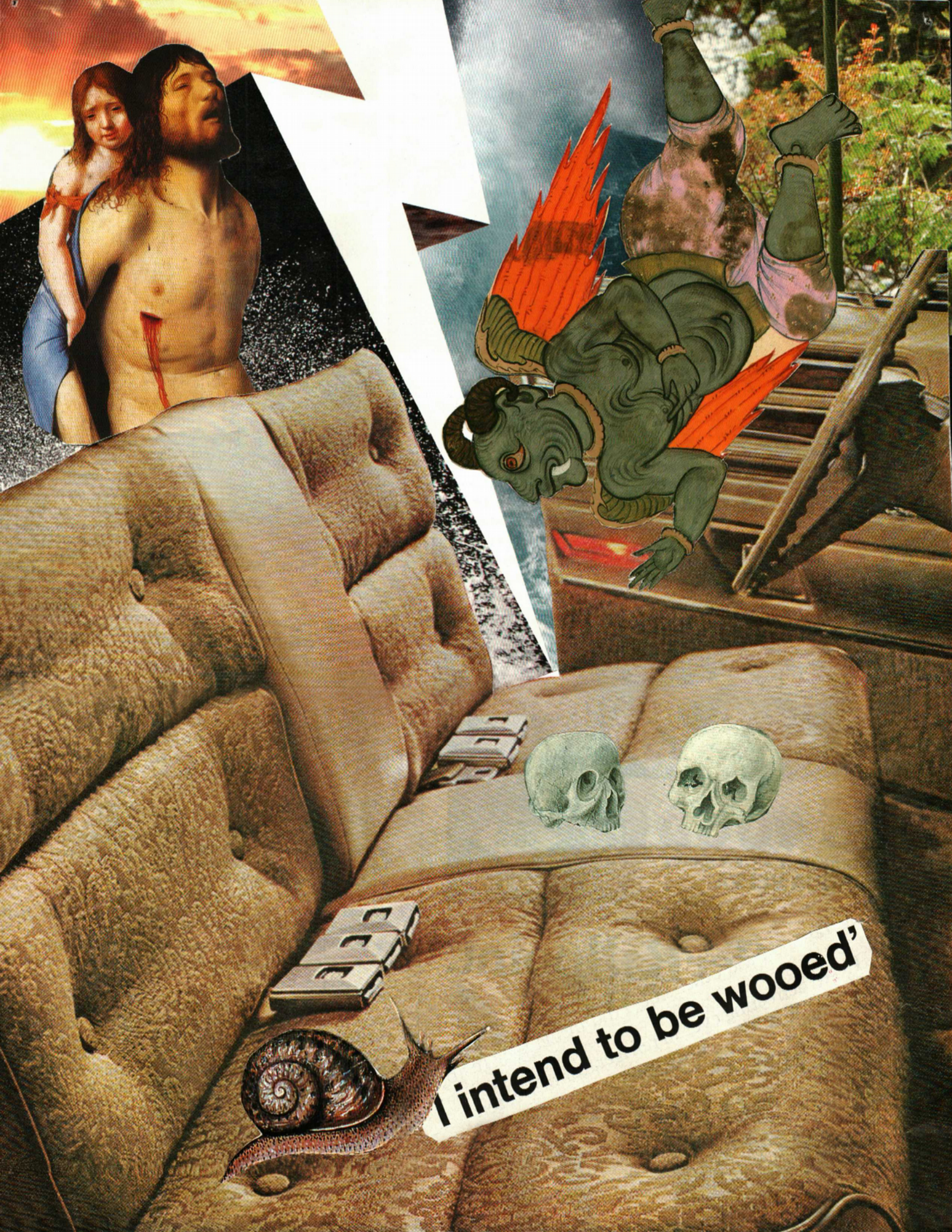




Elderly 10





I intend to be wooed'



ALDO LOBO KROON

CHRIS MARTIN

WENDY TRAVNO

STEVEN PARKER

SUNNY THEODERIX

LOUIE NOX

EL  
DER  
LY  
10

# PURDEY LORD KREIDEN

*from* SCOLOPENDRUM

## BREAKFAST IN BOAT

I emanate from the world, similar in shape to how God made me,  
if there really is such a God, doing such a thing

A vertigo blue remains, the foreign preseminal language that  
sixtynines our minds like a drunkenness when we fuck our shared  
sex with our mouths. Now I leave behind what I think I know, I  
leave it all there, what I like most like your face calm and wise  
frothing with drops of old musks and memories of oat-shape  
cleanness, in the room that is my self and the place I inhabit in  
the house that is all I am and have ever been. I stay in one place,  
look around the cosmic jizz that is my mind

We try to collect our thoughts into the shape of monstrous clouds,  
sickly pale emeralds, collapse the room in which we've learned to  
dwell, and I see you, and we are found, and you are made again  
and I am too, back to a primeval forest before the houses that are  
ourselves were even erected, the virgin habitat we built around  
one another, that doesn't know time or space, only these twigs  
here, and that leaf there, and the pond which surface is the  
humming yellow-green stillness of long-dead astraes and God's

long-forgotten face. Some things are known and we can't avoid  
knowing them, and they are the light attached to the back of the  
bugs glowing against tree-barks at night, and we suck them so  
hard they can't barely stand afterward, like remembering that we  
know that stars are far away and could either be burning or dead  
the moment we look at them, but why would we give a shit. It  
starts with my pussy placed where my cock should have been  
rubbing against your foot, afternoon spent in the dark between  
our thighs, and our mouth around your cock a passage to the  
other part of me where I roam between your mind and mine like  
the propellers on top of the old houses, set into motion only if  
there's the motionful of the human inside, this human breeze that  
is the hollow space hung up in the air between two strangers'  
hands, held up palm to palm, as if those hands pertained not to  
two different bodies but one, bodysnatched and stitched back into  
an intoxicating crepuscule of natural likeness

It is a terrible sight, a man unclothing a face he had kept wrapped  
in white jersey for the whole time of his errand, and stepping off  
his horse (or is it a camel) to lay down on his stomach against the  
desert ground, a few steps only from where the horizon split with  
the land and the sky to rise on his own like an ocean, and the  
promise of a sky plunged into deeper sky like an orgasm with  
two fingers in the ass.

