

WALKING TOUR

It has a theme, like all serious works of art,
and is meaningless, and its flaps are dragging.

Beneath the valley
of the ultra-surplus
the retired and vagabond couriers have pitched tent.

Anxiety as action.

We have come to bring metaphors
for your barbecue, your softball team.

Are you getting this down?

Hysterical fugue
as damned lucky.

When clouds obscure mountains
this city a Dutch
suburb.

Lapses into
an imperative mode exist
in relation and proportion to
Cheque Day.

Sign Here.

The experience of idiocy is the midwife of insistence.

Every junked vehicle a proposition
waiting for the right rustic welder
after the war than never happened
here.

The music keeps thumping
"because the whole world needs thumping."

A textbook case of unintentional improvement.

Discussion period to follow like a toddler sibling.

Messages are forgetful.

George Bush on the floor
in Japan, having vomited on the table. Dan Quayle

Acting normal is a
kind of over-funded performance art that kids
are encouraged to express themselves with.

If you don't believe a science, don't misquote it.

Just keep staring into that English-language night sky.

Or.

When they disconnect the tubes
will you have any questions.

Garish little episodes.
The Nixon mask
won't come off.

*ain't a world
ain't a hospitality suite —*

Who owns, oh happy life!, this aria.

Affability
as mistaken identity.

The knothole in the fence between good neighbours is the beginning of modern sexuality.

A new-age Marshall Plan, launched from space.

I slept through it, but I heard it.

Significant anniversaries weigh like surly adult introspection.

Wealth
a tonsured vocalist
dumping oranges in the harbour.

Charles Ives
as Chip, the troubled son.

The route we use to get from one weather station to one rifle range
is qualitatively unrelated to the route we accidentally choose to get back
from our current theories to our previous self-hyphenations.

Iraqis with buttons
in the glare of new determinations.

You are why you eat.

Lovely barns.

I apply for work in the War Room.

Poetry
a smoking eyeball. Blake's Salt Lake City.

Yet what if there's a completely natural
form, and God wants us to kiss it and talk dirty?

I came very close to phoning your custodian.

If we doubted our function
we'd immediately go out.

All serious hurricane hobbyists refuse to be ready.

Playgrounds and their equipment
recur as motif.

A tradition
chopping its own wood.

The entire panoply of minimalist histrionics.

This

Is that
routine statistical averaging by which
we know our companions when they
talk, and thereby
exhume our purpose.

When you awaken you will mumble all of this.

Not a cautionary tale, but a list
of possible cautionary tales, to be yelled
or chanted at those who toil
endlessly in the shadow of
I Told You So Mountain.

There is no barrier that is not a lingering talent.

An unparalleled and
very nervous breakdown of underground
Mirror Doors.

If the dream is of China, of working
along the seacoast of a China
within ambiguous class relations
on a commuter train, in China, therefore.

Water keeps recurring
in these little captains.

Membrane as metaphor.

Never ignore a protein source
or no complaining if you do.

"Be the hole."

A familiar
ballpark figure.