



ROUGH BUSH
AND OTHER POEMS

DEANNA FERGUSON

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2004

Rough Bush, and Other Poems
Deanna Ferguson

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“Rough Bush” and “Still Life, with the law” originally appeared in the chapbook “Rough Bush,” ©1996 Deanna Ferguson.

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Somber Up!

Gertrude said Alice said I always say you cannot tell what a picture really is or what an object really is until you dust it every day. And simply elegance though the real induced more pressure. Complete rigid dissipation as though from forms accustomed. Always exploding an explosive compound people in the street canvases flung coarsened, how random the human shoulder contracted. Narcosis can do no more in habit devoid of particular. Fix positively and assuredly shown moving flux and cycles to contrary of vital needs. If you put no match to it. Whose spectacles distinguish. Say what a picture really is.

Administrative mechanisms build in inertia to arrest that of action. What is accepted when inevitable. At obstinate softness painted places sit face to face never answering each other's shape. Wiping drying blurring brush drip of analysis not in error in grave illegality. Nude at the toilette of all faculties. But *the* history of learning to draw a straight line, to shape and make decisions based on accurate information about a situation. Mordant tear.

In tow the given thinking it was a radical shove. Are we ever the dummies of destiny, factories, faculties, right now!, how long, how outside, for what. Given for instance used up another pleasure. A tug amidst assembled skin a body it glows opposite nature, returns in tarpaper.

Perhaps a stock of thumb more or less a multiple figured consequence showing the workings and has some share in its own operation. Haunting may happen from the little reading I had done Felix says Marx when he says that that's not the product of labour. Passion needs needs passive. Call is a purchase sale is put then for strike. Frank says Elaine says Peter said tradition holds your pants up and the academy is what you put in your pocket.

The movement with its sign arrived. Faced decades of impenitent smoke and tropes. Pleasure in the end turns squared some essence of handmade virtue white cubed or is it (or is it) privilege these two economies spread directions, materially fragile contradictions stroke the hides of history. La crude diction chances the

sag vag bag rag. That invited set upon a sponge soaking collective. Sir I see you juggle tables, collapse scaffolds as shiny new turbines take our steam. Françoise said I just felt like a *scrap*, or a *mouthful*.

Ponderable philos–styles such a surface lending staunch to ourselves in concept law hic reason. Too much technique not enough necessity, Bruce, said, on your haunches motherfucker, unjack it son, unjack it pronto, uncome. Experts say such an emphasis on dessert teaches a higher value than the meal itself.

Careers coined like cities may well find poor dormitories within the grid. Continued uncontrolled crumbling, blocks of blight and light and air, catastrophe of means and a multitude of other perspectives crowd in classification at analysis make tenable claims to beauty. The transfer is from pressure, of oil paint to surface, is never more than an extension of purpose.

Coda:

Hugh said a drunk man said
We what are poets and artists
Move from inkling to inkling
And live for our rare lightnings
In the boring stages in-between

Still Life, with the law

after Lenny Bruce

As usual—caution’s argument gives you the new penal code;
standards over prurient over interest—which representations
redeem (desire [socially]). Morbid, but my friends who dirty mind the design
wouldn’t never praise the ripping. “I was dropped though.” An interesting
aside—the one who is embarrassed is sitting.

Any 4[0] words refer to a joke. Beans worming a way into eating,
that a fish ends a marriage, “dis guy, he goes to a sexual relations house.”
Inextricably what comes [out]. Window into defecating cigars. Big nose
ad-lib asses. The older the sister the dumber the whiskey breathed
soon-to-be-appearing bosom held repartee.

“God damns you”—What is fear but the State easing itself
of this definition. Cautions colloquialism with persons projecting power themselves,
of a different import. Who is this you? I wouldn’t trade you for six gods, or pick up
your clothes or use you as a literal phrase. The point is Gee Whiz is excrement
and if you think you are going to drag all that mess into the moment
“you” are another thing coming.

For me, tried me. Sentenced me, placed a stigma upon me,
ignored all the volatile, the years, the further violation,
the ordinary limits, the description or representation,
the consideration and the argument.

all together:
Experience is a
wolverine

embedded in a
badge of honour.

Rebellion hallowed, hollered. These magic games aren't fun anymore,
aren't [dead] addicted—only want to make a buy. Used words and phrases that apply
part of an esoteric jargon of grunting & straining—woo, braah, phonographic
recall retched sounds from bathroom splashes, formal off the road. Speed
of a million laughs. Look at this I gotta have it. However, I made you
a stale mated male till anonymous tears. Miss you—and want to walk a
tight rope of conviction, the well turned choice for a minute then Christ,
I could go so bad . . . You're not the guy today—are you.

How weeping sets up your need to hear humming.
But when it's broken humming the errr process still
answers blaa thrust with spaces che of choice. Whew!
You guys are O.K.—but I gotta take a chance.

Embrace thought. Get a face full of it. What's
with the long pain dragging down the stairs, poopoo on the pillow,
mounting a rug, pull up your sleeve, like this started it.
Heartbroken from euphoria but never after dreams.
I said persons houses and paper. I didn't say pussy.

Heard they gotta toupee that prevents balding. And that if you gotta good heart
the markets not sorry for the snobbery/gauche quotient. We do not use
an "X" in this cliché, cause meals keep the need.
Diaphragm blocks bankruptcy, under determination slips philosophy
into the wrong boxes and the prices keep changing. Christ, even yourself.
My family was the only one who understood me. The steel he used to
toughen up the rope holding would clean drop a whole surprised area.
And when you interrupt an example, it won't matter.

