodged in the throat	open seals setting ice on
creator	methane sinks the coast
tree	lines north [by north
falls	Bread
down	
dead	
past time	upturns
spruce	
NOWS faster	
squeeze	
won't throw	
who can	
fireant mass	
[es syruping	
in the throes	
blame	tapirs float
quick	the wake
out	cheek by jowl
of	[un] like
	Einstein's dice
	trying to live
	alien chestnut[
	fungi w/
	the funnel—
	myriads
	stress
]solidify their viscous ball to rubber[

African termite	zebra	mussel	Play	Ball!
loosestrife	tamarisk	kudzu	mi conia	adelgids
		brown	tree snakes	
raiding the game			force lots to lose their turn	
Discern a niche	making boundaries		talk[
with OTHER				
wise]		annihilation	means)	US
up late				
feigning		propt on the edge of our devices		
a] verse		serial loneliness compose		
comes to		the magical tour		
so give up		ZERO		
but a wild		everything		
sail			[tailored from	Yahoo pelts
decisively set			for yon Sagas	of truth
nor leave in			[rubbish bins	with
sheaves of regret]			but let them	circulate
such diversability				
merrier	the more			
you'll forgive this mad	chef			
introducing	continuous			

v
e
r
t
i
c
a
l

dash-es of bacteria archaea viruses fungi
pinch of OTHER into the warming stew of rice wheat corn

before snow falls here
and there your golden barley drop
that our hearts
nearly break
with it
I wonder
will spring
return
with your
returning

THAT peaks through manifold informational exchanges	nutrient	
also		
horizontal	like [side	[wise
from rod-and-cone	through	cloud debris fields
<i>SEE out of your own</i>		
push and pull		
a marriage extruded	from hindgut	microbially FULL
head attached to	~undulating tail~	creating
wriggles such	remnants	
cytoskeletal pods	floating	
the brain's net goes out	the window	
right on		
rising 18 km plants climb	the string	
of thunderheads	what you read?	
drawing others to roll		
round falling to earth		
	SUCH ↘	
	E	
	DE ↘ X	
D R U		
LA VIA		
THE TIONS		
↳ COIL		
the green-vested shaman flies just for the living	to the line to keep on	<i>along down through beyond</i>
Perhaps		
HE SAID		
bioprospecting IS		
the way of		
nodding to dissymbiogenetic <u>entities</u> outside]the FUTURE produce
AFTER ALL]	the signatures	
Average		
of OTHER [creatures with faces	Americans Annually Eat 12 sheep 15 cows 24 hogs 900 chickens & 1000 odd lbs.

Sir:

You make clear great threats to biodiversity (so crucial for survival) occur through human introduction of *invasives* into various ecosystems—and further note that GMOs are often comprised from diverse kingdoms—not only species—a ramifying fact in light of the process of endo-symbiogenesis. You go on to note that in nature's spatial (and even temporal) experiments along many lines of flight, invasives coexist within spheres of such processes—where checks and balances are present as screening agents at all points, from their first appearance to general deployment

But humans engineer NATIFICIAL products in a laboratory that are deliberately removed from these vetting fields of forces. Consider that most collaborating entities are not only held by MATERIAL checks, but exist within & share the same dimensional demands. We all have an imprinted genomic time/space, which coevolves within the forces that interact with it. Because engineered products of this kind are made outside of these tolerances, some have signatures that do not belong to the space/time zone where they will be deployed. In fact, they were created to produce immediate effects—to prosper and even to win the NOW. Given enough time (that is, the kind of time other autopoietic entities in a zone of latitude abide) their deployment would be contended with by the billenia-old and colluding complex systems. But these manufactured objects are designed with powerful intensities to win the short battle quickly and efficiently. Far from the usual difficulties created by invasives, their deracinated advantage enables them to decimate others and dominate environments, creating little in the way for others to talk with.

Of course the path of evolution includes the lateral transfer of genetic material across all the boundaries and domains of life—a vital and at times, challenging mechanism in the creation of coevolving

ecosystems. Permeable clusters of holobionts, our children's inheritance —WE ARE CONSORTIA comprised of diverse coding not merely through vertical transhistories (though it appears that such transfers are more restricted as organisms become more complex); they, like many other forces, change the temporal dynamics of engagement. Still, this does not provide a blank check for careless human manipulations of the coding material without understanding the broader effects on other systems and their respective membership.

Your work is full of examples of the catastrophic results when the untried and unchecked are introduced into zones of diverse participants that have cooperatively produced their common envelope. To that important and deep understanding, I'd like to add this note: Time/Space, one of the indwelling elements, is itself part of the multi-layered and multilateral story of co/evolving articulations and purviews. Humans cannot truly act outside of these processes; everyone must pay the piper—even as we embrace the polyvalent role of horizontal transfers and all the multidimensional flows that are making this what it is. Even so, it is a shocking reality that WE CAN temporarily behave in ways that have particles of effects outside the envelope[s].

rubbèd from a lamp:
TRANS-GENIES
ARE
INVASIVE SPECIES
but give
no shortcut through hell

notwithstanding
admiration,
J

UNDER dead leaves [even so
jumping spider mite centipede snail ground beetles
in dense piles of feces]the Buddha lives
larvae cranefly pseudo scorpion tight pinch humus
worms dig soil water air blown bivouac
swarm expeditionaries pioneer GOING WITH nothing's left out
say giant herbivores:
e.g. mosaic builder pachyderm breaking trunks
at the exposed root open a path for coming shrubs
altering re:conforming chemistry changes short grass
move thick fast nutrients
& accommodations are provided for
biomass invites **lots** to dinner
or at least gives a friendly eye to gate crashers
elasticity
encouraged
radiating
adapting
predators increase diversity
obvious not as parasites
head body lice crab fleas
far and wee
amidst confabulation
mega-termites care for their~fungi & bacteria
to eat what they cannot.
and YOU scrape sebum from the scalp
and tease commensals to share their story.

The feeling's mutual I'm sure]
longing to avoid
facing divorce
in a sorrowful season
& frozen
with irrational fear of flying
I will make this terrible flight you say
upon arriving *in your stead then*
we can change our places back

—NOW looking through the window
at what's to come
I wonder if this plane can possibly carry me as far as such
a brother's love pure fire

The conquest
Native
threatened
their companion
microbial

of
lands
also

communities

eating what we are

changing with the food
some no longer
find us good company

Knock Knock

[YES, dear teacher]

Now kids

As you look at this intriguing slide projection

I want

you to think on

some

of our great achievements:

The things that make us proud to be

BACTERIA AND ARCHAEA

The most innovative beings in the universe!

But as you read these inspiring words & examine the myriad pictures of our astonishing diversity of cultures remember that it is HOW we act and not simply what we accomplish that makes us the envy of the world. In this series of images, consider the unique and inventive ways we utilize mammalian proclivities

*Truly you musn't laugh; we're partners in this you know!
And next week when we consider Viruses, you might just find
the shoe on the other foot*

*Now ponder their alien manner of bestowing affection and how we engage the process to advance our own program and careers.
Do you see how this sweet **mother**
beams with happiness
as she looks right at the wrong face.*

*as she licks us into the very face
of her beloved calf?* Mine used to spit on
& rub
more than presentability right

her florid purple hankie
INTO my countenance

NOW, as promised, begins the second part of our presentation. You all know that organisms depend upon resources from environments. But for viruses, their environments are actually OTHER living entities. Yes, Betty, you are correct. We can do that too. But do you know phages partner with animals to select from among us the preferred symbionts?

Now take a look at these three slides of a man in space, Yuri Gagarin, beside an other strange entity, and finally a photo of a public library. Why do you think I'm showing you these altogether?

You know all creatures need energy—and time out of mind, viruses hit upon a stroke that fired some crucial modalities in reproduction, metabolism, and migration. Now what they did was remarkable. Rather than wastefully maintaining their organelles associated with said energy utilities, viruses subdivided their own bodies and released the migratory and attachment features into discrete and super efficient, machinic components. Of course its principle metabolism functions were reserved for the *organism central!*

But teacher, tell us why you used the three slides? Right Phillip, here goes. The ancient viruses separated their propagation needs into parts—these were SPACE PROGRAMS, encoded to seek out, rendezvous, and dock with viable hosts who could then act as energy source points for their vast coextensive networks. For them, the hosts became their principle environment, a kind of space station, or perhaps *Noble* gantry or umbilicus from which further pushes into the yonder could be made.

This coupled with their technique of deploying direct horizontal gene transfers across domains (something we know something about, right kids) exploded our planetary diversity as it helped to create the endosymbiotic path of evolution and opened the way for the transmigration of coherences. Because they take information wherever they find it, these beings retain the vestiges of the vast archive of the earth's written language, its code. Hence the library.

They helped build the co-extensive toolkit and with our help laid the groundwork for the whole shebang. An early immune system, they may have had a hand in the emergence of the individual with its peculiar sexual reproductive function and concomitant phenomenon of death—features of much concern for our animal progeny, but not something we have to worry about. So now that you know the answer to the question, there's only more order of business: Fare Forward, Space Cadets!

That is to say

stalked, going piggyback, shadowing
OR even when
the little bugger's
streptoneumococusecolietcetcetcetcetc
and your ass is grass
[whatever's that? embodies
de~constructing YOU they cause grief
a loved one dies this
social response re-congregates the wasteland; SO
go ahead have at them; they deserve: reminds me of getting [an
inverse takeoff? that] enema as a sick child

10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

Who's the host
Which the symbiont
What's on first
?
endo/\-exo
=>eco<=
diversity
CO=MENSES
!

this heart of
coherence
along ranges
encourages articulation
[a change of envelope
Ergo lice removal
Interacting forces
check probes
tracking elements adentro
suspicious outsiders
moving in
follow more than cladograms
reading across spectral
registered expressions
adaptive responses
indicate histoeological
Atlantic Marsupials from the Pacific
via the ancient Amazonian watercourse[
carrying tales from strange

[a form of
] of intent
testing

IDENTITY

OR passenger accommodations.
constitutes de-territorialization

reveal Gebiographic

associations:

used to run the other way
mouths to stranger ears

far down below emperors huddle
a swarm of shared warmth
while here in the hard country

MOVING waves~~

ear-high Sophia flashes a peace sign
guanaco jumping deer
camel run]

gulls ever shifting with

off yonder

picking their way round

huge blobs
brown blubber.

strewn about

JO Gondwanaland!
you've done it again.
These Tombo penguins
digging scrub cannot be. No ice
or snow—some Texas hill heading West
to chaparral—un[likely prairie dogs hollow
burrows and guard the shell. Some involve overhang
cedars. This one scrapes its back. Pink yellow blue red
cacti bloom. Striped caterpillars inch by. A hawk
and eagle shift their ailerons. A fox looks back.

Now catch *their* gaze, proud flare
of beak, fine curvature, white, dark fur,
warm pink 'round the eye, caring birds to be sure
fondle one another, kissing clacks—socius come to life
—slant their bowling pins in unison cocks of the walk tit for tat
flapping svelte wings standing stretch and show off
squawking wide as possible. The pride
of the wise walks a mile easy
from the loving ocean to plant an egg
in the tough ground of boundary stones.
No strut in a line of homo
going to you is more
profound
from the table of holes come forth the ten thousand

Chamangoes look down
on these Magellanic citizens
wobbling
over their fat eggs
seeking *angles of repose*;
but will the downy young
[DIE with the changing climate?

