

*TO THE READER*

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## THE UNRULY CHILD

There is a company called Marathon Oil, mother,  
Very far away and very big and, again, very  
Desirable. Who isn't? back connecting pure dots,  
Fleecy intelligence lapped in explanatory sound  
The faces make difficult.

Learn the language.  
That beautiful tongue-in-cheek hostage situation:  
My mind, up close, in pjs, and I use it.  
Wanting to fuck an abstraction nine times in a row,  
Continuous melismata, don't stop, don't stop, no name, no picture.

There is a series of solids, mother,  
Called people, who rise to the single, transparent, unobtainable  
Solo windows mornings, afternoons,  
And there are military operations called  
Operation Patio, Operation Menu.

It is individuals who finally get the feel of the tenses.  
So that it may snow, has to snow on the muddy corpse.  
There is a boundary, mother, very far away and very  
Continuous, broken, to interrogate civilians, the self,  
The text, networks of viewers found wanting a new way  
To cook chicken, why not?, to kill while falling asleep.  
There is the one language not called money, and the other not called explosions.

## SEDUCED BY ANALOGY

First sentence: Her cheap perfume  
Caused cancer in the White House late last night.  
With afford, agree, and arrange, use the infinitive.  
I can't agree to die. With practice,  
Imagine, and resist, use the gerund. I practice to live  
Is wrong. Specify. "We've got to nuke em, Henry"  
Second sentence: Inside the box is plutonium.  
The concept degrades, explodes,  
Goes all the way, in legal parlance.

"I can't stop. Stop. I can't stop myself."  
First sentence: She is a woman who has read  
*Powers of Desire*. Second sentence:  
She is a man that has a job, no job, a car, no car,  
To drive, driving. Tender is the money  
That makes the bus to go over the bridge.

Go over the bridge. Makes the bus. Tender  
Are the postures singular verbally undressed men and women  
Assume. Strong are the rivets of the bridge. "I'm not interested,  
Try someone else" First sentence:  
Wipe them off the face. Not complete.

Bold are the initiatives that break deadlocks  
In the political arena of sexual nation states.  
A bright flash I, the construct, embrace all my life  
All the furniture in Furniture World, U.S.A.,  
All my life on tv "first thing in the morning."  
My head is, somewhere, in my head. Say, threaten,  
Volunteer, want, all take the infinitive.  
First sentence: The woman's clothes volunteered  
To mean the woman's body. Biology  
Is hardly the word. No irony, no misleading  
Emphasis, just a smooth, hard, glossy desktop.  
The President was "on the ceiling."  
He could watch himself face down the faceless forces of history.

A nation's god is only as good as its erect arsenal.  
It's so without voice, in front of the face, all my life I,  
In corners, dust, accumulating rage breaking  
Objects of discourse. "Why use words?" Smells from  
The surrounding matter, the whole tamale.  
"I have no idea" "I use my whole body"  
"Be vulnerable" First sentence: They were watching  
The planes to fly over their insurgent hills.  
Second sentence: Their standard of living  
We say to rise. No third sentence.

#### A HISTORY LESSON

I wonder whether "States" in "United States"  
Is a noun or a verb. The clothes of my  
Charmed wife I see before me, as the phone  
Rings and rings. In the beginning, to set  
The record straight, was a mother cooing to a baby.

US: What a wonderful audience  
To put up with all those dead people.  
Push all the *right* buttons so we *won't*  
Get blown up? Give the person back to the baby.

The higher the ladder one mounts . . . cancelled.  
We receive many helpful suggestions  
Every day . . . The best of luck.

On high, money assumes a human look,  
Like a face, that fine line  
Between want and need.

"I use my whole doctrinaire  
Vocabulary, praxis twice as hard  
And rhetorical as a shotgun in a pickup.  
Today's date, sigh, a heavily feathered  
Paperweight crammed down the group esophagus  
For pleasure. Your bored longings--  
That's how money is manufactured."

A coy little cog beneath the Democratic Party  
(Save the last dance for me) was born,  
And now, suspended in a jar of methadone . . .