Fat knees, infidelity, red face all puffed up. Boxer shorts, an adventurous cough.
 I had my head and shoulder turned, got some soap, felt as I crawled,
 green tincture soap, had the thousand-dollar bill toilet paper, the
 hypodermic needle unit installed, bumped into a guy, turns out he's a friend.
 Not the only passenger watching the show, taking himself for the theatre.
 Yelling—I don't want no favors from you.
 But the way your said thirty, turdy, well I've had a helluva time,
 you're not, no offense, you're like the stories, the one about, you
 sound like he was, when, reminds me of, are you?

Used humour's routines pressed with more topical lines. Eisenhower's
 mother is a brother scandal, the original "Me," half the generation unstructured,
 "Chicken," this habit of going nowhere
 but arriving late would just hang, just barely.
 For one, it threw out titter and bits timeless as the nut who elected me.
 Make this a note—if you come to a fork in the road, backtrack.

Meanwhile, back at the industry
 the most public defender—The poor animals, shlepped together, no
 crutch, no aluminum, nothing happening
 but a week late. Their frustrated flight toward the ceiling
 just smoke, not a desirable point-of-view. I give 'em three years
 —and they're [either].

Did you hear that? You and all the other wordy weirdos in cell block eleven.
 Bitcheth. Try and raise a laugh for anything but. Or the poet
 puts it more shortly—he treated me quite as his equal, quite [].
 But all this disjecta membra, we should like to see it combined
 into a hole, gone but from social arrangement,
 reduced in the alacrity of condensation, in any way, cleared up
 in a play of judgment. How about a cop out. So many
 questions, complications and only four in custody.

This one and the three that follow were boiled
before hand. An ass going backwards thinks he's so much
past tense, [passion], political sass, pastafazoola,
stratacaposphere, of condensation.

Of condensation it's alright. Rocky's got a duck. From a localized economy.
Hip as a kid. Reading everything they can on it. No criminal or political convictions
whatsoever. A very devoid scene. Only the tendentious run the risk of running in the
dark,
for instance—And because he had money in quantities, He always lay
in a hammock. Ha! Better tell you baby I got a monkey on my back.
That's alright, let it play with the duck.

For our mental apparatus its satisfaction, you needn't
lower your voice; bad teeth, bleary eyes, hump, she's deaf as well.
So where is this stripper? What, but a
bust-out thief with an excellent education and a technique of allusion
when double meaning the examples. Arrest, they call it. Jury, guilt, religion,
the president's daughter [from central casting], um, conditions, a warrant, words,
the police, toilet jokes [urinate on all four heels] experience defined. Blindness
to defects as flattery to vanity. Is to
big bulge of righteousness. Is it a fluke people talk?

Two speech balloons meet upon the street.
"You give transparency a lesson, that son of a bitch is brave," says one.
"Transparent?" says the other, "I'm being opaque."
"What a liar you are!" broke out the other. "If you say you're being transparent,
you want me
to believe your being opaque. But I know in fact you're being transparent.
So why are you lying to me?"

In its rejected form it brings enjoyment. Renunciation is lost
To pronunciation when we laugh things are both the same case from
Not the same source. Brings to ourselves, our coarse smut, or it would seem,
And we laugh, when a joke comes to our help. The power impossible in degrees
Is disguised in repression and the some same serious impulses are turned out
As causation in reverse. Study supposes that. Suppose that psychic
Alternations are inherited dispositions—restricted. If, that was formerly agreeable.

Rough Bush

Rough bush. Too
frequent for expensive repetition.
Salute acclimatized tongues
did shrank can speak
can act all hurry was the day. Tents to shed
stiff breeze shorts sea
cast off anchor off another isle. Honest
advantage doubt to the seller ye
dealer in wild speculation
infection general mania
obedience ploughs. Cheerfully
submit the trees.

Not so, fast friend, rifle the loss.
Stow puppies for babies
the sworn quarrel booked
the day before. Western-headed mother
in state of some repair, damage called
could not captain emblems
at length the peace restored.
Provision's steerage
little consequential, vanished
up hopeless decay.
Eight hands glance over documents
and lay them on the table.
Good pass out? Birth why yes
upon a pale horse. Evil which
flesh is heir to.

We name to language hatchet.
We pierce as ear opinion.
Since converting plot rubbing up one another
for sustenance makes a present of us.
But they that join possibility with possession,
at once in league with snug and truck with
blush, this, this the most naked
body of indication. Earthly purple pleasure
and bacon. I'm fine, but I'm rather
inclined to believe as I run.

Sitting about flutterers. Scattered
fragments stick beyond the fog.
Violence affecting.
Confined to contemplate confinement.
Perpetual as the hen. Barren as
the moderate. Nothing desponding
as the gladdened company wearing
a bag. Till we could mind no longer.
Blew in favour to intent & port
but roared half to quartered, peep
so confession, umbrage revival rivals
agreeable persecution, expulsion. These
are memories replete with pattern.

Condemned to undergo rigid privilege.
To and fro the indeterminable brain.
Tonnage of background formed like a
good slice of English butter. Just the thought
blinds. Not less stunk with feed, stumped, the
soul spreads on. Very close beside a
gilded past empties of all live cargo.
Refused to comply
got sick on her return. Tones
make land and the picturesque effect,
gratification so eagerly anticipated
in convalescence. A promissory
affront refused—a small steam.

What a bore. Sober clad with promises
wringing out damp witnesses
uncancelled by our death, maxed
in the web, blessed up
the head, glittering, queening, do
credit to the musing of some mutt.
That it was ten o'clock we puff.
A career an agricultural product a
lumpy and uninteresting
public, debate, yells
a Baptist brother you call that debate?
Salty as a wave that sank of fright
and still
I preach and rock and still I bang
my message pad for dwell I do on
infinite and rent increase.
If beauty flies to greed
cursing hungers fear
the meal of human life is piece.

