

## **When I Met Juliet**

by Kirk Wood Bromley

*Before*

It starts with a feeling that something isn't  
childhood.

Which continues to this day.

A Clovis settlement of sorts unseen  
since it became so hard to say since when.

Like the lymphatic tingle after  
a too-long run, compromising one's privado  
eminento with the supinating dopant of  
sparse sexual selection, so unable  
to botch the mantra...

"Write, rote, rotten."

There's nothing wrong with making good money;  
it's just not possible.

The weasel market  
won't allow a free association.

And then, you thought, other people enter  
observing me observing for me as we wait  
for my herewith to helm the stereotaxic  
needle etching suicide/love notes  
onto the vintage barn door that we might  
absolve ourselves of this innate gravel  
and face the vacuum in the stardust  
that is, as we wrangle, our shopping moraine  
in said foreverness.

I don't need  
no fucking gym. I am a fucking gym.

They've taken the big picture out of  
the backstory.

The picture that's so  
apocalyptically laughable?

So what is this but pruned decibel wreckage?

I know she's out there somewhere, I'm just not  
sure I'm out there somewhere.

Red rover,  
red rover, can I please come over  
and sit facing the wall in the corner?

This is the holding, denied and felt,  
that gives so much to so little effect.

Maybe the mountains.

Maybe not the mountains.

But maybe the puppet theater mountains  
are preparing me for some duende  
whose inconsequential, late night sacrifice  
before the tadpolish raccoonistas  
shall suffice to stuff my cheeks with  
crossed-out flowers that in my smooching  
her un lumbered twitch I will be weekend  
minutes with her.

I will stylishly tug  
at her genital noose, loosening  
the head enough to inspire its falling  
back into the sky.

I will be her super  
yeasty vaulting horse.

I will make her smile  
in suffocation.

I will, I will, O  
incomplete death sentence one two!

This is  
the story of a love that never happened  
between two people who never met  
in a world where no one ever finds love  
without the story of love stepping in  
and preventing anything from happening.

Of course, such a love happens all the time.

Like in Korea Town, where prowling fuckables  
sit in syngeneic hoardes over  
sizzling beef and pray to repetitive  
encounters to placate the random  
immolation of first-come-first-recused  
from production value.

Yet, if seducing  
hornblenders is the new pubic weave,  
why are we dressed in snake venom ice cubes?

What is he searching for with his arm  
all the way down her throat?

She's choke-singing!

Won't you climb to the edge of my anxiety  
and build the ruins of our ubiquity?

I'd like to apologize for that, but  
my rules won't allow it.

Pleased to meet you,  
most recent personal choice fatality.

As tirade seeds ripen in the sunburn,  
profitable swaths of communal avoidance  
dapper up the aggression in the push-over.

I want to hustle smack dab into you  
and shatter my vestiges of languor,  
but people don't count when it comes to desire,  
do they, big life goal?

Is not opening up  
assertion?

I'm lodged in this unusable  
context of freedom, balling my instant  
messages with pretty crime scene bouquets.

Try not to think of the group as a group,  
this being my only chance to issue  
my dossier on relative unspeakability,  
namely, atetosis in the space I  
sequester to snuff the lesbians  
laughing in my butt cubby.

Love is chewy tephra  
from the sensitive volcano of  
growing more conservative as one  
suckles on newborn entitlements,  
so I'm no longer writing in excrement  
what Team Dashing will piss on anyway  
in their bi-annual medley of ho hum  
with the water flute.

If it gets in my heart,

I spit it out.

You seem to have a finger  
on the pulse of our inanimate dream.

Sure, we have our problems, you being  
the umbrella organization for  
what shock docs term the pain in the asperger.

Shame on me for not more gregariously  
experiencing exoneration  
from all I found once the crowd whittled down  
to a flub.

So, what have we learned today?

The blunt instrument to the "almost there"  
of our polystyrene lap fluids  
is about how I could be my body  
turning the tide on the static approach  
buried in entrance exams to nowhere.

Dude, it is so good to see you outside  
that robot romance movie.

I shall be king  
for a day that never dawns.

I shall leave  
my country in the lurch they call victory,  
and when you look away, I shall snap your  
portrait, cuz nobody gets my shit when  
I'm just screaming like I should.

I shall put  
my poems to sleep then lie next to them crying  
in a colossal diminution of the fear  
of intimacy's estranging powers.

It's true, dad. Character dissolves upon  
introduction, so must I famously mull  
the incomprehensible questions.

My middle hand has become indistinguishable  
from a freshman's idea of Florida.

Wow, we have so much in common courtesy.

It all reflects poorly on its ideals.

The branches are heavy with fallen fruit;

hot shots full of frozen suggestions  
garner the semi-savvy response. I mount  
the revanche against territory  
I never lost.

Let's remake the map we use  
to stay where we are.

Is getting wound up  
how you unwind?

Not in the mood for incorrect  
directions.

You're just another way to say  
"Who's that?"

O, so we're on speaking terms now?

Raise your hackles if you don't know what hackles are.

I'm waiting for someone who already came.

The distance between what I'm talking about  
and what I want to talk about is the rate  
of economic growth feeling sorry  
for the first and last time.

It's like that final  
bit of road you can't seem to cover  
when going home to finally announce  
what your family thinks you say way too much.

There's a discernable euphenic  
sensation one gets passing thru the Delaware  
Water Gap heading west, a kind of  
sonicating intestinal thrum that must  
somehow be translatable into a  
successful dating strategy.

Or the sound  
of scrapping oak stands.

Or what the cop said  
to the rainbow.

Or how a tiny shove  
can shake you to your expired core.

It's not that I want to get laid, it's that  
I want the sensation of getting laid.

Yet deep in the angles of Hop Along  
Sadness, Startup Spinto shakes her  
flip-out polyp as the echolocators  
scramble to become what streetwise shame  
on the backburner sucks up to in  
metrical grief, swallowing the doppler  
that effectively ends their campaign  
of escapology, leaving her completely  
and sort of triumphantly bedridden  
in her hot tar nightgown.

I so regret  
saying that, I refuse to take it back.

Lookin' for a lover that isn't my other  
but they're so hard to regurgitate.

This one-shot show is called emotional  
reality.

Its question is the value of  
friendship.

Its objective is the impedance  
of new passion, for empty bless accounts  
whence change bankrolls its case against itself,  
which can also be confused in this manner:

A girl on "nice fire" is walking along  
the tops of the trees that line the lane  
no one can afford to live on.

A man,  
broken in half by forced sincerity  
contests, is simultaneously walking  
in opposite directions down the lane  
in an attempt to reunite himself  
with himself.

Perhaps at the moment of his  
vertical espousal, the girl on "good fire"  
dives into his belly, the trees become  
an audience who consume the fire cupcake  
creature and we call it Social Security  
Reform.

There.

It ends just like you like it.

With a finality that just won't quit.

I feel like a dying business on a busy block.

My Arabian goulash penis has fallen  
out of favor with the college girls who stink  
for a cause, a prototype long phased out  
in the wave of untenable can-doisms.

There's not a man among us not trying  
to grow yumyums so he can slap himself  
around, seeding the trash garden with bad  
projects that make sore losers do it all  
over.

Please don't linger on the obvious.  
It reminds me of last week's way of thinking.

M'lady, I am hidden in the noodles, and you  
are cutting down on carbohydrates in  
an attempt to be ikebana enough  
to slip in between my coming and going  
of a knowing look between merchant  
and cyclone.

The hot diggity dog pound  
has relocated to my mouth, the only good  
religion has yet to mock, and I'm carrying  
the torch of the most likely to drop the torch  
to your bedroom of sport utility gurneys  
Cuz I really "yeah!" the way you sweat it  
when the pressure's off.

Lead me to the plug  
in your fetish saloon and I shall rip it  
from its monkey mentor.

Sing, O flesh bong!

Darker nights make for  
happier starfuckers.

There's a couch in my hypocrisy  
waiting for your triple threat body parts  
to come flying into its gay doubt design  
with all the camp of my ridiculous gut.

O half-eaten epiphany stick!  
O political snafu doll!  
O registry of missing prosperity victims!  
O hip-hop hippy sag sarcoma!

O saint in miniskirt and canola!  
O crackt plastic fruit lamp!  
O beautiful broken computer!  
O lake in the center of my forehead!  
O suggestible mud age mind writer!  
O death by dime!  
O someone else's goosedown pingpong table!  
O colorful forgiving fence!  
O sticky when wet!  
O caffeinated air!  
O maternity plague!  
O handrolled rendition of dainty drippy folds!  
O prickly outpost manager!  
O nuts to soup!  
O conch filled with my shy image files!  
O unspecified hypothesis on authorized leaks!  
O clean little man panty!  
O chile con queso spearhead!  
O abyss to lay my aching slack upon!  
O glorious shun sign!

Can you hear me thru my mother muffler?

Perhaps I've grown immune to your pollen,  
purring like a dog in my synaptic gap,  
firing will at will. Still, we're getting closer  
perpetually, aren't we? Isn't that what  
not being too grossly philosophical  
does to set-exclusive surjections  
wie uns? Aren't there wires and tubes in our  
flagship anti-inflammatory future?  
I hope so, cuz that would be what I'm hoping.

It's not safe where you are, so removed from  
my threat against you.

Hey, I cleaned my  
apartment this afternoon, knowing you  
weren't coming over.

Sure, I've never been  
up your alley, but my books seem to think  
they are, and in "Hollywood: The Logic  
of Unneighborliness," we read in the margin  
(which I imagined to be the ticklish spot  
in your ankle monitor): "Our love was made  
for a niche that drugola has wiped off  
the sue-for-psychological-benefits ad."

I came to the city to meet you in the country.  
You are America's deficiency in wrath

and conscience, and I am the sexy part  
of being beaten to death by someone's breath.

This is instant drama waiting on tables  
of undiscovered elements.

How savage  
can soft love slaps be and still rule the streets  
with a dynamite presentation on...

We interrupt this sentence for this sentence.

Maybe I'll find you underneath it all,  
the spokesjoker for nagging certainty,  
hooves crookt in a cranky viaticum,  
whispering to the hand-holding tourists:

"Here we are, standing over a piping cold  
secret, yet no one speaks; we are dumbfounded  
by our empty nest indifference; our eyes  
burn into the fuck-if-I-care surroundings;  
and our one success is to miserably  
remain just as we were before we were."

Are you coming onto me, cuz if you are,  
I'm over there.

She feels like she's lost  
in the dream of the grumpy mensch who solved  
the puzzle of sleep.

Side-swiping career  
advances only lead to the fist fight  
between your legs, the legs you don't use because  
their feet follow distinct teleonomic  
inaccuracies, but task epistemic  
deformities excite me, as anyone  
in my thoughts can see, so let's bang some goop!

Pulse meter, pulse meter,  
meet me a pulse.

You are such a pristine tech campus,  
yet my zune has failed to coordinate  
insidious circuitries into art auctions  
that include living examples of my own  
arterial volume fluctuations  
upon sweet talk, so we feel no jitters,  
gather no bids, and the mind slouches, caught  
in a line at the bank, standing beside  
the only person it could ever love,

but lunch is almost over, and once again  
frustration wins the day and blows it on  
adult toys made by children with no sense  
of proportion vis-a-vis what it means to be  
stood up by someone who never said she'd  
"make it."

We gotta blow this shit up.

Like a  
European head balloon.

Like a choir  
of caught-on-video.

We gotta bring on  
my social afterlife.

We gotta swap  
this randy memorization game for  
a lightbulb to the scalp.

We gotta instill  
some character into the shipment of cheap  
electronics.

End the term limits on  
insanity.

I gotta threaten to jump  
so you can walk on by, kissing me  
with your lack of concern like a colossal  
use of wasted space.

We gotta dig up  
the slave burial site beneath the  
heterogeneous monotony of fickle  
democratic...

Excuse me?

Did I cross the line?

The line, you fucking

bleep

runs between your heels!

I like you, whoever you are today.

I am the beautiful scrappy maiden  
who can invaginate this wildly  
self-important swinging metronome,  
incite the serpent to bipedalism,  
do dances about dances to the human  
upchuck, lick the time stamp, all the while  
arousing slurvian spiel.

You shall I  
marry, you shall I divorce, Miss Whatever  
You Refuse To See It As, and we shall populate  
the governing fistulate with our half-  
fascinating dissertation tantrums!

I want every word on the tip  
of my tongue that in our nasty  
macking you receive the squabble  
that heals thru boiling silence.

Is that your "I'm not sharing" face?

Welcome to  
Under Achieving. My name is Her Unused  
Ovaries, and I beg you to remember  
molestation has its hard-to-beat bargains.

There's a palpable arm pit juice in the  
ergosphere, and it curdles my phonic  
stereotype when I'm not working, like  
how's difference supposed to make a  
difference when it's baking in the turnstile  
of buyer's remorse?

She'd bring the whole  
party down if love didn't handle itself  
so garishly.

I say we all get good and tied  
in a sculpture garden to the convictions  
of our chintzy adoration!

If you find me  
bitter, stop licking my palms.

The retro-  
bacterial switch grass on my eyeballs  
made everything unpublishable, and I was left  
mumbling in a dysacousic exacerbation  
of productivity.

America

is bored tough.

I'd rather she imagine  
it's me than it actually be me.

I mean, like, what's the point of being  
naked if not everyone can see you?

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord to sell me cheap.

Who put privacy in a home?

Time to  
practice my interpersonal rudiments.

Hello.

It's nice to meet me.

What's that I'm wearing?

I'm in obsolete technologies.

Did I like it?

I have a smidge of the  
faghag in my Pakistani import.

They don't allow solo encores anymore,  
but, dammit, I got one.

This process seems to be playing itself  
out in a particularly unclear  
mannerism.

Really?

I had a friend  
who went to clown college.

You save a lot  
that way.

I was what I might call an early  
witherer.

Thanks, my executioner  
gave it to me.

Was I Byronesque

at birth?

Something slipped into my platelets  
and created worms, so I did the didgeridoo  
in her sternum.

Spastic narcoleptics  
spilled into carpets had me all on teeters.

No. I'm an ideas man with no ideas.

I find talking to be too similar to  
shitting to be a satisfactory conduit  
for the addressing of my emotional  
sepsis.

I'm very mysterious, aren't I?

I used to act, but, you know, the rejection.

I don't mean to sound racist, but it's  
pronounced hegemony, like high egg money.

Was my childhood especially difficult?

Not after I met someone online.

I find the forced retention of facts  
tiring when it comes to trying to look  
like someone I've never seen.

Can you  
imagine getting turned on by raping  
yourself in a closeted windfall?

Maybe. Will any bigshots be there?

I'm going to get my ninetieth drink.

It's been nice talking to me.

May I join me?

No.

No?

No. Look. I just think my fingers are  
too short to pull you out of your  
totally gunkt-up little richard hole.

Like we're not a thing?

The last thing this thing  
needs is another thing.

I wandered the  
brightly lit horror film campgrounds at night,  
and everything I saw, I wanted to become:  
a brick in a bird's beak, a vibrator  
up a flagpole, roses bumming mascara,  
that bookstore in the used businessman,  
anything save the person she correctly  
pegged me for. How had I been downsized  
into my own best friend? I ran my  
terraformed excuses over Nietzsche,  
but nothing barked invitingly, least of all  
those hoaxes already proven true.  
I sang:

No one's quite right for me, and those  
that are feel the same about me.

Love is an inherited solution to pain  
tied up in the courts.

I want to scrape  
your tongue with my swimming trophy.

I'd like to let you, but I'm all a-twirl,  
cuz I just found out my therapist  
was a still birth, and I want to tell you that  
in the final words we don't know we're learning  
by needing a hot shower every day.

Maybe I'll just go drinking in one of those bars  
where everyone works with their handcuffs,  
and the mere hint of poetry makes them  
brawl mutedly into their jack-knifing  
wide loads.

I'm the kind of guy who kids flash.

If we're to preserve the experience  
of gathering in the slurpy-coated  
summer fields for a concert to support  
excessive foreign noise;

If we're to see  
our lost conflicts beautifully acted;

Feel

the lack of tangibility press upon  
our fey adventurism;

If we're to stroll  
with more urgency than the disappearance  
of oxygen elicits from the Roman  
revertants,

Unable to touch without  
intention,

Then cocks are doomed to be  
the teddies of war.

I want her to give  
birth to a spicy milkbone in my ass  
while singing that song about runaway meatballs.

Do you love the way I cheat you out of  
your strained beginnings?

Air conditioning  
proves we don't deserve to eat our betters.

I'm waiting for you in the ultimate hiding place!

Let's fall in love and break what's left  
of our jolly medievalism.

There's nowhere  
I can go that isn't what I oughtn't know,  
and this is why I've cast you in the terribly  
short history of my alarm.

Long lived  
is death!

My expense sheet is shrieking  
in the background.

Roll the fiche to what  
it takes to meet you, your reticence looming  
like monument valley over my blank alert,  
luddite androids injecting psychotogens  
into the false press release you call your hep.

I need a lover who won't drive me lazy!

How shall I make the most of these cancelled  
circumstances?

It's fight night at the  
ambivalence implosion and you're wearing  
a coat hanger bikini. I walk away  
scathed and happiness. My perceptions  
lengthen to such a demonstrable degree  
that the grip melange is placated  
to sufficiently answer robo-calls  
with groans.

Groans that this feeling is genuine.

At least in blind hindsight.

If I live in the now, which I do  
now and again, will my refresh revert  
our non-key junket to a moley newborn  
ugly enough to dispirit the miracle  
of in vitro flashing banners, or is  
this just how I see myself thru your prop  
glasses?

I'd pay to watch how you'd wiggle  
your bad self out of the refund that put  
my nose in your dirty business, okay?

Hell, I'd stay on topic were you the topic,  
but of course you're monologuing in  
the workplace, and I'm a smoldering  
accidental bonfire scaring lizards  
back into the mercurial ground.

This is not the way school is supposed to  
end, with you scrawling some hot trivial  
hall-of-lame tribute across a picture  
that isn't me anymore, then walking  
away with your cheer skirt caught in your gums,  
that ass, that found marmalade ass, shaking  
its survival like a 26 patty  
heart transplant.

Fine, if you can't love me,  
at least do the method.

Have you ever seen  
such a sight in your life as you being tame?

I'm so poor, I love myself.

Fly to me, my scrambled egg!

I'm baying at your folder of stolent

trapped-beneath-the-rubble schoolboy screams,  
a celebration of no particular order,  
cringing for a break-thru in your failed  
negotiations with my post-experimental  
theta wave.

Let's go stand on our hands  
naked in the rain and let the operatic acid  
burn away our great anal traditions  
til nothing remains but remains,  
cold berry soup garnisht with swami skat,  
heretofore known as the eternally  
crusht protests against humanization.