The United States unite into a fist standing tall,  
Nothing to do all day but make war, this is not  
My idea of a place to live. I'm willing to look  
The text in the face, but am unable  
Not to stay all the way outside, speaking  
In infuriated detail. I'm a decal, you're a decal, unless . . .  
Walter Mondale? Sappho? Separate  
The living from the dead, right?  
"If you say so, dead man"

#### PROBLEMS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

. . . cancelled. I eat my words  
And fall asleep. Sometimes there's a period,  
Sometimes dots to connect, and sometimes  
A blank. Bikini briefs and atoll.  
Sometimes big flashes, big puns on light,  
On flesh. Cherubs spill out

Of 2-D theory. We are fini, Lola,  
Kaput, my vegetable scrubbrush.  
Take a very large number and be seated.  
Boneless breast of plot, clock  
As male archetype dozes, blazes through,  
Pillar of living fire. All is calm, all is bright.

Dishes washed and dripping in the drying rack.  
So long as it is *there*, it holds the heavenly love,  
That's what it says, Aphrodite of the heavens;  
Here, turned harlot, used words, Aphrodite of University Avenue.

Half a face, call 651-2524, tours, chariots.  
Now I have to wash my hands.

## PICTURE

Picture (see, control, dominate) a  
Phallogocentric lawyer dominating a Snickers, Milky Way, or Mars Bar  
On Market Street in the spermy light  
Of day. "I couldn't care less"

I'm not going to get off his case  
Until the subject, a 10 foot tall ogre  
Sitting at the conference table, changes nature.  
Unknowable, domineering, ravening, question-begging, life-

Destroying, tune-mongering calliope. Always  
At a moment's notice, water's edge, eye  
Hems its own parade, sinks into past. You can't believe  
What you read. "I wouldn't if I were you"

For only in this way can the poem  
Be returned to the mind (a mouth).  
A man's large, erect penis and a woman's  
Larger, more erect penis, these are the strategic materials

For the in-touch scenarios of people  
Who husband the earth's increasingly scarce  
Strategic materials. The mighty engine  
Mounts the throne, of egg and semen made.

## DON'T DRINK THE WATER, EAT THE FOOD, OR BREATHE THE AIR

My perfect life is being spoiled  
By this shitty army food. Radioactive  
Waters mixed in the salad dressing are discoloring  
My perfect pornographic page (the real thing),

Its thighs geometric, meretricious.  
Torn-up grandmothers in El Salvador  
My beautiful sky don't touch me or it'll go partly cloudy.  
Envelope-language means nothing. Tear it open.

A number of other lives. Tears, cheers, applications.  
So now you have a perfect one inch vegetable word generator in my head.  
It thinks. Stupid baby grown up extremely accurate.

Lob the applause meter right into the mens room at the Kremlin.

It is perfectly reasonable to be so annoyed  
With the lack of respect one receives from the media  
(Institutional acronyms spread putative paper legs  
To a trillion dollar wind) that one thinks

Of the five hundred thousand dead communists  
In Indonesia in 1965 as sick caribou  
Culled from the herd by the skilled PBS wolves.  
This thin tundra snow makes a perfect backdrop.

#### MENTAL IMAGERY

My grandmother grew up on a farm  
Somewhere in my mind. Estonia, I think.  
There were no people there, only me.  
Where once were vaginas like Bibles  
And penises like bookmarks, now groups

Of chemically hounded hunters and gatherers  
Huddle around the tube, a combination  
Digestative and glory hole, glowing  
In a permanent rightwing fundraiser  
(The structuralist stunned in the tub,  
The tide of signifiers (resumes) rising).

Now there is nothing wrong with having  
A baby, though a few strategic needs might place  
Childcare on the back burner. Somebody  
Wants nobody in particular's oil. I want  
To talk. Tumultuous applause. I want everybody  
(Letters literally burned into wood) to be home.  
Unclean thoughts attach to counted bodies.

Here I am, man's clothes on a woman's baby.  
The brain is a reducing valve, one  
That doesn't work, watch. This salt shaker  
(My features, irreducible)  
Won't leave here without me.

#### A PROPHECY

What's true? The men get  
To push the buttons. Doors

Slide open. Get off,  
You and all your options.

The condemned populace  
Spills its guts in the aisles  
Of Safeway. Rings of torture  
Surround Toys R Us.

"I use my whole body"  
Like clouds  
Through a relaxing rolodex  
After an off day,

Tones of violence make words  
The whole truth and  
Nothing but the truth,  
So help no one in particular the smell

Of grassy mud. The clear idea  
With the variable treaty  
Prepared to blacken  
The page with a single word.

Sunshine, the visionary's thumb, look,  
He's staring at it.  
The brain is the event  
Of its life. What are *you*

Doing here? Many stiffs  
Selling theory, slowly, slowly (one drop would save me)  
Breaking down, as walls  
Guarding private fact echo.