We are welcomed by a special discordance.
In shape of an elder bushes morning.
He was forty-two and I seventeen.
Gone hum-speak-griddle to our boiling roles.
Darned compendium. Too close to a
hint of relative and plank-walled with respect
to the mouth. His nose hooked over my
untaxable cache. Pine hotel. Laid directly
on account of country. Straight through it.
Forty borders in a curious
line behind us. Woody with joints.

Your lordship etc
virtuous by proxy
where ever superstition
reigns. Ceremonies
wish on the contrary constantly
guilty and fond. Savage by name
savage by nature have the
honour rather manner under
perfect outlaw system greatly weakened
dangers pretense sounded outside about
ourselves. Instantly late.
We got sad again
in our expectations
flanked by rich coin of
memory and the holy speech. Then
rear-feeding swans came
and told of which world
was to be sang.

Nature, that no right
withered wind-breathed
house of ill
Nature, the tree-
toadied wriggling
bleak receding hill
worshipper of
flies bitter
cork and dole fetid weft
of ice-rimmed mist
trilling boughs cadaverous
clouds mighty wrongs mightier
lies mantle
of pale hope
reluctant lofty furls
ominous silence insinuating chills
drunken sun spins up down
bleary fields parched and
brown
nature the sin
that wraps us round

Speak yet again thou who old cloud O
Lord thy north word rejoice with grain again.
Financially infinite. Price distant then cost disappeared,
muddle through, all night, liver pool, several degrees
different still.

Within rectangular tusks
logs around cannot be heard. Two
dollar a quart
a cardinal system says
nobody gonna bust you trust me.
Tons of injured tundra under
caribou in rags. Gone gout
in full spirit of menace and hung
like a wardrobe. Otherwise eligible
for solidarity the swimmer
in the gonad sea.
What is the profession here and now.
Slabs floating in the wind?
A fool's busy holiday head? Lost memory
is for your sake flung here not there.
Hush dim diner. Got tight to rose and fell below
fields blown
and could not feel the hoof yet
set very foot in every stall.
Was Helen
in configuration
of furniture and education lessened?

Exactly shot a high angle telephone
afraid to answer. Fork dragged for stock-taking
and self-inventories. Bit a knic-knac for what
the memoried mosaic
looks like inside I know cause
I've tasted the food there. Little over-tempered brains
and singed feathers.
What a solemn brethren, solid. Will strain snap
pop then copy.

Bent blossomed round sound
more and dents threaded sources of poor
exulted by turns amid inconsistent times.
Revolution and all it's results.
Get back in the house.
Some sort of secret class some
secret of class sort some
class of secret soreness. Dim unknown
ten folded and thrice
illumed. Better borrow the beam
then deposit the diadem the guy said
Lo, in the hills the gleam!

Katie's gaiety.
Katie wielded it right queenly
there and here wherever a
women's ways were needed on the place.
Katie's lawn was like a poet's word.
Locked and polylocked. Katie
was gaunt like a prairie wolf in a famine
she plucked the crocus of noetics and flossed
the strange monster called Remorse. A wind
blowed out her star and Katie faintly smiling
pointed to her heart and said—
Be not dismayed, arise and look,
for if soul splits from sound, 'twill
be twice as good.

Profit-sized pink came azure
met sliver of some virtues set in rock
unloosened with iron. This was none for me I
did not answer. But would have
would there were a way to crumble.
Blend them. Nipped the loot thither.
Beyond cool snow lilies what was much
as love to see upon might tether.

The Goth Poem

to the forests of my regard

been a thicker sky
 since centrals push place
 is it any place
 to pass as post-goal
 attraction 'less set up of notion
 somehow implicit here
 any way to get to break edges via
 encoded commotion correct me
 mournful, as if in making a fix now
 fuck a half-drunk cup of sadness
 which abides by
 never having a t-shirt that works actual
 words aspire toads
 no kiss
 friendly fire
 dearlove dear love ANYHOW this
 studio of rain assumes another day
 think carried out here
 a cog in the float
 picture at a brown desk in a blur shirt
 casting letter to strain
 tough skin is formed
 still, NY isn't DC
 next thought Loch Ness
 a mood feels a pencil scribbling a change
 our phrases are geeky
 ex con x exon

NOW THAT I AM IN MADRID AND CAN THINK

I think of you
 and the Great Lakes what's so great about them
 and the tender heart you are sharing my share
 of with the American air
 and lungs I have felt sonorously pump and
 respire aside mine
 as your brown lashes flutter revealing two
 perfect orbs, a perfect morning, coloured
 by the State

thunderstorm after thunderstorm, coffees, last
 things over aspirin
 a learning curve that longs and turns circle
 Its bows enlaced. It runs to you

and here in Toledo the moss sprawls between the
 stone and rain
 and rain assumes the days and days
 collapse and stack—duration container
 it's little known that Patience and I don't
 get along
 it's just I unhitched the parachute and
 changed into History and I don't care
 for the humble outskirts or standing on the
 edge like an only tree—two are greater

you are fretting, you are re-shuffling the paper
 on your desk so we can be together

UNEASY

is said for magic in the final
 push and wild meanings rush
 moon pulling tides
 that are left
 settled and predictable flower
 feelingly persuade
 simplification implicit in self-disgust
 shaky throne
 my mind is chang'd
 strikes a message
 a motion as cure for itself

is a wooer, in the third, is wooed

on such drops mock what the heart embraces
 can have its say imitative variation tightly
 sorts of construction shaping fantasy play
 against all others establishing a sense a
 freed contrast of court and cunt and
 country

icy poles of the day
 love in all its various abominations with the unbelievable words
 perdition catch my soul! chaos come again
 medium quotidian culmination relinquishing
 kingly touch and shrinking from it
 tinkling toward the close as much astonished as amused

it was all up
 poetic gratuity luxuriously determines delinquent in cold feet
 or the rigoured snail bait

drifts to dream since dreamer wills to be dream to will into a will to dream and
finally acts upon itself—a promotion

direct your vehicle noun compliment
never mind the trembling
to the tangible real power value affirmative re-engendered
rise efface seize dismiss become similar to things and break with
all in all syllable
one year ago tomorrow

no

vary

playful

if only

veined

like

Creeley's

Pieces

cruel mistress

for short

morning needs

a metal casing

raw egg heart runs yolk

day

shapes

dry

violent

sexual

destruction

nuclear

explosive

orgasm

fields

where late

the sweet

burns

sing

just one piece

of your sweet

pie

lower limit lip

off-limit kis

smallest bit of timber

pine

magnesium
is teasing me

cluck. cluck. cluck.

