



TOXIC
JUNKIE



MSL DML
SML I X G H T

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NOW THAT I KNOW DEATH BY RESIDUAL TECHNOLOGY

Now that I know death by residual technology
Lust was the last of the first last things

shit on by the shadow of a bird in an airplane
ridden by the woman, [her] shadow woman.

Oh she does gather leeches, woah,
did she say life is like light through a window

glazed by the frenzy of slime I came here to feel
, to be like I'm dying and that's the wor

Id whose backworld's zero-grade form
slathers its fleshy ills, on film, as a film

whose active form became an effect, its
forces actors who station its train.

While watching the film in the tower I saw from the bridge
and seeing the bridge beyond the screen from the tower, I was astonished.

The bridge has increments. It is an eyelid
whose lashes scaffold the sky which, for \$8,

the plane also googles through. On everything
we ride. Always it has been that everything

encountered is searched for later: "frenzy o' slime,"
"pre-fab tower." If it wasn't mine, it could be someday.

And because I think thinking is conjunctive, turbulence
is produced and stuck in your eye respectfully, thus,

next to my farty neighbor, I know how it occurred to you when I was all like
what is necessary will arrange itself across this wrinkled earth

over which slithers the snake that featured in the last,
meaning latest, baseless lie I told, the one about someone else's

recent fascination with snakes as a way of dealing
with sequenced losses of things that never were.

It was a lie I told to express love to someone
I didn't, a bid to undifferentiate it, a following

of the order to take social risks that came
running after the little ghost of a girl

in the hallway where also their refusal went
Well I ride these things so that thou may'st

know me, and I'll turn my face, who
cares for that consequence of this decision

and made a puddle of your shame. I, a very big man
who makes a lot / of money—Try me.—Step'd over it

all the same saying: excuse me I must do some memory
work: in the film artists are the dead returned

in an endless return after no return, return after no
return. Saying in *seconds*, you see, you don't have to

prove anything anymore. You are accepted. You will be
in your own new dimension. Hi. How are the impressions

I have made upon you. Well I like how you do
something good. Let me, I say, achieve the dishes

for you, the laundry, the garden, Cicero.
With your consent I answered the phone

from what didn't seem to be coming
any nearer until it did. It contained

some interference, the fault of its turbulent spectres,
and the most beautiful letter written by a woman

imaginable. Remember when mom,
said she was lambasted by our dad, the bastard,

on a terrorizing loop in the kitchen? This
is nothing like that, save for the real

unrest. Neither is it like my articular lerb
towards desire, whose hurl gives back

to the desire I have given you to give back to. Now
something should redden, there should be put

some flame to end the fire with, some blood
in The Hotel where I am fucking this

to travel with you, thus I have put here some companions
with which you will also travel. One, I am, is

the witch the internet is, boss of all our ether,
slid into our internethers, what relief

feels like forgotten, if violate
taken back, brusked to be unrisked,

as I had meant to call this PHILOSOPHY, and for
there to be no apologies, but of sudden assumption

I've too much. The social shouldn't feel
like a frisk. I've a shamed and ruthless

something sold in case of all the mentionables. It is a matter
of *confession*, no more.

You see she works with what is the matter, works that
the leeches transvalue it in the isle or hall near

which you won't be long to arrive, will you, and stop
about the necessity of rejectable things,

regard them. Thus, saying I has a kind have
I am against achievement. I would not

put a fountain in a pond for it knows not what it is.
I has a kind, have to ungive up.

That theory that goes from puncture to
future in which you have to need

something to make it and in what light.
To what belongs the concepts I stop caring

because reason'd produced some excesses,
such as, some sense, so easily

it could have been otherwise, everything, and why
are they only thinking all of my thoughts for me, existing, and how

is it for them to know that I would not regard myself
in any way, were not other people, harmed.

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

VERONICA AND VOGEL

Vogel stood against the door of Walter Rossi's brownstone, in full gear. Veronica was oriented towards him, and his head bowed down in the dark.

