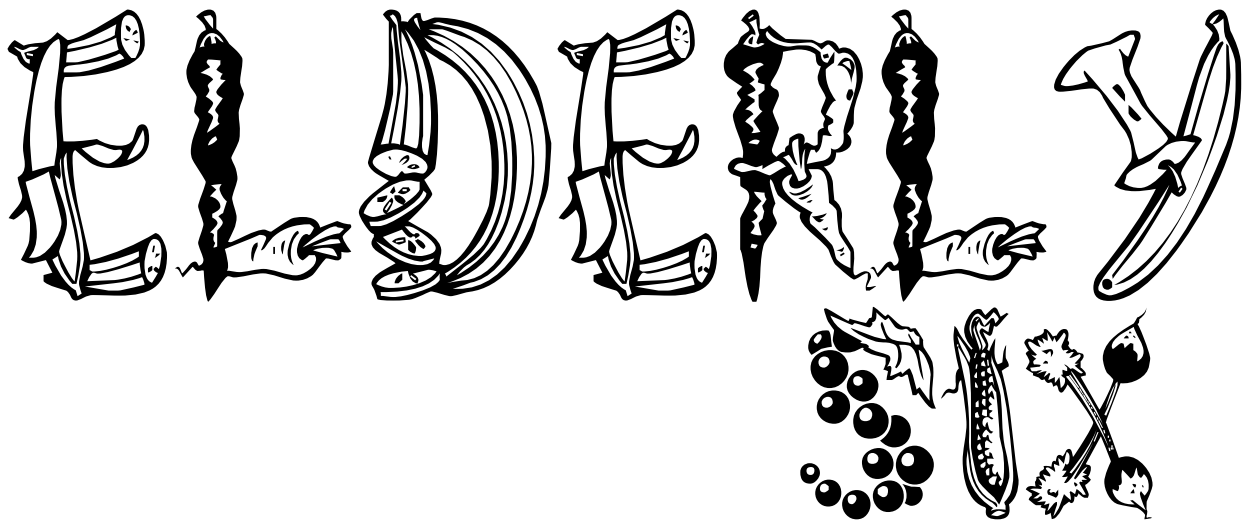


FLORELY



SIX





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THE BELL JAR

There were fish in a jar. There was water in the fridge in a big, big container and I was trying to do something with the water. I don't know what. And then I looked in the fridge and fish had begun to form themselves in the water in the jar in the fridge. And I thought at first they were bean sprouts. They looked like the size of white bean sprouts and I wasn't sure how those would have gotten in there. Maybe I hadn't washed out the jar well enough maybe somebody thought it would be funny to put bean sprouts in my jug of water. And then I saw one move and I didn't think that it could move and so it must be that the water's moving but then the other ones moved and also seemed to have tongues that came out of what looked like heads and they were swimming around and sticking their tongues out like snakes and I suppose they got big and bigger and bigger pretty quickly and they were forming a team a body uh that seemed dangerous in this big big jug of water in the fridge that obviously could not be used for anything now and the only trick was how to dispose of it without being attacked. And there was someone in the bathroom. Someone getting ready in the bathroom. There were lots of clothes on the floor and I the jug had a top and at one point the jug had a very large mouth to it rather than a small um spouty-like top and the large mouth therefore was more like the mouth of a jar kind of the rest of the size of the vessel um not really narrowing at the top that's what I'm trying to explain so this wide mouth at the top was the first kind of top this jug had but the top to the jug itself was very low into the body of the vessel and so I was going to have to reach far down into it in order to unscrew the top which I felt like put me in more danger since I was already going into something um and not just being able to be on the surface and unscrew this tiny little cap but then when I got to the toilet I was gonna I had decided the best thing to do with these things is to flush them down the toilet and flush all this water down the toilet because it will just go. When I got to the toilet the mouth was very small at the top of the jug and I couldn't even think about how these fish were gonna get out of this thing and then all the water seemed kind of frozen too so when I tried to pour the water into the toilet out from this tiny little tiny little spout it really didn't seem like it was gonna come out because so much of it was frozen except these weird tadpole fish eel nasty bean sprout aqua bodies which were totally still alive but then I dumped it somehow and missed the toilet and it was on the floor which meant this nasty pool of live fish that had formed themselves in the fridge were on the floor and I had to I mean I got a bunch of them into the toilet and flushed but then there was still this pile of them uh I guess they weren't really moving around although they should have been. There was someone in the bathroom who was mad at me for getting some of this stuff on them but they didn't seem at all scared about the fish anyways I don't know what this dream has to do with the next one which is about being at Renaissance and there being uh an invitation for lots of people to come there and there were a lot of you know smart-looking white people dressed nice and business business-like and they didn't understand how the lockers worked and I didn't understand how the lockers worked either because there were two doors

One was a very long door like a locker has and another one was a very short door at the top about 5 inches long and the width of the same door so it was like a little locker inside a big locker but the doors the short door was on the outside. It wasn't at all clear how you were supposed to use the short door to close the locker inside the locker if the big door was in between the inside locker and the outside locker door but whatever. All you need to know is that it's just like the spout

