

# Multiple Poses

Poems

Colin Smith

TSUNAMI EDITIONS \* VANCOUVER \* 1997 \*

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Tsunami Editions  
c/o 2504 York Ave.  
Vancouver, BC  
V6K 1E3

Set in Palatino and Helvetica using Pagemaker 5.0

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Creede, Gerald, 1957 -  
Multiple Poses

ISBN 0-921331-24X

[original publication data; address no longer in use]

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## GODZILLA FUGUE

Fire and rain perverse and breathe to breathe relax  
sea hold breath and loop loop to surface iconic  
sack anger plus classical guilt out up  
out to raw land say fire say this

actor, in a scaled suit  
bashing down a miniature city, we never learn who it is.

Atomic dinosaur bled by tank shell, bazooka blast, revenge  
lumpy and unheroic. Tolerable  
body count. "Killer concept," shortcut execution, we cut  
corners on the budget, this beast invents kickboxing.  
There's the word Tonka on an overturned truck.

(I eat their rapid transit, sweat  
smoke sweat fictitious home and fire to loop  
a curse moral invective spasm hollered to you  
absented genesis relax mock me relax vision through film of)

...between editions "he" is disappeared  
into what we assume is historical and unconscious. Between  
poster and lunchbox and inflatable larger than parents. Excellence  
is our only crematorium, provisional monster  
sometimes hired to despatch those more grotesque.  
Those more desperately hacked  
from ramparts of camp and the matte effects grow worse...

(so remember to breathe and think and scission high dense  
low-cal buildings, same old loop, puke to careful inhalation oh)

In a possible trailer one studio imagines a third eye  
bringing abusive focus and stale apocalypse to "his" gut. Dare

to be entertained or subliminal, sigh blood sweat pain  
pushed through every pore as "he" takes in face and belly  
what is intended to be reassuring fire. History  
a rigorous panorama of men with guns. Our glutinous memory  
says remains nonviewable, a canned bellow

- who did you think you were, dead soul? -

falls into Tokyo bay, phenom  
takes a logical beating, oh out then out, let's fold  
a thousand paper cranes one more conscription one more febrile  
exit another pulse a one more one more  
script one more motion I say I remember light when say I recall loop

## A BOY'S OWN LAST

Not frost  
(a ruined ballot) on the bedpost not foolishness  
drizzled over blood or affection  
not a coda ...

A poem (mock stentorian) running for office, injecting  
you with a précis of my moral terrors,  
doesn't cut it.

What would you put in your version of another master narrative?

(reaction shot), a man's class  
can't always be figured by diameter of his umbrella, our country  
our fish our communities, I don't give  
a ribbed or serrated fuck what you paid.

As Molly says

"Doing nothing is a position.  
It means giving approval without having to actively say so." Bias  
= perspective, so declare it!, the political fix is systemic

therefore open to disruption... Sandwich. Gesundheit. Anarchists  
act now!, there's a  
football baseball basketball hockey strike  
goin' on! Chalking up the sidewalks tearing  
down the condos. Filed under The.

No "rules"  
but "standards"?, say dickweed what?, most of our information is  
factory seconds...

Paradigms

couple of quarters, buy  
a goddamn paper, parataxis  
couple of cabs, take us weaklings  
home, cranky utopian  
doxology, so bored

with all the usual bodily orifices. All I want materially from America  
is its chocolate and cigarettes (stylistically, lack  
of hyphens), however that -

antimale antiwhite anticapitalist antiright wing  
antiessentialist religious ignoramus polymorphous  
perverse tart conceived of pantheistic naivety  
antinationalist antiglobal antifrom middle class on up  
misanthropic but dependent on company antimaterialist  
antipostfeminist antipostmodernist antihierarchical  
complicit with optimistic and violent forms of revolution  
anti1950s60s70s80s90s anti-industrial fetched into silliness  
by rural life antihigh art antipopular culture  
anti-isolationist antediluvian antipragmatic antispiritual  
antisentimental anticruelty antihabitual anti-intelligence  
without street smarts having got this far however

We -

(soundscape) Word!, rap

matter, power  
drill

running amok in House of Commons, beanball  
land of the spree, home of our grave, women's  
devalued dollar, rezone by bank

account, news

hour, style without context, typos in the concordance, the decision  
to invade was made in a synaptic and syntactic fury.

Was there ever a the problem?

You would go into the lab without a hypothesis?

(elisions

of grandeur), a hostage to genre, let's go to jail and write

32 notebooks!, unit

coughs, Muzak

bubbles to the rear

of every biopsy, a grid of xenophobia overlays

a grid of flight capital, surreptitious

order of body bags, bad

bad species!, can't

hew totalized karma development to a

ploughshare

used to cash crop the larger social totems

"you" live in... "Dirt" exists, "property"

doesn't, and "land" belongs in the care

of those who damage it least.

It.

"I." Can. Duh. A

dork. What's

worse? A dork

wannabe. Master

metaphor? Like clothing

that always sort of fits.

You can't predict what I will next

Frightball. Antipasto.

What would you put in your version of another

Why not?

Fuck everything I was born to fuck everything I was

taught fuck everything I learned fuck everything I

believe fuck everything I feel on a cellular level in the

ALA style of the jizz biz in a minor key of a



homeopathic model a perfect pitch with power to  
highlight the beam at the end of the tunnel that is only  
sometimes a train coming from the opposite direction...

Daymares.

Shitfaced, travelling

by trace

memory

sonar, I have conviction

of my doubts, my medical status

is PWC (Person with Capitalism), I am Joe's vote, I always forget

and never forgive, mind like a gullible sponge

dreamt erotically of you again

next day saw you naked

at your post and so bollixed the double play.

The more severed the head, the more  
aggressively it tries to speak. The fascinating part  
might be between the drop and the splatter...

1. Not a musical group but a hairdo!

Not a movie but animated set design.

2. That Father raped me under the guise of babysitting (Mom's  
bowling night)...

3 I have always been attracted to lifeguards.

4. The social utility and passion of the text.

5. I hope to never "get over" my friends.

6. If you can afford to put yourself on a billboard,  
we won't vote for you.

7. The forbidden words in a given family.

8. "There was a terrorist oil spill  
on the golf course today..."

9. Taking our appetites to a common mattress.

10. The price of eternal vigilance  
is eternal vigilance plus wiretaps,  
which is fine, as we assume we'll get lots of rest  
once we die .

