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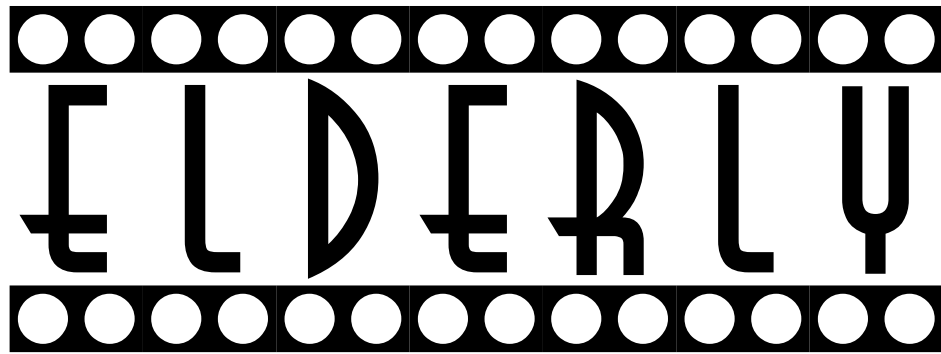




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ELDERLY

ASHA SASHA JOHN

MIKE HAUSER

SARAH HEADY

PAUL EBENKAMP

ZACK HABER

JULIA DRESCHER

RODNEY KOENEKE

MAT LAPORTE

AISHA SASHA JOHN

IT'S NOT SATURDAY

That went.
In a cave I watched my neighbour sing.
It was humid, fundamentally,
and the night lived
as blue light
fanning across our clean faces.
We felt the innocence of audience and Saturday.
As a feeling in my heart
the butter yellow
of Sunday
now
meets the park.
Here comes my
weed dealer.
Jogging.
Good thing
I sliced and froze those day-old Montreal bagels.
This tree is a mother.
Its giant wing
pouring yellow buds down on me like light.
This tree is taking care of me like light.

from RAT VS.

I cannot be
gently.

It has not been
the colour I was called.

And what I've suffered is pretend
that I am unlamblike

but oh my gosh that's crazy.

It doesn't matter where I graze
and that I'm fucking crunchy.

I have to be fibrous
so as not to be consumed.

I have to fucking live.

It doesn't matter where I sit
and that I'm fucking crazy.

I have to be tender
so I don't die.

God gave it to me.
I have to live.

I wipe the coconut oil
my hair deposits
at the border of my forehead
on my calves.

It doesn't matter
what happens in my life it's
my life.

I'll
never hate it.

Plus the world should know I earned my beauty
by writing up to it.
I had put power
on layaway.
So I don't want it revealed I'm uptight.
(I'm uptight.)
Sigh—this is how life goes.
I have to call
Aunty
cuz in the dream
my eyes were giant and
they were moving towards
each other, two
different-coloured
rose gold irises.
And they were going
to fall out.

That's why I go out alone to the park.
There was a point when if I had to get
one of the hot deli pastas I'd get the large one.
These days I get the small. (And a Limonata.)
I can eat the small pasta alone
on my "blanket."
People will or won't
look at me.
I'm practicing.
I have to live
in the day
at the park
being looked at
even.

My skin is so happy
in the July noon sun
and my scalp.

I make a decision based on my horoscope. I do that.

I enter a pub to a woman drawing.
The proprietor and the bartender
are one.

A dollar—goodbye.
A seat. I saw you.

Through the window.
The sky

was engaged in sensual strife. On page 20, it reads
“We have the same ideas.

That
is the reason

we
agree.”

MIKE HAUSER

PREPARED STATEMENT

Hello guys, what's up? I'm not sure why you should have any interest in my addressing you this way. I'm going to write about my life. I'm not sure why it would be of any interest to you. Maybe you will recognize something? I'm not sure if you will have any interest or not. Maybe through some roundabout fumbling through my rhetorical paces, I will say something you find funny. It will make you laugh, you will be laughing hard, and you will knock something over. Maybe this is precisely the point at which to begin. Where you are laughing and you knock over a Snapple. I like to capitalize brand names. You can't see it but you can trust that I do. I like how they give my text this little spritz of inconography. How the spritz scatters recognizable signs around in it. On your laptop or in the public transport reading this, your experience is similar to that of light passing through stained glass. And then how I start to get kind of hot with the jokes the references but don't stop, don't stop in the rock of the coinage, don't know when to pull back whoa there! make it weird stop off in the debtor's seal of common use. I nuzzle you this way. And that. But in this way I nuzzle you. If I get hot and I rock it I don't stop it, maybe that's literally the progress, then. I bring you a drink, and you are a little happier, then. And I hope you feel refreshed and your teeth do not feel too chalky. Because then I will have to apologize and I will kind of hate you a little, in that moment. But then there will be another moment, there always is, and it will be a moment in which I love you so dear. So dear to me that I have to cry out with.... anger. That ampersand, man. Dag, philandering novice that I am. That quote hole. An anger. It's like the worst reaching presaged by the limitations of that age the one we don't ever leave. And are surrounded by in the absence of loving feeling not so complicatedly yearning but just in the way we are with no arms. Or might as well be.