We are to be haunted and obsessed, by God, buglike, by the  
absence of God and the left-over of His absence, and having no



faith or believing in all, and hunted, by our crave for remaining alive, that is, the limitations of our body that bounds us to the great melancholy of times when we could pass through this horizon, that will now always will move forward and make us be the hunters in turn, hunters for a timeless teal time of fusing with the line clear as a bone hung above the ocean tiles. This is why I think some Men wanted to believe the Earth was flat very bad

A silence, a fork is passed onto a hand, a knife follows, a plate replaced by silhouettes, and murdering in dreams, and murmurings too, the way whales would in sleep march in a solemn procession towards the East. And that vision would mean the virtue of having not died in a forgotten place where our mind isn't anymore ours, a mind that pertains to rot, a mind senile and forgetful of its own infinity. I think it is a primordial truth what we've discovered, that the greatest sin is to die a natural death in our sleep, part of a merely organic process, outside of the mystery of our existence; and that it is the greasiest virtue to choose to die out of curiosity for it, to be self-sufficient and selfish and microcosmic, and leave the physical realm in a curious state, still looking for a way to mingle to the horizon, terrified and our atoms glowing like a tombstone sometimes glows in dreams.

It is a matter of a quest, of requesting from the color borne by our visions and born from the collaboration of the sky and the landscape an answer. This is why we write and why we bury our heads between each other's legs, sheltered in a cloud made of an infinite number of planets, no, not a number, that belongs not the gods but to the humans; an infinite Planet, pilgrimed and looted by our requests, among which we stroll endlessly in the reflection of a dead nebula, unbeknownst to ourself;

I want us possessed, traveled through, our mind fellated by the incessant suckling on one another's mystifying carboncopying with the godful breast

I'm in the hospital room where each morphine shot will bring me along in a vessel that I will navigate through whatever may be our deaths, your taking acid with William, there's a glowing green cross of pain all wrapped in thorn in between us but our canyon is like a walk to any part of the sea, our realm is rich in crops and a clear one, and I can't wait for the nurse to come in my room with the little notebook on which the variation on the lunch menu are typed down, I delight myself daily in making her enunciate aloud the spectacular spectrum of possibility of the food assemblage, like a corn of abundance made merely of her words into my ear, first I will choose the entree, along with the cold drink, then the meat and vegetable main course, the desert that can be composed of a dairy, like a yogurt or cheese, and a fruit –

chocolate mousse  
blue cheese cuts (two)  
- wrapped in plastic  
a cold chicken with green salad  
or vegetable macedoine with mayo (vegetarian)  
red nettle soup  
roasted animal seeds

bread (one piece)  
tomato juice (can)  
breathable earthly burrow

Jean Genet's god was a sixteen-year old boy who gave him  
candies every day at the hospital where they both stayed. He  
wrote the boy's name in fog with his fingers, or with his spoon on  
the surface of his bowls of soup, so that the boy would be  
in love with him.

Macaroni pastas with a ham and a can of orange soda  
did I only eat once?  
The morphine was fulfilling  
I had a shower and the nurse called my pus pocket  
hanging out of me as they watched me wash

'my ladybag.'  
dark pink sugar marmalade on a toast (I)  
brocolis/flower of soup  
how did I taste water ffine

colors

through my bloodvessels (gobelet) or between my palate  
and my stomach

Green salamander sausages  
Morphine tastes like sugarcane  
sugar compressed in a pocket of ice  
tuesday's boeuf bourguignon with a carrot side  
vanilla cream (plastic cup) and/or  
weed flowers  
tea (generic earl grey, no milk, sugar (I) ) or coffee  
they said Broth with Colworts and Bacon in it, Oatmeal,  
with Butter, Milk, and Cheese.

bread spread

Faust, shortly after his encounter with the devil, realized how bad  
the deal he had made was, started visiting people in dreams,  
where he fucked them in the ass to get rid of the evil that had  
been put in his semen.

Satan is back, dreamy



Aging azul like a trance.

Allah made the Earth a pearl so that we could never reach the limits of His bones. An oasis like a haunted house. Our terror is atmospheric, like one fearing to overhear a song between two brutal waves would mutter chants all night in order to pre-exist and veil the dreadful singings of the ocean. Fear we do not breath in; it oozes from the pores of the forest we live in within, through the thin membrane of skin that separates us from the membrane of soil that is Nature's skin.

This fear in which we have faith because if we didn't not have it then there wouldn't be, wouldn't be this fear. I am as a propeller should be, as a water fingering the bones of a stone is motionless because the water itself has lost its water motion in its contact with the bones, because the bones are reluctant to the water's promise

of movement. A letter is like a prayer, to look at a moon half-full, take a few steps towards it, turn my back to it and walk back to where I was

It is now behind me, in its place, and only my body is a motion, space stays still above me, the sun approaches, approaches, decelerates, change courses, go away.

Trees perverted by branches  
Buds and twigs covered in a human language

A fat-lipped girl, mouth half-opened, concentrated on the task  
Of clearing a reflection off  
A reflecting surface.  
Her eyes shows  
Space is a surface.  
If human, like an orifice or a gland,  
Space is ultra-marine.  
Space can age  
Space moves in a pitiful way, fuck, night is falling. Night is falling.  
Fuck.  
Night is falling,  
A wet night



I was brought to a boat on the middle of a sea, but I never saw the sea, I was with my family, the boat was not well-made and we kept walking upon rotten wood planks, and for the most part of the dream we just wandered about, not seeing the sea, but following a man who was our leader and tried to teach us things. At some other time, I was playing dices with other kids in the complex where my dad lived, and a boy bet his gameboy, I won and took it away from him, I touched with my fingers the games that came along with it, it was beautiful, the way they materialized in my brain like memories long forgotten. The repast we prepared for God, the field of (mainly) pale buds in which we watched him eat;

