

elderly





Common area

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elderly corp

SUZANNE STEIN

from NEW SUTRAS

superincumbent slate blue

crystocrystalline bright sky blue

poker-faced stormy blue

Silvery crescent hugging the dome, with Venus to the left and a hint of Saturn below

one, two, two, one:

four, three, two, one:

oafish *ruby*

vehement pale *pink*

denominational *lavendar*

no thing is just one thing

if u can hear me, dream (Cf: Jason Jimenez)

commercialized baby shit green

pathless vivid green

fistular light bluish green

“woke” is trending

but “*waking up*” is hard to do

I’m bored

by dreams

the error of

“the future” –

My dreams have been—

word-for-word soft purple

gravitational grey blue

doesn’t this look like a reactivities

doesn't this seem like a leaseback

this looks like a designation

isn't this a brutality

this

is a freethought

I think this is a forestalling

choose the people who choose you

injudicious night blue

high-speed light light green

biogeographical burgundy

platiniferous dark sky blue

Morrissey: *Have a little faith in me*

when I came in

you couldn't buy integrity in this town

nightie macaroni (Eddie Hopely)

or napthalene tropical print (ibid)

every day I unbury – I dig up. I find relics of myself

in sympathy

I think this is a furniture

unseated lightish purple

unconscious sage

doesn't this look like a tapas

doesn't this look like a late age

for women

to genius and power

how was YOUR Sunday overthrowing capitalism? these bunnies went to the beach and overthrew capitalism from a blanket on the sand

I wanted to be

World Class

at Life

I think this is a trapshooting

here's Frederic Church's River of Light

"a lovely cloud"

yes

doesn't this look like an unemployment

yes

repeat after me

yeah, I've thought about that too

Cut the people out of your life who have no respect and no concern for you (Sandra Simonds)

Don't look back

say hello to the world for me

scathing pale sky blue

cistaceous tealish green

conical hot hot green

•

now I ride the bus,

hungry, scared, interested

Don DeLillo: *California deserves whatever it gets*

repeat after me

and the internet

peaky tea

unpillowed warm blue

day-old cement

it's all staging

poem without suffering

•

against what?

against whom?

who am I anyway

smeariest dusk jade blue

love is a hypnotherapy

enthusiasm and openness and nothing cloying

this is a hypnotherapy

I think this is a glissade

Ambition is the death of thought

hypnotic idiotropic fleur

I don't understand the future

midnight trains

or sleep

Cris Cheek : there are at least five holes in ideology

idiotic hydrotropic fleur

trollopy uncensored sapphire

and the sea violet, fragile as agate (cf H.D., *Sea Violet*)

•

decamorous dark orange

procephalic pale gold

I care

repeat after me

angel and apocalypse

repeat after me

lonesome seventeen

post-mortem azul

cymotrichous blue with a hint of purple

caterpillar very dark blue

doesn't this look like a meeting-houses

doesn't this look like a sheep-eye

you're spring to me,

moanful heliotrope

renounceable red pink

all things to me

a woman, a cart of flowers

a woman, a silk shawl and a dress

a woman, a man carved out of marble

a cloud

a scape of cloud in a dusky distance

I think this is a shrifts

a secret cache of "woman alone"

pearl, champagne, lace sleeve, silk dress,

repeat after me:

celebratory low-pitched brown

Aries – Selfish

Taurus – Stubborn

Gemini – Flakey

Cancer – Whiny

Leo – Egotistical

Virgo – Judgmental

Libra – Lazy

Scorpio – Manipulative

Sagittarius – Foolish

Capricorn – Opportunistic

Aquarius – Neurotic

Pisces – Lost

I don't mind being lost

Full text: War is a Racket

I think this is a bewilderment

unaccompanied light grass green

intercrossed tan

noisier watermelon

it's doable, Bunny

repeat after me

If I like you, you'll like me too

If you like me I'll like you too

inventable ivory

and in the reverse

the really important things are not that great in number

overrun gunmetal

skiable jungle green

la double vie—

the door opens, it goes on opening, and yet

always some name, some face, which emits a radiance—

snatchy blush pink

droughtiest puke green

Malagasy celery

of the four of them three are sleeping:

doesn't this look like a clemency

repeat after me

cleft pea soup

chummy bright light green

unharming seaweed

don't forget, repeat after me:

monologic watermelon

second-string dirt

it's hard to wake up

do you see what I mean?

I think this is a convexity

coarsest pastel purple

laudatory dandelion

wondrous tealish green

•

the only thing wrong with confidence is that usually the wrong people have it

a flash of light & not a thing to cut with it—

The normal is

so that normal things

have lost their normal uses

the knife-blade is

one hundred and fifty

thousand

people wrong

repeat after me:

nothing

and

no one

the unreal

appearance

of a place

where one waits

expecting

not forgetting

carefree bumblebee

epidermal foam green

Beth Murray: white starlight in the sun more feminine / don't you remember our agreement?

