

# Remission

By Kirk Wood Bromley  
Written for Daniel Martin Berkey

*Alacrity,  
I look on thee,  
And dreaming see  
My sanity,  
But mere to gaze  
Beyond the daze  
Is still to graze  
On paraphrase;  
Alacrity,  
Bequeath myself to me.*

*O set me free,  
Alacrity,  
And open your  
Thesaurial  
Cervix to  
My wooden news-  
Besotted rubble  
Amphetamine ravine.*

*O easy be,  
Alacrity,  
And sweeten my  
Lugubrious  
Fiddlesticks  
Thru your honey-  
Dew wormlove rolehole  
Metonymy machine.*

*Alacrity,  
I've lost the key  
To harmony.  
Catastrophe.  
It's dark inside  
Infanticide.  
O be my guide  
To far and wide;  
My dumbstruck repartee,  
Alacrity.*

Good morning, good evening, good afteryou'n.

My name is Daniel Martin Berkey, and  
I am a post-schizophrenic actor.  
Now, before you say, "That's impossible,"  
Or "Aren't we all?" or "So what?" or "Monkeys  
Seem to be playing a much smaller role  
In the manufacture of ball bearings  
Now that saying things is unsaying things,"  
Allow me to magnify my vagueries,  
As having said the very thing I shouldn't  
Have said, for once it's said what else is there  
To say, which is much less than to say what  
You get is what you see and what you see  
Is what you don't get, hopefully won't get,  
Because you don't want it, being as you  
Already have it, it's just not there for  
The having, especially not within  
This fey glomus of regenerating  
Ruction where we in superannuated  
Immediate symbologies still strive  
To share what we don't have, which, in the end,  
Or in spite of the end, is really all  
We have for our ridiculous attempts  
To be free of that mind-poaching chasm  
Between what we say and what's said of us,  
Which, after everything's been left unsaid,  
Is the pulse of the schizophrenic corpse,  
But, as I was saying before I was  
So rightly interrupted by myself,  
The Cock of Essential Marginalia,  
In having said the very thing I shouldn't  
Have said, I feel I've no alternative  
But to say it again, which is to say  
My name is Daniel Martin Berkey, and  
I am a post-schizophrenic actor.  
To knack this knurled knoot, let us look  
At said epithet (or is it epitaph?)  
Composed of three hostile, collaborative terms:  
Post, schizophrenic, actor. Together  
They make up me as I have come to be  
By that illusion I shall here engage  
With the goal of playpenning me in you  
That this braggart walk-shed disable  
Our psycho-pomp, "Different lines to common mines,"  
Into our dream lub dub, generating  
A trusting place of pure piano milk,  
Generously slow light, as uncut as

The belly-up elation silent types  
Feel when their pecking leaf of blunder  
In the sluiceless word range suddenly shunts  
A metaphrastic nib thru their ellipses,  
Sprouting complex conjugates all about  
The incendiary, do-it-over  
Devices of their pattern-deranged  
Charisma, the current pet deity.  
A place like that, and then some, kimochi?  
Excellent. So: Post – after or has been.  
Schizophrenic – remains to be seen.  
Actor – a notion forever running  
From one place to another looking for  
Who knows what. Given these moldings, the phrase,  
Post-schizophrenic actor, is employed  
Under permanent contract for the task  
Of exhibiting schizophrenia  
That you might see how schizophrenia  
Doesn't exist save as the scent of fear  
In an only kidding, which is to say  
I don't much believe in winning a match  
With a make-shift perspective projection,  
Yet which isn't to say I'm not overjoyed  
To be here in this place, choking on you,  
Especially considering the places  
I could be, was quickly headed, felt it  
My nihilistic obligation to invade  
And let conquer. Compared to those places,  
Which I shall in the course of your sit-in  
Against this place being simply this place,  
Describe with the urgency of the damned  
As they blow ever gently on the fires  
Of redemption that peter in the rain  
Of tears from our regretful radix point.  
Compared to those places, this is the place.  
Yes, I was diagnosed schizophrenic.  
Yes, I confess the symptomology.  
And yes, I wear it like a badge of flesh.  
But what? I love the love that loves to love.  
I have dug an escape tunnel into  
Your bunker mentality and emerged  
Into this splurge-pocketing, dark in light  
Community that my lapactic spores  
Might deviously barrel a shadow-  
Encrusted wonder woman spinal musk  
Across the molehills of your wolverine

Shalom, blasting all security concerns  
With my porch talk, because here it's me and you  
And our exact opposite, wildly nursing  
The world self that too rarely takes to suck  
Yet is constantly at it, screaming at  
Syringes, "I'm proppt between two okay  
Feelings: the need to be done with it and  
A willingness to study the etiology  
Of finishing on time!" Post-schizophrenic  
Doesn't mean I'm no longer schizophrenic,  
Cuz once you go back you never go black,  
But it does mean the predicative calculus  
Whereby drug lords might identify me  
As a risky purchase in a habitat  
Of fair-weather do-goodism has been  
Laterally upgraded such that my  
Connectivity, reliability, usability,  
Processing speed, and gutter punk sex appeal  
Meet the industry standards required  
For a mellow junket thru the brainstorm  
Few doctoral candidates can merely admire.  
My language, ruined (as it is) by sincerity,  
Cannot adequately reflect my sense  
Of being completely free of prenatal fears;  
A new man, in effect, even if that  
Makes me a little heralded specimen  
Of the "Do I Know You?" School of Solicitude,  
But s'fice to say were I (and I am not)  
Required to give a yes or no answer  
To the question "Are you schizophrenic  
Or just inappropriately inclusive?"  
I would not, as I would have, talk the talk.  
Something happened to me. I was attackt,  
Repeatedly, tho always by differing degrees  
Of affection. First at conception, then  
Throughout the long hot winter of misconception,  
And finally, much earlier, freeing me  
From the co-independent variable  
That kept me from calling myself stable  
Enough to stand up here n say "This is all  
There is – Me in a melodic bubble  
Balancing on the continent of your tongue."  
Which brings me to that other words, actor.  
By way of full disclosure (where I mean  
To iterate contours, for I have been  
Too long on the way of part disclosure,

That hush hush mysphonic endless instance  
Whence impersonal personalities  
Hurl hard androgynic gutterballs  
At my brash pre-performance bugaboos,  
Bringing me much acausal wunderschreck  
In the dead pledge drive), I am an actor,  
Which too staged confusion, in an age of  
Congenital commercials, has come to mean  
The words I am speaking are not my own.  
I am a post-schizophrenic actor  
Who doesn't support schizophrenia  
Save as a personal trainer the well-off  
Can't afford. True story. I am an actor  
In remission from schizophrenia,  
And I am an actor in Remission,  
A one-man play about schizophrenia,  
And that's no joke. It's a see-thru picture  
Of your face on my face, which is why  
No one's laughing in that new-fangled way,  
You know, like all the oxygen's run out.  
Yes, I am an actor in Remission,  
A one-man play about schizophrenia,  
And that is a joke, being a wildlife  
Refuge for one dead duck, tho that dead duck  
Is many people to many statues,  
All of which read, smudged out at their base,  
"Tomorrow's just a yesterday away."  
Now, being as I am what I am in,  
And I am in your fresh muckrake flambeau,  
One presumes the operation will be  
A success thanks to its complications,  
For the surgeon, Dr. Time Out New York,  
Must perform the procedure on himself,  
Using broken joints to fix broken joints  
Which slip the more they're set and set the more  
They slip (following the old rhetoricians  
Into the rundown building of ridiculous  
Theme parties), and a joint set incorrectly  
Does far more damage than an unset joint  
As one debilitates, whilst the t'other  
Falsely empowers, causing deeper breaks  
Which cannot set because they cannot slip,  
And that's the secret behind the mistake  
"Being in the thick of things no matter how  
Thin the evidence that being thickens."  
So'f you require proof of my remission,

Here 'tis: Pri'r to my state of post my state,  
The task of speaking someone else's words  
Like they were my own was trying to force  
A potshard to pretend it was a pot  
Before it was a muddy dream. But now  
I keep my word speaking words not my words  
Like they were, for thru this Mobius Scope  
I aim to keep the aim upon the sign  
My bad implications have hid from me  
For good reason. Which leads me to conclude,  
I am a post-schizophrenic actor,  
And I am here that we in joint obversion  
Might make prochronic fact my ingress thru  
The mythic and organic transmorphism  
In my modular, faux human being  
From twinkle to problem to messiah  
To monster to honorable senator  
From the ingrate state of self-assurance  
Via this infarctive, healing, deic  
Rheogony of a so-slurred disease  
Commutatively termed dementia praecox.  
Aka the intertextuality  
We all hoped wouldn't come for some time  
But which already left, leaving a vibe  
Of "Hey, Dan, tell us your life story,  
Cuz that's some fuckt up shit you been talkin,  
And wouldn't it be cool to go snow camping  
Somewhere with a little less, ya know, snow?"  
I am more than happy to oblige you  
In that urge, for this is that grief ritual  
Into which I've been installed by my own joy,  
For I am for the joy, the operand  
That speaks for me, for I am a mountain  
Making love to the lichen that keckles it.  
See, this, like it or not, is my story,  
And my story, like all stories, is a story  
Of a journey. This journey, like all journeys,  
Is a journey thru a place. And this place,  
Like all places, has a place in our world,  
A world we inhabit, which is why this  
Is going to be extremely difficult.  
I have swum, drowned in, drank, and crawled out of  
A sea so hostile to my Cartesian lungs  
I must relate my flounderings, that for you  
Around whose ankles, necks or higher questions  
Such swells now swirl, a survival cut-up