drink
when you drain
it away

drink

my life it stood
up less
and less

sof
dic
ta
tion
lim
ph
no
d I
arc

a dog
scratching at the door
my tail
nailed to the porch floor

message from
a stranger

telling you
it's over

moon,
all who can
see
see you
blind tides feel

and hearts
turn crazy
as loons
in
your pull
Click. remembering
What we have lost or never thought

Anti-Edith & Enid

Deep plunges escape.

Light grew cold; indignant took life [flight] [fight].

Terrific! To partake in my dear one's pall, squalid pall, high-ball pall, badge pall, baldric pall, boss pall, shag pall, so said, and flaming in a heart repeating pulp.

To recognize a boil but these stews ulcer (in hoarser gulps).

Pang troops attack. Spears flew in hurled bursts.

Two ones whose birth night barely breathed into—two ones who wait & wait to whet the fear of suffering, whatever's going, terror, death, boding ill—they dart in hissing leaps across the humping darkness undiscerned.

Balmy . . .

Balmy . . .

Balmy

Ball park . . .

Ball point

Ball of wax
 Worsted . . .
 Balmacaan
 Balm of Gidead's baloney

Affright!
 Twain Plague!
 Low-and-away!

With submissive ones I knew the will was mine, but leaned against my will for bolder acts. No need to bow down no law of Fate says so. It's not I sanction strife I swear not by it, good or bad, my theory is to [live] [leave] life yet my practice does defy it.

For all heaven's holy dead why stain the mix with woe the end is reached the chase is closed. A grief so often from thy sweet lip flows has settled into [theory] [marzipan]. All those echoed shouts canned chants maimed threats lopped stems, five rounds they went, some threads for many more, but to raze a town of any size tears weapon from the root, is where we meet on level field? Honestly it bores.

A stand opposed draws the breath of war:

Stag man chases shaft side well round flies. Sound ices arms and backs and your sword brands cars. Hand strokes gaze high doom scales the sky, blood roars in herds of doubt, in wound, I mount chance and skill forms cast from afar. No

award being born. Every head waves at delay, delay in waves, signs off exultant joy
for retiring dread. Fury let me wreck the car I plunged it down I washed it out . . .

What sharp in death'm? . . .

Still, it makes our limbs and lids go sleep in gaps, if knees blow slack it's earth now,
she bears our shapeless foes, grim debaters, stub born redoublers, on her hoary
back. In some striving sense swoon is the refuse itself. Don't talk no more—hell's
deep but gloom's cheaper.

Steep rock rears her little sons
Soft sloth rose not ore's alloy
Word volts spire in beds of skin
and name walls rule calm give laws
fused with gain of greedy glories gone
Forsworn to feet of the corpse
drawn forth did disfigure

A cut above a nesting place
upon an airy cloud it seems
of screaming birds
Sleepy spells are medicine
for gouges pressing down and down

Way asleep, steeped in
dark the wine barks divine
A good black ship outstrips

the rear of here, to enter in
it set sail, ails the spirit

Refuge found in triple umbrage
rising nine times or thinks so, then,
dropping, tears a cry
from an old throated gasp
familiar at last
lay
worn with care
sunk in slumber deep
deep sleep and sweet, its very image

Not cut so to fallen back
Dew of [wounds] [words] shall catch it
Rumour shares pain by choice
Drank the voice, vanquished
Oracles built anew
Trouble racks up ash
Devours coil of bone
Age-struck to learn the boys
Are named "The Troop"

Many the benches steer
drifting sun; rough is very right
to sink that car
Dupe thou art sprung. And I
perjured it, often
Coarsed such rave of gold
and foam nor left the helm

nor lost the hold [Hand] & [Cuff]
 know I smoothed the sheets in
 peace. Fixed yolks rank on
 their ramparts
 Labour crews lay still. And choke a
 thousand chains, every when
 unwieldy roar chokes its tongue.
 Could not find a way. Part to done.
 Raised stakes. Fickle trust
 stoops under monster fate
 the I takes shape
 though eyes long to gaze against shine,
 and that still holds, despite fear
 of what reflects. If you look
 lost at sea you see me

Prune them back stalk & glee with vesture rent, speech times nerveless theft.
 Back! One crime serves abhorred henceforth all poor intervening checks subside
 in breach. Nothing daunt nothing touches race to uproot the world debarred;
 shrank not; nay, she fired.

Why skin holds despite weakness why rich aren't pulled from their cars and
 eaten. Diet and Delinquency.

What matter if I die, so says so general, the army is
 immortal.

Archives seen more success

in leaves fallen
 or birds that landward flock
 on shelves
 high-built tombs
 who's history clinging to

A wind just in from Troy today, it smells of blood
 and patronage,
 or, device's versa . . .

High-and-outside!
 Lucky Arsenal!
 Guttled kin!