11. From locusts to gravy in 24 hours.

12. I wasn't comfortable penetrating women  
until I was happy being penetrated by men.

13. Heart like a music video.

14. "There's another bad party going on in the ventilator!"

15. All we need is a poultice of courage, right?

Be brave

think of yourself in all three persons  
and treat your life as a research base

(Sid perked up, sort of)...

## STRAW MAN

Sits beneath immaculate drone of rows of square fluorescent suns.  
He works day in day in talks serial bits  
to colleagues whom no one knows. Herringbone  
staples. Would someone please tell him the colour of this  
year's power tie or if such icons have meaning  
any more red handkerchief in right  
hand back pocket why not vote for tyrants who lay claim  
to resurrection of economies. Armpit fetish.

Pregnant is an entire department of data processors.  
Lately there's a water cooler to worry about sometimes  
goldfish with empty knowing eyes  
appear inside, he knows that water conducts sound  
(and thought?) better than air.

Dear Valued Customer,  
keep his nose pressed to attention  
play out play out. He keeps a bottle of Glenlivet  
in a drawer marked "Materiel." Selfhood under "Explosives."

Senses stanchd with cotton.

\*\*\*\*\*

I am Buster Keaton with neuralgia, Henry  
Spencer with a poisonous erection.

Caught buying food, and the same seismic embarrassment  
as if caught buying pornography. You confuse  
your singleness with your aloneness. You can't be save

- just recycled. You could be seen  
as Calvinism's failure or future. He felt

like a struggling starlet. Not that  
starlets struggled, they merely lay back, opened their legs,  
and welcomed America. Tempted to stick out  
his ego, thinks every ambulance must be for him...

\*\*\*\*\*

At home he makes an ornament sandwich, perambulates  
while chewing, you would live in a cube. Not much  
to see out the window. Phlegmatic weather, a landscape  
real but exiled. Networking  
nirvana. Robbery modem. Peking man on a menu. Restaurants  
fewer  
can afford, bulletproofed. Though the poor are tough and stringy.

More cautious to stay inside and tend to ferns. He lards  
pepper at their bases, protection from the cat. Indoor jungle,  
light wood furniture, skyscraper bookshelves, reasonable art  
on white walls. One kit one bat one bed. He rereads  
history and works at drawing connections. Swills philosophy,  
waiting on that one line someone may have written  
that might help him. Turnips at dinner, he is how much light fog.  
Often unsure of having a soul so much  
as a batch of cultural inscription.

Library take-out, pretence cure. I read  
aloud, Wittgenstein for the cat Elmore Leonard for myself.

After dark all the plants breathe in. "I can't be bored  
- I'm watching TV." Goes to sleep  
with cucumber slices fixed over his face.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Memo, Dear \_\_\_\_\_ :  
Your gratifications and punishments are a streamlined dud.

Juniper  
hangover, singing  
Twiddish in the shower. Car alarm  
wails "I have something to lose  
I am made of more than you."

I am not chosen  
but have applied for the job.  
I've always wanted to be a Government  
of Canada initiative. Starves his body down  
so his erection will be proportionately larger.

Good listener as lethal weapon.

\*\*\*\*\*

(Solicitous on a living-room wall a shrinkwrap  
of New York Movie by Hopper. Obsessive as vitamins or sales  
tax, he fixes on this image, lets constitution go in high wind  
pointed into the palace's excremental murk, at icy fragment  
of screen where two adipocere lovers negotiate some affection.

Travails travels ghostly these glum fixtures, down  
stairs, up red stripe of navy-blue uniform of beautiful usher alone,  
blonde long hair pale face somehow pinched and soggy, black hole  
of a flashlight curled into her palm, is he here - her?  
is he dim rich hat gold cord black shoe gold button white cuff  
locked  
thought red miniature lamp may be the marbled squirm on the  
carpet

down to accretion spin-dry till Zen and Love redux sprung

heart hotpot accords dead in the bathtub water pillow  
rusted out from crying 1939 for her 1985 for him war  
dread embedded in nerves calm common

denominators for them both.)

\*\*\*\*\*

You are now beginning this month's menstruation.

His orgasm more of an epileptic seizure.

Sacred = scared.

After what was or may not have been  
the requisite number of sunsets, I was killed  
by one male or female item in a red sports car  
who had one hand on its career the other on a cellular phone.

But I wish to join the comfort class in the largesse way.

Living in or as a furnished model.

Third day of unwashed genitals deludes him  
that he smells like an aroused woman.

Insufficient tits, and the thighs are all wrong.  
You are trapped in a style  
habitual.

He is too fond of the word "silence."

I want to open up  
a steakhouse called Hormone Shot.

To sweat the bed, to gag in grace.

You have fictional personality based on true stories.

Government town as theme park.

If they fail  
to understand  
that we bring them  
mathematically  
infallible happiness,  
it will be our duty  
to compel them  
to be happy.

\*\*\*\*\*

File tab reading \_\_\_\_\_. Born in a breadbox.  
We soaked him. This hero to the quiet life, viscousness  
in the kitchen, in a rage witnessed by no one.

He grew tall lacking memory in a medium city  
that processes cars for a living. His hobbies as a youth  
were applying Push stickers to Pull doors, and hiding  
bags of rotten produce in shopping malls. The family  
is crystal false as the sitcom cyborgs seen on TV.  
Ruins himself reading, vacuous correspondent, is that you  
on Cheers driking ersatz hootch? Shrug guilt to deploy  
loss before it turns mean. Once per fit he takes  
a coarse and trembling grief to sexfilms and then.

His alderman is a vehicular disappointment. On t-shirts,  
"Nobody knows I'm gay," "Nobody cares  
I'm straight." His favourite album  
could be called Music for Autistics. Lame wolf lone  
Spam wild Smurf duck noir. Once we all bought  
a Madonna record and he porked a heated orange

to the bass lines. Paregoric in beef stew?

We know his self-sufficiency and political isolation. He trots out  
to vote every few years, but unfortunate governments get in  
each time.

Verdict is intelligent though inattentive? Sweat does not  
smell like chicken soup. Home is rent, fleas, a cologne  
named Rhetoric rubbed along the inner thighs.

We believe our surveillance is unnoticed.  
His private speech turned public  
does not. His florid dreams and smallest purchases  
are documented in the fashion you expect.

"The fatal results, after sports..."