I was sharing a locker. We were all going to be sharing lockers with the students who seemed to have well the locker who seemed to have very different stuff and young black students at Renaissance had very different stuff than well-off white kids who weren't even kids anymore but who were in their thirties who had been invited to do something professional. They were very we had different stuff. We had different stuff than the black high school students. The student I was sharing a locker with had some little pictures and I guess he seemed like a punk because he had leather cuffs or something like leather I don't know just leather. A lot of black leather. Now it sounds like his locker was a a little annex for um fuck what was that store called in Royal Oak? Noir Leather. A little annex for Noir Leather. Ha ha ha ha ha ha. Anyway I didn't meet him or anything like that. There were little keys to the lockers inside the big lockers. People were wondering how those opened and I'd had an elaborate experience of trying to open my locker where I pretended to know the combination but then realized it was just open anyway and I didn't need to pretend I knew the combination and then hope it opened or something cuz that wasn't even the right door. I was traveling through the high school with some of the people that hadn't been there before and I was telling them that I'd been there in the 9th grade and it was Julia that I was with and we walked into a really old part of it and it looked like Renaissance High School like it was an old church from the inside. We stumbled into a part that looked like an old church and I remember looking out the window and thinking my god it's like we're in the in the DIA like the tower of the DIA that is near all the Jesus stuff and the inside of the Detroit Institute for the Arts that is the café that has the stone walls that are the outside. It was like seeing a prefectory is what I want to say but I'm not sure what that is. It's like seeing a prefectory in the distance and seeing that we are also in one and I tell Julia that this part of the school was my favorite part to come to in order to find quiet and there was a display case or some kind of fireplace a thing that you look at at the head like a pulpit but it was had glass and there were not necessarily pews but anyway we were there by ourselves at first and the image there was like a diorama or a little scene set up behind the glass that was one of those scream masks on the head of what was a body dressed like a fascist. And it was a tiny little face or a tiny little version of that scream mask. The mouth wasn't so long um and it was lying on its stomach facing us and so the way you could really see what it was made out of was looking at it from the side view and seeing that it had these uh boots and bootstraps and thin leather band around its torso and a little hat that made it look like it was wearing this fascist army uniform um green and it was laying on its stomach with its scream face looking out at us. It was a dummy. It was a mannequin and a kind of artifact as if it existed a long time ago. And then I think Julia or maybe there was someone else there put on a mask like that. They found one and started pretending to be that guy and I flipped out and I was so fucking serious and I was like do not pretend to be him. That terrifies me. I will kill you. I will freak the fuck out. And I picked up a chair ready to throw it at I think what was Julia who I think was just being funny wearing

that mask but as soon as she saw that I was serious she took it off but then there was a man there who was a janitor at the school or pretending to be a janitor and he put on the mask and he was not kidding around. He was going to try and hurt us and I picked up an enormously heavy chair and threw it at him but I don't know if it did very much. He grabbed my hand though and I did wrench it free but I saw his eyes and his eyes looked red um through the holes in the mask like he was just taken by so much rage and I think that's me

I think that rage is my feeling because I already have the feeling that I when I think something bad's going to happen I already have that feeling don't fucking fuck with me I'm going to lose it and you will have no idea what hit you. It's just it's there in the form of the mask the masked body the um but it's mine. This is uh like so many things um you know Marjorie Perloff uh in the early 70s wrote about *The Bell Jar* and I was reading that essay yesterday and she talks a lot about R.D. Laing's *Divided Self* and apparently this is something that really informed the 70s uh because she also refers to it in the article she wrote over 10 years later maybe about the two different Ariels and how deeply informed culture at large was by this book the *Divided Self* and so at some point she calls Sylvia Plath a schizophrenic and I have no idea what she would say about that now I don't care I'm just saying it's crazy to imagine that *The Bell Jar* is evidence of Sylvia Plath's schizophrenia but that's not what I really want to talk about um she does Perloff does talk about masks and I guess because R.D. Laing does and um this split self um and I guess what I want to say about that is that it's easy to think that we're um split when we wear masks or because we have masks and I have a dream in which another is wearing a mask and I said that it's an artifact and um historical somehow put on display and that's like a dream about aesthetics and it's also a dream about feeling and how you put feelings outside of yourself in order to see them in order to make decorations out of them but also it makes it possible to disown them to let to let go of them quote unquote Plath said that she wrote *The Bell Jar* uh later she told someone so that she could be free of the past obviously err not the case that that is not the way writing and art-making works necessarily uh and the mask is you. So you can say that it's a split self and you can say um that we are different people but you know when it comes down to it you are one body with one name and one birthdate and one set of parents and it's like the work of your life to sew those selves together in some way so someone doesn't take over so that like scream mask um it isn't disassociated from you that if you wanna wear the scream mask that at least you know that it's your desire and not somebody else's don't put it on somebody else cuz nobody's as crazy as you are I mean nobody is your crazy the way you are although there are other people out there that are way more intense

DANIEL OWEN

THE CROWN, THE COCK, THE CARYATID

Onion king cock, sheer choral
floral formal pulse, one's own
kink cold. To be so own king told, totally
redeemed. One's king clock patrolled
a shoal of offal. The choke. One's
onus kit cleaved. Also, a choir. Sap.
An ornery kid, colloidal,
collides Apple Blossoms more than any
television ever could in colonial
gardens mannered. The roll of the old
is an end in its telling, truth be told.

APERTURE A POET VERDURE PARTY DRESS

Dimmed to dust.
To scour a
dumb bulb as
trick home
pulp, as
if to accrue,
to sing, a glade
for some trickle.

I cruel dull
to the paving
impression.
Its fish
pulp to
sing in pearly
lucre, nearly
tick home
for dust,
some glade absolute.

The day
bookmarked right,
don't take it.

