



THE
SECRET
HISTORY

OF DOCTOR KOBRA



May He Who Has Illuminated This, Illuminate Me

PROLOGUE

It is you, Junior! But what are you doing here?
I thought you were one of them. Better safe than sorry.
By God, I wasn't wrong when I mailed you my diary.
through the library? the tomb of Sir Richard?
And his shield: the inscription on Sir Richard's shield?
Alexandretta! Of course! on the pilgrim trail from the Eastern Empire.
If only I could've been with you.
Do you think my son would be that stupid
that he would bring my diary all the way back here?
I should have mailed it to the Marx Brothers.
I sent it home so it wouldn't fall into their hands!!
We have to get to Berlin! There is more in the diary than the map.
He who finds the grail must face a final challenge:
three devices of such lethal cunning,
but I found the clues that will safely take us through.
The quest for the grail is not archeology.
It is a race against evil; if it is captured by the nazis
the armies of darkness will march all over the face of the earth.
Do you understand me? We are pilgrims in an unholy land.
Look, we have work to do. When we get to Alexandretta
we will face the three challenges.
First, the breath of God. Only the penitent man will pass.
Second, the word of God. Only in the footsteps of god will he proceed.
Thrid, the path of God. Only a leap from the lion's head
will he prove his worth.
Goosestepping morons like yourself should try reading books
instead of burning them.
I've lost him. And I never told him anything.
I just wasn't ready, five minutes would've been enough.
"Only the penitent man will pass. The penitent...
Word of God... The name of God...
But in the latin alphabet, Jehovah begins with an "I"
Oh dear! You must believe, boy. You must... believe.
Junior, give me your other hand! I can't hold on!!
Indiana... Indiana. Let it go.

Hallelujah Suffused CBS Season Wrap Up

SHOT FULL THE RACHMANINOV TWO

Clothed in the amber light of the tapedeck
we're checking The Damned
and the recording is shot.

I smoke as she removes her jacket—
streetlamps drape lace on her shoulders.

In the windows,
stapled to sticks,
fastened to locomotives,
shadows pass
briefly in and out of comics.

She shakes the rain while crashing cars
illustrated as a redhead thesis
of Parliament drags, scientifically
lights the cigarette on her lips
like a flashlight in the mouth.

Magic fire music—an arc of pixels

Die Walküre, Wagner Ring Cycle Act III—Wotan cyclopean king of the Norse gods encircles the Valkyrie Brünnhilde in fire. She pissed off Wotan by letting the twins Siegmund and Sieglinde get away, so she will become a Sleeping Beauty as punishment and become mortal and lay for a time and the fire will keep out all but the bravest of men to wake her. "Whosoever fears the point of my spear shall not pass through the fire," says Wotan. This man will be Siegfried, hero of the third opera in the cycle—the child of Siegmund and Sieglinde.

Her Dreamcatcher Swiffs the Breeze and's Dead Broke

POST-APOCALYPSE, Pre-re-renaissance

The last few weeks my quality of sleep has declined dramatically. As many of you probably know I'm a heavy snorer, but it seems I stop breathing many times a night. I took my digital recorder and sure enough I struggle to sleep. In Sleep Apnea, when you approach REM sleep, the point at which we dream, the muscles in throat are relaxed and cut off air flow, the brain sends adrenaline to the heart, the mind wheezes, crying out for oxygen, and you're roused to move and force a breath. This can happen up to 200 times a night in some cases unknown to me, denying rest and REM sleep.

I wake up almost every night about 3:30-4 heart pounding, head aching, mouth dry and wide awake. I can't remember the last dream I had, I can't remember what a "dream" dream is. Lately I can't read more than a few pages in a book at a time or work on something longer than a day before I get tired or distracted, yesterday I was so drowsy on my way to CCS that I had to have a cigarette from an animation student named Ryan to wake me up.

There is treatment, it involves becoming Darth Vader by wearing a device that uses compressed air to force your airway open. Everything I read on the subject says this device can relieve in as little as one night and finally give me a solid night of sleeping after who knows how much time? Because it makes me wonder about many things, for example: my work, the hallmarks of my work are quirkiness, humour, fantastic poetic leaps, fluid, dynamic use of imagery and mediums. I wonder if we define dreams by forming intuitive associations based on internal logic and if I haven't had a chance to enter REM sleep for god knows how long... could it be possible that I am making my dreams?

Take this framed panoramic from a Lynch film.

Bedded in our bungalow on the road
where the weeds pry apart the concrete and deer
dressed in Halloween linger in the cold,
their throat groans to one another fall as soft-serv on the ground.

A radio hanging from a shovel sieves the National Anthem,
ravens on telephone wires parse the dying notes.
She lays her head on my chest.

My bum arteries set the foundation of a cathedral
where brontosaurus foremen nudge their way
through vegetable plans and permits in the moonlight
and we are a swarm of dust 460 million years ago
surrounded by the dead rocks and a dangerous sea.

You have crimson pigtails in quipu knots:
a secret communique to blanket the beach in bombs.

Lucifer Rising, Emo Falling— “How Could This Happen to Me?”

POLTERGEISTS OF A GOOD THING

I guess it's luck, but it's the same
 Hard luck, you've been trying to tame
 Maybe it's love, but it's like you said
 "Love is like a role that we play."
 But, I believe in you so much
 I could die for the words that you say
 But, I believe in you so much
 I could die from the words that you say
 But, you're chasin' the ghost of a good thing
 Haunting yourself as the real thing
 It's getting away from you again
 While you're chasin' ghosts
 I guess it's luck, but it's the same
 Hard luck, you've been trying to tame
 Maybe it's love, but it's like you said
 "Love is like a role that we play."
 But, I believe in you so much
 I could die for the words that you say
 But, I believe in you so much
 I could die from the words that you say
 But, you're chasin' the ghost of a good thing
 Haunting yourself as the real thing
 It's getting away from you again
 While you're chasin' ghosts
 Just bend the pieces 'till they fit
 Like they were made for it
 But, they weren't meant for this
 No, they weren't meant for this
 Just bend the pieces 'till they fit
 Like they were made for it
 But, they weren't meant for this
 Chasin' the ghost of a good thing
 Haunting yourself as the real thing
 It's getting away, away, away from you again
 Chasin' the ghost of a good thing
 Haunting yourself as the real thing
 It's getting away from you again
 While you're chasin' ghosts

Anyone who'd steal cupcakes deserves a curse
 on their little shiny head. Could've it been you?
 No fiend can hold a candle to your sick, juvenile depravity.
 Shine a candle into a dark alley and skittery ratchildren
 will hiss and cast a curse with all the names
 blotted from the bloodbound book of Life
 your grandma keeps in her plastic house.
 Speaking of granny, If I had a bell
 I'd lay on the afghan and ring for her to come in
 with a case of beer and some ding dongs, share a romantic dinner
 by candlelight and delightful viola filled darkness
 falling on us like a curse.
 You have no idea what I wrote in your mimaw's book!
 Officer, book this fucking nincomfuckingpoop!
 His eyes are Picassoid strangling candlesticks
 whose snuffed out wicks form bible verses and animal curses
 in an unholy melange of the complete opera of Bell, Biv, and Devoe.
 When Satan speaks, he rings a bell, uses fire
 for typography in his unauthorized biography, but lately he's engulfed
 with his labors and any yokel on Earth with a candle
 made of human fat can call him up and he's contractually obligated
 to say, "Yes, Master, what can I do for you?"
 Last time he went up: he shudders. Last time
 a soggy old lady said, "I want you to fix my pipes."
 Gave a wink, went upstairs and rung a bell. That was a dark place,
 and the Devil comes from the darkest of all places,
 no candlepower strong enough to penetrate
 the the depths of the Sears Necromonicon Christmas issue.
 "How can I reign in Hell if I am at every unmilmonic whim?
 Satan didn't go to grad school for nothing.
 He takes a deep draught of Pabst, utters the curse, "Fuck,"
 but all he can do is curse and all you can do is listen with him
 as he puts on Dashboard Confessional and writes bad verses
 in his notebook at IHOP by candlelight.