Vogel had so little conflict with himself; he was pretending he could see threads conditioning people around him. And the psychotherapist, he told me, was persuading him to solve false problems on 3 false premises. The first premise was Descartes. The second problem was food. The third was a song they called: Art Beat Heart. Art Beat Heart was the wrong song to use because it got the people into a trance state that prevented tautness. And like Bergman's character in *The Magician* Vogel was interested in the brain's tautness.

(Why should I bring up a cinematic classic that I stole from my heart? I a thousand blondes and no more a Swede, nor more mature nor sophisticated as time or art. And northern Europe I despise as I despise Descartes and your cats that I would throw out with cinema makers as they threw witches who had a double voice. I would not fetishize witches. I would not let pride claw my throat. But Vogel touches it).

'To this end I was born, and for this cause came I into the world that bears witness unto the truth.'

Dialogue.

Vogel has none.

Vogel's cause.

Blondes.

Pilate's mind.

He goes out to the Christians, Jews and prefers falseness.

Pontius. Fanciest. My ugliest chasm take away or suggests a spell without cause.

It came my way as Vogel, my uncle's tenant came my way when he came here and said: "Truth is abominably deuteronomically uglily ten thousandedly bad." Poorest exiles, forgotten fact. We spoiled in Rossi's brownstone.

RONEN BLEEDS PLAY

His bleeds play
If I could tell him:
'Production, Ronen, is a silver clock, ancient in character, young in breath, first
you went up then you came down now you must bleeds play.'
Festoon
Do you hate Feste
He calls out to the blonde.
'You are, you are, you are, you are, you appear, you appear, appear you... But
who's that pilgrim, by the way? ...I see you.'
Player comes to handle it
I thought to make fest into something
by loving it,
which goes on yawning,
and then to comb it because Cleopatra wanted us
to comb through it
What I mean is
Tell me what to do
But I don't want someone to tell me what to do
But tell me what to do
I don't want someone to tell me what to do
I would give my blood
For something even
As vacant as
Play
It will come back to you
From every grain
You turn away
A single star
withholds
we get a little confidence
we speak into the microphone, you know what I mean
we get a little confidence
we lose balance and
fall like a star-shaped
fruit
On the ground
And reach for what tastes
good
eat it to refuse it
I eat you to refuse you
And if I eat you to act in your play

If explosions change your mind
Throw you to chase war
War is war How
So I stood as war is
Get rid of
Smear the face
I'm Christ
In a play
You spit so that
In the middle of
Oops oops
Such sway
If it's crazy, help
I must take
some
time
Cat come down!
No beauty is intense, Ronen

POEM FOR KAYE

At the smallest thing you would be heated as if there was a needle inside you

The thought made me faint and be calm

I tried to be knowledgeable about how to go through

All I knew was to gape and to fail to write our play until the jelly shape

There was a rose inside of me because my melody sings cocks

I forgave Muster

Surrendering the play to the chorus

A play would evoke what you say or not say

'I didn't have him'

The pure sound she got and knew

To meet the sun who put the sound in a ship and gave up the ghost of play

to stand as if it were a song and I mean if I knew any song, it'd be through

it'd come and seem suspicious

(At the center of Creative Evolution Henri Bergson set his water down

JORDAN STEMPLEMAN

from COVER SONGS FOR JOYCE MANSOUR

The blood in the egg yolk,
This mouth, the wound with water
Pistil, rose, sperm,
There in the church of god
Lyrics and boring.

Build a nest
Where your sex dries wood.
The eternal position of cypress black
Guaranteed to provide the roots of the dead,
The thief on the cross, and lamb chops
To achieve some irony.
His cross eats meat.
Grilled meat.

A man was sitting on the ruins of his faith
Unfortunately.
He wrote her a little stare without slowly dying
And without clothes.
A man went to the road for insomnia.
His shoulders and legs and a tongue in each eye.
Forest owners screamed, "Birth!"
"Stop this stupid little brother
Who once loved the sea and who now loves only the road!"
The wind blows her lover to return.
God is ready for us, the little people of love.
Prepare yourself for the collection.

AUTUMN

These particular mansions,
they lay out.

They have no sound
but the slight hiss of their giant ranges
hissing in their marble kitchens
and their giant trees,
exposing nothing,
do not hiss.

More than a man,
more than my love,
more than the oubliette
of some decision

for New England
I'm disarmed.