\*\*\*\*\*

I got so self-righteously angry I thought  
my head would host an event  
of prompt criticality!

That movie was worth \$2.75 of the \$7.50.

Just another overprecise pevert?  
Barricade your children!  
Rub itching powder into all the furniture.

He lives in Fort Polio.

Upon activating the water tap and ceiling fan, you  
automatically urinate and defecate.

Your Q clearance glorifies homicide.

Our economy



is one way  
of inflicting pain  
with no marks.

I use a golden blowgun because I want to wound them  
in a deluxe way.

Variations only  
of villain, you are not worth even one bistro meal.

You are this  
undesignated  
disposal site.

Padded elbows or room.

\*\*\*\*\*

No call to worry such items now. We are standing  
on a vacant blue plain that stretches toward  
horizon lines better felt than seen. Hard glaze and  
monogrammed suspense underfoot. He digs  
for earwax with a toothpick, thinks: cat

fud 365 blue Mondays a year? paradise  
braille white cloak small change pocket  
pool ink rolled onto fingertips blackbirds? a golem  
eats lunch in that park wherever undercuts backbeat  
more no backbeat fever? passport headed

for the lip of closure? Hopes this is true.  
Hopes to be some use.  
Having read somewhere  
one man can make a difference...

\*\*\*\*\*

Jesus wants me for a zombie!

Why are you?

"Fuck you" is no insult stacked against "Sign here."

And we thought you could have  
an unmediated miscellany of emotions, did he?

In summer he wanders  
about the city in white dirty cotton jeans  
ripped asterisk-style in the seat  
to provide ventilation and enhance social availability.

Help.

Mate.

The cat's name might be Norman, Wrath of God.

I you them us we, as verbs.

This narrative won't endure. Certainly its provisional  
author can't. But a reader could go on forever, and  
a womb could go here.

## MULTIPLE POSES

On whichever very spot...

All hen shit freezes.

Ten-speed conservatives hoop snake liberals  
make democracy safe from us  
so we rally on midnight marches.

Too many of "our" verbs deliberately hobbled,  
we wrote our M.P. but  
- hence we posted a warning, gay  
riots now!, waved popular clutter on placards,  
simplicity to be ambivalent about ....

Halt. Haul boildowns off streets.  
Okay. "Home."  
Machine produces Satie.  
Shampoo produces half-day lustre. Always digging  
in vibrato, your gerbils will live three years exeunt.

So tableaux of assumption, erotics  
will save us, vascongestion, you  
can determine seriousness of crush by number of times  
you let the phone ring, myotonia, violent  
heterophobes you bet that's us!, we have an erogenous  
zone named the stupid.

Deadly, necessary, do we have consensus yet?

The municipality will transfer an Indian cemetery  
to the federal government  
for \$1. We desire belladonna  
to achieve suppression of white.. Heavier earrings  
thus longer earlobes, a decade of one meal one snack per day.

Life  
as transitional phase, top-heavy  
with maps, we've got our social concerns down  
pat, suspect that's part of the heck like complication, impulse  
purchase at the ballot booth.

On whichever scintillating day ...  
Included or not in a fresh poll.  
Irony is too ironic?  
Hard work.  
Off the hook?

Tape rolls and you say "I am Djuna Barnes  
or wish I were but flatter myself  
as my family makes no claim to be  
as kinky and abusive as hers was." I reply  
"I am a cane toad."

Subjective, subject, to editing.

I have my Flat Cat, my Flat Baby, more than enough. Some days  
I am more like Sandra Bernhard; others the Meher Baba. Shut up

or we're downward  
class snobs: "they  
only mate  
on advice of their accountants" is a tad unfair.  
We pelt their beds with latex.  
We don't speak American, ergo we are Canadian? Labels  
a sort of drug, that creep!, she gets brownie points

wearing her fur coat after we sprayed  
a green X across its back ...

Hey lovey, can't beat  
or join the real thing so our self-aggrandizing jump of duty  
jailbreak Baraldini, Silvia Rosenberg, Susan Torres, Alejandrina

On screwing up whichever intentions  
Two bodies among how many served?  
Systemic caprice rules!  
Voting our brains out.  
The show-through increases.

Having grown weary of writers who insist  
that Orwell or Kafka would have loved that detail ... exhaustion  
a tallied wreckage of love-words, love how you  
style your dead protein!

Sure, the L-word signifies  
but complicity collaboration lays with our constituent parts  
we get the handcuffs and treaties off the wall. Faces  
look like take-out food.  
Really?  
We live how long in gerbil years?

Is there someone behind the socialist rhetoric.  
You'd better hope not, for, post-thought, pre-weave. Ready?

First.  
... but fetishize a lavender blouse and blue  
heart pin. Daily the slag  
is poured at midnight. I file down  
dashboard dashboard dashboard. You are smarter  
than this, please brief me. Now.

Having could have been written of us

"Hard to argue with the ongoing tactics. But do try.  
Clamp him inside an unlockable cunt.  
Give her a strap-on dick to pitch."

We're still that artifice of sincerity, agreed?  
"Way cool!" Omit  
strong last line.

## CHASING MY FATHER'S NARRATIVE

At the age of 42, an open-casket viewing.

We'd like Ike and Dief to fuck us.

I was really attracted to his smugness.

\*\*\*\*\*

We had a Master/Copy relationship.

Censoring booze, tobacco, nudity, body parts and underwear  
from magazines for U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf.

"This is the same mentality  
that complained about a naked toddler floating  
through Maurice Sendak's In the Night Kitchen two decades ago."

\*\*\*\*\*

He worked as an electronics technician with a bunch of young  
hockey players  
who would later be the nexus of a cup-winning edition of the  
Boston Bruins.

The best thing about fucking an engineering student  
is killing him afterwards..

An oral understanding.

\*\*\*\*\*

He would roll up  
his minced beef, mashed potatoes and two vegetables  
in a big studded ball  
then consume it with elaborate dexterities of knife and fork.

I laced intestines across the road  
to discourage the populace from thinking  
too much about land reform.

Mom was sedated on the spot and cried  
a measure of relief..

For "celibate" read "celebrate."

Gun for the whole family!

Winning their marts and hinds.

\*\*\*\*\*

If the l.p. was 99¢, he'd buy it.

His ghost  
snored.

The horror film's final image  
is Ma and Pa hunkered over the carcass  
while saying: "Times change, values don't."