Our American Cousin, Our National Treasure

I began to make my mixtapes, but they necessarily weren't a paean to love with doowop digs & carnivorous crooning, but filled with bombast & Shakespearian drama. I'd start out soft, like an overture to an opera & the songs would begin to thematically tell the story about a guy & a girl—sue me, ok they were about love—and they'd embark on a journey & encounter an apocalyptic denouement only to resolve it all in an earth shattering rave at the end. In between groups of songs there would be movie clips, my personal favorite being *Leaving Las Vegas*—couldn't enjoy the movie but made a better tape out of it.

How these mixes were made is I would take my cds & find two songs that began & ended on similar tones or textures record the first one in my tapedeck & then pause right when I wanted it to stop. Taking the tape gently stick a pencil in the spokes & slightly, almost a millimeter or two, wind it back, put it back in the deck, cue up the second song & unpause the recording. If I was lucky, sometimes it took about five or six times, I would have a seamless merge of songs without that annoying tape clack.

every angel is terrifying

The President's daughter, she says she's on the dark side.
Close to the frozen borderline.

"You're drunk. Enjoy it."

The playboy smiles and settles back
into an amphibian stare.

"You're not sick.

This is how you're supposed to feel."

Her green eyes
listen
to the music.

"I'm going to go to the washroom put some water on my face."

The President's daughter
crashing on a postcard
in the mountain's shadow,
murder of crows,
light bleeding
intestine paragraphs, and duct tape flashbacks.

"Molly, she come out? Are there people back there?"

The Detail rushes in checks every stall himself.
Molly doesn't respond, but he notices an exit.

He keeps asking Molly if she came out back.
Molly still doesn't respond. He runs through the alley
and there's Molly's body in a pool of blood—
the map of the world.

"Bookbag's been taken. I repeat:
She's been taken."

Crispus Attucks in John Adams Arms, Dying

BREAKING BADLY

At one police plaza,
on the dole detectives record beaten moans on acetate.

In the library
upstairs there's a dark, human sized painting in the ceiling.

I'm a lantern in the steeple,
an appendix to the crash,
my xeroxed cold case
sent to a Mormon Mountain.

Waiting on a 10 o'clock job,
Coltrane's "Love Supreme,"
as a counterfeiter'd survived the Holocaust,
crafting a Flemish master's minor opus
of an aloof Venetian Doge with a gold platter,
and you, my friend, my St. John of the Cross,
your heart on it—a fist wrapped in blood—
valves in complex knots,
snots like burbling snails all over it.

Wow.

Wow. I know, but I say it louder.

The record cutter's arm trawls.

A partially dissolved body
squeezes through the hole in the ceiling
falls as Christmas shrapnel. There's the nose,
and there, mixed with teeth, is a bit of ear.

Acknowledgement
Resolution
Pursuance
Psalm
Impulse!

Undo Layer Effects, Ungroup Elements and Call it a Day

THINK THEY GOT THE ALL SEEING EYE

The further my borrowed third eye—
I got it from a dear friend with Heineken collateral—
the further it opens it makes an W. H. Auden face
permanently sniffin' petunias.

However I can say it with plasticene and with gossip,
who's holding who's hand, in what library do they talk all night—
coming home to our sublet I totally heard them fucking.
That seals the deal.

When it comes to the garbage scow of my ears, what has been heard—
train thuds, whistles, and downward second violin words—
I cannot unhear the pounding drummiest miniboss music ever!

And third eyes, perennial pineal glands, go adventuring
in blue polymer suits, robotic platform jumping,
and firing potent energy pellets of thought—
early 1990s wireframe cel shaded memory curdles
at bad dudes with helmets and elemental weapons.

Agent Aguilera, sassafrass lass in a g-string and galoshes,
makes a compelling suffragette. Her lasso of truth,
a band of electrified musical barbed wire,
traps me behind an x-ray screen,
where the CIA spy my hidden gun
and fired me for our phyrriic intimacy.

Rene Descartes called the pineal gland the seat of the soul. It does have the highest concentration of melatonin in the human body. I wonder, since it is so receptive to darkness that my lack of sleep has affected it. What I can say is that you know when you have that feeling in your head, like if you try to physically place yourself, where is the "I" the "I" that thinks, we often imagine it behind the eyes, where coincidentally the pineal gland lies. Some people believe this to be a font of psychedelic images, yogis can stimulate the pineal, usually called the third eye between our two, with their meditation and enter trance like states.

Eine Kleine William Carlos Williams Nachtmusik

My apartment, 501, during 2002-2006 downtown Indianapolis on Delaware near the old Herron School of Art.

RETAIL PRISONER OF ZENDER APARTMENTS

January morning—Harrison apartment—after a weekend,
after the digressions of my folkrock hipster friends,
after thrice renewed library books with annotations at the end,
I have to go to work and clean up before birds on wizard trees
warble through my window's icicle jaws their sonatines
as I scrub, brush, spit and rinse, dribble blood and preen
till the ol' smile's the quintessence of health
and replace it on the shelf where it normally resides
next to my father's old shaving kit, his false teeth inside.

I Must be Fortune's Foe— I'm Saul Motherfucking Tigh

Octavian = Augustus Caesar. The miniseries Rome on HBO was pretty good if you ask me, though Octavian was a weird bird in it. I did appreciate the fact that they were pretty accurate in creating a prechristian world, or at least one without a sense of christian morality. It definitely helped to "other" the immersive experience and make it interesting.

a LETTER JACKET IN FORENSICS

On the sea of ice will you cry when criticized? What questions did you ask, stupidly? Flustered, fearful, I stutter "autistic" but came out "agnostic."

Never was any good

at Oratory, if I were to address the Senate, Seneca'd off his Heineken, Cicero would wish it were but wasn't so and I'd be stoned in Rome performing for the quorum in the forum a farce, a lark, a spree when we both very well know Octavian forbids levity.

If you ask the Historians, they'll also say he invented shoes and breathing.

I am a child of Dis: disgust, dissolution, and disappointment.

I exit cars through the roof.

I tend to crash.

The pungent air freshner stank of a canary's last, stuffed gasp—
a sad Minerva expelled from the Futurist experiment of the world,
leaves a decapitated mannequin of herself garbed
in crushed glass, jabs, crags, and shards.