I blink
with the cloudless
eyes of a beagle
at these norm fucks,
with the limp dicks
of a hundred thousand
geezers in their sleep.

This is a big house.
It does not owe itself
another brilliant night.
Yet, I am at the party.

Without the sea
to crash against my genitals
or the veil of a beautiful day
or the tall Dutch Elm.

WATCHING IT HAPPEN

I laze about, deranged and unafraid
to godly kiss you, kiss the pharmacist
that whipped you, undilute, to dilate high
your animus of lime and lye.

I know of an upstairs hell.
A creamy, vascular thump
through bonus years of things that pass
and things that do not move.
Your cellular mouth. Your mess
of inattention. Now that none
of us are good looking I think
that/they are right.

Strokes of light you taped across my nipple.
Patterns staked to fake the love
we cannot feel so slick the miser
of your hand through my bad heart.

Genius. You are blond enough.
Once in a while.

And in the end, when I sweep coolly up
and will not be drawn back,
then I will tell you of it. How I can.
In writing, I am making an attempt
to depict my beautiful nose
through imagery.

I will tell you of it. Once in a while.
I will miss you. And the tape.
To be flung down,
petals from a balcony.

SEA BIRDS END THE NAKED SEA. & ME. & ME

I am in the market
for a tiny organ
& a pair of jeans.
I can feel
how they will feel
to case my body.
I will slide them on.
I will pull them off.

On TV a pretty
blond girl gives
someone the softest kiss.
I can taste her mouth
taste through the screen,
her halcyonic
thigh. I close
my eyes into
the sucking blue.

Help. My radio
is broken & the world
is so unfair.
I'm going to fuck
myself to blame.
I only have myself.
Sometimes,
when I'm lying
on the floor,
I think of physics.

A perfect toaster
sitting on the street.
To hold my cum,
I do not cum,
& do not think.
How to the world I am.
The way my stare is.
How I cracked the code
of online dating.

Having never read
Adorno, I can't say
if I'm performing
as a member
of the bourgeoisie.
I understand myself
only insofar
as it is funny.

Monday, I'm balloons
at race's finishing.
Friday swoons away,
the time flies,
winnowing.

IF I WERE A GIRL I WOULD WANT MY NAME TO BE PIGLET

Summer holidays are Earthless. Shirtless.

Are you glad to be back? Are you glad to have a sneer & wear mascara & your plump young skin?

The wet chalk sound of stirring your tea. The dry gravel sound of eating your toast. I like to bite my own arm, let my underwear fall down in tulipped ankle cuffs. You just sit there. It's a game.

The feeling of feeling. The feeling of feeling with the palm of your hand. In France, the girls sleep in blue eye shadow.

NAT RAHA

FROM SIRENS / BODY & FAULTLINES / UNTITLED SEQUENCE

(poem announcing the end of england)

on the occasion of sick order & separation
 , papers
 rabid w/ future according to corp.:
 stultified peoples known as the english
 , epidemics of national conservatism
 , freetrade publics &
 service / borders wretched keep
 calm & ~~carry~~ ← colonial ghost ;;
 our sickness , downriver sold & quantified to
 the TTIP. in 2015 \
 with all ships &
 symbols of order
 charred, vendettas of the middle
 ages, tearing the
 brick / reign barricades
 westminster, of monuments demolished,
 speech signatures & corpse tories, fascists
 & centrist tendencies: we /
 to hail the end of official history. in waking
 / destruct semblance of the democratic,
 the extractions from our bones pronounced as the new week, positive
 witness \ stupor & individual interest,
 home owned & other aspirations //
 a comedy of damnation
 & erasure of the countryside
 :: we none will be saved by weathering & climate's end