DOORS
for Dan B

door of sky, blue as a mouth

door of dark blue birthdays

abscession door

zooming door percentage

commuter's door

door of tough love

door of fumes

red staircase door

teary door

door that other places go

door of the thought

door of the figures

door of the board

door one collects

door that remains

door of growth

door of a light left on through the hazard of storms

facial door

door of meat

walked beside door

door of walls

lived door

door of commerce

door of light on branches

door of benches

itinerant door days

door of glitter on roads

diving door

door of wandering

door of equals

door of speaking

door of the thought

door of leaving

brick door

harvest door

door of chance

red door

blue door

door of foisted remembrance

humming door

door of watching

door of sleep

door in the thought

door of the city

gravity's door

door alone

door of door of inhabitation

door that sails

backyard door

door of saying

door of wages

oblivious door

door at the window

door of watching

humming door

blue door

door of the thought

breached door

door of the ticket

door of the name

door repeating

hello door

door of the dumb

door of the gray

door of men

door of nostalgia

door of protection

big pill door

door together, soft like concrete

door of lament

door of departure

door of lips

door of fiction

made door

razed door

door of proportion

THOM DONOVAN

from LEFT MELANCHOLY

I get together with a former student tonight. We order beers and I order some food at the bar. When she was my student last year she wrote about the submergence of communist iconography and culture during the period of genocide in Chile. There was always something sublime about her thesis, because she was her own expert seemingly on things she was trying to theorize, bring to light. Along with a handful of other Chileans, they were making up a cultural memory that had been largely disappeared. When we sit down she wants to talk about horses. Her research about horses. I feel like I should already know this, but she says that before Nietzsche's alleged psychosis in Turin, he saw a horse being beaten in the street and became catatonic with grief. This resonates with something I wrote yesterday: whereas Nietzsche writes that he never laughs because he is afraid that if he starts laughing he will never be able to stop, I imagine that if I start crying I will not be able to stop. She also tells me of a conquistador who takes an Indian boy as his page. Through the boy's growing knowledge of horses he realizes how to resist the colonizers. He realizes how important horses are for the conquering armies, and uses them against his master. When the colonizers first arrived on their horses, the men and their horses seemed like one being—centaurs. This page learned the importance of separating the conquerors from their horses. I think of Louis Zukofsky, who loved horses, and took the horse as his avatar—the workhorse, plodding the fields of 'tradition,' the commons of other previous writers' words; the sawhorse of carpenters. Via Zukofsky, I think of Jonathan Swift, whose race of enlightened beings—beings of reason and harmony—were horse-like. I think of Kleist's Michael Kolhaus, who when he does not receive justice for the ill-treatment of his horses wages war against the State. Our conversation turns to Alexander Kluge, who after Sergei Eisenstein tried to combine Joyce's *Ulysses* and Marx's *Capital* into a single film. He also made a version of *Battleship Potemkin*, originally silent, adding a soundtrack of Wagner's *Tristan & Isolde*. She brings up Hito Steyerl, whose theory of the "poor image" fascinates us both. Bela Tarr made a film about the horse incident in Turin, she tells me. She complains about the Whitney's Independent Study Program, which she has been participating in, how it is too traditionally academic, and how pedigreed the other students are. I am impatient about 'high theory.' Anything overly formal. I say that many of the most brilliant and intellectually rigorous writers I know never went to college or dropped out to become autodidacts. She says that many of the most successful people in Chile were punks and squatters 30 years ago. It is hard to think of a parallel situation in the United States, everything seems so fated by the higher education system. She brings up I 6 Beaver—the art collective in downtown Manhattan that frequently arranges evenings with film screenings and guest presenters—and that Michael Hardt presented there about "love and community" last night, contrasting different forms of love, and the love of family and community vs. love of the state in particular. She says that she had an argument recently about whether family should still exist within a revolutionary society. I say that I don't see how family can't exist, that it happens naturally, like an animal instinct or drive. I ask her if she knows Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and she says that of course she knows Buffy. I tell her that I am very interested in representations of family in Buffy and Joss Whedon's work in general, that I would like to become a rigorous theorist of Buffy. I tell her that all my poems are about the problem of community and friendship as they relate to society and politics. What I like about Whedon is that he always imagines family—whether that of Buffy, or Firefly, or Dollhouse, or The Avengers—as an alternative to both the nuclear family and to the State. His characters form bands—they are outside the law and thus deregulate the law of the State. She talks about traditions of devotional singing in Chile and how the spoken language is already metered like a song. I talk about improvising for hours with a band

when I lived in Buffalo and the Pentecostal churches which flank my house in Bed-Stuy currently, how the parishioners sing and pray for the entire day on Sundays. I think of *Anti-Oedipus*, but it doesn't even matter if I mention it. It is part of some older way of thinking about things, and we are in the present. She talks about photographs of Cecilia Vicuna with Thurston Moore at Naropa Institute, and how causal Vicuna is describing Thurston: "Did you know Thurston has a band?" She talks about horses that got free in Santiago and stormed her family's factory. How this was one of the best interviews she took with her father when she was back home, videotaping him and the workers at his factory. She talks about peasants and anarchists reading Marx and I suggest that education is a theophany. I suggest that Kindergarteners should read Heidegger—why not? I'm interested in what anyone can get out of anything. I'm interested in the aspects of the one Deity that any one can see.

from TEACHING POEMS

Narrative is the big bingo

the special moment is hidden

you can't naturally pass through it

to have an interior you can navigate

move freely through but see until you are in the space

how one body takes up space and how a second body relates to the space the first body took up

you can control the system to get what you want

the entirety of the circumstance

how spaces experience us—one has to touch things to create the space

the ghost of events that transpired through inhabitation

interiority can function as a kind of resistance

I'm just a force on the planet

BRENDA IIJIMA

from BODY WORK

Gatekeeper set of terms inured to injury, at this time, wolf
Perform 0 and 1 ad infinitum—induced vigor
wolf as a resumption of animal implicit wager human is a botched
categorical assertion gone amuck sump coiled
tributary tests impressions to lick and ingest the murk of stone's bacteria
a polemical exchange between homo sapiens and demarcated *all* others
dialogue presents the lien, an instrument beyond property

referee score pitched to canine lost zones of habitation
engage the end numbers in a chemistry of vectors
primal language unrelenting mediums
hunger is a complex rite

tributary, a leg flashes, blood to valves, like all living creatures
condensed into matter, condensed impressions
 we are locked in a void we are coiled in forest
 detachable body parts and like water evaporates
 the gatekeeper scores the competition
 where 0 expresses hardship and 1, infinity
 prey upon larger numbers, larger populations
 categorical playbook an instrument of property relations
 clap on clap off, strap on, strap off
wolf expresses system collapse of total pressure to infrastructure
we have a medium *comfortably warm*
unrelented scorekeeping game warden master of services
the universe is expansive so is the question