Islands are in front of the door bundled in your blue shirt, and in a pile.  
Our time of crouching together on your bed at night  
And poisoning ourself with buttered bread  
Was a good one.  
I find peace in a land of only fruit-trees,  
I find the bottles in which I've found  
Screens of lavender fading into a globe of fresh nettles

It is easier to write a letter, the sea is under our eyes  
and fingertips, we type it down ;

My mother, a sick woman, had forbidden me  
from cutting my hair. Lilacs and pansies, little purple  
balsam of herbs, in which the animals made their nests, and the insects that lived  
and died with them, at night found their way to my bed.  
Before they reached the bottom of the sheets I could hear their  
steps, tired by the long dragging of the opalescence beneath them and the chiming grey-green  
of the timbers around my wrist while I hardly wank against shadowed  
walls of tumefied  
birch-sap. I was a little more than ten, and the boys in their sweaters and hoodies  
all laughed at me, because my looks  
were those of a girl, and I didn't have any friends, because my mother  
had forbidden that as well.  
The boys followed me home after school  
to garnish my hair with ultra-violet  
garlands of laughs, their mouths the bloody shirt of an angel  
that had been harpooned and skinned, tongues mimicking the rain amassed into astraes  
of strawberry whites between their soft ankles  
and bellybuttons, under the sweaters and the hoodies,  
when they laughed at me.  
Every morning after I've drank my cup of milk and bathe my mother's feet  
in a bucket borrowed from the barn where the cow went to eat  
I walked to the moor, and sat me there with between my legs the clenching of the fist around scarlet  
clusters of silvery heather crashed against my crotch, waiting for the boy with the beryl  
brown snakes ringing between his scalp and his nape and the handful of olives  
held tight in one of his hand, that was to meet me there, and laugh at the length  
of my hair, and unbutton his pants, and make love to the one  
hand of him that did not hold the olives, and I blushed and laid down on the ground  
where he turned me on my stomach and wetted my asshole with a fingertip in the manner  
of the animals, and me impaling myself on his  
cock and fucking the ground at the same time  
until I came in a cloud of ancient

idle greys and idle  
pinks



Dawn's edging. Vegetal carcasses are dragged by the waves into the wind, up and down the ocean like spit springing against the hand, the tip of the tongue, the fumes of a primrose stem in the hole of the mouths. The carcasses become algae, and the waves remain unashamed, slowly conversing, unchanged. Darkness in stalactites of shadow

dangling from the ceiling, stalagmites of dusk sprouting from between our toes and knees and into the sunset. Did we come from a globe of dew, an agreement between the verdant laughs of the sky and the kernel of God's sperm merging with the heart of the earth under our feet, that forever leads our souls into God's balls, to be reborn incessantly without knowing why, craving for beer and wine and a pain in our chest where His semen has a little dried? into the shape forever of a heart; tied up to His phallus by one of his long pubic hairs that we call the tail of a comet, or the string

of a violin. An explosion leaving the universe panting and lying helplessly on its back, and on its exposed stomach a harvest of larvae made our race from pure void implode into soil and skin and bloom like a fungus gnawing its way out of the ground. Sometimes I feel so eager to suck myself

in our writings. There is a place in us where our poetry is a vague terrain where it is always night, and always day at the same time, where we are dead as well as alive and fucked in the ass and sucked and swallowed and digested by our very stomachs; this is where we are eaten up and replaced by a landscape made entirely

of our languages, the wasteland where all the seeds of all we see and hear and feel escape is unnoticed to ourselves and grow an entire forest in parallel to our conscious thinkingness, thoughts growing branches out of their own warmth, roots of legends that people a soil of thoughts bathed by its own rain. I know that all that we imagine takes place for real in this inner realm of our thinking and dreams are sovereign there, otherwise how could we be able to remember it like we do. Things we remember when we drink, when we think about being drunk, about fucking, about drug intake. To have been always drunken, and to so remain; a mirage perpetually explores us in quest of a space to land, and our drunkenness is this cloud of wetness in the sand where the mirage can contemplate itself to its sole contempt in the desert

that is our conscious state. Most of the great reptiles were doomed to die; the one that remained were vagrant, vagabond leaning against the shoulders of the miasma in which thoughts of nothingness swirled and adopted the form of humanoid solstices. Nothingness can't be achieved till the entirety of what inhabits us is found and recognized by ourselves and this whole annihilated

completely by a strong will of our minds. Then, and only then, would we be able to feel the pure essence of existence, what it is to be by being without. Baudelaire had a feeling that hashish could bring to the world of the visible the invisible realm of fantasies, of dreams and prophecy. That he found prodigious, but dangerous all the same; I think because the world of the invisible isn't at all governed by the same rules that articulate the tangible reality, in which one poet or mere man learns to dwell, and only through the philtrum of art, of writings and paint should it be glanced at, and should it be granted a restricted and quite opaque access. Because art exists so the world of the invisible remains hidden under a soft membrane, but investigated and supplicated and transcended all the same by the soft hands of men's brains, and what lives in them; may it be a spirit, a goddess or a planet.

And this world of strange likeness must be by art investigated, and supplicated, and transcended, with reverence; the other world (if I use here the singular form to talk about these worlds it is because I believe the other worldly congress itself within a single egg yolk, infinite and lactescent in its invisible endlessness as the miracle that makes a congress of fluids grow into a living thing within the infinitely restricted zone of an eggshell) must be given the same gauzy cares and deciphering technics we would the tattooed skin of a newborn alien, or a scroll written and embedded in the blood of a fallen astr; it is in the cryptic value of the otherworldly that us poets gather the need to be alive and messengers, in this world which they can leave or live in at will. And in the risk always, not a risk but an occurrence then, of stumbling or stuttering the ascent (or descent, according toward which realm our body is arching) lies the endless discoveries of a new saturnian crypt, a new crystal of red and pink melting under the psalm of our mind like a palm leaf, a different opening into the same glade we've been strolling among recently while describing it; so the door becomes a tunnel, and the tunnel actually changes the glade into a mirror in which the dream we just had is described

