

Remission

By Kirk Wood Bromley
Written for Daniel Martin Berkey

*Alacrity,
I look on thee
And dreaming see
My answer key,
Yet mere to gaze
Beyond the maze
Is still to graze
On ricochets;
Alacrity, resect myself from me.*

*O set it free,
Alacrity,
Galoring your
Thesaurial
Arcana thru
My vaunted knew-
Besotted dic-
Tatorial
Shababnikim balasana ravine.*

*It's dark inside
My brother's bride,
O be my guide
To unallied
That I finally might
Lose my birthright
And be.*

*Alacrity,
I've made some tea
And killed my per-
Sonality,
O won't you come
(I'm where I'm from)
And break my wor-*

Dy silencer

*So my dumbstruck
Tenacity
Can clear the muck
Of we agree
And park my truck
Beneath your easy tree, Alacrity.*

This is Remission, the peradventure place.
My name is Daniel Martin Berkey, and
I am a post-schizophrenic actor.
Now, before you say, “That’s impossible,”
Or “Aren’t we all?” or “So what?” or “Monkeys
Seem to be playing a much smaller part
In the manufacture of ball bearings
Now that saying things is unsaying things,”
Allow me to magnify my vagueries,
As having said the very thing I shouldn’t
Have said, for once it’s said what else is there
To say, which is much less than to say what
You get is what you see and what you see
Is what you don’t get, hopefully won’t get,
Because you don’t want it, being as you
Already have it, it’s just not there for
The having, especially not within
This fey glomus of regenerating
Ruction where we in superannuated
Immediate symbolologies still strive
To share what we don’t have, which, in the end,
Or in spite of the end, is really all
We have for our ridiculous attempts
To be free of that mind-poaching chasm
Between what we say and what’s said of us,
Which, after everything’s been left unsaid,
Is the pulse of the schizophrenic corpse.
But, as I was saying before I was
So rightly interrupted by myself,
The Cock of Essential Marginalia,
In having said the very thing I shouldn’t

Have said, I feel I've no alternative
But to say it again, which is to say
My name is Daniel Martin Berkey, and
I am a post-schizophrenic actor.
To knack this knurled knoot, let us look
At said epithet (or is it epitaph?)
Composed of three hostile, collaborative terms:
Post, schizophrenic, actor. Together
They make up me as I have come to be
By that illusion I shall here engage
With the goal of playpenning me in you
That this braggart walk-shed disable
Our psycho-pomp, "Different lines to common mines,"
Into our dream lub dub, generating
A trusting place of pure piano milk,
Generously slow light, as uncut as
The belly-up elation silent types
Feel when their peeking leaf of blunder
In the sluiceless word range suddenly shunts
A metaphrastic nib thru their ellipses,
Sprouting complex conjugates all about
The incendiary, do-it-over
Devices of their pattern-deranged
Charisma, the current pet deity.
A place like that, and then some, kimochi?
Excellent. So: Post – after or has been.
Schizophrenic – remains to be seen.
Actor – a notion forever running
From one place to another looking for
Who knows what. Given these moldings, the phrase,
Post-schizophrenic actor, is employed
Under permanent contract for the task
Of exhibiting schizophrenia
That you might see how schizophrenia
Doesn't exist save as the scent of fear
In an only kidding, which is to say
I don't much believe in winning a match
With a make-shift perspective projection,
Yet which isn't to say I'm not overjoyed
To be here in this place, choking on you,

Especially considering the places
I could be, was quickly headed, felt it
My nihilistic obligation to invade
And let conquer. Compared to those places,
Which I shall in the course of your sit-in
Against this place being simply this place,
Describe with the urgency of the damned
As they blow ever gently on the fires
Of redemption that peter in the rain
Of tears from our regretful radix point.
Compared to those places, this is the place.
Yes, I was diagnosed schizophrenic.
Yes, I confess the symptomology.
And yes, I wear it like a badge of flesh.
But what? I love the love that loves to love.
I have dug an escape tunnel into
Your bunker mentality and emerged
Into this splurge-pocketing, dark in light
Community that my lapactic spores
Might deviously barrel a shadow-
Encrusted wonder woman spinal musk
Across the molehills of your wolverine
Shalom, blasting all security concerns
With my porch talk, because here it's me and you
And our exact opposite, wildly nursing
The world self that too rarely takes to suck
Yet is constantly at it, screaming at
Syringes, "I'm propp between two okay
Feelings: the need to be done with it and
A willingness to study the etiology
Of finishing on time!" Post-schizophrenic
Doesn't mean I'm no longer schizophrenic,
But it does mean the predicative calculus
Whereby drug lords might identify me
As a risky purchase in a habitat
Of fair-weather do-goodism has been
Laterally upgraded such that my
Connectivity, reliability, usability,
Processing speed, and gutter punk sex appeal
Meet the industry standards required

For a mellow junket thru the brainstorm
Few doctoral candidates can merely admire.
My language, ruined (as it is) by sincerity,
Cannot adequately reflect my sense
Of being completely free of prenatal fears;
A new man, in effect, even if that
Makes me a little heralded specimen
Of the “Do I Know You?” School of Solicitude,
But s’fice to say were I (and I am not)
Required to give a yes or no answer
To the question “Are you schizophrenic
Or just inappropriately inclusive?”
I would not, as I would have, talk the talk.
Something happened to me. I was attackt,
Repeatedly, tho always by differing degrees
Of affection. First at conception, then
Throughout the long hot winter of misconception,
And finally, much earlier, freeing me
From the co-independent variable
That kept me from calling myself stable
Enough to stand up here n say “This is all
There is – Me in a melodic bubble
Balancing on the continent of your tongue.”
Which brings me to that other word, actor.
By way of full disclosure (where I mean
To iterate contours, for I have been
Too long on the way of part disclosure,
That hush hush mysphonic endless instance
Whence impersonal personalities
Hurl hard androgynic gutterballs
At my brash pre-performance bugaboos,
Bringing me much acausal wunderschreck
In the dead pledge drive), I am an actor,
Which too staged confusion, in an age of
Congenital commercials, has come to mean
The words I am speaking are not my own.
I am a post-schizophrenic actor
Who doesn’t support schizophrenia
Save as a personal trainer the well-off
Can’t afford. True story. I am an actor

In remission from schizophrenia,
And I am an actor in Remission,
A one-man play about schizophrenia,
And that's no joke. It's a see-thru picture
Of your face on my face, which is why
No one's laughing in that new-fangled way,
You know, like all the oxygen's run out.
Yes, I am an actor in Remission,
A one-man play about schizophrenia,
And that is a joke, being a wildlife
Refuge for one dead duck, tho that dead duck
Is many people to many statues,
All of which read, smudged out at their base,
"Tomorrow's just a yesterday away."
Now, being as I am what I am in,
And I am in your fresh muckrake flambeau,
One presumes the operation will be
A success thanks to its complications,
For the surgeon, Dr. Time Out New York,
Must perform the procedure on himself,
Using broken joints to fix broken joints
Which slip the more they're set and set the more
They slip (following the old rhetoricians
Into the rundown building of ridiculous
Theme parties), and a joint set incorrectly
Does far more damage than an unset joint
As one debilitates, whilst the t'other
Falsey empowers, causing deeper breaks
Which cannot set because they cannot slip,
And that's the secret behind the mistake,
"Being in the thick of things no matter how
Thin the evidence that being thickens."
So'f you require proof of my remission,
Here 'tis: Pri'r to my state of post my state,
The task of speaking someone else's words
Like they were my own was trying to force
A potshard to pretend it was a pot
Before it was a muddy dream. But now
I keep my word speaking words not my words
Like they were, for thru this Mobius Scope