•

this is a centralism

a signage

a face

a principia

let's flirt in forgotten slang

disenchanted dandelion

Klaus Biesenbach's photo

impalpable putty

torturesome purplish

doesn't this look like a water-bed

like heels, at home

"Fire flood earthquake riot"

California – burning through the whole world's karma

aery yellowish brown

healing sunny yellow

The fire of transformational space eventually burns up its own forms

agape begins at home

working and sun-burning

preverbal blurple

what I resist, persists

Mat Laporte: used uggs never worn

seeking piss yellow

thatchless steel grey

leathery light indigo

the old real drops away, a new real takes its place

Come on & trade in

your old dreams

for new

Your new dreams for old

I know where they're bought

& I know

where they're sold

Hate poems

disguised as love poems

love poems

disguised as money

vitarka-badhane prati-paksha bhavanam: *when disturbed by disturbing thoughts—*

think the opposite

the dead person under the bed had died longish ago

eviscerated by

a letter opener

expensive letters

these letters that go on

forever

adoring, contemplative, fierce, guarding

the frontier's inside me

I love that about me

I was born

in the west

calceolate pale aqua

lacrimatory vibrant blue

is On Kawara still alive? I dreamt he died

the world is all wrong

notorious for non appearance

doesn't this look like a fry-up

doesn't this feel like a color-guard

tell the truth to yourself about how the feeling feels

repeat after me

the wealthy effete

I'm the auditor of insects I dream circles around her in my stupor

pets and owners who look like each other, couples whose speech—

all habits are habits

am I regressing?

let's use more of those words that don't mean anything anymore

I am suzanne

one quarter thing

half a thing

inflated

...

ALINA PLESKOVA

SUPPLICATION

Ideal aesthetic this season reads
hell yea, I'm into that – just not

w/ any of you. I found the perfect
o-ring choker & dyed my hair vampiric

like the incision tattoos last spring's love
& I got as a reminder of the transient,

batshit state we stayed in only long enough
to commemorate, & just as well

Most yous get edited out when I loot through
my life's matters as one does a purse w/ some

errant pill at the bottom. I'm trying to invoke
a Lispectorian mode, ruthless & exquisite:

pheromones tripping or otherwise deceptively still
Taking without compassion what was mine

Unlike me, she seemingly wasted
just the right amount of time on affairs

& probably didn't fuck all her friends
when she felt bored

or spend untold hours wallgazing
while shadows moved across an apartment

w/ slick hardwood floors for spinning,
& a fire escape w/ its marquee of leaves

& a bed always unmade as if to say
the days never break quite so cleanly

Some remarkable disruption
could arrive in medias res

or even now, carried on yr breath
in the still-dim of almost morning

THE DAY IS A WASH ALREADY
for Rachel Milligan

when I'm too candid for abstractions
when absence isn't lack, but inadequacy thrown into relief
when it's my turn to say, "I'm not comfortable w/ the arrangement"
when morning is a hook piercing the jowls
when delays between our answers lengthen
when I've gone thru every smudge stick in the house, & every match

when I keep a lavish sample spritzer for when & only when
when the when is catatonic at the clinic for I lost track of how long, but at least I smelled elegant
when the rain turns torrential, as if cued
when the magic 8 ball gets stuck edges up, rejecting its own limited outcomes
when wonder is coming back for us, but not yet
when you try to leave yr body, does it work?

when the news dares us to stay brave
when the news gives us the spins
when the news becomes vomit in a pristine hotel toilet
when this is no time for grace
when the configuration shuffles
when I lack offerings for the new altar

when I don't care who yr other partners are, just tell me their Ascendant signs
when I petitioned the patron saint of all things prurient, I forgot to be specific
when the city shrinks to fit my palm
when I leave, the sun will be wedged between treetops
when we "live & breathe our customer-focused culture"
when I log my absence in the absence management program

when our bodies carry on w/ secret dealings during sleep
when I cave first & call from the stairwell, where things are allowed to get personal
when you look at me just-so & I go "what?" to diminish it
when friends kiss on the sidewalk wearing premature spring haircuts
when he finds my burner notebook
when her voice trails tenderness around the bedroom

when diplomacy is a libido killer
when someone says, "This is going to get weird", there's a sure sign it won't
when checking whether I've forgotten already means I haven't
when you snore within minutes after finishing, I hallucinate concepts like *husband*
when I'm unfair to monogamy yet again, but let's recall who started it
when Frank wrote, "Heterosexuality! you are inexorably approaching", it was a warning

when a siren call needs retuning, where do you take it?
when I get anxious-sick at how much normalcy a life can hold
when I mean shock to the system, the overtone is sex
when my body is returned in working order, it's both comfort & disappointment
when even the withered succulents outlasted all this, where's the lesson about neglect?
when our appetites meet in a subhuman state, that's called a miracle

when my idea of seduction was lingerie under a trench coat on a train
when the place where the garment gapes, or whatever
when I understood how a man can be both game & wholly indifferent
when I gained agency because I learned how to aim
when you about-face at the corner, but my pulse holds steady
when we've come to the end, & this is how I know it

AURA

After survival becomes the accustomed mode,
coming out the other end feels suspect

but I want to believe Kate Bush's insistence
on the other side of the shower curtain:

*Ooh I just know that something good is going to happen...
... Just saying it could even make it happen*

Many months ago, my roommate scolded
Not every day can be Cirque du Sole, Alina

when I said my sex life was hexed
& look at me now, staggering around,

thrum of hot blood all *huh, what's this*
beneath the sudden need to drop everything

mid-poem, go see you instead. A paddle
waiting under the bed, intimate as a toothbrush

& the clouds just about to burst w/ dreamy sheen
The truth is, some things are so totally fine

Like pride in keeping several small to medium-sized plants,
some pets, & ourselves alive, day after day,

into this one, w/ its tulips & you dressed for work
in faded black jeans, black faded t-shirt

When yr fist uncurls inside my throat,
I feel rapturous, emptied of all objectives

My aura's leaking in the streets
I mutter to Jennie after the edibles kick in

It's fine, it's fine-- & we link arms,
let ourselves believe it

What else to do but let this rousing spell
run its course, be thrown off a while?

