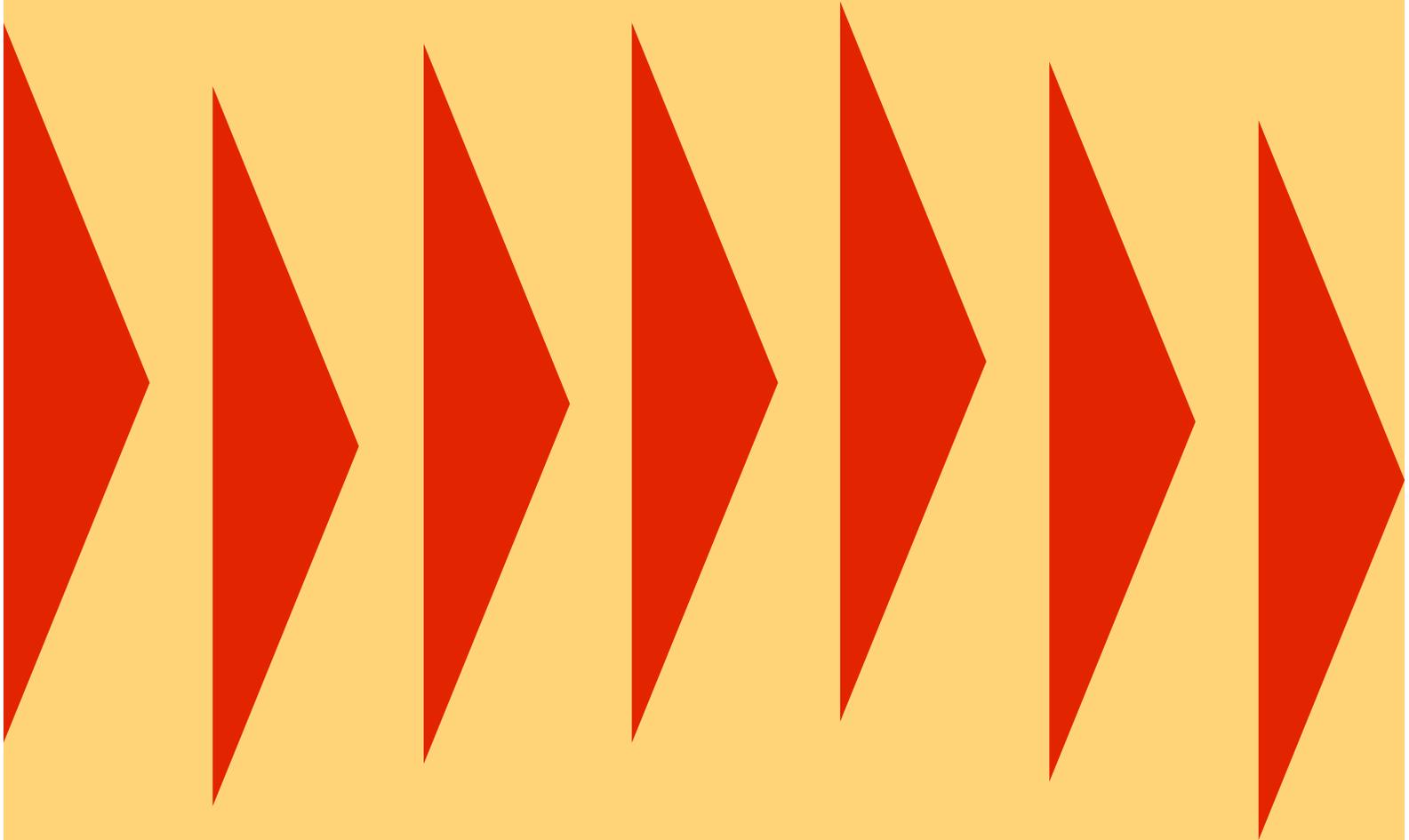


# paper excuse



A collection of writing by the students of  
Charles Bernstein's English 111  
at the University of Pennsylvania

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## Trust the Wreading Process!