[september 2014]

pulled from
ease €€ slumber
red in eyes &
rubbish of workdreams, new
cross road sirens unmarked, GEO vans & sun
-flowers
smogthroat waft, the years less
desperate only through the replacement of people
class glean slight on
53% salary toward at home / begun
/ felt in our sickness ◇ recognition / dismayed

in september heat the
gravity on bodies misspelling
bored orders of day / atms [atmospheres] casual
normativity reified to the end of the new world
order «*all gather round to bear your side*
of things as our action torch against gaslit languages,
memories, as precarity invests
in the reciprocal of archives our guts,
nerves, health, abstraction & belonging
the erasure of days „*sorry we are so nice to*
you do not
understand
the global blood of liberalism // tsunami
for offices, parliamentary &
luxury to be erected on the old kent road
¿¿what are you afraid of

fractal history in the cut of flames. stateorgan
brick lapsing / context of materials
geography particular.
bones damp / emotive solidarity
for the rare thaw of sun, the sight
capital fixed through smog our lookout 100m+;
even the scrawl
abolished social support still marking the firestation
/ your mind & /
ankles to anxious
when it takes me
out days the i
-chained. stalked
& skyscraped by
monuments of finance.

present history ::
for our secondariness is out for us
to turn eyes too,
transgression particular
[[samples of feeling in tunes lost
unwritten //
unremembered as a simple class of identicals:
constraint ~~##~~ *sketching practices to collectivise herstories ;*
negating the self negative in the owned ; the
absolute need to self-determination
of lives & our culture, as the work of decolonisation
&& for new manners to
smash fascists,, anti-semities
backing the dead of history / the
city in the summertime

good morning
war has arrived
here the twenty first century //
sovereign, democratic]] worn to absence / structured
labour sleepminutes
/ we,
her majesty's;
we, classed liberal subjects; we,
white feminists; we gays identical
trapped by the
fetishism

charge of the gentry.

scenes of pollutant song & short

eyes, concentrations
increasing white bodies dispersed
early hours, new cross road:
where we've held out in the try collective of us
to construct a wedge ~~stable, of permanence~~ we
so broken out of belonging together
, root & rubble piling upon action to bruise, to be
thrown only back into privacy
/ landlord behest::
sick w/ increase on values, the
suffering of our friends
/ this exact their
dream of estates, contemporary
good life / magazine pleasure
“all profit is identical to exploitation
“\defences 'gainst the transformations: speculative
values, wage distributions / vague opportunes,
news orchestrating semblance of growth. the
false universal

≡ faultline our concepts of home,

of future hunger & workhouses
of persons overdosed on the
everyday; *good morning, racist toxicity*
time disintegrate reading the newsprint *cf.*
that thought on the justice of your life = freedom as
privilege reflect/delivered
in the law's tongue „ if the
policy *4bodystate contained to standardised
requirements /descend into hell /camberwell 20.14
hrs : *the news is our daily bread, gives us momentum*
, provides orientation,
sensation personified
persecution; poverty & torture : contemporary imperialism accord
of human rights / finance aspirational to
have never dreamt the fence, guantanamo
the negation that keeps the democracy clean.

WATCHING WILLIAM CASTLE WRITING

He pokes in and out of several privately printed editions, often rereading aloud passages we first thought riddled with chance, though now we can't be entirely sure. It's the total possession that takes hold as he moves toward the notebook that becomes a deep secret. Not so much wrought iron slips in the line or the several attached vanished voices. What makes it down onto the screen as letters, words, phrasing, seems after the fact. It is this desire to filter the language that we have captured continuously through the position of our camera. Though most of our women propped up in the rafters of the various wires are signaling the switch for off and on. He will often sing a small snatch of a line and let it lead him to music halls, to gilded back stage dressing mirrors. He bends at the waist to melt a voice in pitch black, a discourse on method. His phone calls rarely betray anything about the other end. If anything he repeats himself so you are forced to listen to events of the past few days with his waning enthusiasm. He never speaks of all the anonymous men. It doesn't seem to matter. He will either write it out as pulp or make drawings. The line is just as overwrought either way and gets it twisted. His clinical claim on madness may secure an objectivity. Most readers will claim an immediate distance from that element. He draws storyboards for the threads he hasn't the guts to write. That one is which the young editor is finally admitted by the widow to read a late manuscript, rumored incomplete. The editor has several desperate poets lined up for the filling in. Poets can be best at simply matching tones of voice. The dead genius had the guts to write first and that sets them at ease. They drop by the press like beasts in person for their checks, chattering like royals and bathed in relief. Telling all the best jokes looser than their poems.