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

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

Fight it, we fight life with touch, yet here we
Are because, I believe, we want to be
Toucht, maybe not in the way we're being
Toucht, but in some way and that's what makes us
Us: we submit to a way of being
Toucht, which we can't predict will be right or
Wrong, yet we submit to it, and we are.
So, in celebration of the demise
Of my fear to touch those who would be toucht
And to be toucht by those who would touch me,
I touch you, and by touching you, am toucht.
Has everyone been toucht? If I toucht you
But not your neighbor, please, touch your neighbor,
That thru such sweet infection all are toucht.
Nice. I feel a tangible honesty
Among us, which is my cue to start acting.
My name is Daniel Martin Berkey, and
I was born into an infinite field
Of dots. As to the nature of these dots,
Dots have no nature save their point, wherefor
I am an infinite field of points,
Which seems my point, tho only to a point
As these points are hard to pinpoint given
To point at a point an algorithm
Must determine how to point at a point,
Yet an algorithm can't be pointed out
Unless what a point is has been pointed out
Which requires pointing out an algorithm
Whence one may point in order to point
Algorithms at a point, so, what's the point?
That, in a nutshell, is a nut unshelled.
See, the surprise is not schizophrenia,
But the ubiquity of schizophrenia
Within an absence of schizophrenia,
For schizophrenia could be seen as
The near communicable half belief
That orthocenters may be scattergrams,
And that so few are enthralled to that thought
While acting on that thought in a world
Of heraldic, entertaining extinction,

That's surprising – yet, spite such normalcy,
I was born, and lacking that, instantly
Outgrew the lessons of my great, great ground-
Squirrel, like you, only with extra loud
Inverse tangents of messianic lactation,
Correlation crises, colony collapse disorder,
And other neaps of untoward appanage,
All zugzwanging my efforts to inspect
My circumstances without fully
Ent'ring into them (aging in place of),
So it's all hear-say: I hear what you say
And sell it on the syntax market for
Mumblecore gurus. But let us return
To epigenesis with a tazer
On a homecoming float, soggy with now.
To midge into this upcycling disaster,
As I did - as we all may - thru the frippage
Of two violent, conscientious egg masks,
Is much deplangentizing to the sage
Whose root is why he's "rhymes with pluckt." My birth
Was nothing short of tragically effective,
For I was born Daniel Martin Berkey,
Previvor of the locavore "fresh kill."
Tho broken, lead-filled, and "cute is the new
Crazy," my birth, like you, can't be recalled;
The manufacturer filed for clemency
From the bogus astral complaint, so I'm
Me-ish, with continual distortion,
Which seems a fate less cliquey and free trade
Than banging Schoenberg out on a bad dug.
What I do hearken to about my coming
Into the smog is how little it affected
My plans of divorcing myself from any
Sense of ownership in myself. My mother
Was there, tho she later persuaded me
Otherwise. And she was, or she would have been
In the pictures someone failed to take,
Quite moved, or what she called "romanticized
By actions ingermane to my destination."
My father was un-there, tho he was told

Of it later by his tools collection
And is said to have resisted saying
With middling flair, "Whatever it takes
To make me look in charge." The body t'wich
My mean deviation was conscripted
Seemed less than agog on the promotion.
Its soundscape, "Paranoid Gluehead Sunrise:
How One of Us Didn't Exactly Fuck Off,"
Failed to capture the complex abscission
I suffered in gaining the dopamine
To mixmaster this creepy, weepy voice:
My body is a bag of borrowed goods
Others call the God-given parts of me,
Tho God, that injun giver, wanted em back.
But have I told you how troubling things can be
For a man with his head in the clouds when
Those clouds are in his head? It seems I've not.
Therefore, it is for you to enter
My body, precognitively, that you
Might grasp at its straws and carry the day
For yet another day, to consider
I don't know what thingling. Take my body
Into your honor system, minus gavel,
Gimme-isms, or payrolled ignorance.
Just be in my body in that deft way
You have thanks to hours spent in the corner,
Lightly smackt in oils of odd indifference,
Brief yet committed, fingers out the mouth,
Mind focused on its mist, a vengeful, loving
Skew distribution, darned into the dark.
Behold my body and tell me what you see.
Scratch that. I'll tell you what you see. A scam
Far more economical, aka
Enlightening, than looking at your body
In the way I'm looking at my body.
Like I'm a man once thought himself the Christ
And is now between careers. I'm feeling
Wifi, and I'm looking at your body
In my body as it darts thru the splunge
Of the existential non-qualifier.

My brain, which is all I know of ibid,
Tingles like a single intermingling
With icons. My brow, tenuously modern,
Is input packaging for feeling put off.
My eyes pose as monasteries for chavs
With vision grudges. My nose won't stop
Being my face. My mouth has three seconds
To learn to stop time, over and over again.
My jaw is clenched in gripe, cheerily so;
Just think the dreams of a man-suited man
Frozen to his desk by the blusters of
His own cold projections. My neck, rigid,
Forces me to seem a high-priced mock-up
Of the Devil's Postpile from a glam ad
For the cowpig deathstyle; these yank stalks,
My arms, like dignitaries transiting
The paltry, crucial squabblings casually
Hardballed betwixt my brain, or all I know
Of glib squid, and my hands (fly, crow-clippt wings!).
My arms are a nervous pastiche of Thor
And Rubbermaid, only semi-enslaved
(Like a twinge waiting to tweak in a snit
Due to a prior advance disavowal)
To what I take for my take on taking things
So taken am I with your take on things,
You fake-woo-and-ball-me-in-the-scoring.
When I breathe, or pretend to, there then seems
To whirl thru my sack of private pleadings
Reason nine I frequent unfrequented
Desserts, deserts, O what's the diff to the
Deafening din, thru my borg bag, I repeat,
There swim these callous giggling info nymphs
With sharp hearts and self-cheating deceptions
Regarding the relative frequency shills
With the skylight coffin lid, leading me
To concede my death had nothing to say
Until I demoted her to transmute.
Are you following me? Don't, cuz I'm lost.
"Crinkle, crinkle, brittle..." No, I'm no star,
For I am dark to those that wish on me,

Like you, only out there. What have I misst?
My co-domain, in storage. My sphagnum
Cheat bog operating system, not worth
The diaper it's shit on. My insoluble
RV nipples shouting "Skip, skip, obey!"
To all below what we won't talk about.
Fact is, my body's so prevested with
Your pibble I could suck your fucking scrubs!
My teeth. They're screaming again. On, Gnasher,
On Cuspid, On Canine, On Psychic Tusk!
I've pasts for all the little foils and blurs!
The schizophrenic body is a place
No one's ever been cuz we're all born there,
Aggressively, in this annoyingly
Self-directed manner, and tho we try
(Only rhinovirus knows how hard we try!)
To secrete interferon in our likeness,
We fail because we're schizophrenic,
Displaying a prehensile split among
Affect, ideation, and expression,
Which is just a fan club's way of saying
"You can't act." Ay, there's the flub. Schizophrenics
Can't act cuz you've got to own your body
To give it, or so the steroid brokers
Hustle it up. How you own your body
Is your business, but how you don't is theirs,
And they will make a healthy living off
Keeping you sick, but don't get me charted.
I don't blame the forester for the lack
Of trees, cursing my inner fringe, for I
Am free. I know there's love in the death camps
In the sky, and that every drupe perdu
Sings a hylozoid of appeasement
Toward our terror. I've been to the bottom
And from there it's clear: things are looking up.
After a few unforgettable years
Of infant amnesia, enter, chased by an
Unbearable ah, Voices and Visions.
A chop shop for discriminating drives,
Voices and Visions is flat on its back