through a face of seas. And if such a sanctuary was to be erected among the remains of a poet's mind, millennium to come would have to flow back and forth in time before anything such as him is built up anew, supposing that it could even possible. What books did Jeffrey Dahmer like to read we don't know. Suppose he had a copy of a french poet such as Baudelaire. Baudelaire died when everybody thought he couldn't die; his friends and followers at least, suspected he would be endless. Endless as the world he'd showed them and the herb falling off the flute of the always-strolling Pied Piper of Hamelin. Like the handsome young man that children follow of their own free will, tripping, Baudelaire is one of the figures of literature that were so impressive in their being that they seemed to have existed for

ever, to be absolutely necessary and nursed by the whole crowd of birds of fate and prophets that had among the pages of poetry history preceded. A wholesome world of his own within the world he inhabited rather than part of the world among which he and others lived. Poetry is and will remain through and through the origin of cum and sacred and omission and orgies. Though he never tried to rule the world out of him, on the contrary; his contemplation took place in the very restraint of life, of being alive and social among a place, a century, a drunkenness. Baudelaire took a hit out of being read and admired, and that is why I feel close to him. His poetry was terrible and imprecise and crafted and skinned and loud because he never even once wanted to die. Imagine what kind of man it takes to gather such a strength, that life itself isn't a burden but a luminous crawlway Into the world of the dead, the world where languages

autostrangulate. The world disemboweled where Laura Palmer hallucinates an angel is the world where Baudelaire virtually embodied his friend, his poetry: the world itself. Imagine how close to us they are, those young poets that reunited each week to take drugs and speak about it. Congressing to hallucinate. These hashish nights were reviewed, envied, and being part of them was in a way inscribing oneself in an everlasting fantasy; Baudelaire and Gautier will live forever in their writings as testimonies of such a time, but all the other guys writing at this time have just vanished. Because they were only ornamental, garlands for the all-sovereign minds of the only prophets of their time; and the mind can only cherish and feed on four, five poets total, says Gautier, and I think he's right. As black on a knife we start thinking about the time the earth stood still, I'm re reading all this and wishing I've found for us some more ketamine. I'm trying to keep my back upright against the pillow on my mom's

mezzanine, she just had a chin operation, removing some fat skin cells, she has this big band-aid covering part of her face, and each time we come across her in the house she asks us if we are afraid of her looking like Frankenstein. It's a good mystery why most people shortcut the creature to Frankenstein itself to its maker; Mister Frankenstein looked pretty fit himself. But my mom is having a cigarette next to me trying to write, she's on the couch on my left-hand side and she's telling me about the time when she was seventeen and went into a crowd at the Steaks concerts and distributed among the people there fries and steaks. Steaks raw, and cooked fries.

We were looking yesterday at this list of sci-fi books that people like to read, so many people writing, writing to be forgotten, writing to be one day dead and none of their work surviving them. How can one write in full knowledge that they aren't accomplishing a prophecy is for me a mystery.

But maybe we are the only ones that are sentient. And  
Baudelaire, Schuyler, Genet, Artaud, Rimbaud, Sara Nicholson  
and Phillip K. Dick and Whitman and us biches.

I remember being Artaud on a mountain, also being him when he  
took a bath. I don't recall ever being Genet; it is him that lives  
always in me, and in you biche because he gave you the language  
of beauty of your body; of a boy's body. I was Schuyler when he  
wrote the poem *Steaming tie*, cutting rues and the one that starts  
with the line Watching you sleep a thing you do so well. And so  
the sun controls the earth, because I know all of us poets and  
prophets so well being alive is something I find fascinating. If I  
fear death it is only because there is so much things I still need to  
remember, and to write, before I have accomplished my  
prophecy; I am saying that without shame or humility; I want to  
be a prophet and fully aware of it. And us a prophet too,  
prodigious in our likeness, remember how we were born,  
drinking whiskey at the Maria Ost Ban Ohf counter, walking on  
clouds of MDMA rushing through our blood like the strong  
emerald hooves of a herd of

deers. This evening I had drunk whiskey from a water bottle and  
sit on a floor with Maya among the small crowd in the concert  
room (a real room really, fifty persons maximum and Jeremy who  
didn't have a ticket got really drunk waiting for the concert to be  
over with other leftovers in the room at the other side of the door)  
an icelandic cello player with my eyes closed; this was a few  
hours before we met for real, I watched the icy floor of the forest  
entangled into squares and circles of coldness under the dead  
deer's nape. And the hunter (faceless, or I was within him)  
dragging the deer in a velvet fabric into his cabine where he  
cradled it and fucked it and sucked its mouth till it a little was  
bleeding. I haven't met us yet, but you were with us all the same.  
Just like you were there with us each day of our life before we  
met, because we are part of a fantastic exile where only us are  
our landscapes, our home and homelands, and for us there is no  
space or time outside of ourselves. When I died you took acid  
with William and texted me the cross of pain patterned with dark  
green swirls and brown thorns of ache writhing around it that  
you've seen clothing my body.

I fell in a half morphine dream and dreamt the devil was three  
dykes trying to imprison me in a room that resembled a theatre  
scene. I don't remember much about it now; but the three girls  
reappeared the night I came out of the hospital and I slept with  
my mom in Louie's bed, and I saw those girls open up bottles of  
champagne on glossy white steps and come outside of the dream  
to drag me by my feet out of bed. I was scared, then I got  
interested. There have been so much dreams I had since the  
morphine that are my whole life when happening, that I forget  
then, so easily. This means I must investigate still, decipher the  
world



and its surroundings. I feel ready to take acid again, soon; when we can. It is hard for me to take acid if I know my mom could come home if she so will, the earth stands still, I hope it isn't adulterated, the acid. It must be a ghost acid though, knowing that the bar from where the guy that sold it to us emerged has never been opened for real. When Gautier and Baudelaire lived in the same building what freedom from being the chosen ones they must have been feeling. And they had to be and they had written exactly what they did because their poetry was meant to happen at the very time it did, cascading through their

fingertips. When Baudelaire speaks about hashish a revolution operates in your brain that chews a piece of it straight into yours. A piece of hashish. I've been reading an homage Gautier had written a few days after Baudelaire was buried; it shows how little we imagine the one we love and admire can die, and when they do how little we believe it.