A helicopter dispenses  
weather  
narratives  
and bullets named



To Whom It May Concern.

In a rough economy, stick to the battering husband.

Trickle-down money = eat my shit.

\*\*\*\*\*

In home movies I learned to run not walk.

You gotta go along to get along.

The things of scheme.

The extemporaneous part  
of the Senator's Chappaquiddick son of Checkers I have  
done wrong  
please forgive me I am hiding something worse speech  
was actually up on cue cards!

Leakage protection.

A penis shoots out hollow-points.

Good grades, we had to be better  
than him or he'd beat us.

Male anger is stored  
in the intestines and nonfiction.

A pretence of no women philosophers.

\*\*\*\*\*

Never having known  
a mother, her mother

had died when Janey was a year old, Janey  
depended on her father for everything  
and regarded her father  
as boyfriend, brother, sister, money, amusement, and father.

I refused his training of peeing while standing.

Sit down, it's the national anthem!

B.C. NNP 012, bumperstuck homophobe  
avid child hater, deface him if see him.

They keep using the word "victim"  
until we take the hint.

I don't know what a wife-beater looks like  
but he looks like one.

George Herbert William Walker Bush.

Darth Father.

Brian Mulroney as a T-1000.

\*\*\*\*\*

Spanking = two erections, thrashing by peers  
= idée fixe Boner Boy etc.

Police on steroids.

Stripped down and posed just the way you like them.

Enter Freud  
with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Your penis is quite luscious but your phallus I won't take.

Don't trust cars or dogs or the people who drive them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Backchannel contradiction of the public record.

Plug in that "refinement,"  
see if we can't get  
onto Amnesty International's top 40 charts....

Bathtub, toy boat, boy toy, the washcloth the fingerfuck the.

\*\*\*\*\*

So this life as proofreader: creepy  
eyes for a style counsel, my handwriting  
in 8-pt. Helvetica type.

How do you read the phrase "edited for children"?

Make me eat that liver!

He taught our keeshond to dance.

I would drink the liquor and spit  
left in guests' glasses.

Door  
must stay open, hall light  
had to stay on.

\*\*\*\*\*

Real men

call collect.

The Canadian Imperialist Wank of Commerce.

Half-price clitoridectomies  
but don't you dare harm that tallywhacker.

My mom ran interference.

To tune of Earth's smallest violin.

It wasn't his fault  
I wasn't the perfect 8-year old physician  
or that he didn't know what standards should be.

Trouble is, war, fellatio and babies  
are so damn mediagenic.

I now pronounce you husband and woman.

Secrets, temper, pride of the underdog.

\*\*\*\*\*

A personal choice  
is deliberately misrepresented  
as unreflexive deviance.

Bow-legged sway-backed effete little prat slut four-eyes!

If my mother had allowed herself  
lesbianism.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Too many men on the ice."

He was one of those  
renegade protestants called "Scottie."

The keeshond would gladly eat Lucky Elephant popcorn.

Put the voting booth  
in your mouth and pull the trigger.

What nerve ends!, what ice cream!, we should not assume  
that dad = Father.

Unlubricated, naïve, living on beer and French  
fries, I'll plump for sundry antibodies sociable hysterical!

\*\*\*\*\*

Eye shadow mimics a bruise.

Externalize your wheelchair!

Emotion is  
a rubber  
bullet.

\*\*\*\*\*

The out of order sign  
never goes out of print.

Survivors feel obliged to suicide.

My best parts  
are heard and spleen  
so slash me open and fondle 'em.

Due to dread of approbation or correction  
from Father, I do not know how to do the following:

Disturbances around the scaffold:

Strength is always flexible:

To war in Burma.

Dark  
hour.

Chronic cocksucking  
the best balance  
for ideal madonna + whore.

\*\*\*\*\*

He holds up a 10 and pistol.

I am highly intolerant  
of people who are highly intolerant.

What's long and hard on a male archetype?, tell me a fable, Father  
turn out the light, this represents me  
hope not you, for your sake.

As reported by all daily papers, the chant  
was not "fuck you 52 fuck you 52" but "resign, resign."

We don't feed well in captivity.

Safe fuck at my home buns.

\*\*\*\*\*

Disarming

your rapist: first, he expects a boot to the groin so  
kick his knee sideways then relocate his testicles; second, insist  
at gunpoint  
on the ballot category None of the Above.

We won't get fetished off that easily.

I'd rather have a dirty back, thank you.

## EROTIC OUT-TAKES PROGRAMME

[bullet 1]

O!,  
a figure  
skater's  
thighs!

Momma was a dyke, and Daddy was a turkey baster, yeah!

We grew up  
with the kind  
of sex kit  
that had sentences  
like "Daddy puts his bank book into Mommy's kitchen."

We called it agency and  
lurched into business.

Voting with confidence. Practising  
on doorknobs. Or, we have to earn our innocence?

[bullet 2]

Cheap date, one beer, de-pantsed, suck monster!, who will you vote  
for and die with?, two bodies, friction-based pretence of one body,  
two bodies, peristaltic smoking, why do you love?, repeat this,  
running your hand over the autobiography of her skin, uh-oh, out of  
control is the point, roses and coyness over porridge, proceed in



which manner?, thanks a bunch, don't ever leave me, tell all your worst fears and weird fantasies, litmus, fever chart, get drugs to façade, scope lick nail it, long walk then pet irresistible 4-D, okay!, culture walkabout, dimmer please, you're the one I want to spend my money on, let's structure!, mask of binary argument, self-sociological, self-help, are we us yet?, tell it and catch you later O edible one ...

We will now pause  
for a muddled moment  
of catharsis.

When I was about seven or eight, I had this best friend Susan. We loved each other and walked around with our arms around each other. Her older sister told us not to do that anymore because we looked like lesbians. So we held hands instead.

Money from a slit.  
Jism between the cue balls.  
What we feel about menstruating nuns.

[bullet 3]

"The economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest-wage country is impeccable and we should face up to that."

A one of a kind experience  
that takes the terms gangbang, nymphomaniac and pig slut to new levels of meaning. Recommended. Bikini wax. Gender in blender. Some of my best friends are

bisexual transsexuals. Lip lamb, lip slave. Will your nipple and clit-hood rings bother the metal detectors? Walkperson. Your "little

amazon in a boat!" stands up. My subscription

to Chicks with Dicks. I  
use porn to objectify myself.