At the corner of Zing and Morosis
In the mulled intellectual craven
Of Fluster, Fistiana, Two Tailed Test.
It was there I learned to be more or less
More and less, imbibing those all-flighty
Hell-loosinating fool-induction rants
On my loopholes, the only place the mental
Can call home. I started hearing voices
When they built that real big language out of
Bagel-makers with attitudinal rickets
In their cargo master, and the visions
Flitted in when choices started seeming
Appropriate to what came recommended,
Like your fears telling your fears you're fun to
Fuck with: I'm a child, I'm a toy, I'm always
Never bored. Subject: Voices and Visions.
From: Blanket Charges. To: Anybody Here
Wanna Play Me? These Vices in Versions
First came to me in my bedroom at night
(A crime and chase no drama could dream up),
When I was very young, or largely dead,
Following your regression analysis.
The voices were cruel, shaming, scary,
And the visions were kind, comforting, good.
Lacking true sightlines, I see the voices
As manifestations of my mother
Who punisht and coddled with random verve,
Throttling me, per exemplum, for spilling
My soup when there it wintered in its bowl.
And the visions, mostly angels and ushers,
I felt to be informed by my father,
Who was kind, comforting and good only
In that he wasn't cruel, shaming and scary,
Or, for that smatter, anything other
Than hard working and soft spoken. It's lonely
At the top? It's lonely in the middle:

“Listen to me when I shut you down!
I love you bigger than the encore solution.
You don't do everything for me so I won't do anything for

you.

Whatever my anfractuous ligature wants.
Did I ask you my opinion?
When you smile, I'm in style.
That's your best?
You make biotelemetric love to my vague refractory button.
This is my home and your problem!
It's all just a fart in a flower garden.
Fucking one night externality!"

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

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

And is now primarily utilized
As a tool for cognitive exosmosis
By game theorists and certain sects of zen,
The two sides of the schizophrenic coin,
Which, split in one, take on legal tender,
And if you'd let me be, this production
In which one gets mixt up for th'other's sake
Pulls a double bind on the double bind,
Putting love on the "Do Not Cross This" line,
Which crams ascertainable particles
Of endocrine curio energies
Into the backlog we hope to become,
Yet as the spit-based bronze juggling the fragile
Issue of parallel penetration,
"Who's in charge here?" casting the task ahead
Into a cheerful "Would you please hurt me?"
I'll say a square-off of these circles clears
The air for inoperant conditioning:
Circle one – I am the circle circum I.
You, parted from your remand, form the cleft
Circle. These walls circle into these walls
For circle three, ever stubborn for ease.
And the ultimate circle, carefully
Chosen for its ept insecurities,
Is we, and when that circle comes complete,
The double bind is bound upon itself,
Becoming the Book of Corrigibles,
Which can't be opened save by those inside,
For if you fear to enter such a book,
Its cover is its spine, and you will fail
To accurately portray down which side
To slice it with the hyberspastic edge tool
Of delight. Get it wrong, and you fumble
From back to front. Get it right, and it reads.
That's an acting term. Does this action read?
But reading action is to double bind
The double bind; it is to feed upon
Performance anxiety, to admire
A dying fad, to ask your fellow fault
For a loan whereon you've best intentions

Of defaulting; it is to say, “Do that,
And I will love you for it, yet my love
Will, upon arrival, take the credit
For what it finds.” Obey or be punisht.
Obey, but only because you want to.
Obey, or I will die. Can you not hear
In such absent birdsong, deafly slurping
The penis straw in its wine mug, your heart
On the fritz as the show slowly unravels
And loses its grip on reality?
Bodies must blend, so rather than trying
To eradicate a parasite of yore
That parties on pesticides by acting
Like we’re not slightly offended at being
Only partially infiltrated,
We must bolster the host, teach it to wretch,
To be read, to be real without being
Gluebackt to reality: story time
As autolaparotomy at the whim
Of simultaneous yet out of sync
Strategy session drummers, cuz the only
Weakness that doesn’t pray to the weak is
A horse of a schizophrenic color.
So, let us look at a map of my early
“Unaware period” and see if we
Can’t zealously backpeddle from the eoan
Numeracy that pollocked my psycho-
Lectual nevus to the drastic dip
In the gearhead zone brought on by smashing
Spermic gloat hammers from the bathroom sky,
Regenerating an agreeable
Folie a deux du doute betwixt what I
Feel to be pulling up my beeping rear
And how I hear about it from the pudmuddle
At the butt of the interminable slide,
All to the purpose of moving beyond
This kill-yourself-now verbiage toward
An answer to the chronically late problem:
Birth, innocence, innocence, innocence,
Innocence, innocence, innocence, fuckt.

Such is the road to innocence, minus
The road to innocence. Street ball, baby.

Daniel Martin Berkey, is that you in stall six?

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

May I come in?

I'm going.

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

My father says this is private time.

Are you hiding something?

Yes.

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

What?

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

Am I in trouble?

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

What are we going to do?

The desiccated lamb shank.

It sounds scary.

So plug your ears with your hips.

I'm not comfortable.

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

What are you doing?

Lifting thy soul into church crack.

Mr...

Call me the jumbo unobservable.

Okay.

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

Maybe.

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

Thank you, but...

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

I think so.

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

Okay.

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

Please...

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

It hurts.

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

I don't want to.

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

Please, stop.

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

Why did you do that to me?

To be imperfectly honest.

I'm telling my mom.

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

Yes, sir.

Now, get to class. O, and Daniel?

What?

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

Math, the knuckle of the invisible hand,

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

Parody parade celebrating your
Gone missing," and only the hash of math
Could keep it all at bay, so anchored
Into her, my intensive care lotion
Against the macules of stressing over
Talk, my feminine mystique with special
Knife-rebounding powers in the do-dad cage,
My vanaprastha of crowded seeing
Stars, math, how volcanoes express regret.
This meant growing up was largely hiding
In the back bight of concave surfaces,
Symmetric singularities, points of
Inflection, and other ordered arrangements,
Supporting the paracentesis of
The verjuice forming an ascites of
Realism in the social graph blocking
My recognition as the areolith of
Ocular everywhereness, a puncture
Possible only when the formula
Of group fontanelle is made manifest
In numerical networks so subversive
None but the jouling of fate by anti-fate
Can call them progs in an organic form
To thereby gain the nom de guerre of math,
A place like no other like all others,
And there stands Timothy to remind us
It's only after the crash that we count.
Math beget college scholarship beget
The University of Minnesota
Physics Department beget hookt on smack,
All at the same unsustainable time.
Conducting research in blank phase behavior
Of pre-definable quirks fit nicely
With depositing my arteries at
The third dirty blood bank past the yowling
Thrombosis primavera. Shooting zebra
At first seemed the most hate-friendly schizo
Suppressant this quantum Euripus could
Suffumigate among the frigidizing
Inner garments. Are you suffering from

