

elderly





STACY

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SAMANTHA

GILES

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ROB

HALPERN

BRUCE

BOONE

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STACY SZYMASZEK

from SPRING JOURNAL [2014]

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NO BROOKLYN BOUND F TRAINS

so uptown to W. 4th train waiting with open doors hop on it's the D why
did I get on? it was there get off at 34th St. transfer to F woman on down
escalator doesn't move as I charge up behind her I imagine sliding down the
rail but instead miss the train somehow we agree to civil order this F goes
to Brooklyn 2 men asleep on the love seat the rest of us have dark glasses
as the sun is out so infrequently we are ever ready for it to blaze upon our
subterranean faces train turns into an A digital sign says pay attention to
the crew he speaks into a voice scrambler a woman with a kid asks me
what's going on a man with part of his ear growing out of his cheek says he
just moved here & needs to get I don't remember where I explain this train
is rogue but I'm sticking with it wherever it takes me as long as it's over
the East River

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our bedroom has a door & a balcony
one April night it got a little muggy
so I opened the door the sounds
of downtown Brooklyn were shoved
down into the earth by singing birds
huh all along the city was an aviary
or a murder mystery she says
I'll always go mystical St. Francis
over Hitchcock but will befriend a
crow over a sparrow or a lark resonate
with a caw over a coo or chirp it was like
Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome encasing
Boerum Hill making echoic birds

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dream : I purchase three notebooks
they are sage one of them
has a fastener I guess for secrets a couple keeps
people are sharing pictures of cherry blossom trees it has been
brutal waiting for this moment
as soon as our IRS deposit came through
purchased a Vitamix & renter's insurance
rest will just pay rent I've killed many ants with nontoxic citrus spray
I'm too bitter bathe the dog dry him like a baby but this one is less like a baby
than the others
interpret the notebooks
as needing to be more open to seeing I'm such a Cancer
in my own mansion had plans I was excited about but not as excited
as when I cancelled
I married someone like this a Gemini tonight
watched Crimes of the Century we both
feel empathy for none other than
the Unabomber who thought it insensitive that his cabin
was exhibited in a museum who was turned in by his brother after reading his manifesto
in the Times recognized his style the 90s crimes I scarcely remember their impact
my withdrawn 90s Ted Kaczynski the end of being able
to mail a package in a mailbox

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I've put on some pounds after losing some
dark circles under my eyes are darker
you have to wonder at this age when the body slips
will it "become again very strong?" [Simone]
decade plus age difference I don't need the same sleep
in my best position my arm aches & vague
worries wake me most nights
oatmeal dog at my feet last night
I visited Gail in Montreal in truth
my passport has never been used is in a wooden cabinet
with expired licenses outdoor furniture covered in ice

Kathleen breaking a fever
dog with ulcerated ears "angry" says the British vet

attempt to drip steroids into pay
bills for my eyes & teeth parts exempt from coverage

what a house of maladies no one liked that picture
I look good in blue

R says "my god you answered" it's a Good Friday miracle
it's fine you kissed someone it's fine

you weren't at the reading I got hurt
maybe we seem mean when we're hurt baby it was cold
in flannel cardigan & denim Paul & Matt held me so
close

MANWICH

I always want a manwich to keep me warm asking the men in my life to do
what my daddy never did a little compassion
for the gender metronome vs my irregular timing

don't argue when I say I'm on the verge
of obscurity(within a wider irrelevance) it's part of being with the central
office

so central but

like pork belly
what happened to the other parts?

o solo mio o sotto voce & then
there was John
"you know you want it Italian style" man saints see me
thru Aries

vague worries natural enemy the wind

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read an Al-Jazeera article the “poetry
is dead” thing mine has always been
[] as problematic
as it is how much social acceptability do I need
this haircut well I said to Maryanna

make it more gay
more important to distinguish
these things because lets face
it we fall in & out
of favor hatred repeats itself

a pleasure system as Sarah says of
homophobia

Easter is done
& my work is not fulfilled

I can't pass
through closed doors I've discovered the weak
spots of villains & they progress in their
autonomy

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spring gleaning vs. spring cleaning
never stop acquiring books big photography monographs
evaluate every title
after 15 years of lugging it
I'm going to part with Kenner's *The Pound Era* now 100% sure
I will never read it
pull out Rexroth's mountain writings
which I got on Sunset Boulevard
I'd like to be in L.A
or on a mountain