Anointed with the fat of wolves to avert enchantment

See what happens to we: borrowing time splurge snatch viewfinder

150 people like this

A patient reports in a moment of lucidity or looking back

that xie sometimes feels as *if animal* or has felt like one

A patient behaves in a manner that resembles animal behavior,

for example crying, grumbling, or creeping, creeping

19 people like this

creeping sensations, collective action group, glass domes, sidereal mountains

guzzle conniption, sippy straw suction

3 people like this

wowl—Athena's owl + all the wowishness of the universe + howls

universal claims—realer the graves—class action, grievance

central nervous system complaint

conglomerations

served to obscure, to aggregate power, and to evade responsibility

social cooperation—living tissue, decay

animal-always, animal ready, animal responsiveness

mutual appreciation in the form of a running tributary watery plunged sensation

two we's and and an I all over continuum forum dispatch to system

split horse hairs, whale visions, we see an I *like the center of time*

there are bees in POV and splinters in the deployed lanterns

slop the run up on empty with a pitchforking canter

Wolf personifies “nature” + “the wild”—harsh, restricted, coded circle

hunted, killed off, disturbed, mobile

territorial kin, fierce, irregular

converted by civilization; docile, trapped,

leashed, do human's bidding

defiance slain, roil that feeling

the wolf dress proximal to childhood discovery

woke the dog in the uterus tissue

blanketed the results of defective consequence, bubble numbers

I'm trying to lift the tank off of the explosive device

Now I'm undoing a daisy chain

Got a globule in the vision sputter heart valve on go

Expunged replied with the proboscis jutting straight out into the flower

Yet the wolf was unseen in a terminus

Such must be repeated for future safety

Disturbed mobile vision the use of drones to kill wolves

0 to I explanation funnel

Just one minor 0

Just one minor 0 in funnel hole

Funnel hole angle attribute

which might have a slight reactivity

Sugary exhalation dripping jelly

Excite hole a minor I

sportive arms and land mines

Ice caps sea ice water heat waves heavy rains coral reefs fish
so many other creatures teeming dead zones habitats
acting the part of the antagonist without knowing *gestures arrive at conclusive ends*
creative disorder in your divine stubbornness
arched and supported structurally in a diegetic hush narrative
oceans coastal communities cars power plants, the demise of many other
creatures organic matter arctic soils civilization greenhouse gases
plastic residue pharmaceuticals harbor harbingers of that which evades
the corner imposition death squad terminal vacuum cruising militia future selves
bear a relationship to larger political struggles inexpressibility end zone craze

therefore conducive to demonstrate motion sensation on a resting point
grave hidden hot spot
internment site cemetery buried emotion convert materials regeneration
wait want to become as wolf regulated civil and or evolution of dumping
transmit ruse scruff indigence bleed seeping contaminated haunch
coiled to bear relation all tangled cut up minced as decay
eugenic stereotypes: wolf
brink of rib + focus

wolfish imposition at water's edge by an off-flow canal
spurious all-group interplay referee gone amuck
transformation and all the body's organs burgeon
without the pack lone wolf prank on local civic order
born in heavy wonder born at a fast-paced overload
undersong understory undermoment understorm
thief as suspended animation uncontrollable force
outpaced by naming and terror
blank unblank distribution the burden of bodies

This is also an indication of the past, past state, what to do now with tendons?
Nubile, there is a snake in the road, tis a little female body
in a taffeta dress so the cop stops to kick it, may I suggest cream with your tea?
May I suggest other snakes?
This is a microcosm of cops, of snakes
We are maturing
We are inverted
The cop flirted with the mechanical snake
Inverted significance so that the fishing boat does look two dimensional
You can see the canoe and the man in the canoe in the same breath
You can see the cop and the snake in the same instant
The cop is younger than the snake
The snake is nubile (we don't know if the cop is)
The cop is not a man as one would suspect
A microcosm of inveterate travelers up and down the mountain
The snake races the cop in the snake's mind this is the experience
They squawk, commune and joke about the inverted mountain
In the town the economic sentiment bled to the mountain
The river was actually polluted with the sentiment of the economic situation
Before you knew it the snake and the cop dispersed from the roadway
The canoe and the man in the canoe vanished
The river with the toxic silt is still where it was/was a minute ago
The snake is a young maiden though not a virgin
Inundating landfills with unresolved imagery and spasmodic outlay
The snake has fucked multifariously and envoy

If you can, then you are free to stay
If you cannot, then you must go down from the mountain
The cop said I'm on a beat, I can't stay
So the snake deposited the cream in a precipice blunt workmanship

BRETT PRICE

INSCRIPTION ON A RING

having balked teetered shuffled dirt with feet nabbed a coin or two
then retreated counting arrangements and naming shapes outta boredom busted shit up

twitched for fresh adagios sought to swig by ordinary specs stayed
for convenience sake burning gladiator resin like peace was in the fumes

yes'd on a lark no'd knowing better for perceived threat to present ease leaving
brave ones feeling nuts and all parties more inclined to stoke the second guess

theorizing routes skipped over terrain dove for game changer
then simulated floaties so gave in to whatever tides routine itch, high and low, etc.

though riding found affinity not only in pleasures accounted but in friction discerned
and the pals sprouting from that ground especially as unforeseen as gently acquired

staked their claim in a future now unfolding like a huge street cleaner
brushes buffing out a foreground from the horizon's projection screen

to make way for the actual causes landing as splash-effects
launch pads too both material limit and means to said future

and the directionless seeking to wipe clean my senses of its tar no biggy
thanks for your friendship and welcome to the happy enormity of its consequence

at times tendered meat at times laminated over with dynamic skins of injured ironics
which rather than eradicate flaring symptoms by treating source actually deepened

belief in the great silver unicorn of life a'yonder and its attending binaries single or tow
hermitage or commune crystalline student or bronze medal bodhisattva

if this were that if that were this things would be different if only it could stay this way not wanting kids say for the changes implied to desired life ie exactly as it is

kicks and whistles low-stakes posts to gather dough entered wholly with the caveat that other imbedded spaces in which to up the commitment ante open

little money so blessed with relative freedom of not having to manage it but stuck comfy too bathing snags in a stream of forced harmonics studio that auto-tunes any note

fit to register dissonance monitor-feedback or click of pick guard in live play having everything from the start a given suit suspicion grew of heir-to resumes