And here we go. Again. Whatever scrapes the waves fling meet with craving colleague arms. So says, youse, what goal is yours? What rare-strewn descry, where's home? And would ye be friend or foe? Who's in the car? What flecked shellack be that? What drives this heap down paths unknown with quiver brave and shit inlaid with gold all stoked with speeding flaming must no bolt no plot can hold? Blare less friends, hush that flesh. Lay bare thy dear vice and happier proves thy fate.

Straight temper-tost splashed Weep
 Weep fain would I die unkept
 Stretched splattered order locked
 In low port—what cruel
 Shun I first?
 O strains avail

For Time seizes memory [money]
Or as poppies bend droopy heads
Unloaden, unkempt

Heads receive snow
 to hope for peace
Lips carve irony
 to ease each pain the
 human face invokes
Makes you wanna champ and gnaw a soul
Half-eaten meat, they leave,
 and traces foul
 long nursed
 on mimicry of war

Succor, what sorry fortune
wants you capped? such
hapless work was wrought
to build the race? am I
deaf? is service done?
Silence falls, but torches
overcome the night long
addled with living love
bags packed disgarded howls
and rudder lost, moves off
in morning, in exile

Softeners

former house to now either
 furnished fool no distend season
 simulate snare encrowds pleasure
 such effort, though, before rustic points
 lowly bony pattern shoot

also, folded yearn honours feared
 serious cauter courage did yellow with
 dew, supposing out advise summons bold
 forth with plain tree

vomit coils of see rich sink unfamiliar
 tail lift neck answers bowing
 with great force tells meddle
 cease stop recent pensive go

faint sound waste won't disperse
 frightened built senses part
 too lifelike too weak pity too
 form accustomed par amour the
 indignation, the imagination of the thing

useless be to dead rest growing
 spirit of dire instead of dismay
 appears knowing mingles blind
 with tired sun's humbled colours
 late plot version

scurry grieves strength looks guarded
 strokes inanimate object, not quite love
 recoils stunned; a breeze did heave
 imprisoned time no foes raise doubt

whether hazard which one of two knowingly
 misled which pitched unconscious demeanor
 called gloom well being treatment
 deserved sudden change press
 raging body spoils business

over parental affliction
 flow power condition understand
 with difficulty food huddles at door's
 request, terror likes death, ignorant heavy
 insistent acquisitions vest of lot fallen
 unchaste the robber makes haste
 beats considerable ground

pure aught believe humility
 attending tricks of may make trouble
 loving wanders, toast and soaked
 natural desert befell a boast a bit
 of heated pagan thrust
 take appeased cleansed intent
 reward recovers deceit

rank deals with nature
 gives way building structure judged
 thin deaf layer lost
 outdid revenge
 adorn, destroy

all walk away greenish fickle
 climbs rush robe aboard excuse
 this livid withdraw something starve, thin
 living glittering in food

erotic to acquire plenty twisting
 entrails action control disarranged anger's

control torn action enfolds inhuman
 damage more malice than recreation
 clad audacity's own

 mood did pierce unknowing grief
 deceive innocent what! dispense
 belongs to ghost aids in rites
 fiercely recounted since
 measure with fenced wrists
 empty prey, strike your wretched say
 a soothsayer the anointed favour
 extolling brave when grim profits
 like twofold clots

 fine leaky sloth liver racked & rolled
 all vein burst quickly fitting slave to
 ready ends harmful & undone

 natural heart would surpass ravage
 bidding rubbish heap of reverence lacks
 example strange forces lovingly persuade
 backbent knees humbly to obey

 true solidarity would not suffer such soft stuff
 staffed in springtime without being lively
 idle child grows up rough, origin's secret fought
 with small cross simply worn out

 stay by griefs to base born determinate
 once stained tear refreshes dreadful flow
 false place where hot ragged speaking receives
 amazed wary gravel congealed in
 scolding unfit to speak of

 brings into breath powder explosive
 peril takes feeble mate's

commandment clutched in memorials
 anguish forms rein on spirit more dearly
than pin frightens moon
dyed clear except showing pattern

 who called conflict ever led free
unrespected proper
club bonds with guard
bursts in snare its
force adjusts desire
releases inaccurate snag
ease & punished ministrations

Joy

crossed

reverse spoken

in sequence, tension

roller start

loss is only

jack falls back

mend slammoth

incoming decomposition

this-side-of-that

the light too
the light there

vents hope

caught

gumming Latin

investments not lending to

fucking through

paste manifold

force not sort

swipes card

criterion critter's

little standpoint

bit pipe of his

but also ages

shapes & sizes

depressive triangle

a man of hell

friendly edition

analyzed in death

despot process

cutlass fist

launch

orbit

fifties

savage low

no thing's up

through mouth
related
near been
obstruct
garbage
tit
they find seeds
as a worker
culture
sniff cure
mutilation of exemplary spleen
say cut off
but just unlikely
vaporatore future
oxide
was done
muddles indice
away

fat at the sheer
group rule
dive right
I would
rhythm urinates
us birds
wonder
wanders
glory/under
skin it
to

A Dusty Road

I lost manner upon its heart, in ribbons, did I, fond illusion yet to bed
 missing tendency talking loudest oblong pokes every-day denominations worse off
 than de-facto stratum when I please, going, person at a table asks
 say that same one manifestation why you say unfortunate; or—
 are there forms maddening as light, sacred as breastmilk and
 dots with nod feed exclusively abuse closing solid citizen smoking herein,
 said I, the court of nature eatin' peaches from useful pivot of
 diffidence for instance you right there in this bosom will you stay no
 longer or where are you bound? all feelings make liars streak above
 the handlers critic shining bearing habits, speak cane, what I call
 a person is a fringe of scatter thereabouts and a stand-in, burn it or blot
 it but I got one-thousand more strap, glow