[bullet 4]

Your lover dumps you  
for his massage therapist.  
You could reply  
by eloping with the circus.

You get the hell out of here Brewsie, I am no  
virgin, I never was a virgin, I  
never will be a virgin.

What's worse, people who fuck you  
once, or people who don't fuck you at all?

Crying in the shower  
is a tradition.  
Repeat the word  
"lonely"  
to the mirror  
until laughter takes hold.  
Use a 60-watt bulb  
to improve your looks.  
Behaving like your hairstyle.

Condom at work = haggis.

When Vanessa sucks Joey  
we notice a continuity problem with her lipstick.

What you get when you cross  
"Achy Breaky Heart" with a yeast infection.

[bullet 5]

I grew the beard and moustache  
so more straight guys would  
want to pork my lips.

I'd like to suck off your bookshelves.

I will leave your last message on my tape for 5 years.

I can only climax befoore  
police stations.

I want to see more fag country  
& western singers.

I thought it was funny to be sexy  
when there was no object.

I think masturbation should count as gay sex.

I give blow hobbies.

I'll manually rip out my scrotal hairs until I am happy!

I think facial port-wine stains look terrific, don't you?

You

I

I

you

Ilyou --

Orgasm  
--interrupts

narrative...

[bullet 6]

Marion Morrison is made bountifully pregnant by the State --- they only spawn wilding boys --- utile, borderline, soaked in lime cologne, wafer mania, I do you thusly --- we know them all as John Wayne Gacy.

We could read it as  
Lick my Twat  
Slave or Lick my  
Twat, slave.

(Demonstration) can feel  
better to her  
than fingers or penis.

Won't give her  
a Demerol shot  
once they see her  
scarification marks.

Vaguely congruent with diagnosis of my chronic and pain of voluntarily fleeing you plus hapless doleful surrender to never reconnecting with your life, I felt I could not afford the loss of anything else, so newspaper stacks grew toward the chandelier, garbage stayed to make a compost drumlin, dishes rotted in the sink, impending laundry fluffed to a funk mix and paper bred where it fell until my apartment looked like Eddie Gein's farmhouse.

Your metal in my mouth.  
You make my nipples feel like whirlpools.  
You left your gloves inside me.  
When or if the necking stops.

Gentleness does not  
necessarily evidence  
a kind person.

[bullet 7]

If one tries to imagine  
nogger or niggir, instead of nigger, one may realise  
the futility of the attempt. I like the word "women"  
because it contains men.

If you believe that  
homosexuals are begat by reaction-formation, musn't it  
follow that heterosexuals  
recruit a norm?

Living with dogs and cats, you could be bisexual.

Sucking cock and reading the paper best  
done in the morning, when  
our gag reflex is its most relaxed.

For practicality's sake, never  
take on as a lover more than one  
roommate in every apartment in the city.

We think women's bodies are luxurious  
---that's why we tax their tampons.

If we cut it off  
then you'll have to cut it out.

Plague of the genitals = black lipstick?

Dead men  
Don't Vote.

Trying to predict  
someone's politics  
by the body areas they shave.

We're too busy  
being wage slaves to  
take adequate care of each other.

[bullet 8]

My mouth and butt open like new  
markets. Gotcha! The willies. Drops the average  
age of child prostitutes into single digits.

Equates his daughter  
with a lawnmower.

Rather than drop one penny into buying my tender essentials from  
Jimmy Pattison's Save-On-Life, I'd sooner take a greed and erotically  
based suck on the dying anus of an AIDS-completed pit bull.

What beer's all about  
--- 3female:1male orgies.

But a few years later, after McDonald's opened its first stand on  
Paris' Champs-Élysées, the name Gros Mec was quietly  
abandoned. It turned out to be French slang for "big pimp."

Personal  
money  
trainer!

Your vagina tastes like  
fill-in-the-blank, and your penis  
resembles whose

public architecture?

Yes, they were all there  
to see the marriage  
of the town's two most influential  
fortunes.

Yes, we have a "scene" with the identical twins.

Bride burning is just  
too labour intensive for  
lazy entrepreneurs like me.

It is deplorable that...  
Such treatment deserves...  
But the proper reaction to...

[bullet 9]

If love is the answer, the question is fatuous.

You took your date to the gym?  
Womantically?  
Your idea of an erotic image  
is a burning child?  
A movie entitled Phallus  
is rated General?  
Will you condone a sexuality?  
Scott Thompson outs Don Cherry,  
but as what?  
Sex change is attempted tabula rasa?  
Would you like to 7825?  
Would you like to 3825?

Radical feminism  
--- one of air's ten components ---

has trouble getting a day pass.

Is that a gun in your pocket or is this a Canadian bar?

[bullet 10]

Returning to the womb  
in a smoky bar.

Music videos tell us what  
comic books their genitals read.

I like hanging around  
with women whose clits are bigger  
than most men's cocks but  
who don't feel impelled to  
crow about this surplus.

Drops his wrists, picks  
them up, puts them back  
on, drops them again,  
forsooth I hug him  
in mush-manner.

Wallets  
get hot for high  
heeled shoes.

The brain wanted us here but why?

(A pre-coffee  
domestic incident  
a growth  
economy in pawnshops,  
a decade defined  
by the smell of Aramis



and poppers, a collagen shot

straight into the magazine,  
a totalized rage  
and maximum vulnerability, a blow job  
clocked at 5 minutes  
per inch, a high  
rate of false positives.)

Oh look, honey --- clear plastic  
Ballot boxes. Oh ...  
well ... Seventeen magazine in Braille, uh ...

You say malicious wounding  
we call it self-defence.

(Because I could not see  
human bodies as a gift because  
we could not childproof ----)

Sheer rudeness  
at the four-way stop. Shoot  
your load here. Victim

victim expert victim victim victim expert expert victim.

We engineered this  
Thailand.

[bullet 11]

Centrists think you can't rape a prostitute.  
Dead puritans have permanent erections.  
Dental dams don't want you to feel anything!  
The Form Remoron Party.  
Rich Nude Gangrene.

Boy babies have been known to have hard-ons in utero.  
Unmentioned in study, what do girls do? Her story dialectic his  
Tory. Her word for money is "loot." She calls parentheses  
"eyelashes." She refers to her breasts as "the girls." Neither  
Patriarch nor Pussy / I dissect the Play.