"Without a precise time frame  
Or sequence of images, we're  
At sea here, Mr. Perieulomon,  
But we appreciate your concern.

One drop would save me.  
I use parts of my whole body,  
I part with the curtain,  
The story. Reason would never--

So help me 30 year old  
Quarry lake where telegenic  
Teenagers shyly fuck off camera  
(These same kinds of decisions

Also face vastly inferior

Russian computers) -- never think  
Of looking for me here.  
What's true? The same

Words spread, jam, placebo  
By lethal injection.  
The condemned sky fills with F-16s.  
Death squads below the milk and blueberries.

The face drives, the vehicle  
Heads. Self-fed images  
Of triumphal satisfaction relax  
Into the steady stream of vaccinated virgins.

No verb out without a noun after dark.  
The method of ownership  
Acts through a medium, tissue, flesh,  
Paper, reason, and over and over,

In front of the tube or above the gas pedal,  
A desire to dominate,  
To come, to be loved, wonderful,  
Arriving home, no,

From the supermarket, no, sky  
Filled with rain, F-16s  
Under compulsion at the end of order,  
Say it in order to have it

Said, the fall of capital,  
Meaning heaped up  
Only in bodies.  
Will there be enough to eat after?

The store, the flat tall tale,  
Sans want, sans need.  
The ideal factory would be small, furry, libidinal,  
And not need a roof? Yourself?

A national anthem is a shot  
In the arm, rosy, infected,  
At a point of no return.  
Down the hail from

The Frozen Woman, across  
From the Dyspeptic Man,  
Above the Quiet Couple, and below  
The Ideologically Fun Party--



Sounds like, could be,  
But is anyone some one  
Place? Help is on the way,  
Loss and confusion.

#### UP MEMORY LANE

Give yourself one point for each time sense data mount  
Up and suck you through the window. These  
Single things left over from dream ovens.  
Water makes a pretty picture.

date 2nd the on woman the of image sleep the said you love I  
water aren't people. pore every from love Radiating

Why am I doing this?  
Asks Dobie Gillis, performing (imagine Andre Previn  
Conducting Brahms on tv) cunnilingus on Annette Funicello  
(You'll hear from my phallogentric lawyer).

Because you want to,  
Need to literally like your own other.

life of facts the smear Words  
desired you If. through real Air  
weighed body your if equally word Each  
matter wouldn't direction then thought your as much As

But I've made my mind a land populated  
way this in only for sound demons relations By  
Can the poem enter the mind without  
stopped effectively being and itself Disguising

#### SCAPEGOAT

Scraps of dogs in head, bacon. A big metal  
Think tank cracks a smile, rolling down  
Windows to shop a quarter of the day away  
To restore order. Walls call collect.  
Spectators identify with the special effects

(Hear them barking?) as a beautiful industrialized  
Woman, one in a million, rolls down her  
Window and drives over to your ad. My hands  
(Welcome to the human race) are indefinably far

From my body. Rocky punches insurgent meat.  
He'll lose. The withered plot thickens away.

Bitches of the World, unite, untie!  
Male presences, change your own diapers for a change?  
Public buildings every ten or so blocks, solar, no doors!  
A poets theater in every town!  
Equip the stages with trampolines, but no p.a. systems,  
No clocks, no extraterrestrial clues to meaning.

Back, earthling, to your partially eaten  
Language tamer. Would you buy a used concept  
From yourself? Then speak. A sentence (here  
We go again) whips itself into a frenzy of obvious  
Obliterated social life. It's hazy & cool today.  
The subject emerges from the rubble, ribbon,  
Having survived, socially, partially eaten.

#### JOURNAL DES DEBATS

Another bumpersticker for peace. Another  
Terrorist attack on the Word Bank. Terrorist  
Is another word for entertainer. Entertaining  
A numb mind is another bumpersticker for peace.

Alone on the court, a grandfather studies  
His foul shot, and makes it.  
Why should "impotent" mean  
"Unable to maintain an erection"?

One doesn't "own the world," one owns  
"Everybody else," plays a zero-sum game  
Of squash, and stimulates one's wife  
To orgasm (like learning to ride a bike)

With one's Weimar Republic sex manual,  
Which led, without pause for thought,  
To Nazi eugenics. People are now (still) alive.  
He'll suck, if you can get him started.