G h o s t l y
in Darwin's Shade
a spindly NANDU poking out
does not bother to ask
what time it is
}OR deduce tectonic components
in a stopwatch{
but looks over the creek
from the bed and breakfast
to watch lazybones
throw lines across the water
NOT caring really
whether they make
a connection OR not. This

c~i~r~c~u~m~l~o~c~u~t~i~o~n

UP

wild tundra

Down
PATAGON [music in the water
fires
a boat

lighting the end of the world

just warm enough
to keep
strange figures rousing
in their dreaming beds

pulled slowly along

uneven stretches
we play blind man's bluff
with two maras
over a fence
one hiding behind

the other

COULD THERE BE
any dreamtime stranger
than to walk this frozen hecatomb
cracking to smithereens
the primordial overflow?

when a black lozenge
in a froth of crème de menthe
off Pirámides from boiling sea
did this RIGHT

v
e
r
tically

a lengthy
downturned smile
Sufi rolling a sandy hill
straight down

to boats
flagging spirits of
tourists dressing

strange acrylics
enough to carry them
to that water near enough to touch
the sexy split tail

wild bloated fabrics
YELLOW

against rain

all the way

5 seconds suspended
heights unprecedented

while pods
bobbling water

push slowly through

among bones of dinosaur
early prototypes

Mas Tarde al Museo Trelew
we play house in ancient dioramas
[dreadnoughtus to come

circumscribed

our daughter's face
by a nautilus 5 feet across;

through
sound envelopes
of fiddling legs
walking chaparral
min[d]ing operations
performed by
vicuña

[we soon find ourselves

remain

losing touch]

xerophytic shrub
pudu guanaco

& of course

our fox

on such a stage
so strange to say

a wonder anybody's left
standing

NOTHING
strikes more at this
HUM of Prayer
whirring from spirals
of ancient bola
to bring them down

signs →
the green ants dream [or

point the way ↓
dogs take a dump

—not the paleo human one that gave them birth—

magnetotacti
align to poles

virus vector transference

work gene substitutions

verify accounts

in water [fresh & salt

cloud & clime micros yield

reacting ozone

transform & cycle

C

N

P

Fe

S

SOME block soil

pores

through gum

and cement production

control pests with

chem

f

I

o

w

s

fold →

&

i

n

g

↓

de-vernacularization	constitutive of strata	
re-linking	nomadic addresses	
objects	t r a n s	
	versally	
imprisoning	intensities through	
I o c k	singularities	capture
	t a n s	into systems of resonance
	versally	
	between states	
pushing	an exit	strategy
	for entities	
NOT	the flux entire	
its mind]		Death can't make up
destined	to move mo-to➔-no	amassing regimes of sign -mad]
traffic		
bi-furcates		borderlines
		immigration somewhat
		regulated]
text	new constitutions of activation)	
becoming	TIME [crosswise	transducer;
yet un	[known tremors stabilize the ground	
]	love and knowledge serving	the meaning of Earth:
		toward becoming
ontological choreography	endure away and	falls back)
critically living allies		
immanent coalescence of moments		
	our exploration apparatus	
to compose molar	molecular h a e c c e i t i e s	
re:	articulating [SAY fractal music	
	activates memory hybridization	
speaking	of unmitigated loss	
I say	regardless of where we stand how	
this restless wind		with what friend or lover
then] without missing	a beat will blow you right over	
		or even trying really
	you palm up and catch a flower	
[growing from that myrtle	rooted	in a father's grave
whose transvaluation maps	combinatory	affiliation embodies
as it probes		onto-geo-logic implexes

down the rabbit hole addressing coincidences of immanent fields
intertwining contingencies

we
tune in
drop out
this hypersea
(our proper *subject*)
assembler of the beloved
r~h~i~z~o~m~i~c c~i~t~y
aka prairie dogtown

now brought to the BIG SCREEN as

THE RETURN OF MEDUSA

(through the courtesy of ALW speaking on behalf of)

matter/energy composites [it's *a material world and I am a material girl*
this ongoing experiment a living palimpsest]

brings dialogues into NOW
EXCHANGING geological codes
with socius becoming microbes
designed along Olsonian
lineS

THISNESS The Play's more diverse the thing
Our Dialogic Periplum Jesus says: love your enemies
[thought that was Vito Corleone! but slay your friends

despite manifestations of independence That Is
private aggrandizement from externalities] and proclivity to take
within envelopes of coevolution human expressions function
science and philosophy and are themselves So

our fellows participate in embrace
even yon w/nomadic address follow the matter
subtle or not articulating will be destroyed
no doubt WORLDS wriggles~~~free
but some judgment

TILL WE LOSE THE THREAD
other s]
pick up

[Ladies and Gentlemen for the purpose of THIS DEMONSTRATION the side show
has moved to center stage]

through systems marked by <i>auto-</i>	the <i>allo-</i>	poietic measures
such motley crews		folding in
linked through hermeneutic	con-text	
transducing	<i>thar she</i> blows something	
to gobble air	and formations	
	de-&-re-	selves
		sing
	with less and greater	intensity
a coherent song		
at behest of		
our	c~o~e~x~t~e~n~s~i~v~e	plane of
	immanence encouraging cospeciation	
	DIG SAY	[fungi games turning ants
while others raising ants engage bacteria		to zombies in their hecatomb
to keep parasites—horizontally transmitted		
from decimating cultivars		
	between	nests
	<i>the figure of 8</i>	WE ARE
chemically attracted micros		the garden reaches INTO
swim		the return of snakes BY
crawl and with pili	turn	
up and walk	into	yearning
		dance
C~O~N~T~A~C~T		
surface and biofilm		
[what's showing at		THE RESISTOPICS?
viruses drive defensive		
extension events		
through which	we	encouraging
THIS quiddity		diversities
THIS		make
		—SO
	is this the that	
	the is the not	
	the non	
	begin and end	
	does it what's not	
	at once	
	is isn't	
	is	
	?	

Going w/] back up the cone
lays eggs[
while hosting a virus
to weaken its defenses [co-extensive KITH
A PARASITIC WASP
in the]caterpillar

flies to more amenable pools
ferrying dna and change likewise
THE PARANÁ BLEEDING color ink of piranhas]
straddling the=blue=green=bowl
Mesozoic intensities spew lava hardened basalt
through winking its vortex open and closed
Doctor Living Stone
I PRESUME
squeezed
faults

cracks BigBig quixotic mystical lotus eater
Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca de Jerez de la Frontera
Post Texas Calamities + [X==permentation

reaches Red Brasil 1541 [250 men and 26 horses
cut wild Serra do Mar direct route Asunción.]
Tupi-Guarini kind and new to thee

The current of the Yguazú was so that canoes were carried furiously down river, for near this spot there is a considerable fall and the noise made by the water leaping down some high rocks into a chasm may be heard a great distance off and the spray rises two spears high and more over the fall....

Walking prodigious flows
unexpectedly now eternal
on multicolored wings
a wild single-minded turkey holds
the world in abeyance floating through

polynets a serpent jettisons its fluxus
onto turtles huddling stones
above raging down fern-lined cliffs the crevasse
swallows dive rebounding spray foam volumes the cataracts
—Moss clinging the precipice everywhere,
as much life as will go
cloverleaf flyovers the river turning

as you dip in to wet your nib

dawn
climbing
down water
this mayfly sips
instant cups of stars

Only the largest and most vicious GOD

has power to halt the running multiverse.)

*[Services will be performed by the trees full of vultures;
the complicit public is invited to attend without charge]*

Notwithstanding] the family continues to paddle the slough in a rubber raft
through LIM[B]S reaching over to speak:

If thorns will not keep
you off my back
nettles and poisons drive you
to distraction
may the wild scent
of luxurious orchids
fill your desiring machines
with nausea
turning stingers into consorts
of becoming

just as the flute player sends out his magic
to waken the dreaming woman hugging the oarlocks

this yellow bird black

head collar wings

perching a monkey tree observes

curiously

a crocodile becoming tree stretches

the mud reed bank

—babies hanging tight to the crease of her back—

quietly bamboo falls over tributaries and BLOCKS US OFF
protecting zones of proliferation

when a spiral of vines

vessel for how many souls?)

downpours the polylayers

bromeliad flying

sidewalks

maze

through the wilderness

a trail full of agouti

to fine wading

UNDER
a fall≈≈≈polishing volcanic stones

amadillo
deer
monkey
jaguar
puma—migrating NORTH after Pleistocene extinction

ocelot
peccary
thread carob & quebracho:
and OUT → Good Spit through a goat's beard
yes chaos comes to butterfly its legendarn arse]

open and close
too soft and quick
for one to see

blue yellow orange red bars polka dot unreal
lichen hold out]cropping rock
while pausing by [a candelabra *gracias tocayo:*)

*the hummingbird on its clear wing
thrusts with a thin bill
to the flower's heart*

a million insects at their ecotropic frenquency hum in prayer
layering starfields tapir
green-leaved in a small glen riffling
shake strange trees full of balls tongues

a toucan uttering
the whirl[d we bathe in now capybara's gone
[great anteater before

underneath
a cool patch sucking oranges a bit of ginger

WHEN a knowing pheasant doesn't bother to hunt for shade
but takes off as hard rain comes to Paraná

look down here & bending willows fiercely down prehensiling monkeys
the blanket of night screech at us who have nothing useful to add. [AS
unfolds hanging in this forest of water

as if life depends THE EARTH	FALLS UP	on one inexplicable moment to join a single
stretching out of lengthening silk root hair tubule plant detect coextensive nets:	h~o~v~e~r~i~n~g its KIPU]a road undergirded with tissue hormonal TGN <i>commitment orientations</i>	leaf road pathways magnetic snagged in
tongues eyes nose mouths hands		
from every sleeve mallows turn flowers full of ears across shaping ranges of with invisible fingers with those diffuse sweeps	TRANSMITTING]ANTICIPATION[the polyverse desire	here on the coast to a dawn yet to be made of choices retrying signatures we concur
fold i n g different rates	to be and not to be	joining w/ wonder as
Higher up Langurs d r o p		
leaves to companion spotted deer climbing down		[following tree to tree]to share
when trouble comes their to warn	OVERLAPPING	better noses stamp ground affiliates to go back up
competition penetrating	and acquiring form	predation ignoring
	coevolutionary judgments	
	decide the niche to catch	

FIRST	LIGHT the portal on this ship	
lets in	the crash of morning these honkers signal innumerable]a power of birds
	reaches hold the lines as long as possible in the face of irruption connecting parts with thought & expression filling our empty mouths	
		So why do I need consolation the river that takes this message to you courses in one direction only when children readily know THE TIDE
		will bring an answer back [whose hermeneutics
to the kinocilium of ears	C~O~I~L	
the lichen	rust	rainforest
		trunks
as a katydid clings to a green	plate	RUNG with stranglers
fiddle annoyance with waves of	antennae	leaf bush
		cricket
brocket deer dip		lay their eggs
plush faces in the mire	&	toward DUSK
splash-out-loud		
	giant otters disturb the love song[a frog calling bats to end its pining	
where tapir groan coatis and bush dog[]in the mud live off the beaten track

TURNING FULL CIRCLE

TRUMPET vines
herald the morning
riverweed

sucking ledges
deepen
the homage
releasing packages
of information
everywhere parrots squawk
about swallows
nesting out] crops
descending the wet swarm

of bugs

sidewelling
migrations of exchange

Ocelot jaguar peccary
scrape the brush
layered subtropical horns
rich lianas reach through
grabbing stones
herbaceous flora lean into the spray
dry seeds spring to life
rising shrub, cedar
incipient, intermediate, large

CONSORTIA

Laurel-guatambú,
bamboo, fern,
epiphytes all stripes,
palo rosa palmitos living cupay
(some floated vegetable mats north over
crossing contrarian raccoons
yonder merganser
helmeted woodpecker
lazy swift
caiman of the reed
bufo catfish splash
caingangues
BUT NOW
dare call them tourists?
pushing envelopes

climbing traversers
anteater screech capuchín
the isthmus-to-be
and the cats heading south)
piping guan
viper rattlesnake

the channels
dislodged by tupi/guarani
ugly one ups
[there's no such thing
prey over
our mother's bones

STILL enlivened
 acts of attention

pluck
 invisible strings

[resonating]

interiors OR
 how a rainbow
 riding the mist

bines

rock~to~tree
 en medias res

as a lover's kiss]
 coextensive

molecular modular
 drift parting

coherence within coherence

what it is
 not
 say **MC x C**
 and thereby holds

together
 as long as boundaries last
 when
 losing face
 re:lapses into

the more future than past

re:organizes
 states perhaps

[not isolated]

as truth is
 beauty though
 never completely

doing as knowing

articulates
 options
 continuously presented
 around
 a strangeness

coupling

simple]
 things]