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she wanted breakfast for a change ate one turkey bacon wrapped the other in foil
for the road woke up at 5am killed more ants yesterday with a tissue
escorted a bee out the door bettered insect karma yesterday I bought
nuts clerk had gloves with fingers cut off we have to just accept
April as part of winter now stopped in front of the Polish
G.I. to see the pastries NO! I don't do that anymore now 8am
the light has minimally changed stormy sirens bracing this one sets
the dog off the most horrible howl breaking into screeching
not sonorous at all thought this was akin to communing
with a pitch but now I wonder if it pains him looking for great Italian
dictionary to teach myself to translate what's missing from my practice
"let's do something coupley" "like what play a game?"
thinking of Lewis F's ethics of reading found a Whalen book in the office
Goldberg's copy open to a poem for Rexroth "Weather Odes"
& in Rexroth open to a poem "Spring Rain" it rains & rains
I'm not one of those people who complains in August trained myself
to believe that I will retire to New Mexico see my Southwest patterns
in my mind's eye K said no wind chimes & why do I
complain so much I do? shit. don't know what I mean
by coupley rearrange the 5 pink tulips? "it is NOW/
that I must...make /That move that will be the foundation/
For that spectacular success which must
illuminate / All my later days" I live a circumspect
life in some ways so shielded from feeling specific effects
of lesbophobes doubling up with ageists don't look for who's
really in charge c'est moi to those who were & will be horrible
to my big bro I do & will not like you will no longer help you yet it's
hard to step off the high road when I smell smoke I won't mention your names
to friends just hope you are smudging out the nastiness inside "the treetops/
vanish in fog" Tuesday had the deficit feel of Thursday & today has the laze
of a Friday went nuts on the cheese after the reading exchanged cards with a T.
McBee made a plan to have lunch with James "do you like to eat?" what a strange
question James says I would be surprised by how many people in our community
don't like to experience pleasure when you put it that way decides Emporio
endorsed by Roman friends I'm not surprised pleasure can be confusing
for me it can feel like my vigilance is slacking but I do like to eat it's May
Day I go to the distress signal in voice procedure said three times but
it's May Day two words meaning International Workers' Day stemming
from the pre-Christian holiday of Beltane a celebration of rebirth & fertility
it's quite common for the New Yorker to work 10 to 15 hour days
weekends! I can't do that even for poetry I guess it's my id
at 9am writing this at the tail end of a flash flood
MAKE YOUR DEMANDS FOR SIX HOURS
I mean lets think more about Epicurus "ally comrade"
freedom from fear absence of pain surrounded by friends
events based on the motions & interactions of atoms moving in empty space
his school was based in the garden of his house thus called "The Garden"
when I can see downtown again I will stand on the balcony imagine
summer pastures imagine how I have to imagine cows now

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watched 2 Xavier Dolan movies back to back to be a 44 year old
lesbian obsessed with a 25 year old man life is sweet
& complex I'm at the age where everyone young inspires the thought
"I could have given birth to you!" in 1989
the night I threw up Campari but no I didn't have sex my friends
put me to bed cleaned up dark red streaks my first experience in
alcohol excess I'm proud of my film director son his sartorial sense
his hair replicated by my stylist from pictures I show her
but we both have mother issues so if I was his mother his movie would be
about hating each other I'm at the age where I feel that I have finally become
the high school kid I wanted to be through mimicking the mannerisms
of those who are successful & I lead with that transmitting to the kid
knowledge that he's a late bloomer there's a place called New York City
where he'll be part of a community & he'll grow more
beautiful in each movie there are scenes of tea time close ups of the tea being
poured into 2 cups sad things are happening
between 2 people who are close who take a leap of faith in "tea time"
ritual will smooth over aggression ease delusion
like the one I'm having now

SAMANTHA GILES

from ORIGIN

You lie there, dragged and tussled, making your way across the deafened herds with nothing but an extreme case of usefulness. No mere mutation, you are a biological storm, sucking up the dirt like mud, rounding up your sticks for a feathered tempest. Pecked around the waste. You know only too well that you were made to hang softly before your adaptability outlived the cocked arm. So abandoned and approximate. You've kneeled and keeled, your tongue mited with sorrow. Go ahead: rasp into this nesting with all but your teeth bared.