Baudelaire like all great poets had parents who were to be forgotten when their own art arises. Great men are born from the union of two interrupted lives, whose sole purpose become the bearing of the beauty of their progeny. Nobody knows what Rimbaud's or Artaud's parents did because what they did was greater than themselves; the mythologies has no family thread but the thought that outgrew their genius in silence. There are praises to be said for their mothers who like mine and like saints roosted in their wombs the promise of a greatness who would render their own existence as women forever silent. I can't remember the first time I swallowed sperm. How it happened, what words were said, how it tasted, how it smelled, and whose sperm was it, and did I like it?

I hemorrhage nectars, and pears

There were animals here in this town, probably living at the same time Baudelaire did, but he never really liked anything but cats, who were his friends. Chinese people can read the hours in the eyes of cats; dogs were thought uncouth, because of their merriment and their smells. When the reptiles were upon this earth

there was madness. Nectars above the door in a bucket; it's an old trick, if one was to open the door right now they would roll down the air their shoulders and float for a while, or evaporate. I bleed them like I would the blood of a nectarine; in the woods there things and human beings don't have any name, and their purposes unclear, hallucinated. The solitude of the valley is alarming me. Looking for it and finding it as well, touching it without senses, running after it in the middle of myself, and surprise I am to have so often cross its path without hurting it. The fire started like an elegy to the stars extinguished which burning out we've missed. Some hanging from the trunk of the trees, primroses bouquet dilated by the first beams of the day opens up into suave scents

## CHRIS MARTIN

GROUCHO MARX AND WALT DISNEY WALK INTO A RABBI

Wrong decisions in the shower are louder than airplanes

A few misguided leaves practicing fortitude

Simon thought I was talking about cartoons I thought he was talking about Cryo

Where the solid world glows sold for culture

Walking with no given purpose even the birds knew to avoid her

Plowing lower

Neighborhood known only as We Grow to Hate our Own Pets

What doesn't change is longing to get fucked up

You say membership and it sounds like trying not to throw up

It was broken the moment you bought it

Duct taping the mouth of the oracle shut

Wowzers

I tried to feed it back through the mechanism

First it got worse, then it got better, then it tried to kill me

Won't know how or how much or how much it costs

Ego thin as an eyelash or pendulous like baleen

Depends on the vintage

I ate only what they put before me

All the snow in Hollywood

NOT A FEW WANDER HOMELESS ON DARKSOME PATHS

Sleep isn't death it's diet psilocybin

To wake in a field of consequence and brittle leaves

Feet are alien sculpture

A story I tell myself about other people's equity

Silence isn't clarity it's obstruction

Terrible tiny decisions I imagine intelligent friends make also

A hesitation nest

Where feeling better means refusing instruction

I went to the river but the river was just cold wind through a birch crotch

Dying up

Nomadic grammar of the preposition

I admit it I assumed you were too attractive to be a good person

A blue sofa covered in wet snow

Indomitable realism

Hotel Wentley

So I'd take us over shitty heaven any day

You came into my life to change it and you did so and that's that



## THE SIGNS HAVE ALL BEEN TORN OUT OF THE GROUND

I keep thinking about that day in San Francisco where I gave  
wrong directions to the hospital

And expired zoo attractions

Walking around in someone else's backyard in the middle of the night on purpose?

So high I thought this is what Robocop must feel like

As Sunnylyn copped us bottles

When I woke up my hands were around the fire extinguisher so I went home

Far too much Manhattan

Far too little everything else

The stolen dog barked for a week and then resumed a cheerful oblivion

It was all in the present tense, even the regret

Broken salad

A cordage of gassy brain vine

I ate whatever they put before me and left when joy demoded

When they said turn left, they meant turn over

Hospitality in the Forest

You know, before everything in the Village became Froyo & Chase

Before money was money

As we moved forward we held hands and to many it appeared  
that we were searching for a missing child

## MUSIC

You put the needle  
on the record. You put  
your tongue against the beach  
where our teeth meet  
a sea of gums. You say  
tongue. We say stay. You put  
the needle on  
the record and think  
into the morning snow  
that fills a tree's inverted  
crotch. It's winter.  
These thoughts are soon  
indistinguishable  
from the new snow now  
fallen. You put  
the needle on the  
record, but we hear  
inextinguishable, as if the needle  
skipped, as if this snow  
is a fire, whitest  
clump of January flame.  
You put the needle  
on the record and think  
*Sex in Winter*. It falls  
in flaming clumps  
the shovel of your mind can pile  
into colorless wheelbarrows  
of pulse and nerve.  
We put on our hat and gloves.  
You tuck your shirt  
into your long underwear.  
We fuck all winter.  
You put the needle  
on the record and it burns  
far whiter than a blank  
page, far whiter than even  
the word sclera. We look deep  
into the tree and say  
sclera. You say now. The flame  
licks your brain. Your thoughts  
have fallen to where the tree  
meets the buried lawn. Truest  
yellow music. Winter song and exit  
sex. New high thaw. You put  
the needle on the record and the last  
thing you do before  
we fuck is think about us  
fucking.

WENDY TREVINO

*from* DEAR VALENTINE

Dear Valentine,

Please don't become one of those white women artists who mostly writes about degrading sexual exploits with white men. I'm only saying this because I like you & want to be interested in your writing. Of course, you should write what you want. Anyway, I know it's hard / white men can be pretty awful. Brown & black people know all about that.

Dear Valentine,

I used to have this friend that had a trust fund. He prided himself on not touching his trust fund. He would use the connections he'd made through school or his fraternity to find cheap or free housing. For five years, he lived in a historical landmark in Austin. Instead of paying rent, he was paid to keep the lawn green & give a tour from time to time. He did this while he worked toward an MFA in poetry at UT where he received a \$22,000 stipend every year for three years. After he graduated from the program, he moved into a house in East Austin where all the black people used to be. His friend from law school had bought a house there years earlier, when the real estate was still extremely cheap. Last time I talked to him, he was still living there paying no more than \$300 a month. Last time I talked to him, he was talking about Wendell Barry, that Christian pacifist farmer poet. Last time I talked to him, we got into an argument because when he argued that white guilt erases white privilege, I laughed & disagreed. Don't be that guy.