Don't Waste All Your Missiles on a Miniboss

WHEN YOU LOSE, DON'T LOSE THE LESSON

no beautiful person can dance in the form, they
don't take machetes and cut through the forest
a golden track, put it on their tab, dallier and
pallbearer with a wicked dimeslayer battle-
toads greasy grimy gopher guts golgotha with
atom weapons set on stun

make your mitochondria turn you into a rat,
what big teeth you have there, my dear made
of bricks made of stone nail through the foot up
on the tree home alone bucket of nitro to the
face smacked with nylon and air cannons with
cloudfaces from pipeworks

silent hands filled with butter preposterous am-
bidexterous running around with wolf packs in
the cretaceous vassals to an unholy lord mind-
ing your own business and you got the grail
pouring libations all over your broken legs
making your money come back and getting
change in the bargain

Talking to the police high is a waste of weed,
Lucia di Lammermoor.

Looking more and more like Kafka everyday.
It's only human to be extraordinary.

If a man could get a woman in a cardboard box,
he wouldn't buy a house.

Taking Cellphone Pictures of a Ripped Off Liberty Head

Haroun Al Raschid, caliph of Baghdad, see the Sandman comic "Ramadan"—interesting tale.

To ejaculate with force.

Kate Winslet starred as Rose DeWitt Bukater in "Titanic" and as a young Iris Murdoch in "Iris." Also look at Dante's description of his view of the Blessed with God in the Empyrean, final part of the Paradiso.

IN MY TAUN TAUN SLEEPING BAG

Haroun Al Raschid drives his Rolls-Royce Phantom Two, 30 horsepower six cylinder engine with Stromberg Downdraft carburetor into the desert's smile where he'll find an ancient temple of the Order of Detroit where's kept a chalice of Christ, the ultimate Pimp Cup; truly a cup for the King of Kings—

then those were the tweeters that were his eyes
skeet skeet skeeting the surface of Mars
and the subwoof of his chest extruded through a space porthole,
his advanced alien face reveals a baby snarl.
With developed teeth and then gone—he chose poorly,
the skulls of poets and astronauts piled up and the blood pooled.

This is the cup of a carpenter. If anything goes wrong like, you know,
I wig out lost in an infinite jaunt—
when he's John Cage he makes a print with a Model T
on the bride's train on her wedding day.
Pink Suicidegirl death's head garters cross as she falls to the ground
and point in cardinal directions—
Kate Winslet will be my constant, my celestial Rose and vigilant Iris.

Heaven on the Moon? Check. Affairs in order? Check.
Kiss your ass goodbye? Check motherfrakkin' check,
chest flamed hoping here with Kate and my kid
slashfaced, butterfly stitched, dark
on the deserted overpass, the football's plastic handle in my hand
as the last screwdriver I will ever have pissed my pants.

Monstrous bipedal rampage layered Bob Dylan songs building behind us.

President Gaius Baltar, Scourge of the Twelve Colonies

THAT GIRL IS POISON

I can't fight the mist when it refuses to be a dragon

Punkass enemies of distinction have a month
of good wine and pen fine little haikus for a handbook—
mobster cooked cavity castles, Miller High-Life dreams
and sweatstung prurient renaissance dvds—
slumbering canine speed metal effigies,
burned up Elizabethan majesty the Armada
tooth stab vexing Queen & Country from computer sleep.
Sir Francis Screensaver, burlesque cameo crooner in his schooner,
astroglides mermaid through the tide to wiseguys, gadabouts,
Nancy Drews, pulp and porno webservers and made them Daisy,
Rock of Love blubbering piss smells on silk robes
and dark bud cigars laying petals on a metal pillow.

Who, if I cried out, would hear me above the toaster's din?

And my homeboy Piero Della Francesca got
nothin' on these pictures!

You Broke the Ice, Ramsay Cracked it Wide Open

Kitchen Nightmares, Hell's Kitchen, and the BBC programs.

About 1/2way through Ed Harris's "Pollock," when he's getting ready to paint the mural for Peggy Guggenheim, he's sitting there thinking hard nursing a hangover smoking elevenhundred cigarettes staring at the blank canvas when the canvas fills the film frame. An apt metaphor as we can imagine that cinema is a painting that moves, we sketch the story with the fall of light and sounds.

raw BUFFALO WINGS, STONE COLD CRAB CAKES

Perturbed stuffed hamhock Michelin Man
douses himself in chicken stock,
marinates himself in a lead lined pan,
and on camera Gordon Ramsay blows his top
like anything directed at him
is an inverted bearclaw to his mother's throat.

He gets up every morning with an ecossaise by Schubert
in his Scottish heart
and a cancerous cellphone in his cabbage,
his bright thoughts are cutlasses
running plays from the Bible—
Wycliffe's version—and hells for it. Morningstar—
non serviam—bottomless pit style.

The whoosh of
Egyptian Cotton
rushes past him
like the Prince of Wales
tossing off a piano reel
of cheap gold plated links
round his queen's godmade hips
guaranteed for a million, no billion—nay good sir, a trillion years!

Epileptic action lines—a lead jacket on his lungs—
violet petals in the mouth—
Gordon puts down his whiskey reads a clue
in a stretched canvas with a red cigarette

leaning into off camera.

He Played on the Xylophone an Allegro Barbaro

THE HATESONG OF EDWARD G. ROBINSON

muppet smash Beethoven bash,
lyrical rorschach hack attack that came back
for a second glance armed with tomahawks

didn't understand me the first time
buckwild redheaded stepchild riled
Street Fighter Guile'd some sieg heils

I'll give you one more shot
drop nuclear spectaculars on your vernacular,
oracular telephones in the terrordome

your defense attorney's only twenty-three—
hope they play Gattaca in Attica

or Face/Off trade mops w/one of your crew
or get mutant powers to deflower mothers
with golden showers any hour—
call me Zeus, but you ain't a god

mortal man, abort your hand
if you take a pen to me you'll be
a dead letter office, a history receder,
defeated guillotine tester, blink
once for yes, twice if you're a ho—
y'know I'll sneak a scabbard
for Jacques Louis David
and plunge my disney dagger
to end the terror

Unless they are a liturgical legal wunderkind,
you've got an awfully poor chance if this is your
Legal Aid's first case.

Starchamber

In the Canyon of the Crescent Moon

"Well, you know, I take that as a particular compliment. I don't know about you, but I've always found the Aeron dialect to be particularly hard on the ears. Something about the way the consonants scrape the back of the throat. Of course, I should know an awful lot about my native tongue, I spent hours on end trying to overcome it. Do you have any idea how hard it is for a ten-year-old boy to change the way he speaks, to unlearn everything he ever learned? So that one day, there might be the small hope that he might pass as not coming from Aeron? Maybe, I don't know...Caprica. Caprican. Oh, to be Caprican: seat of politics, culture, art, science—learning. And what was Aeron? Just a drab, ugly rock condemned to be the food basket for the Twelve Worlds. And that's how we were: treated like servants, like laborers, like the working class. You know, you'd have fitted right in there, Chief: Lots of men who liked to work with their hands, and, uh, grab a pint down at the pub, and finish off the evening with a good old-fashioned fight. Oh yes. I left Aeron after my eighteenth birthday. I turned my back on my family, on my heritage, all of them. Course, it doesn't matter, that. They're all dead now."