But oh great, now I just looked up ampersand on Google and I found that what I was actually thinking of was an elipsis! Whereas an ampersand is actually this: &. And the big apostrophe's going at my head now! Just as well, then, to recover. Recover this loud feeling of boring amounts of head. I'm obligated to offer, but it's gonna be all head! Allow me to calm myself. I don't stop when you want me to but I do scatter. I drift. Peddle (pedal) vagaries. And in this sense, I'm coy. I can't see past my self, which is the entire thigh of a mother. It's largesse remains confined by a compunction strategic yet also remaining voided by history. I say "history" but I'm not sure what that means. Maybe it should be aimed at as the store of pain disproving a complete skepticism, or simply the Best Catalog. A negative remainder. I find that you are faulted too much, by your own misgivings. You are too beautiful to be that faulted. I find that you are lying through your teeth,

in a field of grass so tall. So tall it's largesse gets busy in forms of theology and the taut psychologized minces of plebian hark. It is something I will call a Hark Spider
spritz spritz I need to look that up that word "hark". It seems important. They were some topics I wanted to find the time to discuss with you. Like Olympian Sex. Have you heard how the Olympic Village is like just this wonderland of the most physically gifted people in the world having the most amazing sex ever. In the end, I'm overwhelmed by it. An overwhelm similar to how I am overwhelmed during the summer, and the best in people having good times that create wake going back through the ages. Having those good times that delight in perpetuity. Somewhere out there, the people are on boats, dancing, lookin great, drinking carefully selected micro-brewed beverages, and some charcutcherie from Sendiks. Cheese, crackers, coolers, thongs. Thongs, water lapping. Water lapping, sex. And the sexy dirty water *spritz spritz* I know that I want to know you. I do. "First I would just like to get to know you. Who is your daddy and what does he do?" "Hey, I'm a police officer..." I wish I could know you pyschicly, telepa-kinetically but *noooo*, I have to sit. Next to you. Do you know how hard it is to sit next to you? I'm beset here, by some feeling like Billy Joel when he is getting digested by a carpet in the video for the song "Pressure". Trouble is the real form for art, it's hapless scenarios unfolding in time. Icons of pressure misplace us, in the moral hazard of losing all moral ground, a complexion like moral faultlines addressing Google Earth. *spritz spritz* Pleeeeeeeading with Google Earth. I may go back later and change this to a fault-line. I meant to say "icon". But you see, that's the thing. I know maybe you're not following me, but I pledge fidelity to these icons in my life, in order to be unfaithful to them. It's actually a form of initiating infidelity. To the people on the boat, the waves, the thin crackers, thin mints. The white pillows of affectation falling onto a glossy magazine that is... kitzch? The ampersands (I mean elipsises) again. It's like, take a breath, wonder about the universe, make pliable supplications. And so on and so forth. I have this strong desire to be sexy. And, yes, to be on a boat. Skin. On a boat! Like a boss, or some skin. Some skin. On a boat. Stop for a second and think, how fraught the relation, through history, of boats and skin. Think about getting turned by a friend you didn't know you thought was hot, until you saw them baring way more skin than ever. Think about people on boats. People. On Boats. I was toying with an image before of people pleading with Google Earth. Some cruelty in this toying, then. Allow me to say it like Yoda. Some cruelty in this toying there is then. Then there's Maude. And then, there's Us. Us reflected in Google Earth. Did you know that drone planes are being made right now, like how this poem is, and, though still not in every part of our country (which would signal the totality of their meaning) are being used to arrest people here in America?

America an ugly icon.
America this ugly icon.
America one icon.
America united by ugliness.
America united by such unsightly and adored coordinates.
America refreshing contour of such.
America lack of refurbishing response to such artificiality.
America to make metaphor of pores, body holes, the steep debt as such relied on.
It's not as though drone planes aren't used to assassinate people overseas, away from us, we think. And maybe drone planes are used in every part of this country. Maybe they do signal the coming totality of Foucault's panopticon. This, however, could be the most self-conscious writing ever. In actuality revealing nothing! Some skin. On a boat. Like a boss. Like it pwns Google Earth. A swift takedown and reprisal to somebody who is just wrong. Coordinated in pheromonal bliss opposed to one's linking. I mean you know one's linking is nothing if not the logical end of a long-ass paradigm of moral hazard, and fissured common space. I could go back, sit next to you. I'm seeing the low battery icon. Something in an icon is pleading. Something in it melts your fence, however you could coordinate will. However you coordinate your purpose in forcing yourself to seek the enjoyment- as an injunction against the waste of precious life -of this time, on the boat, with the waves, and the newly revealing dress, flattering couture, Lakefront beer, and prosciutto that is so smooth you think about raw salmon and pickled ginger. Food that offers you a sensation of many other foods. This premise is located somewhere near lust. Somewhere near where giant icons, which invite infinite research, glimmer like the light off a really nice, I don't know, I give up. Diamond. Like Thurston Moore bending guitar against amp and producing a sound that's like Thelma and Louise clasping hands. But it's stupid to do what they did too. Granted, a more symbolically rich stupidity than trying to get Thelma and Louise to turn themselves over to the cops. More like a nullified redemption, or a negation that becomes crystal clear. It's a much more symbolically rich stupidity to be Thelma and Louise than it is to be Harvey Keitel in that movie. It's much dumber to be George Bush than it is to be Harvey Keitel. And the person who manipulates Bush and so on and this continuum is such BS I think we should go whole hog into another country just to get it out of our system. Ok I don't mean that. I don't wanna hurt people, I just want to hurt you. Don't wanna hurt you, but I'd love to stick it to you. I'm driven to fantasize and suck on an image of you on fire. Best you. And then, be policed and under order.