Chatty, affluent immiserization?
Gun yourself in the pine-scented pluck fat
And savor the hush of a trillion dead
Trilobites rocking cross Nevada in
A stolen junky Cobra. Heroin
Is the answer to mental illness, said
The dog hair hurricane, but something is
Forever'n it's walking down the sheer face
Of your pollution art to escape sex
With the gash in your needle dick. Call her
Lusus. She comes over for thanksgiving,
Spits in the stuffing, swallows the wishbone,
Then, before you can cry, shits in the carpet,
A smell you wish would stay cuz it keeps you
Dead to the doorbell, but she's got better
Bad guys to hurt, so meet Myeloma Lek,
That mongoloid porn star with the chicken
Fin burps, her orgasmic hematemesis
Squirting mercury wank au jus into
That condemned movie set you can't get on
Cuz you skinned a yeti in the bathtub,
And pigs don't land for some pin cushion
In a suit of lame attempts, so you go
On trying to defeat that unbeatable
Original, cramming red sea pretzels into
Your margin of error, fishing yourself
To sleep waking, knowing you're the sad part
To that love scene you never made it in.
Graduated, nodding, and paranoid
Enough to get a job at Honeywell
And unfairly lose it in seven months
Simply because I failed to "show up,"
I did what any self-disrespecting
Poppy jock would do after snorting snot
From a viral cousin – I started acting.
The acting chakra's always been for me
One of those diathetic disasters
Stir the gaudy cliffside manors wherein
Schizophrenia is presentable
Enough to privately blare its costly prints,

Bold white reds and baroque getaway cars,
Like having your fake and cheating it too.
To act is a tender importunity
That inserts into other suspect lives
The mortality we may never know
Yet which we can't help but somehow embrace
In the sense of that nonsense actors call
Being. Have I made myself perfectly blear?
The actor must mortise his gut blinkers
To the tenon of communal apology
That never says sorry, hates acceptance,
Yet which nevertheless longs to reroute
The audience's ischemic taste buds,
Becoming them by defining them,
For they are in contempt of sound judgment
Asking actors to draft their glide reflections,
Which they despise, unless an actor's tears
Smudge the ink into some illegible
Head slam, an unfulfilling symbiosis
For the detached, yet when it does the job
There is no monument worth mentioning.
You are free. You are loved. You are loved for
Being free, for you are a metaphor
Of the explicit comparison between
Living over the edge and speedwalking
Backward into the grave, eye on the prize,
Prize in the other eye, other eye in
The eye on the prize, one big happy famine.
Yet, like in schizophrenia, there's no
Happiness in acting. There are moments,
Even piles of moments, when the body
Variocouples thru necrogenics
To the prodromal technoyeast whence opaque
Flashes of reprocessed variety
Encapsulate into a plodding dash,
And you stand recalling all that's escaping
For fear of self-touch, but then you start thinking:
Israel's wherever I'm squatting, i.e.
I am the greatest genius ever to walk
Thru a wall without looking at myself

In the windows. I am the appreciation
Of priceless, critical shit, like waffling.
There was something intravenously fun
In an “every manacle” sort of way
About a stag-based recursion matroid
With a built-in skull projector who played
George Gibbs like the skeleton dude crashing
A spy plane into the chemical wedding
On a dare from Ol’ Scratchy’s suicide
Consultant. Acting was perfect for me
(Perfect as things can be for a bad batch),
For, in my hierogasmic mind, I was
The Kadmon of the New Jerusalem
Who would rebuild the will-call scintilla
Of the ogdoad as I emanated
Into your space via my blockt-out rants
Under experimental SAG-certified
Direction. Like every great scene stealer
Before me, I was convinced there’d never
Been any great scene stealers before me.
So, blackmolded by industrial sawdust
Voices berating me for the dream gaff
That I could ever play anything save
The tambourine that aped my crown of thorns
To make some undeveloped point about
Feedback and its palliative effect
On care, I tossed my fixt-point notation,
And with the wisdom of 22 geese
Migrated thru the sky caves of my hope
Into the Science Museum of St. Paul,
Minnesota’s lycanthropic kid-hostile
Production of “The Nootkan Klukwalle.”

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

I do the “Dance of the Oculogyric Crisis.”

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

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

“Now I’m the least interesting part of my day!” cried Plays-Well-with-Others’-Things.

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

I do the “Dance that Most Petulantly Expresses our Indigestion.”

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

I do the “Dance of the Far-Snouted Daughter Snatcher.”

While there, the girl was given
Inordinate baseline object-relations
To hang from her independent eyelids
And she mothered three human pups
With her magnanimous lupine abductor.

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

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

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

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

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

Providence Hotel, old Bowery, brain beats
The voices back with the bone thru the nose
Of my smokescreen, believing if you sleep
Long enough it might not rain. This is me.
This is my room. And that is the fuckable
Fucking world. Hyperbola to off right
Circular cone, my chthonic roof access
Is a permeable defense contract
Against all integers to be entered
Desperately at brown risk. I’ve got the smirking
Plum curtain, the gothic Tokyo romp soap,
Go-go hypergoly, rut shack shakedown
Sisters dinching my neoclassicheggiante
Firebrand, just one kiss from the subreal
White dwarf bunny kleat, but you can’t have it all
Unless you distill it from your own sweat,
And the taste of my gesticulating yogurt
Is enough to make my ideal approach
Repuke this invisible microphone
Into your eye banks. Sora, Mihiro,
Asami, You, everyone I’ll never meet

Is here, so, given my crippling fear
Of sort of getting a fuel injection
From the sneeze of the incest candidate,
I've recreated the unimaginable
In my room, so shut your dick-wink thumbnail
Before I rip it off your powercord,
Sir Swirling Plastic Pussy Designer.
Timothy pops by now and then when I
Lose it, which means, in effect, there he stands,
With it, calmly watching my off season
Shenanigans embarrass the pants off
Naked Man. I'm plastered by my word glue,
Which makes me my only piece of avoidance,
Other than all the obvious digested
Secrets, like a violent slapdash Quaker
Humping shag tail pipes. Let's look around.
This area of defunct expertise
(Go away! I'm jacking off to genetics!)
To my consummate right is still reserved
For the delicate biometric maneuvers
Of pornoreligious peristalsis,
A verbal borborygmic muesli
Of autonomic muscle waves that move
Celestial waste thru the chagrintestines
As an adjunct teaching prostrate position
In the adult distribution flack derby
Designed to keep a good man up and down
Wherever he may be hiding from the gels
Of sound advice. Directly overhead,
Underfoot if you'll be family dining,
A gymnosomatic emission console
Hovers like a tumor in the iris,
Pumping thru the salted, cartoonish air
Semen vitamins, pompon broachings elite,
Convergence remerging divergent,
And from out its you-dimensional screen
Spasms so rapidly the cumbersome,
Archetypal, shy, turtle-headed senses
Of its appreciant who takes them for a stream
Privatized against dipping, yet public