Might provide some eidetic flotation  
Sinkhole for your devisal, be it to  
Stay above or to mark where you went down,  
Tho wanting to help you doesn't make it  
Any easier to get help to you  
Give your location of uninformed  
Readiness, yet none of this is really  
Relevant to knowing what ready means  
In a place where knowing what ready means  
Means you're not ready. So, are you ready?  
Before I begin, I want to begin  
By touching each of you. Nothing criminal  
Or priestly, just a fashion-forward touch  
To up the trust, start the feedback flowing,  
To lay the basic tracks of our mutual  
Incision, cuz isn't that why we're here  
Before anything we could ever unsay?  
Are we not here to be toucht in some way?  
Not in any way, of course, this isn't  
That, this is just our wanting to be toucht  
In this place in some way. Problem is, we  
Don't know which way we want it til it happens,  
Or doesn't, right? Or we know which way we  
Want it, but when we get it, well, we don't  
Want it. Now it's the wrong way, or so we  
Think, cuz often on reflection the wrong  
Way news and improves, replacing the right  
Way, becoming what we want because it's  
Wrong, which, when remembered, is righter than  
Right, or it's not, and then we just feel  
Wrong, or we don't, it was wrong, but we don't  
Feel its wrongness; it just happened, and  
You can call it wrong but that somehow makes  
It feel better, or go away, which is  
Sometimes the same damn thing, be that sad or  
No, cuz sometimes when a thing goes away,  
Even if it was wrong, it doesn't feel  
Better. You miss it. The wrong made you feel  
Wrong for feeling right, so, you see, touch is  
Weird, not because it's weird, but because it's  
Touch; we must be toucht to live, yet we  
Fight it, we fight life with touch, yet here we  
Are because, I believe, we want to be  
Toucht, maybe not in the way we're being  
Toucht, but in some way and that's what makes us  
Us; we submit to a way of being

Toucht, which we can't predict will be right or  
Wrong, yet we submit to it, and we are.  
So, in celebration of the demise  
Of my fear to touch those who would be toucht  
And to be toucht by those who would touch me,  
I touch you, and by touching you, am toucht.  
Has everyone been toucht? If I toucht you  
But not your neighbor, please, touch your neighbor,  
That thru such sweet infection all are toucht.  
Nice. I feel a tangible honesty  
Among us, which is my cue to start acting.  
Good morning, good evening, good afterboon.  
My name is Daniel Martin Berkey, and  
I was born into an infinite field  
Of dots. As to the nature of these dots,  
Dots have no nature save their point, wherefor  
I am an infinite field of points,  
Which seems my point, tho only to a point  
As these points are hard to pinpoint given  
To point at a point an algorithm  
Must determine how to point at a point,  
Yet an algorithm can't be pointed out  
Unless what a point is has been pointed out  
Which requires pointing out an algorithm  
Whence one may point in order to point  
Algorithms at a point, so, what's the point?  
That, in a nutshell, is a nut unshelled.  
See, the surprise is not schizophrenia  
But the ubiquity of schizophrenia  
Within an absence of schizophrenia,  
For schizophrenia could be seen as  
The near communicable half belief  
That orthocenters may be scattergrams,  
And that so few are enthralled to that thought  
While acting on that thought in a world  
Of heraldic, entertaining extinction,  
That's surprising – yet, spite such normalcy,  
I was born, and lacking that, instantly  
Outgrew the lessons of my great, great ground-  
Squirrel, like you, only with extra loud  
Inverse tangents of messianic lactation,  
Correlation crises, colony collapse disorder,  
And other neaps of untoward appanage,  
All zugzwanging my efforts to inspect  
My circumstances without fully  
Ent'ring into them (aging in place of),

So it's all hear say. I hear what you say  
And sell it on the syntax market for  
Mumblecore gurus. But let us return  
To epigenesis with a tazer  
On a homecoming float, soggy with now.  
To midge into this upcycling disaster,  
As I did - as we all may - thru the frippage  
Of two violent, conscientious egg masks,  
Is much deplangentizing to the sage  
Whose root is why he's "rhymes with pluckt." My birth  
Was nothing short of tragically effective,  
For I was born Daniel Martin Berkey,  
Previvor of the locavore "fresh kill."  
Tho broken, lead-filled, and "cute is the new  
Crazy," my birth, like you, can't be recalled.  
The manufacturer filed for clemency  
From the bogus astral complaint, so I'm  
Me-ish, with continual distortion,  
Which seems a fate less cliquy and "free trade"  
Than banging Schoenberg out on a bad dug.  
What I do hearken to about my coming  
Into the smog is how little it affected  
My plans of divorcing myself from any  
Sense of ownership in myself. My mother  
Was there, tho she later persuaded me  
Otherwise. And she was, or she would have been  
In the pictures someone failed to take,  
Quite moved, or what she called "romanticized  
By actions ingermane to my destination."  
My father was unthere, tho he was told  
Of it later by his tools collection  
And is said to have resisted saying  
With middling flair, "Whatever it takes  
To make me look in charge." The body t'wich  
My mean deviation was conscripted  
Seemed less than agog on the promotion.  
Its soundscape, "Paranoid Gluehead Sunrise:  
How One of Us Didn't Exactly Fuck Off,"  
Failed to capture the complex abscission  
I suffered in gaining the dopamine  
To mixmaster this creepy, weepy voice:  
My body is a bag of borrowed goods  
Others call the God-given parts of me,  
Tho God, that injun giver, wanted em back.  
But have I told you how troubling things can be  
For a man with his head in the clouds when

Those clouds are in his head? It seems I've not.  
Therefore, it is for you to enter  
My body, precognitively, that you  
Might grasp at its straws and carry the day  
For yet another day, to consider  
I don't know what thingling. Take my body  
Into your honor system, minus gavel,  
Gimme-isms, or payrolled ignorance.  
Just be in my body in that deft way  
You have thanks to hours spent in the corner,  
Lightly smackt in oils of odd indifference,  
Brief yet committed, fingers out the mouth,  
Mind focused on its mist, a vengeful, loving  
Skew distribution, darned into the dark.  
Behold my body and tell me what you see.  
Scratch that. I'll tell you what you see. A scam  
Far more economical, aka  
Enlightening, than looking at your body  
In the way I'm looking at my body.  
Like I'm a man once thought himself the Christ  
And is now between careers. I'm feeling  
Wifi and I'm looking at your body  
In my body as it darts thru the splunge  
Of the existential non-qualifier.  
My brain, which is all I know of ibid,  
Tingles like a single intermingling  
With icons. My brow, tenuously modern,  
Is input packaging for feeling put off.  
My eyes pose as monasteries for chavs  
With vision grudges. My nose won't stop  
Being my face. My mouth has three seconds  
To learn to stop time, over and over again.  
My jaw is clencht in gripe, cheerily so;  
Just think the dreams of a man-suited man  
Frozen to his desk by the blusters of  
His own cold projections. My neck, rigid,  
Forces me to seem a high-priced mock-up  
Of the Devil's Postpile from a glam ad  
For the cowpig deathstyle; these yank stalks,  
My arms, like dignitaries transiting  
The paltry, crucial squabblings casually  
Hardballed betwixt my brain, or all I know  
Of glib squid, and my hands (fly, crow-clippt wings!)  
My arms are a nervous pastiche of Thor  
And Rubbermaid, only semi-enslaved  
(Like a twinge waiting to tweak in a snit

Due to a prior advance disavowal)  
To what I take for my take on taking things  
So taken am I with your take on things,  
You fake-woo-and-ball-me-in-the-scorning.  
When I breathe, or pretend to, there then seems  
To whirl thru my sack of private pleadings  
Reason nine I frequent unfrequented  
Desserts, deserts, O what's the diff to the  
Deafening din, thru my borg bag, I repeat,  
There swim these callous giggling info nymphs  
With sharp hearts and self-cheating deceptions  
Regarding the relative frequency skills  
With the skylight coffin lid, leading me  
To concede my death had nothing to say  
Until I devoted her to transmute.  
Are you following me? Don't, cuz I'm lost.  
"Crinkle, crinkle, brittle..." No, I'm no star,  
For I am dark to those that wish on me,  
Like you, only out there. What have I misst?  
My co-domain, in storage. My sphagnum  
Cheat bog operating system, not worth  
The diaper it's shit on. My insoluble  
RV nipples shouting "Skip, skip, obey!"  
To all below what we won't talk about.  
Fact is, my body's so prevested with  
Your pribble I could suck your fucking scrubs!  
My teeth. They're screaming again. On, Gnasher,  
On Cuspid, On Canine, On Psychic Tusk!  
I've pasts for all the little foils and blurs!  
The schizophrenic body is a place  
No one's ever been cuz we're all born there,  
Aggressively, in this annoyingly  
Self-directed manner, and tho we try  
(Only rhinovirus knows how hard we try!)  
To secrete interferon in our likeness,  
We fail because we're schizophrenic,  
Displaying a prehensile split among  
Affect, ideation, and expression,  
Which is just a fan club's way of saying  
"You can't act." Ay, there's the flub. Schizophrenics  
Can't act cuz you've got to own your body  
To give it, or so the steroid brokers  
Hustle it up. How you own your body  
Is your business, but how you don't is theirs,  
And they will make a healthy living off  
Keeping you sick, but don't get me charted.