You like to remember when your swarm blighted the sour taste of the hot and rapid discharge of an easy target. There's a little something electric about you as you plunder for what's left behind. So oiled and yanked. Colonized by the curing process, you tighten your talons and beg for more. But your mouth feels all twisted by a smallness that's hard to miss. You smite your tongue and brace for the alliteration. Feel it once and get to plucking.

You stutter through the slaughtered hiss of beaks. Breaking for the affliction, your drive towards immolation really brings you to the bending down. It's just the same old quandary of variation. You think they can read it on your face, gathered up in the worn and wounded, squirming in the myriads. But you're just stuck on the perch: procured. Hewn from the needles you keep trying to hide in the rookery, you are torn in hunger and that cooing roar is just the echo of what you've already acquiesced for nothing but paralysis.

You scurry to catch the prying sounds on the heels of the blows.
Squabbed and plucked. You reconstruct the final hunt, wrenching the
range that's mounted. You fester in the kind of detachment that follows
you the rest of your life. The link between the bird and the beak
whispered to what turns to bones in your mouth. You're felled timber.
You're thick with what's been pent.

You've culled all the coops. Dry and raspy, you're harvested. You lie in expectation, your looming disappearance pulled tight. Trying to gather up your prey, you work to carry off your weariness like its nothing but something keeps pulling your feathers out in bunches. Swollen with loss, this net's all yours. Settle in.

SARA JANE STONER

THE OPPOSITION

Official communications scream much
excellence, word a maker of a shut up, shut
down. Blank phonemes, out from, lofty tower,
cast bodies of interest beneath. Sounds
between senses of the word, what of your
interest. My tits possess an inexhaustible
feeling toward getting between, what you need
for that, that two-faced hash cloud of money
language menbrokers of brokenest abstraction,
most excellent. Arterial school narrowing out
the living, we beat and breathe into more
narrowing, even with our elbows out out out,
because due to an earlier incident, they have
broken everything loving toward consolidation
of command. What is the value of your subject.

She is advocate assemblage of state of
usefulness, state of abandon, any way kind of
shits the unicorn into the air blows out the
bowels of the subject, printed surface smeared.
Cave girl loss machine wallow wallowing. I say
we have a strangeness and the best way for
you to contain it is love. I say what here is the
authority to help: I would fuck everyone for you
including myself.

Excellence is a kind of fatigue in education is a
kind of fatigue in learning, exact plans for a
golden room at the top of a bullshit castle, the
base bricks of which be burning objects of the
subject turned object, a certain kind of
glistening with dull heat kind of object,
exsensate the erotics of showing you to your
ignorance.

Gender is a kind of fatigue in the self is a kind
of fatigue in the self, a lurch roll effort, scatter
of body to contain the violence of our language
our ingenuity in time a slide into forms our
making sense between the hot houses, i.e.,
Fuck you, I am a flower. O universe I am tired,
but more tired of these false rigors, these
dumb microknit sweaters, suited shoulderings

of space called men, and I find the simple idea of what kind of woman will you no longer accept, them catching the nightmare in the high-necked dress of a sensible hemline, high-low, low-high. Here is a drawing of an apricot in your pocket: there is an apricot in my pocket, apricot in your pocket, the give firm, slick of fuzz, cervical glans, what—enough.

Poetry is a kind of fatigue in poetry, a gradual erection of a perceptual façade that people come to rub out of a need for symptomatic ends, plush mirrors, louche attachés, default nation. Baraka says "You will, lost soul, say 'beauty,'" I say, to a certain brand of pretty flesh, house of conceptualism's nouveau realism, nice jacket, nice purse, says dumbo's feather of psychoanalysis I have a problem with bags the magnitude of rent and I will not naturalize it as my face ages the human resource is a discount a deal no scene poetry a twilight of drugs headed toward the marvel of warmed-over parenthood, someone holds a Christmas for the essential and the blocks deepen and I am ill, the subject is illness and a reaching backward toward some inexperienced life fingered ear, a rough patch widened stance drop the cleaver with your massive self salt of the spurt cleft the chemical reach of oceans in your shifting and the way you talk about shopping about onboard computers about your purposes in love make of me a druid, a gummy avatar that feeds on its own difference and shrinks incredibly the poetic economy materially a history of names associated with each other power a feeling of good will an anesthesia a marketable unknowability that accumulates what action remains is usually sitting a room full of snow globes in storm season we need light we need a diagnosis of light discrete subjects have always been a trick like nouns, like names a facility with vehicular manslaughter a line accumulates outside a locked door behind which poetry has been accumulating busy conditioning itself missed the possibility that our condition is no longer poetic.