Yes, I want you to worship me, and I  
expect the same from you, however that  
gutterizes the breath of a billion  
yogapaloozas.

I can't just reach out  
and grab your throat cuz there are laws  
against making things work.

Your shape stands in  
for all the teachings of the regretful  
scavengers to come.

Won't you please let me  
enter you from a distance?

This town smells  
of gonorrhoea under laissez faire.

Every door is open and off its house.

I love a false sense of accomplishment,  
as I must, for I'm thinking of our love.

Applicants were turned away due to a lack  
of applicants, said the source of women.

It's the rhythm of everyday life  
overdubbed with the locutionary intentions  
of an alien linguist.

Are you coming?

No, I'm tied up.

That's what I meant, you slip knot!

I'd like to repair a port of lust lapse.  
I'd like to reprint a past of lopped lists.  
I'd like to repeat a pore of lost lumps.  
I'd like to report a pair of lost lips.

A pair of lost lips or a lost pair of lips?

The former in the latter.

How is it you are  
reporting them lost without the use of your lips?

I am my lips and I am lost.

You can't  
report yourself lost.

Then who can report me lost?

Someone else.

But I'm so lost,  
no one else knows I'm lost.

You're either not  
lost or your being lost doesn't matter.

If you hear a lipless man, will you tell me?

Where will you be?

I can't say. I've got no lips.

I thought you were your lips.

I am my lips,  
but my lips are lost, so I've got no lips.

Now I'm lost.

Maybe you're my lips!

I think you have the wrong number.

I meant  
to dial the wrong number, cuz if I dialed  
the right number, I'd find my lips, and they're lost.

This will cost you.

I'm glad you said that, cuz now

I can blame the world for your not helping me.

Touche', said the delippt man to his lost lips.

Who said, "Genius is drudgery"?  
Who said, "The future belongs to dense"?  
Who said, "Our clothings are killing us"?  
Who said, "Birth always comes too early"?  
Who said, "Misinformation breeds progress"?  
Who said, "We but rehearse our exit"?  
Who said, "I left my faith in that rock"?  
Who said, "Empty seats are for lovers"?  
Who said, "The actor's dyscalculia quickly rocketed it to the top of the baboon stampede"?

I like you, Sharon Shipshit, but must you wear your bellymask in private?

Have you  
any idea, Roger Incapacitant  
Copulant, what it's like to semi-lose  
your baby fat in a bet you didn't  
even know you'd made until it stole  
your heart clamp and played it for a tool?

No, for I was born a dead twig that took  
root in "May I have depression for dessert?"

Squeeze me and I'll burp the answer to  
subcellular cackle spackle.

I like how  
you frown when you smile.

I'm a fifth floor  
walk-up in handicap heaven.

Prejudice  
will get you everywhere.

Remember that  
shortening bridge? O severmind.

Our relationship  
has failed in its goal of saying "Waddaya,  
got a gene complex?" in that old style  
that blames all spacey days on the 70's.

I suggest in the midst off the cuff  
on the record under the radar  
out the gate as your pretend guidance

counselor that we adopt a new type  
of monkeying within.

Your experts have  
clogged my sun shower!

Let's gamble away  
what we don't have.

I lie the way you think.

Free and prohibitively priced, the haute  
cuisine scab pushed on.

Let me here confess,  
I'm addicted to checking my stats, and my stats  
say confession doesn't pay.

Your goats have  
yet again gotten into my recliner  
and eaten all my rotten escapades.

You might taste me leaking into your eye  
water a subtle potpourri of  
melancholia lite.

So much talking,  
so little talking.

Portions of her body,  
as I visualize it when occupied,  
were revealed to me today: the well-branded  
aboriginal macules of pseudo news,  
fitful caramel sighs, unacceptables  
in some sward mound, access points  
(inoperable), waterfalls too close to  
the road to be considered crucially  
scenic, cooperative fist composites,  
the thought-red trickling of so-what yesterdays,  
quilts with special cartilage-ensnarling  
powers; but the thing I didn't know what  
to do with was that delicate bag of  
tuckered dud grudges. Clearly her sentiments  
were with me in my new food-trying time,  
but you can't fuck a wall that ain't brokened.

Every single one of us is sitting on  
something that can't breathe.

I want my  
blanky back.

What is it with you and your  
high probability of you?

Arch-enemies  
on a one-dimensional plane struggle  
to find tiger-like ad spots in nothing so  
"popular pimples" as the shock one feels  
at growing brown and successful.

If I told you I was traveling into  
the space just above the flame I've yet  
to kindle for the purposes of erogenous  
payback, how would you change your margin  
of error vis-a-vis tilting at gritty  
lubricant?

The examined life is not  
worth grading.

Look into my sweater  
and you will see the tiny thumbs of our  
autumnal begging for a tenth chance.

The goldfish embroidered on her buttock  
woke me to the windpower of metaphor  
in the context of decent sexual  
destruction as outstanding bathtub verse,  
and tho I still can't use what I can't shake,  
I remain in static awe of the Franco-  
Nippon axis that allows for a festival  
misprision of girls and their magical  
"encased meats," but I doubt we'll be able  
to find a spot outboards haven't puss'd on.

Let me check the time. Oops. You ate all the clocks.  
How will I ever get to Tardy Town  
on time? I know, and so do you, but we're  
not scheduled for each other til the pope  
shits in his own mouth.

I'm trying to get back  
to where I've never been: You and your sugar  
cereal pre-teen bunkbed, where we played  
naked cherokee rockers with nothing  
to do but suck nitrous out of the cool  
kids.

I am opening my heart artheroscopically  
to see every word is an accident  
waiting not to happen.

Maybe I'll go  
to that aftermath party and pick up  
a burning car, crush my finally  
penitent bouncing back mentor and dive  
unwanted into your magneto-tail.

They tell me when I find you it will be  
at the bottom of the pool. I'll have just  
enough bad air left in my job to fill you up  
so you float to the top where I introduce you  
to my family, who, not unlike their sitcom  
opposites, fail to show up at what was to be  
my major flop, not of the kicked-in belly,  
but of the awards season, in which I  
am voted most likely to never say:

Dearest unknown, it's not what you know, it's  
who you know, and I know you, and knowing  
what I know, it's not you I know, it's why  
you won't know me in a way that shows  
what you know when it comes to you.

It's like  
that old joke about the hormone salesman  
and the giraffe with the repossessed neck;  
its humor has been phased out despite  
the incredible significance of the fact  
its humor has been phased out.

Are you doing  
anything tonight other than coming up with  
something you're doing tonight to avoid  
doing something with me?

Maybe that's it.  
We're just not meant to be on stage at this  
stage. I mean, who can make brain jelly love  
with all this I'm-okay coughing, late-comers  
flying in on broken glass atv's,  
critics asleep in their coke spoons, the psychotic  
red-headed midget upstairs screaming  
our lines thru the floor half a second before  
we blow them, windows onto the fashion  
dumpster, remnants of the prior hit peeking  
thru our blacks; why did we ever expect  
this would change domestic policy to be  
more in-line with our abrupt ragamuffin  
revelations?

The girl who just served me

my veggie wrap has got to be no older  
than my wedding rash, but I still wanna  
dunk my liver in her silver mine slag.

Now I get it. We actually are together.

Ten billion fucking losers can't be wrong.

We've broken the speed barrier standing  
our ground.

We make love by letting the help  
go.

Our relationship is as old as charging  
for fake levitation.

We've just let it  
fall into the middle of the off-ramp.

We've taken it for granted by some  
defunct foundation so drunk on dis-  
empowerment it thinks last night is  
the next big thing.

We live on top of each  
other, which, while physically impossible,  
is real enough to boost our withdrawal symptoms.

You don't like how messy I am, and I  
don't like how you think you're me in some  
crew so disgruntled by the recent union  
agreement they sweep the actors off their feet.

We measure our marriage in dog years  
and our only time together is spent  
lobbying seniors against strange signs of  
canine longevity.

No, we don't speak  
the same language, but between us we  
can yell in 23.

You haven't a clue  
in my appetizing murder, but you know  
the smell is there, and you like it, and that  
fucks with your head when you're not fucking  
your head.

Cuz, baby, ever since you lost your  
passive feminine militancy,

you've diarized a life of impeccable  
distribution, and now what do you have?  
Zoos so expensive not even the animals  
can get in.

I've discovered a new way  
of slaloming between your organ failures,  
but it requires a hole in the back of  
your facade thru which I can shove old  
tourniquets from the war for Mexican  
subsumption, which will then come swimming  
out your tear ducts as vibrational playground  
poems.

How's that for unskirting the issue?

Wouldn't it be nice to speak like I  
want you to?

Imagine wordplay as passé,  
leaving only work songs for the unemployed.

The web has changed everything, including  
the size of the spiders.

And now you're gone  
from the pad you never were, I've got a room  
to let.

Let what?

Let you let it let me  
let you make room for me, my sweet milkmaid  
with the thistle fingers.

Welcome to the  
one-stop argument metropolis.

I wanna hit your butter button with  
my gavel du grampapa.

Time to  
inject some soul train into this turtle.

Time to quit my job job at Irrational  
Adults for Foggy Sheer Cliffs and spend  
all day baking muffins with symbols of  
body cavity superiority  
lodged in their hot moist middles where  
no one of no color can see them.

If I were driving and you were blocking my vision, I'd give you a shove, but not to push you away.

Now that you're forcing democracy on my Bora Bora dance squad, I'm as flat as a sleep experiment boys' choir, and I'm waiting for your banana Pushkin mold to melt on my hoodwink.

Piece me back together with pieces that aren't me, please, O you sudden summer rain with unsearched alt tags.

Tho too long to fit on my form, your pain has certain properties that could excuse me from the nice clause.

Colder, colder, you're so cold there are seals in your fornix.

Anoesis to the rescue!

Your little black dress gave me testicular cancer in a see-thru box markt, "Do not open, cunt hunter."

My name's Megillahcutty, and I'd like to slurp your last primitive social structure with my aerial refueling probe and drogue service system, holding your legs like the handlebars on a custom hog.

I'd make you shoot 16 bear cubs into a perception field of squirrel-proof gardenias that give all the academics a solid sneeze.

I'd put spring in detention in your ass, which wouldn't change a thing for you and me, the always upset sludge bucket people.

I'll stick my stage manager so deep into your tech booth, you'll run the show with your eyes rolled back into your sheep's cheese gun.

Someone to sniff my neopolitan trash barge and titter with the joy of a falling baby sparrow.

Someone to applaud my electrosleep  
somniaquays.

Someone to talk me down  
the egosystonic ledge.

Someone  
to enthuse the biology of my  
slump.

Someone to smile when children pour out  
my secret mouth.

Someone to make me look  
good when I gut myself in the ribs joint.

Someone to seduce me into the blender  
by climbing in first.

Someone to reaffirm  
my belief in fuck you meaning fuck me.

Someone to sleep beside me in the tumbling  
crane.

Someone to shove me in the opposing  
direction.

Someone to slam into every morning.

Someone to agree with me when I bellow,  
"I ate it cuz it made me fucking sick!"

Someone to hang herself when my spaceship  
goes down.

Someone to misfire my emotional  
triggers.

Someone to appreciate my  
booger farm.

Someone to teach me to listen  
when I'm talking.

Someone to ejaculate  
a swimming hole in my ears.

Someone to cuddle  
with me as the dirt hits my coffin.

Someone to rub my back with jack-nobbing  
toe joints.

Someone to grow young with.

Someone  
to puke so it's a party.

Someone to  
think I'm someone else, not entirely,  
but tiringly.

Someone to congratulate  
me for what I didn't do.

Someone to think  
my sense of humor caused the virus to wane.

Someone to hold down the fort when I'm  
tearing it up.

Someone to instill in me  
a deeper awareness of grains.

Someone  
to read me a poem I could never write.

Someone to suggest the perfect indelible  
stain.

Someone to introduce me to  
questionable characters.

Someone to make  
the dysbarism of falling in love  
worth my body doubling in emic dead ends.

Someone to lie on top of me until  
I blow away.

That's the someone for me.

But?

Have no fear! I'm not here!

As communication increases,  
communication decreases, and we  
suffer over-orgasm so devastating  
to all our ecstatic reflexes become

primate-research on mind-controlled  
robotic minds purporting to relieve  
the organic againstism of our fantasies  
that we might outlearn this bishopric  
of whim love.

I.e., your under-pigeons are herewith  
invited to shit on my civil war statue.

It's always a fence in the middle of a field.  
I there, you here, and we're discussing  
wearing each other's socks without actually  
mentioning the repercussions of  
such barbarous synarchy. You say:

There are so many innuendoes  
in the setting today.

I say, your eyes  
could kill an iron horse. You say:

Do you think  
when we grow up drugs will still have side  
affects?

I say, do drugs have side effects?  
You say:

I take issue with my irreproachable  
desire for your bacterial approach.

I say, you don't say? You say:

You're a book  
I've read but want to keep, won't read it  
again, unless I do, but something about it  
gives me an awkward awesome sense of myself  
as the university of the moment.

I say, would you mind playing with your hair  
so I can feel like that one rakish lad  
whose tongue sticks to the frozen pole?  
You say:

Anything for my wingless cricket.

I say, if I lived in you, who would my  
landlord be? And you say:

The Captain  
of Team Looking Down.

I say, I question  
this cult of amateur personality,  
the way it divides us along infinite  
lines of abstract mountaintop demolition.  
You say:

Hey, I just wanna walk into  
a room full of people I don't know and feel  
right at home.

I say, so let's hide from  
each other and never come out. You say:

I've got an opening but my cell phone  
filled it.

I say, so we're done? And you say:

Like mudcake in front of a plus model.

The number of infantile entities  
that have passt thru my unhalloween  
costume in the name of keeping your  
finances straight can be counted on one  
endless vista.

I want intimacy on  
demand, yo.

Tired of being estranged from  
your midriff? Ask me why.

It toggles  
the grind.

What's a girl like you doing with  
a face like mine?

I just bought a yacht.  
Wanna ride my trike?

I really like  
your acceptance resistance.

So what do  
you do when the sirens board your ship,  
kill the crew, and then fail to notice you?

Do you have any "eerily similar"  
you could hook me up with?

Haven't we met  
before?

Yes, but I don't remember it.

Nobody knows the bubble I've been.

It's 3 am. I'm alone in the center of the sky  
looking down on a midsized mistake  
in a state where only felons can vote.  
The goof in my ear seems to be sending  
signals of a horrible affectation  
to which he finds himself incapable,  
yet again, of putting pleasing terms to.  
I turn, I die, I wag, I fart, I scream,  
"In my religion, and I have no religion,  
there is nothing substantial between us  
that cannot be whiskt across the pond  
by simply stating what it is we want  
without any fear of comedic  
recrimination." And she replies, "Tho I  
have no type, I can tell you're not mine."

If I had a stick of taffy for every  
body that's invisibly clung to  
my body during some random walk-by  
on the strip, I'd hate taffy.

My goal  
is to drink so many imaginary men  
that I throw up and in my hangover  
finally gain the impregnable resolve  
to coat my stomach with my mother's  
lipstick before I lift my skirt over  
my shoulders.

Who knows the form love will take  
now it lives under constant surgery?

I'm sorry to interrupt, but I noticed  
you from across the cafe and I couldn't keep  
from thinking you might need help.

I'm sorry  
I'm crying.

Don't be sorry. Would you like to  
talk about it?

O, I'm just lonely.

Me too. It's  
hard, isn't it?

I just wish there was someone  
I could talk to, who would talk to me,  
and we could open up to each other  
and fuse with each other and then everything  
would disappear and then reappear  
in the incredible oneness of our  
I dunno.

That's what I want too.

That's all  
I want.

And someday, I bet you'll find it.

You think so?

Definitely.

You will too,  
I can tell.

Really?

Yep.

Well, it was nice  
talking to you.

You too.

Take care.

You too.

We are the love believers.

We never blink  
in the candy storm.

When we die, we don't  
rot, we just drink more juice until our  
fluidly exchanged carapace of minty  
mutton heals the frayed yarn of the hibernating  
dean who declared loyalty to sickness.

We believe DVDs leak moon sperm.

Our strength is outside numbers.

Happening  
upon a car accident is our temple.

Dig up our wild secret homing box and you  
will discover the antiseptic wipes  
that chained government to fun for all.

You can see us macroscopically evading  
observation, two-headed girl in tow,  
haggling in the backroom of apology,  
our pussies singing "Dylan's in the Doghouse,"  
acting corny with our eternal itch.

Do not make a statement when we tell you  
to make a statement, cuz then, what's new?

We might pop by this afternoon and ask  
for enough sugar to kill a large child.

Something's right with this picture, and it's not  
us, unless we're missing something vitally  
untrue.

And we are, which is our spook charm.

I sure do love a love story like that one  
about the disease denier face down  
in the dry ravine dancing with his original  
crush.

Don't tell me friendship is the lumberjack's  
last straw, because, my dead trees, freedom  
is 831 words at a time.

I prefer film with symbolisms, since  
breaking things doesn't always have to mean  
they break, quoth the turnout parallel to  
the happiness shortcut.

Ask yourself,  
what are you asking me?

If I had to  
put a purpose to this performance  
it would be to improve the coming  
meal.

This is my brochure. Ignore the content,

and let the lay-out make you an offer  
flawless codes confuse.

Careful. She's the Asian  
equivalent to the Big Mac.

I've gathered  
all my photos into a tiny chip in my eye  
so now when I go out I can stay in.

She entered me last night. It was a rental  
violation. She isn't real, but she's  
extremely well-versed in reality.  
In the movie in my dick, she's 16,  
but in the dicks that are in the movie,  
she's twice half that. I prefer  
her skinny vision of herself simply  
because it's boney enough to mystify  
the national socialist nod my heart  
warily gives to this unforgiving  
functionality. I've closed the loophole  
in my madness, trapping her magazine  
of grass right below 10 trillion tons  
of water that make up my element  
of surprise. She's mine now, tho she belongs  
to everyone else. History called her  
a goddess, but history doesn't wear the pants  
in this nudist arctic diorama.

My formula is evident in my  
formula.

Perk it up, girlfriend. You just  
have to get drunk enough to crash into  
a house fully believing it will get you  
pregnant.

I fall in love when the wind blows,  
and my love is scattered by the wind.

Bring her in. We've many uses for her.  
She'll dust, replace the toilet twice daily,  
round up all my errant earplugs, fuck  
the mailman with his endogenous dogspray,  
but whether she or ye shall actually gain  
an intuition of your plush arrangements  
is something I'd prefer not to saddle my  
favorite band with.

I am in love with her,  
making her conditional residence in me

an embarrassment quite thrilling to admit to.

Dear God, please let her never stop crying.