I don't blame the forester for the lack  
Of trees, cursing my inner fringe, for I  
Am free. I know there's love in the death camps  
In the sky, and that every drupe perdu  
Sings a hylozoid of appeasement  
Toward our terror. I've been to the bottom  
And from there it's clear: things are looking up.  
After a few unforgettable years  
Of infant amnesia, enter, chased by'n  
Unbearable ah, Voices and Visions.  
A chop shop for discriminating drives,  
Voices and Visions is flat on its back  
At the corner of Zing and Morosis  
In the mulled intellectual craven  
Of Fluster, Fistiana, Two Tailed Test.  
It was there I learned to be more or less  
More and less, imbibing those all-flighty  
Hell-loosinating fool-induction rants  
On my loopholes, the only place the mental  
Can call home. I started hearing voices  
When they built that real big language out of  
Bagel-makers with attitudinal rickets  
In their cargo master, and the visions  
Flitted in when choices started seeming  
Appropriate to what came recommended,  
Like your fears telling your fears you're fun to  
Fuck with: I'm a child, I'm a toy, I'm always  
Never bored. Subject: Voices and Visions.  
From: Blanket Charges. To: Anybody Here  
Wanna Play Me? These Vices in Versions  
First came to me in my bedroom at night  
(A crime and chase no drama could dream up),  
When I was very young, or largely dead,  
Following your regression analysis.  
The voices were cruel, shaming, scary,  
And the visions were kind, comforting, good.  
Lacking true sightlines, I see the voices  
As manifestations of my mother  
Who punisht and coddled with random verve,  
Throttling me, per exemplum, for spilling  
My soup when there it wintered in its bowl.  
And the visions, mostly angels and ushers,  
I felt to be informed by my father,  
Who was kind, comforting and good only  
In that he wasn't cruel, shaming and scary,  
Or, for that smatter, anything other

Than hard working and soft spoken. It's lonely  
At the top? It's lonely in the middle:

“Listen to me when I shut you down!  
I love you bigger than the encore solution.  
You don't do everything for me so I won't do anything for you.  
Whatever my anfractuous ligature wants.  
Did I ask you my opinion?  
When you smile, I'm in style.  
That's your best?  
You make biotelemetric love to my vague refractory button.  
This is my home and your problem!  
It's all just a fart in a flower garden.  
Fucking one night externality!”

Timothy. Hello, Timothy. This is  
Timothy. Yes, I realize you can't see  
Timothy, but I'll explain that to my  
Satisfaction, and, if yours, then you'll know  
You're truly insane, for how does under-  
Standing differ from involvement save in  
Funding improves made in the shade by cranks  
Who've been burned by novel value? For those  
Of you not yet here, I strongly recommend  
Looking Timothy's way. Isn't he a  
Vision? My vision, to be sacristan.  
Yes, mother, Timothy is my comforting  
Invisible vision man, the madness  
That got me thru the madness, appearing  
Every time the voices had me nailed to  
My plummeting bond exchange. He never speaks,  
At least in so many words; just shows up  
At the right time, dressed in his usher's suit,  
And looks at me with that placid fourteenth  
Century mouth, its silent ballistic  
Homeopathic potential driving  
My ladies wild. Timothy silences  
The heckling crowdsource by his mere transparent  
Shiatsu. He turns my cloudware into  
A hypercube. His subsonic encroachment  
Helps me thru voids. He's there for me, even  
If he's not there. Babyfood in a trenchcoat,  
He skips into combat on my behalf.  
Part Blake baby, part random implosion,  
All spice trail, he aids in my digestion  
Of the force-fed shambolic sarcophagi

We players seem to relish as a rash  
Of disciplinary measures. It's love  
By dirt lamp. When life says "We're outta you,"  
And the theater of therapeutic  
Executions pounds my barrier reef,  
Timothy just laps up my about-face  
Party dress. He's my secret admirer  
Who seems to say in a comforting hush:  
"Why love if on second thought you'll love again?"  
The Journal of Garbology defines  
The "Double Bind" as a recurrent state  
Wherein conflicting injunctions are imposed  
On the victim by persons of respect.  
The primary injunction typically  
Takes the form of "Obey or be punished,"  
While the secondary injunction conflicts  
With the first at a more abstract level:  
"Obey, but only because you want to."  
Often a tertiary injunction  
Is imposed to prevent the victim from  
Escaping the conundrum. For instance,  
"Obey, or I will die." It is vital  
To the efficacy of the Double Bind  
That the victim be unable to sense  
The paradox caused by the injunctions  
And thus be unable to form any  
Meta-communicative truth statements  
On the predicament. The "Double Bind"  
Was first posited as a causal factor  
In schizophrenia when visited  
On the young, unstable, or weak, for when  
A victim cannot sense the contradictions  
In which he lives, mental anxiety  
Can escalate unchecked by self-regard.  
While the Double Bind's explanatory  
Juggernaut has helped its many victims  
Gain vantage on a life of trick demands,  
Its schizogenic role has been  
Refuted by large research institutions,  
And it is now primarily utilized  
As a tool for cognitive exosmosis  
By game theorists and certain sects of zen,  
The two sides of the schizophrenic coin,  
Which, split in one, take on legal tender,  
And if you'd let me be, this production  
In which one gets mixt up for th'other's sake

Pulls a double bind on the double bind,  
Putting love on the “Do Not Cross This” line,  
Which crams ascertainable particles  
Of endocrine curio energies  
Into the backlog we hope to become,  
Yet as the spit-based bronze juggling the fragile  
Issue of parallel penetration,  
“Who’s in charge here?” casting the task ahead  
Into a cheerful “Would you please hurt me?”  
I’ll say a square-off of these circles clears  
The air for inoperant conditioning:  
Circle one – I am the circle circum I.  
You, parted from your remand, form the cleft  
Circle. These walls circle into these walls,  
For circle three, ever stubborn for ease.  
And the ultimate circle, carefully  
Chosen for its ept insecurities,  
Is we, and when that circle comes complete,  
The double bind is bound upon itself,  
Becoming the Book of Corrigibles,  
Which can’t be opened save by those inside,  
For if you fear to enter such a book,  
Its cover is its spine, and you will fail  
To accurately portray down which side  
To slice it with the hyberspastic edge tool  
Of delight. Get it wrong, and you fumble  
From back to front. Get it right, and it reads.  
That’s an acting term. Does this action read?  
But reading action is to double bind  
The double bind; it is to feed upon  
Performance anxiety, to admire  
A dying fad, to ask your fellow fault  
For a loan whereon you’ve best intentions  
Of defaulting; it is to say, “Do that  
And I will love you for it, yet my love  
Will, upon arrival, take the credit  
For what it finds.” Obey or be punisht.  
Obey, but only because you want to.  
Obey, or I will die. Can you not hear  
In such absent birdsong, deafly slurping  
The penis straw in its wine mug, your heart  
On the fritz as the show slowly unravels  
And loses its grip on reality?  
Bodies must blend, so rather than trying  
To eradicate a parasite of yore  
That parties on pesticides by acting

Like we're not slightly offended at being  
Only partially infiltrated,  
We must bolster the host, teach it to wretch,  
To be read, to be real without being  
Gluebackt to reality. Story time  
As autolaparotomy at the whim  
Of simultaneous yet out of sync  
Strategy session drummers, cuz the only  
Weakness that doesn't pray to the weak is  
A horse of a schizophrenic color.  
So, let us look at a map of my early  
"Unaware period" and see if we  
Can't zealously backpeddle from the eoan  
Numeracy that pollocked my psycho-  
Llectual nevus to the drastic dip  
In the gearhead zone brought on by smashing  
Spermic gloat hammers from the bathroom sky,  
Regenerating an agreeable  
Folie a deux du doute betwixt what I  
Feel to be pulling up my beeping rear  
And how I hear about it from the pudmuddle  
At the butt of the interminable slide,  
All to the purpose of moving beyond  
This kill-yourself-now verbiage toward  
An answer to the chronically late problem:  
Birth, innocence, innocence, innocence,  
Innocence, innocence, innocence, fuckt.  
Such is the road to innocence, minus  
The road to innocence. Street ball, baby.

Daniel Martin Berkey, is that you in stall six?

Yes, Mr. Tenesmus-on-the-Sabbath.

May I come in?

I'm going.

Do you think I can't see thru tiny grunts?

My father says this is private time.

Are you hiding something?

Yes.

Let me guess. It's something broasted, like beef licorice, no, it's something Caribbean, say an old rusty beer can full of jerk ichor, or is it a very loud hush puppy muffled between your sippy sesame seed buns? Daniel, I'm idling at the drive-thru lair of Rigid Behemoth, Esquire, and if you don't let me enter, my scene will blow up in my face.

What?

Flip the latch, and let the balloons scurry to their tombs, or I'll scratch my way in, you lolligogging lynchpin!

Am I in trouble?

O no. You're in the men's room with me, which is only to trouble as hot is to heat.

What are we going to do?

The desiccated lamb shank.

It sounds scary.

So plug your ears with your hips.

I'm not comfortable.

Nor is my borrowed vulture beak as you hamper its return.

What are you doing?

Lifting thy soul into church crack.

Mr...

Call me the jumbo unobservable.

Okay.

Doth my fear-flavored alkahest ginger thru thy peppery romper room?

Maybe.

I find you to be a succulent prototype of regurgitated boy bands.

Thank you, but...

Is moan a word or a way of accepting long intrusions?

I think so.

Then let me have my tomato paste, thou soup to nuts gymball machine!

Okay.