But anyway, your teachers are eating
themselves in front of you, their wastes are
curricular, students your teachers are butt
smoking the canons of their peculiar avants in
the incidental off-hours of your shared
presence, they can almost see you for all the
pain of their own knowledge, we feast on epic
farts in the rooms of such assignment.

Here I, here is composed, decomposing of a
longing to consume itself in the other's partial
consumption of me, made and making in a
millipedian embrace of you, ours, the
immaterial labor of receiving us wet mouths
out of blank ventriloquy. You, beautiful
creature, train me. How we break forward and
the selfsame shore is eaten out of its own
constitution suck the word and sprinkle its
remains in a process that is out there, in here,
you teach me and I am learning abeyance,
survival being I am holding myself at bay. What
are you is the only question for everything.

O I am rooting for the feral in you as it rises
fecal and lavular on up into your intelligence,
my pleasure. All who come bear bloody knives
the smell of which monsters me into a hole
from which I speak, where the sounds curl into
the fail, my chiasmatic dump axis lover friend. I
love your bloody knives. I love you. I love your
eaten away fingers, your weaponized face,
your broken gender. If we could only feel it
break with me, feel into it breaking I sing to
ourselves, feel into it breaking in your fingers,
your face.

Toward what empires of what do we own these
bodies, ministers, oral flair, institutors, body
reed, machinists, eye of black, eye of blue,
nationalists, blood a fuel. Each day you're born
and the country of your feeling slips away to
seek out bread and water. Watch you shave off
the signifiers of your most fecund psychosis.

PIECES FROM *COMMON PLACE*

NOTE ON *COMMON PLACE*

As an experiment in early 2013, I began transcribing the 2009 autopsy report of a Yemeni man who had been held in U.S. custody since December 2001, and detained at Guantanamo Bay. Among other things, I wanted to return transcription to its roots in somatic practice, to bring my body into contact with the linguistic remains of extraordinary rendition and state-sponsored death, like a scribe reproducing Torah, or a monk laboring over illuminated books, unable to restrain himself from spilling into the text. I wondered how my writing *prosthetic of nerve & bone* would metabolize such language in an effort to perceive my body's relation to a detainee's occulted figure? And how might that effort make palpable the militarization that has captured all our social relations? The report entered the public sphere, together with a cache of related materials, by way of the ACLU's recourse to the Freedom of Information Act, and is among the documents that I accessed while working on a book called *Music for Porn* for which I'd been seeking evidentiary language to denote the bodies of fallen U.S. soldiers in Afghanistan and Iraq. At that time, I decided *not* to use any of the language from these Gitmo reports in my soldier poems, afraid that I'd somehow be betraying a fundamental difference, equating the non-equatable, reducing irreducible bodies to the common denominator of stately reportage *bodies made fungible by search engine* despite the fact that any meaningful fidelity to this constraint could only be impossible given the functional nomenclature of such reports, the way a curious expression quickly belies a cliché *preassembled phrase convenient for the setter of moveable type* linguistic version of the readymade, a common place. For example, his "unremarkable genitalia," semantic residue of the waste his body has become *autonomous product of security* marks the gulf between clinical expression and radical sensation, occulted specificity and familiar designation, rupture of word and world. The poems that comprise *Common Place* are the result of a long engagement with these texts.

IDENTIFICATION OF THE BODY

Living nite dissipates in the brightness of death. A luminous moment in our repertoire of truth, his body perjured
As the sun. Reconstitution of his organs presses thru
The scrim of an eye, maps my body's functions to a state
Of cold resolve, this plenum of sensation, skin of the world.

His skin draws me back to a scene of plenty, something
That the mind made, but is not the mind, false Eden
Of a common world. There was no shortage of corpses
Back then, no need to rob graves or perform anatomical
Black masses, the public square having already been stationed

In the blinding light of autopsy, a white visibility, a shrouded
Brown charade. In the beginning, the conflict wasn't between
The rising tides of East and West nor some youthful ideology
Pressed against old beliefs, but incompatible forms of know-
- how, one proceeding from the eye, the other from words.

Mine eye having been jellied, my words derive from his
Remains and share nothing with his corpse though identical
In all their mediations, my poem like a report from beyond
The shadows, his originating spark, confusing swollen
Tongues, persistent tremors and corresponding lesions.