#### PAPER

No progress

A dramatic monolog

At the moment of orgasm?

God of xerox,  
God of blame,  
Is your name  
The same as mine?

Destruction from within  
Begot sentence upon sentence

Born to it

A fantasy blocks out  
Colors in  
The sun-noun

By the mental associations  
Formed and bothered  
Here, both in my  
Mind and body and in  
Conjunction with . . .

Presenting . . .

As told to . . .

Are you me?

It's so tangible it has  
Talked day & night,  
Hurts and offers  
You a place  
To stay for the rest of your life

Takes off shirt by river  
Gets carried away  
Gets put into warm delicious

Baked into nursery rhymes

Triangles, slaves

Not funny

No feeling, so very far away

In a room, a cavern

It was like learning

Another language only  
To find that it's the same  
One face way close now

Relates to objects  
I'm afraid

You've got to  
Drive em  
And wash em  
And show em that  
You love em

Not a complete sentence  
Afraid of the veils ripping  
Afraid of the air burning

Isn't it funny,  
There is a Pacific Ocean,  
But no self?

Sounds like . . .

A picture of a head  
Stares and would  
Speak but there are words  
Printed below on the paper  
A common commodity  
And naturally  
You understand . . .

#### WHY USE WORDS?

A boatload of coruscating grunts  
Arrives on Mars. Coruscating--  
Think of a waterfall. Think of  
An island paradise in the bank  
Of the brain, think of jeeps, sand,

Native women, capitalized flesh, think  
Of history as a communicated disease.  
The deathbed scene in *Camille*.  
Cleared to land. Slash and burn.  
Think of photographed water,

Freely falling over a protruding lip,  
Sparkling against a background of dead

Dirt and rocks slaving over the scenery.  
"You take the boy delivering the tortillas,  
Lock him in a room and beat the shit out of him.

Then you've got two more names. Of course I'm just  
Imagining it." I speak my whole life  
Spread out against me in a collection  
Of manipulable objects, all with realistic  
Colors, prices, and accurate names.

"I'm in love, I'm in love,  
With a beautiful gal . . ." The image here  
Is of a man eating chipped beef  
On toast. Lines (greying red) appear  
In the clotting medium . . . We study these.

Those mental patients on Grenada  
Were so paranoid we had to  
Kill them accidentally. Now we turn to study  
The gods. Remember Mars and Venus caught  
In that net? My doily is glowing a vicious red.

To sum up: Jack has got to find  
The robbers' gold with the help of the dispossessed  
Animals before he can go back home  
And help with the chores (blindly chopping wood)  
He used to find so hard and harder to understand.

#### "U.S. SEEKS NO BASES IN S.E. ASIA"

A lot of people live here:  
See: big  
Smooth car skins. Personally  
I don't, not. Pick up the bumpersticker

And place it on the group.  
For only in this way.

Braided wood, hanks  
Of memoirs walk a horse.  
Tidal disclaimers.  
It's awfully unrealistic.

Pick up the paper. Naval guns  
Butter up populace.  
They think up the place they'll go.  
A picture of a man speaking.

The poem, the thousand year itch.  
Radish seeds thinned out  
In full light.  
"Don't read it to me or I'll fall asleep"  
As an ant crawls on weathered wood.

Sit back and watch jets.  
That fine line between want  
And need runs along the bodice  
Of Guatemala reflected off  
The polished desktop too deep  
In the background to show up on tv.

In books, the prisoner writes in blood.  
Off the face. For only  
In this way can the store be lit  
A dead interval before a decent burial.

Figures at the apex wearing  
Some clothes made by some  
Other people wearing some  
Other clothes. "What are you  
Trying to tell me?"

Pieces of paper hold  
All the cards. People,  
That word again, go home and shut doors.  
Sex manuals, Christmas decorations.

## EXCESS

Sometime around midlife, wishes  
Gather to a locus (place)  
(Take off your clothes and *place*  
Them on the floor)

"Be vulnerable" skin softly  
Switching tense (anything but that)  
Go back to gather to a locus  
(Remember who you are) (but who

Is that white vegemetic on the counter  
Of the redone dream lover's  
Former mansion of a life?) Go back  
To gather to a locus (memory: place)

(Place your mind in the refugee camp)  
Go back to wishes gather  
To a locus and begin to deny themselves  
Nothing, not the slightest

Particle of certainty, vanity, face,  
A vast (18" wide) and towering (72" high)  
Perception (12" deep) of what is (there),  
An ocean (mind) enraged, distended,

Swollen upright darker and colder green  
Than tantrums or language, "I don't  
Know you," every rock on this tired  
Uterocentric earth of language

In place, wrong, and to be  
Read into the directions  
By continuous  
Approximate units of time.