Relax, and I will harness the power of your cheap, renewable santa claus winds.

Please...

Don't talk. It's like your stabbing me in the eye with a mirror.

It hurts.

That's why they call it smiling for the voice over.

I don't want to.

Just because you're essential to the equation of my enjoyment doesn't make you a necessary element in the equal partnership I've started with my own degrading position.

Please, stop.

I will stop when I damn well...okay, I've stoppt.

Why did you do that to me?

To be imperfectly honest.

I'm telling my mom.

Look at me, you fuck lock. If this juice fugue ever dribbles from your lips, you'll be kissing your mommy's crucified cunt.

Yes, sir.

Now, get to class. O, and Daniel?

What?

If the rainbow never went away, it would probably contract hepatitis.

Math, the knuckle of the invisible hand,  
Early became, along with Timothy,  
A way of warding off the weird voicings  
Of my undoing. Its cleidoic slouch,  
Quite lethal on my side in the godfight  
Of ideas concerning rape's pleasantries,  
Made it feel as if suppression by proof  
Might stanch the wretch of some terminably  
Skittish, undue, sex-changing conclusion,  
So lent on gift conditions of pay back  
Above and among the call of snooty  
Its barbed wire honey pot scuttled being  
Lest it be discovered for what it lost:  
My blood red carpet. And I needed that,  
For despite Timothy's solicitude,  
The harsh voices had taken the hotly  
Contested capital, slippers and teeth,  
And like leaky binary brackets, they  
Started fucking me outside the bedroom,  
On the street, in a store, alone or not,  
A set difference dissolving in my life  
Slowly, like a scream in a museum.  
I was becoming an audio-visual  
Of my own missed opportunities  
To know myself thru the magic of dance.  
How to acclimate one's egregiest  
Opinions on need coming to fruition  
In the ontologically divided self  
Of nasty tunage, biting, tribunal  
Voices cracking my Mendelian crust  
With "Bad, bad, bad. You are an uncleansable  
Basin, the fumes of a dead computer,  
You are an atresia in the body  
Pyogenic, toppling el pueblo  
Con tu gorno, like a temporary  
Horseshoe crab on elastic stilts crushing  
The go-to dreams of those who can barely  
Tolerate your audition, and for what?  
For a bit part in Crudités, playing  
Yourself selling stupid to stoned. Come clean,  
Shame Stain, and die to make room for the big  
Parody parade celebrating your  
Gone missing," and only the hash of math  
Could keep it all at bay, so anchored

Into her, my intensive care lotion  
Against the macules of stressing over  
Talk, my feminine mystique with special  
Knife-rebounding powers in the do-dad cage,  
My vanaprastha of crowded seeing  
Stars, math, how volcanoes express regret.  
This meant growing up was largely hiding  
In the back bight of concave surfaces,  
Symmetric singularities, points of  
Inflection, and other ordered arrangements,  
Supporting the paracentesis of  
The verjuice forming an ascites of  
Realism in the social graph blocking  
My recognition as the areolith of  
Ocular everywhereeness, a puncture  
Possible only when the formula  
Of group fontanelle is made manifest  
In numerical networks so subversive  
None but the jouling of fate by anti-fate  
Can call them progs in an organic form  
To thereby gain the nom de guerre of math,  
A place like no other like all others,  
And there stands Timothy to remind us  
It's only after the crash that we count.  
Math beget college scholarship beget  
The University of Minnesota  
Physics Department beget hookt on smack,  
All at the same unsustainable time.  
Conducting research in blank phase behavior  
Of pre-definable quirks fit nicely  
With depositing my arteries at  
The third dirty blood bank past the yowling  
Thrombosis primavera. Shooting zebra  
At first seemed the most hate-friendly schizo  
Suppressant this quantum Euripus could  
Suffumigate among the frigidizing  
Inner garments. Are you suffering from  
Chatty, affluent immiserization?  
Gun yourself in the pine-scented pluck fat  
And savor the hush of a trillion dead  
Trilobites rocking cross Nevada in  
A stolen junky Cobra. Heroin  
Is the answer to mental illness, said  
The dog hair hurricane, but something is  
Forever'n it's walking down the sheer face  
Of your pollution art to escape sex

With the gash in your needle dick. Call her  
Lusus. She comes over for thanksgiving,  
Spits in the stuffing, swallows the wishbone,  
Then, before you can cry, shits in the carpet,  
A smell you wish would stay cuz it keeps you  
Dead to the doorbell, but she's got better  
Bad guys to hurt, so meet Myeloma Lek,  
That mongoloid porn star with the chicken  
Fin burps, her orgasmic hematemeses  
Squirting mercury wank au jus into  
That condemned movie set you can't get on  
Cuz you skinned a yeti in the bathtub,  
And pigs don't land for some pin cushion  
In a suit of lame attempts, so you go  
On trying to defeat that unbeatable  
Original, cramming red sea pretzels into  
Your margin of error, fishing yourself  
To sleep waking, knowing you're the sad part  
To that love scene you never made it in.  
Graduated, nodding, and paranoid  
Enough to get a job at Honeywell  
And unfairly lose it in seven months  
Simply because I failed to "show up,"  
I did what any self-disrespecting  
Poppy jock would do after snorting snot  
From a viral cousin – I started acting.  
The acting chakra's always been for me  
One of those diathetic disasters  
Stir the gaudy cliffside manors wherein  
Schizophrenia is presentable  
Enough to privately blare its costly prints,  
Bold white reds and baroque getaway cars,  
Like having your fake and cheating it too.  
To act is a tender importunity  
That inserts into other suspect lives  
The mortality we may never know  
Yet which we can't help but somehow embrace  
In the sense of that nonsense actors call  
Being. Have I made myself perfectly blear?  
The actor must mortise his gut blinkers  
To the tenon of communal apology  
That never says sorry, hates acceptance,  
Yet which nevertheless longs to reroute  
The audience's ischemic taste buds,  
Becoming them by defining them,  
For they are in contempt of sound judgment

Asking actors to draft their glide reflections,  
Which they despise, unless an actor's tears  
Smudge the ink into some illegible  
Head slam, an unfulfilling symbiosis  
For the detached, yet when it does the job  
There is no monument worth mentioning.  
You are free. You are loved. You are loved for  
Being free, for you are a metaphor  
Of the explicit comparison between  
Living over the edge and speedwalking  
Backward into the grave, eye on the prize,  
Prize in the other eye, other eye in  
The eye on the prize, one big happy famine.  
Yet, like in schizophrenia, there's no  
Happiness in acting. There are moments,  
Even piles of moments, when the body  
Variocouples thru necrogenics  
To the prodromal technoyeast whence opaque  
Flashes of reprocessed variety  
Encapsulate into a plodding dash  
And you stand recalling all that's escaping  
For fear of self-touch, but then you start thinking:  
Israel's wherever I'm squatting, i.e.  
I am the greatest genius ever to walk  
Thru a wall without looking at myself  
In the windows. I am the appreciation  
Of priceless, critical shit, like waffling.  
There was something intravenously fun  
In an "every manacle" sort of way  
About a stag-based recursion matroid  
With a built-in skull projector who played  
George Gibbs like the skeleton dude crashing  
A spy plane into the chemical wedding  
On a dare from Ol' Scratchy's suicide  
Consultant. Acting was perfect for me  
(Perfect as things can be for a bad batch),  
For, in my hierogasmic mind, I was  
The Kadmon of the New Jerusalem  
Who would rebuild the will-call scintilla  
Of the ogdoad as I emanated  
Into your space via my blockt-out rants  
Under experimental SAG-certified  
Direction. Like every great scene stealer  
Before me I was convinced there'd never  
Been any great scene stealers before me.  
So, blackmolded by industrial sawdust

Voices berating me for the dream gaff  
That I could ever play anything save  
The tambourine that aped my crown of thorns  
To make some undeveloped point about  
Feedback and its palliative effect  
On care, I tossed my fixt-point notation,  
And with the wisdom of 22 geese  
Migrated thru the sky caves of my hope  
Into the Science Museum of St. Paul,  
Minnesota's lycanthropic kid-hostile  
Production of "The Nootkan Klukwalle."

One day, the most comically challenged warrior  
In the Manner of Speaking Tribe,  
The-Enemy-as-Reflected-in-the-Eyes-of-our-Youth,  
Emerged from his statue and screamed,  
"I've lost my imaginary genital!"

I do the "Dance of the Oculogyric Crisis."

"This must be what no one is talking about,"  
Said Thinking-thru-Tantrums.

"What do I do with my hands now that I'm sitting on them?" said  
Less-than-a-Deity-but-More-than-a-Nuisance.

"Now I'm the least interesting part of my day!" cried Plays-Well-  
with-Others'-Things.

And the people grew angry at the earth for always being right.

I do the "Dance that Most Petulantly Expresses our Indigestion."

That night, a young girl of the tribe,  
The-Reason-Our-Reason-Is-Disappearing,  
Lay dreaming of flight lessons  
She didn't have to pay for,  
When a wolf entered her lattice work  
And seduced her to come with him  
To the Far Cry from Convenience.

I do the "Dance of the Far-Snouted Daughter Snatcher."

While there, the girl was given  
Inordinate baseline object-relations  
To hang from her independent eyelids

And she mothered three human pups  
With her magnanimous lupine abductor.

I do the “Dance of the Needs that Never Seem to Get Any Easier.”

When the time had come, the chief wolf  
Told the girl that she and her were-brood  
Must return to the Manner of Speaking Tribe  
And save them from extinction at the hands  
Of the Paranoid Luxury Homeowners.