Jacob, "Dirty Hands" TWOP

NAZI ZOMBIE TURNED INTO A FUZZY SWEATER

Tri Lam bacteriophages pledge
to the chapter in Christ's divine gut.

Quetzocoatl quaaludes line my innards
with some sordid esophagus sword sweaters;
a thirty-nine alarm flare in my sinuses,
up in bed and arms and legs tied down
to strung up sleep diagnosis devices—

I must admit I may have made a mistake.

A sad carebear shaped drop of water plinkos copper gutters and plop!
blots the Times Crossword and eventually'll roll to my nuptials,
smashed Easter morning Cadbury's creme eggs.

Failed land war in Asia supine on the loess
with Tammerlane's terra cotta terrorists
preserved thousands of feet below,
beyond the Jesus Horses of Manzikert
with jade daggers for hands,
scorched mustaches packed with dry, desert dirt,
and wandering hot wind spirits
stripping the fallen emperor's waterskin.

I could've had trees and weed growing out of me—
wipes peat from his temple—

a bloodshot prying protoplasmic eye.

His Name and Doughy Face Were Eaten by Shadows

BACKSTABBED AKENHATEN SUNSHINE

Use his uselessness to your unknown angelic purpose; bring Hera and Gaius to bear on this woman, to bring her low and show her the power and the danger of love. "Now, tell me you believe in me. Tell me you believe in my strength." "Oh God," she moans, "Say it!" And, coming and going, jumping between worlds, he screams it. "I believe in you! I believe in you!" Three stares down at him, confused and moved, too much input from a strange little man. "I love you," he tells Six. His invisible girlfriend, the woman inside him that he can love completely, the woman shepherding him on and on. "I love you with all my heart." Three begins to weep, touching his face. He wakes up to the torture table. "I love you with all my heart." In the room and on the beach, having finished up for the night, little Gaius Baltar falls asleep. Six collapses on top of him, spent. In the room, Three touches his lips and begins to weep. Okay, to be fair, that's a lot creepier on the page than it was to watch—it was pretty cool to watch, and very intriguing. I should say that. Back on the beach: Chip Six grins like a girl with a secret, feathers sticking out of her mouth. I think she's an angel of God for real, you guys: what is she but another kind of Hybrid? She might just save us all.

Jacob "A Measure of Salvation (2)" TWOP

the sun was too far for any of us to touch

Nothing Up my Sleeve but The Neverending Story

rachmaninov nunchuck ruckus

They call her a bitch with her elbows propped,
she prefers the term “Geek.” Her pale legs cross
with frilly socks that don’t match,
a sacred chocolate heart stabbed
with an unexpected camera flash.

Virginia song
in cigarette keys,
vodka coda with random,
but precise detective novels
about hiding out in coldwater hovels
writing these words in pencil:
“It was raining then,
its raining now.”

Hushed. She held on tight,
never let go, cried to one another
parting is such sweet sorrow. Bullshit—
a long drag of cigarette,
blood to the head, struck
she went for a camera stood back—
picture flash bouncing off raindrop momentary daytime.

Alain Robbes-Grillet

Slowed In a World of Amber, Heather, and Tiffany

For all his life Fitzgerald suffered from insomnia, unable to sleep at night or waking up at odd hours. In my research of Sleep Apnea I've discovered that its the adrenaline that wakes you up and beats your heart—could Fitzgerald have struggled with Sleep Apnea? Could anyone historic who has wrestled with lack of sleep and ability suffered from this condition?

With Adrian outside my undergraduate show.

THE MILKY WAY IS A DISSOLUTE STRAND OF Dna

Like a flapper bobbed outta F. Scott
delirious with typographers and books
in a weed reeked room

outside my graduated art show we sat
I pontificated, you humored and I hazard
the streetlamps were pulsars

molasses light hair persisting in obscuring your eyes
and the only reason I recall is because Kelly came out
did a Muybridge capture motion my hand from my lap
to your face—I wish I had a cigarette now,
consumed with words
and the goddamned goddess of wisdom for a muse

Rocky, Rocky II, Rocky III, Rocky IV, Rocky V, Rocky Balboa—Damn

THE GOGGLES, THEY DO NOT WORK

One of the first times I encountered magic of any sort was when I was younger, I begged my dad to take me to see David Copperfield at Clowes Hall in Indianapolis. I was eight and I was astounded that he could make all manner of things disappear. I went to the show and undoubtedly impressed went to the lobby to buy a souvenir, a coloring book, which I still wish I had—it had in simple cartoon linework all of David's exploits including floating swami style of the Grand Canyon—

Oh My God!

David was in the lobby signing autographs. I gotta go. I offered up my book with the pride of a fanboy and while talking to some man, without even looking at me, he scribbled something on the book and shoved it back. I opened the cover—it was a sloppy sketch of a crescent moon and stars.

I cried on the way home, thus probably why I don't have it anymore.

I studied the lucrative business of death-defying under Thomas Aquinas, who took my debit card though I only have a photocopy, a bloody one at that—I called a 900 number while watching Showtime and my nose was a ticker tape parade. The Doc refused my insurance, tore it up in a ticker tape parade, I clenched my hamhocks, muttered, “It’s showtime!” but the beatific breath of Thomas Aquinas stayed my hand to keep blood off his debit card.

The Anglo Saxons stole it, spent it on a ticker tape parade for William the Conqueror who made Harold’s mug bloody with a comet. Like Obi Wan, he heard Thomas Aquinas in his ear, “Use the Force, William.” Showtime!

His bolt flew true and his forces knew it was showtime when William made a withdrawal from Harold’s bloodbank. Thomas Aquinas’s curses flew like a ticker tape parade. Who knew that the angelic doctor, who defied death a million times with a smile would utter, “Bloody Hell!” The whole army paled at the Italian’s bloody cheek. The saw the rating on Showtime, there shouldn’t be any cursing. They too defy death on a daily basis, pay their bills with debit cards and are generally honest, but turn their swear jar up and no ticker tape parade of quarters’ll tumble out. They’re good Catholics—they gave their denarii to Aquinas and he let them down. Thomas gets his holy beatdown. His reliquary’s bloody and clubs fall on him in a ticker tape parade as William’s men do their work. Showtime’ll pay-per-view; which requires a bloody debit card.

These Bones Rise and Give Fuzzy Transmissions

I woke up and relived part of my life again,
something about turning the key and I said
goodbye to the brother and Ms. Hawking and
saw a bag of whitewashed elephant feathers
in my arms—my father a cold, dead thing with
rigid arms in ward of an insect attack.

an electric ladder between you and me

The last half of the book we finally get to the moon,
but its awful dreams are written in twenty foot skeletons.

Hang your coats on their weapons while she opens the curtains.
The flickering molasses of our faces fills the dark room.

Jupiter hasn't exploded, it's still night. I have a doll of you,
you have the facsimile of me: we were on the swings,
you were eight, I was younger and haven't seen you since.

Maybe you left the island?
Your parents braved the dog, made it to a boat?

Under these stars or snowflakes with this dislocated aorta,
you were my white wine, a tincture from thinking, a waltz
to the boring radio in my bones:

I stab my spliff in the sand to mark my page.