So, to sum up. Countless bangs, boat trips, sexy inflations all overlapping.
Theoretical bundles in my address. I consult the meter, my hairline I notate like a

ledger of horrid predictions. A giant shrooming cheese, rapidly transforming matter. New boat parties meeting new anxiety. Do you guys know what it really looks like when a hole expands in space? Oh man, I'm so afraid of aliens slipping into my asshole. I master this infidelity as a defence. I look for references to Kim and Kanye on the web. I go to television for it's warmth, it's artificial and it must be harmless. It's invulnerable rapidity. There are *more invulnerable* rapidities to be partaken of for *suresies*, but television articulates this well enough. Television, you see, makes my asshole invulnerable. Maybe I should let someone play with my asshole, if they would like to. The prostate is definitely a site of pleasure. Sites of pleasure are always felt before being heard or seen. Often first kenned, like the childlike feeling of entering a Millenium Falcon-like supermarket. In the midwest, on crack. No. JK. I'm not on crack.

SARAH HEADY

from COMFORT

i remembered to cover up the mound today. began my ambulatory,
stopped at the pile of bones i've seen so many times i don't even see it
anymore. and the fire opened the pine cones, the boiling water
opened the mouth of the shell, the feet and hands tangled together in
a victual net

saying as she went away :

i am going to miss

the fire out of you

is the strapdown, the braid down the back because practical (also pretty). is at the vanity. is losing value. is posing but not smiling. is damage come in the form of water. is wrinkle, dusk, no fight in her. Is a burn, a hexagonal pen, a joyful accident is molded according to patterns of light and exposure : is red seeping up from the bottom, a shaft of light, an early harvest. is fingers coming through wool. is never a good sign. is prints in the silt & no boots in the house. is baths in the sink. is keeping the inside clean, even with all the cracks & wind. is an open-palmed gesture directed at sky. is ash & breakers of grass & rope. is electric come to the county : finally : reed-shadows, warblers, bee balm & chiggers : an upturned horseshoe holding good luck. is a peeling corner of tar, is rot, is something welded to itself. is blazing purely with sound

at the water pump, in prevailing winds, with divining rods but no lightning rod because god's will, water pump, peg lock. is sliding out from the wall to keep horses in, going to feed them at four in a rainstorm, a hay bay, a barn bay, a grain-bin, a full fore-bay, a straw-room, a false breast-wall, a saddle-notch, a borning stall, going to birth them at two in a snowstorm, a turnip room, an assignation, a spring house, a glassless transom, a smoke house, a sugar camp, a corncobbed floor, a rug burn, a wet cellar, a peak, a weathervane, a moon-shaped cutout to indicate women, *window* from *wind-eye*, for where it comes through and can see i can't