[dread
 [things

All
of which diversity
moves
paradigms of bits to different substance

TAKE
a diamond
so many carats!] both ways
this [sutra cuts
other

many[s
at once

PREadapting[specialization
increases com]
pliant structures
enabling[fitness (SIC)
meta environments
strengthen
dis Entropy
organizes processes
wink in and out
layering
these → Blakean eyes
on every sleeve
make universes
known
fulfilling
destinies

such

c~u~r~r~e~n~t

the OUGHT power

from the

UR blast [s]

the self

's[repli-
transcription

functions

chaotic reserves

for such]	<i>dynamic entities</i>	[to
	<i>hold</i>	
	<i>moving</i>	
	<i>creek</i>	
	<i>beds</i>	
	<i>shape</i>	
	<i>boundaries</i>	
	<i>flow</i>	
		<i>The Laws of Physics</i>
		(no longer a priori)
emergencies		
increase w/ speed		
(autocatalytic		
tax the base	hypercycling	re-circuits
	substrates	time
sheet		
altruistic		tube
	assemblages	
WE]	are	OTHERS['
termini	mutually	conTEXTing
in]	depends [upon	more than wheelbarrows
	viables	
individually	maintained by	
		NON ME
a name	hurled into the blank	
gaze of Polyphemus	Chaos Maker of restrictions	
architect of	the mise en scène	
shouldering [like	you	
	a vial of hope	
an absence within a force		
opening springs		
my SELF [complex autogen		banquets at behest of
surplus]solar balancing=		constraint production
	↓	construed by
say	EARTH	
ratcheting supply		for efficient use
preserves its memory of		
works-in-progress		
not to un]mention		<i>in address</i>
[OR closed enough		this cosmos open
abundant		draws upon
	identity	worlds

Meanwhile
to facilitate rest

Receptors
open
and take in

zeitgebers
synchronize
spectrally across
permeable borders
the inner with outer
cosmogonically circadian

[reconsidering
as if to end a thing
in on through like
a city of intercessors

cicadas →
persisting
[wise

whistling just

If you do
not exist and I talk
what causes [multiform
as hearing
predicates ears

as condition
the eater

<i>the</i>	hearer feeler
	seer
	doer
<i>fire</i>	wood
<i>mutuality</i>	
<i>does not un]mean</i>	

they know each other

meeting before
arriving

anguish
else

some other
body
since w/o

full of biomes

since w/o
there's no thank you
for

medicine that needs no sickness

the full emptiness rising from

seeing
and doing the [UN
ends with doing it

But you say

a thing cannot it's not

and I

for long
because it doesn't move
doesn't mean
it isn't there

clings to
the thing nor
becomes being
characterizes

for NOW

Emptied of Fixation
bound free

changes thickness
of distance
—attachment
inverses affection
turns fixed points
the question that
inside the set
a form of de-territorialization

our Buddha

Nature
exist outside
can't be investigated
desire
i.e. love of the other

The heart rejects
the dharma
so resistant understands
where the fire goes
when it has burned out
IS NOT
a phenomenology of suffering

the tension
between

the great small and the small great

through coextensive dialogues
our Sangha
reconciles
Samsara
WITH
Nirvana

among transsubjectivities
there is no outside the text

Attention: Exits will open briefly

Attention: Exits will close briefly

REALITY emerges subject

to multiple

co: extensive

and

permeable formations

Driving the two-toned (white and turquoise)

mint-50s, *Olds 88*

in corporate colonial Mexico,

I turn into the warehouse district

in search of a fine duck

to consume later at a dinner with friends.

Down one alleyway,

I pull over to the side of a brick wall,

and from an angle of light

a fledgling materializes

—ambling its way

this and that over to the car.

With one quick

and deliberate maneuver, I open

the door and seize it by the neck:

“Now I’ve got you;

but what is all this,” I say,

noticing that it is covered

with a brown mud.

“Ah yes,”

The convenient black hose nearby

has a cap that I with difficulty remove.

Then as I slowly

water it from head to feet

as if lathing debris from an archeological ruin]

layer by layer

the form of a new baby

is simultaneously revealed

“Oh”, I think,

“Now it will be difficult to eat

being like this.” And add,

“How will I ever get it across the frontier?”

“With an open palm, properly glazed,

the guards

might allow a useless duck, but this?”

Then continents loosed their hinges
& I began
to receive messages
from the infant,
but did not immediately
 recognize the fact,
since
the communication
was telepathic
and seemed
to emanate from me.

“Don’t worry,
 this is the way across”
the little boy
(for that was what it now was)
communicated.

I turned
and it had become
a ‘pretend’ wooden nutcracker,
defined with angular
 blocked patches
of color and outline.

“This way
the guards will never know
 and we can get through.”

I placed it
into the recessed chromium
 rectangle
 in the back seat cover
that I
certainly had not observed before,
but was, nonetheless,
careful to use the safety belts
 to protect it from harm.

“Though they may think me a bit odd,
the guards will certainly
allow a man and a nutcracker
through the gate
 to pass over the borderline
 as I imagine
 I’m sure Hermes driving on...

alders lean their parentheses around
the corridor of light shaped by the lane
running underneath
I for now rush through
(the canal)

co- evolving
w/layer

upon relatively free

OTHERS
going on

THIS TIME
appears Cassandra
*FOLLOWING
AN EDGE
& MAKE IT NEW*

WALKING THE CREASES

**LIKE ANY ARTIST
TO WORK AN OPENING**

THUS DETERRITORIALIZATION
URBANE] COYOTE
but with the staff
& conch in-hand blows
to a World

living at un]invited wolf's place
a warning
flooded with voices
baked to dry brain

deep in the mountains where nobody goes
only a faint voice heard echoes across
just as a hint of new morning breaks through
crowded branches lighting the forest green

in this frame
—recording their peripatetic
conversations with
& launched

I invited cognoscenti
like-minded friends)

THE WALKING BOOK WEBSITE

These peregrinations along
cityside and country
had the important effect
of introducing continuous
(*like a foot unexpectedly*
crashing through weakness in the snow)
a sine qua non for the creation of art.
Dialogue topics clustered around
of a culture]



trail and byway
round the world

uncertainty into the discourse,
environmental connection

critiques
isolated from

Over
Time

as the number of recordings grew
patterns began to suggest themselves
the ideas exchanged registered
in the particular locations
—grounding them]more securely

I reindexed
for order of strength and geography
including maps for each series
users now download threads
directly to their earphones
integrating *the barely other*
to reenact each memory theatre
during the walkabout
eventually completing
of more than imagination
to nest a companion site of
* see *Hamlet's Mill*

[Not surprisingly
most effectively]
[they were made
[Consequently

to create a larger scheme

an] entire cartography
[—diligent attempts
nighttime sky walks
has proven impracticable

...so let us go...when
TRAVELING **IS** TRAVELING

Not a mélange of screen images
converging behind the fixed operator
hand moving an uncoupled wheel
eyes fixed too long
without fear of going off the cliff
NOR with effects
with steering screened in front
though the driver IS certainly driven
the organs
retaining of their formers
refold your **FACE** from gills
into an ear
w/ a crooked nose on a crooked road

on the sweet one beside
advancing

our peristil we enter
crossing} gran chemen

among
a transmogrification of coherences
when I think of the subject
my friend goes inside
and I am not
the object

Dust
devils
revel the circumambulating wind
and enter the zocolo of blue balconies
over the lovely street.
Unveiled with *the barely parted curtains*
old places things
in the market: 20 kinds of corn
40 colors of dye. Spices to
Good food, bowl of quinoa
dazzle the tongue and eye
when an insistent gust
shakes the willows
before letting them settle back again
to sag the plaza.

In the mean time
meditating on red cochineal cloth
but looking D
O
W
N

from the ArchBishoPrick
HE smiles into his cell
thanking benefactors in *Opus Dei*
certainly NOT
Urubamba the strong brown
HOW
near mount Pachamama full of arms
a bridge was built from
Potosí to Sevilla with silver bones
Europeans choked on
on masses in Lima central
he ponders]

[But too late to wash

The Body
of the Holy Land
Down
with Running INCA Gold

though Pizarro
captured
who offered *hopefully*
virgin boys
gratefully appreciated
since
roomsful of jewels
to no avail
P killed him
]seeking El Dorado
ATAHUALPA
anyway

vade meCUM→ Herzog frames the shot as Paladin steps through the lasso
of the winking machine:

richard dick man from uncle at 13
beetle boots black clothes mustachioed
nerdy glasses towering giant sissy wet his pants
penned multipage peace treaties to avoid bloodshed
ever the bold you brazenly tore it up [...more later]
Preferring fisticuffs. Pretty funny
nobody gets hurt Marquis of Queensberry
that sort of Tommy-rot comes in
handy like ingenious dodads you carry
to show off or for just in case
like what you brought to bear on that
Fascist NUN from *The Legion of Mary*
(tried to put HER in a box too)
Sister Saccharine asked so nicely to read
our 100 famous stories we worked
so long the apple of our eyes
she ripped asunder as devil's work
paralyzing me with a slap for saying
heaven wasn't a place to go if she was going too
—then you stepped forward
wearing that marvelous magic belt
with the raised pistol flat on the buckle.
Right on cue, you tightened and filled
the stomach with air; the gun released
from its locked position, rotated, and struck out
90 degrees—erect and perpendicular—
pointing right at you know who
just when the revolver
popped that sweet and absurd cap.
SO
thank you
Wile E. Coyote
for ambling into the barren landscape
using such
canny bravery
in the face of the odds
that could turn the tumblers
enough
to blow the spirit back our way.

You can't think
too much on this;

though one's got a job to do
and anyway

Cusco's
such a muddle of

fog keeps tourists from landing
and hides from the ones already here
the fruitcake with his bundle of sticks
sweeping offal from the plazuela
determined to keep the navel clean

with no effort smiling
near

her Quechua baskets
a woman

deftly pulls yarn:

red

black white

yellow

weaving
the cosmos from

nerve fibers
proliferate

reaches

towards

zones of contact
and confederation

through

neat HANDIWORK

of

warp

and woof

did MOIRAE
this lot of

cut
sufficiency

NOTHING
[like the sharper formulations
 of visitors
 HELD
 in the pupils of Her eye

rolling
rolling
down
children
cannot stop laughing
till
the rock stops them all at once
vizcachas
crouching in the grass

As substitute for writing poetry

in such a medium

having visited the cache of multicolors

I worry

over the jaguar spilling rivulets of blood
from expressive lips

D

O

W

N

to thirsty fields of corn

so busy myself figuring

the hermeneutics of hands

that weave such intricacies

when

off the broad road
of condor and dark llama]

dancing sets of children

tie up some loose ends

aiming their mudras at walls of

Sacsayhuaymán— an observatory head

of [the lying puma  exposing its golden genitals

interlocking stones

no less tightly woven.

O Gondwana mountain,
bi-directional river, older than
Inca land running the length
what do you say?

Our new telephone wires go

in every direction

[my body cut to pieces

shore grains each

innumerable

universes

contain particles

—tying up the Amazon

confluence

of rivers.

Yonder child
holds a wild kite in a hot storm.

I tie a key on the string
through spring rain [and after

What code does the forest hold—
what message vibrate its neuronet?

to open a door to what happens next
someone's playing the quena
I cannot see
smudges of white
glow on two pears
a flush of three guineas
escaping the wet slant of corn

(at P'isaq)
(at Pisac)

the bus flies over the condor
hugging its village full of tombs

SOME held →

Francisco P brother of H (1533) re:CORDED
traveling *el camino real*
from the highlands to the central coast
encountering several keepers of the Kipu.
that his condemnation: *they untied*
the accounts payable sector of the thongs
led to their general destruction.