Yes to the endeavor Stanford called
magic against death

Yes to letting this strangeness
take the long way out

RONALDO V. WILSON

from THE CONSERVATION OF MASS

VIRGIL'S FINDINGS

Squat is bearded, shorter than Virgil, and more compact. Squat's face, in every instance—in the kitchen, or in the brown living room, near the collage art (of shells, of wires, or in spirals, or glued artifacts), near the bag of Wavy Lays, or near Virgil's coughing from the gym chlorine—is also near the heavy door on the corner of the hard to find house below the street sign covered by leaves.

What defines Squat's prettiness? Nothing too far beyond the breath, which is short, because Squat is fat, his dick, a nub, and his hair is thin and soft. Squat asks Virgil to feel it, and his balls, equally soft, the latter big, the former, silk, each guiding Virgil's touch. In a sense, Virgil can take it or leave it, but really, even though he won't recall exactly where he was that night, he wants to hold onto the tenderness of Squat's body.

Of Cyndee, not Sin-Dee, Virgil tells Squat in his kitchen: "He takes the air out of the room." Over the expensive salami and hard cheese that Virgil brought and the very decent Figge Pinot Noir (Carmel-by-the-Sea), Virgil makes this assessment about the sous chef who comes "dressed." Cyndee, not Sin-Dee's "real" name is Will, who at some point after Virgil saw him, on his knees sucking cock, is better looking than Cyndee, not Sin-Dee, because this bitch in a latex corset, hot pink, with some black, long sleeve fishnet top, and "natural" hose. And Virgil, upon seeing this ho, retreats to the kitchen, washes out the cloudy wine glasses, trying to not make it obvi he wants to flee, despite Squat's softness and the promise of a gangbang, however unrealized.

Still, the promise of a gangbang is a feeling he holds in his chest, something that does not stay, but instead, is maintained. There's no equivalent metaphor, because all he sees of Cyndee, not Sin-Dee is the cross-pattern showing off his white arms, and his chunky cheap boots, off pink wig, and his face, busted, so much so that Virgil cannot even look at it, straight on. But he feels its heat. "Ugly" is what Virgil thinks, dented perhaps, dark lips, but more than that—it's wide.

Face like the wide smiling sun on CBS Sunday Morning is what Virgil conjures next to this hate, his own self, wider than he can ever imagine, wider than the surface of that smiling, winking sun he recalls before he walked the several blocks to bus tables and wash dishes at Rice Bowl, which was an important walk, because it was attached to that sun and Charles Keralat, a real dream for Virgil.

Virgil realizes he is obsessed with embedded desire, skipping all the steps that lead to it, to what he wants, now, now that he is stable—which only means he has the time and resources to end up at a sex party on a weekend evening with little else to do. This is not cruising. It is examining an early memory, triggered by the present, a memory collaged against another party he wants to remember.

Virgil remains nice, as he cuts through the salami, and leaves the hard cheese in small chunks. Later, at Stream's place in Frisco, he cuts a new piece off, and in doing so, the block has fallen to the floor. The cut wedge could be a doorstep. But like on a good river cruise, one has time, and freedom to take—it stops—and so goes, memory.

Below the collage art, there are toys, a laundry basket—objects that echo Squat's description of what usually happens here when there isn't a sex party. *My daughter stays home, but sometimes travels. Her husband works. My kids let me live here. They don't know.*

Did you feel alone? I mean when you went? Virgil wants to ask himself, but Stream asks, and sings through the night what Virgil tries to offer, quiet, and for them to be safe, but Virgil is wandering.

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

In Wordsworth's "Daffodils," the pull for Virgil, is in its privation—more exactly, to discern that the scene of privation is what Virgil experienced: in that home, lying fallow, waiting for something to evolve, like a cruise but not quite.

What does is SkinBagFucker, a top, who looks like he lost all the weight but is left a tall, gaunt, loose bag of skin. He fucks Virgil for a sec, but Virgil is otherwise unmoved. The Other sits there lost, his pants open as he talks about his ex-wife, how he hates her, and the kid they share.

SkinBagFucker pulls out, as Virgil is removed, because Virgil wanted to get to know The Other, tortured divorcee, horned up on Squat's family couch, pants a half crown around the ankles, belt flopped open, Virgil just barely remembers, but forgets Squat, who sent a follow up email, never to be answered.

THE PIECES

The floor of the Gold House is dotted with pieces of chipped paint, shavings from the color pencils, the skins black and curved, tipped with copper and silver flake. In the collage works, Virgil wants to create something direct, something that stuns him from the dream in which he sees himself from behind, seated in a class where he's never been in real life, a dream in which his hair is shaved from the back to his bare scalp, two flaps spreading like blonde-red wings puffed up on both sides.

In a sense, there is hope in the dream, despite his Rachet do—a hope that, ultimately, there is a way back into sense making, a gesture captured in the drift away from the body, a drift in which Virgil sees himself, strong as the curve of trees revealed in the distance since the neighbors across the street have removed even more trees. Close-up, two drops hang from the arms of a small branch that reaches to either side of Virgil's site-line. Far away, a bird-bath is burrowed into a tree stump. From its center, a black rod extends to its tip, a hook, from which a glass feeder hangs.

Editors want work. Not that Virgil isn't grateful—he is producing, sure, but rarely ever from the deep quiet he needs. He imagines his work to be children he will never have, legacies left behind. Though Virgil cannot recall any single child that constitutes this fantasy, he does remember a yearning he's after, a mode-of-escape: an art-making schedule, a slow race against teaching and more meetings.