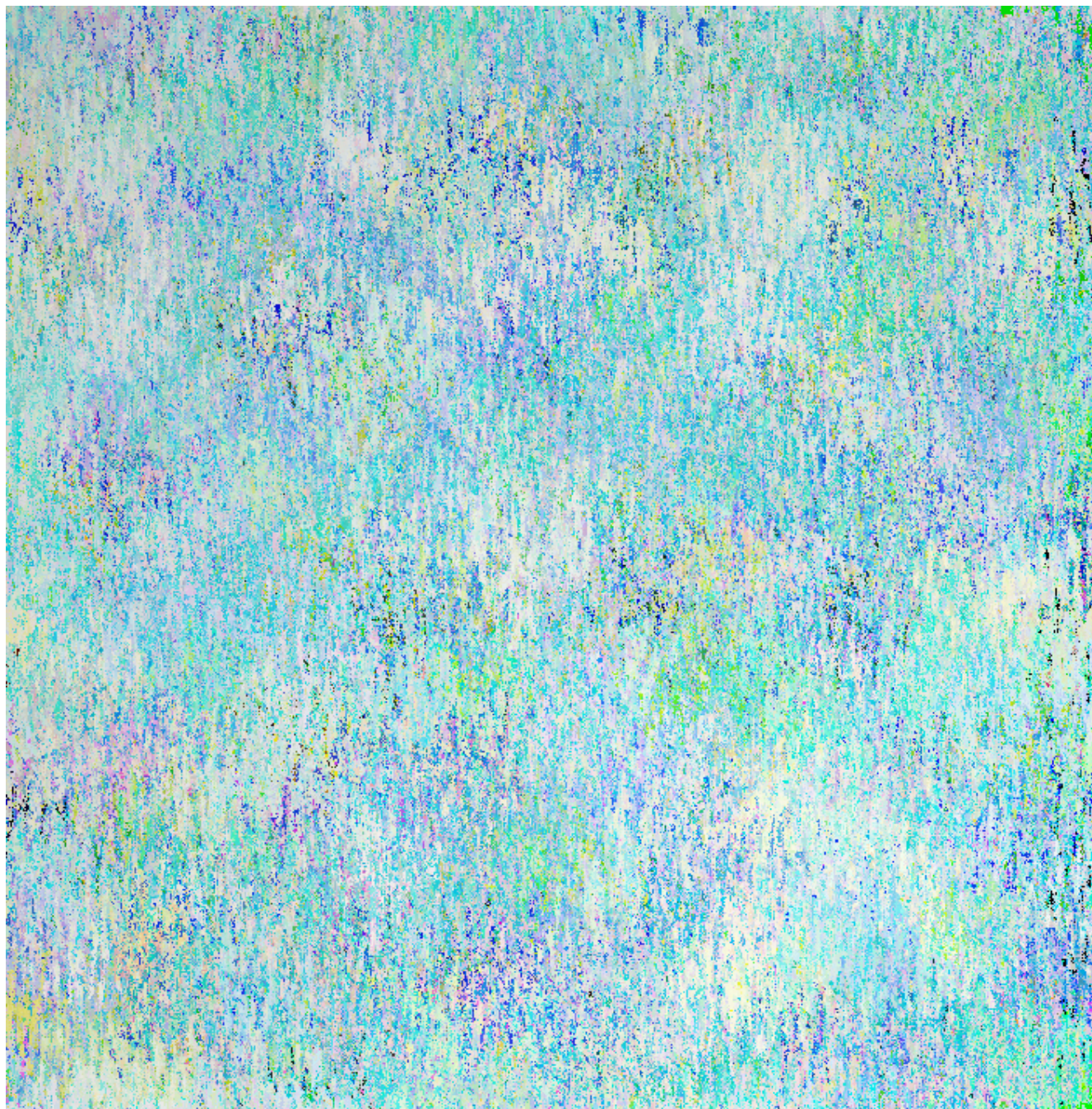
stay here

a makeshift place to hold the fire, a mysticized study of pain : sun
disappears but the song stays, the heat stays : severity of how you see
me : the love, somehow, of a life : a life in which we are looking for
lost objects, in which the last lost objects belong to us

is asking for a new oven. is writing away for one and away and away
and after months receiving something underwhelming. is only two
arms, only two hands & *there are limits to what i can do*. is laying out
pearl buttons of certain sizes (depending). is rolling a lemon across
the counter with the heel of her hand. is removing stitches. is
collecting pullets dead of the croup from the yard. is throwing glass
bottles one at a time down the silo (reversed; in-ground). is waiting
for the break. is glad for the distance. is tortured by distance. is
asking each child to polish their own boots. is teaching some to do one
sort of task, and the others another sort. is teaching herself the latest
insertion. is going to town for calico. is going to town for green bone.
is writing in to offer help. is efforting every day. is hard on her knees.
is hard on her low back. is on top of her own fertility, mostly. is
counting drops of chestnut oil, one for every year the child is old (for
whooping cough). is seasoning sirup. is adding to her collection of
patterns. is dissolving lye in rainwater. is covering her nose and
mouth. is managing the lifespan of every species. is stewing and
keeping. is keeping on top of. is managing loss. is consolidating. is
making things that keep a full week, even in summer. is walking to the
mailbox on w. 21 rd. and putting the red flag up. is walking the access.
is walking the property's perimeter over and over squeezing between
the ditch and the fence and saying *if you want to know this cadaster
look for the bramble scratches on my ribs the ruts made by my feet*