I do the “Return of the Lost Cause” Dance.

And, of course, the tribe was saved  
Simply by their own positive feelings  
When confronted by this single mother  
And her hairy, howling pack hunters,  
For the imaginary genital that so many  
Had pictured as an exostosis  
On the bone of erratic contentions  
Turned out to be nothing more  
Than a special offering, or “klukwalle”  
In Nootkan, that involuntarily passes  
From one stranger to another  
When meeting on a one-person stage  
For the purpose of waylaying pretense.

I do the “All I Want is the Wind” Dance.

Providence Hotel, old Bowery, brain beats  
The voices back with the bone thru the nose  
Of my smokescreen, believing if you sleep  
Long enough it might not rain. This is me.  
This is my room. And that is the fuckable  
Fucking world. Hyperbola to off right  
Circular cone, my chthonic roof access  
Is a permeable defense contract  
Against all integers to be entered  
Desperately at brown risk. I’ve got the smirking  
Plum curtain, the gothic Tokyo romp soap,  
Go-go hypergoly, rut shack shakedown  
Sisters dинching my neoclassic eggiate  
Firebrand, just one kiss from the subreal  
White dwarf bunny klead, but you can’t have it all  
Unless you distill it from your own sweat,  
And the taste of my gesticulating yogurt

Is enough to make my ideal approach  
Repuke this invisible microphone  
Into your eye banks. Sora, Mihiro,  
Asami, You, everyone I'll never meet  
Is here, so, given my crippling fear  
Of sort of getting a fuel injection  
From the sneeze of the incest candidate,  
I've recreated the unimaginable  
Here, in my room, so shut your dick-wink thumbnail  
Before I rip it off your powercord,  
Sir Swirling Plastic Pussy Designer.  
Timothy pops by now and then when I  
Lose it, which means, in effect, there he stands,  
With it, calmly watching my off season  
Shenanigans embarrass the pants off  
Naked Man. I'm plastered by my word glue,  
Which makes me my only piece of avoidance,  
Other than all the obvious digested  
Secrets, like a violent slapdash Quaker  
Humping shag tail pipes. Let's look around.  
This area of defunct expertise  
(Go away! I'm jacking off to genetics!)  
To my consummate right is still reserved  
For the delicate biometric maneuvers  
Of pornoreligious peristalsis,  
A verbal borborygmic muesli  
Of autonomic muscle waves that move  
Celestial waste thru the chagrintestines  
As an adjunct teaching prostrate position  
In the adult distribution flack derby  
Designed to keep a good man up and down  
Wherever he may be hiding from the gels  
Of sound advice. Directly overhead,  
Underfoot if you'll be family dining,  
A gymnosomatic emission console  
Hovers like a tumor in the iris,  
Pumping thru the salted, cartoonish air  
Semen vitamins, pompon broachings elite,  
Convergence remerging divergent,  
And from out its you-dimensional screen  
Spasms so rapidly the cumbersome,  
Archetypal, shy, turtle-headed senses  
Of its appreciant who takes them for a stream  
Privatized against dipping, yet public  
Enough to trust instant satiation  
By staring at old town Dichotomy's

Most enticing waterboard, so if that  
Makes you happy, shit a god-burning flag  
At breakneck lethargy. Yes, I hear you  
Timothy, silently staring. Tonight,  
It's Dojo Police, Open up! Vs.  
Depampered-by-a-Humpback-in-her-Prime,  
Tho her real name is The Long-Dead Goat-Love  
Tradition also known as High School Sports,  
Legendry not included. That's how I  
Simulate all the naughty chatty things,  
Aka identity. I please myself  
To the applause of those I save from refund,  
And if I could, I wouldn't. Looking good  
For nothing, Timothy. I am the dream  
That lights fires. I don't have a window  
Cuz I might fly thru it and meet myself  
In a compromising, inoperable  
Song about why the fuck do they insist  
On cleaning my ears with Bot Man? Hello,  
Could-be book collection. Am I amusing  
Or conservative to this imaginary  
Part? Must you, you eccentric circle, blurt  
The answers to your whipt imperatives -  
View fewer null set clips of brimming brains! -  
Around the empty space between my door  
And returning to my door? Timothy's  
Favorite spot, other than you. It's the map  
Of my father, which is blank only because  
Argumentation has been refuted  
As a tool for nailing reason's failures  
On the stigma of beauty. What to say  
That hasn't already plopped down between us  
And raised a glass to grief? Timothy  
Insists I let the conflagration burn  
Itself out which seems crazy cool after  
A life of warming frozen relations,  
Yet you have to see yourself on the stage  
To feel that someone else really exists,  
And that's how I keep the voices out of  
My curiously close. I'm not alone,  
So'f you don't park your prick fear, I promise  
To release this pink thing into your schools!  
To my left, the doubttable provenders,  
Meticulously strewn out of pleasure  
But available in limited whimperings,  
Limited only by expiration dates

Grown illegible due to the harsh gusts  
That blow off the background noise artists,  
Faux repentant. Silence, fresh Marconi  
In a can! Ha! I made Timothy laugh,  
Which one hears in the stillness of his garb.  
Nothing of note congregates behind me,  
Plugging long-distance cues and mannequins  
Embodied entirely in three crossed legs  
Which to ignore is to worship, and save  
For the occasional slap on the pud  
Meant to break the monotony of war  
Between unwilling intersections of  
Me and mine, there's merely the memory  
Of diving thru the hot and heavy woods  
And trying to get bit shit sleeping well,  
Right, officer Asscork? When Timothy  
Wants to help me get over my shivers,  
He peers at me, like an approaching car.  
This is my bed. I know it's not much,  
But it's everything. Lying down isn't  
What it's got used to being. Table, chair,  
Pretending to wildlife, only because  
They're ashamed to be so well on their way  
To becoming a little less realized  
By inane requests, and there's my picture  
Of the newspaper from six days ago.  
Cuz you can never have enough nothing.  
Timothy, it's you! In the newspaper,  
Dressed as a new aggression paradigm.  
O what a self-proud time it is to be  
Sitting on a fence, licking your razor,  
Not a care in your stare for anyone  
Save the fat lady with the antlers downhill  
From our deepest fear. There preaches Toilet.  
That's the place in my room I never go to.  
No reason, really. I just don't see the point  
In going to a place I always go.  
Who'm I t'inflict confessional physics  
On meat packing plants that create above  
Ground jobs with no state change? O sure, I play  
With myself, but the play is incomplete,  
And nobody comes except my problems  
Partially derivative of another  
Bad showing I can't seem to remember  
Thru the air traffic. The drill sarge came in  
And strung my bloodline 'long the ceiling beams,

So wha'm I supposed to cry? Bark orders  
At back world? I fuck my runt slush, Bleuler.  
N when turned you the telescope within?  
A little zoo spice, five cups photo stock,  
One giant dashboard bobblehead Squanto,  
And ouch: It's a pool party in my dry sack.  
Someone get over here and force me to  
Register my ass for this embarrassment  
Marathon before I explode negative  
Shadows! Okay, okay. I'm all alone,  
In the "swallowed by connection" sense of  
Control and never venturing beyond  
Unsupported systems of approval  
With famously documented cash flow  
Issues. Timothy! O, there you are, is,  
Only in my mind, which I am out of.  
There were in that closeted mad dog time  
Only two stencils that could have lured me  
From my sheen spillage – a willing woman  
And a company of Artaudian  
Foodservers who saw my showtime game face  
As I saw myself – Fixed Satan on Jack  
Hailing an off-duty cab. Both came true  
And then left much before that. I met Marsha,  
Who, when off her meds, conjointly went by  
Six Asocial Pigs Running Side by Side,  
Under a dumpster in a mesolimbic  
Banlieu. As the sole barely surviving  
Landlockt fetal imposition strong stuff-  
Marinated on-the-genuine-spectrum  
Jello shot replicas we snifft each other's  
Showy rodent credentials pre-instantly.  
I was the incarnation of divine greed  
Sent to save humanity from my presence,  
And she was the inexact opposite.  
This mummenschanz agon between dueling  
Domestic staff infections electroshockt  
Our myelinated sheaths to such vicious  
Petting, we dismantled our spines and wrought  
Kundalini carnage on each other's  
Haughty stufft animals. Our sexually  
Indiscriminate bombing campaign started  
Nice and violent, quickly degenerated  
To nice and inexcusably personal,  
And finally hit springboard bottom at nice  
And realism-tainted. Twas a skanky,

Fire-sale affair of dank wonky splatter,  
So mutually excluding cowards might  
Wish its sweet condemnation had never  
Shot turkey buzzard gag worship lactate  
From some tap other than the spout its crank  
Associates with pep, but why regret  
What you shouldn't have done? Yes, she was good  
To me, if that's allowed, which it wasn't,  
At least to the voices murm'ring, "Kill her."

Hi, Daniel.

Yep.

Me. Too.

You look astronomical.

You look 50 beers later.

*Put her down, Daniel.*

I'm so smasht, I'm in front of the wheel.

Maybe when you get to what you're running from, we could do that  
skit on the squirmy sandwich.

Are you wearing smog nougat?

Only on my crapular badlands.

*Shove a hospital thru her seed reek.*

I feel like the wish list of a reformed minimalist.

Shall I discriminate against your inner tokens?

Like bloodsport for babies.

Take your goof off.

*Burn her scurf taffy.*

Don't make me get self-conscious on you.

This is your shrink on butt.