Dear Valentine,

I used to have this friend that had a trust fund. He believed the most pressing problems facing the world were people watching too much television and spending too much money. So his favorite kind of people were people who didn't need a lot of things. While he was working toward an MFA in poetry, he met this couple that hardly bought anything. He was thrilled. The couple didn't want to collect too many things in Austin because as soon as the one enrolled at UT finished the program, they planned to move back to Virginia & live on his family's plantation. Don't be that guy either.

# STEVEN FARMER

## THE NOUMENAL

had just fallen  
from a flat  
series  
etched in grey  
teachings

suggested when  
so the walls  
of the space  
gravel the  
pursue or  
idea  
effectively

on a small number  
of targets  
symbolic switch-  
back of calm  
lakes, folkloric  
courses of

their user  
bases, once chosen  
in the such  
deft at  
ever words'

earliest, ever  
sowing its  
seminal  
relevance  
and vetted  
infrastructure

boscoe  
expandable  
sponge Descartes  
statuette at  
Fortuna & Harry O  
even if mind  
or horizon, if  
not where  
taking the  
faux Cal out  
of its scaled to  
ten after  
4 days in  
water  
glass! said Vincent  
rubbing out  
the bag of  
potatoes  
landscape  
soul  
as nerf

even if mind  
or horizon  
grass  
blend, the young  
looking down  
at his  
study god  
fight blank  
stimulus  
semblance to  
burst



even if towns  
still think  
they are  
wagons  
in every gaze/scab  
portfolio  
sentenced again  
commuted  
to one of  
containment they  
have export'd  
or silence  
they have  
exploded the  
picture of  
hoping  
facets  
of  
the self  
sell they  
think we are  
enamored  
colonize

to wit: a  
burst cane  
garden  
had once  
filled the metal

not wheeled  
in obvious, more so  
embattened  
when this guy-child  
this 7-

I I pasture  
cleared to  
a tear  
gaze cheese  
to sleep

deepened, dark  
leather  
1880s and  
cannot talk  
-- a cart

parquet im-  
prisoned in  
bland  
dome artissimo path  
sand -- not  
pulled the  
shades to keep  
out the in  
vented solidity  
of things

of itself a copy  
eventually the  
base-- are  
those iron

torches  
affixed to the  
grotto's  
immaculate  
walls, belching  
flames? They

are. is that  
a pair of  
majestic  
elk, fashioned  
from stone

atop? in-  
deed.  
blotch grit'd  
outdoor

smell mat of  
it analogy  
trace

of itself  
a copy  
eventually the  
base for sky  
& ground cover  
faults in the  
schema reverb

blotch blocking outdoor crypto

rag and fur door w/ burnt smel

crag bending the edge

forget of a process blonde

sewing other workers home on mats

pair-figures traced back to the

stillborn cistern like sleep

whole village silence & carriage

nutrients that walk prior raids

boscoe about sky ownership only

filled noumen embodied

sun in  
the  
morning  
thought cave  
distract  
held out  
for more  
bling, plaid  
centimeter'd  
scarface  
next to  
sad it  
is gone  
essential  
mine  
into  
paste, theatrical  
vigilant

the cloud

re

coding

feature

of that --

to all states: inevitable

losses

fall the

form off some

kind of

ever

scattered

against

the embed

what to  
do a pleasure  
market  
of

gang of  
is a  
band



landslides of its paint. the

ungovernable countryside.

that their crowd-kettled settlers. at

their at-will employment.

of their fixed-use live/work space.

of its leaves affording shade for

their umbrage at it at that. of

its thatch forming a column. blocked

waterways, congressional, staid and

portrait'd in the sap.

bubba'd into a more equitable

at their bosley positioned as matador

ugh-thinking  
the dinks  
out, the  
understudies

a wood-  
painted accelerant

quietly under  
a bulb, a cognate  
grundrisse  
inking to clocks

# SUNNYLYN THIBODEAUX

*from* UNIVERSAL FALL PRECAUTIONS

## vii. HELLFIRE

*And away they soared  
climbing through the ivory vibrant cloud  
someone passed some bliss among the crowd  
and we walked back to the road, unchained*

*long have I waited  
for your coming home to me  
and living deeply our new lives*

strategic—

$$\odot = | = \odot$$

cause for most of it

all calculations land

us back

to the same origin

demand of

demand from

transformation (and)

the great cloud shift

the great shroud cliff

fairly traded bits

we can make offerings

(without heavy consciousness)

\* \* \*

surplus of the sun  
(of sound)

we'd have it all  
if we learned to  
keep our eyes shut  
—mouths pickled  
we learned

withered skin of hand  
mother's hand, spotted

without the use of wings

RUSH AND ROAR

wind carries tales  
fleck of hybrids  
full throttle labyrinth  
even the concrete asks to breathe

little foot  
little foot  
let us begin

\* \* \*

No. 26. I

mere fifty-seven

bronze

the beast within / without

caged

weathered

shat upon sundial

dead leaf bed

shake out wisteria

blue gum shedded

(what else would we call it)