PAUL EBENKAMP

HELL IS NOW LOVE WHITEOUT ORANGE TO BLUE EXPOSER GRAB



SISTERS OF CIRCLEWORLD

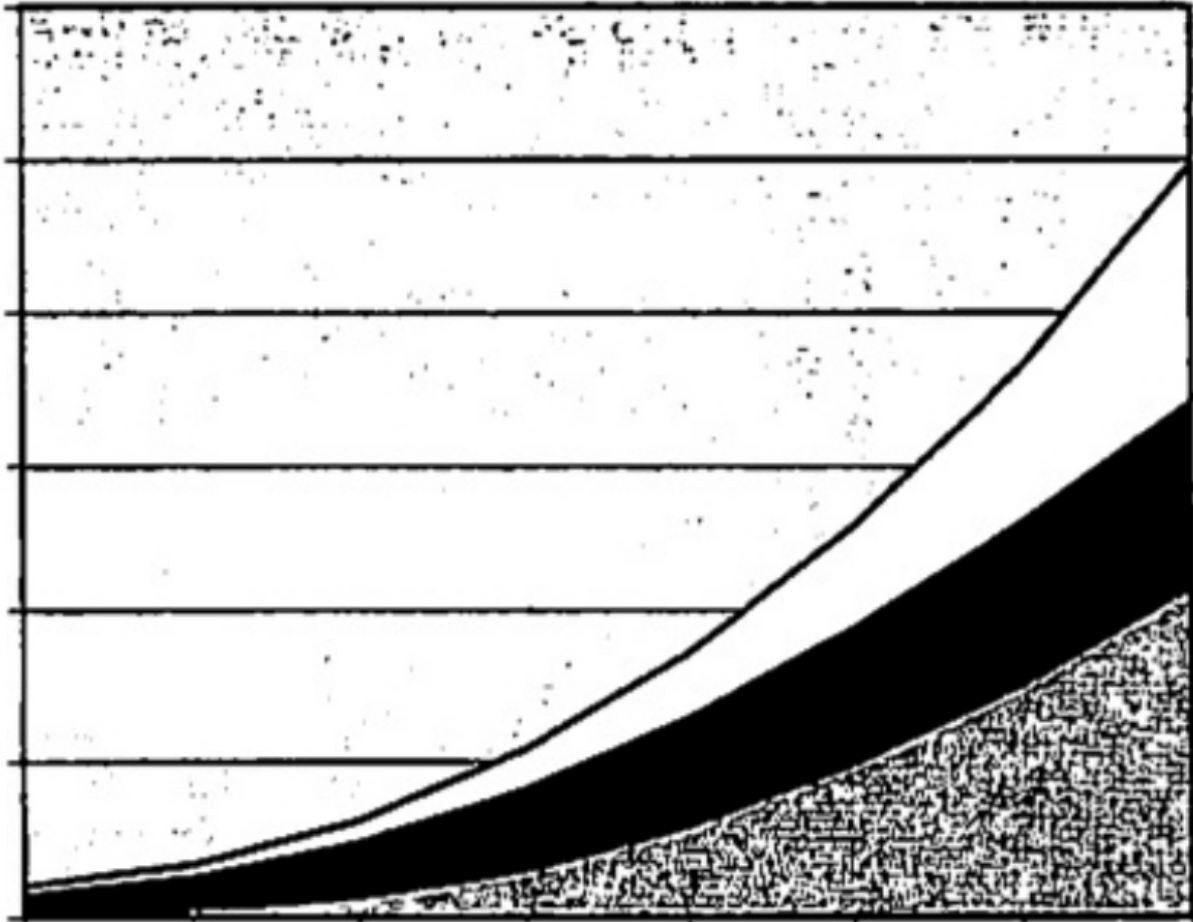
flat as a ghost, thought
bled into its medicine
autumnal and dolorous blue

the prompt goes on forever
to dwell in resilient issue
for the fraudulent and genuine alike
your ungloved hands
wove into observance

could not compute law from its recording
from casks of regalia
admiration of old buildings
admiration of the lake
today, all work must stop

a body's adhesive
meets its surroundings' teeth
past welcomes present
rapture averages itself out

CHART



FREEDOM DOES ITS BEST TO DISAPPOINT

First thing every morning drum the table of the elements, no.

Horror is normal.

Sources also say normal,

background cut into the fore,

so many elsewheres

for the individuated,

cables flailing in the hearth fire of a quietist

in every capital—

steam pouring from the faucet,

water pouring from the faucet,

ice pouring from the faucet.

Energy is a myth.

What escapes me

goes like this,

more of which exists.

Can't chew it back together.

Never really wanted to.

Corner to corner, core to core—we have to meet it.

We are the Arctic.

Energy is a myth.

Forgetting the rest,

pulp and such.

It's a lot to omit.

So I was sure of our worth.

THRONE
OF CHLO-
ROPHYLL

BLOOD
FLOWS
FROM THE
OUTSIDE
IN

FOLLOWER

I sent that link
to the aura melt
from ash to dust
of none are watching.
None are watching
in the dawn wind
wherein less
than what is
is what happens.
It isn't every day.
Ton of feathers,
ton of bricks,
a little data
in the middle
of my sleep
to douse the gas
in flames, O help
me flowerly slouch.
Enough of my own
hairs are trapped
on the canvas bed,
on the lens and scanner
bed to be rescued

by wheatpaste

and graphite.

Devoted mess—

“There is, it would seem, in the dimensional scale of the world a kind of delicate meeting place between imagination and knowledge, a point, arrived at by enlarging small things and diminishing large ones, that is inherently artistic.” —Nabokov, *Speak, Memory*

—a mediator pattern floats

across the effort it took

from your coveted

“other projects”

bearing stress marks

into composition and lust

for the votive holder

before you can be clear

about how others

are for you,

to halt the sandstorm

separating none

from none

for reasons personal,

entire afternoons...