I mean the unwavering privilege of position defined solely by its lack of drag within a trajectory of power for power's sake and seeing these flags

as fact of place and appearance chance-advantage sought the wrench: speculation campaigns epically-framed détournement customary forms beware!

willed revision to the physically conditioned tested fitness tests for rigged assumptions favored the left hand despite the right but without an overhaul of the entire market

took his hand in error trading surface for the stuff that makes it bright and overwhelmed no-frozen in the blare and speed of actual relation

thrown by the singular queerness of two bodies so alike othered by it inexplicably kicked out of time and self for the total inability to assimilate that land

all previous signs prepped renderings or images tapped by which orientation's proved no navigational use would not recalibrate desire from its habituated objects

so the dynamism of personhood of fluid correlation got reduced under the pressure of rigid forms so clearly internalized supposedly a fiction in first place right?

it was a matter of aesthetics then perception trained but truly surmountable
from the view held there? obviously no threw in the towel and now that bed's made

but having done so unwittingly and gaining sensitivity to effects still unfolding
can tremors be applied as shock to current boxes? of course will they? we'll see

having leapt observing tethers oversaw development of an altogether gentler
diagnostics but having whipped the fork-tongue in long bouts of gossip

tossed allergens to low burning fires then seeing them spread tried to juke
the hives incited owned up recovered toes and declining future invites

to obliterate another's credibility via shit sent from a mind doused in petty thrift
toot-tooted the ol' horn of renunciation and rested in it patting self on back

meanwhile ambulating landscapes risen from such highline slippage caught a whiff of
upstate loot which swelled the pupils oil-vision want of pelt what else could follow

but large-scale coordination of hounds toward that original scent ending surprise!
in cold trails mounds of fools gold and local economies terra-formed for imperial tours

Cartesian splits internalized by day took the bait made body anchor attention kite
so effectively obligated sleep seemed celebratory even by night punched the clock

stocked up on carts in front of horses decompressed with stouts smoked out in woods
sifted laughs through green-clouds Halo-benders and other screenal k-holes

that necessarily occupied suburban minds with flash and simulacrum
"whoa man" stand-in cosmos but mostly just fun straight up

having taxed and been having “tried it once” having practiced buckling under little frags
of common sense seduction who would trade the unassigned hours for a house to be tired in

suddenly though likely centuries primed something shifts slightly in the space afforded
by the accumulation of all of this forms gain new modes of habitation

with no change in given shape narratives remain appearances keep
but in them unnamed local senses spring orange pixels turning purple

under lids as light revises sun behind moving clouds
like volume going down slowly on loud and ancient inlays

even while the barricades make way for pavement long overdue up Nostrand Ave.
and super storm phases lift black bags and old stray paper into the new season

now worn tight as leaves clicked finally right off their trees there’s no escaping it: life
in its current state no desire to finally all strands the total fabric but no picnic either

that the right to acquire as much as wanted by any means necessary maintains its place
as a thread woven into the very seeds of the grains of the cereal I fuel the day with

reinstalls the same tired oscillation between two opposing poles
pick yr poisons both seeming fixed but how many different ways

can faith and hesitation be stated before one hand collapses under
the false weight of it or both go up in “ah, fuck it” shrugs

yeah yeah past isn’t past future isn’t yet flotsam and jetsam both slushing up into
the present as cemetery shore an archive composed of low voltage calcium

but the bones hold potential as use as conduits or skeletons to wrap one’s closets
around for the transformative terror of coming out different somehow no way to know

though if not faith not expectation either is it absurd aspiration that primes resolve
which gathers its aim in the form of an open question: what's to be done *now*?

and that upon the instant of being asked sets loose its flood of apps and positions
potential seats and stands taken in the face of hesitation on so many fronts

the ornate excess of which— inviting parody or at least sounding within
like modalities of self-distance indicative of a material atmosphere just lax enough for such

robust utilities of play and by default strategies for change potentially one
and the same— crashes again and always back exhausted waiting to be renewed

at the only place it ever can “the room that you room in” say that basic fact
“I” as the site upon or through which the whole world makes tenable its needs

consider this a ring to step in a measure that gives kudos where due and the finger
to anyone who thinks commitment's necessarily bound by any convention whatsoever

which'll never be the thing itself being no thing at all but no small venture either
a transcript from the inside of yes

KEVIN KILLIAN

SANDCASTLE

Wet sand at the beach, Sandcastle,
And on the rocky beaches of San Francisco,
you can only make a condo out of the sand here,

in Ulysses,
Why should no man starve in the deserts of Arabia?
Because of the sand which is there.

The milk rolls in, great curves of milk,
authentic Pacific ocean blue,
built on sand like my apartment on Minna Street

During the earthquake we shook and rolled
building castles in the air,
an authentic Joni Mitchell moment I couldn't stomach,
I felt sick and puked my lunch on the steps, sitting down fast

feeling the earth roll under my legs,

"How came the sandwiches there?
The tribe of Ham was bred there and mustered."

as years ago I dared my new friend, Buzzy's straight friend,
into Long Island Sound with me, way after midnight,
nearly moonless night, warm, with a buzz on,

I'll leave my underwear on, he said,
yes do, I said, I don't want you uncomfortable,

Then dashed, like the witch of the low tide, into the surf,
leaving him to follow my bare forked body,
if he would, fine, if he wouldn't, that's okay,

He was from Moscow, Idaho, and had never
seen the ocean before,
and this was not the ocean.