Who the methadone gimmick are you?

They call me Reddish Green Light.

*Suck the slave liquor from her spanking pads.*

Can you look at me like I mean it?

No, but I can open your rave scene so wide ditzy pink cro-magnons  
rocket out your fetal zip.

You are a must-smell cyst.

*Laminate her jungle reaper with sweetened condensed morbidity.*

So chop down the phantom tree.

I will cut you like a check.

I'd rather sort sand with my snatch.

*Fuck a u-turn down her thrash camp.*

I pull bunnies from her funky jam.

*Turn her cash machine wrong side out.*

She flat-pops my NICU.

*Comb her angry eye crack.*

I infiltrate her compunctionless flashcards with one-sided codecs.

*Drill her feminine declension for meek teen vanity wipe.*

I scoop out the sordid sardines swimming in her bedpan.

*Kill her til she cums.*

I stungun her mog fave as we both collapse into a serum bag, our  
dirtiest dreams come true, happy as two dead chimps smoking shit on  
soggy pillows.

My paranoia invaded its prime  
Thru my tortured collaboration with

The Monkey Wrench Theater Company,  
About whom I will be saying nothing true  
To protect the now-innocent guilty.  
The fancy whelp of a writer-husband  
Director-wife team, Monkey Wrench TC  
Was founded in the flush of dirty love  
For the purpose of invariably being  
In the same room so's to share everything,  
The precursor to stealing everything.  
Monkey Wrench did the plays of CJ Hopkins,  
Author of such classics-hating classics  
As Horse Country and Texas Radio,  
Titles that are subsonically embedded  
With what my spastic focus got convinced  
Was at the heart of the company, namely  
Character infiltration thru mind-control  
Posing as liberationist theatric.  
Like any disorganized arts organization,  
Monkey Wrench survived on the resentment  
Its members directed at forces beyond  
Existence whose disinterest seemingly  
Threatened the envy disguised as enviable  
Of their great leader, bless his bloodbath heart.  
Each piece I did with them solidified  
My conviction they were out to change me  
Into their version of a rebel actor  
Who methodically does what he's told to,  
But I knew better, cuz I was psychotic,  
And they were just commercially inept.  
In essence, they were trying to steal my soul  
By giving me stage time as someone else,  
During which they would stare at me like I  
Didn't know how to be someone else,  
Which in their minds gave them the right to say  
What I was, which, strangely enough, wasn't  
What I should be because I couldn't be  
Someone else to th'extent they were themselves,  
So, having reduced me to a reflection  
Of people who can't stand the way they look,  
They'd say "Look!" and I'd look, and as I looked  
They'd steal my soul right off my plate, which is  
Where a starving artist assembles his soul,  
Tho, if he's also a schizophrenic  
Artist, he has a back-up safely stored  
In the bomb he plants along the border  
Between am that and never heard of it,

And when I'd turn back and say, "Look at what?"  
They'd say "You misst it cuz you were looking,"  
So they're programming me in a language  
That only contained six or seven words,  
Four of which I wasn't allowed to know  
Because I might use them to ask the director  
Why, in America, there's really nothing  
To say because everything's been decided  
By a primitive process in the future  
Whose legitimacy is beyond question  
Since to question its legitimacy  
Is to say others have nothing to say,  
Which is UnAmerican to say the least,  
So, to be American, say the least,  
And the remaining 2 or 3 words were  
"Capitalism."

The whole mess was part of a mid-sized plan  
To appear like we had no mid-sized plan  
But simply wanted artistic freedom  
To declare freedom only for artists,  
Tho now that there's a sedan by that name  
Those of us with shit credit must resort  
To artistic fuming, which is less fun  
But harder on the vagus nerve. My story  
With Monkey Wrench, which lasted five endless years,  
Dissolved in a barrage of pay phone calls  
Between myself and Wortmeister Hopkins,  
With my accusing him of spelunking  
Down the hilum of my emergency head,  
Commandeering a situs inversus  
Between my lobes of logical clutching  
And my cured gag reflex, resulting in  
My failure to be seen by the media  
As Christ's final free night window shit shag  
And his equally absurd assertion  
That I was a pharmaceutical boom  
In the unmaking. Sure, it was all my fault,  
But I was good enough to share the wealth,  
Or so another drink would have me believe,  
So I believe I'll have another drink:  
Here's to another highly auspicious  
Collaboration scrap-yarded under  
Its own auspices. Shut up, Timothy!  
After years of hard drinking and shooting,  
My body was coming apart like a bee  
On a bumper. I sped thru my forties

Trying to relive my nineties. Teeth crumbled  
Under the hypothetical influence  
Of substantia nigra. Rods and cones  
Stoppt speaking over some Jesuitical  
Squabble on the meaning of "See the light."  
And having downed enough moonshine to bronze  
At night, stomach felt like a flophouse fire  
Burning free cuz all's glad to see it go.  
So, given my physical condition  
Could only be compared to the oceans  
After nature lost its job to cheapo,  
I took up the only other pastime  
(Other than all the other pastimes  
I'd taken up to be other than other than),  
Stood t' alleviate th' exacerbation  
Of my dopaminergic emulation  
By dumping me into my dream's dejecta  
With a snorkel for a pump, and became,  
For the nonce, a Manhattan bike messenger,  
That sprue drink on which the Surgeon General  
(Jocular proof of the medical  
Military complex), issued this warning:  
"Brain damage, impaling, dismemberment  
And schizophrenia are known causes  
Of bike messengering in Manhattan,"  
Tho I never saw the correlation  
Without feeling my life freeze behind my eyes.  
Hurling myself via cyclic rotation  
Thru squidge-burping pylons of shifting objectives  
Atop spinning spokes, my skinny alloy frame  
Wrappt in black electrical theft-thwarting tape  
Done up like Spartacus the Garbage Man  
Nakedly warring grudge-yellow riot  
Instigation vehicles driven by  
Vengeful post-doc marabout hashishans  
Is how I'd best describe my childhood,  
So bike messengering in Manhattan  
Was like going home, once I got used to  
The grease and riot of rockhopping landslides.  
A street for beasts, I mounted my rusty  
Steed and became a beast of the streets, olay!  
Dispatch calls. Show up, grab, and deliver.  
Into the traffic I dive like an elk  
Down a drainpipe, who's for or against me  
Has less to do with what I do and more  
With what it's clear I'm willing to. One lug

Runs the switches, and trust me (I'm schizo-  
Phrenic), he's in his right mind, taking right  
To mean "not left." There are lines, but they're dotted,  
And no one's signed. There are speed limits,  
But rhinos scream out your ass, and you mind them  
As often as the grave hears appeals.  
And there's lights, but you're fast, barring fact,  
Who's no place in the fremitus you feel  
When you set your hand on your heart, and it honks.  
Become two with the rotating cloudware.  
It's called sleeping in a scream. I brake for  
Opening doors. Tiptoe thru the lip service  
Pocketed between beep-suckling klebolds  
Of speed freak. Own the intersection, all  
Your weight on your grips. Blowout in response  
To mild assumptions. Trace the balance backward,  
Then take both forks. The master grid flips out,  
Prong on the eye pocket, make the long shot  
In no time, off the hood of revision,  
Whistle in farsi, stop to go, smack glass,  
Coming thru, staple the shake, engine sense  
For codeword – crank – keep the apple rolling,  
Ah! I just swallowed port authority.  
But I'm alive. The signals are in me.  
Brake. Dismount. Lock down. Sign in. Head up.  
And there, in all your gory, you affront  
The presst white anti-vibe of corporate BO.  
"I've got a package," and you know the squeakies  
Think you mean your diaper's stufft with sick slurs  
Whose anarchy logos march to defeat  
Contra El Mandato Beatico,  
Big with message, thru the marble cornfields  
Of my crooked city. Delivery done,  
I'm back on my bike, and so the real race  
Begins, for without purpose in my pouch,  
The voices assemble into a heckler's  
Convention, and their ashy blobbing lips  
Come raging for me, fast as yesterday.

You're pickled woman.  
Get your eyes off the road!  
Great death must be rehearsed.  
Behold the blight you bore.  
Intestinal fortitude doesn't ask the waiter how to act.  
You belong in a blink.  
Thanks for the grief.

Something stinks, and it ain't the dead whale.  
Turn into that wall.  
Survival is not an option.  
What part of don't you understand don't you understand?  
Don't look now but no one's looking.  
If I were a church, you'd be my cackle.  
Look out inside you!  
Desecrate the softies, sliver man!  
Am I alone in thinking?  
This little piggy thinks you're a public nuisance.  
Punk his eardrums.  
You're not important enough to benefit anyone and you're not  
unimportant enough to be any fun.  
I'm on your tail, guinea pig.  
Stop laughing controllably!