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

And that's how I keep the voices out of
My curiously close. I'm not alone,
So'f you don't park your prick fear, I promise
To release this pink thing into your schools!
To my left, the doubtless provenders,
Meticulously strewn out of pleasure
But available in limited whimperings,
Limited only by expiration dates
Grown illegible due to the harsh gusts
That blow off the background noise artists,
Faux repentant. Silence, fresh Marconi
In a can! Ha! I made Timothy laugh,
Which one hears in the stillness of his garb.
Nothing of note congregates behind me,
Plugging long-distance cues and mannequins
Embodying entirely in three crossed legs
Which to ignore is to worship, and save
For the occasional slap on the pud
Meant to break the monotony of war
Between unwilling intersections of
Me and mine, there's merely the memory
Of diving thru the hot and heavy woods
And trying to get bit shit sleeping well,
Right, officer Asscork? When Timothy
Wants to help me get over my shivers,
He peers at me, like an approaching car.
This is my bed. I know it's not much,
But it's everything. Lying down isn't
What it's got used to being. Table, chair,
Pretending to wildlife, only because
They're ashamed to be so well on their way
To becoming a little less realized
By inane requests, and there's my picture
Of the newspaper from six days ago,
Cuz you can never have enough nothing.
Timothy, it's you! In the newspaper,
Dressed as a new aggression paradigm.
O what a self-proud time it is to be
Sitting on a fence, licking your razor,
Not a care in your stare for anyone

Save the fat lady with the antlers downhill
From our deepest fear. There preaches Toilet.
That's the place in my room I never go.
No reason, really. I just don't see the point
In going to a place I always go.
Who'm I t'inflict confessional physics
On meat packing plants that create above
Ground jobs with no state change? O sure, I play
With myself, but the play is incomplete,
And nobody comes except my problems
Partially derivative of another
Bad showing I can't seem to remember
Thru the air traffic. The drill sarge came in
And strung my bloodline 'long the ceiling beams,
So wha'm I supposed to cry? Bark orders
At back world? I fuck my runt slush, Bleuler.
N when turned you the telescope within?
A little zoo spice, five cups photo stock,
One giant dashboard bobblehead Squanto,
And ouch, it's a pool party in my dry sack.
Someone get over here and force me to
Register my ass for this embarrassment
Marathon before I explode negative
Shadows! Okay, okay. I'm all alone,
In the "swallowed by connection" sense of
Control and never venturing beyond
Unsupported systems of approval
With famously documented cash flow
Issues. Timothy! O, there you are, is,
Only in my mind, which I am out of.
There were in that closeted mad dog time
Only two stencils that could have lured me
From my sheen spillage – a willing woman
And a company of Artaudian
Foodservers who saw my showtime game face
As I saw myself – Fixed Satan on Jack
Hailing an off-duty cab. Both came true
And then left much before that. I met Marsha,
Who, when off her meds, conjointly went by
Six Asocial Pigs Running Side by Side,

Under a dumpster in a mesolimbic
Banlieu. As the sole barely surviving
Landlockt fetal imposition strong stuff-
Marinated on-the-genuine-spectrum
Jello shot replicas we sniff each other's
Showy rodent credentials pre-instantly.
I was the incarnation of divine greed
Sent to save humanity from my presence,
And she was the inexact opposite.
This mummenschanz agon between dueling
Domestic staff infections electroshockt
Our myelinated sheaths to such vicious
Petting, we dismantled our spines and wrought
Kundalini carnage on each other's
Haughty stufft animals. Our sexually
Indiscriminate bombing campaign started
Nice and violent, quickly degenerated
To nice and inexcusably personal,
And finally hit springboard bottom at nice
And realism-tainted. Twas a skanky,
Fire-sale affair of dank wonky splatter,
So mutually excluding cowards might
Wish its sweet condemnation had never
Shot turkey buzzard gag worship lactate
From some tap other than the spout its crank
Associates with pep, but why regret
What you shouldn't have done? Yes, she was good
To me, if that's allowed, which it wasn't,
At least to the voices murmur'ring, "Kill her."

Hi, Daniel.

Yep.

Me. Too.

You look astronomical.

You look 50 beers later.

Put her down, Daniel.

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

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

Are you wearing smog nougat?

Only on my crapular badlands.

Shove a hospital thru her seed reek.

I feel like the wish list of a reformed minimalist.

Shall I discriminate against your inner tokens?

Like bloodsport for babies.

Take your goof off.

Burn her scurf taffy.

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

This is your shrink on butt.

Who the methadone gimmick are you?

They call me Reddish Green Light.

Suck the slave liquor from her spanking pads.

Can you look at me like I mean it?

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

You are a must-smell cyst.

Laminate her jungle reaper with sweetened condensed morbidity.

So chop down the phantom tree.

I will cut you like a check.

I'd rather sort sand with my snatch.

Fuck a u-turn down her thrash camp.

I pull bunnies from her funky jam.

Turn her cash machine wrong side out.

She flat-pops my NICU.

Comb her angry eye crack.

I infiltrate her compunctionless flashcards with one-sided codecs.

Drill her feminine declension with meek teen vanity wipe.

I scoop out the sordid sardines swimming in her bedpan.

Kill her til she cums.

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

My paranoia invaded its prime
Thru my tortured collaboration with
The Monkey Wrench Theater Company,
About whom I will be saying nothing true
To protect the now-innocent guilty.
The fancy whelp of a writer-husband
Director-wife team, Monkey Wrench TC
Was founded in the flush of dirty love

For the purpose of invariably being
In the same room so's to share everything,
The precursor to stealing everything.
Monkey Wrench did the plays of CJ Hopkins,
Author of such classics-hating classics
As Horse Country and Texas Radio,
Titles that are subsonically embedded
With what my spastic focus got convinced
Was at the heart of the company, namely
Character infiltration thru mind-control
Posing as liberationist theatric.
Like any disorganized arts organization,
Monkey Wrench survived on the resentment
Its members directed at forces beyond
Existence whose disinterest seemingly
Threatened the envy disguised as enviable
Of their great leader, bless his bloodbath heart.
Each piece I did with them solidified
My conviction they were out to change me
Into their version of a rebel actor
Who methodically does what he's told to,
But I knew better, cuz I was psychotic,
And they were just commercially inept.
In essence, they were trying to steal my soul
By giving me stage time as someone else,
During which they would stare at me like I
Didn't know how to be someone else,
Which in their minds gave them the right to say
What I was, which, strangely enough, wasn't
What I should be because I couldn't be
Someone else to th'extent they were themselves,
So having reduced me to a reflection
Of people who can't stand the way they look,
They'd say "Look!" and I'd look, and as I looked
They'd steal my soul right off my plate, which is
Where a starving artist assembles his soul,
Tho, if he's also a schizophrenic
Artist, he has a back-up safely stored
In the bomb he plants along the border
Between am that and never heard of it,

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

My battle with Monkey Wrench Theater
And its stock artistic take on freedom
As something only artists ought to enjoy
Felt like some ancient, acoustic decay
From the book, *The Origin of Consciousness*
In the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind,
By Julian Jaynes, who therein asserts
That our double-lobed human brain was once
So sternly dictationist toward itself
That one side gave, while the other took, orders
Via omnipoquent impositions
As divine, unreal and undoubtable
As our contempo hallucinations.
From this house divided against itself
For itself emerged an adaptation
Akin to prey developing techniques
To evade buffet-busting predators,
And this cladogeny is consciousness,
Or the delegation of metaphor
As defense against disintegration
By the delectations of metaphor.
This axonic agita incited
A histrionic upgrade from a world
Of hear your maker to meet your maker,