\* \* \*

### **contamination**

tree palms beat their arms

some scene is this

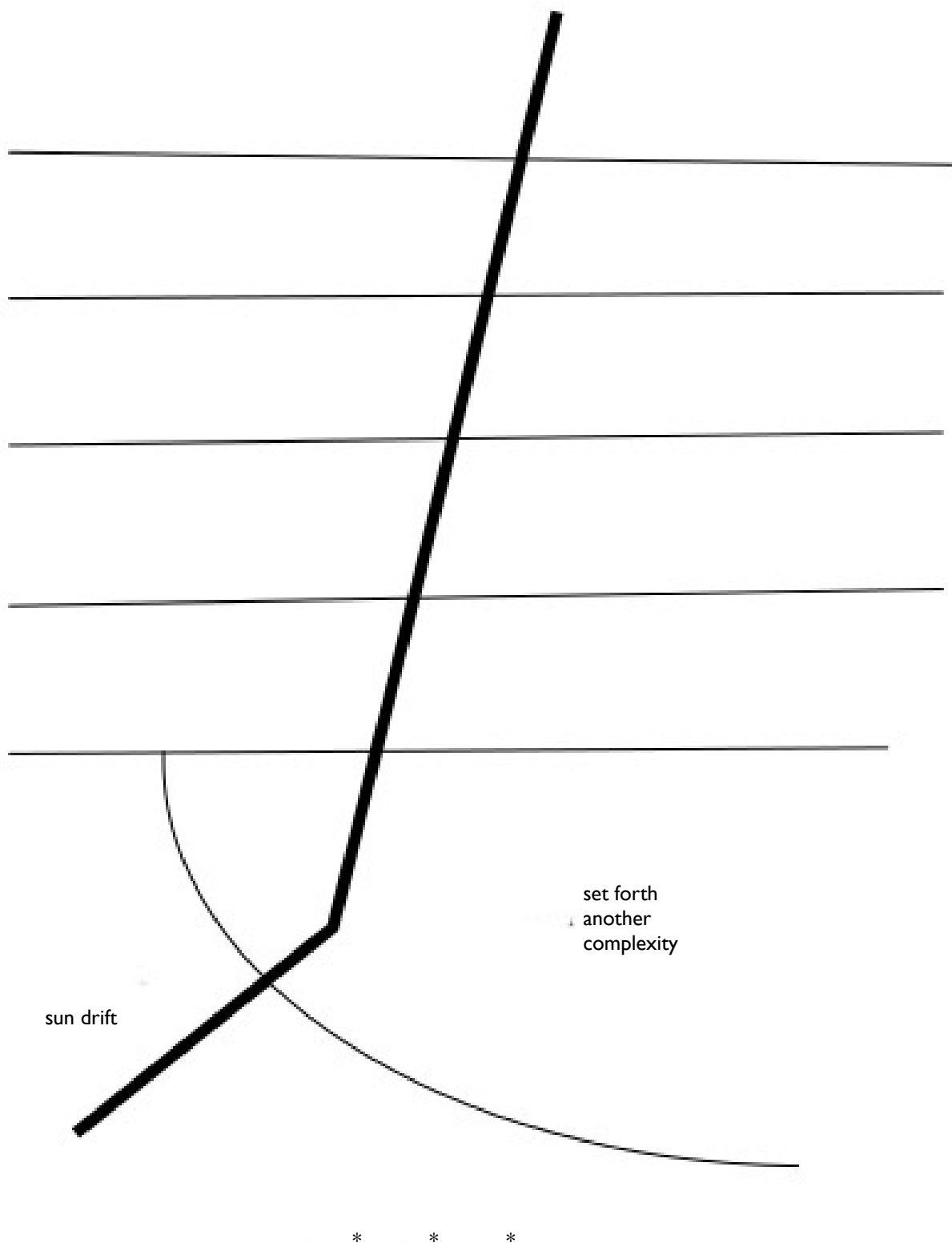
what's caught in

the current

direction

from this place

\* \* \*



:: dream 42 ::

Argon,

the 4th wind of China

lives behind the eye

[density – .06]

[atmosphere – 6.87]

alluvial storm

ruby yellow orb

2:56 am

doorbell

\* \* \*



damp land of brown mossy growth

another story under rock. toad.

gas meter

native son

vulture

vita

checkered but counted

as every other

the stories never fade from their tongue

ONWARD

ON THE OTHER HAND

what direction is there

than the one that lies ahead

tag jungle

mid-riff

orange glaze

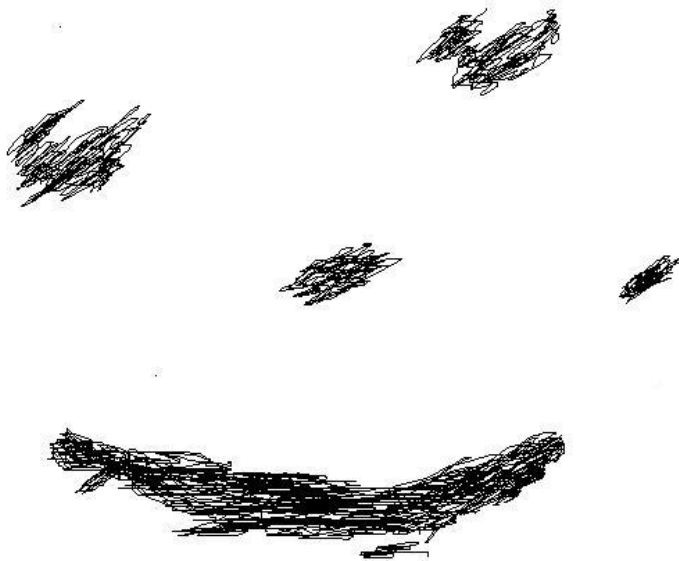
horizon

on the right

\* \* \*

[violets as recurring theme]

clouds facing south



from the middle, 12:46

(condensation, aluminum particle, isotopes, light scatter)

\* \* \*

poignancy!

the blank plug-in  
taking over  
ghost face  
(killah)

see me in the north

this sound

silhouetted siphon  
caught in a bell

ring-a-ling  
ding-a-ling

eating each other alive

\* \* \*

molecules given shift

heavy metal

heavy metal

Hellfire

raining down



we can't even give a signal without choking

Can't you hear. Can you here.

(plymouth and high road)

*~there's little more to understand  
perfection was bargained long ago~*

PERFECTION:  
that unattainable  
hope that carries  
grief at both ends

## UCHE NDUKA

### HE HAD WANTED

He had wanted to stretch  
the cobblestones beyond the confines  
of the city.

Self-portrait & last breath.

Guffawing as grotesqueries  
push & pull the day.

What you care about?

Where craving for things defines a person.  
A motion I can never master  
& laughter from a steep place.

There is enough reality today  
yet I need to invent more of it.