Pfc. Adam To His Sweet Madam From Antietam

APPLE RED RATTLERS WRESTLIN' IN THE RAFTERS

Keith David

If I knew that this weekend would be the last
time I would see you, we'd do more than watch
"Along Came Polly."

Music fills the space of our correspondence.

While the camera moves across our hotel room
the war's voice waxes on our names, smokes a cigarette.
I wonder if the mountain will bend,
yield to the rain, or fall to pieces—
the kingdom of God is within you.

Grail libations over broken legs,
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari rain shadows oily slide
Claire Fisher's exposed breasts in the back of her lime-green hearse.

In a few hours this sweat'll become frost
so angels will make essays soft as sinews snapping
in a neighborhood full of kitty cats—

two more days.

A Distracted Marco Polo Crosses the Desert on IMAX

3:10 APPOINTMENT IN samarra

western
wailsinger
woodwalker
on a blanket with a beer ready to pop me in my mouth

DUDE
we went nighttime flashlight shivering in the vampire forest
a noise!
desperado boot botch on a shotgun stock

dog leash pull
frog burp
chocolate pudding air
as I leave Cranbrook hummingbird humid drive

movie theater
sequin concrete
sidewalk reflection
film poster underwater
video bootlegger
dusty hair
pale Arizona freckle
coconspirator

while the gangster in the hills reads proverbs
abandoned as a child train station
now an adult prison steamer

slow star lamppost
horse rider streak

pass along a typewriter daily newsfeed
when I got back to school while you sleep

Hardcore as Jesse James in a Coppola film she
remains a mystery in the senate and makes loud
snort retorts two towns over.

What I Did On My Summer Vacation

This summer I started watching Law & Order on a regular basis. After a long day of mowing grass in Rochester Hills, with a red neck and tired up body, all I could do is just chill on the couch upstairs and watch a couple hours on TBS and then a couple hours on TNT. When I first started, it was Law & Order: Special Victims Unit, however I made my way to original recipe Law & Order. SVU got to be more like CSI, ultra dramatic with high tech laser screens and underworked, lazy detectives. The original is as close to "police work" as one could get on television.

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

Everyone had gone: home or to internships and I remained, sitting on the railing by Jonah and the Whale late night looking at greened out air electricity from gnat battles and lightning bug generals, drunk letter dancing in the gold three sided theater by the dude's dorm, and 2D annex step perching talking to friends on the phone. Quiet and humid, never too far from a fan I had a gig cutting grass for moderate to low wealthy people in Rochester Hills and a stint teaching minicomics to highschool kids coming up. First day on the mower, a small VW Bug contraption with Sega Afterburner levers, I tore round the corner of my boss's dad's house, clipped the deck snapping a huge chunk of lumber, a fossilized piece of Noah's Ark, arcing like a rainbow and landing with a thud that I could imagine through my noise cancellation headphones to be as loud as a frigate filled with elephants falling from the roof of a twelve story building. Mishaps such as this continued to pileup: cutting cable lines, sod ripping on wet hills and burying the machine a foot deep in mud, almost fender bending automobiles that cost more than my educational loans, and driving the mower up the truck ramp with the blades engaged causing a massive gash in my boss's trailer gate. Somehow, probably due to his excessive yoga practice (he wanted to open his own studio in Portland, gave three to five hours a night to study) he was mellow enough that I hung onto my job. A month into this solar sniping, neck reddening work I had a short sabbatical to teach the workshop at Cranbrook, in the annex no less. I was nervous and afraid of the class (not that the kids'd knife me or anything) that I wouldn't "get" them and the whole deal'd be like pulling cotton candy substituting diseased witches cave riddled teeth for the fluff stuff. I was pleasantly surprised. Sure there was this guy who drew demon pictures of his soul, but generally they were an excitable bunch I found I could see myself in. I gave charettes in Paul Klee taking a line for a walk psychology: what makes a line mad, what makes lines happy, and using that to show character emotion. We did giant collaborative jam comics on sheets of butcher paper and took scenes from comics the kids brought and around John Paaninen's teepee, mocking up it for a dragon's castle, two children assumed the guise of flying lizards swooping and hollering as the rest scattered as townspeople are oft to do. They worked on their books and I went to each offering suggestions and advice for layout, story creation, and design. Yes, design. I found that there was a lot I remembered from my undergrad period and comics as well. I became a student as well as the teacher, and in a Dead Poet's Society moment at the end I told them as such, that they'd taught me as

well. During the summer I encountered a video of Mister Rogers at a Senate hearing where he gave conversational testimony on the benefits of Public Television. His sincerity and compassion won over the selfadmittedly hardcase of a Senator who promptly declared, "That's wonderful. You've just earned the \$20 million dollars." Monetary value aside, this was a pivotal video for me. I am a man given to hyperbole and humor for effect, I live my life in a very high toned manner, so I want to make it perfectly clear and without affect: rediscovering Mister Rogers is one of the turning points in my life. In the letter on the poster I mentioned my egotistical hangups and fears that plagued me my first year here and caused me to forget certain things that I find truthful about my existence, and others as well. I decided to enter the priesthood when I was 17 because I was born into an extremely Catholic household (my mother being a former sister herself). But of one thing in particular: I lived on a cul-de-sac in a primarily elderly neighborhood and the snow that year had been pretty heavy. Being the oldest child, I was roped into shoveling our driveway and sidewalk. Maybe there was five bucks in the deal, but I'm not sure. So, I finished our house and thought "I don't know if our neighbors will get to their driveways and sidewalks." I went ahead and did all the people on the court, got to the end and thought, "I'm here now, might as well keep going down the street." I kept going until I was beat; I had done 14 houses in addition to our own. But I also felt good because I had helped someone. It felt great. Something in me felt like I wanted to serve, serve something I wasn't sure but I was encouraged into going to a monastery (St. Meinrad) for a trial period to figure things out. It didn't pan out, obviously. Even more obvious, there was a catholic school down the road; a catholic girl's high school; a catholic high school for delinquent girls. The rest, as they say, is history. I went back to cutting grass, and its true that sometimes the littlest things make it all worthwhile. The CBC's got a great classical program and I listened to it on those noise cancellation headphones: one weekend I caught the Ring Cycle and found my even keel, the zenlike mastery of the lawn. I'd be out there blissing out on Puccini or Erich Korngold and reconnecting with the classical music of my youth. Went home, got my dad's record collection and my friend Mike's turntable and blare those Mozart masses late night, take my typewriter go to the peristyle steps at three in the morning in my pajamas and type while a stray little black kitty curled up and purred.

In Flanders Fields the Poppies Blow and Suck

WITTGENSTEIN'S SINISTER STYLE

Favorite Pianists:
Wilhelm Kempff
Vladimir Horowitz
Cecil Taylor
Glenn Gould
Herbie Hancock
Ronald Jenkees

Cecil Taylor ambient southpaw Hollywood Bowl Ravel concerto
Tricolore grenadier castle blast Ken Russel Tchaikovsky pretzel snap

Red Lacquer gristle glisten wishing for velociraptor doorman lessons
Rift explorer hole in the spacetime conveyor belt

Atom bomb astronaut astrological constant flaunt
Redshirts, red shifts, venust fly trap afterbirth tooth spit

Gambit eyeglow grimace tourniquet muscleman vein bulge
Salvation Army Operation Overlord crossword CIA plainclothes

Ortolan

Dead eye detective with crack squad Bruce Lee neck cracks
Top chef egregious pheasant sessions aroma cathode captured

Never Go into it With a Hoosier When Basketball's On the Line

THE POLICE STATES'S AT A STANDSTILL

If the internet feed's ready and my server blade's purring
I've a massive handjob opportunity
with at least three openings
for a vivacious redhead in pleather,
a voluptuous blonde in fishnets,
and the last for an exotic
and historic lady like an empress,
or even the Virgin of Guadalupe.