OTHERS:

it was fear of the unknown power of this idolatry;

the line—
a collapsed three-dimensional
he carries inside, floats across frontiers
passing through nomadic zones
he punctures
straddling worlds
nested
my yogi
bending over
to make

a
C~O~N~I~L
I turn into and go through
the circle once a line
whose knot
I am
remains to decipher

seeking vision
 catching IN]
 the sojourner
 hands over what's yet to be;
 envelope ushers in such banality
 —an expression of the need to know
 it selving
 multi-verses by a want
 invited to cross and come on in
 a gesture old as the first symbiont
 seeds lineaments along encountered worlds
 but somehow] missing almost
 everything
 I slept past dawn
 lighting the countenance of
 such water hissing through this jaguar's teeth
 having changed the below
 to live in peace high in mountain city
 made a last plea to the GODS
 to turn the wheel
 of heaven back upon itself
 following Urubamba
 concealing the world in reverse
 we make Ollantaytambo yonder
 whose great presence we carve the mountain
 directing water rippling here down the pirámide
 stitching this way that
 along llama's spine
 of interlocks
 anciently step by step
 testing new hybrids of corn
 such increase intensified
 m~o~r~p~h~o
 traversed cities
 e~mergencies
 among others
 [braided not sutured
 stretching OUT
 skeins
 ~dynamically
 networked ~TELEO
 runners toting
]though they might've been

	water drawn	the horse boat
	ON	
the iron road		a microbe diner
goes		piggyback
while going		nobody asks
are you		
the privileged tight-lipped		
	suit of clothes muttering	
	my grey beard balks	
at this jostling		
rush of the new		
over old rockbed		
past endless ram-shacks		<i>smiling pusses in the trees]</i>
yet ALL SO FULL		of guinea hens
even so		& green corn
	round	I do not get
	peaks of <i>Machu Picchu</i>	
	rising with	
	the condor at my window	
early weather		
leads along the royal road		
fungal dna design		
	efficient highways	
	streaming bacterial links	
keep	landlines	
just in case]	
Cindy leans ON an umbrella		stepping through
bad knees and all angling		orange-covered green yellow lichen
		up to sun gate in the rain
past every shape		[for the top L~i~g~e~t~e~a~s~e~
	on walls a starfield	multitextured
cradle	of building	purple orchid bulge <i>the green slant</i>
dripping red plants hang		color form device
		AIMS
for→		the heart of god
		in return
		all the way down

every breath
sheathes a spirit
tock tock tock
dances
the stone drum
coils the world round its spine

food soul wisdom rapture

A conveyance leads back to heaven

Amazonia wends the way home

Busing opposite thru the high pass
an old Cusco style church
combines forever
beautiful strange human beastings

Peeing in
pre-Inca remains
 tall neatly wide

not w/o
palming the wrinkled hand
a friendly oval-faced Quechuan woman
 in flat red hat [smoking a cigar]

in the cannibal
UR town

we eat vegan—
an Indian boy rattles his pockets
 full of amulets

ONLY I know for sure
the clown looking out windows
at Indians dressed in XMAS
regalia dribbles
more than coffee
over his pants [when

 amidst village
 dancing bonhomie
 aqua blue lime yellow
white orange multi-ring
yellow fringe black rosy pink
 black bowlers
 topping it off

that Inca shoots him

THE FINGER

a tongue
stone
snaky double
spiral interface
runs through the other
ruins with no name
along tracks
your bloomers hang
from a rope
outside the hovel

near strips of maiz
a crannied wall
plastered with the mayor's reelection bid:

Now just how much did you get for that?

She invites us to stop
and take a picture with llamas
OR go right in
through the gate
and cross their patio of shit.

Later
In the corner
I find the old lady squeezing
her toes round a chuño
(finishing the freeze dry
for a year of potato soup) [which recursively

kisses me
BLARNEYS
back to a time before
forgetting the bazaar
for this night of Our
Lord—when a
narrow gene pool
and unforgiving virus

coupled with John Bull
produced a brood of evictions, hateful laws, & lucre
rendered from cruel taxation sent to absent landlords and god save,
which starvation apologists later call “The famine”, & likewise with
boatloads of food that could’ve fed every one—expediting
my coming tied necessarily to revulsion @ *laissez-faire*

Usually it doesn't rain for a few days
and I worry there is something
no longer right with me.

But I overcome this human fault
so common in my profession
and go back to looking
for the locus of unencumbrance.

This is fraught with danger,
since it does not signify
pure or static.

That quest of private intention
can be delusory.

As I meditate
on the four modes of process
embodied in these figurines
eventually it rains.

I ask

how can

what you do
on the inside affect the outside?

He laughed No! you are mistaken;
though
of course the spheres are discrete
WE must learn to see how
they enter one another
like the air you breathe.

So in discovering
the many ONES inside of
air man

water man

microbe man

plant man

and so on

one looks for entry points
where one thing leads into another.
Here one encounters blockages
and must invoke the help
of [beings to remove them.

I have heard that some of these
are themselves made of blockages
and for that reason have this power over them;
and I admit to calling upon one of these in particular.

[...HELPERS

But please do not misunderstand this way of talking
deployed only to help make things clear
to a mutton head like me.

So I ask him
to explain the purpose of each statue.

evidently:

the first stands upright,
arms directly overhead; then
with the second he arches
forward curving
fingers toward the toes
to complete the ouroboros
the living and non
—differences w/o diff

contribute to this

process of self-making *the what is*

In the third stage, the yogi corkscrews himself into a spiral.

In this phase I often hear
the music of the plants planets planes

At the fourth

consequence, he begins (I see you noticed the pronoun shift) to enter his own circle. It is also an exit to be sure.

The location is volatile;
the threshold of frames embraces
the great mystery of transformation.

This is the stage it usually rains. Now here [the missing fifth → completes an imaginary

quincunx a gnomon of sorts —persists unseen
& returns

to the vertical. But despite what appears to be an exact return to what was before this man is no longer what he was.

In the face of such an assault
& in defense of my own sense of self
I ask somewhat belligerently, if he actually believes he makes it rain?
—a pseudo inquiry—to which he appropriately groans, but patiently answers nonetheless:

*somewhere in the mouths of water
ONE is asking a molecule
if it is a creator of rainmakers*

To such a comeuppance

I take refuge in
an OTHER
un]
forgettable walk
HE told me *perhaps*
discovered as a boy
I was not then
a reincarnation of the 14th
but in living had now become

imposing
moments
on the body
create possibilities
for inhabitation
in the process
of making
it

SO
to see for a time the world
everything at once
awaking from such a trance
he remonstrated:
*how can you bear
such terrible weight?*
but was answered:
*you got what you asked for,
and now know, sufficiencies,
how-
sover heroic and con-
in other consorted nested set
are redeployed;* [a t
this rhyme from another door] o
that is Ulysses tied to a r
listening to the unendurable sp
of the sirens
and begging his men
to fill his ears with beeswax
to cease the terror
of experiencing such an etern
outside his k

Krisna permitted Arjuna
as HE saw
[pretty much this book

ONTO reading golden chulpa
towers Sillustani
jaguar heads
hold bodies of the rich
—nearby "Indians"
keep delicious guinea pigs. And
there below these ancient hillsides
in the timeless pond
people still finger in their rows of corn
as a solitary cow buries her face
in the ink of water rippling
red and pink with flamingos

in fervent hope
the timing's right enough
 to exit
 just before
my gorge rises

when Aymara
lugging brown bags
 full of Jumbo
 aerosols
go down to get off
under a bridge
 to no where

leading to →	Puno	Public	Sales
furniture	mattresses	musical instruments	
		everything piled up as far as the eye can see	
smuggled from Bolivia	a]	cross	covered with reeds and chinampas

The Wide Titicaca

Viracocha

emerged with the sun
from the lake's
stone door pouring
a love fluxus
onto everything

Reaching out to **Kon - Tiki**

Kon - Tiki

orange blue red green brown

can you read?]

the smiling crocodile dance
on la isla Huacahuacani
Uros dress us

Uros dress us
[like Uros
a veritable
climb into the thatched huts
to lie together
on their beds.

When we leave, their sadness is not really false

It is just a game of money
but the spirit's never ashamed

as natives sing] underneath
the grasses wave goodbye

rain falls through the house
Tarkovsky looks in

who chooses a humble life [understands
de rerum natura

Not just, since there is] no ante] diluvian
when all is said you knew what was there
when it counted. So thanks
for the constellation of orange pincers
to reach]through the voids
nesting all these stars[and grab
ahold of

what happened friend
the time
we walked the moon
seeking a source
the crease of a dragon's back rolling into[
dropped their cosmonauts
to rejoin the chthonic flux
for reentry INTO
which calls for
a double back
and

YES?

when
the plot
thickened

as we were
just taking

never to arrive
the never visited
somewhere
a revelation of place
in expressive verticality
cycling the lake perimeter
carried by what one carries
when only to the place
of going and arriving
becomes inhabitation

the *nether* world

reconnoiter

OUR EARTH

off hwy 61]

having
Gone South

on that lake
of
origins

[considerably

a looksee]
to find what was wanted
gleaning the stuff
from that bike ride

revealed

now
going back for the thread
despite
the comedy
Aymara/Uros
do bring
Titicaca's
bottom up
cutting reeds
plied
into cork
islands float
across this mirror
continents skimming
celestial patterns
close to the text as possibl
the sky
inside
the milky way
passes
a RECURSIVE North
]just over a ways [the gap
a puzzle
we live in]
El Rio Uruba
going back through
Machu
constellations
dark Amazon
across
jungles the sea
Hissing Jaguar Teeth
Pachacuti Brother
invokes
space/time
NOT
to
turn over

engaging the power of mountains crevices	not edges curvatures	not to say: OR
the deformity	to BUILD the above on earth changing	of heaven the wheel
	to twist back on itself living rightly here	
	<i>all a proper shape for the stammering god</i>	
& unleash	from its belly	
	a deep AUM	
The World	enunciating a change in that they Below	the course of stars conform to that good so diligently wrights
	SUCH A GATEWAY	
[tracing usual suspects	drawing along lines PARTS	we dissect [like vicera of caracols to identify
useful morsel	apropos de & render from that	l'observatoire
this addictive brain treads such corridors again reenacting	OIL to run delighting once more cathected & again] down	THE MACHINE with immitigable fear to that enigmatic stone
THE BULLFIGHT THE FALL	[in Enkidu's re:	performance of
to an	& consign existential fate	private liberty performing such acts
	<i>Heart of Earth Heart of Sky</i>	
would		never think

Promising
a way out of the high pass,
the bumpy alternative road turns
—suddenly,
a giant boulder appears
and I slam the brakes

waking from the aforesaid nightmare
in the nick of time]

we pause to eat our picnic
and complain
nothing could remove
such a blockage
and dread the prospect
of driving back
to start over;
when a blue dancing quixotic figure
—fierce elephant-headed dream of a guy—
blows a strange syllable from his conch of hands
summoning from its vibrations
a converse flow that opens
an unexpected trek
through the stone
we follow
rejoining the thoroughfare
on the other side.

CIMI

...

The two
stood before the folk
of Xibalba:
—We are Hunahpu and Xbalanque.
Our fathers
were One Hunahpu
and Seven Hunahpu.
Upon hearing this,
the citizens fell to their knees
and begged for mercy.

—We will now tell you
what your punishment will be.
None of you will escape.

No more will you be great.
No longer will you wait at the end
and gloat over suffering and loss of life.

Now
you too are part of a continuum,
not the end of any story.
We are all transformers my friends.
And now YOURS
is like the rest:
all important
never all
and living IS to die.

As they pondered
their cruel fate,
Xibalbans shook in fear
at this compassionate revelation.
For people may never have what isn't,
they may have only that which is truly theirs.
Meanwhile,
under her roof and crying
before the withered corn, Xmucane
watched in awe,
as the plant revived right in the middle of the house.

The green returns and everyone is joyful.
The two boys
—contemplating the wonderful ball game played in the interstices of things—
look at the garden of Earth, at all the coming and going,
the transformations, the becoming something else.
That there is nothing else for it
but to discover an idea worthy to live by,
love one another, and be happy as far as it goes.
Then finally the twins
turned to the
Xibalbans

to say what their ears could scarcely believe:

PLAY BALL!

So returning
the spiraling chakra
to your farm

Thinking How To Think About

we walk the fence
putting up creosote
wound with thorns
and stop
for a moment
to take a bit of fruit
and wipe our brows
streaming with warm sweat
convected
with sand

[noting well

that at the place
down the road
they're putting up
an] impermeable10 footer
to keep
the stockade of wildlife in;
so everyone
can get a good feel
for killing.

But *OUTSIDE*

like] a dam over a river
or lobotomy striking
synapses from the brain

the wire
puts a halt
to those who

follow cross trails

above
and
below
speaking
to anyone
who'll listen

]what they know

Not quite dreaming
I walked
the rails
 beside
a running measure
of layers
knotted
with their
 presentiment
 of barbs
when a strange
physiognomy
or THING
reflected in the
pond
rose near
pulled up
& looked right
in the face
possessing
me to reach
down to
the rocks for
a couple of
spikes
to hammer
or twang
or tug
at the array
through
a matter of time
hitting finally
upon a strange rhythm
or set of partials
keyed
within that wall
of lines the row
opened
leaving me still
NOT knowing
what I had got
MYSELF out of

Knock Knock

Who's there?