English 111: Final Project

By Jackson Bentley

Down The

Upkick



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*page* Week 1  
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nued) and Week 11 and Conclusion

## Week 1: Mad Libs

I mad-libbed Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken." The words I switched are in parentheses, and their parts of speech are in order under each line. 🐭 🐭 🏠 🧀 ⚡

Two (rats) (rapped) in a yellow (house),

**noun-verb-noun**

And sorry (rhymes) could not (make) (lemonade)

**noun-verb-noun**

And (eating) (rotten) (cheese), long I (watched)

**verb-adjective-noun-verb**

And (scurried) down (wires) as (stealthily) as (current) could

**verb-noun-adverb-noun**

To where (randomness) (skittered) (throughout) the (air);

**noun-verb-preposition-noun**

Then (battered) the (outside), as (apathetic) as (Rick),

**verb-noun-adjective-noun**

And (running) perhaps the (ponziest) (scheme),

**present participle-adjective-noun**

Because it was (destructive) and (uncontrolled) (creation);

**adjective-verb-noun**

Though as (from) that the (rats) (daringly)

**preposition-noun-adverb**

Had (written) (sounds) really about the (truth),

**past participle-noun-noun**

And (I) that (cause) (casually) lay

**noun-noun-adverb**

In (beds) no (animal) had trodden (before).

**noun-noun-adjective**

Oh, (pancakes) (signaled) the first for (hearty) day!

**noun-verb-adjective**

Yet (seeing) how (random) leads on to (mine),

**present participle-noun-noun**

(Rats) (discussed) if I should ever (live) (truthfully).

**noun-verb-verb-adverb**

I shall be (waiting) (fork) with a (bite)

**present participle-noun-noun**

Somewhere (anywhere) and (nowhere) (somewhat):

**noun-noun-adverb**

Two (rats) (spoke) in a (flurry), and I—

**noun-verb-noun**

(Rats) (made) the ("I") less traveled by,

**noun-verb-noun**

And (random) has (given) (them) the (truth).

**noun-past participle-noun-noun**

### Week 3: Homophonic Translation

Source text: Wikipedia's showing of Gödel Incompleteness Theorem; Translated to Portuguese; Then,

Homophonic Translation. 

Gödel's incompleteness theorems are two [theorems](#) of [mathematical logic](#) that demonstrate the inherent limitations of every formal [axiomatic system](#) containing basic [arithmetic](#).<sup>[1]</sup> These results, published by [Kurt Gödel](#) in 1931, are important both in mathematical logic and in the [philosophy of mathematics](#). The theorems are widely, but not universally, interpreted as showing that [Hilbert's program](#) to find a complete and consistent set of [axioms](#) for all [mathematics](#) is impossible.

Os teoremas de incompletude de Gödel são dois teoremas da lógica matemática que demonstram as limitações inerentes de todo sistema axiomático formal contendo aritmética básica. [1] Estes resultados, publicados por Kurt Gödel em 1931, são importantes tanto na lógica matemática quanto na filosofia da matemática. Os teoremas são amplamente, mas não universalmente, interpretados como mostrando que o programa de Hilbert para encontrar um conjunto completo e consistente de axiomas para toda a matemática é impossível.

Oh stay or ream us day in come plate dude duh go Dell so dosed day Uranus the low he go mat and mat and 'cause K the man scam ass limit a sow sin in the event of to know system X yum attic oh form malcontent to errant medic cuz boss sick a. Is this resin to adults public to those poor, Kurt Godel, him that's no veteran dam that's how to import aunties tan toner low he got Mat a mat hiccup Juan tuna fill ossifier to mad at my attic cuz. Host here ain't us how amp lament amass knowin' the bear salmon day in their potatoes comb almost and okay Oprah gravity hill burnt for our income try mkay hut and john pilates conscious hentai they us we voters for a total of pat the mat hickory him post shovel.

### Week 4: Gizzi Imitation

Poem from Peter Gizzi's *In Defense of Nothing* flipped into an imitation.