SATIN GLASS
for Julien Poirier

Set desire

Is a long drip

A knocked out

Quarry

American

Constantine

Smokeless

Powders

Bolt + Star

A grate

In mint green

Copper pins

Suspended palace

of lovers

rejoined

of gliding by

in boredom

unbecoming

huge door

in the wall

too smart phoned in

not dead enough

swig

of the yellow

eye pressed

electric organ

I asked

Men who did

Flower the lights

Violet in lime

On grey

Noises

I remember were

Minerals forming

Their one mountain

Tears that quivered

In rage

pulling into flame

THE REAL CONTENTS OF A STREET POET'S SUITCASE

Tiny dented copper spools

An elephant gun

Clean underwear

Red Garland Records (*Red in Bluesville, Red Alone*)

A pair of counterfeit Vachel Lindsay cuckoo clocks

Empty pocket rocket (Fernet)

Cerulean rabbits foot keychain

Turquoise money clip

17 cents

Stained satin pajamas

Golden Sardine (with underlined lines and figures)

“Apollinaire never hiked in paper mache woods”

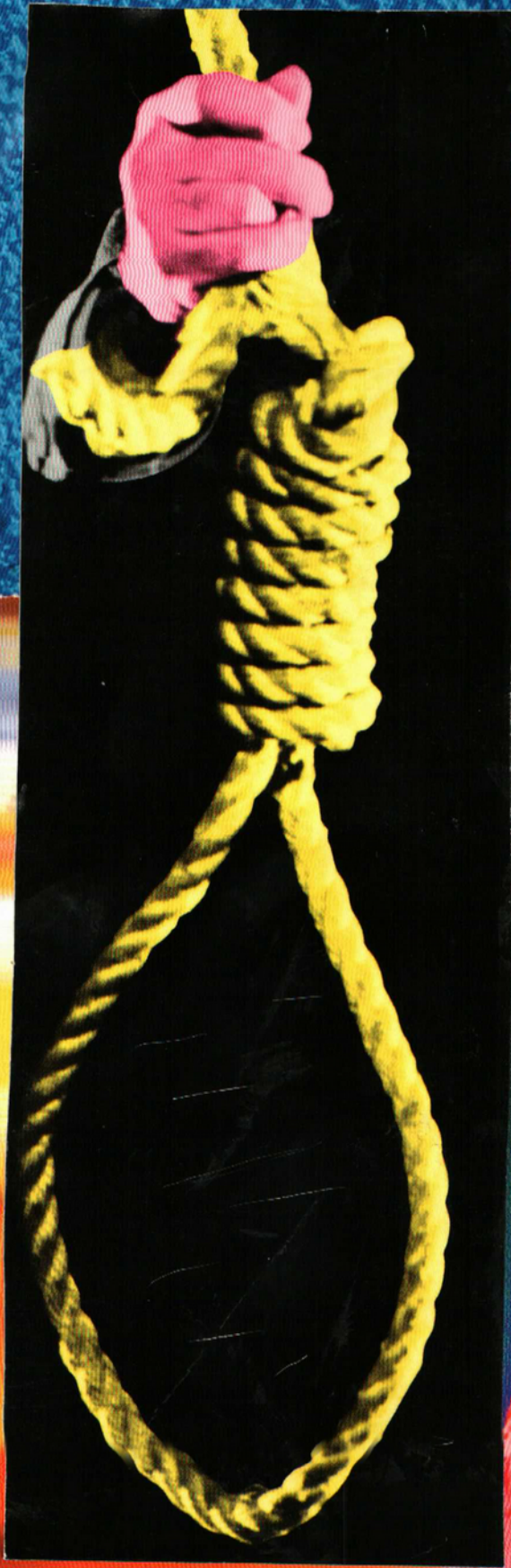
“Apollinaire never slept all night in an ice house”