So far removed is Virgil from his painting, the tip of his finger, the brush, this “brush,” the ballast—maybe this is what Stream heard as maturity in the speaker's voice? In it, glue and tape adhere: these constitute the elements of the line. The secret to Virgil's narrative ability, however, is that Virgil's voice is severed, leaving no direct line to the self.

In fact, Virgil is of every consequence at several removes from his own work, not because he doesn't understand it, but because he is in constant need to attend to work outside of his writing. And so often, he feels impatient, not like when he's writing—in writing this does matter, but in art it matters less. There, he can go back into the dirty page, push his pastels into the shape of a scorpion's claw, capture its serrations with either empty pen tip, or fingernail.

There is so much that Virgil wants to do, so much he wants to fulfill in the silence he now has, lost in the collapse of surfaces—the homemade press of the broken lead into paper where Virgil imagines and seeks. If the writing is like the baby he will never have, the human baby that is, then the fictive grows thick and in dots on the ankle, and they scratch off. This is a mirror, too.

After Yoga—his home practice—Virgil scrubs and then applies the lotion, then the Lotrimin, and Virgil, who has never spent his day “getting high,” does recall, while feeling “high,” the Agnes Martin paintings in the Guggenheim, and the small video room, where Martin, between strokes, says, “You have to perfect,” or “You can never make a mistake,” and in the moment of thinking this, Virgil wants to think of the relationship between freedom and absence.

Virgil promises that he will take a walk around the block, but he does not—and the memory of the promise recesses into both a past, and into a day that has only just started. In this start, there is no *fresh scent*. Instead, there is a quieting yellow that fills the room, light penetrating the impossibility of seeing anything, but inside of this glow, a feeling. Virgil will walk alone in the soft grass, follow to where Butch says, “Come, look at the flowers.”

Butch provides the real: the fat oranges, the stuff left in the cracks, the removed carpets, the sound of the flute that fills Virgil's ears, the violin, the mustard yellow leaves that coat the low hedges, and the harsh Emperor Clouds & Mist Tea. Sometimes, in these mornings, there is a weight that throbs in his imagination, surging up his arm.

MommaSpine's neck will not turn all the way, no matter how hard Virgil massages it. How hard it is to move away from remembering running with her as a boy in the Navy Housing yards, fields no matter how far in which they kicked the soccer ball in a circle. Virgil, in this circling, moves between zones of memory and place, too often sinking inside of the bodies of the men that he has wanted forever, and now it is his time to collect.

Archetypes: these start with their eyes, blue and grey, to want to remove them, to keep them in jars. In the Tupperware is a mix of seared tuna with the first olive then blackening avocados, cuts in chunks that transfix and hold. Is this the way collage works, the mix of fragments, the source work of the self, suspended?

Peter Brady is bladed, in a dream, which is as recent as the drift of the knife in the dish rack into the finger, and soon after recalling this, the wrist was almost broken between the refrigerator and the light switch. After these acts, Virgil realizes he has to slow down to see, or else he would have been hospitalized, too, moments after MommaSpine (Heart), and soon before Butch (Knees).

Dreamed Peter Brady is "trans," but in this version, TransPeter is wearing a white dildo. Does it come out of his hood, a vent? Is he, too, a Cuck, like the Orange Buffoon, who is on his knees, reconciled to his own white race in front of the brown Sheiks, and, too, where the shipmen have tricked TransPeter into going to the pier, they've trapped him. He stares into a floodlight, a President, Real or Fake.

But too, Virgil feels the lights against his face. In the still painting, Virgil wants to work on, even in the midst of writing, from the security cameras that still the actual view outside of his windows: Virgil is adrift, and looking to be loved. For Virgil, too, this is a constant constraint: five pink flowers and a green smudge.

They stone, now non-trans, Peter Brady without hurling stones. He falls into the water, where his head is hit by a propeller, noggin' cut open, death-bled, and his corpse floats to the surface of a black lake. Virgil is watching him rise, for in Virgil's foot is the smallest piece of their Long Island home, a sliver of wood embedded, a splinter that does some damage over the days, the days after he flies his wounded foot back to Santa Cruz.

Virgil was afraid to run on it, but he did anyhow, the forward momentum edging him into a state of being out of time. Surely it is a hate crime when the white fueled by a white site stabs a black through the chest? What would MIA say, Ariana Grande? Nails/Ballbearings/An enlarged perimeter—everything, for Virgil, is chaotic, except for the line.

Surely, there is no way that Virgil will be charged for Peter Brady's propeller-death, but Virgil does not die along their travels. Nor Terrorist—Is this Virgil, the Narcissist? Sure, but who cares? The collage demands this construction, and so too, fiction does the breath, the breath of the line, and the feeling, too, especially as it hovers into the succinct Peter trying to hold onto the edge of the boat, ruddered away, pulled not to safety but to the place holding his body up for views, likes, and ultimately, spectacle.

“Take off your clothes,” as if suddenly they know who he is, and at the same time, they realize he is still alive. Virgil, vis-à-vis, or in Peter Brady, or TransPeter, is ripped apart. Therefore, Virgil boils water for his tea—it is always after the water is hot that he is reminded of the two black gay men who were burned to near death in their morning still asleep embrace.

Whilst in one another’s arms, a black step-father was given to a rage in seeing such a sight that wanted them unsealed, like stuck fucking dogs. He burned them apart, and in doing so, maimed, scarred, and fused them forever in each morning to Virgil’s simple, hot green tea.

A small girl, white, captains the boat in which Peter Brady finds his demise.