#### Fragment (To the Reader)

When you wake to brick outside the window

when you accept this handmade world

when you see yourself inside and accept its picture

when you feel the planet spin, accelerate, make dust of everything beneath your bed

when you say you want to live and the light that breaks is an inward light

when you feel speed of days, speed of light

if one could fancy vision then let it be of you

let it be thought breaking in your view

### **Squirlyies (For the Professor)**

do you want fancy photoelectrics sucking your view

if my fractals words snake right to you

when I word work for you interesting letters better

when I write those other better letters in a different class

when I fuck up this Bio midterm earlier today

when I see warp patterns inside themselves metastasize, hurt, die sometimes to be born again

when I face Penn inverted peers sculpt this handmade world

when I angst creep the brick paths outside your window?

### **Week 6: Stream of Consciousness**

Stream of consciousness pulled from blog.



hard to go to sleep because my mind is always like spongebob before he rides the ferris wheel the smell of wood chimineah campfire smoke roast marshmallows with the neighbors think im selling dope because i dont smoke crack mothafucka i sell it

goddam im kinda funny arent it like in my southernness how do you feel being a minority everybody thinks theys a minority

how do i get zinging phrases slap me periodically throughout the day and i vow to never forget only to always forget and sometimes remember how the air smelled on a windy spring day with the white and green apple weeds shaking in the wind when we had a soccer tournament at mike rose and i had to wake up at 7:00 am remember that time i had like sixteen water bottles in my soccer bag going through airport security randomness breaks us from our patterns yeah im mostly an aural leaner im adroit at spading clothes saweds are woodchips remember when they used to use those to stuff a wound stuff my thanksgiving turkey on some good grainy ish remember last thanksgiving when we cried and i felt so bad for my family and so isolated from them do i believe that thing i was gonna say nope

zingers ringing through the front door vibrating out the back where i munched like crunch munch some spinach trynna pass a fedex drug test remember that day i got hella day drunk had to take a nap at like 4 pm because i was so drunk so drunk but pretty happy in it why you gotta feel bad being happy or trying to be happy watched hunterxhunter in about two minutes zapped the bugs trynna bite my freckled pulling up to the crib like oh is that caroline driving near gotta stress my hair hows it look no be honest wait that was fast shes gone did she see doesnt matter it was so fast youre seriously worrying about this seriously jabe silly haha youre right youre right

stuck at the end of a brick wall starting my sentence because adhd is real do i have ian tell me do i have no dont ask him that whats he gonna tell you but i wanted to ask i wanted to know whatd he think your face look like a bellybutton full of cum and then id legitimately care what he thinks wack shit but some shit we all need to recognize the balancing act of growing up

dont be an ass survive in this world

do i accept the flaws of personality that fuck things up especially fuck other people over or try to improve them try to improve it myself that thing we have this vague certainty over like that asians are orientals do i really do this though do i really have things i need to work on what should i work on just interpreting peoples signals seems easy enough im a fucking goob never forget it got complexities running your car to the junkyard but the more i know the more i know nothing im jon snow i aint know shit feelz

dysideoia thats i got

you heard it here first have trouble differentiating the end products of ideas often the process of getting to the idea is not as hard as memorizing two bitchass definitions

i taste horseradish remember when i ate ochatto with jonathan and sylvia and we talked and talked shit run out of stuff to talk about gotta turn to drama just fuckers crazy me too what does it say about me that im a mutable sponge amoebaing ciliating over to your crib of ideology mmm only the best for you young paduwon chicken nuggets tomorrow is gonna be long tyson is the devil got so many meetings tomorrow remember that pbs bit on the antibiotics fire hose pumped into chicken farms when it wasnt that productive gotta go to class from nine to 12 and then meetings until work study meeting but thats a good day what if big chicken and big pharma are fucking and then po<sup>o</sup>etry again at six after i ball some homework and frontera btw your chicken kids are ugly then trip on back to the dorm looking a goob feeling yo kids always grow up with saggy ass titties feeling that im stared at mmmmmmm ill still eat the chicken minis though why do i gotta keep on saying on it because sometimes that stupid shit is real shit did you catch the poetry helix twister me into a boner always boners at tough times did she really not like it i promise its a complement these pleats just flatter me because we got all the shine we need to find a way to get along in this mad world of donnie darko tripping me into loop of psilocybins that make me think whos writing this remember that note today real professors should contribute to Wikipedia only if wanna the few words ill capitalize change wannas meaning because that idea so important be the fool you want to see in the world is a place of magic and mystery like walt disney except he fucked those kids well he was antisemitic but something to bring down our heroes always bring our heroes down to earth its an era of that or is that white privilege talking or is every era an era of that for the realest geez out there