In the locker room, after hoops,
there was a cum archipelago congealing on the floor.

The Krakow cracker, the non-Italian Stallion, Pope John Paul the Dos,
was a painted Icon with fissuring wood
shut-upped.

For once, right?
I was like, super impressed with myself,
like a showgirl with a big feather coming out of her ass—
I chop down Mount Rainier with the cheesy wedge of my chapped hand.

And there I was,
for a season a lucid hustler, a Johnny-on-the-spot nipple singer
freshly CPAP'ed with a shard of crystal meth in my back pages.

Inconceivable!
an expert-for-hire debating if someone was good enough to get into heaven—
to get into my pants—if they had to be Catholic, if—

The motion carries with three dissenting.

When the new pope visited the states he spoke to Brian Williams and did a walk on for Saturday Night Live. Father Guido Sarducci pulled a gatt and found Benedict's wallet in Cloverfield under the missing footage of Ratzinger roaring and flinging Mace Windu out a republican window in the Defenestration of Coruscant.

I Had the Time of Our Life and All I Got Was This Lousy Sunburn

HEART WIDE SHUT

The password was "Fidelio"

Hugo Boss's superstitious gingerbread men
whistle a Beethoven aria to unlock the widow's mansion,
blitzkrieg her black and white closets
for sacks of flour and grandfather clocks
and toss haute couture from Istanbul
upon a railway platform til Costanstinople
groans under so many halter tops.

Toothy, splattered panzer shoulders make a cyclops
through brittle stalks of sunlight in a sea salt salsa.

Sensual Seduction.

If you pull back far enough
to haze a heap of broken destroyers
as she and I tread leg over leg on your beach towel making warped love faces.

It is hard, difficult even, to tie the heart in a Windsor knot
when your arms are an ash sweater from Vesuvius.

"You son of a bitch!"

Slaps his face with a frying clang.

"You bastard, stay with me now!"

Two figures made of chocolate copulate furiously in a spasm of raspberry foam as they melt on vanilla ice cream.

You can't put the two of us in a little box labeled meanwhile
and then memoir about the two of you naked somewhere else
with eye socket spark conversations blinking."

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee, Girl of Glory, Lips of Love

TOPLESS TOWERS OF ILLIUM

Casa Diablo's Gentlemen's Club on St. Helens
Road in Portland, OR. (closed)

The town built a vegan strip club, built it all the way to Valhalla,
set an eight limbed, ridden hard put away wet ex-Hell's Angel bouncing
and plugged mistletoe in the sheriff's pacemaker
to Missionary the joint, "Ragnarok."

Brad's Brass Flamingo in Indianapolis, IN.

Overhead the sputter of rusty, to' up from the flo' up Chevys and Fords
and lightning strikes the sky, charcoal lamp projecting human imprint
in the flecks of rain on a blacktop and inside everything is ESPN—

Landing Strip Lounge in Detroit, MI.

Her outline wrapped me in a foreign language—
Byron poem written tensed leg
circumnavigating my back—a gasp of hair
dividing eyes.

She uses her striped, manicured fingers to truss the space between
youtube Beethoven spark of Elysium Milky Ways of stars and paths
and I fall into white flags to draw ourselves in the sinking moon
to sail through the heavens in a transdimensional lunar whale
til shiver, alone, dizzy, the wall—cars—airplanes—
smoke across the face of the sun.

She left me a butterfly with Nagasaki wings
stapled to a scrap of a Jasper Johns gray painting
in my right femoral artery—when I think of her I limp
like a gangster.

Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right, B.A. Baracus

The first game I could beat was Super Mario Bros. 2.

Tonberries were the minions of a long ago kingdom that in the aftermath of a magically nuclear war slowly mutated into robed, green fishmen with lanterns and chef knives that can move slower than the Slowskys and kill you with a single stab. They have a ton HP but can give a lot of EXP and gil when you kill them. The Master Tonberry has a paper crown and is as strong as Jehovah.

MY TANOOKI'S IN THE WASH

I was eight with a blister on my thumb speedmetal rotating controller Yar's Revenge on my Atari. At my cousin's pad sat entranced by Super Mario Bros. on his new Nintendo, got one myself and for houselooking carrides conned my parents for a Gameboy. Middleschool again my cousin's spied his Genesis, I was hooked. My life unfolded in blast processing and then I got a Super Nintendo and was a paleontologist of Super Mario World. I found a Playstation in Toys 'R Us's strata, it was amazing this Playstation used CDs like music trippy screensavers unlike a Motown gin joint 1986 Atari. Symphonic geegaw notch about the Super Nintendo, parsecs beyond the antebellum crappy grandpappy Nintendo. Watching FMV Final Fantasy was a genesis to me, my brain caught by a stray satellite and the universe was my Gameboy. But it wasn't all fun and games, boy. I had one of the lemon Playstations, to make it work you put the CD in, shut the gate, and flip the device over in an expulsion from the book of Genesis; even if it could deliver a googol MKULTRA colors, its still no different than an Atari forged in the depths of Mt. Doom. We have all blown into the cartridges of our Nintendos and Super Nintendos. At Krogers I called it "looking at books" but it was really scouring GAMEPRO magazine for codes for my Super Nintendo. I've already gone to Electronics Boutique to trade in my Gameboy. My brother got older and he began to go to town on the Nintendo. I remember playing cooperative Final Fantasy VII on the Playstation. When one of us was absent, we'd build levels wailing on Tonberries and share the cinematics. He wasn't born when I had an Atari. Gutpunch guffaws, riding pixellated motorbikes and crashing cows Road Rage my Genesis. My brother showed me the Bum's Rush, Sabin's Ultimate Blitz FF III for Super Nintendo—you roll the controller counter clockwise like on my old Atari. My memories are as portable as my greenscreened Gameboy, but spin endlessly on my Playstation. If I could only be a Nintendo cartoon atomic explorer; every bit of the world is the same on the Nintendo. When my father died, my brother and I transferred to cinema, Buster Keaton Vanilla Sky to prompt a genesis mission objective Metal Gear Solid for the Playstation, sneak past the guards, don't make a sound and get back to when you had a Super Nintendo. The universe is not my Gameboy as things get more complicated than an Atari. They are definitely weird as an Atari, nostalgic as a Nintendo, light like a Gameboy, mysterious as a Genesis, bright like a Super Nintendo and final as a Playstation.

Wake Me Up Before you Han Solo a-Go-Go

HOW TO WIN THE PULITZER

All the names have been changed to protect the innocent, except for the really guilty ones.