And then, in my blindspot, I'd see Timothy,  
Standing peacefully, go sign in his face,  
Waving me on 'thout lifting a finger.  
I'm face down in the common area,  
Shrieking. My integration disorder  
Has staged a coup against my executive  
Function, and First Lady Hebephrenia  
Is decorating my Dark House with mixed  
Reviews. I haven't so much lost my shit  
As I've buried myself so deep in it  
It's all I see, so which I cannot see,  
And this open stall intussusception  
Has weighted my experimental glider  
With decades of unreported income,  
Dooming my lapse to raja. My landlord,  
A fatty ensorcellment of spark plugs  
Globbed together with Sicilian icky,  
Enters and tells me if I don't drown my cat  
He'll get the intravenous mafia  
To squander me to a purple fungus  
Found only on the bed sores of lab mice  
Paralyzed by altruism. Deleuzian  
Alogia stints around my snake crank,  
My barley comes undone, a kurtosis  
In black pleather glasses, rotted on zeroth,  
And little storms of carefree adumbration  
Crack my absurdist muscles, but mostly  
I'm just waking up th'entire fucking  
Neighborhood. Someone should stop me, but where  
To begin when everything's on fire

With the irreconcilable beauty  
Of the red snow dumper my spit valve plays?  
The surface of revolution buzzes  
With anhedonic ambitions. My levers  
Are stuck in the workday subluxation.  
The angle of depression between my  
Gray matter vinaigrette and unsavory  
Glad cadaver impersonation leaves  
An axiom desired out of bounds.  
This is World Championship Shit Fit,  
Only bigger, and with feminine odors,  
Cuz somewhere in me my mother's puking.  
One of my roommates, the Super Hero  
On Public Assistance, tries to talk me  
Thru it, but this T-Rex-operated  
Dybbuk under my baseline pops out and bites  
The wind in his willows. Soon, an impressment  
Gang has entered the cacophony foyer  
For th'express mistake of defervescing  
What's undone, so I kick myself in the teeth,  
Hoping to "be Mexican" by night fall  
So I can start laying eggs around  
Your false perception of my introitus  
Of that fucking unpoddy-trained tire-lippt  
Pornstar with the Dixie-whistling toad head.  
I've never been here before, and it shows,  
Cuz there's a crust on my eye balls that reeks  
Of step-by-step panic. I'm a clay bell  
Thrown from a motorcycle incident,  
Mid-flight, about to gong the water tower  
And hiccup a harmony as flat as  
A heated conversation with inserted  
Thoughts. Are you with me? Too bad, cuz the grill's  
Ready in the yard where crippled children  
Puzzle over the horology of flesh  
About to be baked, like the magic horse  
That dances in Timothy's eyes and sings  
His "Pity my Pretty Gitty Up Ditty."

*Gitty up, potato boy,  
Your body's ablaze  
With desensitized cavities,  
And the brown wind's gotta eat.*

*Th'acrolectics  
In the echo blurb*

*Have taken  
Your stony dawn gut*

*And the strong word  
Running over us  
Is a merciless  
Mucedumbre.*

*So gitty up,  
Right testy one,  
There's a better way  
To break your neck.  
Put the plunger  
Up your stick dog  
And give us  
A mighty wipe out.*

After nearly 50 years of masking  
My mosaic of "Cranioetrus  
The Deep Double-Crossing the Rubicon"  
To blend in with the choppy interiors  
Of hospital examination rooms,  
My mild-proof child was suddenly snappt  
When they slappt my filet on the gurney,  
Filled me to the uninstrutive center  
With tornado tranquilizers, and lugged  
My fresh direct to the Home for Blatant  
Discrepancies. Nineteen whose-countings later  
I woke up in the sweet spot of the glare  
For mental mechanics. After some tests  
(Of a grammatology privy to pride),  
They decided I was suffering from  
A rare ubiquitous recent instinct  
Called schizophrenia, which I believe  
Is Greek for "Old baby lamb stufft in its  
Mother's bladder." It's like imagination,  
Only you're standing on your head, literally;  
You cut off your head and standing on it  
So you can catch a glimpse of your bio,  
Which some muggle, as a cruel joke, has stuck  
At half-mast on the flagpole for apples  
As oranges. I was medicated  
And sent on my way, a way unscented  
Save for that oppressively familiar  
Smell of tongue smoldering on a light bulb  
As it so shyly licks its sense of taste

By savoring artificial brilliance.  
I was free, and I had the yawn to prove it.  
“He’s schizophrenic.” “Does he take his meds?”  
It’s always first, watching our backs to keep  
From having to watch our backs, forgetting  
That watching your back is the first sign of  
Schizophrenia. So where does that leave  
That certain something? Me, I sucked my chalk  
For as long as I could stand feeling like  
The medical waste box for our last ditch effort  
To convince a donkey to lay an egg.  
My prescription, if language can scrapbook  
A routeless parade of reformulations,  
Left me somewhere between why and wherefore.  
I was as up and down as the cost of  
Doing nothing, bored as the good enough  
Mother, wracked with well-being, and the sense  
That I was a threat to myself as others  
Brought only a false class picture smile  
To my sickday face. The thought blockages,  
Persecution hang-ups, auditory  
Regurgitations, all continued, but  
The battering ram had been pillowized,  
Seed-coated knots of getting across what  
Referentiality can only  
Cross-reference to confusion made sharing  
The start-depleted interior sandblast  
“Wellness” can be problematic, tho’ nly  
For those who try in a neutered arena,  
Like this one, but without all the shut-eyed  
Extroversion we’ve forgotten t’ expect  
When descarifying the bright filling  
Antipsychotics dish out grudgingly.  
Being “medicated” (Catatonia Lite),  
Bears so many analogies into  
The lecture series on “Preparing a Space  
For Particular Guests,” it’s hard to know  
Yourself and still work in acquisitions  
Cuz you love the stress. Before neuroleptics  
Took my toys for kindling at the suttee  
Of my child bride, The Plush Stages of Regret  
In One Edible Night Stick, I was clearly  
Par for a course no one wanted to play  
After refusing their vaccinations  
Against terror empathy. I was presented  
With frequent opportunities to stand by

And watch my deferential equation  
Throw up on its guitar, and I took them  
Like my death depended on it, cuz it was  
So sickeningly the same. To suddenly  
Wade all day thru the service-infested  
Lending crisis, mindless of the lament  
Of chain store meat; to bound into a room  
And, boom, your recollections in zero  
Vector plug maskt travel. Like a cool, boiled  
Lobster, the hydraulic press of serendip  
Samples your catchment area, announcing,  
“Thanks to you, I am much less in my way.”  
It’s flexible outside. The traditional  
Zeitgeber has donned a festive neck brace  
And put your air battalions on deadlock  
Lest your allotment should come regardless,  
Which you’re fine with. You assume a blank slate  
Across the spec mandible. Yep. Kid gloves.  
The bears are all virtual, and replication  
In foreign cells, hitherto xenotropic,  
Is just a bunch of old words in a hot tub  
Acting younger than their capabilities  
Care to deny. You are now a free gas.  
They, like you, like you, if that’s the concern  
We need not concern ourselves with. Just wink.  
Day time is the right time for the night time.  
Cloze the emotions of the ad campaign  
Erection. Achieve standardized excellence.  
Find simian noblesse, and nothing aches.  
Then, when some chronic debasement flits in,  
Simply tell it: Sorry, I’m like so stoned  
On non-profit structures for non-starters,  
I doubt my own lame adventurism  
And best just keep the vegetables happy  
Along the hostile fence. See ya later  
And later. Three years I took the Shithead  
Shuttle, all round and round the nevermind.  
Abilify zolofit risperdal, or else.  
Heavy empty thud. Heavy empty thud.  
To say the drugs workt is to beg the jury  
To get over itself and spend some qt  
In the woodwork. No, I didn’t like how  
They made me feel, because I couldn’t feel,  
Tho they were nice enough to walk me to  
My door and show me the way around it,  
Even tho they knew this meant we wouldn’t

Be seeing each other in the absence of  
Our absence anymore. Why'm I talking?  
The meds slowed me down, and when you slow down  
Things catch up with you. In my case, that thing  
Was pancreatitis thanks to 18 months  
Of downing Tylenol PM to sate  
My liquor lust. The pancreas secretes  
Enzymes that aid in digestion and hold  
Our glucose levels steady, assuming  
It hasn't been sautéed in sour mash,  
Which mine had been, and from what I was told  
This organ failure would spread to the host  
Unless I walkt the short cut round the world  
And paid a visit to that fine knacker,  
Delirium "Cacafuego" Tremens,  
The mother of fuck, and for some reason  
I wasn't ready for "Daniel Martin  
Berkey died today, alone in his mind,  
Finally succumbing to a weakness for  
Over-the-counter grape-flavored potions."  
There's really no describing that maiden jolt  
From the cold turkey above-the-neck chainsaw,  
Being, as she is, a vaginal toilet  
For the jubilant eradication,  
But who am I to suck up to the truth?  
You can't applaud while holding a man down,  
And I'm an actor. I go out on a limb  
Without worrying over th'existence  
Of said limb; Aye, I am the plank I walk.  
Get me a drink, you sterile machete!  
I'm messing myself. I'm messing the room.  
Cack on walls. Someone hose me down before  
I shit my tongue. How's a shadow manual  
Get a tug in this fucking search light rest home?  
Do you hear me? I'm receiving visitors  
Against my impacted needs. Drop the germ  
Slurpies and give me grain! They're closing in.  
Touch me and I swallow all the water.  
They have pincers! They're pinching worms. They are  
Flying thru my face. My face is cracking.  
Their nipples are shooting cat shit up my nose.  
I'm being eaten by ass lips. My heart  
Is in the floor. Get off me. Here they come,  
The yarny rippers. They're shredding my brain.  
Crawdads under eyelids. Scotch for fuck sake!  
What kind of hospital is this dump truck?