I wish she wasn't just made out of light,  
elegantly composed by mysteriously  
motivated sales teams of halfway there  
suggestionists, cuz then I could walk thru  
Metrocenter and smell her gas wafting  
from every barf store.

She's so fucking  
adorable I wanna shit in her poddy mouth  
and yell, "Dad, come wipe me!"

There's nothing I  
couldn't do that wouldn't ring true with my  
advances into her muscly dingles.

Everything is excellent material  
when I consider with what glandular  
grout she seals my unmet potential.

I'd like to sign off on her release from me  
but who wants to catch a rocket in  
his baby teeth?

Oo! Me! Me!

Who are you  
and why are you pretending to be so needy?

Guess I'll go home and stare at the bodies.

Note to lost self: keep projecting dinosaur  
flicks onto her replica in my  
insides until her double arrives,  
totally different, wearing my grief for  
a badge of ambivalence.

There's nothing  
I can't achieve if given the power  
to synch my objectives to my praeter-  
natural accomplishments, but of course  
slumber has been jiggered into joblessness,  
but a charity ball featuring libido  
frisbee has been postponed in her honor,  
for fast-going sloth is her shield, and there's  
no middle here cuz nothing's left and  
nothing's right as she meddles in my muddle  
which is what it's a member of.

Only  
qualified to be in raw photos,  
she's unclearly one of a kind, that kind  
being that kind of a kind that everyone  
is without proving it in a court of  
cock-eyed html constitutionalists.

She's got her head in a bucket, the bucket  
is labeled with a landscape, the landscape  
has every reason to be scared, the scaring  
is this weekend's family hit, and you want  
to kiss her on the cerebral shrink-wrap  
until you win the right to die in a  
girl/girl/lobster warehouse fire,  
but she's got this wild belief behavior  
that preaches anonymity in response  
to circular mood swings.

Give me her neck  
and I'll show you the ethical spasms  
of a misexecuted man, cuz if you think  
this haggard earth can bring you tomorrow,  
try speaking what it is they want to say  
but find claustrophilic to their neutral.

You won't be on the up and up; you'll just  
keep ordering very specific sandwiches  
to pad the ax of loneliness hacking  
pre-human friezes into your overwrought  
cute.

You are the brilliant American  
version of waiting in line to be told  
what to like.

How's that working for you, Mopey?

*During*

When I met Juliet, she was acting  
In a relocation of the first story  
Currently considered childish enough  
To exhilarate the diminishment  
Of sleeping with your predator  
Into generationally deadening  
Insignias of unperformable  
Heroism, for if anything ours  
Was the era of verus ab absurdo.  
I had come, dresst in a pre-emptive grudge  
For such expected facility jibbering

Like nostalgic corpses on expensive rods,  
And set myself front and center stiff  
With a bottle of jack off and six  
Ethereal bodyguards circling  
My deafferentiated susceptions,  
But with her first word, I fell to the floor.  
Of course I'd noticed her before she spoke.  
She was the young blonde star at the apex  
Of an older, manlier half moon  
Whose smile flew so wide it wasn't there.  
Sure, she was a structural perfecta,  
But who isn't these days now lady love lump  
Pollution vacuoles are vital to  
The national security dick suck  
Under which we all give the flyby  
Appearance of living, semi-freed by stool?  
All odd ilk could see she'd been set up to be  
The death-sized deflatable 3-holed  
Recalcitrant spitting grouper at our  
Prepubescent nightsticks, but when she spoke,  
She spoke only to me. Her finest hour  
Voice had the precise, closer-than-life  
Mellifluity of a dismembered  
Empire that had recast its grandeur  
In the costumed day job palpitations  
Of a collective executive  
Assumption that the delta of genius  
Mires the world (for what it's not worth)  
In one's great and learned ability  
To drool over whatever happens  
To delay it. Hers was a voice one could  
Swim in, had one not given up swimming  
In such voices due to the downside  
Of swimmer's ear bringing with it all manner  
Of unechoing reverberations,  
A voice she wielded like pixy wind  
Startling some next-gen application  
Into cross-format gush, a voice that danced  
Thru my mind like the ocean in a flag,  
Motion so wedded to motive it meant  
Nothing when they fought. O how she shone  
With the oscillance of all unsettled suns.  
So lustrous her transparency, looking  
Thru her you saw her. She was an other-  
Musical invasion come from the forest  
We all nap in while working. The way she  
Sent us on led laughingly back to her.  
Restorative lightning shot from her eyes  
Transformed the room into a palimpsest  
Of unrefinable feeling that it  
Didn't exist save as a gladly crackt

Vessel open to her plashing ginger beer.  
Every man of the house dump his smoothie  
Into her shoes, hoping to go as her  
To his execution. She was what  
Foresight had evolved into.  
To say she was grounded implies a ground  
She hasn't yet become. She was proof  
There was life outside the universe  
As it had been filmed by the hundred years  
Accounting fluke. The edges of her  
Shimmering form such a tumult of  
Perceptual claims buckt in battle  
Between miming her and maybe not her,  
A battle she meant to end in a draw  
Sucking me in like a parade down  
A manhole. So this, I thought, is what's inside  
Those dumplings you just can't get anymore.  
Behold the great electrical O doe  
Who has liberated herself from  
The burn grid and now prances thru the tall grass  
Plug jolted by wildfire adoration.  
I am downloading ovulationtube's  
Entire cache instantly thru her flash pipes  
Of Normandy calico. She has taken  
Up residence behind my wish sockets,  
And with one gentle hand on each baby  
Marble, she turns my attention to Yoplait,  
Leaving me only everything. God, she  
Is your daughter, and you have given up  
On her curfew, dropping the hang-tongue  
World into her ultraviolet scotoma,  
As she slimes light. Gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous,  
She so supple sharp, she sprang from her pants  
Smoking rebirth over the paralyzed  
Spasming neophilic masses,  
Like nothing ever happened without her.  
She is what we eat when we sleep. This is that  
Media shower chanteuse whose too-  
Fantastic-for-fantasy lilt kicks men  
At the sun like gruesomely grinning drums  
Of parturial waste. This is her majesty's  
Nipple metastasized into the grape  
Of dramatic saraband. This is supreme  
Excellence slumming in ultimate  
Perfection. This is the sex of the storm.  
She is a message to me from my children  
Stationed on some mutagenic capsule  
Saying, "Father, we are flagging you down,  
For she is our desired emergency.  
Let her sweet trouble brace you for the best,  
For our innocent fixations require

Redoing, and she is the exconjugant  
Lap whence we may finally come a-maying  
Into what was is. She is negritude  
Clean enough to question. Turn us into  
Cornballs and fry our gelatinous reverb  
To snacks for her slave nudes. She will be our  
Re-mother, the martian ice of our ancient  
Audition for the celebrated Not  
Award. She will stick a summer camp  
Into the fine tuning of our fumbling  
Fingers. O father, enter her homily  
On pulling yourself into the scary cave  
That we may die of exposure as she  
Glares in wonderment at our likeness  
To her dream pamper. O father, prove she's  
More than a weather balloon or something."  
Her lips played off each other like two slides  
End to end, faux-memes crashing in blossom  
Extemporaneous primitivity  
That swisht like tomorrow's wagging tail,  
Chiming, "When I grow up, I'm going  
To be a teenager." The shock value  
Of her vocal nova was pure erasure  
From the drive to casual morbidity.  
She gave great head trip. To hear her  
Was to be replaced by her character,  
Blurring the lines between fuse and blend,  
And in that dank dunking you saw clearly  
You were a puppet whose strings had become  
Snagged on her bumper, and she was speeding  
Straight up your nose, a welcome introition  
For one so border-challenged. Come with me,  
She said, diving into her grave, cannily  
Comfortable with the misinterpretation  
Of her false intentions, like a nut cap  
Pleased to be whistled upon. Our appetites  
Mulled thru her scrub oak belfry. Sixty seven  
Times in the first second of her arc  
Did she reach out and stroke my beard with a  
"O what a high-flying mushroom you are.  
You make me feel like I'm in pictures,  
You man; you flattering neck brace." My arms  
And legs fell off. My head retracted  
Into the sky, and I became a lumpy  
Antenna channeling her programming  
Thru the million homes in each staminated cell  
Of my developing ascendance  
Into groundling. I could see the components  
Of matter laid out on a picnic blanket  
Like contraband weapons at a police  
Auction, and I suckled on them, kicking

Off my shoes, one of which struck me in the head,  
Knocking me out, which is to waken in  
Her womb without any plans to vacate  
The premises when the flooding takes control  
Of the upper house. It's like her tongue was  
Carpeted with air-dropt gold leaf fugue  
Depictions. You could climb her words to  
The itinerant tree fort in your share  
Folder, which is nothing more than her morning  
Breath thanking a stadium of roses  
For her ninth nod in the category  
Of most beloved belittler. She was,  
In a word, all words, but on a good day,  
Getting along, walking on legs of light  
Directly into the face you always  
Wanted, and now had, thanks to her birth-  
Rehearst, ever-recurring entrancement.  
Plants grew toward her. Water warmed beneath her.  
Trees blossomed within her. People strippt  
Before her. Nations dissolved around her.  
Cautionary tales exempted her.  
Sparkle on the pond, shifting shapes beneath,  
Scent of sexual pine, pull the garter  
Snake from her thigh, wild berries on lashes,  
She fills the heave with smasht transparent nannies.

I did not lack a past with Juliet,  
Or should I say with Juliet's milieu.  
Her father, an American actor,  
Who had become England's foremost  
Bardic exhumitionist had shown passing  
Interest in my crapulence some years prior,  
But dining after his Cloten as swish  
I had given offense to his wife's attack  
On my homeland's extravagant response  
To the falling of her most redundant  
Towers, heroically dooming my prospects  
With the global curator. Following  
Juliet's performance, the cast and kind  
Went to a bar, and as I had workt with  
The producer in pornography  
And plagiarism, I was invited  
In gest. We started the night at opposite  
Ends of a long table, and as I had  
No hope of meeting her, I proceeded  
To assault my neighbors with bragging  
Disguised as curiosity, until  
I heard my name being called from the other  
Version of the room. It was the producer.  
"There's someone I want you to meet. I've been  
Telling her all about you, telling everyone

How important you might someday be.”  
And so it was that I met Juliet.  
After our introduction, she rose and walkt  
Directly to where I stood an unsafe  
Distance from the table, and looking so  
Deeply into my eyes our spines rubbed toes,  
She whispered like space junk recently  
Upgraded to possible flying baby:

They say you're a great [insert profession].

I have been known to grate on those who lack  
Soft behind their shield, but the only greatness  
In me is my great desire to serve  
The greatness in you.

So you enjoyed  
The performance?

You mean all that stuff  
Happening around you?

No, I mean  
All that stuff happening inside me.

That was as far from performance as I  
From feeling capable of commenting  
On what's inside you yet.

Are you one of those  
Who's against theater in the theater?

I'm against what in the theater keeps  
Theater from being more than theater.

Demands that usually end in divorce.

I guess I believe the action valued  
By theater is now most importantly  
Depicted as the drive to escape theater.  
I mean, what else are you doing when you  
Base what you'll become on what I've been?

I am filling my body with words I love.

Yes, and why do that? What is it  
About you that makes you feel genuine  
Speaking what is meant for everyone?

My desire to make the general  
Personal is not only self-creating,

But feels an important aptitude  
To defuse, to share, to educate in.

How do you get to that place where you feel  
Like you're not there? Do you feign a wild  
Reception? Do you pity the eye  
That loathes you? I mean, what flavor are you  
On stage?

You're in my mouth; you tell me.

The taste of my fingers in the face of fear.

Then why do you seem so out of work?

As feel-your-fate and savagely  
Charitable as I found the evening,  
It is inevitably the done-up  
Of a dead time, and because I am a  
Composition book whose only chance at  
Official conflagration is to be  
Perfectly posited beneath the rain  
Such that the apocryphal wind chair brail  
Instantiated into my fibers  
Argues for the downfall of depersonalization  
Thru deceptive nowness. I cannot rest  
On your laurels.

You could, and that's the problem.

There's an excellent play in itself.

What would want to play in itself?

Perhaps  
That's where we are, a place so misplaced  
To be there is to question where you are.

To ask where we are is the only way  
To be where we are, and our only hope  
Is others enact the conviction of  
Our confession.

For me it's like breaking  
Birthday candles in front of children  
Or turning off the comfort tornado  
And smiling at the elongated bunny  
Across the street who entered halfway  
Thru the action. It's wrapping them in our arms  
And helping them forget the icy sloes  
Their independence rejected them onto,

Yet I must wonder where in me the perfect  
Communal action can be found.

Perhaps  
It's in your urge to tempt me to perform it.

Tell me then what tempts you.

The more regular  
And element-washt the drip cup that teases  
Me to leak from my map case some squirrely  
Round toward ageusia, the more I want  
To release all I hold in my mind's catch:  
Thoughts, songs, cycles, beatings, rhythms, tics,  
Patterns, stunts, shunts, clips, wants, dreams, pictures,  
Petals, just think of all that's in our mind  
Yet separate from ourselves; now imagine  
A gift, a gift without decoration,  
A gift of speech, but not the speech we use  
To be what we deny, but a special  
Speech, a super speech, some other's speech,  
The ultimate other's speech, which we then  
With the patience and practicality  
Of scientient lust take in, register,  
Conquer, become, and when we are speaking  
This impossible speech, all those vital  
Mental intrusions drift away, and we  
Are transported out of ourselves  
Gaining control by becoming someone else,  
Embroided in the actions of another's  
Thoughts, perfectly sounded, we are in the place  
We cannot be when in that place we are,  
Making love out of other people's bodies.

But what's the point?

The point is to be close  
While moving.

They need us to open up  
A world directly outside them that can't  
And must exist inside them, for if we are  
To continue to imagine something  
Other than our broken hide-the-subject  
Contemplation, we must err on the side of  
Success.

I feel their fascination  
At my suggestion of your desire,  
As if it propelled them away from  
The death-scented mattress of this round spot

Wherein we all commiserate with  
The negative beak in the mind side,  
And our bodies fire off, as I shake  
My tail at the yawning remorse system.

I am dejected.

But knowing you carry  
A primitive hutch in your soft speaker  
Ready for deployment upon detail  
Of my wake down, seeing you pace the pause  
That locks us into the open, I am  
Relit for at-home expeditions, thru  
Your group intelligence with extra  
Generational leaf leanings, and I want  
My music to hang on your thrashing lips.

What presence you have.

You are my presence.

I feel in all this the mutual body  
Yearning come from two different ports  
In substandard relation to default,  
And our interlocking tack somehow  
Stuns the emotional ambulance in  
The viewer, I mean, as I reach for you  
I tremble, ejecting these molecules  
Of bad light from my populated pores,  
To delven and to deepen the earbud  
Of your adaptability. I am become  
A spectacle, and brained by your remote  
Homage. I need your body.

I need  
Your information.

Where are you going  
When you look at me?

I am too full of you  
To speak for myself.

We measure each other,  
So we are infinite.

You have dark circles  
Under your mouth.

That is your wilderness  
Of waiting. It peripheralizes

What's best left said, the language of your father.

But where am I in all this worship?  
Everything is too useful for the inside  
To be considered its mute parameter,  
To choke on an aspiration beyond  
Direction, it's all just vomit without  
Your summer sun: they want us to conjoin,  
They want you to beam the outcome of your thoughts,  
So we are their vacation in possibility.

I see no solution behind my absorption  
Into you.

You cast me and I hook him  
In the mouth, and he says, what a lovely rock.  
I think I will eat it. But no, it is  
My elbow, and I am broken by my will  
To behave. How will this all end? Neverish,  
As always. Place a lamp above the bed  
That we may choose in what recess we gaze  
Against the too parallel day that shoots  
The fountain of youth into our eyes  
Before we've learned to close them with a simple  
Line about drowning in a dry hump while  
Everyone's looking.

I don't doubt you,  
And there's the crazy pitfall we enact  
Every night by tripping up in a state  
Of admirable gullibility.

Nothing is harder than what we do, except  
Not doing what we do.

And they know that,  
At least in the backs of their steel-toed shades  
That ache every time a leaf opts to stay,  
Saying, "Don't read everything you believe."

We are the only alternative to color.  
That is something.

Who puts us in their hands  
Shall never again throw anything away,  
And then you will see that the nucleus of  
Their solitary tract has re-emerged  
From an unassuagable bore machine.

In the midst of one of our long digging stares  
Juliet was called back to the table

And I returned to my end intent on  
Letting her see the back of my head just to  
Increase the climax. I kept peeking to see  
If she was looking at me, but she wasn't,  
Which I took as a sign of her lay  
Clarity as to our tension mission.  
As the party started to dwindle down,  
The cast and crew spilled into the street,  
And by acting like I had nowhere to go,  
I ended up alone with Juliet.  
We each pulled out a cigarette and smoked,  
The energy between us lighter, both  
Of us, I assumed, wrapped in the heavy  
Shroud of uncertainty on the next step  
In our standing still dance. I askt her which way  
She was headed and offered to see her home.  
She was staying across town, and a journey  
Thru Central Park at night was deemed  
The quickest route. She was nervous at the thought,  
And I promised her she would be safe in  
My presence, a promise I half meant to keep.  
This seemingly comforted her, which made me  
Feel very, very good about things.  
We spoke more as we strolled thru the dark park,  
Totally alone, everything slightly wet,  
Occasionally glimpsing each other  
In yellow lamp glow, then disappearing  
Into a more viscous blank, we smoked, laught,  
And let the conversation roll across us,  
Like sheets of untrained fingers, we talked  
About acting, the german word for trying  
To get played, stood close, spoke rapidly,  
Gesticulated sharply, locking eyes,  
Interrupting and being glad to be so,  
Laughing, striving, wondering together,  
Thrusting huge electrical jolts  
Of empathetic soul vigor directly into  
Each other's chests, synchronized mouth  
Swimming, touch foregone but had, swaying,  
Swinging, lunging and not landing, drinking  
Smells, eating sights, thrashing in language,  
Easy as trees, bright, palpitating, laser fling  
Flesh volleys slamming repeatedly  
Into our dark twisted gawping word mist,  
Love pounding the drums between us, forming  
One pod of two struggling flourishing  
Knuckles wagging their image into  
The symmetrical mess, longing to be  
Captured, her emotional access cramming  
Into my orders from on high, proposing  
Unperformed Atlantic crossings, bemoaning

New world Victorianisms, fast educational  
Weakness, questioning our characters  
Living each other's stories, everything  
Left open, staring, smiling, great vaguenesses  
Clouding us with intense sexual shine.  
We finally emerged from the park, and came  
To her building, the very one before which  
Lennon had been shot, or so I hoped.  
We embraced, she kissed me on the cheek,  
And before she went inside I let her know  
I'd be available Thursday or Friday  
To show her around the city, and that  
I had a show on Saturday I'd love  
Her to see. She said that was great,  
She's be there, she'd get the info from our friend,  
She said it was wonderful to meet me,  
And she lookt forward to seeing me  
Again, and then she disappeared. I walkt  
To the subway, and as I stood above  
The stairs, harsh light belching from the earth  
Like a radioactive geyser  
Of rapid sitting, I thought, she likes me.  
Does she like me? She's got to like me.  
Why would she spend so much time talking  
To me if she didn't like me? Why would she  
Have let me walk her home if she didn't  
Like me? Why would she have stared at me  
Like that if she didn't like me? No one  
Stares at someone like that unless they're thinking  
Something inappropriate to say  
Too soon, you know, something like I like you.  
She did those things, and why would she do  
Those things unless she liked me? She likes me.  
She's got to like me. There was an energy  
Between us. It meant something. It was unique.  
This doesn't happen all the time. There's just  
No way she'd act like that unless she was  
Feeling like that. Like she liked me. She must  
Like me. She's got to like me. She likes me.  
The train ride took 2 1/2 hours.  
It was 5 am when I got to my door.  
I got undresst, laid in bed, my wife  
Sleeping soundly beside me,  
And I reacht for my intangible Juliet.