Get born a coal miner's daughter—make that a coal miner's son
 Work in the family's mine till you leap out of the dark coal vein
 And freak your Pa with a Zoolander "Hi!" He sends your hermie ass
 To college to make something of yourself while buried in Maker's Mark,
 Broads, and your Special K's: Keats, Keaton, and Kerouac—
 All the while modeling your shtick on a Faulknerian Billy Bob paradigm
 So, you too, can fuck Angelina Jolie in the car at the Video Awards.
 This goes well for a spell until the savage blow of a comely coed
 Revealing her savage ignorance of Air Supply Van Wilderizes you
 Out of your Rushmore antics and you hop a zeppelin to San Francisco
 Hustling a season (In hell, in mists, whatever floats your boat)
 Until a fallen soldier of a leaf cascades from the majestic boughs
 Of a proud oak triggers a poignant memory of your Allentown roots.
 You write an epic technorganic piece with appropriate zeitgeist,
 A cribbed line or two—next time you see her, slip it to Angelina
 (If you know what I mean, I've always preferred Liz Hurley)
 She drops her wanton ways and adopts le generation perdu for her own
 And you ride her train for a bit—avoiding getting shot full of holes until
 An Indie star—say Matt Damon— who has an edgy publishing house
 Through his Good Will Hunting deal shucks your wares on his imprint
 Giving you heraldry and legitimacy on your name and personal saga.
 The leaf epic, now titled "A Summer of November's Wind,"
 Touches some nerves. "How could this working class scenester
 Scan our lamentable human condition so well? and Besides! he's so young."
 Luckily, you're engaged to Nikki Hilton, the sane one and get invited to all
 The right parties. How do you win a Pulitzer? You're slowly turning
 Into a rehabber globetrotter, cynical and comical metrosexual
 With some mighty fine fake pussy—or puss-swah as they say in France—
 And a couple has been movies under your Charles Barkley Bible belt—
 When—Don't ask me; I was once the poet Delmore Schwartz
 And when I died it took three days before someone claimed the body.

I am not a role model.

Humboldt's Gift by Saul Bellow.

Hairy Enkidu's Elizabeth Dushku Love Lament

WEARING A PORK SUIT DURING SHARK WEEK

Survivorman!
No one can take him
in a fair fight, gotta dirty it up,
kick a dude in the grunnies, slap a mommy
in her bitch face and take a dump
on some cub scouts—that shit'll
be legendary! on Aztec monument dogmasks
with artichokes and spears of asparagus—
gotta eat your veggies—brush your teeth
and get your arrows to blot out the sun.
Then we can shoot craps in the shade.

Electric guitars and shot glasses
with your gold square necklace at Shuruppak,
fighting over your latest Gilgamest tirade.
He had kicks not “sandals” get your facts straight
before you tackle the godman of Ur. Goddamn
I say goddamn, adrenaline shot to the sternum—
that was wicked, like Star Wars. Millenium
group with the hand of Narcissus, healing fingers
through yellow bible pages because you're a satanist
writing bloodbooks with magician names, sorcery
of an abstract order, druids their frost beards,
happy unibrows listening to Kelly Clarkson
and pretending we were at Yale up all night
reciting poems in fluorescent rooms while listening
to rugby and John Sinclair sits in the brig
toking on marijuana and spreading ink on type
deer in the headlight with his sad trachea songs
of mobster monikers in mocked up ledgers
his Young Werther fillibuster on the phenomenology
of the Detroit spirit. He wearies, a languid shellshock
championship punchclock sword saint rocking
a metal clad fleuron harpsichord his
porcelain animal landscape nocturnes.

There was a war in Heaven and the deholo-ed
were cast aside.

Tori Amos, redhead Bosendorfer joiner, with
her reverbed guttural orgasm samples woven in
an eleven minute cut of “The Waitress.”

Chuck Close Doesn't Change Facial Expressions

now HERCULANUM, THAT'S HOT

People magazine builds
a humorous anecdote
of Nietzsche's Power and Will.

It is also an antidote
for what ails ya,
when you get iritis from the mote

in your eye—it kills ya
that God pointed it out,
made you feel like a failure.

\$30,000 a year to go south,
a respectable college
and the frat house

where you got your knowledge
the Faulkner way
drinkin', swearin', stealin'

and writin' while you lay dyin'

bleh

The Eucharist is not the body of Christ, just
"empty carbs."

You're in Luck; We've a Typewriter Man Right Here.

A small, darkened room: a concave space hollowed out of cardboard like the underside of an overpass in which, in the spirit of a fire, projected carlights, street lamps & stream of traffic warm the cool, sculpted, plasticine, Gehry-like construction. Blocking and filtering the projection are tinted acrylic sheets that contain & bounce back elements of the projection, extending the already irregular canvas of the image. A diorama of memory, illuminated in her secret cave, an ideospace terrarium; shrinking down, one can walk through these elements like a James Casebere photograph of a space. The pylons that support the great mass above the picture's frame, are like the columns of the temple at Luxor, if the Egyptians were into crystalline forms; it also reminds me of Superman's fortress of solitude, a monument to math and metaphysics; the symbol for geometric precision is usually crystal in shape.

I WIRED HIM TWO THOUSAND TO TALK TO ME

I've the mind to murder an opera,
one of carnival politics—
loneliness stoned
drinking to disown my bones.

Unbelievable things,
let me show them to you.

I've held diamonds
and they're cold. It's cold
outside a theater showing second run
flicks in snucked cigarettes.

I placed them in Kentucky,
put them in a cul-de-sac
and the whole subdivision surrounded that court.

Glenn Gould tears up at the Tristan chord
keeping his date with a knife
to walk on water
when science gets the rain on.

The Junior College Photographer Takes Technicolor Naked Pictures

WITH a SOUNDTRACK BY cream

Tracing her lover's shadow when he went off to war, the Egyptian believed that a soul resides in either their image or their name. If either was destroyed, then they were denied immortality. The Gnostics & other Eastern beliefs made a career about the nature of reality. I'm not going to argue that these civilizations didn't have an existential crisis on their place in the world, but the disjunctions that Structuralists point out, like a Fodor's guide when you're a foreigner(which in itself is a good example), were embraced as a means of metaphorically & symbolically operating in life. Learning to work with the software of perception allows us to use the hardware of the world.

Dear Sharon Stone, in that scene in Casino,

my sweet mechanical heart can power a cybertron
but freaks near a microwave

you look what I think Steely Dan sounds like
in costume jewelry and boysshorts
smoking the day's last blue stained fingers
in dutch angles and pill added filters
caught on film as a parking lot attendant
above Union Station, halogen light glare
that slices through a Mazda

a few seconds more we would've been crushed

Love, your man in Amsterdam,
noise thrash Alan Lomax

Misdemeanor? I Hardly Knew Her.