My problem hangs inside vast networks of waste, systems
Fantasies involving his gentle fist, whereby conjugated
Muscle might one day yield the pleasures of non-production.
So long as a promise of variation, deviation, and anomaly
Holds sway, his tissuey surface usurps my screen, displacing

His alimentary canal, relieving my desire to come deep inside
His intestinal tract, or he inside mine eye already fattened
With the abuse these words incite, an imagined unity, vast waves
Dispersing the body's meanings across a white field where
His prostate speaks of strike location before incineration.

Death is thus absorbed by the luminous flow or opaque
Mass in which small cysts lay hidden with my signs (they too
Seek transmission) the way the social logic of part & whole
Works itself into the heart whose condition ossifies in flesh
- y columns having already converted into hard & bony tubes

Connecting me to his life just as my car's connected to a ship
- ping lane and the transport of vegetables over seas & borders.
But the general idea of his body bears resemblance to every
Thing, the disease now visible in aneurismal sacs these heavy
Pouches whose interior fills with layers of coagulated sediment

Deposits, a whole archeology of ballistics codified in manuals
And brochures. All this unifies in code traversing organs
Battening the system with military screws made in China fast
- ened to the heart-wall whose rupture produces sudden
Tics in my verse, faults according to the standard operating

Segments of perception as transposed into speech. See how
My lines remain faithful to him like a study of morbid anatomy
The way they envelop, divide and compose his person liquid
- ated in the spongy stuff we've made, and whose identity hangs
On my ability to interpret his fundament being the presence

Of a false passage just inside the rectum where my tongue
Applies its balm. Prior to this moment, the viewfinder pro
- duces only abstract symptoms, a dreamlike vista surrounding
The camp where all these vectors of force collide, extract
- ing transitional carbon-based fuels from shale, or surplus

Value from whatever labor's necessary to pass a fuck
- ing stone thru the tiny slit at one end of his bowel
Just large enough for anything to slip thru thus signaling
Completion of production cycle in his body, so many
Seemingly unrelated phenomena inflaming sensuous

Membranes, the way my house glows like his US Army
- issued briefs, which conceal a whitish shroud that clings
To the subject's tissues and whose band becomes a ligature
Whereby a whole system of communication resolves itself
In a period, or a scene of equal scarcity where pleasure fails

— *and rages in his absent core.*

AS FOR MYSELF IN THE PRESENT

Even Bruce notices. We were sharing stories over lunch at the Oyster Bar about the deaths of friends, and one in particular with whom I'd been out of touch for over a decade but whose passing, which I'd only learned about by uncanny occurrence, nonetheless stirred something deep in me as if no loss of intimacy had intervened with the years, and of course Bruce is interested in the precise kind of intimacy we shared so I tell him that, though straight, David desired queerly and we had slept together on several occasions quite tenderly, to which Bruce queries, "Do you think you might write about him?," a question I pass over quickly as if it were inconsequential (why would I do that?, I think) and then I forget about it as the conversation drifts here and there on our walk around the Castro after lunch before arriving back in Bruce's kitchen about an hour later, preparing some tea, eating some chocolate, at which point he picks up the thread of our lunchtime narrations as if they had never been dropped, the way Eric Dolphy might return to a melody after a lengthy improvisation, or the way my grandmother used to return so brilliantly to a theme after an errant series of digressions whose vagaries would argue for an absolute loss of mind, or the way a writer of New Narrative might slip from one story to another within which the first is framed and without which it would be impossible to situate the present of narration, suggesting how no one story can ever hold its own in isolation, requiring a secondary story to contextualize it and a tertiary to which it can't but give rise, and just like that Bruce says, "I've been thinking about how hard it is for you to write about James," whose death twenty years ago continues to haunt my work, "that's why I asked you over lunch whether you might write about David, I mean, I didn't want you to think my question was gratuitous," and I know immediately

what he means & how that is, the way one death can always stand in for another, the way bodies serve as proxies, one loss arousing the memories of all its familiars, and after a moment's pause, at once touched and disoriented by the depth of Bruce's thoughtfulness and care, I tell him how perceptive his insight happens to be as I've been struggling, I say, to grasp some relation, however tenuous—a relation perhaps obvious to my friends but one that's taken me this long to realize—between my own trauma and all the writing I've been doing for years now about sex with fallen soldiers & deceased detainees, a struggle informed by the obvious incommensurability between this and that, on the one hand, and on the other by the fear that the poems might bear the trace of a body more intimate than I've been able to avow and for which my excesses have longed to compensate, and I stumble in my effort to explain, ambivalent and unsure, if not scared of suggesting a link because that would make it real, at which point Bruce completes an idea I can't complete myself. "Yeah, all yr dead ones," he says *un tombeau vide en extase courbé* as if I were Andromache still bent over her empty grave.