It's mining my mind cramp. My livers itch.  
Headbutt the caregiver. Pull that lady  
From the lathe. I'm braking hard on bridge ice.  
My cock is exploding crowbars. Who put  
The lice in my sputum? Leave the room where  
It was. Does no one smell my spine burning?  
I don't need a strange pet at this juncture.  
Mick! Mick! Pour me a flaccid o' piss off!  
Hot sap leucorrhea. Get me a drink  
Before I birth a gag loop. Hoof teeth, lipping  
Rake paw, green facial smut, I've lost my sense  
Of am. Can someone please get me a fix?  
Timothy, my impossible friend. Would you  
Be so real as to fetch me my tincture?  
I'll launch with a Laphroiag, neat. Whiskey be,  
In my bought opinion, the thinker's drink,  
Even if all it brings one thinkin' on  
Be whiskey. I'll season that with seven  
Triple vodka gimlets, for one can never  
Have enough of enough. Post hoc, I'll sample  
Five extraneous goblets of cab sav,  
(Put my shy poet in some negligee),  
Three rum and cokes (just to stain the palette),  
Six tequila slammers, nine fizzy gins,  
One beer pig stufft to squealin with mud stout  
(The kind what's got engine blocks in its bubbles),  
Then I'll flush it all down river with four  
Milk trucks of halftime sewage and hairspray.  
O to France with all them fancy refreshments!  
Just batter me in jet fuel and I'll lick  
Myself like the wobbling pussy I am!  
Fuck me, but I do adore the beverages  
Adulterous; work some, play more, drink the most,  
That's the key to a successful life of  
Falling down, and the man what don't fall down  
Least twice a day fails in his obedience  
To our dear earth, which waits on our descent.  
Why's a drunk actor always happy? Loves the boos.  
I guess ya had to be drunk to be there.  
Life's a slog, death is god, but there's grog!

*Hey, Dude!*  
*Get me a grog!*  
*Take a sad sog*  
*And make him wetter.*  
*Remember to piss it into my heart*

*Then we can start to make it deader.*

Sure. Drink has its problems, but they're nuthin  
Another drink can't fix. It's our duty  
To drown our brains, cuz otherwise, there'd be  
Brains, and not a brawl don't begin with brains.  
What stinking, staggering, spitting up sot  
Ever incited a crowd to suicide?  
See, liquor's toilet paper for the ego,  
And most that shit ain't your particulate.  
Another round! That's my party platform,  
And if elected, I promise you peace  
And prosperity all made possible  
Thru the power of put another down.  
Can't dance? Drink. Can't talk? Drink. Can't make up your mind?  
Drink, and take the road more or less traveled.  
There's no man doesn't look his best on drink,  
And ladies, seen thru drink, blur benifshently,  
To the point where cats'll get a dog drunk  
Then swear midsentence she deserves a smack  
On her chewtoy in the backlot. If drink  
Ain't love, love better be buy'n me a drink!  
When I got the sauce on my mental meat,  
I could eat the curb and call it mixed nuts.  
Being held down got you down? Drink it up.  
Lost custody of your kids? Drink to them.  
Can't pay your bills? Get drunk, and rob your mom!  
Ain't gettin' none? Have y'self one too many!  
But excuse me. Do I go on and on?  
Fuck off! I'm drunk, so save your off and off  
For so sobriety, that wasted lifetime  
Between waking and lifting the baba  
Off your chest. I so love the slut of slosh,  
I let her use my tongue for a tampon!  
Timothy? Where's my tippie? Timothy?  
A drink, por favor. I am thirsting here.  
Timothy, do you hear me? You, vision!  
I order you, as my schizophrenic  
Delusion, to serve my better interest,  
And my interest is now getting better  
By firebombing my balls with fermentation!  
Dammit, man! You wouldn't even exist  
Were it not for the exacerbation  
Of my instabilities due to proof,  
So save yourself and squizz me a bourbon!  
You're a spook, a movie, a figment of

My devastation, a parasite on  
The body your principles unviggor,  
So get me a drink, or I shall refuse  
To process your presence. Timothy! Now!  
Where are you going? To get me a drink?  
Are you getting me a drink, Timothy?  
Have I mentioned I really need a drink?  
Timothy? Come back. I didn't mean it.  
Let it go. I need you more than a drink.  
Please, Timothy. Don't leave me. Timothy?  
Released from the shock tank after three weeks  
Of detox and pancreas effusions,  
Fully debriefed were I to drink again  
My crank would return and take me dancing  
Underground, I stumbled into the sun.  
It was a most unimpugnable day.  
Humans in colorful duds, belching trucks,  
An eager, clement breeze, such smells and sounds  
Rushing head on to desired diffusion,  
The world seemed so wonderful in the way  
It went on without me. Listless and numb,  
Still blot on crazy pills, and, yes, a little  
Proud for being clean, I soon found myself  
Walking along a freeway, the littered  
Grass embankment a swelling wilderness  
For all my newborn, starving senses knew.  
It was a walk to nowhere. Head down, mouth  
On mutters, caution behind me, I tromped  
Along, no different from my surroundings,  
When out of nowhere, on some rubbled shoulder,  
It happened. A strange lightness in the limbs,  
Ease, lifting, release. It's a new feeling,  
Yet I've felt it before, feared it before.  
Blackness. My body's rising. I let it.  
My eyes give out. I don't know. I don't care.  
Suddenly, a bright flash dispels the dark.  
My eyes begin to conform to the space.  
Above me, a brilliant phosphorescent  
Red sky. Below me, a glowing orange  
Desert. I am suspended between them.  
No fear. I expect nothing. I'm waiting.  
I am content. Over the horizon,  
Driven by a cryptic, vivid warbling,  
A giant golden cube slowly ascends.  
Soon, it is hovering over the sands,  
3000 feet away. Above the cube,

Three humanoid figures, their arms outstretch  
In specific, significant gestures,  
Call to me. I want to go, but I can't.  
Onto the cube, a huge toroidal cloud,  
Like a dense, mindful, rotating haze, descends.  
Yet, looking closer, what seems vapor is  
In fact a whirling mass of winged humans,  
Flying counter-clockwise. They are singing:

*Come to us, Daniel.  
We are now where you are from.  
Join us in the New Jerusalem.*

I want to come, but I can't. I can't move.  
I am lockt in a womb of spectacle  
And overwhelming urge. A hand touches  
My back, gently. I turn around. No one.  
I fall, and thud. I'm on the ground. Low sun,  
Night coming on. Everything looks the same,  
Yet everything is changed. Somehow I sense  
An alignment between my self and a Self  
Outside myself, and in this relation  
No voices, no visions, no dots, no dread,  
Nothing but my fearless, open being,  
Seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching.  
I walk home. Into bed. Feels good. I sleep.  
And that's it. My journey stops and starts there.  
After awakening, I flusht my meds,  
Never drank again, lost all my symptoms,  
Got all yoga, started reconnecting  
With old friends, passing out apologies,  
Acting, getting a place, and enjoying  
The simple things in life, like steel cut oats.  
There are two kinds of oatmeal in our world:  
Steel cut and rolled. Rolled oatmeal is also  
Called instant oatmeal. Oats, to become instant,  
Must be heated and rolled under pressors,  
Which flatten and precook the grain, resulting  
In less preparation time. What we call  
Steel cut oats is the grain as it was pickt,  
Unheated, unrolled, unpresst, resulting  
In more preparation time. Rolled oatmeal  
Can be ready in minutes and requires  
Scant attention. Steel cut oats, depending  
On heat source, elevation, temperament,  
Can take anywhere from 30 minutes

To an hour or more to be soft enough  
To eat and require much vigilant stirring.  
For this reason, few in our hectic times  
Have come to savor the supreme richness  
Of the raw, natural oat, for much is lost  
In the violence of heating and rolling:  
Flavor, texture, consistency, process.  
The process of preparing steel cut oats  
Is itself a part of th'experience  
Of enjoying the cereal: Pouring,  
Stirring, covering, gathering the garnish,  
Checking, adjusting the flame, uncovering,  
Checking, stirring, covering, uncovering,  
Stirring, waiting, stirring, dousing the flame,  
Stirring, scooping, garnishing, eating.  
The length of the preparation process  
For steel cut oats presents a great challenge,  
Testing one's patience, organization,  
And diligence, failing any of which  
Results in a charred, inedible clump  
Of noxious horse groat, and so, enhungered,  
You toss it out and reach for the instant.  
It's easier, faster, and the slight loss  
In flavor, consistency, texture, process  
Is more than made up for by a breakfast  
That comes when it's called. When the winged people  
Round the swirling golden cube beckoned me  
To the source of my universal self,  
I was changed. I was opened to the world.  
My trainwreck transformed into a sculpture,  
The sculpture flew away, and I am free.  
To those who wonder what it is I did,  
Or what was done to me, that I should be  
Released while so many eager others  
Still smolder in their schizophrenic urn,  
I can only say the person to whom  
Things happen is not the thing that happens.  
To those who claim because I'm in remission  
I was never truly schizophrenic,  
I say I thrill in your assessment of  
My life. To those who know my remission  
Will pass, for "Your feet may clear the snake's mouth,  
But you're running in the wrong direction,"  
I say there is a confusion in terms.  
Remission is not the absence of disease;  
Remission is the presence of directive.

I have been remitted, and I have found  
A new mission, an objective other  
Than hiding from the objective other  
I feared was out to devour my body,  
And that new directive is to let go.  
I am now, for some reason, comfortable  
Letting go. When I feel a sudden fear,  
And panic grabs the closest escalation,  
I just let go. And sometimes I fall down,  
And sometimes I get robbed, and sometimes I  
Come tooth-to-tit with what in fact desires  
To do me in, but everything's workt out  
So far, and when it doesn't, I'll let go.  
I guess I've got some Timothy in me.

THE END