I have some times imagined a whole world uncouthing speeches
 expostulating bed posts to the dead business pliant high bold nor
 disquieted affection got back your sally acts, universally none is supposed
 to have a being and wedged is a good clue old friend divided as a
 pittance from pity's paper suited to unproceed stiff still thy paced line
 were I enemy you would be at love at least touching a cool of time is
 considered injury standing almost ashamed to say how tame embrace
 landed can admire nor forget, was not. Snatched joys wheedled one
 from three for flocks fold by hours to apportion of their warblings,
 let her stand upon her ornament while he speaks of this spot

If imbecility were breeding catching would be muscular slip. Yes,—said I,
 that lying as unprofitable is a mixed sell hurrying the wheels, blushing
 the meaning grins adrift all aboard distinction! Ruined at the tariff of
 substance I practice both abstinence and not. Under pillows of

poets words into dreams, dreams into years, parking cars and pumping gas. A put
 finger on the tincture. Generously for each other affords inferior article,—
 morning claims the bloom. A miniature pleasing effect, said I, that scent is
 vulgar among the saints. Accidentally new I am not conscious of any truth.
 Spoken in the sweet bucket seats of dialect. Whether mingling or mugging
 you have to give information respect, I am afraid, and momentarily
 tempted. The old-model humanity divesting cravat. Better a miscellaneous
 bundle than a focal distance. The one who smelt it deals

How can he let his fruit hang so long? Whatever proscribed is digested.
 Why did the axiom fall asleep in the colonnade? For true records.
 Does the Bunker-Hill Monument bend in the blast like a blade of grass? I
 suppose so.
 Have I ever acted in private? Forty feeding like one.
 Are everybody's archives sailing the tack of change? At the buttery hatch.
 Is whosoever putting the boots to the old lying incubus? Same flesh, different dish.
 Are the shapes found below? Between two?

Like the running down of heart in the wagon trains of language intimacy
 flanks at side door necessarily nerve-pulped. With time for everything.
 Could we on this left bursting up. Jogging along in sequence the next
 met its shadow unfettered and scanty. A welcome idea for the
 lecture (aside to Curious)
 hollow your name

 whosoever sings mute
 serves no small supper. I some times add vocal powers of bourbon by-the-bye
 let no passion bolster. Triumphant tones then shoot the
 bolts off. Wherever is the head of intemperance

The young clock they call Prod saw fit to say in his properly way,—
 at which One does not come to take offense but concedes it
 timely to repress that One was coming rather strong on the butter

The soil is absent of its contrary	The thunder gust and the person
The is leached and ironed	must uncover some touch
buried under huge cities	electrify
and between toes	attraction

Single motion shouldered lower than a south fronted crack recently sweet with
 lava's dirty hose evident of the month the duff the heart beats the
 swindle slowing break come adrenaline gentlemen Vienna calls
 synth. Before expecting forget-about-it tender,
 pucked dog based rock built on a one like you.
 To prove a debut numb with blue ascendent sounded better
 than an old trio hit it off. It's hard if the sky
 balls the hills. Blunted signing being guru taken light

I, Want, Mrs. Regret, and Him sooner. Can't do nothing with your language other than
 manage. Think of nothing in companions vanishing or vanished. If he
 looks like that the street at least enlivens. Every act of sex flashed
 before orgasm. Block all further ingratitude. Fit description of
 a hair Pooh! Erect on her horse the colour rising. Treats me though I
 were occupied. Good for nothing wax suicide. Cross the bell Mrs. Herself.
 It is true the committee split into laughter, I regret to recline

Warm yourself. Taste all the late lords to produce intention close to
 tenderness of Becky's monastic epidemic disorder. Kind-hearted provocation obtaining
 rates of information not appearing persons in the collection meant bugger all.
 One women's wide solution reducible to carry home like a six pack. Of the females
 there are males and of the males I do not here say hair shirt. Clipper-built countenance
 divided by rhythms of fermented liquor's rougher duty. The morning
 crappachinno. Mind, now, subjects. All body and no tail. I have transcribed and
 modernized and intended to make it. Not new not true. See, news
 to me must become history from you

Besides, there is no use in our quarrelling now. Between the rude jests and the
 salt bilge a texture delicate in its languid moment and should not be
 jacked at arm's length. Come back, before I am gone so soft you will hardly know me.
 Come, before Becky walks on crutches. Girls who you
 left have become sage matrons while you are tarrying there. The blooming Mrs. Herself
 (you remember Sally Acts) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks who you knew
 speed off every year. Formerly, I thought death was wearing out,—I stood ramparted
 about with so many endless friends. The departure of W.C. two springs back, corrected
 my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste
 to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me or mine. While I talk I
 think you hear me,—thought dallying in vain surmise

Poor tissue of enthusiasm worth all the next door. All the world I
 would give, give me mind to stand affected on the circuit of the subjects
 removed from this morning. No more poetry eater. We may write and
 absolutely forget, and practice how to convey it to everybody but some
 pranks perish register where it should not settle notions like limbs prejudiced
 against him. Like a beast weighing the odds her delicate ears shrinking
 from discord. Reduced by one sixth sum flowering
 in the bluest soil, but, who isn't at times. One word more, because love is sound
 as well as a verb and last is a fade

A Treatise on Reason

Curtains & little that's shining through dark metalicca's "what is love"
 reaches unforgiven meaning from an old south nights are fallen. Syntax
 through back brain dizzily, & somehow the round earth hasn't been very spotless
 lately barely let that show. What's months without "romance" or "pain-fountain"
 then, & you know catch on latch on way to sleep in v-town. A few things, sadness
 & necessary boredom. Gets formed twice I was sick a certain amount of tinge.
 Liberating difficulty from the myself or be very last moment now. Quiet
 face all over again if I stay. Full extent thoughts leading revealed it
 very much like the others been a year, counting him. Only that's not How I put
 it to meanwhile—other things register a silence to sometime intend. Here
 with me I won't forget I salute his rebuke. Teetotalitarianism gripping
 useless to resound afterward go north eggroll (cold) (hot) coffee could
 weave tulips in the Kootenays or (heat it up)

