rules for bones

are you sure yr a person
you look more like an artichoke
if even the parabolist has thir purpose
if even the tipi poles r famous

broccolini for nonce-coolery
adjacent mulberry
to sissy beanpods
& git-along-little-dogies
parlous petracitours
most lazy susans
and picpoul cannabis

we playd bones w/ popish miniatures
xe had me weigh platinum in my palm
I was like got weed
who first kissd my hand, then yrs
until you ride yr own train yr open

rolfings alternate name:
structural integration
tijuana boxcarstyle
rules for bones
or pause to gaze on the
moody chest of spartacus

garbage juice everywhere
OTC tequila, non pareil they are
w/o equal
or pause to gaze on the
muddy chest of
spartacus
its blu eye

causeth me to lean
despondently out tha window

who speke depe
tunnelis
twice as like to pour the tea

I greatly prefer under my paws
the paving stones

who have harborid no
illusions
whos twetes enflict

—yonder comes my mastre—
a bee’s feather

in pleasure as wot makes raquet
to wht our own racketeering
makes monstrous cry—noteworthy of thrslf
one capitulates—pourquoi ma fie or feess
so impertinent as to produce a map
—w/o wearing a wig—

one’s meercoat—inreverse
the trial (or tha) troll of hey nonny nonny
semenaunt en fábula
too blaut to be bonny
—as if I minded my owm judiciary—!
xanadu politico frijolillo myn eye
molts on the untidy passage
of a bee’s feather. bosh!
there never was any adjudicated form of aerial travel
to spurt ducements on. that one most humbly deranges and belabors.

I am not supposed—supposed by others—to
be telling the bees—& yet wot’s monstrous?!

the glorious bêtise
of the chickpea
involuntarily brot into thymage
non euclidean
non aristotelian
non newtonian
one’s mouse
(trolly lolly) on its lone (therefore have)
heart. cor, one has thir own fish ta fry.
the unicornity of bodie. thir rages.
 once it showed me a kindness

manytimes a fleece to get punky by
to flesh all & have a good row
how one expresses so n so (a feeling)
erst—once’t—a double tome
togedre & en face the great haunt
they gargle in euclyptian tidewater
heady toyles assailed
 one presses—agaynst tha mark
just reads thir toes for to-day.

as one eaglescout to an other
one’s afeard to stele out in the hall
manytimes a farce has been held
(and maintaingd) theyr not tafault
onlyeye the swartness of the smythes
brennwaterys
thir avunction
if only to discombobulate limbage

lawd—my tailor — ----------------------------- - — -
aslape but for the droning fly
who is this wertheim?
& wherr goes my slip if not in the pneumatics?

great tidewater, a brade, a blaut my thinking
(nor noghte) avunctuary
in which I’ve not not taken part
heavy my city! and o! my limbic
assoils—I have not the hrt
—whose proper huts bewail—
& the fwoosh of the rail mistook for a tide
where one’s hamhocks r a daily beast

howd I alite here—ta this place
when one is of a terrain: most upwardly
most awkward? ahm I so brent?
daft as to require an erbe?

is one afterall to remain chaste? aye in thir
comforts? to what remains, in wot niddling thorofare?
here habitat. here here perspicacious.
—made explycit

hollyhock’d midst rogues
one brays to filth.

now one speaks of a privy most onerous
that they pipe in the sound of crickets (or is that a distant alarm racketting?)
heywot? donchudelay???? em disrobing emself in the dawn,
the table w/ its owen scalloped edge
far rockaway . . . legends of ireland . . .
fleur unfaced. better the pyp is not permanant.