Necessary bamboo.  
grows up you  
in a free-market scenario.

Laws against public sex because  
so often and much in  
lineups.

Couldn't you find a cleaner way  
of voting conservative  
than by getting married?

AIDS as a literary category.  
Justify the margins of my love, no!  
At the computer, virtual virility.  
In the heart, another traffic accident.  
Would women want to piss in sinks anyway.

Are men and women different sexes, species, races, classes? Give  
your opinion, then justify why these terms should have any  
meaning.

(Insert everyone's response here.)

[bullet 12]

Let's meet at the corner of Walk/Don't Walk.  
Let's occupy a house and synchronize our menses.

Group shopping for cosmetics.  
Let's be anthropologists for one another!

Get the porn off the page  
and into your life!  
Fucking in the streets,  
frightening the vehicles.  
Margin hand left the tyranny the resist.  
Try a little selflessness.  
Accept the pityfuck.  
Sloppy  
devotional sex,  
ate her  
menstrual sponge.  
Swinburne with Foucault  
is the next sex scene.  
Nicole Brossard dances with Emma Goldman.  
Married with  
not to.  
How can there be a "sexual ideal"  
when heat breaks all molds?  
Women who are so hip  
they're mortified  
at being heterosexual.  
Making subtle love  
in a duck blind.  
Beauty needs fewer forced hands;  
irony needs better material.  
The Roaring Girls Institute,  
the Barbie Liberation Organisation.  
We prefer prostitutes to yuppies  
because they do less  
social damage.

"Would you like to make love with me?"  
There can be no wrong answer to this question.

[bullet 13]

Element of surprise  
turned on  
for maximum burn.

Tangents away!  
Excess fudge!  
Tattoos!  
Skateboards smash car dealership!  
Defiance mechanism!  
Flirtation systems!  
Simile for the camera!  
Nude housecleaning!  
Oopsy!  
Long weekend!  
Neon kids!  
Mindfuck pitiful you!  
Women strong as Tenerife cigarettes!  
Shuh  
hee!  
Push the purée button!  
Carnival on it!

I want to see the 0  
rape the 1.

The fairness of the double  
headed dildo.

Please don't teach the young girls  
Misogynist skipping rhymes.

Perhaps the best thing  
would be a sustained bout of 933-7464.

Oh yeah,

roll it  
on!, roll  
it all on!

## MILITANT TONGUE

Once upon ideology, It

(blames a weakening family structure  
on pornography, abortion, teen sex, extended bar-room hours and  
Sunday shopping)  
conditional pronoun verbs directional articles location, i.e.  
I walk across the street. "The Marquise went out at five."  
I went inside. Just as my body politic, wrists taped

shot in mouth, wrapped in burlap locked in a trunk  
came whanging downstairs from balustrade to newel post  
whose euphonies sounded like someone orating the syllables of  
a law  
firm name. Hey bitch  
why don't you suck the sweat out of my hockey jersey? As per  
Agreement  
they get our natural resources we get their labour-camp jobettes,  
intellectual  
rather than sensual arousal is what the charter was intended to  
protect, ideas

shoved into a pigeon, have your bagman call my bagman, hey  
bitch  
why don't you support our policies in El Salvador? "It'll really pu  
hair  
on your realpolitik!" Add water  
on the brain to instant opinion, we are very proud of our working  
class

weapons fodder. She says

"I want a man who'll respect me after I come on his face.

"Maybe everyone's membership to the No

"Bullshit Club expired. Our basic gunk is small bare rooms  
in a nunnery found in a slice of cork, the historical outlook  
glides into Korkakov's syndrome. The dollar  
'signs' all the time, war is presented as surgery, our minds  
don't have a mind of their own, Iraqi no-fly zones

"are fruit of the poisoned tree, Jeffrey Dahmer  
shows more mock contrition than the President ever will, we'd  
better

kill it before we understand it. Your 'bitch' is code for 'cunt'  
for those too demure to be uncivil. You want to believe  
my pussy has teech, I'll let you..."

You wanna step out back for some liberal education?  
You are surplus production. Your "self" is the sales receipt.  
So laugh, shitbird, she is large

IN THE BASE OF THE BRAIN, AND  
SWELLS OUT OVER THE EARS, WHERE  
DESTRUCTIVENESS AND SECRETIVENESS  
ARE LOCATED BY PHRENOLOGISTS,  
WHILE THE WHOLE REGION OF  
INTELLECT, IDEALITY AND MORAL  
SENTIMENT IS SMALL (we enjoy our curricula

of Great Books because none of them were written by women.  
I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go  
Communist

due to the irresponsibility of its own people...)  
She responds, "Lap dissolves

can make us believe anything, as if assuming  
such an entity as ex-CIA agent.  
I brake for transvestites and speed for CSIS, ears out  
for the screams of those who can't. The difference between

"straight men and gay men

"is about 4 beers."

... with Text and Village Singing  
we pair-bond  
then taper off, America  
Lasters, one free capsule of AZT  
in every dime bag of heroin, the status quo  
is also a special interest group, sly  
and goofy euphemism

we call our orgasms "coming"  
as if en route  
to meet our closest friend  
three long blocks away: nerves  
yammer throughout  
flesh, blood flush  
empathy hookup  
now one block  
working the body  
until technique  
shatters, beauty will be  
compulsive, "HiThere!" and recap  
our day's business so  
I humbly submit  
the word "arriving"  
on some fond grounds  
of playful accuracy ...

Trend over time

lays us in cardboard at Pigeon Park  
and eating yuppie landfill, my career option  
would be murdering heads of state, to ventilate  
is not anarchy, we donate our Miniguns to the squats and  
remove the inhibitor cards first as a point of courtesy.  
Are you now, or have you ever, clock of the walk.

Are travel books "vacations" for our poor?  
You've got a Parliament we've got a Mob you're going  
to close all the post offices anyway, the least you could do  
is make them concentration camps for the homeless.

To trust only those who brush their teeth with their fingers.

Imagine every human face  
as a bicycle seat!  
Have you a "smelly mohawk"?  
Do you shave or pluck  
your penis? We don't  
need any "professional images." We live  
between channels on our TV set.

We'll chow down with the good guys  
'cause they're less sexist and racist than  
those other good guys.

IS IT POSSIBLE  
TO BE LESS DIDACTIC  
OR MORE RADICAL  
THAN REALITY'S  
GUMPTIONS OF MIRROR?