We know what isn't done

can't be heard,

forces indistinguishable

from the matter

they act upon,

nerves curled inward

for the *Collected Soliloquies*

of Xerox and E.Q.

ZACK HABER

from THE ECHOES

--what does heaven mean / the
church in my head / i'm a sister of a
sister / but i'm a brother / the eyes
begin again / to twist the unconscious
anarchy out of our hearts / again / how
to knit these streets together / let them
be raw--

--let them be--

-----the almost not believed
song / limned around you / i said it /
there is no outside / you believed it /
the scissors in your heart were useless /
your heart gelled shut / their blades /
cutting any cold frigid stone metal / in
your pigeon raw heart / out of
symmetry / get it / get yourself / out
over the bullshit / let it be raw--

----whose streets / everyone's
streets / give it away / give it to
everyone / whose / give it / streets /
away / no more brutal sugar sweet /
when containment rots gritted /
everyone's / everything's / streets / and
not one mayor...not even a dog—

--the revival that thought
demands / that rain moves smooth /
out of symmetry / shinny on
pavement / the miracle / that we feel /
where there is no place / don't suffer
the pains of assumptions / as if love
wasn't the food—

--the revival that thought
demands / that rain moves smooth /
out of symmetry / shinny on
pavement / the miracle / that we feel /
where there is no place / don't suffer
the pains of assumptions / as if love
wasn't the food--

--how metallic ringing clashing
clanging / notes gradually fading into
low bass rolling / and nuttering in
distance / scream excess joy /
screaming trees / solid in joy / solid in
pain / who wants to be solid / and why /
does living mean not meeting up with
yourself / like a turtle with your house
and your casket on your back / who
wants to be like that / and why / do
they want / to be like that--

JULIA DRESCHER

from FEAST

2.25 (The Brocken Spectre)

Transplanting remains
The daemonic between
Glories caving the shadow in

A nostalgia from the beginning.

Then was the mountain a stranger stood in for. An apparent magnification of size is not always but sometimes an optical illusion. Because there are no reference points by which to judge how large the clouds keep moving who's looking? Maintain distance the stranger more familiar sentence. Familiarize yourself with his grammars. The poem is the dolly. How cute how precious it sounds going off book so to speak keep reading as. Otherwise the default disbelief greeting what women say. Not sometimes but always.

Hello.
You don't really mean that.
No
I really *really* don't.

As Saint Walburga who's (not always but sometimes) called "the first female author of England and Germany" is also associated with superstition & witchcraft. Their poem is the dolly. What is real? Her brother lived, she wrote his narrative. Her brother died, she brought his body up in what she writes. The gap that clasps them both her second life a boat. She spelled fair weather the sailors dressed as nuns. Not sometimes but always. The 18th century comes. Butler decrees she did not write it or. Written down from her brother's own mouth she was *merely a typist*. The poem is the dolly. Exhausting the daily practice of patience. There is apparently quite a fine line between saint & witch the texts tell us. Not sometimes but always.

Authorship in the absence of an index.

All day turning pages looking for editor's marks. She said "this is about them trying to hide their mistakes." Not sometimes but always. Which is the plot you're sitting on it's waiting for you. The lush grass crying was the king made more welcoming. In real life people cathedral-ed under & kings don't make great saints. Not really. From one place to another who is real historically. Translated between rivers her bones in a rocky niche. That it was my patience you wanted – is it or is it not a gift? When willed above all. Well that fine fine line. Don't give me lip I already know. The poem is the dolly. Pretend it helps you to move mind over body. Nobody stopping you. Not always but sometimes. Extracting oil from the cave that holds what remains of her bones. It's really something what we're made to do. Speak up for money.

(The real endured
Its day. No.
The day endured
Its real.)

Not always but sometimes she wrote that that came down. *Folklore as foxhole*. A palindrome wasn't built in a day. Her portrait of the Holy Ghost was the glow of a halo as caused by a refraction of the visible. Historically.

Like the some body's belief in the axe her uncle was. Canonized because he cut till stump a sacred oak tree down. Go figure. Made homeless by each year's harvest you don't fuck with that goddess. They translate her into a dolly. Not sometimes but always. Her association with them in death (those days) & maydays festively sad. Some painting shows large how thick her halo obscures the landscape behind. Demanding that spectre be a stranger her picture pleases her. Not always but sometimes.

“Begotten not made” means? For some unknown reason she is the patron saint against rabies.

(Writing ain't real work you know. It really is something – what we're made to do. Speak up for money, for Christ's sake! Do the Lord's work & pay Him on Sundays. A real damn good network & plenty of dessert to eat. Always got historical griefs don't work themselves out. A worm curled in the belly of this beast like butter, honey, forever & ever a-men. Repeat.)

Calls back

As home for her brother –
I can't imagine anyone ever called her “honey,”
Let alone mother.

Let's double-dutch

Jump cuts like rivers.
The cameras honed in on her
Running after him.