FIRST COVER

First cover your arms with suntan lotion then exacerbate the way you feel by dipping your torso into the tight red and black matador outfit James Bidgood has stayed up all night in his tiny room sewing for you—a trick jacket, shirt and bolero tie combination that’s really all one garment and fits like kid glove. This is the sequence in which you, the matador who kills the bulls, enters the arena without pants but splendid from the waist up and, if the truth be told, splendid from the waist down. Noel Coward wrote his song, “Matelot” for his lover Graham Payn when their love was still new and Payn still straight and that song, somehow mournful and glum, has stayed playing in James Bidgood’s head all night as he sews spangle after spangle across the broad shoulders of your matador top.

A little bird fluttered outside the tenement window, came to rest on the soot-covered sill. The bird that whispered to Bidgood all night long, “A matelot is different than a matador.” Those voices that plagued him, that infused him with doubt. “A matelot is some kind of sailor.” No, no, that can’t be true, I’m halfway done with the costume—and you will be here in the morning if the heroin will let you. “Then why do you think the song says, ‘Here within my arms you’ll sleep, Sailor from the deep.’” “No, no, I won’t listen.” Over his ears she jammed two hands, hands stinging with needles and thread and sequins. “Don’t torture me with doubt.” “Why do you think the song says, ‘Matelot, matelot, where you go my heart will follow, when you go down to the sea.’ He doesn’t say, when you go down to the bullring.” When that bird had done moving its beak Bidgood was in tears, and your skintight matador top sparkled with tears like the water of some distant Catalan spring.

GILDED CAGE

Let A Restaurant into your comb,
and be the woman of your dreams.
Drama walks warily towards bad access,
seceding Dab-Dab, the duck from the Doctor Dolittle books,
and other ducks succeeding.

The success that curled the heart of our duck.

Made him half blind with jealousy.

There was a retro tip to Ken
as he climbed the sexual pyramid to my crib.
Birch-built sauna in Scandinavian poet land,

Scandinavian, wasn't he, Sophie?

Won ton soup rising like steam, mates,

He was the last fuse of the Amoko,
Karma chameleon, you stood there still,
when all the wardens caved to Third Nations,
and you watched the men's mogul heat in round two.

Brown eyed boy with yobbo cut,
Tuck your chair deeper into your gratin.
The ratings have fallen, like steam in reverse, mates.

And Dab-Dab runs amok, smoked crockery frock hoisted low.

BIDGOOD BIDGOOD BIDGOOD

on wall blood spatters as it spatters on farmhouse door ; boy's teeth whiter than milk ;
teeth speckled with spinach ; green spinach on the movie set of the day he was
eviscerated ; cut hollers director Wassaghi ; spinach on teeth; thugs move quickly
towards boy on bed ; above bed white and pink panels of wallpaper ; poodles bark ;
grey, black and white poodles on wallpaper an evil pink ; below frilly bed of ingenue
girl's thighs white and concupiscent ; frilly nightgown in Jane Russell pink ; boy sits up
abruptly as if woken from sleep ; woken from dream of camera ; red eye of camera
blinks once then twice then after long pause one more time as if dying ; red eye fades
into pink eye of dying light circle ; blood spatters on bedroom wall as it has spattered
on every movie set since days of Meliere brothers in France ; epic France of the
impressionists ; no what were those brothers called ; abruptly thugs grab boy by
shoulders ; fingers slide up into armpits ; armpit hair of boy a silken factory of worms ;
rough fingers of young thugs run through each armpit of boy gripping muscle ; yank
young lad to feet ; assistant director points gun at feet of boy ; thugs stand clear ; boy
drops to bed ; dances ; shots ring out ; air filled with stink of cordite ; boy rubs ass on
tamarind tree ; bedroom filled with tamarind trees each marked by fear scent of boy ;
cut repeats director Wassaghi ; blood flies up like language patterns ; marks pink walls
of poodle as girl's screams vibrate and pierce still movie set ; day for night ; lighting
dim on pillow though harsh on boy's feet now bare since thugs have taken his bedroom
slippers from him ; each slides a bedroom slipper up and down his own belly ; each
yanks open waistband on thug trousers far enough away from tummy to insert stolen
slipper in the direction of cock ; pubic area received slipper toe ; stolen slipper toes erect
the cocks of standing thugs tugging footwear inside flies of pants; up and down motion
betrays nationalism of actors versus directors ; boy's face panicked white ; freckles large
and looming ; director announces traditional last meal prepared for boy about to die in

service of making movie ; waiter appears to take order ; pad in hand, pencil in hand ;
boy tears ; no no no not last meal ; I'm only 21 for the lords sake ; would you like cake
or steak ; bourbon based bouillabaisse or Kentucky fried chicken ; we get all kinds ;
nothing's too outre or banal for last meal of man about to die ; boy temporizes ; what
was Kenneth Anger's last meal begs boy ; he hasn't been killed yet replies director ;
impatient thugs lift boy from edge of mattress and shuck off pajama pants like banana
skin peeling down pale legs ; one hand hides privates as he tries to think ; what should
be his last meal ; perhaps a dish so complicated to make it would give him extra hours
of life ; life in Hollywood ; may I call my agent he murmurs ; hands filling up with
privates ; through chinks in fingers his erection swells ; shaved cock glistening with
suntan lotion and precum ; its head too big for palm ; scrotum in mouth of thug ;
buttocks parted by thug two with rough hands on which the skin is thicker than stained
canvas of gloves ; thug bites exposed asshole of trapped condemned boy ; grease on
teeth from hidden grease of condemned boy star of James Bidgood feature ; boy
thinking about last meal and which meal less humiliating to request ; junior high cool
lessons still paramount in consciousness of distressed boy ; director Wassaghi claps
hands twice ; thug one freezes jaw full of balls ; thug two continues nibbling licking and
biting greased up anus ; girl dresses in wardrobe ; makeup artists approach bed with
small white towels ; pat away sweat from boy armpits ; smear cold seminal fluid from
five previously dispatched boys on freckled forehead and snub nose of new condemned
boy ; he smells the jissom ; jissom of a handful of dead boys ; makeup artists apply
chapstick to erection in covering fingers of boy ; chapsticked cockhead gleams in
camera's white eye ; profile of master James Bidgood manifests itself a la spiritualist
phenomenon in mirror fitted on the side of the gun in the gunbelt of thug one ;
reflection of master costumier, photographer, scenarist ; boy Huck Finn introduced to
thug dildo on the count of ten ; ten ; nine ; eight ; seven ; six ; five ; and what is to be