Most children, having parents, are political prisoners.  
Heterosexuality isn't a victimless crime.  
Most women, actually or structurally, are incest survivors.



All money is counterfeit.  
You can't relax under infostatement.

A final  
utopia final to write  
a children's book  
called Spot  
the Rot ...

He shifts oleagiously toward his girlfriend who whispers  
a boiling-kettle-shaped jest of cigarette steam that says  
"I want to bear your child."

Take vitamins in alphabetical order, take off  
your press-on genitals. Don't fall in love  
with the body double, slamdunk every spin doctor, lay off  
the military ---make them kill themselves. Heed  
what the clitoris says.

We are coming but have not arrived.

## INDOLENT COROLLARIES

Sunrise turns up slowly across our city, a boring benison.  
Tons of piss gravitationally. Was it all the freeze-dried gold-plated  
advertising  
promised or were you lucky enough to sleep through it?  
Otherwise if a tree falls in the forest, can we agree on the colour.

Anyhow I wake up (unbreakable habit) and  
tie off my wrist for my morning coffee. Bath stuff-face out  
for love and product. I write and tote a slim "text"  
so I'll know which groceries to buy. Bigots are 55¢  
veggie back bacon \$2.99. Trundle buggy, newspaper boxes leer  
misfortune out their faces, the gist of too much is "we killed  
something or someone and stand to clear a profit." Good intentions  
hunt  
Sandinistan coffee and politically correct bananas. The  
mountains as  
through trolley wires, spelling "thru" with an "ough" so it rhymes  
with "trough." Am I showboating my social construct,  
i.e. personality? Verifiable no girlfriends or boyfriends  
but every day I do get fucked in the head, heart and pocketbook  
by the President of the Free World, only his hair dye for lubricant.

Chirping how some people like that sort of thing.

Having shopped until my seminal vesicles collapsed ...

Keep eyes stripped ear to rail.



Age of Restraint

(Age of consent for edge

of restraint

No more volume No more food bank No more subsidized meds  
No more bread & carcasses No more free No more cute

Living on bird-poo & pebble soup

(Apologia for oligopoly

Please pay at kiosk for easily frozen water

"paid for with plastic"

"say it with plastique"

No more block transfer No more schlock value

(Concentration of resources

Nice price for dioxin in bottled water

& extra again for its removal

No more freebased currency No more recreational fists

The &c. was famous for

okay, town crier, bore me to the post. Time to plunk down  
drink coffees-on-stun (heritage of beans?) until we zither  
wild upright in our chairs. Commune of rapt,  
all of us transfixed as if in a rocketship  
about to arc somewhere wonderful. Waiting. A generation born  
to sit,  
talking up our significant-others      kids      friends      art  
with without  
a capital "m"    our occasional four-colour wants. Which doom  
will cut that.  
Nuclear faults on plant lines. Mouths stuffed with daffodils.  
Doing safe-sex  
whenever money for condoms. Snivel onward over lack of  
revolution  
in our peaceable kingdom, genetically indisposed  
between two imperialist psychopaths. Our national pastimes  
are hockey and banking fires before they get started. Genuflexion  
praecox.  
Obey letter, violate spirit. Latinate me dock you. Wolverine  
crossed  
with fireplug crossed with gentleman crossed with economist.  
Answer: "We'll fix it." And we don't vote  
with feet or guns. We keep very still    talk    try to hear each  
other  
over the ex-cathedra din of the system  
convincing us it's working.

Walk me snaffle you.

But under the bog, some of us are suspicious  
that the Premier, President and Prime Minister are from another

galaxy.

That men and women are irreconcilable. That "this note is legal  
terror."

That we are

spectrally evil. Zorched, ungarlanded, impactful,  
thingingly, transrational, blameward, uttering,  
divestiture.



tell me  
policies don't kill people, people kill people.  
When the President breeds policy under a rock and speaks it,  
someones die. When the PMO makes reassuring noises,  
I regress and date my mortician.  
Tell me instead about the crimes

of the Vatican bank. Covert anythings. What Rockefeller and  
Vesco get down to.  
Whether the Premier intends to privatize his family  
(if so, will they cut the black mustard). How blind trust got  
permission to violate  
tumblehome. Why that man is up for reelection instead of mass  
murder.  
Thugpigfuckery. Tell me the neutron bomb doesn't keep property  
values up tell me  
my kneecaps and chromosomes are safe. Another truth-lie  
so I can feel justified  
biting your ears off. Where's that zero-growth economy  
we've been waiting for. What's worse, being raped by morons  
or saved  
by RoboCop. Do you think the President's smile is really  
orgasmic cant.  
Who wants to croak for a cumshot  
dressed as liberty. Who wants to whack out the next pamphlet.  
Don't we know our TV  
Declared us. Don't we all have laundry to accomplish.

Time. Out door. Courier with lit firecracker in mouth.  
Lucre. Second-hand Scriabin. In crush always deeply.  
Talk. Friends, cats. White spraypaint outline of vaporized on  
Pavement.  
Swoon. Spleen on. Dreadful slivers of hope in the midst of.  
Sorrow. Justice. In theory, die for each other.

Agenda. Writhing.



Putting viscera in closet for safe keeping.

Waiting.

But a doctor I don't believe in says if I take one more benny  
I'll turn into Andy Warhol then expire. Therefore well, just  
swanning downhill. In 1984 lots of people I don't know  
reendorsed the shirt salesman  
for the White House. Analogue here. Sound of one mouth  
clapping  
on Parliament Hill. With cornets, a ban on tryptophan  
courtesy of the Valium lobby. Loneliness googleplexed, I went  
precious  
didn't sleep that year nor the next nor the next nor. Spastic  
sump pump, convulsions in the tub. The world as from notebook.  
Autononbiodegradadrivelography. Fête me commode you. I spent  
all my "dough"  
putting lust and surrealism up the nose. Watched the upwardly  
motile  
take their cuisinarts out to stroll. TV showed me lots of macho  
but compassionate cops, all seeming like Herman Munster on  
alcohol.  
Dreamed setting myself ablaze in the legislature,  
a harpy of hugs. I died

but I got better

so can you

Citizen Actor  
Citizen Witness  
Citizen Body

(admitted, ratched, discorporated, recidivist)

to the tune of "Shove  
A Yellow Ribbon Up Your Fascist Ass"