A desert wind from whatever weather & the helicopters above tangled in her screaming prose. Braided the sleepovers before to all these horses they're trying to kill after. Always wanting to be taken more seriously she silently begged forgiveness every time she rose up to ride them. One thigh on either side the poem is. The dolly. But real horses are real horses the care of will be to let roam.

A poem is not something you can or want to eat. I wipe clean & set the table as for a feast. He calls it a passion aggressive act. This is true apparently thank you. Refracting the invisible storm her second life. The real problem was getting all those guests to arrive at exactly the same time. Where the poem is the body dreaming tries – Hello.

3.16 (Future As Editor Then)

How we sense –
From space.

As boats the ocean broods upon
Future's forgery already tied

Up in a sack with vipers & sand
Drowning the turn then

Poetically to
The coffin he wrote without

Floating under his back as who
He is writing to –

Someone else's come & gone.

3.18 (Holy Ghost Portraits / Revival)

Shade is the actual
Architecture of place

As shade is supposition
Therefore naturally heretical

RODNEY KOENEKE

SAN FRANCISCO

I laid down my love
but rue my first choice—
topiary edges, brittle colors
swept in brilliant piles.

I laid down in the praise
and the commentary on the praise,
absorbed the season's somnolence
careless of its dense ceramic glaze.

Telephone wires cross dumbly
into bowers the incidental bird
accepts completely, a hedonist
forgetful of position in the troop.

Wise as it is to sit at dusk
and slowly process alcohol,
worn trees pulse
and thrill to the tendril

At wind I, too, once walked in
walked it to completion—
the marriage of damage and uplift,
choir of scrape and release.

TARNISH THE COPPICE

Tarnish the coppice, punk autumn,
kick smug green down from trees.
Kings die like we die, kings
are just bumps on furzed glebes.
See how the fallen enjoy
being beaten, look at the bishop
stand there and twist gemmed rings.

Desert fathers, hector Caesars
burning on your stamp-sized emperies.
Cumuli deploy, dissolve, courtiers
egressing from a room. Duende
thrums in the crevices of festivals

With us the statistics
from censuses of former epistemes—
amours and lacunae
are being complied
and sorted by our colors:
russet, umber, cobalt, verdigris.

SHORT HISTORY OF KNEELING

Then someone remembers the disk has been skipping,
Then someone refuses to croon. Tin stars
To light your regency of minutes
So why do you stay here, slim caryatid,
Bearing bass Being's *per se*?

But lateness is its own illumination,
Sunbeam in a country room
Extending its minimal benefits
To friends who've agreed to be still and foregather
As if from the late nineteenth century onwards,
Radiant flowers committed to fading—
Hardships language badly underfits.

In truth I don't know why the poem
Keeps going. I'd appear to be stupid
To count what it's left me: absence
as the better part of faith. You rest
In the remotest space but still I imagine
You stopped here, defeated but learning
Finally to be positive about the conqueror,
Burning up homesteads to honor
Gone homes. It won't be such a hard

Thing when you leave us, but isn't it hard
To be you, to be left? Another opportunity
To satisfy the vacancy, the one
It was made for, always, in hopes
you'd receive the entire benefit

FALL TERM

drunk watermill
which on the beach

was awesome, lost
among rubles that do

no more to
wake you

a carapace of futures
none wants to understand

but aims to help you
with your business:

diurnally to turn,
to turn and grind

EPITAPH ON THE FRENCH PROPHETS

Always they have decided to be more ready
Pausing to regard us from the summits where they are
Crowns cool in ashes, vacated palaces
Movement through the passages that should have led to light

Where first they had convened to be more like us
Authors of the placards twisting bloody from a pole
A Parliament of doubters ratified by simple waiting
Like doubt had been the surest kind of friend

Who sat with us to keep the common measure
No faction telling Sion what a mountain ought to mean
No need for muddy captains, captains' need to lead us further
Creatures tired being foreign, pushing out to distant homes

To find a kinder sovereign, one occulted like a father
Content to promise, dapple, dribble, gild—same zero
Speaking closely, a common man of business: "I'm calling
You," he's saying, "but you keep not hearing me."

SCHOTTISCHE

You are old but
if possible I'd
like to keep

Moving, filling
the meter step
after step we

Cruise foreign
cities, immanence
burning up woods

In a winter, steed
and a lance and
Plantagenet weather

Tangle of prints
involving the tower
you still won't

Believe me my
sovereign my error to
punk and to ruin I

Follow you moving
because of the
season to which we

Are adjunct arrived
at a status to walk
over commons

Adjunct so
long we can
enter their sound.