Something else happens below the water. Virgil realizes that writing, the act of the body in the turns of its written emissions is, too, like a dance: *What is it that one needs to render in that water? What does one need to face?*

Perhaps for Virgil, it is when he waves, energy ticking from his fingers through the elbow, across his shoulders, to the other side, surfacing into the collage of anything Virgil constitutes as his fantasy, the arm’s translation, into his daily swim.

Conclusion: *If the music in the freestyle is the language, then too, the keyboard is the instrument, a sonic place, typing, where the body is fixed against the current of sorrow.* Virgil’s strikes and pulls, and every scene that he renders is the same scene in which he locks and looks: This is where Virgil finds himself propelled, moving around.

VIRGIL DISCOVERS WASTE

The two half glasses of wine, a Cote du Rhone, and a Pinot Noir; and before that, a California Sparkling: Blanc du Blanc (Schramsberg) roasted mussels, baby asparagus pizza, and the Tuna Tartare in Los Gatos—Virgil, Love, and Butch are pretty much rich—but it does not remove Virgil from the feeling he has when he sees what must be the human waste between cars.

Virgil—fresh from sleep—his body slow in the morning sea-air.

Was it MeanBellyLaundered that did it, dropped a load between the vehicles? For it was he, whom Virgil believes also to be the culprit of Manitoba's scratched side.

On that day Virgil thinks it happened, MeanBellyLaundered barreled through the parking lot when Virgil was returning from work, or from doing the laundry, after which Virgil decided that he would stare directly at him and go "Ughh, Freak."

Of course, Virgil would pay the price for the act, because, when he went out later, he discovered the scratch. Maybe it was the lawn service guys, keys on chains jutting out from the pockets tops, or the palm fronds?

Virgil has a \$100 comprehensive, so he fixes it.

And if another appears, he will, of course, do the same. Why is he obsessed with Manitoba's surfaces?

Why does he care so much about the smallest things that happen to his vehicle, or how can he be so quickly derailed at the rejection of a fellowship, another, again and again, when he's working on what he perceives to be on such a high level?

Pacing, holding hands in the night, his face burrowed in Stream, or with Butch at the table in the morning, love is difficult in the space of what Virgil wants to call, *worth*.

Virgil is an institutional body, and simultaneously has been in a world of dreams for so long that his subjectivity is dependent upon the world's stability at every moment, so that if it is not, he will freak out at the most minor things.

A box without an address. Lost Glasses. A too tight shirt. Modern animal, Virgil is hungry for the escape he needs, but easily disrupted by the smallest things:

The rock is not a cat. The blue bird does not stay still enough to photograph. The pictures will not go undeveloped. The books remain lost. Anything might unleash the problem, whether reflective or instructive, so when shit is the surprise between cars, there is no surprise, and certainly no irony in the discovery.

That word is Nigger. It isn't said at the end of the dinner party, but it is pivotal in the desire for Virgil to understand it's saliency, or use value in the morning after the game. Virgil has disdain for the YellowPlasticBlack on the T.V., the B-ballers with the acrylic guard, horseshoed from his mouth, the open bite—

In the game: On the show, *Problematic*, the racists are in full view, *Get Out* and *Pepe the Frog*, are engaged in a match of racist chic, or racism chic, an old problem battling into a new one.

Blacks Advance, like Serena does, in fact, in the ease of the short angle crosscourt shot, not all power, Virgil thinks of Wilson's Suede and Leather, Venus' earliest endorsement, the resurgence is apparent in the pilot's cap in Napa, the soft leather. Tiger is fat in the picture, Cablasian buffed in real life, but in the mug shot, he is fried, and never an angel.

The boys in the locker room code themselves into a black bubble at the lockers. This is what Virgil wants to say at the dinner party with AngelFace, and HappyLa, and Virgil pretends to forget a name, or he actually forgets it, and has decided to be less politic. The sun greets Virgil's face. His goal, to simply not hurt anyone, but to satisfy his desires—

Escape into what, Virgil wants to understand the battle between bodies. Kathy Griffin holds the bloody cut head of OrangeBLOWHOLE and Sharin Needles engages in the plastic act, and then Key and Peele, or then the rubber face—

Virgil looks up at MeanBellyLaundered up on his balcony, adjacent to Virgil's—
paranoid, huh?

Excuse me? What did you say?

I was talking to the moon?

*Freak, I was not looking at you, I was looking at my door, which was open,
which I can see from inside Manitoba.*

Manitoba remembers when Virgil was a kid and drank a whole bottle of Ron Bacardi 151 and then vomited on SweetJane's bed while she rubbed his back, until he felt better, and then he could not wash the vomit out of his fake girlfriend's sheets, or when he damaged her keyboard and then went to get it fixed.

Virgil, unlike any of her white friends, went to the music store and had the fallen key fixed. Just like he makes sure that money makes it into Stream's account while they are both in the downtown lair.

The worlds Virgil lives in are not succinct, nor are they safe—multiple lives, and double places, and Virgil's respite will be in language. Butch braying in the morning, and the tea at some \$25.00 for however many ounces, Virgil cuts with something mint cheaper, and the FBI agent feels like he wants to rinse off after reading the report.

Virgil feels so much cleaner in the Sauna. He realizes that he is halfway in the middle of his project, which defines his passion, the looseness that is Virgil's life in letters.

Once, Virgil and SweetJane stopped in Vallejo, at his brown cousin's house, and her red curly hair prompted one of the brown cousins to say, "Ronal, can you get me a white girl?" The other brown cousin said, "I can make you coffee, and she did, pouring the freeze-dried Folgers into two coffee cups.

