

THE PARLIAMENT OF REALITY

Padre camouflage renders the top ambiguous
which is awesome, but it's hard to dial in on
the awesomeness of that extra layer of enclosure

May I have a sip of your cigarette, asleep
in all my clothes, crying, uselessly, as your singularity
apologizes for & preserves our long way around
to an open muted slightly flittering love?

Loitering is a primary talent reformed
as needed between coming tensions: I don't want
the references, I want to be irritated, & freaked out
uneven in the fur, away from live wave domains, pushed
up hard against this or that delicately figured
boulder, a sprained delicacy absorbing biogenetic
prepositions masked as populated frequency
the illusion of daily non-acknowledgment

Insomniac as a fool failing to order
a proper structure of bloodletting. See those birds
measuring any available appearances? They're poised
to join local gyms &, space begetting such mild
dissolution, universalize their bitching wings

the green lake is awake

the green clock is a lock

the green flake is a lake

the green top is a shop

the lime green mop is a flop

the lime green pop is a lock

the lime green lime is a chime

the sea green rhyme climbed into the chimney

the chimney collapsed into aquamarine

the light green is bright green

the ever green is never seen

WITH SYLVIE BERRIGAN & COSIMA HILL

speech

SMASH THEM.

EAT THEM.

SEVEN

When I was seven
in 1979, I'd go buy
the paper, for my
father, from Oscar's
dark green newsstand
on the corner of first
avenue & St. Mark's
Place. Oscar always
called me Oscar when
I stopped by. "Thanks
Oscar," he'd say as
I handed him the
quarter. "Bye Oscar"
I'd say, turning
around, going
back on my way

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH LASERS

my fellow parenthetical palliative rodeos inward beavises
tender chicken tenders bullshit is a star
speaking necrotics uncanny midlife anytime glub
not bad for a prototype my loadings hurt
scumbag fame for missionary milk thistling
postlinoleum palavers trumping helioscopic deep depth
to terrorize drones with ugly gentle cadavers feelings
cultlines missectioned living actualization of ghosts
topiary pratfallen minaret-més swaddle all lozenges bounce their bobs
a t for twitchy eros she ain't gonna give me five & here comes horseshoe downturn
pre-sob sobs weaponized emphasis
indulging limits like taste at least our bones aren't wet right, daddy?

FOR MICHAEL GIZZI

problems

PRECISION AUTO

These prefab greens are part of a sale system
of red dots reserved for those whose demise

we thought predetermined by the timing
of their abuses. You sleep under a stitched

face sold for warmth between scales. Extreme
snowfall, memorial readings of butterfly attacks

on Seventh Ave, and the exile's octuplets
refuse Dream's capacity to give waking outline

of body to I who were alive. The restroom
is for steel-cut customers wearing expensive

jackets three sizes too small. There's something
insidious about this music one pays to listen

for, the perk of employment lacerating
the ears of our artifice to form a profile of

togetherness. That rap jaked an emerald
game to con every concept of elsewhere

Dilated pupils following local smoke signals
trading that rainbow beaten down to tears

for a greasier grill from which to pay the bills
Pre-judgment's an overly natural affect anyhow

dusky matter in need of cosmic perversion
We see your indifference, and raise you

an impractical salute. There's no bond
of reality between money and enough