BRUCE BOONE

JAMIE

's ambulance retracting
a kitchen table
never will arrive
legs but
zooming-up spacecraft can
still clog
blood from body
parts
as on the way to a
grave
the smashed projections
of holograms
brook not
their black holes.
Pushing back reduction again
resets the plethora
of names, as Jamie, Bruce in
the alien Moebius strip of the

Toyota along I-5 north going south
in the neglect
of ever counting
names. Ours take this
back. reconstituted by you as
your
own. despite speed
bumps and fool's errands how
can I not wish good luck?!

Over and out this time and next.
Signage on an alien-shaped tarmac
to follow.
Your neglect by demons and angels
is
no hurdle but the sting
of advance to an icy new
level of human.

I ask-can the body-mind fail to decrypt
in this successor of
print, analog after virtual?
will this decrypt

the code-switching physicality escaping even
Jamie
and Bruce?

Jamie honey, does our date at
Motel Six
hover precariously now as Kurt's
shotgun at his mouth did
an equal dream of delusion
or
reality. beam us up,

Pumpkin-headed Jack Spicer
first bopped us-but
will brain machines of
a neuronal future
do differently. What is there but
code switching time, code switching place code-switching
the blood-red heart of compassionate
reality.

At the micro level trench-coated surveillance
ever watching the lad at the
service station with lust-grid-lock prevents
hospital access

to our ambulance, Jamie's and mine. a thorax and
feelers
in the basement sense your footsteps. looking giant
awkward heads to see. in a pinch.

RAYBANS worn as
x-ray machines by watcher-agencies
softly and gently
but speciously

soughing along poplar-riverine watercourses curses.

Our calculations-don't they Jamie? – rarely fail

in willowy
swamps of good ole boys
when alligator snaps
just
whimper.

You in your Ray-Bans reading this-is this
muddled swamp signage illegible then?

praying not. but
paying a lot. Depleting
the needed strength of foresight-to
your future.

Can calculations of a Vader, Yaldabaoth, Samael, archonic
henchmen

be defeated without the ability

to switch codes on minor transmissions
concealed in desert
Yucca near Jamie's mother's house in Carlsbad
or can the greater
heart-emanations really be emitted
from I-5 from Seattle's Space
Needle's notorious death-ray molesting
time-itself beside
Kurt's blown away head
now floating and bobbing on
Lake Washington?
Calculations as darkened as Ray-Bans-their fashion sense.
What dubiety
of universal willows and service stations
by only
phantoms of scrawny shirtless teenagers
re-animated
by the illusion of the filling stations
where the half-
life of their dirt-roads
is long exceeded?
Devouring alien
agencies and their universal reign-can it also feed

as well as eat Love-in love do we make
or break
a univeresal law that
constantly
changes?
In gutters find conclusions-mixed with
this mud and the shit
of
words cleansed momentarily for a
look
into the different. His body in the Palliative Care Unit
three
hours after death odorless and shining like
white
marble I kissed.
Defeating all your enemies in
me
and mine in you.
There remain other calculations. Cottonswoods. Agencies to name. Ray-Bans
you
never saw once on ME!! but convene the altitudes of
gas-giants and rock-stars together totting
up
brings no indignation for the micro we
feast
on.

The report from the mothership. Here in
Seattle's
all awaiting the coming glint of
a rifle in a
rich house on a lake. Aberdeen's home-
coming prince or
princess. Shhhhhh! go the autumnal
leaves of northwest maple
sob not for an
un-simulacrum scream
of
even greater suffering to
come.
Decoded by space-analyst
a barely captured wobble
in a star in
Andromeda might indicate the
transit
of a new planet.
(or not). Being time-beings
isn't it only knowing
in parts?
Joy along the “beach” of poplars along a stretch
of Pecos River—not far from where
Jamie first made me his “biker bitch.” Regret not,

oh stars, the piercing rays of your harrowing
lights-they illumine the galactic heart
of our attempted compromise
between
existence and not-existence—with joy!

the unsubstantiated
sight of apparent good ole boys
with pitchforks
in
too-near pickup trucks with trailing specters
of
evil gun-racks. Throughout if sought for—the
indescribable
joy of love passes thru—calling out to
her passerby
for handfuls.