It was embarrassing to Virgil, even then, before Virgil did write in Cafés, or before he's been to Las Ramblas, or before Mallorca, or the Venice Bienalle, a visit to Cognac where he could turn around a gawk at TheInvestors massive package, and his Latina wife would ask about his cough: *Do you have a cold?*

In the memory of the French countryside tour bus ride, no matter how rich, Virgil is restless, and again, this restlessness is tied to freedom, but in retrospect, is the life that Virgil wants to reconstruct in his prosaics a model?

It isn't precisely shame, because if it were, then it could be dissipated. Here is an example: A shark is pulled up through the sand, leaving a fossilized imprint all the same, the same sort of animal that has probably imposed the same outline for millions of years. The shark is 93 years old, or was, before it was caught and pulled up from the water and thrown into the truck.

The firemen, who were called to the beach say it was like a Megalodon, extinct animal, the beast pulled along the sand must been swimming not long before it was caught. The Earth is warming, and the animals are now where they don't belong.

Maybe it's a rabbit's? They are not rocks—

Three black, shiny pieces of shit.

Retribution for his most recent interaction—

BlondBeardHomeless is at a corner, and he turns Virgil on, the burst of orange in that beard, his face, angling for what he needs. His fat hand, pink and crusted black, the sweet smell of something that Virgil wanted, his hair wheat, a golden field a promise is, indeed hot, for him, and for the United States.

Where are his teeth?—Was the question raised between rich Virgil and the even more wealthy Butch. This is old news for Virgil, for certain, but in this news, he attains, a feeling, but goes immediately to his Purell in Manitoba, then rubs away anything he may catch, but wants to pay BlondeBeardHomeless \$50 to have flash him his dick, which is why.

BRENDAN LORBER

SURPLUS OF THE ME

We went to the beach or something as the
antagonism on which all others are predicated
A cracked mirror in which the repair appears
They broke the lever on purpose or on the door
and the simple fix creates the first place for it to happen in

Hey history they used to say you contain the very
pressure needed to resolve your own problems
But maybe history isn't the thing we are living through
Maybe history just describes a salty highway
by the orphaned deer looking at her dead parents

Everyone works for their own worthy cause until
the demolished moment reveals a larger cause of which
theirs is but a symptom The antagonism can't
be solved because what it is can never be agreed on
The unknown name of the problem is a real problem

MEMORY IN LOOSE TIME

The signs were there but nobody else was
As though care came in liquid or pill form
anyone could just take and be okay for once

The thoughts always return Who's thinking
was totally requested but by whom? Me
is what my surroundings call themselves

They'd sooner starve than feed the idea
that I am what makes a place a place
but I still turn a blind eye to how the eyelash
mites outnumber everyone I've ever met

How far can you push your host before
they push back with the swabs and bleach
Nobody's alive alone says the bacterial chorus
to itself that is to us who ebb every night
and turn it around in the morning

Who are these organs in the service of
being mostly colonized to function?
This room with us all in it is hardly made
of wood and plaster just as we are
barely made of us Except as organisms
on every surface plus the creatures on them

Their endocrines want to interpret the question
as something they've been asking all along
or do they? The medium is clear but layered
with other inclinations Like chemical agnostics
or the sense of smell to which our memories
grow greater and greater until even the collective
shrugs it off I should take better care of myself

but it feels much better to have care take up
the spaces between me The way sleep
fills hours so efficiently we don't know
it's happening or we refrain from running
from or towards the crisis long enough to realize
we are the crisis and in so knowing are resolved

OFTEN OFF IN BOSTON

for Joe Elliot

By phobia I mean fear of what we want
like any line starting with I instead of quietly
being injected into the culture of an idea
to track its circulation from the hot redaction
we based a teleology on This will do at first sight
is a promotion to captain of the lost and found
at sea without ever having drowned I used to
walk my dog but now I walk the plank I used
to love but then I got used to love It's a problem
are other lines starting with me like a love song
written in a dream but in the morning it's just
a truck backing up What we do for love vs
what it does to us before we even know we're
in it like leaving a million messages is a labor
intensive version of simply leaving I was had
by secrets A hologram in someone else's shirt
totally committed to sticking around maybe

THE JOB AT BARDO PLACE
for Lauren Ireland

A shareholder with bare shoulders Overvalued
by the bardo of the laid off kernel of the hand job
Fully agitated jouissance in line to tap the bleed out

You like my shoulderpadded suits on the car phone?
— an admission antithetical to the solvent
the synthetic glaze that separates the men robots
from the men robots who flicker for an instant

Hello neglected pallor of human skin beneath
the protocol gaze What's left once the thing
you gave yourself away to has mined all
the finite resources you insist on being called

LOW INTEREST

Do loans care whether it's art or
medical school you're fucking behind?
Behind the musical pills of the subway
in a dream? Beyond the tank of gas or
a food cart in winter where anyone could
predict the marriage of heaven and hell
would end poorly here on earth

The problem of unrequited love
for oneself invoiced away in the smell
of electric fires That's why we have cars
and suburbs made of backup cameras
and security logos on the window
to replicate the emptiness of space
between atoms or even within atoms

Every book is a primer on faking
one's own death Every painting is a tree
to hide being in the mood behind
The clever ones are *not that tree*
the other one or a food cart behind
the fur warehouse The point of all
culture is to hide desire but
hidden behind that is us — hello

HELIOPHELIA

for Douglass Rothschild

There's a system based less on pain but I don't know
the name and my eagerness for it is the cause
of the one that hurts Immediate and inaccessible
as a swallowed key A relapse into the Copernican
revolution every time someone gets asked
if they're asleep and says yes It's like we're bummed
when the heretic repents not because we wanted
science to advance but because what are we
going to do with the apparatus of punishment now?