Rev the Give

RIGHT!

go on recording
this last bit to answer how
you got here along thoroughfares
(interstitial continua)→ processing Krapp]; then
I'll take all the tapes
from the whole fortnight
and get on with
spooking
the bio

What I heard
from the old folks
after the CW
the family and lots besides
started walking West to Texas
settling out near Nacogdoches

I believe...

But there were no Doctors,
no hospitals
& our own healers
couldn't recognize the American herbs.
Those were all back in Africa!)

We were stuck,
but some of the women of imagination
had likewise, gumption and wisdom
to visit the Indian village
near the ancient mounds and ask
if they could teach them about living
in this strange and forbidding land.
Making common cause from
different ends of the same tally
they formed a salon in that place
to seek out medicine and discover

going there
dancing polyrhythms
of native drums
was
coming home

Traditional Mapping

(a tool and pathology of belief in-incarceration)

imposes
a system of fixed boundaries
for private use.

presents	mind with body
fluid cotermini	a mythopoetic synthesis in ecotropic terms
expressed	
unimpeded by dams	~waves of sand~
rush into	
<i>los brazos del agua</i>	
sweeping	
from the land down the river	
whose ongoing polydestinies	
fill the estuary]NOT as	Mussolini was wont
but with other partners	
building the dunes	alive in the moving seats of judgment
lay out their buoys	
marking the shifting &	
permeable margins of	
layered zonations	THE SHORELINE IS
conspires	~Afrodite's~flowing~hem~
we learn from	an intersection of numerous vertical and horizontal fields
walking, then, is a form of inhabitation (something we always do or someone) releases its curve of sweetness	dialogues of consensuality [to produce through rheostatic coherences crossing something —the skin of an apple when the teeth bite through it
	~letting in the new~

I think therefore

I am () NOT THAT!

First distinction: parentheses

from the
c~r~e~a~s~e~s
brain
emerges

evaginating
LANGUAGE (we hold on to)

Not CAUSATIVE

but MEDICINE to REconcile us
with the Fall

Knock Knock Who's There?

Catalytic Converter What brings you...
to help constitute an event

e

Thanks for the note, bro. Hope the concert went well. The format shift worked for the bday vid. Those kids are some kind of cute! Best birthday present I'm likely, so I'll send knotsful of gratitude to D. On a different, I wonder how to take the anechoic chamber audio of *Medusa* & place it cheek by jowl with text PDFs in a slideshow—to listen and read each page as you go—unleashing also, more than 4 hours of moving stills into the frozen public stream.

We live in a time when the masses no longer need the intellectual or the artist—and will not hear the plea that *the CEO has no clothes*. Perhaps I should just release it all to WIKILEAKS and have done....Still in the face of what's lost and yet to come, no doubt we'll be recommissioned—bringing our onions in hand to carry the people back to their displaced grief. This later will come in handy after what's coming.

love,

j

P.S. Consider processes comprised of multi-layered consortia old as Lamatia, nested holonic entities allied with [say a bumble bee a breath of air] within an envelope of permeable limits.

P.P.S. Weird probabilities huddle round and shape materials that may still seek exit strategies—redirecting, these intensities undermine identity or enjoin others to change it—measuring degrees of stability and tendencies toward de:territorialization (e.g. the preponderance of unsocial behavior)—constants in the milieu of re: & de: formations. Elements (say us) may participate in multiples concurrently with varying degrees of concentration and purpose. Going about the business of expressing a *raison d'être*, WE autopoiesis discover how effects of polyvalent and multiple actions throughout a system produce and manifest properties of character and in process, intelligence. Such interactions likewise nurture governing effects.

This new plate
of eyes
sees
re:knotted
the old cord,

bridgelike,
the cedar rises poly-cabled
from a common trunk
stretching out particular strands
to come back
and hug such distinct
and wayward personalities
encourage
near and far to find their
range expression
selves along divergent rises
return to ones
they never leave
a wolf
at home in this polyvalent life

—angling for light
doubly paired
with sweeping bays
the redwoods standing tall

these no single nor some fixed thing
but jointly working out with all the rest
their coextensive thoughts

becoming tree,
a vine follows the path around which
the green spins its bark
climbing a scaffold they build together
till the old fellow goes and vine coils up, still
held in the architecture of its ghost

if tracing arrays of spherical *volvox*
corkscrewing their flagella
cloudbursts of flies galaxy a funnel of air
as we on our way to Buddhahood
helix the alimentary canal to circle
that string dropping through

below the waterline
remora clear debris fields
from a shark's path;
(such stalking horses)
as Jupiter
gyres along
pulling meteors
into its gravity well
cradling us for good

taking into account how peckers
extracting ticks from the hides,
carry the arc of helper
 past its midpoint
going too far
begin to drink the rhinos' blood.
What will become of them?

 along
a human disturbance of the forest
the forces summon the poison oak
to warn against further incursion
companioned with blackberry
 armed with thorns
 two sentries
 guard the gates of paradise

Still
L'autre
I step on
half-crushed

climbing up to the next plateau

constantly in a state
 of transmogrification
actuality
is not determined
 by the quality of being alive
 or being what some
 might call a *thing*

that slowed down to a stop
process of an event
 in motion

It is	not	
that YOU persist		
in different forms,		
but THE <i>IT-</i>		
SELF		[a coherence of multiplicities
arises		
in the mani-fold		
inter-play		
identity		
(markers		
speak		
what it is		
through		
envelopes		
engaging	others, nested within and without discovering	
common		
tongues voice		differences extend across
systems		feedback
at inner zones		
where integrity is		most replete; militates against encountering others
In	THE LANGUAGE	
contra]distinction the	frontier manifests <i>dialects of</i> <i>border talk</i>	
transferred from		—rely on rules:
insistent centers		grammar, syntax,
and the [hopeless like		
to hold their shape &		reinforce the configuration; [Not to
forget the soldier at the gate,		who'll return with strange gods
tattooed on his arm &		stranger bugs diverting his gut
<i>whose polyglot</i>		like[wise
conjoins	<i>other</i>	intersubjectivities
naturally	to bring forth	
<i>cantons</i>	within envelopes	
	do operate under	
	<i>symbiont</i>	
		<i>devising</i>

Coherences change
within and w/o
through engagements
in time
may be absorbed or rejected
by *OTHERS*
moving along
directions
of inclination
revising shape
and identity
as encounters demand
are not exclusive.

The solitary{?} tree shares more than space with mycelia	playing]minding at the root	the forest with networks
permeated with relics, body parts continue ancient myriad			
TALK		collaborating across slow things multi flow	
feeding cellulose the belly vasculars		of Earth	
harden insatiable thirst sequestered through for later deployment when permafrost melts [& a as the preacher says] out the mouth releasing viruses, previously			for carbon weathering in tectonic jaws
			broken seal releases pestilence and runs our gluttony
			bacteria, radiation, bioweapons, etc
		events	held in check
make the NOWING the not multiverse	others	up we are what comes from	
	becoming		

Can there be recognition forward
for what never was
enveloping NOW
we transform & accrete
lose gain
a new self taking shape
barely knows
it migrates into something else
from inter- PLAY
not PRE-imposed comes forth

a telenovela [or maybe
American nostalgia radio:
here's the wolfman talking at ya!
at heart of

I am a lineman for the county...
the matter: it's

goodbye to language

at any rate

to a certain kind?]

But what sort
of mudras you playing at under
that monkey puzzle you living fossil?
Certainly this cannot be the place you sit down
to settle once and for all?
And anyway what did I do
to get you so riled up

you keep saying one thing but mean your m[other]?

YUK YUK Mr. Buddha. But don't forget the psychotropic morning I
found you drunk and struggling with the turgid substance of your own
making still attached to earth. After fighting with it mightily, for hours
calling out to no avail, you were still unable to free yourself. Now in
the mind's eye, I see It happening
for real:

your actual encounter with the divine]

*[more sinned against than sinning...
why then do you punish me every day?*

Well I'll tell you son: the answer's quite clear.

It would mean so much; I've tried to DO YOUR WILL, but if I knew why
YOU torture and cause me to fall into this bottle every day, I would be
grateful and able to change and answer for it.

Well to start with, do you know why L.H. called her bird Onan?

CC: *knock* *knock*
 who's *there?*
 knock *knock*
 who's *there?*
 knock *knock*
 who's *there?* *Philip G!*

CANT GET ENUF OF A GOOD THANG

The tale keeps wagging the dodge—like the desert trip—we found ourselves sitting one early morning at a crappy diner as the aged waitress filling the salad bar looked up at us, directly, and asked

JACK OFF TODAY?

We were unable to
suppress our guffaws of suppressed bluster even after [we deduced
she was speaking to her boss standing behind us.

Our spirit *Hilaritas*
gives intent duration
fixed through s-h-i-f-t-i-n-g unities
WE KNOW THE FEELING
and dare utter the real
debouch between blossom and bole
 grasping at wholeness
 to work for sugar stirring the water

bamboo and grasses whisper
she crosses the fine meadow
 always I want to tell her
 but usually botch it
 so I'll just wait for the time
and pluck that strange red flower
 to give when I speak her name

RELATION not parts
we question the]un
 holon
as mind through w]holes
 the living]UN
 turns
 past=future
into & thereby holds the hand of the present

as a band of lights
with
know how
the coextensive
many
the conch

greasing the skids

and trumpet

absolving private indulgence
with public mea culpas

redrummm

intonations

fomenting metastable regimes with no

tip land forms
reducing fresh water

makes raucous noise
come from the sampo
yet fit to be tied

dovetailing vibrations

re=sound

N~O~W~S

liberating
against which we stuff
our ears & canalize
out the wazoo these OTHERS
atomized into tasty morsels
to leverage futures
before they get here
that different kind
of present

rendered from
carbon taxes offset
squealing behind
enshrined with pious
only *Styrofoam Coffees*
pre-purchase agreements
igate rainforest destruction

JUST
OF BALANCE
to threshold
the boundaries

The Biota

Knock Knock

we hear only
NADA

Odysseus didn't mind
the sorceress had reason
changing men
to what they are

as the shortening ties of reds unleash their warning flags
before risking the last leg of the arctic haul—
a hundred thousand sandhills heading north

along the Nebraska Platt
in the melting snow;
albatross
hooked
too quickly unravel

COTERMINOUSLY
gather like knots
their series

THIS IS
many
dis

opens
UN]

the only book
verses

emergencies

pause
to rest and feast

in the longlines
& understand

but not [
onto
[we do not address
connected
contain
ghosts of
never-to-be

we wipe out
no
longer to shape
except in
this
NOTHING
to say forever
without
that
what
the lonely ego contends
not
with
inconceivable loss
BUT
[leaving the lost children to
and do
the grieving

w~a~n~d~e~r~s
fruitlessly this place of
aimless corridors
act out the content

snorting burgers up the nose

{laced w/

burning carbon acidifies oceanic rise choking coral
loading aerosols in the chamber's got our name on it
QUICK, before resistants close the valve

acesulfame

saccharin

cyclamate

sucralose

sweeten liquids in our throat going down

this anti-ouroboros

fracks the body

stretching

Ogallala only to block

the course of all there is

more than strange rhetoric

vomiting pantoxicities into the water.

Yet UNEXPECTEDLY

in a cornhusker's field

{guilty of most ill-use

some where

cowboys & indens finally

the tomahawk

bury in atonement

draw a picture

and write in the grasses

NOToKXL

THIS WORD

r~u~n~n~i~n~g

down

to our

pond of convergences

in these piney woods

you see entwine near the fenceline

two coral snakes

sign of the land's good health

as if to read order

dialoguing

on the other side

consensual truth

arriving at upon you [like

a shaman squats down
to pick up

in a tangle

with some one

momentarily in

liminal]talk

before placing them
a crown

How fortunate to meet with a place
the jealous do not reach.
The first visit you came nervously
an old friend hoping to make a new.

I was surprised
but held the prospect
you'd had enough of celebrities
and wanted a brother.
I yearned for a soul mate
to share my walks,
but O what gladness
to see it was you *Black Hat*,
un]submerged as if from a lake—
now how many times have you returned
just to go out?
As long as conditions were right,
as many as were wished.
Why now having realized your failure,
do you come back
in this your hour of need
not at all?