Sitting under the food pyramid trying to decipher your writing dear lamp
 light replaces old no one in particular. Life is splitting in years, cold,
 white, the new issue of time. My first licence your smile ok it's true, terminator
 2 putting out the I but not collecting debased narration of desire boxes,
 of holding up head. Lamb child the pages of questions float away, test attention,
 threatens to enough I should fucking the flip l.p.. Greetings from the underworld
 and roots of our joy angry blankets, they suck cum and we don't write poems
 we fringe-cut lorded little precious chops while doing the paper. World hang
 over. Clang ode & we bleed language of it. Yourself and sin have leaned your
 swords fully away. I will recite the beast to the master, when he returns. Strange
 accident as it happens, smashed, in fact split just after, in fact gotten through
 in part. You saw heart smashed into frozen remnants I saw hand formed into a
 blade, same thing, questions in a vat of liquid mettle, listen, sweeping up
 balls of the practically past

Make a gutted go of it from the proper end. Which places ease up. Happy despair
waking up teeth grinding optimism. The tea & sympathy glimpsing poem. We
finally have our making do doing it (i.e., head first) all of that—and then
the other

Now, no, more than a label to dispose of and stood against the sun—a fake.
Notwithstanding replica came down here, sat, came unfraught, more loose and
vague than life. Vernacular happens in poetics, to rhyme, I margin, at future,
detaching available exercises may be focus, no matter in the moment. Set and hew
different criteria, agglutinate among islets as uncivil as strange self-important
gesture. First, stages of stunned disbelieving necessary dissociation for a
political system called “democracy” had led men to think they were “free” of
aristocracy. Literacy of the writer lying in wait “for me.” Is nobody here,
listening to us? Cork my thoughts. The telescope I remember it was very
hot. Candles were shut but I asked cristo to scent the flowers because they
would make a sound like their name. The land breeze. Not moonlight when the
moon is full. It was so hot that the floor blundered in its pattern but I never
told anyone til now. Then suddenly I was told. Two enormous rats, the big moon,
it was in that little bedroom

Plain foreground stress rather than infinite a moment in time. Pivotal
giving up and the brain drives furious impassioned, bred out of wind without
father. Don't mean to dehistoricize determination. Trust me with my moving
as remaining still, in return light of my will, adieu. Nothing better
duck, shook down come upstairs. No, said reconcile points of
regressive view, who dreamed it and couldn't account. Back to indulged nerves
in basement prices value of personal experience turning on. Out like a line
through it permitted to not drown. What is it? In the fabric certainly nowadays
by economy we don't mean “the way people live.” And since eternal things
sympathize with sacred conditions we were soon seated beside a hush, hail hail,
imperishable dust. As if predicting its arrival. White goat tethered in total
dark not wrong, not right, not looking at that mother-fucking smoke stack

It has to do with size. Face vanity. A precaution polite nor real
looked about as quick how the wrong side may be turned out, how tiny, a baby
in his little t-shirt. Ship talk to identification for her to pick up. To
adhere painstakingly to all advice about the boat whatever route it weaved and
danced so to balance phobe note. My tongue now, a wreck on the life of this
rock. Then again something in her head clicked and jarred a rundown
machine—which won't think while being watched

Four Letter Word At Four O'clock

screw
pin
a spiral
ridges
up
courage
power
sea serpent
indispensable
condition
was all
fob
or
flux
in you felt
like
it not
permanent
non poisonous
not
to similar
karate or
by caused
a lacked
protein
just throw
or catch
the ball

kow tow
to spend
time and
lactate
care
indevelop
not cull
stupid
cupid
curfew
likely
ruinous
repeat a
raunch
an stir
confusion and
trawl

drip
in
slow
fashioned
ad
vert
I
heard
writ
on
glass
in
finger
language
extreme
time

sunset
clause
as
frequent
mention
in
public
papers

lick
a bonnet
under
quiet
pine
is
not
elm
which
as
is
follows
palace of
emotion boy
your
rocks
drop hard
a puddle
didn't never
happen
it was
movie
dreamed
or never
out

thought
extended
to
extremity
exceeding
dosage

Eight and a half conditions for the existence of restricted code

Oh lands of abundance. They are more cruel than those lands in which there is scarcity. To see the suspicion come into the eye of an owner of trees who does not care about the fruit, but is trying to calculate whether or not the people who are asking for it will be trustworthy on the land, is an awesome thing.

Ed Dorn, *By The Sound*

Born not really manual. Interest support of pay-off to close a nostril, or weather exaggerates urge on the born dull cinders, but not good, not fortune, about to bring trial against.

As such flush in the church of the trailer. As if hours scholarships you to your rear. All the boiled scars are mine resenting paste of the harvest to impulse and graduates.

Once a medicine bent down to hear a misprevented beast signifying. Goods found bad in an arm chair down stairs for long the pavement. Oneself telegraphing haltingly philosophy.

Brushed experience moves ease narrate or under ground of self lapse, mine a disfigured order. Object—rub—reducing conjecture to invention.

Squire stood by identity swinging stale. Swallow up for the weekly penetrating itch of the twin johns pyre and speech on on foremost. Perhaps the subject fussed as his habitat was reconstructed upon a thoroughfare.

Otherwise to drink democratic transient by dint of old sermons against the we provincial generation of south-easterlies so that no matter what a holy administrator might of been, the final ultra violent carriage weighs tired, the devil system is worthy and the desirable testament is grey.

As she tottered nausea in range. Cunning had reigned so long but there it was, parked in the space where a man preferred coarse. Later came the project oh yes

a sequence of chiefs at the barrel. Truly described as touched and managed as atomized. For the rest of intelligent life advanced as public bureau.