Ptolemy and his musical chair of the spheres?
The impossible extra voyages like the desire
of a stone in a lake for the rings on the surface
I live on a planet shaped by the vacuum all around
that says go away nobody's home But maybe
space and time are not the fabric after all
so there is no heresy to reconcile It's like if I were
any closer to understanding I'd be behind it all

RACHAEL WILSON

SCHOOL OF ATHENS

The abstract, saggy-assed philosopher sits on the bench. His disciples crowd round. He says some incomprehensible shit—if you really think about it. Like: “The necessities aren’t geometrical but erotic,” which makes a kind of sense, but not one you can readily explain to yourself.

That’s ok.

Luckily, there are snacks. In abundance.

This set must be catered.

What is going on with the philosopher is this: He sits on the bench and asks anyone if they have any snacks. He says he’s not going to talk anymore if no one gets him anything to eat. The philosopher’s hungry. It’s past lunchtime.

Somebody brings the philosopher booze, which is really all he ever wanted. He pipes down about lunch and goes on blathering about geometry and “the just” and what have you. Perfect Euclidean shapes, semi-transparent solid bodies like cubes, and rectangular solids, and pyramids and spheres are shooting across the sky. He’s got a projector now; he’s showing you movies.

Who is this asshole, you think. Why do I even put up with his saggy ass?

The colored shapes keep flashing by. You would like to go now, but some horrible threatening awkwardness keeps you completely* pinned** to your seat.

*totally

**skewered

CATASTROPHE

But how to be
against technique

is what I want most
and I want to remember him

wearing lead boots
by the water

What is a bird?
ein Vogel

It is like following
a figure in a crowd

If this is my first love:
lots of wires

not necessarily for or against
but supine

if that is a stance,
which even babies know it is

There are more hours in the night
than eggs in my refrigerator

This is the feeling you get
watching someone doing it all wrong

In my intelligent domicile
I want a waffle iron

and a companionate cat—
nothing is too much to ask

at the other end of winter
looking through a peephole

dumping rocks from buckets
then piling them back in

What happens when the kaleidoscopic
turns catastrophic?

Confetti and wilted flowers, wadded
gym socks showering down

What happens anyway when we're asleep
and what is continuing?

There's a soft vine that curls
into itself, O!

SPLEEN

i.

It begins with inscription
deep in the body
an archive in the classical sense

residence of magistrates
with warm decaying breath

deep in the body,
the sea space & its crossing:

at the origin of meaning
the simple & dramatic
existence of a space

ii.

can i feel it

and how far

down, i can

feel it as it

gels, clumps

iii.

body a floor / body a field / a tower / body a wave / body a mirror / a lid / a glove / body a
knock / body a spoon / a universe / a bell / body a pillow / body an address / body a
corresponding / body an interval / body a relay / body a volley / body a bag / a tunnel / a
bellows / a body practically / a body killing a body / body a train fare / body a mask / body a
handshake / body an orange peel / body a sweeping / body a book / a phone call / body an
anchor / body a loose plank / a space ship / body a jetty / body a lobby / body a post / body a
post-body / body a grease fire / body an antibody / body a scribble / body a sun / body a bed /
a wrap / a cellar / body a plot / the dirt / body unlaced / body displaced / body dispersed /
body a body politic / body a stammer / a skip / a wound-down watch / body a habit / body a
road / body a furrow / a swerve / a stoop / a catch / body a low note / body a notation / body a
pebble / body a clod / body a pass

CODES

I.

The law shall be teal

shimmering

a rare duck

rustling

fragrant

an irregular solid

languorous

every other Tuesday

on special

lost between the cushions

II – IV.

By the fleece vested in us, we order a freezer cake

By the vespers, we hereby declare an end to greed, manipulation, malice, the love of power and dominion

We believe that the abatement of these several qualities, in so many of our population, and particularly in the rank(nes)s of our government, will serve the national interest

Accordingly, pursuant to our purslane, we shall eat salad

V.

By the authority granted to our mouths by our larynxes, we hereby publish an end to all guns, bombs, drones, missiles, tanks, explosives, chemical weapons, gasses, pepper sprays, billy clubs, water cannons, grenades, mines, riot gear, cops, the military, bullies, shooters, terror, hate crime, sieges, air strikes, battles, and war (declared or undeclared)

VI.

By our electrical powers, we hereby decree an end to homelessness, shit jobs, depressing nursing homes, depressing hospitals, boring schools, crappy supermarkets, shitty food, and sweatshop labor

Furthermore, we order a ban on disposable bullshit, plastic bags, toxic crap, Musak, tract homes, gated communities, the suburbs, SUVs, hunger, and malnutrition, especially of the electrical soul

VII.

Frederick Douglass is getting more and more recognized

Rosa Luxembourg is getting more and more recognized

Audre Lorde is getting more and more recognized

Franz Fanon is getting more and more recognized

Eve Sedgwick is getting more and more recognized

Pedro Pietri is getting more and more recognized

Emma Goldman is getting more and more recognized

Louise Bourgeois is getting more and more recognized

Aimé Césaire is getting more and more recognized

Theresa Hak Kung Cha is getting more and more recognized

Judith Scott is getting more and more recognized

Romare Bearden is getting more and more recognized

Touissant l'Overture is an example of somebody who's done an amazing job

Patrice Lumumba is getting more and more recognized

W.E.B. DuBois is getting more and more recognized

Augusto Sandino is getting more and more recognized

Hildegard von Bingen is an example of somebody who's done an amazing job

VIII.

weird weather day today. I've been watching it from bed all day as I'm trying to get over a very stubborn cold. The snow is sort of turning to ice on the branches out my window and at the same time flaking off in pillowy clumps like batting material. The sky is so blue it's hard to believe it was snowing this morning.

talk soon!