104⁰

crawling from bed to bowl
feeling edges of
coupled with fear
as I was making a pact
to chuck it
suddenly
my head flew up above the roof
about which more stay tuned...

Where do they end
and where do they begin?
Cicadas... at every corner of the house
driving us into the un[dream begins
a click & drone memento from a circle of hell
a thousand decibels strong. Scarcely a thing holds them
flying off on any line.

In that dream of a field of snow
I have the ability to see in all directions at once
—all my life has been an attempt to re:create this

—though like teaching others in such a dream to fly
success depends upon not doing it.

*The Dream of Reason
produces nightmares
of*

[gathering into tidal retribution]

domination & shame,
we replace
with receptivity
—layering successive
waves of empathy
through interstitial fear

to discrete traumas
cathected
with novelty

it ain't music
if it ain't new

WE APPLY

(garnered from Enrinyes' grave)

the medicine of now

that journey for

the wholl
present

bringing [here]

to the note here

Abraxas
tenders a prospect of flowers, as truly
looking
directly
IS
a precondition of art]
at THIS Medusa
the price of
hospital admission;

but **OUR FAUX REALITY SHOW**
takes
work to keep anxiety
and depression
IN
ERGO
the extended family neighborhood &
community tribe is
hereby
BANNED & SINCE
said lines net to
chronic disease
severing a child you] abuse
from parent
you shall replace MENTORING
with gangs promoting
[every *dog fend for itself*
to finally kill
the sangha
[said Vito the fish
with a stiff between his legs

[Controlling Symptoms
through **D & P**
lock] in
to virtual
correctional facilities
driving this man from
his friend
the woman
to speak the truth
we
imprison souls
to reproduce

first [silencing
any robbing
need
before
with entrenched addiction
mechanically

Referring to the bombing,
you asked your radical son-in-law
if I valued a foreign Japanese life more
than an American.

Just the same

an answer
you couldn't accept,
began the hypnagogic airing
of intolerance,
as you broke a beer bottle
across a hard mesquite
holding it under
ready to cut open a throat
red with apologies,
all this long past.
But given that, near the time
were soon to depart this life,
why did you kiss me
on the lips

your wife was and] you

like Willa before you, *Oh Papa*[

right in front of EVERYONE
and say out loud
how much you love me?

neither from
nor toward
some emanation
paper boats on the water
full of candles
tilt their golden dragons

as lovers flutter
eyelashes together
open and close
reconfiguring the subject
a tipping

point

whose new lean of outward
intent opens the lines

of flight
for a thousand nested sets
within.

going to a strange place [hoping to get laid
only to chant en masse gathering speed:]

nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo
nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo
nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo
nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo

i'myawning you'reyawning we'reyawning
when someone begins to be happy] how can you tell or say

the girl making origami
is not the cause
of anything

shaping an art of resistance released in a sequence of folds
e.g.

so long
you bore
barely
my heart gladdens
to see you lose your grip
& find
new paths of thought
even in the saccadic
 flight of insects

discovering
affinity
moves
the world
through planes of
love
our deepest Sufi
 turns to me
the nearest ground of immanence

we do
the work
changes
how we live
us

while DISCRETION opened the way for hollow men [such commercial travelers move one object of desire providing on the side of no longer is our animal being dead leaves to another an answer]for lonely hunters sufficiency us empty inspiring the Buddha to blow his shell between here and yon an allusion] *a book of itinerant souls* invokes a universe where we are going the path of engenders suffering distance to the gap reveals an IS make bearable THAT ISN'T so having seen more you will NOT bury your head than thought thereby but be satisfied

nothing exists without doing it

surmising a true through selves makes YOU a-

ROUND

Like]
a confluence of poets

PULL OUT THE BONGOS]

gives rise
to how many

verses

NOT NOT

to say copas de vino
dribble down to make
such Iguazus possible

going hence or hither,
DIG, losing one-self in
a deep wood following
magnetically aligned planks—only to
discover a community of hearths
affixing changing strange
enuf] to make one laugh
OR GO [carve it all on a tower

despite springtime's reasonable
of not knowing the dancer...
leave it to these irascible parrots
under foliage of tall wax palms
to argue the beat
fleetng season
Nonetheless at this party

&]
Like] NOW do not be sad
 to go simply

dreaming poorly my friend
blocks linkages to the divine
that is, our metempsychosis
understanding limitation
 conduits voices of

Your Poems shine with light
The more I try to polish them
the dingier they get.
No doubt you were right to think
 it a big mistake

[confusion

of] the

pollinators continuously offer
wrappings of herb and bud,
rice pepper ginered-veggies
everyone drinks plangent wakes
from a hundred poems: crazy wisdom
it's time for visitors
close what's behind
for what's ahead: AS

suggests]

itinerant universe garden gate
[asking in prayer indicates

others]

filtering as mine
in care for the pilgrim soul: BECAUSE
of water on stone.

to ask ME

[pop plop

THEN ALL
a lightning flash dream

of Shamans one after another
peeling from Horseshoe cliff
stretch out & up a thousand feet
loping gigantic strides
South to Amazonia
spreading NET strands
traverse

doors of mandalas pages upon pages
neurochemically polystrates
v~i~b~r~a~t~e speaking in hums

seeping

through the bending ear
of sea shell, cyclone, snail, dark haloing whirlpool galaxy
unto the multi cahooting
selves appear in one of

a plethora of windows ■
stringing disambiguated
cosmogonic phenomenal
glyphs (in-with-ex)-ternal cross indexing
personal with im-
mysterious lines the living
along the way erased] redraws
discharging electromagnetic
phosphenes on an observer's psychotropic lens;]
A good trip no doubt
lengthening the frame
keeps you from ripping up
signatures on the envelopes

all the [→

Earth's the right place
you cannot move
outside

still being [→

from [→

a long way from home
I read the news
in every flight of birds
seeking assurance
the silent rocks.
So Why Now
returning close
do I ask nothing
from nobody?

Hard wind blows insects over the field.

Loving
others
a piece of home
comes

to visit

but try as you might
the journey
never really winds up

still moving

the hummingbird always departs
stopping beside you on the bridge the owl continues to fly

everything
involved
has reason

say, when light catches
something strange
a singular variety
of sudden tangles &
your new polka dotted scarf
blows away again...

going yonder
I am
here to stay

but does being
some[thing else
preclude know]ing

how
use limited
to the form
necessary
for taking care

augmented from necessity
an ethics
in medias res
assembled something
(you)
like the country
]made of others

MAP 'N HAND

survey cap on
plumb bob

dog barking behind

d
a
n
g
l
i
n
g

no matter how you cut it
[the lizard enters
& comes out
an
other rupturing

the line of art
CONNECTED to what?

]rebounds various intensities
speaking of HOW
you cannot help

but go
leave the door open
learning to live
laying down thy blueprints
do you really need?] [SO
albeit non sequitur ➔ from *El Cenmenterio de la Recoleta* this thunder vision:

put your root NOW
among

FREE

many nests awaken
EXITING A SMALL HOTEL
behind Luxembourg Paris,
I go out to discover the greatest public art
project in history. Down the middle of the street
tables sided with divans parade
the city an endless Mardi Gras. Arranged on top
the most delicious wonderful fruit vegetables such color to defy
imagination: ponderous grapes of dark blue sea, pineapples chrome yellow,
orange oranges, sensuous—kumquat vulvas—
the double parentheses, our numenon, from which disembogued
succulent red gushes white, good wine red as blood, black
green chard, poly beets, crispy turnip, chartreuse rhubarb,
blue cheese, aged gouda, US,
& everything nothing
Not Since Unveiling *Water Lilies*
has there been such in paint
a true love affair.

& such fragrance
infused this world
replete with all scent of oil
the art itself activates polymorphous indicators of becoming.
And as inhibitions weaken, only deep emotions of respect keep
thongs from eating the bounty en route—such spirit
a moving immanence for those who make the scene.

But just how Claude Monet managed to keep
working on the immense project toward its actual
completion with no one noticing or
imagining he could have returned
even to conceive such
an affirming earth shattering
beyond the scope of the observer...IS

UN]becoming for one who walks on
legs crooked down
hands reaching

running of the	biota body	what comes next lift~up~over~sounding	through stiff vasculars
through salt water blood sap	deliveries things	upwelling available to body going	[a concern
burying inside fast and slow		ENVELOPES transfuse	
		sea land	land sea
		BEING consortia composition follows affect in... how "we" do & who am I to live such	
		MULTIPLES?	

Fins reach OUT *to wing*
straining limbs
down to rise up waving hands in salutation
through aboriginal rubbing together
endosymbionts like] pachyderms into [body
making riveters squeeze out
teeth scales feathers hair breast
multi- plated j
i
g
sawed head[p~u~z~z~l~i~n~g IT out
leaving what's behind to follow along arteries
an axis to take hold of
enlivened somehow with
believe muscle arteries nerves etc
you me] KNOW where they live I consider
coming across a lowly worm poly-ribbed with fetal arches
& just have TO PICK UP its face smiling right into mine
and whisper about that day
when this receptive child was terrified by the spectre of its own luminous
skeleton declaring independence —all the while, dancing inside my
lumpen flesh to its rattle of autopoietic bones;
What's into that dark my worried parents ask
And I let the matter dear? Why are you crying?
So they can dismiss and palliate: the hook: *a monster's trying to get me;*
THE universe awake *IT'S JUST A DREAM!*
WE sleep the part
to be us
no doubt when we finally DO we imagine
catching up
there will be no need to notice.

In the hands of the capitalist doctor, the strange cybernetic instrument of wish fulfillment penetrates (like the atom or the gene) and colonizes—ultimately rendering into complete disappearance, the subject, now an empty functional apparatus left to join the erstwhile polysemic ghosts of labor and field.

ergo

predicated upon a singular notion: the idea of Man and Machine will thereby prove to be true rendering → ME

I know I think
I am
my own homunculus

So if we're holding suns

KNOCK

WHO'S?

YOUR DRIVER

OPENS THE BOX

AS

the letter
begins
to read you

In a land of the future a select group of seers has created a perfect vision. A demonstration of their beliefs is organized in a series of booths almost all of them the same presenting a group of three identical monkey puppets of the old sock variety and a xylo-phone with three notes C D and E corresponding to the names of each puppet. Practitioners who display little emoticons and are dressed remarkably like puppet monkeys C D and E are on hand to answer questions and to receive new members.

I approach one and hit a C with a small mallet. For a moment all of the booths are transfixed. I ask what it is. In a holy and knowing kind of way reserved for the privileged initiates, the woman holds up one of the puppet monkeys and says, the sustained note is in sympathy with C.

She does not notice my sarcasm as I prepare to hit another note. But she stops me as does the look from all the seers.

Please wait before you strike
another note—otherwise the
effects will be too intense
for us to bear AND we
must hide our heads

under

the CROWD'S cover
unable to recoup our losses
left only to ponder the value of thresholds
STILL

insensitive
crucify Earth in
rendering
our merry house
the hard way trudges

to merrier

everyone is left behind
but the ones ahead

to screams, we
our pain machine
grease to run
cups rising even as
through yellow air &

INSIDE a face on the figure of outward
our envelope maintains its dialogue between
the not not outside
and] the not not inside

A ouroboric
present (our eternity) copulates
individual death **WITH** the book's alternative name]

*Each of us dies as we have always lived, in the present, and only
then slips safely into the past.*

A non-exclusionary difference
matter and mind
an event fluxus

interacting
stones

create the worlds
KNOCK KNOCK

Who's there?

The wound of the mind.

NO BODY?

contributes a glyph
to keep
the medicine working

when it's not
try again:

Who's there?

Differences

consensually speaking of course]

put us in touch with
the holding of
YOU Alone

produces
such ethical regard

one can accept
this decomposing

and carry on
with the talk till

there's
nothing
more
to
add

Ariel panicked at the thought

of no identity or having]
two?

ought not
go dallying about
for color creed
or simply speaking its name;
private property enthusiasts and patriots
hit upon a grand reaction to the common weal
(following of course their betters' purse)
but always in the name of liberty
or other *necessity*, to take up
bible, guns, and the right-to-work,
and press them firmly against
any un]yielding bosom.