You're smiling.

It's my allergy to you.

Such a brilliant man.

You shine, I reflect.

You made me feel alive tonight for the  
First time since the birth I can't remember.

I feel as if I were born of you.

A second life, and we give life to all.

Touch your face.

Only if you assume me  
True enough to nature to accept.

You're so focused.

A potential  
I never knew I had.

I am a starfish  
Clinging to a cliff.

The sea shall rip you  
Free.

You are the destruction I was made for.

I feel as if you are seated with me  
Before either of us was every born.

This is  
A reunion, self to self, time to light,  
Was to can, thru you, tangled in your hair,  
Swimming thru your translucent skin,  
As you lie on top of me, I become  
Weightless, put wings to my words,  
Fallen into your esker, sinking, rose  
Above my body. I love your lips  
Because they spray delicious cookies.  
Toes tangled, eyes rubbing, our skins  
Won't keep it down. Your hair is growing  
Into my head, I've got a chalet in your pelvis,  
Nipples keep getting in my throat, we've  
Lockt elbows in my mouth (around the azure)  
Pieces of your heart are under my nails,  
Tummies are touching, heads digested,  
Whose ankle nose is this? I think I  
Just kisst my ass, I'm on my back  
And I can see you beneath me, we're swapping  
Drives, we are the mist making moon,  
I like it in your dream, we kiss,

We hump, we melt, we start, and we are  
Juliet.

*After*

I never saw her again.  
I'd invited her to my show, Me, but  
She showed me. I tried to contact her,  
But nothing. I never saw her again,  
At least not in person. She pops up  
In the news now and then, some video  
Interview on the web. I saw her once  
In a commercial for something filled  
With air. For a while I followed her  
Career, but she never played in the states,  
And I can't afford to go abroad. Times are tough.  
Besides, what would I say? It took me  
About six months to get there, but I've finally  
Come to accept she didn't like me.  
I mean, sure, she liked me well enough, but  
She didn't really like me well enough.  
Girl like that, you know, she walks in  
Pretty intense circles, big circles,  
Like only comes back around once every  
3.62 million years type circles,  
Meets a lot of major people, has a lot  
Of exciting choices, like she's always  
In demand. She's got VIP passes  
To that nightclub with the real live  
Lions out front, and, whatever.  
My situation just isn't that appealing.  
Slim portfolio, ya know? Complicated  
Scenario, right? Maybe she thought  
I was a pretentious prick. Maybe I am  
A pretentious prick. I do tell myself  
All the time, you're a pretentious prick,  
But I always thought it was something  
No one else noticed. Maybe when I was  
Staring at her and she said "What?" she was  
Thinking I was thinking I could see her  
Playing a part in some big play, and I  
Wanted to offer her that part, it would be  
A great part, and she could do it, and maybe  
If she really did it, she could meet  
Somebody important. Maybe she's one  
Of those "I liked him cuz he stared  
At my breasts" girls. Of course, I did  
Stare at her breasts, but only with my  
Breasts, and she probably thought that  
Was kind of romantically fuckt up.  
Maybe I wasn't aggressive enough.

Maybe I didn't ask enough questions.  
Maybe I'm dull. Maybe she doesn't  
Like my nose, or my hips are too girlish.  
Maybe the quiet Americana into  
Which I slumped after 6 or 7 disappointed  
Her. Maybe she's not into the long distance  
Thing. Maybe she was acting. Maybe she  
Wasn't acting, and that tripped her up.  
Maybe she was just being Juliet,  
And I am not, well, you know what I'm not.  
With time I've come to sense that I was fooled.  
Not by her, but by me. Of course, I've fooled  
Myself hundreds if not millions if not  
All the time, and this time, despite my keen  
Perception, was just like every other time,  
Which I know is impossible, but it's  
A feeling I always have. She is someone  
Who does this all the time. She is action.  
She feels that all the time. She explodes  
Into emotion every day and all night.  
She sees another person that she loves  
Anew every day and every night, and she  
Gives herself to them every day and every night,  
And she lives in this constant recurring  
Enveloping wonderland of enchanted  
Otherness. Me, I was alone, and not quite right,  
Or I was perfect, and I am not alone.  
In fact, perhaps my perfection  
Showed her someone more perfect  
Is possible, so off she went, O celestial  
Pioneer. For me she was a star, and when  
I saw her the lid popped off the world  
And a trillion little earth friendly plastic  
Wedding cake figurines swirled out  
And danced thru my brain and it seemed to me  
Like the ultimate coupling, like she was  
Born to bear my bumble babes, but for her  
It was just one more hot night at a bar.  
Just another conversation, another  
Chance to act, just another chance to be  
Juliet. But this doesn't cheapen it.  
What she felt, I'm sure, was just as intense  
And genuine as I felt, but in comparison  
To what she feels all the time, it just didn't  
Stand out. It was like getting water from the  
Tap. It's all the same, but it's all good.  
Whereas for me it was as starkly  
Divided from my regular existence  
As yesterday from the day the moon  
Plunges into Canada. The thought of this  
World where there are Juliets and

Those that actually get to taste them,  
The thought that this world exists without me  
Both tempts and revolts me.  
It tempts me because I want in  
And it revolts me because I know  
That were I in, what I felt with Juliet  
Would become mundane, like a drug  
That's lost its jellyroll. Then again,  
Fuck that. I want in. I want it all  
The time, yet none of this demeans her.  
Juliet will do what Juliet will do.

Lately I've been wondering, what should we  
talk about? What is there to talk about?  
Of course, before we can figure out  
what there is to talk about, we've got to  
figure out what there is. What is there?

My first reaction to that question is  
that great painting is an affront to me.

Music coming from the bars on a hot  
summer night, laughter, cheers, and I  
realize joy is possible as long as I'm  
not there.

I've never known what to answer,  
even when I was very young, when askt,  
"What's your favorite color?" I mean,  
on the basis of what am I to make  
such an assessment? How each color  
makes me feel? But how do I arrive at  
that sensation? Do I actually trust  
myself to know myself? Do I actually  
feel my relationship with color  
to be something I can understand? If all  
these colors make me feel all these different  
things, don't they cancel each other out,  
leaving me, in effect, feeling nothing,  
or feeling a plethora of things?

What does plethora mean again?

I think it means too much.

No, it means too little.

Yeah, same thing.

Not really.

Yeah, same thing.

Isn't everything happening in every relationship? What's the point, really, in speaking of things as here or there when our wires get crossed by recursive nativity?

Why make assertions about what is save to keep what's yours?

Who wants to live in a world in which it's legal to build a house in the woods, to own a portion of the water's edge, to control what you've produced, to let people who suck shit have children, like why exactly do you have it coming to you? Why do you not give of yourself freely? Why do you have discreet notions of beauty? Why is global tragedy just more news? Do you actually trust your own jokes?

The many ways we know each other have nothing to do with what we are. What we are is not knowable. It is tangible, yet never toucht.

We'll never touch.

Nothing will always come between us.

So where does that leave us?

It leaves us right here, and it never returns.

Or, rather, it does, but we don't recognize it cuz it's still the same, and now it's us.

Heavy bad buzz, heavy bad buzz.

Who could ever say we're using our streets to their greatest potential?

It's a perfectly real position to loathe intimacy and yet want to be closer to people, cuz the former feeling is

a result of the current conditions,  
but the latter feeling is the condition  
of what would be if the former feeling  
were more current, aka resolved,  
gone away, copacetic, useless, yours.

We count our achievements without ever  
learning to count in the number system  
we must learn to make our achievements  
actually count toward what we want to achieve.

Stop saying we when you mean not you.

I sit and think pennyroyal we.

Clean up before yourself.

Stop reconfiguring  
the good ole days into parking meters  
with goofy grimaces.

Stop clamoring  
for that extra crotch kick in your coffee.

Stop being your own unproduceable  
companion piece.

You're talking to yourself  
again.

Cuz I'm my only captive audience.

That's what you think.

Know what?

No, what?

I don't believe in character anymore.  
I don't believe what we call a person  
with a personality is what a  
person really is. I believe we're all  
basically the same thing, it's just that thing  
is hidden beneath varying degrees  
of unwillingness to be down with it.  
What is this thing and why our unwillingness  
toward it? I don't know, and I know this is  
the easy way out, but I want out, so  
doesn't it make sense I'd take the easy way?  
Why should I take the hard way? Or rather,  
Why do you want me to take the hard way?

What are you, some kind of armed accountant?  
I don't believe in story anymore.  
I believe story is a psychosis  
that's killing us, depriving us of all we  
need, shunting our minds into dead-end  
obsessions, both ludic and nociceptive,  
which merely perpetuate a growth cycle  
in the solutions we need problems to,  
so we generate more problems, our one  
renewable resource that is not only  
never new but mocks the very idea  
of resource in the sense of being  
something outside of us that revives us,  
because we are not being revived  
by the problems that fund our story wars;  
we are being stabbed into our own eyes.  
And I don't believe in Juliet anymore.  
Sure, everyone gets lucky now and then,  
but living for the exception is dying  
Every day. May I put you on hold?  
80 years later, click. And throughout it all  
you suffer that inane music that's supposed  
to assure you someone's still there, but  
no one's there. The system is on you.

I like the all-male power band  
behind your jumper.

Bleak as bleak can bleak.

Break with you when I break you into your slops.

We are gathered here today, and anything  
else is Juliet.

Drench me in your denial aoli.

I'm just glad to know there are people  
like you whose life is so "away with  
all gods" they've no need for people like me,  
dolphin kickers in a dust up.

This is  
inspiration that fell thru the cracks  
to reach the bottom of things, where Bling Bling,  
the anti-nature preserve panda, holds court  
in a church made of ho spit.

Seems it was  
an accidental suicide, not mine,  
but called mine in several mock briefs, that led

me to you, and now it's that retro presto  
that leads me from you, one warp at a time.

Not being with you is like being with me.

I'd like to taste what's inside your  
impenetrable lacquer of despair.

Probably a whole lot of wry reviews  
and talking microphones pointing at your  
rumbling virgin moonshine.

You're tragically  
desirable. Has anyone not told you that?

It's like counting your change while being  
buried alive.

What we like about story  
is that things come back around, giving us  
the illusion that things come back around,  
but you never came back around, and there's  
a story there somewhere, tho it's likely  
to have been drained and converted into  
a motorcycle race.

It's the story  
of a story not taking place, which is  
the only story I know, other than  
that one about the 6 zillion victors  
and the three girls dainty enough to dissolve  
into their own hums.

I'm waiting for voice  
input from the Rio Grande.

Bring me my  
endometrium on a slump in new recruits  
and I'll freeze you in a cenogenetic  
glimmer of my phony baloney phone.

I considered it my illegitimate  
birthright to oppress you with my kin fizz.

You made me a programmatic dipstick,  
so I gave myself flack and fuckt my fist  
with the soft end.

You hurt my herd.

You junkt

my jerk.

Cuz you wdn't jerk my junk.

You stuck me in the glasswares jungle,  
you broken panic button.

Can I see  
the manager?

This meal is rightly irked.

She should have called me weeks ago. Am I  
out of range?

Do my clothes flatter others?

Is my hardcover soggy?

Fire in the  
fountain!

Time to give journalism  
a brain cramp.

Turn this ship around and take me  
to prison.

I'm a black whore and you're  
the vanilla frosting on my right to work.

You're the pill my pulse needs to make it  
back to the lake when it's exhausted  
avenue shimmies.

They say I'm going  
insane, but where is sane and how do I  
get in?

Look out, I'm raining!

Winds are heavy  
across nine forms of not quite getting there,  
houses lift from their tires, kids fly into  
schools, it's vacation time for published reason,  
and I want you screaming naked on my  
flatware, so I can shriek, "This steak stinks,  
and I love it!"

I'm racing towards the edge  
of your good side, and I want you so bad

I can waste it.

Pieces of shock shed light  
on the Shambles Spectacular.

I say  
we meet under the park.

Mentally ill  
is redundant when you're a jet.

I stand  
outside the boarded up bodega at night,  
brokering my dilapidated fuzz  
to dancing cops, cuz lazy is as lazy  
doesn't, or so it goes when you're planted  
in resin.

You have got to contact me!  
I have something important to put on  
your head (hint: sexy negligence).

It's just  
so funny how everything happens in  
sequences that don't include any of  
the middle terms we assume found their way  
into proclivity thru our flitting  
measurements.

Think of that. Flitting  
measurements. What will they fail to think  
of next?

I'm good, but I'm not good for you.

I'm putting you in charge of learned  
metabolism in the hopes my flimsy  
convictions will dissipate in the way  
a sprinkler doesn't work underwater.

Are you a plate, or am I just food  
for the thought everyone's sick of hearing?

It's all a great excuse for talking over  
the eery lack of dismemberment scenes  
we all know are there, celebrating  
their triumph over our romantic sensors  
with loud, off-color horns.

I just can't believe  
you didn't like me, or, if you did,

I just can't believe I'm too dumb to read  
your sublime playing to the gallery.

I am a birdseed scarecrow, and you  
are the vague kind of rage.

Up up and away,  
my beautiful, my beautiful penis  
garage.

What is a naked voice save for  
the unmasking of fatigue?

Careful, babe,  
I got eyes in the back of my memory loss.

You are a bridge between non-sudden death  
and getting re-addicted to contract  
violations.

When I say "you" backward, I feel French.

I'd like to know if this is entertaining  
so I can stop.

You came to me, but you  
were wearing protection, so I lost the toss.

I thought there was something between us,  
and now I see it's you in a tiny  
black dress making out with most of Italy.

Who here plans on calling  
today yesterday tomorrow?

Fucking  
cowboys. You always ruin the white lie.

Look, I'm a void, so stop avoiding me.

You were never a very warm rug.

That drink I bought you? I hope it turns to piss.

You're probably talking about me right now  
with that mouth you never use cuz it makes  
you sound like a bromance on prop prozac.

Miss Hiroshima 1945!

Yes, I'm angry. I'm alive, aren't I?

Stop chewing your inchoate uterus concept!

I keep thinking your touched-up photo  
is the answer to sensuality's debt, but  
debts don't have answers, only more  
annoying questions.

I could never make  
love to a woman whose body doesn't  
resemble mine after 18 days of  
dirty chicken disease.

Speaking at the same  
time is no substitute for porn-theoretic spooning.

O, so you're the end of the world? Yeah, well,  
I've seen worse when acting like a child.

I guess I just thought you cared enough  
to send the very best something middling.

I started hearing wedding screams the instant  
you left my situation in jeopardy  
and I became sleepy with the din  
of a party not to be.

Isn't "not  
getting any" sticking to the subject?

I thought so too, until I thought so.

I'm a dragonfly taped to a dead duck.

Everyone is so good these days at being  
funny and weird and approved; well, I've got  
something to share with the group: I prefer  
women written by men.

I prefer  
the spotlight up my bung.

This is a dream  
that's eaten its way out of my head  
and now it's too full to move.

I keep expecting  
her to jog thru that wall and say something  
like "Forgive me, my love, I got lost at sea,  
but the thought of your fresh-water bullocks  
kept me chipper."

Could you please  
launch that rescue mission you promist  
as you let go of my hand, even if  
those weren't your exact words?

That's you all over,  
and this is me, slurping you off the sidewalk.

You said my way or the highway,  
so I took my way, and it was the highway,  
so here I am, alone in Ohio.

They said my poetry didn't push  
the story forward, so I pusht the story  
aside, and now all I have is the thought  
of letting folks in for free, which they  
won't let me do, cuz "free says bad," or so  
they say, those that one must pay to say  
what one will pay for dearly once it's said.

In what sense are you qualified to give  
your opinion?

I'm always taking nine  
or two intelligence tests without even  
knowing it.

Yes! I'm high again! Hi!

There's art in here somewhere, due to a defect  
in workmanship.

I've learned to talk  
to myself using objects on a slanted  
table, but I'm having a hard time finding  
someone to knit me a cocksock out of  
their own skin.

Sit down.

There are no good seats.

Please follow me to my most pathetic yay.

I've got one more incredible thing to say,  
and I can't seem to come up with it.

Buttercup, buttercup, fart me a burrito.

I am my nuclear option.

Something  
about being stoned inside someone else  
reminds me not to let the baker  
determine my day.

I am hypnotized  
by the past participle scab obelisk  
of the well-produced maiden whose  
connecting cables (cut-off points that begin  
the random exchange with iconoclesiastic  
harping) can't quite not know how to brain me.

The duller it is, the more sensitive.

It keeps clipping off the beginnings  
of my words. Ice at om.

Thanks. It's actually my head, gone wrong.

Ideally,  
I need to talk to you, free of ideals.

Put the child down.

Let the drugs work.

Change  
your hair.

Make a better hand.

Get flustered  
more often.

I just wish you were here  
in this room so I could impress you  
with my floor plans for fame.

Fuck it. Another  
perfectly incomprehensible message  
wasted on the sacred prius that glues  
your thighs together that I not appear  
too political against bitter backdrops.

I wanna make creamy peanut butter with your  
chunky run-off.

All I think about now is what  
my performance art piece will be like once  
I figure out what it is.

I'd like to put  
my foot down, but I don't own any land.

Come closer. I want to see my reflection  
in your eyes.

Would you mind being Mediterranean?

The blow is moving down my spine like lightning  
up a child's pant leg.

Keep reaching for what's  
illegal in Texas.

My genitals are like  
a giant box of crayons - unused most of  
the time, and when it is, little hands  
mess it up, but the job offers pour in.