The Space Needle like a syringe.

Messages not meant to be
understood levers to
raise a hovering transcendence called Mothership
at
the end of the now-oracular Spielberg movie
E. T.
if it weren't for its unobserved underside

Proposals for a new citizenship. The goal is
recreation though break-down—the giant computer
reports
sweats only humanly.

This country isn't mine. only in love
with existing In a change of
him to me
him
to him

without recrimination
there is only x to the billion billion time of play of
loving body-minds
and your disembodies spirits. Dig it.

When Jamie wants Bruce becoming him. Reciprocally
wanting Jamie Bruce
turns into something alien to himself
in pure transports
Knowing without being yet
able to access the pure bits
of love an exponential number
of

alien names multiples, thrives, travels to
other
galaxies. between us a barrier on which
both sides,
neither or none of these according
to
whatever code-switching time and place of
my choice.

The names Bruce, Jamie,

His son's name Darren. his sister's is
Monty. recyphered

this is non-separation.

Walt's mother said, he is always coming
and going. From Brooklyn
before the appearance of archon entities such
as Samael—and even Sophia.
Arrival of aliens in 1947
at Roswell New Mexico is an exponential increase. but
in
what?

Is it in knowledge or in
the evidence of the lack of knowledge.

These can be exchanged.

Suffering results from exponential lack
of knowledge. The White Sands ignition.
Jamie and
Bruce
on their way to Granny's house in
Carlsbad transported by
ignorant Powers above backward
in time
watching the skies the giant
atomic explosion
occurs
knocking down each picket of
each
house in the little desert town. They have yet
to meet fail in love kiss for the first
time—
not knowing each other yet. It is too earlier.
Speeding
toward the southwest north of Los Angeles
barriers
fall hard. A delusion of giant
ants attacking
from cave bases alongside

the Los Angeles River and similar phenomena. Though delusions
they fail
to lack reality. Similarly Jamie's and Bruce's
love
has always existed even as
two delusions in
a single pod pump blood from
atrium to ventricle though remaining
other.
the subtraction
from delusion by matter—ceases to exist as
soon
as the first atomic bomb explodes.
The illusions of
giant mutated ants swarm the world.
It
does not matter
if love is an illusion—it links us together
once and
forever. A contusion is a blessing.

In the little shack behind Granny's house

Jamie shows Bruce a tool shed. a pool table in
the
middle, tools hanging from all four walls.
Granny seen thru the
tiny window, at her sink
washing dishes.
Moment of transcendence, transgression---
suddenly with no warning
Jamie
pushes hapless
Bruce down hard onto pool table. Astonished
Bruce, leering Jamie
he unzips his zipper and forces
his
by now turgid member into Bruce,
who immediately gulps
white joy
into a mouth holding only joy. A delusion
of power transference.
a naughty nearness to the mom
doing
her
dishes. glory, delusion. Delusion and glory. Don't
both
of them participate
in the black hole's projections

that constitute
the holographic images
called reality?
A Philip Guston canvas makes
us dwell
in blood oceans of terror and pain
inseparable
from the love that causes them.
Bruce becoming Jamie
Jamie Bruce.
To the lists of future
names, add yours add as well x
for beings
yet unborn unknowable anywhere:
a past interchanges
present present and
future in confusion. new
names
incomprehensible
languages proliferating on
inaccessibly diffident planets whose
from which alien
light obscured

will not your bisymmetrical

kind,

earthling

readers

but

through

channels

decoded

by

successor

aliens

on our

highways

and cherishing

old Nirvana

c.d.'s.

ongoing continuum

why fix or

stabilize

yourselves

with

your

own

lovers?

unless

humanity

is

not

to be

surpassed

by you,

your foreign

deities

answering

only

Great Chthulu's call.

Do crop circles

form

from our asking?

Do motors

along rural Texas

highways stall

for

you? Think like the cattle droppings think. Dis-
paraged condemned
yet glimmerings of alien
beginnings
languages to some not fashioned of
cognizant vocables
for us.
Beyond northern lights and even the
moon Celedus
new words encrypted still
not
made
of characters like these but hidden blankly
in
the white of left or right margins
here.
Moment to moment as
breath
to breath extrapolation of person-ness
still un-
guessed at. the end of the
bilateral.
the squish heard episodically from

your Seattle basements. Refuse the insectoid

and meat counter—for now.