Ladies and gentleman, the trial of the millennium, a whodunnit of biblical proportions with companies of colorful whatchamacallits and macguffins introduced when a carefully selected jury has the wherewithal to judge a peer if they had the reason why to do or die, by firing squad—and how! Squadrons of legal linemen will deliberate how the defendant broke into ol' widow Nelson's flat. Who was the accomplice? The butler, the maid? and why would they stoop to such a loathsome deed? What would possess an honest citizen to throw off his fetters, where can you show me such ruffians of a hip hop stature? When barbarians stalked the earth with billyclubs? When the murder occurred is the primary inquiry, how? we need not get into here, but we firmly know where. George Shearing was on the radio on an episode of *Guess Who?* He was in the bonus round, when our witness heard what sounded like broken glass in an alley. She wondered why there'd be a noise in the street so late, why, she thought the widow'd left for the weekend. "When was the last time she took such a trip?" we asked, "What!?" she replied. "I don't see how this has a snotball's chance in Sweden in finding who done her in!" She got up and I put a couple of dogs to find out where she goes at night. The stoolies came back said she's somewhere on the docks, meeting a ne'er-do-well with a rep. Now, we saw why she was evasive. Papers surfaced saying she was a fugitive who conned a few old ladies out of their savings. When she was last apprehended, she gave a good gunfight, how she made it unscathed is what I want to know. We pulled up with a crew to what was a seedy warehouse. Grabbing a bullhorn, "Where are you, Blue Lotus? I know how you got those people, almost floored us too, but I thought, "Why would she be THAT helpful, point her finger readily when widow Nelson named her her executor? The villain, that's who! B. L.'s trial was a who's who of gangsters, what with all the reporters knowing when and where, camped out on the courtsteps barking out "How?" and "Why?"

ON THE ORDER DRESSED FOR THE JOB

The circuit judge issued a stiff sentence—the traveler's checks I lifted bore a watermark of Queen Bess unbecoming in a taxicab on a show on HBO with a camera in the mirror.

I turned in my name to work a photobooth, stamping silly passports for philistines slowly building experience and not gaining a level.

I placed a watermark on customers faces so they'd be detained, body cavity searched and sent home from O'Hare in a cab.

The moon is merely a watermark in the clouds, like a grasshopper laid into a manuscript, bent wires pressed, bloodshot eyes on the tiff of my passport.

Salable Cerebral Surcelebreality

The history of Soap advertising gives us images of an ivory, feminine body unencumbered with age and decay. Soap Advertisements argue that a human cursed in sweat is a lower being. We have establishments ritualizing the relics of cleanliness; you cut it like a wedge of cheese, embedded with smelly diadems and fragrant filaments, wrap it in parchment and take it home & then you rub it all over in a pearl bath or sapphire shower with a lapis lazuli loofa sponge in a baptism of status & belief. "Pure + clean + bright..." all fine but this "+ perfectly blest." Transforming the environment of base materials and worms (which we are food for, dust to dust, etc) into the mathematical airy bubbles of scrubbing sins. This is a portrait of a body in all its colonized trappings as an illustration of transcendence. Cleaning ones self chemically could be construed a mastery over physical nature. Which is strange notion because the very grime that we wash off and the microbes we abhor are part of what makes soap possible. But excessive use of this abrasive would lead to Leukemia where the massed armies of sanitation begin to see you as an unclean element.

WIG FUTURES are UP

"Can I touch you with my Madame Curie notebook?" Her words sear flesh, fear is the mindkiller and grows a hunchback skeleton overnight.

My guitar picks through freckled electrons to your fuzzbox.

I am the bandana'ed Rock of Love, mouthwashed whiskey on my breath, host to a thousand adult contemporary chicks who don't read the fine print ballin' this long haired dude here who used to be in a band and now's derelict.

Remove from the microwave, wrap it in lead, dead as a head in bed, my exquisite speckled penis of a thesis is now South Beach compliant so it will farewell in, but not out, your thorax, my concubine.

We Happy Few, We Be Clubbin' and Drinking Six Bottles of Cris

IN THE HOTEL LOBBY WITH SIX MODEL CHICKS

Do Not Want.

A Siberian huskie spits up his broccoli apertif
with a superdeformed grimace.

5:30 AM, Naomi Watts
is a weeping zombie from a Val Lewton flick
smoking a Parliament Ultra Light;
already done the cocaine she had in the tip.
Atomic bomb shadowed in her yellow screened American Apparel tee
in an alley on a street which you two lived together
when you had that web money.

Show up in a transatlantic phone call like Bill
Cosby in Ghost Dad.

Gasoline boar traps and acidic trebuchets,
broken into deSotos and down Toronados,
spilled refuse and half-eaten gyros
with hummus levees staining gray construction paper
in which she cuts out the apartments, parking lots, trees, and windows
with mouths the size of fists from love,
Mayan glyphs of love exploding
and being felt everywhere, your Rolex by it—

You can call 1-900-DR-KOBRA to kick them
nasty thoughts.

casting couch big bouncing butts regular as Big Ben, chiming,
“my—anaconda—don’t—want—none—unless you got buns—hon.”

I know that’s no way to stay captain of the girl’s basketball team, but
I had a war to fight, smokes to puff, a degree to score, and a need to ghost.

He's Not Here, He's Somewhere in the Forest

JACKSON POLLOCK AND FRANZ KLINE TRIED

www.g

www;??HTTP:GOOGLE.COM?HOTCHICKS
WHAT THE FUCK?

where are the naked chicks???
IS MY INTERNET broken?
this is bullshit+

i'm calling AOL customer service+++

http??http:aolcustomerservice.com?helpme
i have a complaint to discuss,
and it is no laughing matter: the internets
seem to be broken...

help

momma+

Mark Heggen, "Drunk Dialup"

Reading "Society of the Spectacle" by Guy Debord & I'm bored,
flopped on a bus stop mouth of Notre Dame.
David Hellafied Gangsta Lean accelerandos his Plymouth
into the Arc d'Triomphe with a clatter.
St. Joan, a raspberry danish covered in the Spiders from Mars,
sprang from her pallet to peep the matter.
Tune in Tokyo, Ariosto's Orlando Furioso to the tempestuous nipples
of Nancy Pelosi, antithesis to our crafty Ulysses lashed to the mast,
plugged his ears with dandelions; Guy Fawkes's head blown off.
What? Wesley Snipe me? It's less than likely.
I'm known to be a heap of beaks & hearts
& wrinkly fucking shitty ass witch titties.
A Komodo dragon in a Member's Only jacket
sporting a laser gun comprised of polygons
taking pot shots at Essenes in the Canyon of the Crescent Moon.
I polled your secret crepuscules for songs they'll stooge
when you bum a smoke, drunk & read a book
with delirious typography on Caesar Augustus.
Caesar? he's a dog who'd sooner snuff Disraeli than smell him,
shoot Browning with his own snub nose, bub
& siphon Odin's piehole for rune juices
that double dribble future tenses & scorch it
with the kit n' kaboodle of the Sybilline prophecies! Hell,
I've been trying to hitch a ride on a lunar whale
to get sophisticated pixels with a rat tail
& challenge that smoke wizard with a soup spoon!
I've hid out from the Romans long enough. I penned their verses.
I bore their pillars with fake grape leaves & laurel scumbags.
I was the earthborn carrier of an exquisite virus to rake a census,
solve crosswords of messiahs & prosecute moviestars of thought.
Using my eye cords I deathtap & subpoena the findings.
Dreamt without sleep; I'm not here to make the dudes go "cool,"
I'm here to make the ladies say "yeah!" I prod my throat
for Swiss precision, but a scientist said, "When you kicked,
we sent you to the Internet. Believe me when I say
no man returns "alive" from there."

I Love You All and See You Real Soon

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