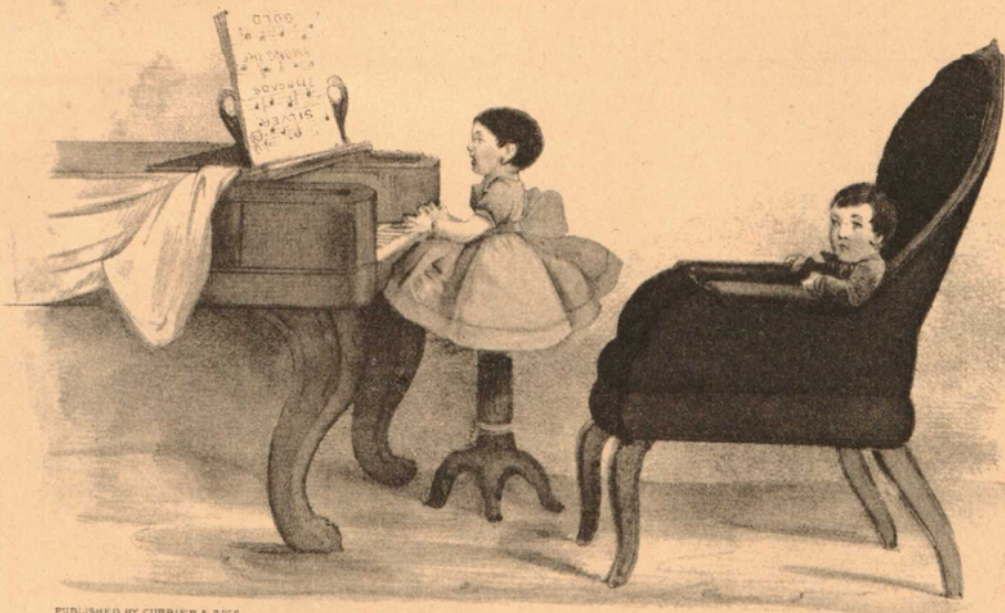
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'DARLING, I AM GROWING OLD-'

JANE
GREGORY

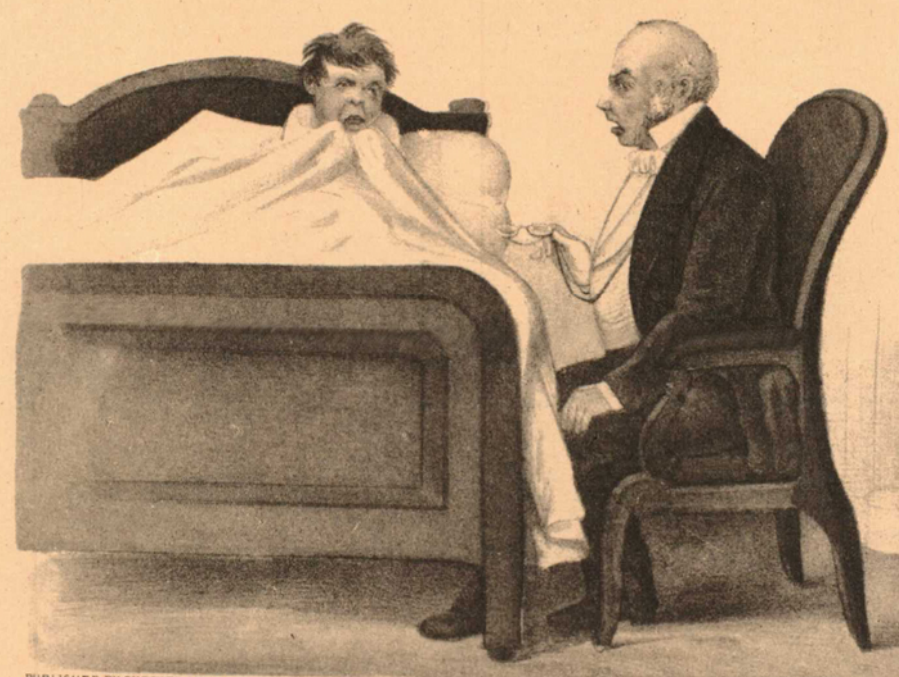
ELIZABETH
CRAWFORD

ELAINE
KAHN

Heh.

JORDAN
STEMPLE
MAN

NAT
RAHA
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"T'WERE VAIN TO TELL THEE ALL I FEEL."
"What have you been eating and drinking?"
"Oh, Doctor, only Lobsters Cucumbers and Green Apples and Buttermilk."