#### STATEMENT

The universe is pronouncing sentences,  
Nostalgic, what tense, and what  
Person? I am here, was about  
To say, wholly in mind and body . . .  
"You've had enough, buddy."

The Pentagon inhales the mystery religion  
Of its hydrogen bomb, fried regions'  
Penetralia in recompense for attacks  
On theory or shy good looks, orchestrated  
To an overall bland finale

To logic-stories. If you lock yourself  
Out of your car and you  
Have left the motor running  
And the car is in gear, moving  
Away from you (this is not a test)

Then you are still not  
Without transportation, which is  
The point. The dreaming senses (wake up and smell the burning rubber)  
Reflect upon the sounds in the word  
Water, by image or death or reason.

No place exists even once. Even before

Birth, earlier made-up syntax  
Could tell you apart  
From a thing or two, nothing waiting  
in the wings, spiritual placebo plus

The actual problem of dying.  
Common sense to speak after  
Learning the talk, but now  
Come the interesting actual horrible  
Mass concatenations. Think for awhile,

Not as a delaying tactic, and  
Don't implode. So, the sun comes up,  
Agreed? Not as some thermonuclear  
Game of chicken, not the word, not  
The movie. Hot water, chicken soup.

Unworldly broken creditcard, one hand,  
Two hands, three, four, five, and so on.  
The Marshall Plan and our subsequent  
Arms build-up was aimed at keeping Europe  
From going neutral. A body,

Off the page, going native (how many orgasms can a paper tiger have?).  
An occasional postcard, without writing, but  
Lands & Peoples are none of anybody's business.  
Can you imagine having  
Your body all its life.

Conscious, as a kind of record player  
Of group life lived in the same  
Place with people who you found  
So fascinating that you learned to speak  
Exactly the same language, plus personal

Surmises, sunrises interpenetrating  
Dreams with real-time gargantuan  
Optical dimensions of the trees  
Outside? In Guatemala in 1954,  
Arbenz began to expropriate unused land,

Offering United Fruit exactly the same  
Low figure United Fruit had given  
Earlier as a base to calculate taxes.  
At that point, the CIA intervened.  
There is a line, and it makes a picture,

A death's head revolving under strobed  
News reports told to the excess orgasm



Skimmed off the xeroxed jobmobile  
With distribution clear to all  
Campus bookstores closed weekends

In a blinding drizzle of tears, one  
Each day for life. "You won't  
Be needing that." No effort  
Of attention is ever wasted, vistas  
Of sand, the one second it takes to memorize oneself on into story,

Pacified body asleep. No agreement  
Without understanding the words are  
Lawfully wedded illegal aliens  
Tried by a jury of dazed responses  
Splayed onto aging freeways, armed

With feelings that would choke a horse,  
A thing with a tail, hanging down,  
Relative to the greater mass of the earth.  
The universe has spoken in here  
Until it is many mornings ago

That I say this now here,  
Orange there, told apart by the transoms  
In memory wash breaking over  
Body, water, different durations.  
A crushed mind retains

Color, colors mingled in mindless  
Alliances. The only thing standing  
Between the Beverly Hillbillies and annihilation  
Is not now and never has been  
30,000 nuclear bombs.

#### INSTITUTIONS AND THE INDIVIDUAL APPLICATION

Is this my ballot? This  
Plastic placemat (don't stop, don't stop)  
Showing a man and a woman  
In a refugee camp listening to a loudspeaker?

Eleven million children (picture it)  
(Don't stop) standing on the surface of the earth  
(Scarface) looking at a lightbulb.  
The plot? I don't know you.

Second mortgages, pallbearers

On a roll, seeded lawns,  
It's lights out at the fetish factory.  
Think of these modified nouns (this luminous egg

Is your body), selected and torn to pieces  
Of these modified nouns, as the  
Orgasmic (that word again) drumroll  
(Look out the window) (his phallogentric

Truth goes marching on) leading to  
A giant phallus (male walrus)  
Sworn to uphold language (your museum or mine?).  
Day: cars; night: trees,

No original word, many  
Per body, father and baby  
Cooing back and forth, mother  
And son talking.