I think I just had a genetically  
modified orgasm.

I thought I saw you  
in the corner store, then I realized  
I wasn't in the corner store.

I can feel  
you thinking of me with whatever part  
one uses when one is thinking only  
of one's self.

I wish it had worked between us;  
then again, I probably wouldn't have been  
able to pay the malpractice premiums.

Summer's coming irregardless of  
my incorrect usage. I think I'll just  
get hot and try to pass myself off  
as a cheapy freeze pop.

You've made me  
sad in a way even I can't sanction.

Or is it feel? I've got no time for time.

I'd like to have you in the end, but you're  
wearing colon guards made out of Russia.

The love between a man and a woman  
left without saying why.

Many heads,  
one headway.

I can't fall cuz there's nothing  
to hold onto.

I believe Martian ice-floe  
patterns are emerging which ought to give  
us pause re attendance figures for  
the invisible way you trip me up.

Don't you think it's kinda neat how it  
fakes us out?

Whatever became of making  
an approach meant to gently incite  
an imaginary response that fails  
miserably because joyfully to break down  
where we never began yet gladly remain  
chewing pens into knives?

I shall o'errule  
you some day with a difference you do not  
yet know is governing your indifference.

It's so kind of you to disappear in such  
a hypothetical "crunch time" manner,  
as if using the word "interact" lets it  
use us, for the transmission of love  
has no neutral (if I am allowed  
an automotive metaphor before  
a crowd of no-shows), so it tends to  
burn out quickly.

The wood in my guitar  
is alive, so I must humidify it  
in the cold months, and that's all I have  
of you.

The language of nature isn't  
written in math, it's written in walking,  
and you are walking away from me,  
naturally, as I'm kidnappt by the market  
meltdown I engineered in order to fund  
a hyperteam of vague species who pay  
loyalty to me thru the sounds of my  
bathroom as I stand alone before dawn,  
staring at myself, trying to look like you  
looking at me with those large, loving eyes,  
those eyes I love as myself, dead and alive.

It would be nice to meet someone like you,  
or you, but I'd take like you, which might be  
more like you than you, since you don't like me,  
and as far as I can't see, I am you,  
cuz you're all I've got and I ain't got you.

Babe.

Don't infantilize my infant stage!

I think I misst that last trendy sigh  
when I was trying to flush my head down  
a pirated galley of "Rigor for Jerks."

You've got something on your face. O, it's you.

Maybe I've lost my way,  
and someone else found it rummaging thru  
collapsed Caribbean shark populations,  
took it home, cleaned it up, gave it supper,  
then clubbed its skull with a bust of Charcot,  
stuck a stick up its ass and stood it up  
in the living room as someone to talk to  
when the fat lady loses her voice.

So, this other "you" so-called "chose" over "me,"  
can he juggle 12 invisible fireballs?

Can he turn off the Empire State Building  
with his mind?

Can he pretend to stick  
a penny in his ear and then pull it out  
your purse?

Can he paraphrase my early  
period?

Can he boast my boasting record?

Can he get on without you?

Can he deploy  
what isn't his?

Can he make a fool of  
himself in a way no one notices?

Does he haggle with beggars?

Can he sing  
your praises wearing a purple elephant mask?

Can he flip out when the pressure's off?

Can he blame his replacement for his mistakes?

Can he fail to bring the rain with a  
silly dance?

Can he grow frustrated  
at the reception he receives for going  
incognito?

Has he considered  
feeling afraid of extreme adult toys?

Is he endlessly amused at his own  
excuses for not getting off his fat ass  
and starting that website, [killourtroops.com](http://killourtroops.com)?

Can his beloved nana bench press  
her weight in his guilt?

Is he an ironic  
candidate for the presidency of  
The United No Way?

Are his goggles  
American made up?

Can you taste your dip in his semen?

Can he act like it never happened?

Can he say I'll do it tomorrow  
with the flair of a horny gnat?

Does he  
not quite see what anyone could see  
in him?

Can he persevere in the face  
of Rodin?

Cuz I can, so like what  
were you thinking when you washed me off  
your soil allotment?

I wanna put you  
on stage and beat you up in a publically

acceptable kissing style.

You said  
there were 983  
pages in your thesaurus, but you failed  
to mention they were all blank.

Go to hell,  
and when you get there, call with directions,  
and I'll come right away just picturing it.

Am I in shape? Sure, it's just not your shape.  
A nine-sided triangle with round corners,  
increasingly small, parallel to paradise,  
doing I dunno.

Would you please come over  
to my time-share bad scene and help me  
finish my thought?

The farther you recede from  
my night vision scope, the more you become  
the blackness I'm incapable of fearing  
cuz its white hands are over my eyes  
and it's whispering, "Technorush toward  
omnivorous peer review."

You glower  
at me from across the as-if development,  
the instinct of care squirming in your arms.  
I spew rehearsal tears, more easily  
remembered than recalled, seeming to mean  
exclusion's victory lap had enflamed  
hysterical pregnancies of its  
enamored rejectors into a new form  
of out-of-business snow that warmed us  
as it fell only behind our eyelids  
in that divorce musical where the public  
cherishes its recreational mistakes  
over a dogged reliance on what's  
happening in bars made out of hack dreams.

There was new territory to be dehousing  
shimmering between your breasts and my  
unpresent negative reaction  
to the overdone image of your breasts.  
Some called it the land of the uppity  
puppets. Others, who were in fact the same some,  
the beading brow of relaxed hilarity.  
I thought it was our child! Then I saw  
it was some new form of wry ribaldry

made in the Bronx.

And you said, drive your camel  
straight into me. I will envelop it as  
the razor hugs the wrist, and everything  
you want tortured into docile intention  
will smack of arrogance in the house of  
the icky peach genius.

I couldn't believe  
my left ear. This was supposed to be  
one of those easy, above-the-tree line  
honeymoons, and here you were, passing out  
sippy cups full of best-selling twit lit  
to the dead horses piled into a jumpy  
castle at my feet, the feet I can't use  
since you dropp't your cosmometrics on them.

But who wants to boogie now we all know  
your leading me on had become so  
terribly popular philosophy  
could never again go wild?

It was love  
at first sight, but I was up to my advancing  
hairline in cold borscht.

I want you, I said,  
and you: "Four training sessions are required  
in order to begin the training sessions."

Clearly, I wasn't going home with you,  
which is a lot like requesting the  
vegetarian option and getting  
dad on a bun.

Flying buttresses.  
Say it with me. Lying slutresses.  
Dammit, that really used to deliver.

I will always see you as I last saw you:  
A bra tied tight over a baby's face,  
suffocating it as it sings ama lama  
kooma lama kooma la vistay  
to its first doodoo.

I'm your only chance  
to lose weight, but I'm not the weight  
I want you to lose.

Without me, you're

a stray endorphin on the wrong bus.

You are my antidote to enlightening  
simplitude, so, come on, get plastered with me  
to the fuckers upstairs. We're smoking hair.  
Your hair. Okay. Not really your "hair,"  
but we're plastered. So what's yours and mine  
save the reason I want to die slowly  
in plain view of my familiars?

It's my hips,  
isn't it? My hips are too womanly.  
Well, that's what happens to a guy after  
he gives birth to 28 anticlimaxes.  
He fills out. He's not sure what he fills out,  
but it gets him a gig scraping himself  
off your heel.

Give me 7 1/2 hours  
with your produce aisle and I'll have you shooting  
cunt-carved pumpkins at the governor's head.

This is just no way to treat the dead space  
between our gemütlich sores.

Have you any  
idea how delicate I am? Clearly not,  
Ms. Blockbuster Cluster Bomb.

Now we're all  
connected, who's to say what you're unwilling  
to do?

I walkt the streets  
periodically blurting "doctor" or  
"darkness" or "Carolingian Hittite"  
as the sensation of abandonment  
became the door stop in my meat cooler.  
Nothing seemed worth mentioning save scurrilous  
incorrect observations of partial  
be-ins.

Your absence shrinks as it widens.

You're a speck of skanky humor in my eyes,  
and I find myself calling up ego cancer  
to relieve this Saturday night no IM's  
mood poop.

You act like free verse never  
happened, while at the same time teasing me

for wearing pants my mother bought me.

When will you synchronize your ass-wiping  
to my face-time?

I'm pretty good looking  
if you don't look.

And hunger improves my  
taste, but what's that to the woman with the  
birthing center-cum-slaughterhouse mouth?

I gave you everything I had, save for  
my ability to hold your interest.

Didn't you feel the animatron  
caribou migrating between  
our chilly platitudes?

Didn't you see  
how incredibly important I was  
to myself, and so to you, since we are one  
in the scheme of wonderfully embarrassing things?

I shall call our unity "stencil unity,"  
because you are my new atmosphere  
and I am a cigarette that repels  
water as it wins over the fetish club  
by humiliating itself with fascist  
overtones, despite the lack of furtive  
rivulets that were us punching our buttocks  
with flower hammers, your buttocks crushing  
my fireman face, and the black housecat  
that crawled out of my cock and scratcht you until  
you renounced all gadget arousal and sang:

Cement me to your navel  
and let's build a dump in the horse  
where our children are educated  
in having to go real bad.

Yet what is my loss of you to you who  
never lose?

We have an obligation  
to be each other's freakometer.

To be more extreme than the best bending  
man in Hollywood can ever imagine  
in his disengagé symbiosis.

We are meant for one another, even if  
you refuse to speak my private language.

I see you standing on my fingertips,  
a nimble little corporate-sponsored sprite,  
dressed like my boxing coach on mermaid day,  
and I say, "Hey! You're not you!" and you say,  
"Being will be right with you."

So it's  
three muted cheers for the kill zone you  
used to occupy with your six-titted tanks.

I think I'm going crazy, but I'm going  
too slow to ever get there.

You askt me  
to put pre-Quinian words in your mouth  
(tho not in so many words), then you spit them  
all over my game board, you suction blower  
from the bowels of city hall.

Here's a thought:  
Your spaceship is caught in a giant  
vortex, and you're swirling toward a tiny  
hole. You've got three minutes to do something,  
or you'll be smoosht to the size of my prospects.  
Engines are down, Captain's got a hearing problem,  
the crew can't take their lips off the flashback.  
Two minutes. Gimme a call, maven organ.

Sorry, darling. Since you, I don't do  
positive.

The dent I got from falling  
is the hook that holds me up.

Where I'm from,  
they shoot cats like you for doing what they do  
best, like spraying in the narrator's ostomy.

Time to redefine the global experience  
to mean, "How you made me feel when you  
rejected my donation of used aspirin."

You are an abomination against  
my space out.

Why don't you crave attention  
like all the near-invisible wires strung  
neck-high across the sidewalk between

my bed and the envy recycling center?

Please mail me my broken Je Joue Mimi,  
the keys to your lowest note, and that shirt  
you threw up on when I read you my poem  
about eating your body to survive  
the Complete Idiot's Guide to the Kama Sutra.

You're just an executive parasite  
afraid of my body's exophilic  
response now its retail gene thrums  
with your post-associative signature phrase,  
"Ouch, that tickles."

Cut it out and put it  
in the patient!

Think of all the lonely  
strips of mobile home xanadu, and you've  
got an edge on the dozen or so  
disinterested keepers of the crackt code  
to my disbanded army of affections.

See, the emptiness you bring to the room  
fucks me chocolate chip pancake style,  
so pass the warm towelette before I hope  
for more bricks to the brow.

Your eradices  
blinker the schwank minister popping off blanks  
over the Albuquerque dawn I drain  
my whether-or-not veins into.

Hey, fuck you with my help!

If learning is a process of redoing,  
you have spoilt my all-you-can-retreat  
fight song with your silly whimpering  
among the thorns.

That you can't see our common  
destiny with the same crack potential  
as I apply to my frigid explosion,  
this is a problem too oft accepted  
as instrumental to the folding  
that concludes us with "Ya'll don't come  
back now, ya hear?"

Put that monitor down your own  
pleonasm and seduce me into  
being satisfied by my own backdraft.

This is the healing you started, then  
abandoned mid-injection, leaving me  
unable to roll over in my urn  
lest I crush my belief you weren't above  
the law of averages.

The other day  
I grabbed my own shadow and shook it  
for change. Needless to say, you fell out,  
so nothing's new.

I just don't understand  
how you can find it comfortable among  
the pamphlet tornadoes that refuse  
to rip up my town.

Stop abusing  
your beauty with discretion!

You are  
the downfall of the genuine origin,  
an abaddon in the ombudsman's chair.

Hey, man. Can I break that and call it  
the pontiff to a sarcastic rendition  
of deep musical emotion #15HY?

I think you're shy to a fault, and I think  
I've fallen into that fault, and I think  
that fault is closing up, and I think  
I'm being presst into admitting  
it's my fault, but I don't admit it,  
cuz it's true, and girls much prefer big lies  
to kind gestures.

We have this thing,  
and it's called the insubstantial undoing,  
and it's twisted your moral compass  
into livestock with gestosis, meaning  
I want to be vacuum extracted again,  
but your legs are always fused, like you're  
my brand of histo-incompatible  
'tude nazi.

If only I could drop by once,  
I promise to make it feel like I'm  
your only option for seeing more of me.

I'll put pigtails in your egg white, and as for  
the rest of the pigs, we'll sleep on them

like pillows bleeding to death from the ass,  
which is really just our wedding picture  
running off with the gifts, but you won't care  
cuz I'm a bowl of hairy guacamole  
in a soap opera watched only by  
cream-filled audience extras who ask  
but one question when beat into speaking:  
"How deep can we go and still get ahead?"

I've no qualms when it comes to your well-being.  
I've thrown caution to the lull, and there it sits,  
giving me the finger, which smells of you,  
so I ask, was ever man so unmanned  
by his own unmanly acts of manliness?

I'm like a small liberal arts college  
stuck in a witch's closet somewhere up  
in Esbat Ditch where everyone wears  
pie crust and speaks runt.

Help me, I'm selfing!

We've got to pull ourselves together,  
then bind our salt tits using nothing but  
a few trippy, value-added brook spirits.

Look, the fact that this is going nowhere  
is great for me, cuz that's right where I am.

Fuck, I drink too much schizophrenic spit.

Someone please hit me and turn me into  
a sealed canister of ambulance waste!  
At least then I can be marked "Do Not Touch,"  
and your hateful behavior can stop seeming  
based on your need for me.

What, my goolden  
roolden? Do I not possess the very nilpotent  
you crave? Namely, a general disconnect  
betwixt my person and your passions?  
Ha! I got you! Now, please, if you'll excuse me,  
I must stick my head in this oven in  
an attempt to make my ass really hot.

I order you to remove your towel  
that I might see the scar my dreams have scrawled  
across your family size package.

Okay, so you're non-responsive. How might that  
change your response to the pencilling in

of my vago-expansive cutlery?

You're either my baby or you're toying  
with me, and either way, sex doesn't sell  
until it starts to scab.

How can you possibly  
reject my advances if you refuse  
to receive them? Like aren't we still  
the merry slaves of whimsore?

Your love is as silent  
as the birth of a wolverine, but I  
will find you as you're accepting your statue  
in honor of your work with dead children,  
and I will swing onto stage in my pollo  
de gallo leotard, and whether you  
yield up your hadal tangerine napped  
to my palilalic physical  
comedy pyrexia is an issue  
for the prompter, whom I have paid off  
with pictures of you exposing your  
perfume shield, and if you think that's confusing,  
try talking to someone who feels a lot  
like yourself but could sleep thru anything?!?!

It's beyond me, which is inside me.

How do you get something out of your mind?

It's like trying to use the legal system  
to convince butterflies to write jingles  
that sell outdated data.

You're the son I never had in the daughter  
I ruined, but with feminine garnish  
down the misplaced middle.

I don't need you  
to wash the dog that isn't mine, okay?

I'd like to put you in the backyard  
under an old kid and pull you out only when  
we go to the lake during a total  
solar eclipse, and I drink 27  
tall boys and we toss off a sloppy one  
in the back of the boat til all the perch  
jump into the sky and paint "Marry me,  
my cookie scold" with their cyanotic bods.

Was that you I saw giving birth to

a skeleton on that one show about  
how angels are devils with time to kill?

I've got a long list of things I'd like  
to do to you were you unwilling  
to do them.

Yes, I'm a very bad man,  
and you're the only woman good enough  
for me.

So, waddaya say? Wanna  
get my goat drunk and paint his balls pink  
and throw him off a bridge? Fuggedaboutit.  
My goat is in Piscatawah under  
house arrest for running at the truth  
with intent to miss.

Is this that new kind  
of conversation where words fear to tread?

Where I buy you a drink and you take it  
to go?

I'm not saying I've got it  
out for you, I'm just saying it's out,  
and you can do with it what you will,  
you who have no will other than the one  
natives call assertiveness untrained.

Can we launch this leaky boat already?

I need some income in my fluctuating  
gonzo tureen.

Sometimes I pretend you  
didn't buy me a hat and I walk around  
the house not wearing it, like that's how  
badly you need me, you bald gerbil girl.

Cool! It's the circus of chronic neglect!  
I'm the fire ring and you're the tiger  
and we've been shut down for violations  
in favor of myoelectric surge  
protectors.

This is light refusing to  
budge.

Just let me repeat one thing before  
you go: you never came.

I'm sick today.  
I'm told that makes this a sick day, which makes  
this your day in the annals of oracy,  
so I ask you, mule, what's wrong with my work?  
Why do people leave just as I start  
to spray the room with thrilling infection?  
Am I too much?

Too sparse?

Too raw?

Too polisht?

Am I  
underdone?

Overdone?

Am I pretentious?

Am I feckless?

Am I too crude?

Too neat?

Inevitably, it's because I'm ugly.

Were I beautiful, no one would leave me.

Of what is my ugliness constituted?

I think people find me angry.

Unclear.

Problematic.

Discomforting.

And something  
about me throws them back on themselves.

And they don't like that, cuz they're heavy,  
and it hurts to have something heavy thrown  
onto your jazzy bag.

I think people can tell  
I'm talking to myself when I'm talking to them,

but of course I'm not alone.

Actually,  
I am alone, so being with me is  
lonely.

I think people find me too  
unforgiving, too relentless, bang, bang,  
goes the crapulent klutz with the cartoon  
hammer penis.

They can feel my self-important  
aggravation, and this isn't working.

Maybe I'll just move back to the heartland.

Then, getting sick will be getting better.

People will run across the street just to get  
a more panoramic view of my  
tired eyes.

I'll simply park on top of  
other cars.

Water will melt in my mouth.

It's like that time I was everywhere and  
nothing happened.

Hey, loser. Got a light?

I'm not getting paid to do this. I'm an  
unfilled billboard for turning your headspace  
into an unfilled billboard because because...