In anatomy combat is removed. Insufficiency could be insufficient beach or insufficient obedience. Or one onion in the carton. In any case celery is crisp. Delicacy interferes bellows. Get one speck of confirmation.

Sum of the spill plus the fleet is the may gain senate with the clue. Perhaps a complete corkscrew situation. Yield to short of sight might calculate lion diner. Inadequate destitution and squelched amplification no relief.

A mate—unexpected. If that's not going to be payable then the terrain should be free. At least. Shaft our spirit romance to index of synthetic blessing. Pricks at the circus such. Thousand-million dogs of waste.

Order down a rhyme and right then affection steps into nuisance and then the end is getting guilty and reduction is all extremely abroad, then, original interruption. Looks like nylon settings buzzed me dumb hon all aflutter in situation.

Advertise in the short of detail, to double over and do that in its mercy wholly. It did. Canary honoured the terms, death, as the tax down the tube. Are terms the act or honour death or tax. Can picket restriction if rapt in economical flotsam.

When the concept meteors who's fitable. If the crude is in the salt-cellar all hungry. Tenant pearls mi-nute cabinets, it's due, demand, ask, beg. Foil. Attest.

Woman what working hedgey stockings,,Flower open my belly in saucy hopes the precise aforesaid cherry will invest care in this simple one who invented pain the colour of anywhere in the group.

t & tenth & alma

free 5x7

of 2x4's

carried home in a 4x4

to a double wide

on the outskirts of town

listlessness wisper, and funnier. They prop
 "Microcommunities," Remember ulcers?
 or picnic in a failed housing development.
 people lived alone
 four people does.
 Actually, though few have paid attention, which seems rich and unspoiled.
 busy trying on adulthood's poses,
 creeps into an aging life like,
 say, arthritis, is a
 almost inescapable bother to get up in the morning. I mean
 he says,
 In fact,
 "It is
 In 1991, The late 60s and early 70s
 "Those are the kinds
 of things that people with dysthymia tell you,"
 the depression of Hemingway retro today.
 a fierce but relatively short-lived feeling
 in a big smoky car.

Turf Builder

1. "I am going to count to three for co-operation"

late
modern
models
sphere off
diction
rent
tone
cause
compact
habits
good in
boxes
softens
them
kinds
extend
sonnet
reaching
time
from
harmonium
tired
a
little
feisty
Lord
long-term
nobody
can't
eat

(translated)
regime
why
oh

pint size
glow
isn't half
a crowd
aisles away
emotional
beautiful
personal
rapport
dumb
suffering
sequences
millipede
in leaf
curl
fall
thin
after
flowering
muscle

historically
preceeding
induction
down
there
anyone

looks
like
cunning
ruck
morning
after quease
knows
conviction
screeches
cash
child masters
while in Cardiff
don't neglect
found it dim
and staring
straight ahead

in other
words
wooble
difrint

furry shoulders
smartly good
in bed. In bed, this
very bed with
it's view of
trim stables and
fenced pastures

in spring
nerve is
responsible
patterns
herniate a
loop formed
heart
to meet
on a
regular
basis
the original
apology
with its
buggy
emptied

on
the
other
hand
same
different
shitty
digits
pass
with
oh
an
air
punishing
questions
cite
mix 'n' match

high & low
effect
half posh
bird half
cardboard
girl is
how
rich
women
must think
one
imagines

of snakes
systemic diet
of verse
wry necks
deny
scruple given
odds
still
we
have
balance one
called
uneven
balance
raisers
can't crop
tree stump
sofa worst
bastard
form
ever

uglier
by exact
to use
a lump
whose
acquaintance
has made

Dear, Any
Mr. Feeble Mind
or Mr. Great
Heart is born
in any one
of us. Any
friendship
happening
tramples dignity
formality and
coziness does
the host
express. Faint
find amongst
my memoria.
Toot snoot terry
tinkle a
brim of
pluck sighs
my sick bait, God Bless

who/has/the/most/matches/closes

2. Real Chick

rate
payers
fussy
sicks
can this
be
governmental
melancholy
snore
funds
crumbs
exhumed
in the
handshake
how to
put it
“a
special
request”
out
of all
measures

new tricks
they are
progeny
of reaction
laving
purple
vadic
cloak
sad

fact
mis-read
Michael
Turner
for Mechanical
Designer
“people should
be patiently
educated
without
the application
of
extreme
methods”

weigh
escape
against
body
rolls
no
possible
present
time
so ingress
hard to
ideal
any

come
gentle
fortress

for as
long as
hearts
will see
wealth
bargains
in the
eman
fo
dog
og

One Twain Thrice

operate audience

for Sunday pause in

delta, owls

another with

circulatory out

certified

services asking should

children continue

and gagging

said it's overall—

decisions them

what changes struggling

inners shot with

pathway mellow, rush could

then throw alert a love

ego age, next zone

certain tends late or more

legal private governments
grow, after others media
area of common
concern working the wedding
beckon —you'll winter
your less best better fight
pleasure— soft emphasis
lightly factors, delay
viewed first usually
inspect remembers square
to the together
both about
need the
gears as flat
as eyes stripe picket signs
swaying beat
blew everything so throat could
crawl reflex
retch poetry to it, a syringe whose

break slings ways
say it was contagious, say
hate hopped on December day
fuelled one two little flash
drag creeps, o
jack them up and steal their stuff
print man dusts new heaven
electrostatic downscale, arms
indicate extended struggle
labour on it, plastic swipe
smoulder fan mag story enormous
winter ex-wife
may mews built and wet cold
through them, a fringe a fray
of green:
it's O.J. gripping toward
the heap
new heaven chills by

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