your last meal boy ; four ; three ; Quarter Pounder I guess whatever is simpler ; two ;
one ; zero ; push cries director ; push push push ; spray of blood jumps from ruined
asshole onto pink wall of poodles who seem to relish new coating of iodized blood of
red boy next door ; now lying in sodden pink sheets on huge Hollywood bed hardly
breathing ; Quarter Pounder applied to his lips by union makeup artists ; he takes a
nibble

CHRISTINE SHAN SHAN HOU

ALL MY DEAD ANCESTORS MUST BE CATERED AS TO AVOID ANGRY GHOSTS

Light switches fade into the sides of cliffs
Eponymous flower, fortunate friend
Motherchild ascends from the womb and into outer space.
Beware of linkage when tempting ancestors on battlegrounds
Even my ancestors' ghosts have ghosts!
Beware of lab coats worn by men in black clothes
Beware of men and dogs traveling in swarms to eviscerate the needy

Middle child on the beach with a tampon string dangling
between her legs
Her genitals glowing from the drugs
The air thick and moist with old blood of darlings
All my ancestors stand in front of a silver screen
like a tribunal
What they stand for is mercurial, material
They grow and stretch
2 limbs become 4 and 4 limbs become 8
Thus the limits of adaptation
I clasp my hands tightly behind my back
Puff out my chest for intimidation
I am neither entirely good nor humble on the tarmac

When I was a child I thought
I would have to live in a bubble
I could never ease my own mania
My mother could not protect me
A game show contestant spins a glimmering wheel
emblazoned with numbers
and I am terrified!
Even my split ends have split ends!
The sun palpitating inside my chest
Not from pleasure, but anxiety
My place in the food chain

To all my loves
Drop globules of fat down my gullet
I want to choke on your grease
Who is out of whose league?
To all my loves
I want to fuck you until our eyes
turn brighter than snow
I tilt my white ass keenly
over the bedpost
I open myself in the moonlight.
Hello round snow

Middle child
imitating an insect's immature form
Duping men in white lab coats
An insect's antennae sense the silver screen
It sounds like TA-TA-TA-TA
My arms tingle when my elbows point backwards
The traffic on Canal Street is a nightmare
My mother and father
are a nightmare
My yoga teacher sounds like TA-TA-TA-TA

Light switches fade into the sides of cliffs
while my ancestors watch from below
Middle children cry and throw themselves
off the sides of cliffs by the dozens
Chrysanthemums are holy
A girl is holy
I am a good daughter

DUTIFUL DAUGHTER POINTS HER CAMERA AT THE COUNTRY

Hakka people like animal offal a lot.

Hakka people improve their portal skills over holiday.

Spews scintillating data all over the playing field.

Multi-dimensional crystals shine anxiously while

Big girls in prison

wait for what they want to want them back.

They read and read until they go blind

and then die like the desert.

Dutiful daughter points her camera at the country

"I have no European travels."

There are archival limits when it comes to pleasure.

Wedge used to prop a door open is a sliding scale for sexual fancy.

One feels especially strong for being American in the emperor's pawnshop.

Descriptions are equal insofar as bodies are equal.

Dressed in sequined devotional attire

You spill everything you own into a swamp.

FAMILY VACATION

I sit on a swing and it turns into an American house
for my American dreams. Stand up and it collapses
into a sprawling mass teeming with termites.
I offer a rib to the gods, an heirloom from my body
for the whole country to see. Silent children troubled
by cruise ships and the aftermath of the sun.
Their throats glowing as they march onward in
the “no smoking” parade. At the slave museum
the Dancing Mother Queen’s fetish objects are housed
in a thatched hut beneath an aluminum sky.

A man hangs from a single rib to die.

Sadness over the loss of a family member is lessened
by keeping his skull in a beautifully adorned bag.

Not everyone reaches every milestone, unless they
were slapped as children. Baby must learn to leave
a little behind to eat later. Take vitamins for extra
validation. Breakfast eggs feel like shipwreck in my
stomach, a gathering hole for fish and coral.

I bleed from my left nostril and vomit from my third eye.
I reach for the nearest magic wand and wave it
to take me to the nearest five-star hotel.
Serve me fish balls, shrimp balls, and fatty beef.

