

There will be no intermission. There is a projection booth. There are no two situations able to produce the same outcome. There are many cars. There is a parking lot. There is nothing behind the men. There is nothing in front of the men. There is a camera. There is the crushed abdomen of an ant stuck to one of the dog's paws. There is a dead mouse near the dog. There is night. There are clouds and there is a clear day. There is rain. There is summer and there is winter. There is a mouse in the theater. There is a film of two men talking. Two men are talking. There is a man walking away from the dog. There is a man about to pass the dog. There is a man passing the dog. There is a dog in the front yard. There are three women behind him. There is a man to his right. There is a man in front of him. There is a man watching a movie.

It's the third auditorium on
Your right continued ethical engagement
Of the narrative tradition
Begins momentarily with geraniums to burst
Concise articulation wasn't what
We'd wanted exactly I'm not
So sure the line matters
You don't just get on a motorcycle
And become a kind of historical
Category feeling your solution
To its problems a coherent program
Or extension of power by an expansionist idea
About the world being purely internalized
Through reentry to that which
Holds ardently an intellectual grip
As sun disappears over hilltops
As hilltops disappear with its loss
Inscribing as meaningful the evening in
Which we sense a particular fascination
Clouding our ability to see beyond

You don't just get on a motorcycle
And become a kind of historical
Category artistic innovation in early
Twentieth century leaning rightly
To think in questions itself
Given a brief spotlight plausible
Answers to render arbitrary constraint
An affectionless roundabout way
In our monument to the
Crux of a crucial moment
A contorting and cyclical inversion
Evidence of fingers aimed at an auditorium
Ethics aside I'd just like to relax
Assume we are circled around discarded
Design and individual flourish but
Not painting real scissors thusly
Assumption leaves a thread
I love all my children
Equally but I have no
Children therefore stimulus freedom

I don't know, I answer a little too loudly, perhaps because of my distress from the unexpected question, or, more likely, as a vindictive form of punishment for his intrusion, knowing that the head in front of me might give a quick, scornful turn, and that my inquisitor would feel accountable, guilty for breaching our collective, unstated agreement to enter the performance being projected in front of us. I guess it just depends on missing some of the dialogue. They might expect film to avoid something lacking motion. You don't just get on a motorcycle and become some kind of historical category. Turning around, I see a man in a green shirt facing the screen, a flash of Nordic mist and seafoam blue. I should try and remember that an expressive form is a fallacy, but calling it such is false.

Excuse me just something finished
Breakfast and now concerned
About supposed recollection of
Tranquility in events I'm trying
Something with narrative I think
You can see how one flattens the conceptual
External consciousness entering
Pleasure as we know is one
Metaphysical position among others now
I have proven that
Anything rolls over the horizon
And gigantic posters of musicians
Acquiescence to wallpaper wallpaper
Wallpaper a thinner
Varnish might work
As they posture what huh
Good morning I think
You can see how one flattens lazy thinking re
Arranged the yellow hue of the flower
Is firm and fully delineated