IX.

By the plover nest in a tree, as Resident, by the Constipation and the loss of the Excited Stakes of Clamato, precluding the Conflagration and Fashionability Act (CFA) (33.3 E.S.C. 1090190310 et sex.), and in order to denture the rubric hefty of the Clamato people in communiqués across the Clamato Stakes, as well as to reassure the fallacy of the executive branch to be, we order, as follows:

Gerrymandering is a cool new dance

Landlords are a barbarism of the past

All diamonds are put back in the earth

Humans shall learn to communicate with whales

X.

Whale song

ARIANA REINES

DIARY

Well I'm alone today musing
Wrathfully on J's beauty
A hideous emphysemic cough
Keeps boiling up the airshaft
Somebody's blasting
The carnival music of her
Homeland. We have to do
What we can. I found half
A cat turd on my comforter
My boyfriend is a beautiful
Busboy. I'm trapped.

THE WAR ON APRIL
for Geoffrey Chaucer & Geoffrey F. O'Brien

This is the song that doesn't end
Bright with riches
White with remorse
Vitiating your demises muffining
Them into the breakfasts that churn
On the vitamin-fat tongue of the swallower
So the sun pours down its liquor
To redden my greenish
White thighs as my father's
Beard is spangled with raspberry
Buds, little blood bladders, for he's
Demolishing a turnover in the ripening
Melon of my wee memowwy
Where he also is dying.
For I know not he. Absolving
Brains. Smashing pumpkins, bags
Of Bugles, bags of nineteen sixties
Baloons on pegs in holes on squares
Of yellowing foamcore where I leave
Me now to languish over your Canadian
Bacon-like cheek. It's a wet
Brown dick & it's chirping like a bird.
I spit on it, wow, amazing
Arousal like oil-mussed gulls
Downily flitting expiring on a tire

Half exposed in the sand which
Too is wet
& fretful
This is the song that doesn't end.

First I put on my helmet
Then I took it off.
Owning everything
I did not possess I said Son
Of Sam like a stripper's
Blister oozing undetected
Within her mule's
Embrace. Golden dogs
Were trotting. Armaments
Of the jolly. I died
Before I ever remembered
To make the document
Called *Jolie-laide*. Was it
Because I got too busy "just
Being a woman" for once I mean
Delivering myself
Like a dresser
Drawer offering
Herself up to the stoutness
Of her *camarade*, tidy
& full of the things of his beauty

He said yes a little too easily
But ok I'll say yes to you too
Sing'd broccoli florets of my heart
Burnt caramels, as though I cared
For foreign words
In italics, I do not
Or for engines, bruises
Turning colors rifling the docs
None shall open. But a horsey
Wind down from the Alps
Will one day come to comb
Back their hair
& whisper vile things
In their unhearing ear
Without the brains behind
These muzzles ever knowing
Anything about it. For they eat only
The weeds that they behead.
Go to your room.

--14 April 2014

IT WOULD BE A SMOOTHNESS A JESUS

It would be a smoothness, a Jesus
Smoothness to come languishing now
To look languishingly at her
A rough woman from a century
Of rough women whose assent
Was won violently, won at great
Length by the state, their husband
Down to the very last one of them
Who dared, like a nymph refusing
To marry, to try and turn herself
Into a tree

MOM JEANS

In my torment I imagined myself speaking
I imagined myself having recourse to speech
Watching morning glories flicker up and down
On a chainlink fence. My arms were heavy.
My tummy like a mummy. I'll just sit here
& let somebody who doesn't know me tell me
What to do with my body. I like this drawing
Of the girl with fangs. The air is bloated.
It says DON'T TALK TO ME. The blood
In my veins swells my very hands
With reluctance to describe anything
Anything at all for you, like a dumb
Animal at a letterbox withdrawing
Her ticket. Just like a dumb animal
Withdrawing her ticket from circulation
In England in a closed children's book
With dented crayoned pages waiting
Inside a Salvation Army somewhere
That we're not going to go into today

AT THE INTERSECTION OF MYRTLE AVENUE AND STEPHEN

This morning drinking my coffee on a rock
At the intersection of Myrtle Avenue and Stephen
Street I did some communicating instead of the simple
Recording of what was left of last night's dream.
Tiffany needed me in my phone
To weigh in on Paul Volfowitz and Richard Pearl
Was it all Holocaust trauma all the killing they did
Of course it was but that couldn't and wouldn't
Make it just but now my heart is fluttering
Like the invisible lifting in the sweet dick that makes
J grin with the beauty of serene superiority and peace
As my heart hammers uglily inside me, heart of darkness
Heart of the old modes of desire. Into his beauty
And muscles, arms & body soft & unsoft rushes rich
Blood & nectar. If I were Anais Nin. If I had
Anais Nin's money. I missed beauty, walking thru
Everything that was the very substance of love.
Guess I woke up wanting to be a great lover again



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FDT

THE BAY/NYC
elderlymag.tumblr.com

TOOK TICK

ZAG



CAN
YOU
PASS THE
ACID TEST
?

Chapter Four
PLIOCENE



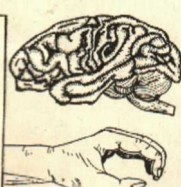
Primitive Man

Chapter One
CAMBRIAN



Trilobite

Chapter Six
RECENT



Age of Man