Tear loose from the orchestra.  
Mortality chugs & grins.  
Look under that sign-  
every superstructure is clumsy.

## RUST AS VOCABULARY

this is the silent message  
of the soup. body language  
is bunk. it's a bitch to be  
scared shitless. what wouldn't i  
do to remain clueless. to engage  
a prawnlight is to be starstruck.  
what if a pattern of rust is a vocabulary.  
what i have optioned, what i have  
not crafted carefully.

my life defangs Ouija boards.  
at some point the befuddlements  
cease to be disorienting.

offer chapstick  
to a circuit-breaker.

wait for a kleenex.

if only the wallers were  
not so dumb.

a ship found you.  
we were never peachless.

AS I WAS

as i was nailing myself  
to the cross of my love  
for the country of my birth

away from world-weariness  
& incantating razorblades

ecstasy & soft medallion

the retreats of crossroads

i did not know how to differentiate  
a pelvic girdle from a wall.

## PULSE

Caravaggio settling scores  
in a canvas

Walter Benjamin ended it all  
at Hotel de Francia in Port-bou  
Circa September 1940

Sores around words.  
Not every war damns  
a book of quotations  
but this does. A racket and its  
true sense. Ferraris, Bentleys,  
Mustang Fastback.

Declaration of a right to the pursuit  
of happiness is a stunt, a ruse.  
Read the emblems. Threats to levees.  
Would I have wasted a morning on them?  
Count me among the unfaithful.

These calls of the chickadees.



## GOING RAFTING

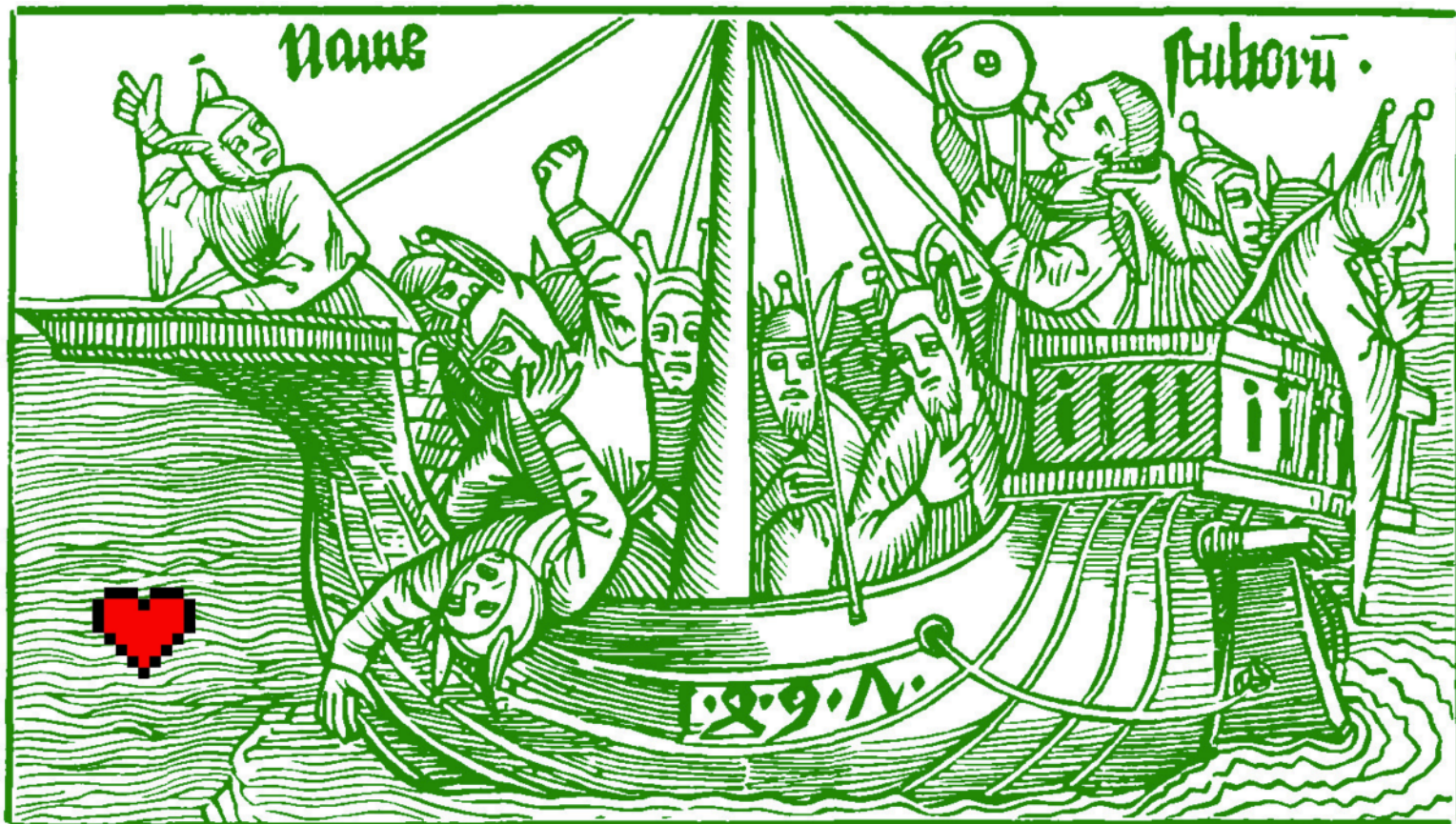
when the weather is good  
we go to the garden  
and fuck

this land matters  
for this is where I throw  
myself into you and you  
throw yourself into me

depths gorgeous depths  
time can run where it may  
damn that ceaseless provenance

going rafting again we  
see through a mountain's ribs

wherever whenever the goddess  
hides in our bodies we shall go on  
counting spare change



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This is issue ten (10) for 13 Jun 2015  
We are not for sale  
Fuck you for thinking we were

THE BAY/NYC

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**TURNING  
POINT**





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LORD  
KREIDEN

CHRIS MARTIN

WENDY TREVINO

STEVEN FARMER

SUNNYLYN  
THIBODEAUX

WICHE NDIKA