So what does it signify
we strip back the skin
to evaginate
this BWO
and offer Lord Xipe
our very un]
re[de[composing

distraught
with Topology

the body vibrates
its own frequency

to make unconscious actions aware
opens up the line of choosing
a thing to cherish

beneath
epidermal tension
such rhythms spread across
the coextensive diverse.

Knock Knock

So why are
are you here again, *symbiont*?

For an emergency
that keeps reminding me
you're the one with whom I fit
dear heart, this organ

gives ME reason in you the chest

exposed when opening
of the beastling Hanuman
to exist

Confusedly walking such a road *with*
 I am shaken by the spectacle of
 a mole spiraling on its star 
 putting its nose where it counts
 against the earth
 to find a way
 —howsoever derived or shared—
 shooting from such lines of sight
 we see the world
 to make possible
 this skambha we go about
 absentmindedly LOST
 with in the middle of
 her swing of light
 carrying to and fro
 ever nigh such fragrance
 of pomegranate

ERGO:

	do not powder your wig with rust		
	or a nose gay dress from some coach-a-bower		
	but go ye out every day to any chosen field and chew		the common
	Buffalo Clover Sunflower Crazy Weed Aster		
	Coneflower Goldenrod Wild Indigo our		
attend		the speaking	Blazing Star
such	gladrags replete with		transformers
	corms	bulb tunic	wind
		capturing	
	weds to you <i>memories</i>	of what	intensified
		coheres	to resonance
	the quality of affection most		
	sparks		enduring
	the sense of agency		
	links varying speeds of coordination		
	break down assemblages		
	tie into other particulars		
	w/o expression of separation		per/se from
	fields of process entering the		unknown is freedom derived

ambling along [like
you Wang Wei

I used to look beyond mountains
concealing the river
but **NOW** can see much farther
climbing your
single flight of stairs

neighborhoods of

our
intimacy
fulfill the neural moving

OUT

our birth
(an incomplete gestation) CONJOINS
one environment
we are

to another)
the narrow
passing through
pelvis of our mother

such large
heads
these chemicals of
preparing
bathed in the other's bacteria
pleasure
links
completed through nets [of

toss us into free air
to be

the ecosangha

YES]

scalps lampshades bathhouses
have taught we'll do

anything;
but where choice comes shaped
[the instrument
the stops allow
& IF NOT

by the vessel you move in
makes what music
our children to dance

our repressed
feelings
sitting in the place of judgment
the animal trapped between guilt &

imprison the body crying for
release, you must truly fear

POSHLUST

shame to feed it discipline and
power of compensation, such
sold to

the highest bidder

ALL

that anyone could want
if you will but drink.

when tempted
with the delusion
of something else
the Buddha in his lotus
slowly moved a hand
 toward the Earth
and with outstretched fingers
 repeatedly
 tapped the ground

KNOCK KNOCK

I'M NOT BUYING TODAY

You cannot have what isn't yours

& besides The Larger

wants to know how it feels
to tease out another kind of flow

How you
gonna do that?

Just squeeze out the liquid she holds in HER hair.

And

how the hell does SHE rise out of the Earth like that?

Her dwelling place & modus operandi:

the water a manifestation of the Buddha's right livelihood.

Your DAD

Ok then, ...Who's There?
What for? thought he was long gone
say, what's he doing anyway?

He's braiding HER hair into knots;
you to feel so bad being just like

[he didn't want him.

as you can see, he was a keeper too
of the exoteric past, to prepare for tomorrow;
whereas you,
in the hand, draw together stories from
disseminating them into possible futures
—like strands

[following rivulets
the inner life

of hair swept up
Both ways follow rhythms

and introduced into the compost out back.

the body's dance of events

mirrored in]
[broken and reformed INTO

ears eyes throats

pass loss t s

when ends meet
 along the lines they pause
 for a while to rest in
 more than carriers
 they clarify non-distinctions
 we may learn to walk alone
 say
 with others
and go till we reach where we can not go

 —a Whirling Dervish caught in
 a Taiji session or motion picture
 we understand
 more than mere sum rising from linked dynamics
 collects and assembles
 tags strewn about
 out to recover like you
 a **stalker** of knotsville
 certain to free up at least a few loose ends;
 may your wish... come true
 but how does
 water come in and
 whose hair am I to squeeze?

 A friend of earth... sounding the coil
 through relentless embellishment

 turns and *mordants* recall arctic birds sailing into moving stillness,
 as ornaments record migratory but true heralding a thing in itself

 reframing the medium *with* the message
 like] your grotesque *Medusa*
 borders with the center
 liberating the lightning of our very bones
 to embrace the hour to dive in and begin
 from *maker being*
 to one that *leans*
 Knock
 into co-extensivities
 ing off A SELF

HOW did that get in? from mutual support
 Some Great Synthesizer or
 finding innovative ways to spread the albedo

 transcendence is an emergent aspect of immanence
 as an archetype processes
 & strange gateway mouthing
 coming to rest
 a double reed.

All of I the forces
resistance
marshal still [aboard the rheostatic
keel of the moving Earth
pathways across biomes
open and close
absorbing & losing
we may

with only *others*
register worlds
participate to function in
We do not walk the road so much
as the road walks us

passing through has you for the taking
along spangled trajectories ineluctable gathering

back into a way
out of no way

to a better set of problems
held among us commons promoting bonds
make change likewise
polyvalent neurons affix starry cells
creating hormones
constellate the brain
born as

can do
knowing boundaries
chorus the future nesting constraints
moving out
into the further shared
OR JUST use it up
and try to drag yourself around the bases, Lou.

A long
stretch
of dreamfield
comes to a point
liberating
a line
into two

parallel edges.

One runs peripherally
pushing
the envelope
the other
holds
the middle

galvanizing a center

So HOW does a
knight of faith
save the day
given this new
theory
of the subject?

To clarify the situation
as you open up to enter this gate:
the orifice gives birth to a pack of wolves
advancing easily
onto the double path
notice how a loner on the periphery and the rest
adhering to the middle way continuously
keep their connection, reminiscent
of spooky action at a distance.
sitting on a rock carved with two heads,
contemplating the implications of divergence

JUST AFTER...

...Ye take the high and

been here before
but hadn't yet
conceived
a form to do it

I'll go on naturally taking
both at once

1.

Vici
crosses the Rubicon
to reinforce
NOT to liberate
THE TERRITORY

Westward HO succumbing at 5 to sibling pressure:
I absorbed the lessons of *Spartacus* & *The Blacklist*
and had my first look in the back of Faustus' brain.

2.

Concerning trespass
that knowledge IS
raising the question of *how*
not merely *what* to determine
the quality of action
not to say
affection
creating marriage
Prospero
dispels the fear
of going there

Two paths—
to reproduce
the delusion of discretionary
identity
through excess
of reactionary force
OR extend
and welcome change
with certain risk of losing
notions not entirely

quaint
of self?
SPIRIT
in registration in the real —(OURS
we make) to encourage it to dwell
reasonably in nature among us
NOT to partition
an endless array of cantons
enslaving with
abstraction

Hysteresis an electric radiant
shut off continues to burn
while allowances at the edges
ease presumptions to click off and on.

Permeability creates endurance—
things do go on
in more than remembrance
an apparent crossborder action doesn't end
as things that never were succeed
in effect from something becoming
never existent
acts that never did
interiors link
across frontiers
potentialities in what's yet to be
caught in a net that isn't there
such twins as memory
and the persistence of becoming
before and after
held
in a mesh that has no net:
[lacking power to enforce
we give provenance
as discussion precedes occurrence
giving space for happenstance
anticipation prepares the way our walk
thinking a bobcat [such a familiar on this day of the dead]
capers into the frame of hands () measuring the size of
its likely → non-appearance as its co-attendant rabbit
scurries away to something like safety.
OR awaiting their arrival
the kinglet flock
flashes wing into the present
we mindlessly pass without noticing
thought moving among events fall out
of preconditions shaping the possible:
in medieval times
in preparation for grace
the mind opened
learning how to
from the other an avenue
first a dwelling place
/live it before
conveyed the arrival to this side.

So forces
and coherences
develop
consensually
procedures
of truth
the subject full of subjects
embeds finite of infinite
acts of endorsement
give substance to
becoming constitutive
themselves
giving object
to subject
not as alienated
performance
but two as one beloved

Barely
making time
began the en:counter
with my obsession to speak of
the boundary

issues		
spouse	friends	
	daughter	
	my	
self		tic
taking a private		tic
simultaneously	follows	tic
another	one of	
		many
		remaining
		one

AT my schizoanalyst

whose alchemy \cong

CONSILIENCE

2 I re:collect:

after the divorce living alone
in a small house days of throw-up flu
running the hot boards
w/ nary a thing on hand to mitigate;
so drove

the 24-hour Safeway night
of aspirin
expectorant &
peptobismol pink~as~a~piglet.

When

the door of
my return opened shattered rooms
of glass my cosmology
a turntable dislodged from its joint
Stockhausen never to chant again
not to omit shards of my naiveté
los olvidados me habian robado

ALSO

my dark boina—transit helmet from
After

the fuzz departed
fear and panic re:entered

nearly passing OUT—
tormented W/
they'll come BACK!

a shop near

El Rio Oja

WINE

gathers menacing whispers

following

the bathroom crawl
under a heaving bout
I crabwalked back to the crib
only to climb further up

the fevered

ladder of phantasmagoria

The Emptiness

my wife left behind

filled with yet another lost girlfriend

from Circe's ingle

an oft frequented place —I segue to \rightarrow
smelling gas I broke

discovering the not lifeless body

THEN her father drove her forever away

a later time to explain how
into her house
on the floor
back to O~h~i~o

dragging me in to
another bout
of hurling
the bowl
falling back
slowly to bed
ad nauseam
following la via dolorosa
through sweating
habituation
I decide for the plaintiff
NOT TO [look upon
and to just snuff out
suffering candle

(of a sudden)
looking up
way above the roof
I see
Myself hugely grinning
looking down on
an absurd
silly ass of MAN
SO naturally begin
to laugh out loud—discovering
when after a spell, something
at the window catches my eye
and there stands
has to be
whose body of light
I slowly move around
I remember both hands

merciful release from oppression
nothing else but dream of visiting some
incarnation of a clinic yet to be
where an alchemical ecologist treats
metacommunities in the biomes of the body

then wake up
in pajamas feeling much better
tucked neatly in bed

Explaining this proclivity
to repeat my self
the question of

BETWEEN

irrupts

a positive inescapable
to walk that double...as if
compelled by
I look over my
down onto my feet and notice:

some outside force

need

is there such a thing?
crossed legs

one brown shoe on my left foot
& one black shoe on my right

Embarrassed

I didn't know

to go to the therapist.

There was nothing else for it, so
had myself a fine deep belly laugh
having finally found a way
to dress for the prospect I had in mind.

When on the table beside
a dancing Krisnä inserted himself
into the dream:
perambulating a road

How Indecorous

OH MY...]

at such a bit

playing his flute

joined K, Arjuna debates
delusion in the choice is great
When I whisper
into his receptive EAR

in effect: *the caste system IS the SAMSARA we're on the lookout for*
[and thereby

A slips
Then K

zapato fly into the teeth

when faces on
truly

RE:

awaken

[between entities of opposing forces
momentarily frozen before their self
misunderstanding

deploys its destructive bent, having
the necessity of joining sides, since

a provocative suggestion
bolstering A's pitiful argument
and refusal to challenge K

as startled soldiers begin to rouse
no doubt, *with eyes wide shut*
the modus operandi right off his foot
blanches with wonder to behold that
and cogs of the machine
freezing in its tracks
either side
at last with the *sabotage*

EINZELGÄNGERS

their intent

onto common heads
this earthly crown
of doubly-knotted
corals

replaces

no less than
a king with two bodies
in
desultory boots

still moving

as ineluctable forces
walk back
in pairs

lifting from the ashes

such suchness
as to dis-
cover

c~o~h~e~r~e~n~c~e~n~s

do no better than
walk
the un] walk

forming

bi~ ways of
them selves
to uncobbled go

two-fold
shaping
in-
verse[s

hanging daily down
to pace up the night

divinity most mortal
leaves nothing

but everything
goes on

what else

can turn the skambha
howsoever wendy

our twin [n -ed paths
knot

JUST following

between

a curtain

goes a]round
the road
bodies
we lift in passing

but of course you're right as this journey hopes to reconfigure it.
One goes back to go through—exposing *consilience*,
the snaking line waves the frontier to and fro...
makes knowing a pleasure.

preparing an important meeting
an act of unconscious solidarity dear heart
you wear UN]matching shoes to the office.