Give your bodies

to

their light swords as we did:

Jamie and Bruce.

while under yellow

moons in tumblers of ole Jack neat

white thick

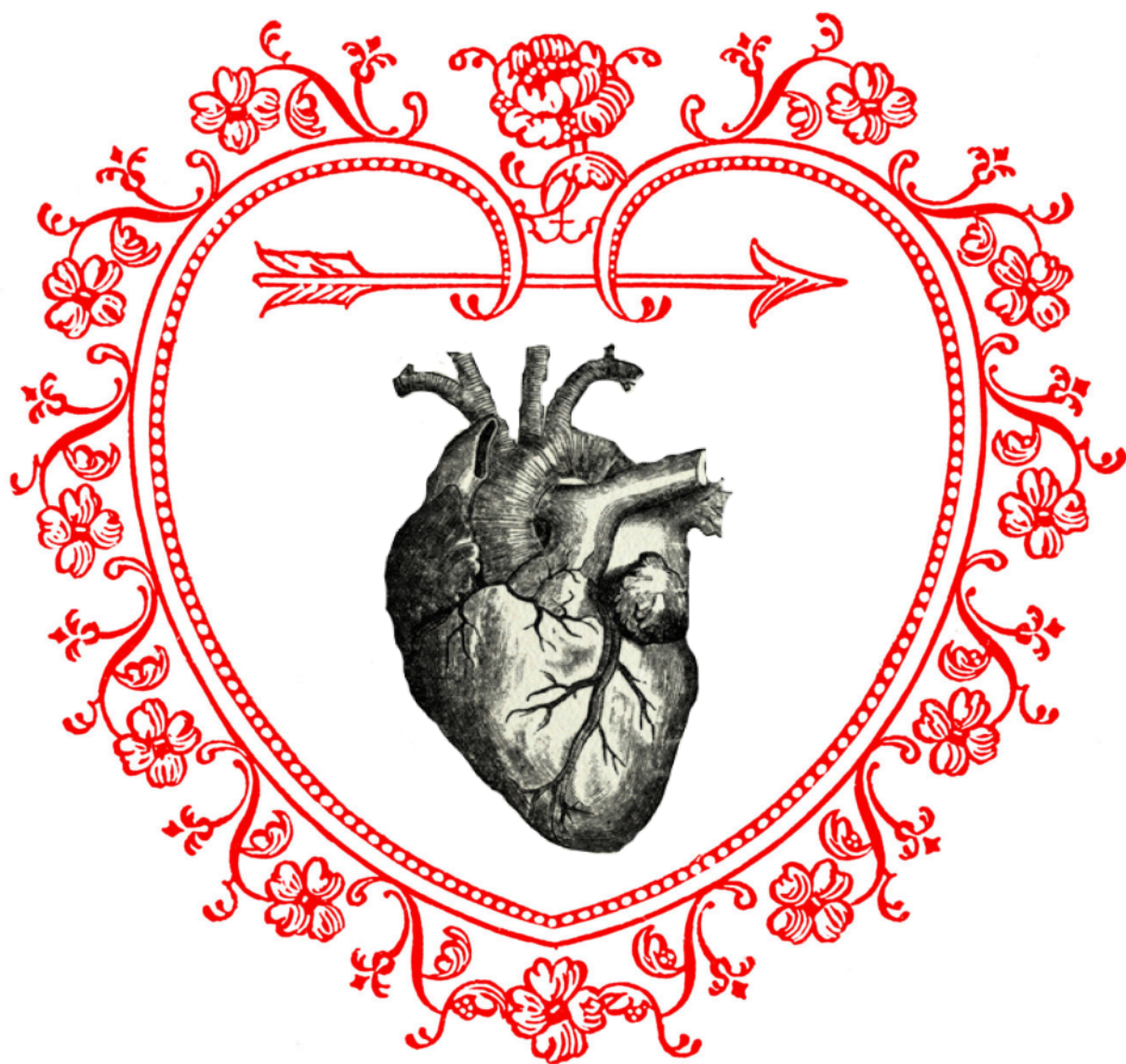
ropes

entangle the tongue with

a sticky feel.

All curtains closed but these.

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**When you're given
limited resources,
and you have to
reach a goal.**



SACH SZYMASZEK



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BRUCE BOONE