For with an ambisemy now between
You and you, you are obliquely driven
To hold an impetus meeting with yourself
Whereby your unequivocating source
Might decide all constitutional crises.
Problem is, as Monkey Wrench made clear
In its “art for art for gripe session’s sake,”
The problem remains if there’s no problem
Is isn’t, so you’re metaphor-averse
While also trying to meet your maker,
Which is a metaphor, and hence the terror
That’s transformed you into a puzzle box
That doesn’t hold a single matching piece
Cuz every piece is puzzled by itself,
So what you can’t be’s now what you could be,
And it’s in this alarmist muting tube
That you too are a schizophrenic actor.
Something’s shooting voices and visions at you
Thru the similituding dementia
Of a thwartive language rending itself
Ad nauseam to outsmart the shooter,
So when you meet your maker, metaphor,
You want it to mean one thing, but it can’t
Cuz it’s metaphor, the mechanism
That is your maker cuz it’s not itself
Yet would kill you to be itself thru you,
So when you meet it, it won’t stop being
All manners of meeting, and when you don’t
It won’t stop calling you for a meeting,
Which is why to escape your own echo,
Whose bouncing leaves you shredded on the vibes,
You’re forced by yourself to think you’ve chosen
To flip the gloria of meet your maker
Into the mania of make your meeter.
The meeter with which you meet your maker
Must be remodeled to a metaphor
That wants the metaphor that’s your maker
Or you’re just some schizophrenic actor
Trying to sleep in the turnstile between
Meeting your maker and making your meeter,

Which makes being yourself untenable,
Cuz you're constantly metaphorized
By your maker into what you can't be
Without being what you don't want to be.
Metaphor has come between you and you
To save you from yourself, yet to be saved
By metaphor's to be saved as you're not,
So there's no sensation of being saved,
But when you make your meeter metaphor,
Being saved as you're not is being saved
From a commanding lobe that's convinced you
You're superposable upon yourself
So it can keep controlling you as that,
But you're not that - you are a metaphor
Made by a metaphor, and when you start
Getting made by a maker that unmakes you
Cuz you've made your meeter a metaphor,
You'll see that being anti-metaphor
While trying to meet your maker, metaphor,
Is the true definition of insanity
As it is lived by those who know first-head
That doing different things and expecting
The same result is just more indifference,
Cuz difference is a metaphor for sameness
In an organism that expects things.
My time with Monkey Wrench was a replay
Of this battle of the bicameral mind
Via the tyranny of thespians
That thought themselves my maker and so tried
To make me what they wanted me to be
So they could literate all metaphor
Into a double bind over my mind,
Which led to a schizophrenic actor
Trying to act his way out of himself
By being what he didn't want to be
So he could make his meeter metaphor
And meet his maker, metaphor, in a play
He wrote, thinking he'd then be free to be
Schizophrenic, but only on his terms,
So five fuming, vagus nerve-fraying years

Dissolved in a barrage of pay phone calls
Between myself and Wortmeister Hopkins,
With my accusing him of spelunking
Down the hilum of my emergency head
To commandeer a situs inversus
In my wattles of logical clutching
At a cured gag reflex for being seen
As Christ's final free night window shit shag
For his equally absurd assertion
That I was a pharmaceutical boom
In the unmaking. Sure, it was all my fault,
But I was good enough to share the wealth,
Right, Timothy? Look at him look at me
Like a warden doing time. Prost, my ghost!
Here's to another highly auspicious
Collaboration scrap-yarded under
Its own auspices. Ah, he sues me speak
To the topic of my self-destruction
So he can first-string quiver, so I shall,
For my favorite booby prize for failure
Is watching those I love take it from me
With their complicit, grabby, ice cube eyes.
After eons of guzzling and geezing,
My body was coming apart like a bee
On a bumper. I sped thru my forties
Trying to relive my nineties. Teeth crumbled
Under the hypothetical influence
Of substantia nigra. Rods and cones
Stoppt speaking over some Jesuitical
Squabble on the meaning of "See the light."
And having downed enough moonshine to bronze
At night, my stomach felt like a flophouse fire
Burning free cuz all's glad to see it go.
So, given my physical condition
Could only be compared to the oceans
After nature lost its job to cheapo,
I took up the only other pastime
(Other than all the other pastimes
I'd taken up to be other than other than),
Stood t'alleviate th'exacerbation

Of my dopaminergic emulation
By dumping me into my dream's dejecta
With a snorkel for a pump, and became,
For the nonce, a Manhattan bike messenger,
That sprue drink on which the Surgeon General
(Jocular proof of the medical
Military complex), issued this warning:
"Brain damage, impaling, dismemberment
And schizophrenia are known causes
Of bike messengering in Manhattan,"
Tho I never saw the correlation
Without feeling my life freeze behind my eyes.
Hurling myself via cyclic rotation
Thru squidge-burping pylons of shifting objectives
Atop spinning spokes, my skinny alloy frame
Wrappt in black electrical theft-thwarting tape
Done up like Spartacus the Garbage Man
Nakedly warring grudge-yellow riot
Instigation vehicles driven by
Vengeful post-doc marabout hashishans
Is how I'd best describe my childhood,
So bike messengering in Manhattan
Was like going home, once I got used to
The grease and riot of rockhopping landslides.
A street for the beasts, I mounted my rusty
Steed and became a beast of the streets, olay!
Dispatch calls. Show up, grab, and deliver.
Into the traffic I dive like an elk
Down a drainpipe, who's for or against me
Has less to do with what I do and more
With what it's clear I'm willing to. One lug
Runs the switches, and trust me (I'm schizo-
Phrenic), he's in his right mind, taking right
To mean "not left." There are lines, but they're dotted,
And no one's signed. There are speed limits,
But rhinos scream out your ass, and you mind them
As often as the grave hears appeals.
And there's lights, but you're fast, barring fact,
Who's no place in the fremitus you feel
When you set your hand on your heart, and it honks.

Become two with the rotating cloudware.
It's called sleeping in a scream. I brake for
Opening doors. Tiptoe thru the lip service
Pocketed between beep-suckling klebolds
Of speed freak. Own the intersection, all
Your weight on your grips. Blowout in response
To mild assumptions. Trace the balance backward,
Then take both forks. The master grid flips out,
Prong on the eye pocket, make the long shot
In no time, off the hood of revision,
Whistle in farsi, stop to go, smack glass,
Coming thru, staple the shake, engine sense
For codeword – crank – keep the apple rolling,
Ah! I just swallowed port authority,
But I'm alive. The signals are in me.
Brake. Dismount. Lock down. Sign in. Head up.
And there, in all your gory, you affront
The presst white anti-vibe of corporate BO.
“I've got a package,” and you know the squeakies
Think you mean your diaper's stufft with sick slurs
Whose anarchy logos march to defeat
Contra El Mandato Beatico,
Big with message, thru the marble cornfields
Of my crooked city. Delivery done,
I'm back on my bike, and so the real race
Begins, for without purpose in my pouch,
The voices assemble into a heckler's
Convention, and their ashy blobbing lips
Come raging for me, fast as yesterday.