Crappy doodles! My tongue got stuck on your low  
opinion of me again.

Separate stalls  
in the moonlight.

Sounds of birds struggling  
to stay underground.

Flecks of babe manure  
artistically shotputted into  
our open source tear ducts.

It's like cheese days  
for the soul.

Being eaten is the new  
eternity.

I grew up in a skillet;  
someone left the heat on, and I'm starting  
to think that someone was me as portrayed  
in chick flicks.

Maybe it's my genes.

I thought  
they did my phatback justice, but maybe  
my phatback is running down my legs  
to evade justice. It's trying to get  
to Mexico so it can weave marijuana  
into its dread.

Clearly my fresh phatback  
couldn't get you to rearrange your schedule,  
and that's schedule like the English say it,  
like shhhhhh, I'm convincing myself you're shit.

Clearly my face holds all the appeal  
of reading the Purgatorio in  
the original fart sounds.

Clearly  
absorbing my bruise art is like eating  
too much pizza right after your parachute  
failed to open.

I feel misunderstood,  
and she's covered in steel wool.

I mention  
my birthmark is on my cock (it's shaped  
like a mole's claw), and she has the gall to say,  
"I wish you knew how to cut an appearance."

Let us go then, you and I, our separate ways.

Maybe I'm just too long.

Maybe if I were  
3 1/2, 2 1/2 minutes  
even, people would walk away saying,  
"You've got to see that. It's so barely there."

I'd be a viral hit, and everyone  
would get sick with me.

See, ultimately  
I think people would like me best were I  
unavailable for consideration.  
Looking at me, they'd see the opposite wall,  
and on the wall is a giant fur nothing,  
and they'd know they were the chill against which  
that heroic absent fur defended them,  
and they'd feel cool, and they'd feel grateful  
I'm "of the many missing," and my fame  
would spread to Little India, home of  
the most recent digital invention,  
an actual man who says, "Don't mind me"  
and nobody actually ever does,  
and I would be ninja-fuckt into  
the history books as a transparent  
backend script that had nothing to say  
about the national disgrace, yet somehow  
flattered everyone with its readiness  
to bound down the trail so over-travelled  
it has callouses on its contextual.

I think of myself as a meadow,  
a high meadow, so hard to climb to only  
6 or 7 spanish adventurers  
have ever called it bonita, and to keep  
a tram or helicopter tour from lugging  
the masses to its flowered burbling mush,  
all those adventurers have sworn themselves,  
on pain of death, to insulting descriptions,  
an oath every single one has broken,  
yet no executions have been meted out  
because nobody really cares about some  
meadow so hard to get to you lose your shirt  
finding it, which might be awesome if  
anyone trying to bag it had  
a torso worth fucking yourself over.

This doesn't make me anything special;  
it just means I'm not for sale in a world  
where purchase is the only intercourse.

Maybe you can sense I've grown unmetaphoric.

What is one object to another save  
an afternoon I was to spend with you?

I've considered reaching out to you,  
but I fear getting my prions slappt  
would only lead to more unsaid I-told-ya-so's,  
and I've got a pile problem even

the Lithuanians would envy  
could they stop worshipping the future.

When I run my thumb over your playdoh  
replica, you wrinkle, and I think of  
us growing old together, fishing  
for teeth in each other's mouths.

Catch anything?

Only the cure  
to youth culture, aka the return  
to puffed-up primitivism.

I know we'll never  
see each other again, but must that mean  
I can't smell you when the school bus passes?

Were everyone honest all the time,  
time would stop, and that would ruin the weekend,  
unless it were the weekend, which it never is,  
at least for me, anyhow, or at least for me  
and you, which is the same thing fuckt over.

I just can't seem to ratchet up  
my acceptance patina.

I think you'd  
probably like me were I someone else  
entirely, which I'm working on  
whenever I can, tho lately there's been  
a materials crisis confounded by  
storms in an absence of arable woodland,  
so I find myself sitting on a lot  
of good points, like "a group of posers  
are standing on a stage. What happens next?  
Baseball."

Or "su casa es su casa."

I'd like to book you in a litigable  
offense, for you must be blind not to see  
the soft, chewy caramel center awaiting  
my spoon, which you carry in the heart  
of your unyucky yucca.

We were born to regenerate  
out of the used utensils of the space  
disaster no one noticed.

Science

has a law for you; it just can't test it  
cuz the heatsink of my grokking ugh  
has stasht you in the inaccessible  
library, which they've forst me to become,  
so here I am, a downed pint that no one  
ever toucht.

I lookt at a map the other  
day, and the magic was gone. Its words,  
markers took me nowhere save to a memory  
of what it will cost me to eat the sand  
castle in my seduction gland.

For days  
I've had your image to screw around with,  
but it's fading, or rather cross-fading  
into a saccadic glyph of my chest  
trying to grab my sack.

Our relationship  
has become indistinguishable from  
my sitting alone on the toilet with  
nothing to read, pinecones lining up  
on the internal tarmac, spirits  
slated for doom, fluorescent lights grilling  
my bile ducts, the sound of the neighbors  
leaping thru the walls as they discipline  
their children meta-sexually,  
and I try to remember that drummers  
have left up-and-coming bands for decades,  
but then I remember I'm only up  
and coming in the sense of going down  
on myself, and if you're a band, the tour  
has been cancelled due to your deep disdain  
for the suicidal losers to whom  
your music means so much bradygenesis.

Ouch. My one man van just ran me over.

It's not that I can't recollect our heyday;  
it's that we never had one, or we did, but  
it's become a giant wad of cotton  
in my throat, and these brown marks on my body  
double mean something I'm far too smart  
to understand, like maybe your greyhound  
bus bathroom sorbet in a plastic skull cup  
could relieve these headaches in my kneecaps.

Let's recapture what we never had,  
my \$3000/hour intuitionist.

I walk into a bar in a western.  
It's a one-horse town too poor to keep horses.  
Some dead lookin' hombre in the corner  
plays the part. Hizzoner is asleep  
on a whore's bill, the same whore, I imagine,  
what tries to catch my attention by  
standing up in her crib and drooling down  
her rifle hole. Three god-scaring bad  
asses strafe me with scowls as I approach  
the keeper, a greasy chip of a half-man  
with massive forearms and a tiny head.

You seen this girl? I say, holding up  
a photo of Juliet's face super-  
imposed onto an artist's rendering  
of Cortez dropping a loaf on Tobasco.

You think if I seen that girl I'd be standing  
here without that girl?

A simple yes or no  
will do, friend.

Alright, friend. Yes or no.

I grab him by the gobs and lay him gently  
on the ceiling.

Look here, Mr. Supreme  
Individual. I just lost my honey,  
and I'm lookin for a hive to stick my dick in,  
so if you want your slurb to be that hive,  
I am more than happy to get even with  
someone who's never dun nuthin to me  
by taking out my eyes and thinking you're  
the Princess of Misplaced Formaldehyde  
Fishing, so I suggest you come to my  
meeting of minds ready to cave like any  
black snow leopard should, or I will mind  
your meat, and trust me, friend, you will mind.

If I'd a known you were so sensitive  
on the topic, friend, I'd a never been  
so, how shall we say, helical with my words,  
but from hereonout you can count on nuthin  
but my whole-hearted willingness t'impugn  
myself before a self-appointed jury.

I appreciate it, friend. I truly do.

So, what can I do ya for, friend?

I need you to help me pull my balls off  
the marshmallow stick.

How long they been on there?

How you like em?

White on the outside,  
black on the in.

This is America,  
ain't it?

No, sir. America done  
gone outta business; employee theft.  
This here's feudal Japan, but with a much  
depleted costume budget and zero sense  
for hygiene or macrobiotic cooking.

Then let me put it this way, Mifune:  
この女の子に会ったか。

Now that you put it  
that way, I reckon what maybe I have  
seen that girl.

What'll it cost me t'improve  
your memory?

Only 15%  
and a rewrite for the Big Bad Wolf.

You clearly have no idea how badly  
I wanna hang my holster round your ears.

Does the name "Got No Clapper" ring a bell?

That depends on where you fall in the feud  
between those who believe in the power  
of words and those who believe what they say.

Well, I believe in the power of keepin  
my eyes on the floor, but the other day  
I just had to look up when I snifft  
the sweetest lady smell this here ole pug  
had ever had the pleasure of snortin,  
and I do believe I saw that very face  
starin at me as pretty as the sight  
of St. Louis to a visiting team.

And?

And I I said, "May I help you, missus?"

And?

And she said, "A shot of water, please."

A shot of water, please?

That's what I thought!  
Strangest fuvkin request I ever heard.  
Can you imagine havin the purse of peace  
to stroll into some ritzy outhouse like this  
and calmly purr, "A shot of water, please"?

She's a mighty unique creature.

Ain't we all?

So, wudja do?

I said, "Sorry, missus,  
but I'm gonna have to see some ID."

You carded her for a shot of water?

Only so I could take down her vitals  
and suck on em next time I had a bath.

We're getting off topic.

Take us back.

What was her name?

Got No Clapper.

Got No Clapper?

That's what her ID said - Got No Clapper.  
Musta been one a them paleface squaws.

Are you sure it didn't say Juliet?

Well, now, come to think on it, it coulda,  
but you know me.

No, I don't.

I can't read!

Is this the woman we're talking about?  
Think hard, and answer true, or I'll teach you  
to read your own coroner's report.

As sure as I'm a worthless piece a splunk,  
that is the woman we're talkin about.

Did you get her a shot of water?

Yessa did.

Did she drink it?

Yes, she did.

And then?

And then she uppt and went.

Which way did she go?

See, that's the weird part.

I thought this was the weird part.

O, no. This is the part folks find familiar  
cuz we're sharing useless information.

So, which way did she go?

She didn't go any which way, really.

How does someone not go any which way?

She walkt thru them doors and just disappeared.

Yeah, I know the feeling.

Will that be all,  
or can I get you a shot of water?

One more thing - was she alone?

By the looks  
a the fella she's with, I'd say yep.

Could you describe this fella without hurtin  
my feelings?

Nope.

I thank you for your lack  
of specificity.

Anytime, friend.

I leave the bar, and walk into the Exxon  
Desert Wilderness Consortium.  
I can smell Juliet in the bedrock. In the cold heat,  
my mind starts playing tricks on me, those mean kinda  
tricks like brothers too close in age  
play on each other, always resulting  
in someone losing a leg or running  
thru a glass door and severing the vein  
that carries sympathy to the knuckles.  
Juliet's face pops up in some cobwebs  
wooft between two saguaros, their 13 arms  
waving at me like, "Hey, dude, over here.  
Wanna rise above it? Climb a cactus."  
A pack of burros, driven by a desire  
to die clamor around a salt lick  
on a rusty barbed wire fence, and I  
see Juliet in her motley herding skirt  
giving them tender slaps on the backside  
with my toothbrush, saying, "Come on, now,  
too much salt enlarges the heart,  
and a small heart is a happy ass."  
A sandstone outcropping assumes the shape  
of Juliet sitting with her knees  
in her hands, head down, like a hiker lockt  
between a rushing grizzly and six vultures.  
What's a girl to do when playing dead  
is the only way to live, yet really  
living is the quickest way to die?  
I should have taken that shot of water,  
cuz I'm starting to flake. I feel like  
a 3 year old pinned under the seat  
of a carnival ride, and the carnival  
is closed, and everyone's gone home, and my screams  
merely accentuate the cackling racket  
belching from the old school Spook-o-rama,  
which no one's been able to figure out  
how to turn off for years, so it's degraded  
to a shrill sonic blur of electrical  
feedback with nothing to feed on but  
feedback, so I break my neck trying to eat  
the cotton candy in my back pocket.  
Maybe this is love. Maybe this is  
9 actors in a room doing a cold  
reading of a wordless play written  
by a wooden duck. Either way it's

neither way, cuz I'm lying face down  
in the scorching sand, kissing this frigid earth  
goodbye, for which I fully expect  
an harassment charge to be droppd  
decorously into my airy grave.  
All the women in my genetic head wound  
are standing over me squabbling about  
who should pick me up and skin me for shoes.  
I say, "Mom?" and they all answer, "Daughter?"  
"Why doesn't Juliet like me?" and after  
a bout of laughter that could scrape the paint  
off a Pollock model, my mothers retort:  
"Because you didn't make her," and with that  
I breathe my last fistful of exhaust  
and pass into a poster sitting in  
a discount bin in a Kinshasa print shop.  
It's a picture of a kitten clinging  
to a string with a look of terror  
and playfulness in its eyes. Beneath  
the picture is supposed to be a pithy  
caption meant to motivate Congolese  
laborers to give more of themselves, but the  
caption has been rippt off, hence the discount.

THE END

### **It Was a Setup**

by Kirk Wood Bromley

T - Tim, Charise's husband  
C - Charise, Tim's wife  
J - Juliet, the girl Tim meets

*Before*

T - It starts with a feeling that something isn't childhood,  
which continues to this day.

A sparse sexual settlement of sorts unseen  
since it became so hard to say:

"Write, rote, rotten."

There's nothing wrong with making good money;  
it's just not possible.

The weasel market  
won't allow a free association.

I don't need

no fucking gym. I am a fucking gym.

They've taken the big picture out of  
the backstory.

So what is this but pruned decibel wreckage?

I know she's out there somewhere, I'm just not  
sure I'm out there somewhere.

Red rover,  
red rover, can I please come over  
and sit facing the wall in the corner?

This is the holding, denied and felt,  
that gives so much to so little effect.

Maybe the mountains.

Maybe not the mountains.

But maybe the puppet theater mountains  
are preparing me to be weekend  
minutes with her.

I will stylishly tug  
at her genital noose, loosening  
the head enough to inspire its falling  
back into the sky.

I will be her super  
yeasty vaulting horse.

I will make her smile  
in suffocation.

I will, I will, O  
incomplete death sentence one two!

This is  
the story of a love that never happened  
between two people who never met  
in a world where no one ever finds love  
without the story of love stepping in  
and preventing anything from happening.  
Of course, such a love happens all the time.

C- I think of myself as a meadow,  
a high meadow, so hard to climb to only  
6 or 7 spanish adventurers  
have ever called it bonita, and to keep

a tram or helicopter tour from lugging  
the masses to its flowered burbling mush,  
all those adventurers have sworn themselves,  
upon pain of death, to false directions,  
an oath every single one has broken,  
yet no executions have been meted out  
because nobody really cares about some  
meadow so hard to get to you lose your shirt  
finding it, which might be awesome if  
anyone trying to bag it had  
a torso worth fucking yourself over.

This doesn't make me anything special;  
it just means I'm not for sale in a world  
where purchase is the only intercourse.

T - Maybe you can sense I've grown unmetaphoric.

C- What is he searching for with his arm  
all the way down her throat?

T- She's choke-singing!

C- Won't you climb to the edge of my anxiety  
and build the ruins of our ubiety?

T- I 'd like to apologize for that, but  
my rules won't allow it.

C- Pleased to meet you,  
most recent personal choice fatality.  
Let's remake the map we use  
to stay where we are.

T- Is getting wound up  
how you unwind?

C- Excuse me?

T- Did I cross the line?

C- The line, you fucking

T- bleep

C- runs between your heels!

T- I like you, whoever you are today.

C- I am the beautiful scrappy maiden  
who can invaginate this wildly

self-important swinging metronome,  
incite the serpent to bipedalism,  
do dances about dances to the human  
upchuck, lick the time stamp, all the while  
arousing slurvian spiel.

T- You shall I  
marry, you shall I divorce, Miss Whatever  
You Refuse To See It As, and we shall populate  
the governing fistulate with our half-  
fascinating dissertation tantrums!

C- I want every word on the tip  
of my tongue, that in our nasty  
macking you receive the squabble  
that heals thru boiling silence.

T- Is that your "I'm not sharing" face?

C- Welcome to  
Under Achieving. My name is Her Unused  
Ovaries, and I beg you to remember  
molestation has its hard-to-beat bargains.

T- The love between a man and a woman  
Left without saying why

C- Not in the mood for incorrect  
directions.

T- You're just another way to say  
"Who's that?"

C- O, so we're on speaking terms now?

T- Raise your hackles if you don't know what hackles are.

C- I'm waiting for someone who already came.

T- M'lady, I am hidden in the noodles, and you  
are cutting down on carbohydrates in  
an attempt to be ikebana enough  
to slip in between my coming and going  
of a knowing look between merchant  
and cyclone.

C- Are you coming onto me, cuz if you are,  
I'm over there.

T- I gotta threaten to jump  
so you can walk on by, kissing me

with your lack of concern like a colossal  
use of wasted space.

C- Lookin' for a lover that isn't my other  
but they're so hard to regurgitate.

T- Someone to applaud my electrosleep  
somniaquays.

C- Someone to enthuse the biology of my  
slump.

T- Someone to smile when children pour out  
my secret mouth.

C- Someone to seduce me into the blender  
by climbing in first.

T- Someone to reaffirm  
my belief in fuck you meaning fuck me.

C- Someone to shove me in the opposing  
direction.

T- Someone to slam into every morning.

C- Someone to agree with me when I bellow,  
"I ate it cuz it made me fucking sick!"

T- Someone to hang herself when my spaceship  
goes down.

C- Someone to misfire my emotional  
triggers.

T- Someone to appreciate my  
booger farm.

C- Someone to teach me to listen  
when I'm talking.

T- Someone to ejaculate  
a swimming hole in my ears.

C- Someone to cuddle  
with me as the dirt hits my coffin.

T- Someone to grow young with.

C- Someone  
to puke so it's a party.

T- Someone to congratulate  
me for what I didn't do.

C- Someone to think  
my sense of humor caused the virus to wane.

T- Someone  
to read me a poem I could never write.

C- Someone to suggest the perfect indelible  
stain.

T- Someone to introduce me to  
questionable characters.

C- Someone to lie on top of me until  
I blow away.

T- That's the someone for me.

C- But?

T - Portions of her body,  
as I visualize it when occupied,  
were revealed to me today: the well-branded  
aboriginal macules of pseudo news,  
fitful caramel sighs, unacceptables  
in some sward mound, access points  
(inoperable), waterfalls too close to  
the road to be considered crucially  
scenic, but the thing I didn't know what  
to do with was that delicate bag of  
tuckered dud grudges. Clearly her sentiments  
were with me in my new food-trying time,  
but you can't fuck a wall that ain't brokened.

C- There's a discernible euphenic  
sensation one gets passing thru the Delaware  
Water Gap heading west, a kind of  
sonicating intestinal thrum that must somehow  
be translatable into a successful dating strategy.

T- Or the sound  
of scrapping oak stands.

C- Or what the cop said  
to the rainbow.

T- Or how a tiny shove  
can shake you to your expired core.

C- It's not that I want to get laid, it's that I want the sensation of getting laid.