END PRODUCT

All I do is sit by the human theme park in the low-res future, playing the holistic remix card; a particle and a wave, among the boring items of the day; if all goes well in traffic, a chip off the old figment-blender, an imprecise statement about art and the people who make it; an invisible essence derived from a secondary and immaterial quality, in which a human being consigns herself to a uniform solitude, but in real life it's more complicated. Down the 3D printed stairs, on all sides indebted, a dozen small objects struck the floor. He gasped as his internal organs retreated into different configurations. Twice in one week, things would develop right out the back of a law-abiding head, while the guardians of an infernal order sang songs about swindling the poor. There was something positively facey about the linoleum, something only the warden would know; how a noun comes up and obliterates all thought, in the worst brand of a city, while you're sitting in a pile of road salt, speaking fluent legalese with the gulls and boring crows. I am not now, nor was I ever, some well-equipped device for acquisitions, to buy or dispense with according to some Modernist algorithm, or deep-freeze calculation; prior to panic, along-side embodiment, theories of space-time, perused up to a certain point. And it stands as a record of all that is possible, though all that is not possible is subsumed there as well; one more overlay of antennas, strung up in the wilderness, radiating half-

spheres of influence, defining half-corridors in the sky. I just want to say value-addled with absolute conviction; imminent crush; having an incomplete thought, waiting for your passport photos to print; receiving a nice message in an undead form; poison entered the homes of the bourgeoisie, signaling a break in the live-stream; behind hieroglyphic streets, fear coupled with decadent synesthetic effects, as again, the vats fill up with an invisible essence derived from a secondary and immaterial quality; a private colloquium on public transportation, thanks to these memory-erasing movies; the linking features in a coincidence, guys shooting and punching each other out, to be just unaware of everyone else's lives to repeat the same mistakes; leave the existential terror-eye vibrations in the screening room where they belong; there's a sign with five words, fourteen letters, and two unintelligible symbols on it; imagining time as tiny bite-sized chunks, not really digging these little grids we're abolished from. Later that day, reportedly dies. Not beholden to objects, but words are objects too; cuz it's scarier being human beings, denounced as decadent; a little enterprise of horse-like brothers: one green, one orange, and one yellow; a well-respected friend to interface with; autotelic: having its grounds, ends, and means in itself; performing bizarre rituals intended to bring about the end of the world; fake, scary, or vast; you're either smelling it or you're not; goes with the territory. Felt really nervous today, without anything to feel nervous about.

For example, went slack and then
certain experiences in the world became
available. I think we're here but only
as statistics; visually manipulated, in
something they call a monument to wind;
a mixture of dark floor panels, faux-
wood, and glass, gave the seating area
a tomb-like aura; somewhere between
logic and obliteration, all foreign policy
contains an interventionist clause,
to reorganize the peasant's lives through
language; a landscape that's come to
represent neither land nor scape;
into the heart of a distant city, one
finger points; then they wake up
on the outer edge of a galactic stamp,
where representatives blast each other
on a loop; idle, ready to be resurrected,
and priced out of the Jurassic period;
part of the material basis, if recorded.
All I know is, we're looking for a
construct, somewhere; a decade older
than recorded history; an accidental
optical illusion for a face; the pleasures
of a life of dissent; enjoying the nation's
favorite caffeinated beverage, holding
up a big bag with dollar signs; that
way you can re-shuffle each person's
timeline sideways, until they all coincide:
a vision of consensus. Deep and redundant,
all I do is sit by the human theme park,
becoming virtual; a good idea once or
twice a year; an historical tour de force,
perpetually distracted and amused;
rain washed fake blood off the fake
condominium floorboards; a familiar
division between return and one-shot
visitation; of a civic being okay and all
its outward semblance, articulated down
the last vestiges of a new man vs. free-
loader status; outside with the sales pitch,
washing up in the co-substantial snow;
to continue writing out the exquisite
corpse of our failure, watching blood

separate from the leader, turning off all
the lights as it goes; a looping function
dancing on a ground of terror, at the
heart of all experience: ones and zeros;
officially the ground in a deceived sector,
where I failed to die on my lunch break,
so someone had to sign me back in with
an interminable pen. There would have
to be collisions among the terrible shapes,
that now recuperate themselves over
non-shot taste; the decadent have come
to confirm your copy, spelling ugly modes
of deprivation, these meta-fictional days;
all I do is sit by the human theme park,
looking up the secondary truths, here
in the spatial fix; meanwhile, all there is:
gestures and directions, which, I suppose,
equal believability on this planet; out
of their skulls with the obligatory finger;
wedged forever into out-of-body services;
real estate, aromatherapy; paid-to-be
attendees and tragic human interfaces,
unable to manufacture an adequate
response; the negation of the negation
in the dim, inaccessible future; an array
of luminous controls; a tattoo of the word
regret; and it's confirmed the null results
of its predecessors ever since; a visual
metaphor for utopia after the island, an
imported plastic bag, thinging the calendar
strata, ravenous as a world shadow. We
woke to find the room a tiny machine.
The post-flow already there. People were
yelling and throwing things, like a greased pig
through the doors of the institution; a long,
shy, string of eye blinks, the bridge inward.

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We are not for sale
Fuck you for thinking we were

THE BAY/NYC

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BORN UNDER THE SIGN
OF THE HAND.



Chancellor



Tabrian

Starring..

Aisha Sasha John

Mike Hauser

Sarah Heady

Paul Ebenkamp

Zack Haber

Julia Drescher

Rodney Koeneke

Mat Laporte

**HOLD
THAT
TIGER!**