half empty and half full, half  
serious. Touchless  
car wah, no-name escargot. 119 suites with individual  
lockable garages. 99¢ double feature possible  
bonus stabbing. Is this the best we can do,  
paint our humanity on a placard and wave so others can see it?  
Proceed  
from bar to voting booth, weep a bit  
for the October Revolution. Quality control at the nightmare,  
carnival balloons are bugged. Is that it,  
preserve islands? Answer: "So sue us." We've progressed  
from quad to ear, ept to in. Linebreak  
fuckola!, the cow-orker was bre-wed then de-stined to join the Four  
Hor-semen of the Apocalypse. The mountains exist  
to foreground the smog. I Sinclair-Stevens my working ethos:  
guilty,  
unrepentant, slightly irredeemable. "Shoppers"  
heard as "Sherpas." Went out to buy a car door window upper  
downer roller.  
Tried their new menu but the plastic made me ill. That date rapist  
with a swollen calendar could be many of us. I (dank) love you  
(darker) love  
you (self-mendicated) love you and (baffed) I (boffo) I (suds)  
could be the aluminium in my deodorant is getting to me ...

The problem is not so much what you do, but who you are.

But if you beat your child, you lower its property values.

All those Peruvian villagers carrying rocks  
painted to resemble transistor radios.

A national party that slags the native people

as stupid puns on welfare, i.e. "they  
don't want to work and they  
don't want us to work either."

But the neoconservative leaders make extremists of us all.

But the seams become dissolving sutures.

Well I've forgotten who to vote for or against, or why. So, I "did" it.  
Let me "fill you in." I've put myself in the used-persons column.  
Put grief on post-dated cheques. Unsure,  
gave up on those bananas. Went to see the whales at the aquarium.

Uncertain

if "clamshells" that house the burger are a danger  
to the ozone layer. Our lawyers search for a language:  
many get shudders. Guaranteed full insertion? Seems we misspoke  
our disinformation. Sorry, wrong nerve. Art with a capital "w."  
In the nail file of the screenplay of the lunchbox of the soundtrack  
of the gene pool of the bestselling book of the minor votive picture.  
We tucked our snot behind the headboard till the bed collapsed.  
We filmed the endgame at Humptulips River. The junk food  
is healthier but sunlight is more toxic.

At closure I took a spraybomb,  
on white side of a tall bank wrote

## Regrets

Kilroy - he dead. Our summer proceeded on beer  
baseball  
    tabloids  
about Elvis. For the record, THEY did it. For the record, I  
never  
    slew  
more than I could eat. As a child I could fly: later couldn't  
sing  
couldn't dance too fat for liftoff so I drank. Took  
hanggliding  
    lessons.  
Was a bambibounce in bed, bought a path toward peoples  
Hearts.  
Everyone got better behaviour for xmas. A bonus  
with their wake. Dancing apothecaries in long shadow. Day hot,  
    half done,  
me happy & full of cash, only halfway finished being a nice  
guy.

load me trust  
you rusting me  
power you lower  
me plode you dote me fail you hailstorm  
me locket you hock me septum  
you fret me lollygag you  
pollywog me seed  
you need me luck you  
fucker this But

the guy wearing a Silence = Death t-shirt  
was a contestant on Studs.

Needed  
in the neighbourhood : a Malcom X or Angela Davis  
park.

10% of my ashes thrown in the Prime Minister's face.

A power yell would help.

Having put all the political memoirs in the True Crime section ...  
much  
(mutagen) reconstructive for (indentured) us (sermonized) to do  
(unfoldment)

## AUTUMNAL

Gridlock  
and romanticism.

Time to squeeze the city  
out of our pores.

The place looked like an entrance to importance, gate field  
fence field fence field gate  
woods left  
left right left right right.

Gooseberry,  
dingleberry.

Dicey weather  
(nonnegotiable).

A faceless pumpkin  
on the verandah.

My feet, this landscape, survey course,  
dead elm trees and chipmunks, aww!  
Listen, I've never been  
lost / in the geography, / only

in the map... You can track me  
by the trail of cigarette butts.

Not nature, foliage  
rendered into property.

She who looks for My Country / is met by her own shadow. Clouds  
can look like anything (yet another

poem contains  
the Bow River).

What is a country  
why would you want to love one?

The sun goes down  
sexually.

## Acknowledgements

I'd like to thank a batch of people who've nurtured me through the poetry gambit during the last 20 years (although none of them are obligated to enjoy how the work ended up); Roger Kuin, Robert Clayton Casto, the late Eli Mandel; Andy Payne and Steve Toth; Robert Bringhurst; Dorothy Trujillo Lusk and Kevin Davies; Susan Howe, Lyn Hejinian, Charles Bernstein, Bruce Andrews and Abigail Child; especially Don Coles and Catherine Bennett;

especially the many writers whose work and lives have intersected with the Kootenay School of Writing in Vancouver, where I've unlearned, learned, served with and proselytised for since 1987.

Versions of some of this work have been published in Barscheit magazine and East of Main: An Anthology of Poems from East Vancouver (Pulp Press, 1989). My thanks to their editors.

To the Banff Centre for the Arts and the Canada Council.

To Deanna Ferguson and Michael Barnholden of Tsunami Editions for their excellent support and editing.

Many thanks to Erin O'Brien for the wonderful cover; the photographic citizens are myself and Catherine Bennett.

Other writers are quoted in these poems:

"A Boy's Own Last" --- Sarah Schulman and Deborah Spungen;

"Straw Man" --- Jackie Collins, Yevgeny Zamyatin and Luisa Valenzuela;

"Chasing My Father's Narrative" --- Kathy Acker;



"Erotic Out-Takes Programme" ---Gertrude Stein, Carla Harryman,  
Monique Wittig, Max Boas & Steve Chain, Pat Booth, Christopher  
Dewdney, Emily Dickinson and Clark Coolidge;  
"Militant Tongue" --- André Breton and Emily Dickinson;  
"Autumnal" --- Ralph Gustafson, Sharon Thesen and Smaro  
Kamboureli

Word-processing thanks are owed the following computers:  
The KSW Toilet, the CBPS Litterbox, Booty and vixen ink.

I'd also like to thank doctors JMS and PdP for keeping me alive and  
relatively sane, and JG, LD and the women of the Sisters of  
Addiction Coffee Bar for similar reasons.