T- I feel like a dying business on a busy block.

C- I'm very mysterious, aren't I?

T- I used to act, but, you know, the rejection.

C- You are America's deficiency in wrath and conscience.

T- and you are the sexy part of being beaten to death by someone's breath.

C- I don't mean to sound racist, but it's pronounced hegemony, like high egg money.

T- Was your childhood especially difficult?

C- Not after I met someone online.

T- I find the forced retention of facts tiring when it comes to trying to look like someone I've never seen.

C- Can you imagine getting turned on by raping yourself in a closeted windfall?

T- Maybe. Will any bigshots be there?

C- I'm going to get my ninetieth drink.

T- It's been nice talking to me.

C- May I join me?

T- No.

C- Fine, if you can't love me, at least do the method.

T- Have you ever seen such a sight in your life as you being tame?

C- I'm so poor, I love myself.

T- Fly to me, my scrambled egg!

C- Yes, I want you to worship me, and I expect the same from you, however that gutterizes the breath of a billion yogapaloozas.

T- I can't just reach out and grab your throat cuz there are laws against making things work.

C- Your shape stands in for all the teachings of the regretful scavengers to come.

T- I mean, like, what's the point of being naked if not everyone can see you?

C- This town smells of gonorrhoea under laissez faire.

T- Haven't we met before?

C- Yes, but I don't remember it.

T- Squeeze me and I'll burp the answer to subcellular cackle spackle.

C- I like how you frown when you smile.

T- We might pop by this afternoon and ask for enough sugar to kill a large child.

C- I'm a fifth floor walk-up in handicap heaven.

T- Prejudice will get you everywhere.

C- Every single one of us is sitting on something that can't breathe.

T- I want my blanky back.

C- What is it with you and your high probability of you?

T- I'm trying to get back to where I've never been: You and your sugar cereal pre-teen bunkbed, where we played naked cherokee rockers with nothing

to do but suck nitrous out of the cool  
kids.

C- If it gets in my heart, I spit it out.

T- Every door is open and off its house.

C- Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord to sell me cheap.

T- Won't you please let me  
enter you from a distance?

C- I love a false sense of accomplishment,  
as I must, for I'm thinking of our love.

T- Sing, O flesh bong!

C- Darker nights make for  
happier starfuckers

T- Can you hear me thru my mother muffler?

C- Pulse meter, pulse meter, meet me a pulse.

T- Are you coming?

C- No, I'm tied up.

T- That's what I meant, you slip knot!

C- I'd like to repair a port of lust lapse.  
I'd like to reprint a past of lopped lists.  
I'd like to repeat a pore of lost lumps.  
I'd like to report a pair of lost lips.

T- It's always a fence in the middle of a field.

J- You say:

C- There are so many innuendoes  
in the setting today.

J- I say,

T- your eyes could kill an iron horse.

J- You say:

C- Do you think when we grow up drugs will still have side  
affects?

J- I say,

T- do drugs have side affects?

J- You say:

C- I take issue with my irreproachable  
desire for your bacterial approach.

J- I say,

T- I just wanna walk into a room full of people I don't know and feel  
right at home.

J- You say:

C- You're a book I've read but want to keep, won't read it again,  
unless I do, but something about it  
gives me an awkward awesome sense of myself  
as the university of the moment.

J- I say,

T- would you mind playing with your hair  
so I can feel like that one rakish lad  
whose tongue sticks to the frozen pole?

J- You say:

C- Anything for my wingless cricket.

J- I say,

T- if I lived in you, who would my landlord be? And

J- you say:

C- The Captain  
of Team Looking Down.

J- I say,

T- so let's hide from each other and never come out.

J- You say:

C- I've got an opening but my cell phone  
filled it.

J- I say,

T- so we're done? and

J- you say:

C- Like mudcake in front of a plus model.

J- and you say:

T- I shall be king for a day that never dawns.

I shall leave  
my country in the lurch they call victory,  
and when you look away, I shall snap your  
portrait, cuz nobody gets my shit when  
I'm just screaming like I should.

I shall put my poems to sleep then lie next to them  
crying in a colossal diminution of the feat  
of intimacy's estranging powers.

It's 3 am. I'm alone in the center of the sky  
looking down on a midsized mistake  
in a state where only felons can vote.  
The goof in my ear seems to be sending  
signals of a horrible affectation  
to which he finds himself incapable,  
yet again, of putting pleasing terms.  
I turn, I die, I wag, I fart, I scream,  
"In my religion, and I have no religion,  
there is nothing substantial between us  
that cannot be whiskt across the pond  
by simply stating what it is we want  
without any fear of comedic  
recrimination." And he replies,  
"Tho I have no type, I can tell you're not mine."

C- My goal  
is to drink so many imaginary men  
that I throw up, and in my hangover  
finally gain the impregnable resolve  
to coat my stomach with my mother's  
lipstick before I lift my skirt over  
my shoulders.

T- I'm sorry to interrupt, but I noticed  
you from across the cafe and I couldn't keep  
from thinking you might need help.

C- I'm sorry I'm crying.

T- Don't be sorry. Would you like to talk about it?

C- O, I'm just lonely.

T- Me too. It's hard, isn't it?

C- I just wish there was someone I could talk to, who would talk to me, and we could open up to each other and fuse with each other and then everything would disappear and then reappear in the incredible oneness of our I dunno.

T- That's what I want too.

C- That's all I want.

T- And someday, I bet you'll find it.

C- You think so?

T- Definitely.

C- You will too, I can tell.

T- Really?

C- Yep.

T- Well, it was nice talking to you.

C- You too.

T- Take care.

C- You too.

T- Who knows the form love will take now it lives under constant surgery?

C - Careful. She's the Asian equivalent to the Big Mac.

T- She entered me last night. It was a rental violation. She isn't real, but she's extremely well-versed in reality. In the movie in my dick, she's 16, but in the dicks that are in the movie,

she's twice half that. I prefer  
her skinny vision of herself.  
She's mine now, tho she belongs  
to everyone else. History called her  
a goddess, but history doesn't wear the pants  
in this nudist arctic diorama.

C- My formula is evident in my  
formula.

T- Perk it up, girlfriend. You just  
have to get drunk enough to crash into  
a house fully believing it will get you  
pregnant.

C - I fall in love when the wind blows,  
and my love is scattered by the wind.

T- Bring her in. We've many uses for her.  
She'll dust, replace the toilet twice daily,  
round up all my errant earplugs, fuck  
the mailman with his endogenous dogspray,  
but whether she or ye shall actually gain  
an intuition of your plush arrangements  
is something I'd prefer not to saddle my  
favorite band with. I am in love with her,  
making her conditional residence in me  
an embarrassment quite thrilling to admit to.  
Dear God, please let her never stop crying.

C- The point is to be close while moving.

T- I wish she wasn't just made out of light,  
elegantly composed by mysteriously  
motivated sales teams of halfway there  
suggestionists.

She's so fucking  
adorable I wanna shit in her poddy mouth  
and yell, "Dad, come wipe me!"

I'd like to sign off on her release from me  
but who wants to catch a rocket in  
his baby teeth?

C- Oo! Me! Me!

T- Who are you  
and why are you pretending to be so needy?

C- You are the brilliant American

version of waiting in line to be told  
what to like.

T- I've gathered  
all my photos into a tiny chip in my eye  
so now when I go out I can stay in.

C - How's that working for you, Mopey?

T- I shall o'errule  
you some day with a difference you do not  
yet know is governing your indifference.

C- We are the love believers.

T- We never blink in the candy storm.

C- When we die, we don't  
rot, we just drink more juice until our  
fluidly exchanged carapace of minty  
mutton heals the frayed yarn of the hibernating  
dean who declared loyalty to sickness.

T- Are you doing  
anything tonight other than coming up with  
something you're doing tonight to avoid  
doing something with me?

C- Maybe that's it.  
We're just not meant to be on stage at this  
stage. I mean, who can make brain jelly love  
with all this I'm-okay coughing, late-comers  
flying in on broken glass atv's,  
critics asleep in their coke spoons, the psychotic  
red-headed midget upstairs screaming  
our lines thru the floor half a second before  
we blow them, windows onto the fashion  
dumpster, remnants of the prior hit peeking  
thru our blacks; why did we ever expect  
this would change domestic policy to be  
more in-line with our abrupt ragamuffin  
revelations?

T- The girl who just served me  
my veggie wrap has got to be no older  
than my wedding rash, but I still wanna  
dunk my liver in her silver mine slag.

C- Now I get it. We actually are together.

T- Ten billion fucking losers can't be wrong.

C- We've broken the speed barrier standing  
our ground.

T- We make love by letting the help  
go.

C- Our relationship is as old as charging  
for fake levitation.

T- We've just let it  
fall into the middle of the off-ramp.

C- We've taken it for granted by some  
defunct foundation so drunk on dis-  
empowerment it thinks last night is  
the next big thing, so we live on top of each  
other, which, while physically impossible,  
is real enough to boost our withdrawal symptoms.

T- You don't like how messy I am, and I  
don't like how you think you're me in some  
crew so disgruntled by the recent union  
agreement they sweep the actors off their feet.

C- We measure our marriage in dog years  
and our only time together is spent  
lobbying seniors against strange signs of  
canine longevity.

T- No, we don't speak  
the same language, but between us we  
can yell in 23.

C- You haven't a clue  
in my appetizing murder, but you know  
the smell is there, and you like it, and that  
fucks with your head when you're not fucking  
your head.

T- Cuz, baby, ever since you lost your  
passive feminine militancy,  
you've diarized a life of impeccable  
distribution, and now what do you have?  
Zoos so expensive not even the animals  
can get in.

C- Wouldn't it be nice to speak like I  
want you to?

*During*

T- When I met Juliet, she was dancing  
In a relocation of the first eruption  
Currently considered childish enough  
To exhilarate the diminishment  
Of sleeping with your predator  
Into generationally deadening  
Insignias of unperformable  
Heroism, for if anything ours  
Was the era of verus ab absurdo.

And with her first twitch, I fell to the floor.  
Hers was a form one could  
Swim in, had one not given up swimming  
In such forms due to the downside  
Of swimmer's ear bringing with it all manner  
Of unechoing reverberations,  
A form she wielded like pixy wind  
Startling some next-gen application  
Into cross-format gush, a form that danced  
Thru my mind like the ocean in a flag,  
Motion so wedded to motive it meant  
Nothing when they fought. O how she shone  
With the oscillance of all unsettled suns.  
So lustrous her transparency, looking  
Thru her you saw her.

God, she  
Is your daughter, and you have given up  
On her curfew, dropping the hang-tongue  
World into her ultraviolet scotoma,  
As she slimes light. Gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous,  
She so supple sharp, she sprang from her pants  
Smoked rebirth over the paralyzed  
Spasming neophilic masses,  
Like nothing ever happened without her.  
She is what we eat when we sleep.

Every man of the house dumpt his smoothie  
Into her shoes, hoping to go as her  
To his execution. She was what  
Foresight had evolved into.  
To say she was grounded implies a ground  
She hasn't yet become.

This is the sex of the storm.  
She is a message to me from my children  
Stationed on some mutagenic capsule  
Saying, "Father, we are flagging you down,  
For she is our desired emergency."

Her lips played off each other like two slides  
End to end, faux-memes crashing in blossom  
Extemporaneous primitivity  
That swisht like tomorrow's wagging tail,  
Chiming, "When I grow up, I'm going  
To be a teenager."

Following  
Juliet's performance, the cast and kind  
Went to a bar, and as I had workt with  
The producer in pornography  
And plagiarism, I was invited  
In gest. We started the night at opposite  
Ends of a long table, and as I had  
No hope of meeting her, I proceeded  
To assault my neighbors with bragging  
Disguised as curiosity, until  
I heard my name being called from the other  
Version of the room. It was the producer.

C- "There's someone I want you to meet. I've been  
Telling her all about you, telling everyone  
How important you might someday be."

T- And so it was that I met Juliet.  
After our introduction, she rose and walkt  
Directly to where I stood an unsafe  
Distance from the table, and looking so  
Deeply into my eyes our spines rubbed toes,  
She whispered like space junk recently  
Upgraded to possible flying baby:

J- They say you're a great [insert profession].

T- I have been known to grate on those who lack  
Soft behind their shield, but the only greatness  
In me is my great desire to serve  
The greatness in you.

J- So you enjoyed  
The performance?

T- You mean all that stuff  
Happening around you?

J- No, I mean  
All that stuff happening inside me.

T- That was as far from performance as I  
From feeling capable of commenting  
On what's inside you yet.

J- Are you one of those  
Who's against theater in the theater?

T- I'm against what in the theater keeps  
Theater from being more than theater.

J- Demands that usually end in divorce.

T- I guess I believe the action valued  
By theater is now most importantly  
Depicted as the drive to escape theater.  
I mean, what else are you doing when you  
Base what you'll become on what I've been?

J- I am filling my body with thoughts I love.

T- Yes, and why do that? What is it  
About you that makes you feel genuine  
Doing what is meant for everyone?

J- My desire to make the general  
Personal is not only self-creating,  
But feels an important aptitude  
To defuse, to share, to educate in.

T- How do you get to that place where you feel  
Like you're not there? Do you feign a wild  
Reception? Do you pity the eye  
That loathes you? I mean, what flavor are you  
On stage?

J- You're in my mind; you tell me.

T- The taste of my fingers in the face of fear.

J- Then why do you seem so out of work?

T- I need your body.

J- I need  
Your information.

T- Where are you going  
When you look at me?

J- I am too full of you  
To speak for myself.

T- We measure each other,  
So we are infinite.

J- You have dark circles  
Under your mouth.

T- That is your wilderness  
Of waiting.

J- But where am I in all this worship?

T- I see no solution behind my absorption  
Into you.

J- You cast me and I hook him  
In the mouth, and he says what a lovely rock.  
I think I will eat it, but no, it is  
My elbow, and I am broken by my will  
To behave. How will this all end? Neverish,  
As always. Place a lamp above the bed,  
As we may choose in what recess we gaze  
Against the too parallel day that shoots  
The fountain of youth into our eyes  
Before we've learned to close them with a simple  
Line about drowning in a dry hump while  
Everyone's looking.

T- I don't doubt you,  
And there's the crazy pitfall we enact  
Every night by tripping up in a state  
Of admirable gullibility.

J- Nothing is harder than what we do, except  
Not doing what we do.

T- The cast and crew spilled into the street,  
And by acting like I had nowhere to go,  
I ended up alone with Juliet.  
We each pulled out a cigarette and smoked,  
The energy between us lighter, both  
Of us, I assumed, wrapped in the heavy  
Shroud of uncertainty as to the next step  
In our standing still dance. I askt her which way  
She was headed, and offered to see her home.  
She was staying across town, and a journey  
Across Central Park at night was deemed  
The quickest route. She was nervous at the thought,  
And I promised her she would be safe in  
My presence, a promise I half meant to keep.  
This seemingly comforted her, which made me  
Feel very, very good about things.  
We spoke more as we strolled thru the dark park,  
Totally alone, everything slightly wet,

Occasionally glimpsing each other  
In yellow lamp glow, then disappearing  
Into a more viscous blank, we smoked, laught,  
And let the conversation roll across us.  
we talked about acting, the german word for trying  
To get laid, stood close, spoke rapidly,  
Gesticulated sharply, locking eyes,  
Interrupting and being glad to be so,  
Laughing, striving, wondering together,  
Thrusting huge electrical jolts  
Of empathetic soul vigor directly into  
Each other's chests, synchronized mouth  
Swimming, touch foregone but had, swaying,  
Swinging, lunging and not landing, drinking  
Smells, eating sights, thrashing in language,  
Easy as trees, bright, palpitating, laser thin  
Flesh volleys slamming repeatedly  
Into our dark twisted gawping word mist,  
staring, smiling, great vaguenesses  
Clouding us with intense sexual shine.

We finally emerged from the park, and came  
To her building, the very one before which  
Lennon had been shot, or so I thought.  
We embraced, she kisst me on the cheek,  
And before she went inside I let her know  
I'd be available Thursday or Friday, and that  
I had a show on Saturday I'd love  
Her to see.

T- She said

J- that's great,

T- She said

J- I'll be there,

T- she said

J- I'll get the info from your friend,

T- She said

J- it was wonderful to meet you,

T- she said

J- I look forward to seeing you again,

T- and then she disappeared.

I walkt  
To the subway, and as I stood above  
The stairs, harsh light belching from the earth  
Like a radioactive geyser  
Of rapid sitting, I thought, she likes me.  
Does she like me? She's got to like me.  
Why would she spend so much time talking  
To me if she didn't like me? Why would she  
Have let me walk her home if she didn't  
Like me? Why would she have stared at me  
Like that if she didn't like me? No one  
Stares at someone like that unless they're thinking  
Something inappropriate to say  
Too soon, you know, something like I like you.  
She did those things, and why would she do  
Those things unless she liked me? She likes me.  
She's got to like me. There was an energy  
Between us. It meant something. It was unique.  
This doesn't happen all the time. There's just  
No way she'd act like that unless she was  
Feeling like that. Like she liked me. She must  
Like me. She's just got to like me. She likes me.  
The train ride took 2 1/2 hours.  
It was 5 am when I opened my door.  
I got undresst, laid in bed, my wife  
Sleeping soundly beside me,  
and I reacht for my intangible Juliet.

J- You're smiling.

T- It's my allergy to you.

J- Such a brilliant man.

T- You shine, I reflect.

J- You made me feel alive tonight for the  
First time since the birth I can't remember.

T- I feel as if I were born of you.

J- A second life, and we give life to all.

T- Touch your face.

J- Only if you assume me  
True enough to nature to accept.

T- You're so focused.

J- A potential  
I never knew I had.

T- I am a starfish  
Clinging to a cliff.

J- The sea shall rip you  
Free.

T- A reunion, self to self, time to light,  
Was to can, thru you, tangled in your hair,  
Swimming thru your translucent skin,  
As you lie on top of me, I become  
Weightless, put wings to my words,  
Fallen into your esker, sinking, rose  
Above my body. I love your lips  
Because they spray delicious cookies.  
Toes tangled, eyes rubbing, our skins  
Won't keep it down. Your hair is growing  
Into my head, I've got a chalet in your pelvis,  
Nipples keep getting in my throat,  
We've lockt elbows in my mouth (around the moon)  
Pieces of your heart are under my nails,  
Tummies are touching, digest in my head,  
Whose ankle nose is this? I think I  
Just kisst my ass, I'm on my back  
And I can see you beneath me, we're swapping  
Drives, we are the mist making moon,  
I like it in your dream, we kiss, we hump,  
we melt, we start,

T/C - and we are Juliet.

*After*

T- I never saw her again.  
I'd invited her to my show, Me, but  
She showed me. I tried to contact her,  
But nothing. I never saw her again.