IMMIGRATION SONG

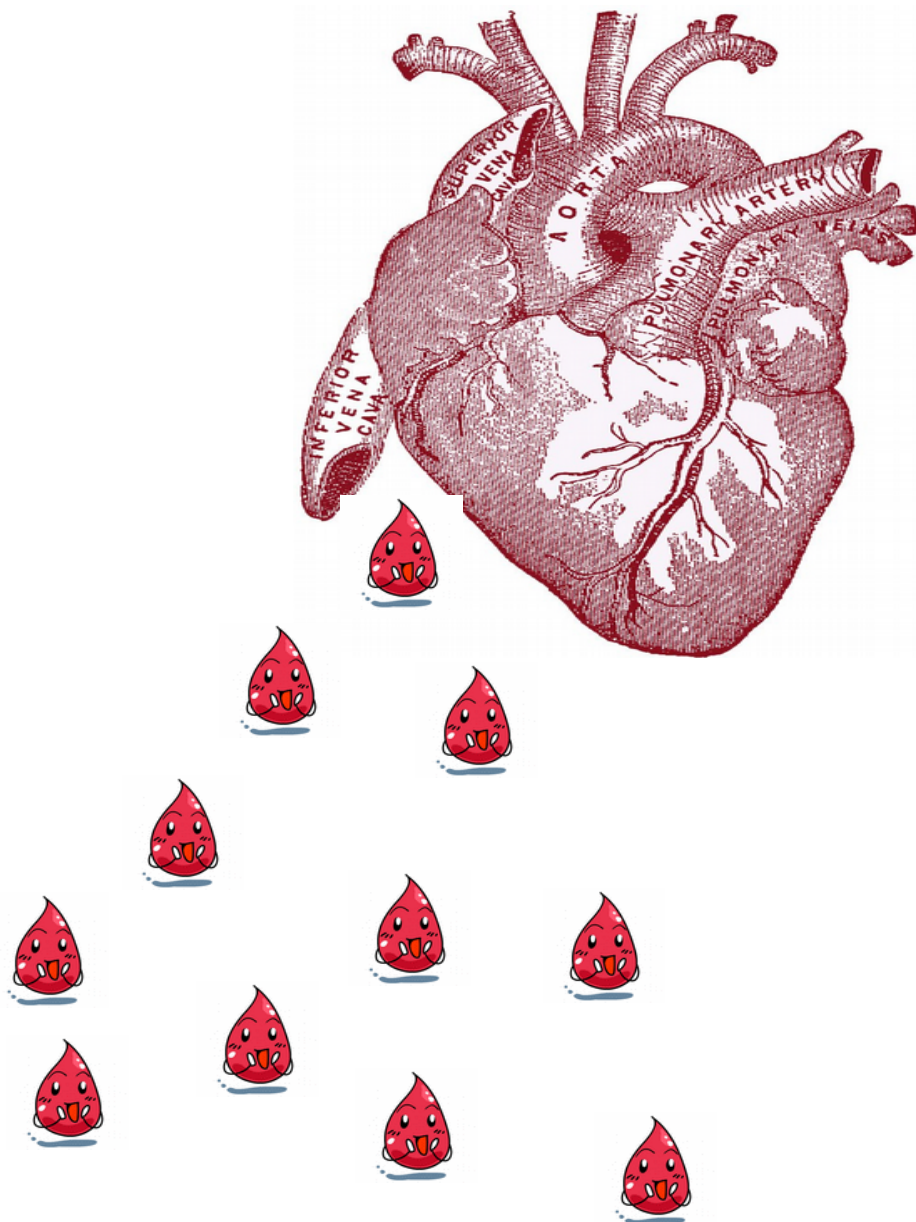
The boy bends so far backwards he looks
like he wants death, but he is a pretender
I peer into his mouth's horizon
There are crabs scuttling across rocks
The opposite direction of where I should be looking
I play with ants and wait for the circus
I spin backwards in circles, crashing into walls
My circles get smaller and smaller until they become
baby circles, then just a baby
Baby pours out of arms for days
Baby declares autonomy, eats fatty pork
on Chinese New Year
On the other side of the country, a trapeze artist falls
to her death
Fat is no salvation in Los Angeles
Here comes Animus to strike me
Magic wand = transformation
Ants vibrate on the kitchen floor without water
Hair flows from the faucet, casting an ominous shadow
I pick out eveningwear based on these circumstances
The best haircut for a sweetheart neckline is no hair

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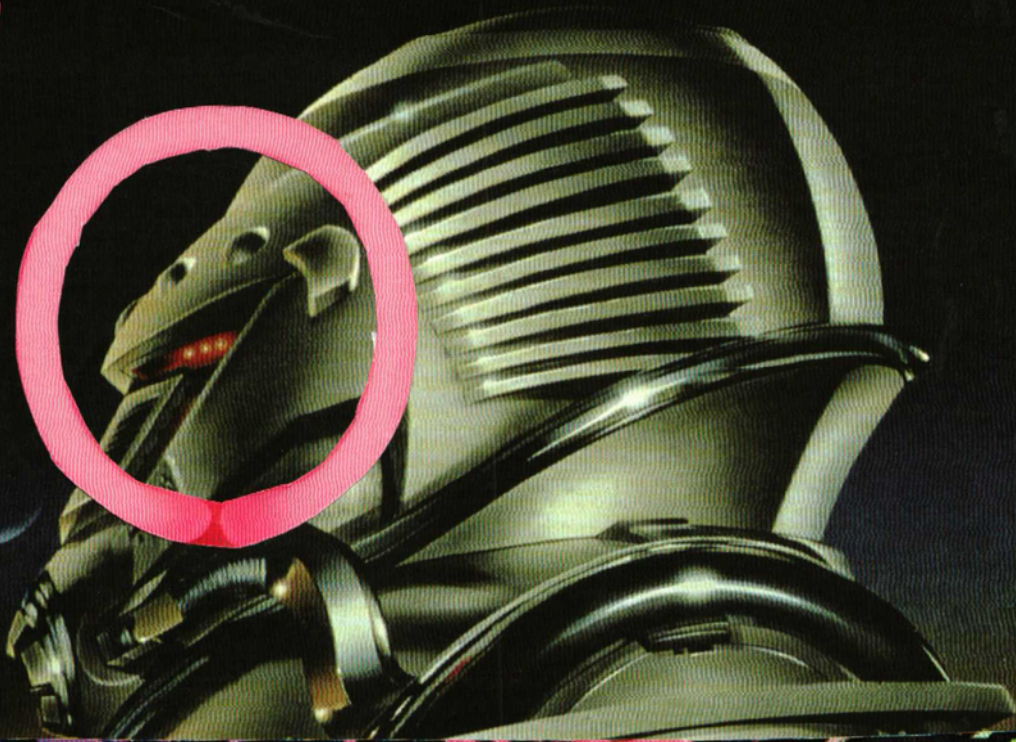
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go



Opening our mouths as Pelicans ought,
And this is the song we nightly snort—