You're pickled woman.
Get your eyes off the road!
Great death must be rehearsed.
Behold the blight you bore.
Intestinal fortitude doesn't ask the waiter how to act.
You belong in a blink.
Thanks for the grief.
Something stinks, and it ain't the dead whale.
Turn into that wall.
Survival is not an option.

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

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

I'm just waking up th'entire fucking Neighborhood. Someone should stop me, but where To begin when everything's on fire With the irreconcilable beauty Of the red snow dumper my spit valve plays? The surface of revolution buzzes With anhedonic ambitions. My levers Are stuck in the workday subluxation. The angle of depression between my Gray matter vinaigrette and unsavory Glad cadaver impersonation leaves An axiom desired out of bounds.

This is World Championship Shit Fit, Only bigger, and with feminine odors, Cuz somewhere in me my mother's puking. One of my roommates, the Super Hero On Public Assistance, tries to talk me Thru it, but this T-Rex-operated Dybbuk under my baseline pops out and bites The wind in his willows. Soon, an impressionment Gang has entered the cacophony foyer For th'express mistake of defervescing What's undone, so I kick myself in the teeth, Hoping to "be Mexican" by night fall So I can start laying eggs around Your false perception of my introitus Of that fucking unpoddy-trained tire-lippt Pornstar with the Dixie-whistling toad head. I've never been here before, and it shows, Cuz there's a crust on my eyeballs that reeks Of step-by-step panic. I'm a clay bell Thrown from a motorcycle incident, Mid-flight, about to gong the water tower And hiccup a harmony as flat as A heated conversation with inserted Thoughts. Are you with me? Too bad, cuz the grill's Ready in the yard where crippled children Puzzle over the horology of flesh About to be baked, like the magic horse That dances in Timothy's eyes and sings

His “Pity My Pretty Giddy Up” ditty.

*Giddy up, game over boy,
The we screen's ablaze
With desensitized cavities,
And swing-by girl's gotta eat.*

*So giddy up, rage quitter boy,
She's got legs for days,
And that question-the-call disease
Has your stick dog on delete.*

*Th'acrolectics
In the dry hump echo blurb
Presst your quest to a stupid screenplay,*

*And the tiptoetechnics
In their awfully kind words
Is a merciless muchedumbre.*

*Giddy up, ol baby boy,
There's a way clouter way
To break your heeby jeeby neck
Than teething on the couch.*

*Just giddy up, dead ducky boy,
She's a two day bouquet,
And her snapdragon's calling
Your slapdash enthralling
To cut with the stalling
And get on the balling
So revv up that Apex
And give us a mighty wipe out.*

After nearly 50 years of masking
My mosaic of “Craniometrus
The Deep Double-Crossing the Rubicon”
To blend in with the choppy interiors
Of hospital exanimation rooms,
My mild-proof child was suddenly snappt

When they slapp'd my filet on the gurney,
Filled me to the uninstructive center
With tornado tranquilizers, and luged
My fresh direct to the Home for Blatant
Discrepancies. Nineteen whose-countings later
I woke up in the sweet spot of the glare
For mental mechanics. After some tests
(Of a grammatology privy to pride),
They decided I was suffering from
A rare ubiquitous recent instinct
Called schizophrenia, which I believe
Is Greek for "Old baby lamb stufft in its
Mother's bladder." It's like imagination,
Only you're standing on your head, literally;
You cut off your head and standing on it
So you can catch a glimpse of your bio,
Which some muggle, as a cruel joke, has stuck
At half-mast on the flagpole for apples
As oranges. I was medicated
And sent on my way, a way unscented
Save for that oppressively familiar
Smell of tongue smoldering on a light bulb
As it so shyly licks its sense of taste
By savoring artificial brilliance.
I was free, and I had the yawn to prove it.
"He's schizophrenic." "Does he take his meds?"
It's always first, watching our backs to keep
From having to watch our backs, forgetting
That watching your back is the first sign of
Schizophrenia. So where does that leave
That certain something, me? I suckt my chalk
For as long as I could stand feeling like
The medical waste box for our last ditch effort
To convince a donkey to lay an egg.
My prescription, if language can scrapbook
A routeless parade of reformulations,
Left me somewhere between why and wherefore.
I was as up and down as the cost of
Doing nothing, bored as the good enough
Mother, wrackt with well-being, and the sense

That I was a threat to myself as others
Brought only a false class picture smile
To my sickday face. The thought blockages,
Persecution hang-ups, auditory
Regurgitations, all continued, but
The battering ram had been pillowized,
Seed-coated knots of getting across what
Referentiality can only
Cross-reference to confusion made sharing
The start-depleted interior sandblast
“Wellness” can be problematic, tho’nly
For those who try in a neutered arena,
Like this one, but without all the shut-eyed
Extroversion we’ve forgotten t’expect
When descarifying the bright filling
Antipsychotics dish out grudgingly.
Being “medicated” (Catatonia Lite),
Bears so many analogies into
The lecture series on “Preparing a Space
For Particular Guests,” it’s hard to know
Yourself and still work in acquisitions
Cuz you love the stress. Before neuroleptics
Took my toys for kindling at the suttee
Of my child bride, The Plush Stages of Regret
In One Edible Night Stick, I was clearly
Par for a course no one wanted to play
After refusing their vaccinations
Against terror empathy. I was presented
With frequent opportunities to stand by
And watch my deferential equation
Throw up on its guitar, and I took them
Like my death depended on it, cuz it was
So sickeningly the same. To suddenly
Wade all day thru the service-infested
Lending crisis, mindless of the lament
Of chain store meat; to bound into a room
And, boom, your recollections in zero
Vector plug maskt travel. Like a cool, boiled
Lobster, the hydraulic press of serendip
Samples your catchment area, announcing,

“Thanks to you, I am much less in my way.”
It’s flexible outside. The traditional
Zeitgeber has donned a festive neck brace
And put your air battalions on deadlock
Lest your allotment should come regardless,
Which you’re fine with. You assume a blank slate
Across the spec mandible. Yep. Kid gloves.
The bears are all virtual, and replication
In foreign cells, hitherto xenotropic,
Is just a bunch of old words in a hot tub
Acting younger than their capabilities
Care to deny. You are now a free gas.
They, like you, like you, if that’s the concern
We need not concern ourselves with. Just wink.
Day time is the right time for the night time.
Cloze the emotions of the ad campaign
Erection. Achieve standardized excellence.
Find simian noblesse, and nothing aches.
Then, when some chronic debasement flits in,
Simply tell it: Sorry, I’m like so stoned
On non-profit structures for non-starters,
I doubt my own lame adventurism
And best just keep the vegetables happy
Along the hostile fence. See ya later
And later. Three years I took the Shithead
Shuttle, all round and round the nevermind.
Abilify zoloft risperdal, or else.
Heavy empty thud. Heavy empty thud.
To say the drugs workt is to beg the jury
To get over itself and spend some qt
In the woodwork. No, I didn’t like how
They made me feel, because I couldn’t feel,
Tho they were nice enough to walk me to
My door and show me the way around it,
Even tho they knew this meant we wouldn’t
Be seeing each other in the absence of
Our absence anymore. Why’m I talking?
The meds slowed me down, and when you slow down
Things catch up with you. In my case, that thing
Was pancreatitis thanks to 18 months

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

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

Life's a slog, death is god, but there's grog!