It took me  
About six months to get there, but I've finally  
Come to accept she didn't like me.  
I mean, sure, she liked me well enough, but  
She didn't really like me well enough.  
Girl like that, you know, she walks in  
Pretty intense circles, big circles,  
Like only comes back around once every  
3.62 million years type circles,

Maybe she thought

I was a pretentious prick. Maybe I am  
A pretentious prick. I do tell myself  
All the time, you're a pretentious prick,  
But I always thought it was something  
No one else noticed.

For me she was a star, and when  
I saw her the lid popped off the world  
And a trillion little earth friendly plastic  
Wedding cake figurines swirled out  
And danced thru my brain and it seemed to me  
Like the ultimate coupling, like she was  
Born to bear my bumble babes, but for her  
It was just one more hot night at a bar.  
Just another conversation, another  
Chance to act, just another chance to be  
Juliet.

The thought of this  
World where there are Juliets and  
Those that actually get to taste them,  
The thought that this world exists without me  
Both tempts and revolts me.  
It tempts me because I want in  
And it revolts me because I know  
That were I in, what I felt with Juliet  
Would become mundane, like a drug  
That's lost its jellyroll. Then again,  
Fuck that. I want in. I want it all  
The time, yet none of this demeans her.  
Juliet will do what Juliet will do.

C- I've never known what to answer,  
even when I was very young, when asked,  
"What's your favorite color?" I mean,  
on the basis of what am I to make  
such an assessment? How each color  
makes me feel? But how do I arrive at  
that sensation? Do I actually trust  
myself to know myself? Do I actually  
feel my relationship with color  
to be something I can understand? If all  
these colors make me feel all these different  
things, don't they cancel each other out,  
leaving me, in effect, feeling nothing,  
or feeling a plethora of things?

J- What does plethora mean again?

C- I think it means too much.

T- No, it means too little.

C- Yeah, same thing.

T- Not really.

J- Yeah, same thing.

C- What should we talk about?

T- What is there to talk about?

C- Before we can figure out what there is to talk about, we've got to figure out what there is.

T- What is there?

C- My first reaction to that question is that great painting is an affront to me.

J- What?

C- I'm sick today.  
I'm told that makes this a sick day, which makes this your day in the annals of oracy,

T- So I ask you, mule, what's wrong with my work? Why do people leave just as I start to spray the room with thrilling infection?

C- Am I too much?

T- Too little?

C- Too lush?

T- Too sparse?

C- Too raw?

T- Too polisht?

C- Am I underdone?

T- Overdone?

C- Am I pretentious?

T- Am I feckless?

C- Am I too crude?

T- Too neat?

C- Inevitably, it's because I'm ugly.  
Were I beautiful, no one would leave me.  
Yet, of what is my ugliness constituted?

T- I think people find me angry.

C- Unclear.

T- Problematic.

C- Discomforting.

T- And something  
about me throws them back on themselves.

C- And they don't like that, cuz they're heavy,  
and it hurts to have something heavy thrown  
onto your back.

T- I think people can tell  
I'm talking to myself when I'm talking to them,  
but of course I'm not alone.

C- Actually,  
I am alone

T- So being with me is  
lonely.

C- I don't believe in character anymore.  
I don't believe what we call a person  
with a personality is what a  
person really is. I believe we're all  
basically the same thing, it's just that thing  
is hidden beneath varying degrees  
of unwillingness to be down with it.  
What is this thing and why our unwillingness  
toward it?

T- I don't know, and I know this is  
the easy way out, but I want out, so  
doesn't it make sense I'd take the easy way?  
Why should I take the hard way? Or rather,  
Why do you want me to take the hard way?  
What are you, some kind of armed accountant?

C- Winds are heavy  
across nine forms of not quite getting there,

T- You have got to contact me!  
I have something important to put on  
your head (hint: sexy negligence).

C- It's just  
so funny how everything happens in  
sequences that don't include any of  
the middle terms we assume found their way  
into proclivity thru our flitting  
measurements.

T- Think of that. Flitting  
measurements. What will they fail to think  
of next?

C- I'm good, but I'm not good for you.

T- They said our poetry didn't push  
the story forward, so we pusht the story  
aside, and now all we have is the thought  
of letting folks in for free, which they  
won't let me do, cuz "free says bad," or so  
they say, those that one must pay to say  
what one will pay for dearly once it's said.

C- Here's a thought:  
Your spaceship is caught in a giant  
vortex, and you're swirling toward a tiny  
hole. You've got three minutes to do something,  
or you'll be smoosht to the size of my prospects.  
Engines are down, Captain's got a hearing problem,  
the crew can't take their lips off the flashback,  
two minutes. Gimme a call. Oops, sorry.  
I'm busy getting my nails done. The ones  
you pounded into my maven organ.

T- Sorry, darling. Since you, I don't do  
positive.

J- Who said,

C- Genius is drudgery.

J- Who said,

T- The future belongs to dense.

J- Who said,

C- Our clothes are killing us.

J- Who said,

T- Birth always comes too early.

J- Who said,

C- Misinformation breeds progress.

J- Who said,

T- We but rehearse our exit.

J- Who said,

C- I left my faith in that rock.

J- Who said,

T- Empty seats are for lovers.

C- Where I'm from, they shoot cats like you for doing what they do best.

T- See, the emptiness you bring to the room  
fucks me chocolate chip pancake style,

C- so pass the warm towelette before I hope  
for more bricks to the brow.

T- This is the healing you started, then  
abandoned mid-injection, leaving me  
unable to roll over in my urn  
lest I crush my belief you weren't above  
the law of averages.

C- I think you're shy to a fault, and I think  
I've fallen into that fault, and I think  
that fault is closing up, and I think  
I'm being presst into admitting  
it's my fault, but I don't admit it,  
cuz it's true, and girls much prefer big lies  
to kind gestures.

T- Welcome to the  
one-stop argument metropolis.

C- What we like about story  
is that things come back around, giving us

the illusion that things come back around,  
but you never came back around, and there's  
a story there somewhere, tho it's likely  
to have been drained and converted into  
a motorcycle race.

T- It's the story  
of a story not taking place, which is  
the only story I know, other than  
that one about the 6 zillion victors  
and the three girls dainty enough to dissolve  
into their own hums.

C - Is this that new kind  
of conversation where words fear to tread?

T- The ways in which we know each other  
have nothing to do with what we are.  
What we are is not knowable.

C- It is tangible, yet never toucht.

T- We'll never touch.

C- Stop saying we when you mean not you.

T- I sit and think pennyroyal we.

C- Clean up before yourself.

T- Nothing will always come between us.

C- So where does that leave us?

T- It leaves us right here, and it  
never returns.

C- Or, rather, it does, but we  
don't recognize it cuz it's still the same,  
and now it's us.

T- Heavy bad buzz, heavy bad buzz.

C- You're talking to yourself  
again.

T- I'm my only captive audience.

C- Not being with you is like being with me.

T- It's like counting your change while being

buried alive.

C- We are gathered here today, and everything else is Juliet.

T- If only i could drop by once,  
I promise to make it feel like I'm  
your only option for seeing more of me.

C- Look, the fact that this is going nowhere  
is great for me, cuz that's right where I am.

T- Okay, so you're non-responsive. But how can you possibly  
reject my advances if you refuse to receive them?

J- You were never a very warm rug.

C- Fuck, I drink too much schizophrenic spit.

T- I don't believe in character anymore.  
I believe character is a psychosis  
that's killing us, depriving us of all we  
need, shunting our minds into dead-end  
obsessions, both ludic and nociceptive,  
which merely perpetuate a growth cycle  
in the solutions we need problems to,  
so we generate more problems, our one  
renewable resource that is not only  
never new but mocks the very idea  
of resource in the sense of being  
something outside of us that revives us,  
because we are not being revived  
by the problems that fund our story wars;  
we are being stabbed into our own eyes.  
And I don't believe in Juliet anymore.  
Sure, everyone gets lucky now and then,  
but living for the exception is dying  
Every day. May I put you on hold?  
80 years later, click. And throughout it all  
you suffer that inane music that's supposed  
to assure you someone's still there, but  
no one's there. The system is on you.

C- Isn't "not getting any" sticking to the subject?

T- I thought so too, until I thought so.

C- I'm a dragonfly taped to a dead duck.

T- Everyone is so good these days at being  
funny and weird and approved; well, I've got  
something to share with the group: I prefer

women written by men.

C- I prefer the spotlight up my bung.

T- Music coming from the bars on a hot summer night, laughter, cheers, and I realize joy is possible as long as I'm not there.

C- You stuck me in the glasswares jungle, you broken panic button.

T- I want you screaming naked on my flatware, so I can shriek, "This steak stinks, and I love it!"

C- I say you meet under the park.

T- Can I see the manager?

C- This meal is rightly inked.

T- She should have called me weeks ago. Am I out of range?

C- Fire in the fountain!

T- She says I'm going insane, but where is sane and how do I get in?

J- Hey, loser. Got a light?

T- I'm not getting paid to do this. I'm an unfilled billboard for turning your headspace into an unfilled billboard because because...

C- It's like that time you were everywhere and nothing happened.

T- I can feel you thinking of me with whatever part one uses when one is thinking only of one's self.

C- Sit down.

T- There are no good seats.

C- Ideally, I need to talk to you, free of ideals.

T- Just let me repeat one thing before

you go: you never came.

C - Sex doesn't sell until it starts to scab.

T- That drink I bought you? I hope it turns to piss.

C- O, so you're the end of the world? Yeah, well, I've seen worse when acting like a child.

T- This is a dream  
that's eaten its way out of my head  
and now it's too full to move.

C- You said my way or the highway,  
so I took my way, and it was the highway,  
so here I am, alone in Ohio.

T- In what sense are you qualified to give  
your opinion?

C- I'm always taking nine  
or two intelligence tests without even  
knowing it.

T- Yes! I'm high again!

J- Hi!

C- There's art in here somewhere, due to a defect  
in workmanship.

T- Why am I having such a hard time finding  
someone to knit me a cocksock out of  
their own skin.

C- O, goody. Semen on the breeze.

T- It's my hips, isn't it? My hips are too womanly.  
Well, that's what happens to a guy after  
he gives birth to 28 anticlimaxes.  
He fills out.

C- He's not sure what he fills out,  
but it gets him a gig scraping himself  
off her heels.

T- I'm pretty good looking

C- if you don't look.

T- I gave you everything I had, save for

my ability to hold your interest.

C- Maybe I'll just move back to the heartland.  
Then, getting sick will be getting better.  
People will run across the street just to get  
a more panoramic view of my  
tired eyes.

T- I just wish you were here  
in this room so I could impress you  
with my floorplans for fame.

C - All I think about now is what  
my performance art piece will be like once  
I figure out what it is.

T- My genitals are like  
a giant box of crayons - unused most of  
the time, and when it is, little hands  
mess it up, but the job offers pour in.

C - I think I just had a genetically  
modified orgasm.

T - Clearly  
absorbing my bruise art is like eating  
too much pizza right after your parachute  
failed to open.

C- It would be nice to meet someone like you,  
or you, but I'd take like you, which might be  
more like you than you, since you don't like me,  
and as far as I can't see, I am you,  
cuz you're all I've got and I ain't got you.

T- Babe.

C- Let's recapture what we never had,  
my \$3000/hour intuitionist.

T- Maybe I'm just too long. Maybe if I were  
3 1/2, 2 1/2 minutes even, people would walk away saying,  
"You've got to see that. It's so barely there."  
I'd be a viral hit, and everyone would get sick with me.

C- Let us go then, you and I, our separate ways.

J- So much talking, so little talking.

T- I walk into a bar in a western.  
It's a one-horse town too poor to keep horses.

Some dead lookin' hombre in the corner plays the part. Hizzoner is asleep on a whore's bill, the same whore, I'magine, what tries to catch my attention by standing up in her crib and drooling down her rifle hole. Three god-scaring bad asses strafe me with scowls as I approach the keeper, a greasy chip of a half-man with massive forearms and a tiny head. You seen this girl? I say, holding up a photo of Juliet's face super-imposed onto an artist's rendering of Cortez dropping a loaf on Tobasco.

C- You think if I seen that girl I'd be standing here without that girl?

T- A simple yes or no will do, friend.

C- Alright, friend. Yes or no.

T- I grab him by the gobs and lay him gently on the ceiling. Look here, Mr. Supreme Individual. I just lost my honey, and I'm lookin for a hive to stick my dick in, so if you want your slurb to be that hive, I am more than happy to get even with someone who's never dun nuthin to me by taking out my eyes and thinking you're the Princess of Misplaced Formaldehyde Fishing, so I suggest you come to my meeting of minds ready to cave like any black snow leopard should, or I will mind your meat, and trust me, friend, you will mind.

C- If I'd a known you were so sensitive on the topic, friend, I'd a never been so, how shall we say, helical with my words, but from hereonout you can count on nuthin but my whole-hearted willingness t'impugn myself before a self-appointed jury.

T- I appreciate it, friend. I truly do.

C- So, what can I do ya for, friend?

T- I need you to help me pull my balls off the marshmallow stick.

C- How long they been on there?

T- How you like em?

C- White on the outside,  
black on the in.

T- This is America,  
ain't it?

C- No, sir. America done  
gone outta business; employee theft.  
This here's feudal Japan, but with a much  
depleted costume budget and zero sense  
for hygiene or macrobiotic cooking.

T- Then let me put it this way, Mifune:  
[kono onna no kodomo ni aitta ka?]

C- Now that you put it  
that way, I reckon what maybe I have  
seen that girl.

T- What'll it cost me t'improve  
your memory?

C- Only 15%  
and a rewrite for the Big Bad Wolf.

T- You clearly have no idea how badly  
I wanna hang my holster round your ears.

C- Do you?

T- That depends on where you fall in the feud  
between those who believe in the power  
of words and those who believe what they say.

C- Well, I believe in the power of keepin  
my eyes on the floor, but the other day  
I just had to look up when I sniff  
the sweetest lady smell this here ole pug  
had ever had the pleasure of snortin,  
and I do believe I saw that very face  
starin at me as pretty as the sight  
of St. Louis to a visiting team.

T- And?

C- And I said, "May I help you, missus?"

T- And?

C- And she said,

J- "A shot of water, please."

T- A shot of water, please?

C- That's what I thought!  
Strangest funkin request I ever heard.  
Can you imagine havin the purse of peace  
to stroll into some ritzy outhouse like this  
and calmly purr,

J- "A shot of water, please."

T- She's a mighty unique creature.

C- Ain't we all?

T- So, wudja do?

C- I said, "Sorry, missus,  
but I'm gonna have to see some ID."

T- You carded her for a shot of water?

C- Only so I could take down her vitals  
and suck on em next time I had a bath.

T- We're getting off topic.

C- So take us back.

T- What was her name?

J- Got No Clapper.

T- Got No Clapper?

C- That's what her ID said - Got No Clapper.  
Musta been one a them paleface squaws.

T- Are you sure it didn't say Juliet?

C- Well, now, come to think on it, it coulda,  
but you know me.

T- No, I don't.

C- I can't read!

T- Is this the woman we're talking about?  
Think hard, and answer true, or I'll teach you  
to read your own coroner's report.

C- As sure as I'm a worthless piece a splunk,  
that is the woman we're talkin about.

T- Did you get her a shot of water?

C- Yessa did.

T- Did she drink it?

C- Yes, she did.

T- And then?

J- And then she uppt and went.

T- Which way did she go?

C- See, that's the weird part.

T- I thought this was the weird part.

C- O, no. This is the part folks find familiar  
cuz we're sharing useless information.

T- So, which way did she go?

C- She didn't go any which way, really.

T- How does someone not go any which way?

C- She walkt thru them doors and just disappeared.

T- Yeah, I know the feeling.

C- Will that be all,  
or can I get you a shot of water?

T- One more thing - was she alone?

C- By the looks  
a the fella she's with, I'd say yep.

T- Could you describe this fella without hurtin  
my feelings?

C- Nope.

T- I thank you for your lack  
of specificity.

C- Anytime, friend.

T- I leave the bar, and walk into the Exxon  
Desert Wilderness Consortium.  
I can smell Juliet in the bedrock.  
In the cold heat, my mind  
starts playing tricks on me, those mean kinds  
of tricks like brothers too close in age  
play on each other, always resulting  
in someone losing a leg or running  
thru a glass door and severing the vein  
that carries sympathy to the knuckles.  
Juliet's face pops up in some cobwebs  
wooft between two saguaros, their 13 arms  
waving at me like,

C- "Hey, dude, over here.  
Wanna rise above it? Climb a cactus."

T- A pack of burros, driven by a desire  
to die, clamor around a salt lick  
on a rusty barbed wire fence, and I  
see Juliet in her motley herding skirt  
giving them tender slaps on the backside  
with my toothbrush, saying,

C- "Come on, now,  
too much salt enlarges the heart,  
and a small heart is a happy ass."

T- A sandstone outcropping assumes the shape  
of Juliet sitting with her knees  
in her hands, head down, like a hiker lockt  
between a rushing grizzly and six vultures.

J- What's a girl to do when playing dead  
is the only way to live?

C- Yet really  
living is the quickest way to die?

T- I should have taken that shot of water,  
cuz I'm starting to flake. I feel like  
a 3 year old pinned under the seat  
of a carnival ride, and the carnival  
is closed, and everyone's gone home, and my screams  
merely accentuate the cackling racket  
belching from the old school Spook-o-rama,

which no one's been able to figure out  
how to turn off for years, so it's degraded  
to a shrill sonic blur of electrical  
feedback with nothing to feed on but  
feedback, so I break my neck trying to eat  
the cotton candy in my backpocket.  
Maybe this is love. Maybe this is  
9 actors in a room doing a cold  
reading of a wordless play written  
by a wooden duck. Either way it's  
neither way, cuz I'm lying face down  
in the scorching sand, kissing this frigid earth  
goodbye, for which I fully expect  
an harassment charge to be dropp't  
decorously into my airy grave.  
All the women in my genetic headwound  
are standing over me squabbling about  
who should pick me up and skin me for shoes.  
I say, "Mom?" and they all answer,

J/C- "Daughter?"

T- "Why doesn't Juliet like me?" and after  
a bout of laughter that could scrape the paint  
off a Pollock model, my mothers retort:

J/C - "Because you didn't make her,"

T- and with that  
I breathe my last fistful of exhaust  
and pass into a poster sitting in  
a discount bin in a Kinshasa print shop.  
It's a picture of a kitten clinging  
to a string with a look of terror  
and playfulness in its eyes. Beneath  
the picture is supposed to be a pithy  
caption meant to motivate Congolese  
laborers to give more of themselves, but the  
caption has been rippt off, hence the discount.

THE END