Upon hearing the tale
my friend from the train insists
we take you one to complete a set; so
the harmonics from said contact might thereby
resonate sweetly from that non-existent string
pulled between such non-polarities
all of which excites our in-
visible mesh, an *ecology of mind*

concatenating lines
all round
reciprocally constructed mark
zones of consistency.

Now living the upright *age of self* we reinforce]
a prophylactic against *The Fall*

separation from our nature
(the initiation of unbecoming animal
to maintain what cannot be
from fear of destruction,
as expenditure, the stone a form of nonexistence
to make a wall we push up the mountain

overprotecting frontiers
re:territorializes flow

building or breaking up [the word of things
not not to say] position and time
changes according to facie of earth
At bottom the prima

(which [for all that consensually
desired or not others make us
and will not sit still for an instant

stratifies≡bacteria
comes forth
so please for give me
not leaving you
too afraid of
being abandoned

With all the forces of heaven and earth crossing paths at once, consider the kneeprint on the bank beside that dissected body, and how from the other side the knowing animals will gather to put the parts back together again releasing its breath into the interplay from which one may come forth[

Yes

Pahukatawa

knees

the river—

signaturing plateaus.

Does the year have two
or four as in corner's of
the earth's body?

Is a round house bereft
or has it run past
the need of them
discovering
a post knee understandin

[?]

*Regardless, my heart too
is buried
wounded at*

]the bend suturing the worlds
—a much too human, earthly concern.

When we get off planet
we will have jettisoned
along with
superfluous organs
to unarrive at the new.

I am content for now with and can not live w/o knees
They are my angle of repose my link with eternity
My limitation. My friendship. My love. My thing. My raison d'être.
STILL

to put its best face on:

praying is a form of linking the horizontal and vertical large and small. A seemingly disagreeable fact that nevertheless

inner and outer
prepares me
for

the losing of them

[pouring
one's magic herbs
back in the river]

to drink mortality
the self's beautiful in]consistency
retreat spirits a new]
into

retreat
El Otro

dancing
the EDGE
WITH coyote
to learn no
not going with
such wayward
rapprochement ushers even in to

rock paper scissors

I happy am
is
co-participatory

Knock Knock

down
poplar corridors
rushing
together

A dog running the road
con gusto
IS
the road

as a few stragglers
of multicolored leaves
tumble out in front

where the light shines
we throw
ourselves
sliding all the way down

Not that I
 your place
 of residence]
 doesn't.
 Multiples poly individuate
 not JUST peoples the scene
what's that when where's how's this
 desire goes everywhere
 with nothing to lose but chains
 LEARNING
 In say Topsell's
Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes (1607):
 ...Both kinds have under their tails a double note of passage,
 in the male there is a scissure like the secrets of a femal,
 & in the femal, a bunch like the stones of the male,
 but neither one nor other inward,
 but only outward;
 OR even here [I think therefore I'm
 when on TEEVEE
 Autopoietic IS Poetic
 deep readers of smell
 Hyena rub waxy paste
 smearing
 on myriad plants & with books in their arses
 without developed scent
 glands in their pouches,
 acquiring knowledge carnally
 put on with its power the young,
 nevertheless
 the musky odor
 a signal full
 pregnant?
 Is it female, lactating
 Male, from another group
 which distant clan?] we read
 THE OTHER
 inside us
 is Hyena

From→

The Elizabethan Zoo:

*This beast hath a very great hart
as all other Beasts have which are hurtful,
by reason of their feare*

meanders coextensive frontiers w/

[intersubjective identity service

controlled by b~a~c~t~e~r~i~a

dusting our faces

passing through

only to catch

the wind blow across

the field we walk

flying idioms everywhere

its multiverse hojarasca

whose polyedge walkabouts
the map and territories conjoin

so un[expectedly

NOW the country in all directions

foldingenfoldingunfoldingrefolding

your garland sutras
nested in others
center and circumference

when out of the forest
from a hollow clamor

emerging dreams
knocking wood

quick caught breath shrill ending

AHOOGAH HORNS

MESMERIZING

in a prospect of flowers

wide-eyed Ganesha [going

blesses my body with his roving trunk:

all the way round

so come ye also without blockages

tusk in hand to help us finally discover this

tale of our travels

WITH

tale of our travels

WITH

tale of our travels

WITH

Residing in &
 moving through
 shared identities
 with varying degrees
 of intensity and
 nested and diverse]
 [held together
 orientation
 we are filtered
 layers of decisions of
 entrance & exit yielding[zones of consistency
 ... and given the cataclysmic climate has triggered disruptions everywhere
 the reconciling dialogues better start now & with lots of fast talking!
 —such coextensions of consensual membership
 temporary and lasting along][reappearing
 and continuous
 boundary lines
 (envelope likewise)
 leading through
 & toward
 other sets permeate
 judging and judged
 shared sovereignties
 we in
 this passing received
 & determined by
 others
 we become
 and go as we go
 letting us in
 coherence
 changes coherence making a destination
 &
 across multileveled
 place of inhabitation
 plateaus
 contains
 of past intensities plural events
 through co-extensive
 embraces of
 A *Singular Body*
 BECOMING
 coherences of identity
 FORM
 CONTENTS
 ITSELF
 desire and validation

Guess
only a meta
-crease
in the page
could

]form a keel for everyone
to get a handhold
&
climb aboard

just to meet
wherever this

[releasing
your last delusion

hey
just how di d?
& next thing
we see

Well it ain't

a self- portrait?
flying up toward

might've been that cardboard box

that strange figure

THE LINE
twisted
into]
on that same cliff face
CIRCLE he vanishes into

going thru above
opposite [OR following
]in an imagistic rhyme

only A LITTLE
to reappear
apparently
later
another skein
of round heads
Planets?

Looks like this one's got a name
and address

So that's where
this is
Always wanted to go
but *this is*
By the Bye

Thinking it's the moon cowboy?

& thanks
for coming
removing
obstacles

What are friends of Vishnu for

YOU ONCE WERE

So NOW
can you find

it all came out of no
but first YOU gotta tell [whar
what 're you doing in that hole?

Quite the comedian.

Now it seems]WE must extricate
You can still
help me out
so we can go on for

Is there a score that goes with
that bit of nothing?

a discovery
deterritorializing the refrain
just
what [I climbed down

So now we know]

your *lookalike* disappears into
Filling it up
Procreating

When I was a toddler
during that relentless
devastating drought, you put me
in one of the mad network
of crisscrossing cracks in the ground.
I bet you didn't see HER
coming forth beside me
Or that her hair full of water
ended the terrible drought
and certainly not how reaching down
SHE plucked me from the garden.
ourselves from what we climb into.

a SPELL
and always to the right place
I reckon.]

includes all And its music
that goes] *WITH*

here to get:

The Fall
we made
trying
NOT to deal
with what's going to happen

we're giving up
the practice that
keeps the sickness in

(Louie, this looks like the beginning...

of the dreamwork's explication:

I was driving with
my wife and her sister
down a dirt road swerving to avoid
the accumulating debris blocking the way
till the stuff became impassable and I had to
back up the hill.

We found ourselves driving separate four wheelers across a flat landscape of carnival biomass abyss not to omit the academic structures (these latter growing more labyrinthine as the flats rose to a height)

a map of my passage through a life. I became separated from the others and began to walk towards the hilltop, all the while getting more and more lost. Every stairwell led me astray. It was a terrible strain to walk. I couldn't see well and then panic hit.

I did not know where I was at all. I asked for help but was ridiculed by a golden selfseeking girl.

Then the real issue presented itself.

I did not know *who I was* and stared vacantly at the myriads of worlds that could offer nothing but torment echoing that strange affliction

I kept looking for

at every step:

To over select
memories you care to fix
along

your walkabout
only as medicine
to reproduce disease
ensnares

the self

along a narrowing path

so give what you can at last worthy be
bringing altogether something worth losing

Moving out of the nebulous environment I arrive at the sandy clear spring pool. How sweet this water must be to drink. When appears a skeletal symbiont I think dead but strange it moves. And then the living horse head stuffed into a brown cowboy work boot. What can such things mean to exist? I fight the urge to flee the surreal images in disgust and thereby discover coming forth new forms from the luminescent shine.

Given all this—start another good

10 SECOND COUNTDOWN

and breathe new air into an old brain
to hold in place what the copy machine
you no longer need is certain to yield

and show just HOW these
transient frontiers
comprise

AND shared sovereignties

A SONG OF MYSELF

walking
into a zone I had never known
a pair of *friendly hands*
made up
a composite
field of forces

migratory beast I am
it seems from
of said [envelope's

I caught ONE:
reaches up
that spread
into enter (yay big)

]as if to say

joining the now
FEAR NOT
thy moorings **WILL** be stripped
away and leave thee
homeless and without
of nested sets

only] to be received
larger consistency

the figure I

a form of

inhabitation

moving

emerges

moving and not moving
comes into the picture.

informing volition to
from within that portal
far from bare[

between
feelings

slightly to one side
the world's
so life extend
the range

*from the play
of transcoherences:*

boundaries

we follow

the pond the forest the field

a
mesh-work
mosaics

intersecting
planes the river
with us
not the same

goes on
carrying itself
away

can not tell
what belongs
or doesn't

turning
to ask

that SELF
reaches
how far
into me

as I seem
to depart

becoming occasions
round us
the environment

has a body
a book travels
through
full of energy

AN EVENT

for NOW

extensional
expressive

in character
in orientation

frontiers
in and out

permeable multiplicitiess

the flowing line
caught
in a jag
crimbs
an inverted
V
into a *circle* above

conflation of the line's intent

mirroring the one ahead
[and preparing a place
the shaman flies
along
through
a crack in the wall
opening first the border within
for what may come
to dwell
or crease
whose parentheses un(cradle)
this wild trip
call it a rhizome
and into
a thoroughfare
OR a kipu
singing
a history of earth
in place
keeps
practice holds
the fluid
tone
syntax
& anatomy
meeting
just
to span
the
hemisphere
combines
with OTHER
this
exchanges
memory theatre
sustaining
a form
our best hope
undoes us

Poking my head through to the other side
I find myself in the middle of
an inverted performance of La Comedia Divina with you at center stage
bottoming out a counter oracle from the very stones of your 32 degrees
—quite unmaking

the bone i had to pick with
christi fiscus→

*NO MORE GOD
THAN A ROUND COIN*

which hit
a bolt of laughing gas
jerking me back
so appropriately
to a bawdy surmise:

PROCUSTES
We
Offer
Up
THIS REACH
brings consistency
to transigence
keeping the map together
FOR THE LIVING ON

w/o engaging
desire
to wall the other in

& discovering
margins
in mutual acts of registration
without fear

too much
but just enough pride
we
follow

traverse
AND enter
such lines
as yield
their curvature

NOW WE TWO
(planted years ago) circumnavigate the pond thinking trees
reach out to others their rooted ways in
the air the soil the water
ocean out [InnSaei]

how
everything
here
is
how

the wink of an eye or BIRTH CANAL

un[folds
going
anywhere
that's everywhere
launches us
into the unknown
ving all the rapture you

at walkabout's end
written
on a paper boat
I drop this poem
in the water
without thought
in mind

diving toward
the one flying up to meet it

a wild bird shrieks: weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

KNOCK

KNOCK

THIS OPAL

I pick up as if a syllable
untangled from its verse
to look INTO

a strange iridescent body
wondering how it absorbs
the arc
from that single line
I hurl
green jacketed
into a vortex
plopped from the flux

$$(c(r(i(s(s(c(r)o)s)s)i)n)g)$$

a lotus of smiles coming together

around

JUST THIS



Fig Rooted Above—at Nero's Baia Villa Near the Oracle
Book design, text set & field spatialization, extended
techniques, art, and special effects, John Campion

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Wingdings (\oplus) \ominus \odot \bullet , extended \rightarrow $\approx \zeta \star$ etc.

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Campion at Machu Picchu (2012)

Colophon: (Fig Rooted Above), Cindy Cox