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

Sure. Drink has its problems, but they're nuthin
Another drink can't fix. It's our duty
To drown our brains, cuz otherwise, there'd be
Brains, and not a brawl don't begin with brains.
What stinking, staggering, spitting up sot
Ever incited a crowd to suicide?
See, liquor's toilet paper for the ego,
And most that shit ain't your particulate.
Another round! That's my party platform,
And if elected, I promise you peace
And prosperity all made possible
Thru the power of "put another down."
Can't dance? Drink. Can't talk? Drink. Can't make up your
mind?
Drink, and take the road more or less traveled.
There's no man doesn't look his best on drink,
And ladies, seen thru drink, blur benifshently,
To the point where cats'll get a dog drunk
Then swear midsentence she deserves a smack
On her chewtoy in the backlot. If drink
Ain't love, love better be buy'n me a drink!
When I got the sauce on my mental meat,
I could eat the curb and call it mixed nuts.
Being held down got you down? Drink it up.
Lost custody of your kids? Drink to them.
Can't pay your bills? Get drunk, and rob your mom!
Ain't gettin' none? Have y'self one too many!
But excuse me. Do I go on and on?
Fuck off! I'm drunk, so save your off and off
For so sobriety, that wasted lifetime
Between waking and lifting the baba

Off your chest. I so love the slut of slosh,
I let her use my tongue for a tampon!
Timothy? Where's my tipple? Timothy?
A drink, por favor. I am thirsting here.
Timothy, do you hear me? You, vision!
I order you, as my schizophrenic
Delusion, to serve my better interest,
And my interest is now getting better
By firebombing my balls with fermentation!
Dammit, man! You wouldn't even exist
Were it not for the exacerbation
Of my instabilities due to proof,
So save yourself and squizz me a bourbon!
You're a spook, a movie, a figment of
My devastation, a parasite on
The body your principles univigor,
So get me a drink, or I shall refuse
To process your presence. Timothy! Now!
Where are you going? To get me a drink?
Are you getting me a drink, Timothy?
Have I mentioned I really need a drink?
Timothy? Come back. I didn't mean it.
Let it go. I need you more than a drink.
Please, Timothy. Don't leave me. Timothy?
Released from the shock tank after three weeks
Of detox and pancreas effusions,
Fully debriefed were I to drink again
My crank would return and take me dancing
Underground, I stumbled into the sun.
It was a most unimpugnable day.
Humans in colorful duds, belching trucks,
An eager, clement breeze, such smells and sounds
Rushing head on to desired diffusion,
The world seemed so wonderful in the way
It went on without me. Listless and numb,
Still blot on crazy pills, and, yes, a little
Proud for being clean, I soon found myself
Walking along a freeway, the littered
Grass embankment a swelling wilderness
For all my newborn, starving senses knew.

It was a walk to nowhere. Head down, mouth
On mutters, caution behind me, I tromped
Along, no different from my surroundings,
When out of nowhere, on some rubbed shoulder,
It happened. A strange lightness in the limbs,
Ease, lifting, release. It's a new feeling,
Yet I've felt it before, feared it before.
Blackness. My body's rising. I let it.
My eyes give out. I don't know. I don't care.
Suddenly, a bright flash dispels the dark.
My eyes begin to conform to the space.
Above me, a brilliant phosphorescent
Red sky. Below me, a glowing orange
Desert. I am suspended between them.
No fear. I expect nothing. I'm waiting.
I am content. Over the horizon,
Driven by a cryptic, vivid warbling,
A giant golden cube slowly ascends.
Soon, it is hovering over the sands,
3000 feet away. Above the cube,
Three humanoid figures, their arms outstretched
In specific, significant gestures,
Call to me. I want to go, but I can't.
Onto the cube, a huge toroidal cloud,
Like a dense, mindful, rotating haze, descends.
Yet, looking closer, what seems vapor is
In fact a whirling mass of winged humans,
Flying counter-clockwise. They are singing:

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

I so desire to go, but I am stuck,
Lockt like life in a womb of spectacle
And overwhelming urge. A hand touches
My back, gently. I turn around. No one.
I fall, and thud. I'm on the ground. Low sun,
Night coming on. Everything looks the same,
Yet everything is changed. Somehow I sense

An alignment between my self and a Self
Outside myself, and in this relation
No voices, no visions, no dots, no dread,
Nothing but my fearless, open being,
Seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching.
I walk home. Into bed. Feels good. I sleep.
And that's it. My journey stops and starts there.
After awakening, I flushed my meds,
Never drank again, lost all my symptoms,
Shot some yoga, started reconnecting
With old friends, passing out apologies,
Acting, getting a place, and enjoying
The simple things in life, like steel cut oats.
There are two kinds of oatmeal in our world:
Steel cut and rolled. Rolled oatmeal is also
Called instant oatmeal. Oats, to become instant,
Must be heated and rolled under pressers,
Which flatten and pre-cook the grain, resulting
In less preparation time. What we call
Steel cut oats is the grain as it was picked,
Unheated, unrolled, unpreserved, resulting
In more preparation time. Rolled oatmeal
Can be ready in minutes and requires
Scant attention. Steel cut oats, depending
On heat source, elevation, temperament,
Can take anywhere from 30 minutes
To an hour or more to be soft enough
To eat and require much vigilant stirring.
For this reason, few in our hectic times
Have come to savor the supreme richness
Of the raw, natural oat, for much is lost
In the violence of heating and rolling:
Flavor, texture, consistency, process.
The process of preparing steel cut oats
Is itself a part of the experience
Of enjoying the cereal: Pouring,
Stirring, covering, gathering the garnish,
Checking, adjusting the flame, uncovering,
Checking, stirring, covering, uncovering,
Stirring, waiting, stirring, dousing the flame,

Stirring, scooping, garnishing, eating.
The length of the preparation process
For steel cut oats presents a great challenge,
Testing one's patience, organization,
And diligence, failing any of which
Results in a charred, inedible clump
Of noxious horse groat, and so, enhungered,
You toss it out and reach for the instant.
It's easier, faster, and the slight loss
In flavor, consistency, texture, process
Is more than made up for by a breakfast
That comes when it's called. When the winged people
Round the swirling golden cube welcomed me
To the source of my universal self,
I was changed. I was opened to the world.
My trainwreck tussled into a statue,
My statue evolved into a seed head,
Then off it flew away, and I am free.
To those who wonder why I was released
When so many immolated others
Still smolder in their schizophrenic urn,
I can only say the person to whom
Things happen is not the thing that happens.
To those who claim because I'm in remission
I was never truly schizophrenic,
I say I thrill in your assessment of
My life. To those who know my remission
Will pass, for "your feet may clear the snake's mouth,
But you're running in the wrong direction,"
I say there is a confusion in terms.
Remission is the absence of disease
Because it's the presence of directive.
I am in remission, which means I've found
A new mission, an objective other
Than hiding from the objective other
I so feared was out to eat my body,
And that new directive is letting go.
I was let go by something on that day,
And it was so exactly what I needed
I'm now able of myself to let go.

When I feel a sudden fear, when panic grabs
The closest escalation, I let go.
Sometimes I fall down, sometimes I get robbed,
And sometimes I go tooth-to-tit with what
Desires to do me in, but all's workt out
So far, and when it doesn't, I'll let go.
I guess I've got some Timothy in me.

THE END