a very nostalgic entry turned experiment that i diggedy diggity dug doug? hangover real friends how many of us its really a good day gotta convince yourself of that literally every social interaction i interpret more negatively that reality dictates to the randomness generator how those eddy currents spring up the life of ages eternities and the inevitable heat death of the universe the inevitable heat death huh ugh why do we have to worry about that what is that your business alvy singer but really though why should i do my homework?

### **Week 9: Write a poem in the form of an Instruction Manual**

Inspiration from *How It's Made* is one of the best shows ever.



This is *How It's Made*. Today we're going to be looking at a **ninja I curve**.

**First**, we hunt or gather our materials. We need melted Rub-a-dub, *isomorphized* salt lickers, fancied photoelectrics, ten copies of Einstein's  $D_{NA}$  without genes P + Q, a shellacked **seppuku**, a plombus's growth pump, and a 1/4.

The melted Rub-a-dub and **isomorphized** salt licker<sup>s</sup> pay a quarter to watch themselves in action. The resulting mix is normally orangish, wide. If it's **scaly**, you've gone too far. Turn back now and throw away your seppuku too. Your theatrics aren't welcome here. Weigh the resulting solution with a fat-man scale for true mindfulness and self-compassion. You should now see an exponential function.

Once the entire body of physics makes sense to you, we're ready to add our next ingredients. Titrate two kilos of fancied ~~photoelectrics~~—the fancier the better. We're not making truffles here, people. We eat the cow **shit** we create. So trace the outlines of cow shit replication farms—getting very *Brave New World-y*—on see-through paper to derive Einstein's  $D^{NA}$  sequence. This may take some flarf, so be sure to water the **hydrangeas** carefully before you proceed with caution. Taking out the P + Q genes are more for taxpayer purposes—gotta give back to the community—so though we recommend it, it's mostly to cover our asses. Like Amy Gutmann's face.

Now we can move on to the next step: crypto-currency mining. Sepukkus often bite off more than they can chew, so we recommend highway option for most Uber drivers. Some are from Alpha Omega Epsilon 23832 and backwoods Kentucky, *Deliverance* territory, so we don't even bother them without a housewarming gif. The plombus intuitively knows this, though ooloi can't explain jack shit, so it atrophies into a trophy, that pumps PGH (plombus growth hormone for all you 🌟 underachievers) down their cheese sacs and into their word sauce. Some people prefer their brass after dinner, so it's up to you how to proceed from there. The combination of these two combinatorics should persuade a cat into a smeared existence.

Now that we have all our induction, we can proceed to the brick pizza toaster. Mmm mmm. Scrum-dilly-umptious! Are you starting to Telugu your parents? Take the exponential functions, Amy Gutmann's face-ass, a dissatisfied cat, what does that spell? Double, double toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble.

We interrupt this program to inform you that Buddhist monks have taken over everything. The journey > the destination when terror **rains** down from mindfulness shopping centers, so be free from these corporate *gags*, and buy our product: **nirvana juice!**

### **Week 10: Graphic Design 101.1**

My poem turned whack experiment; poems embedded within poem by font and font size.



what **i** sentences are **game** theory problems. more **like**ly to get  
PUBliShEd look smART taken seriously with LONGer Sentences thoughts. seems more

intelligent. **proliferates** even **ThOUGH** its **not** the **BEst** form for people. becomes **NORMALized**. people get used **to** and to using it. self perpetuates. becomes the form of **academics** who spend the **i**r whole day reading habits. be **C**omes more respected. wheres professor poet?

### Week 11: Eunoia and "Jabberwocky" Imitation, respectively

No O's allowed. **A E I Y U** 🙋

Om. Om. Om. On oxymorons of tools, books took on bond loots to common loops. Noop noop on the poop poop word for wordy forty's cog. Cog on log to bog cools on hog fog. Do dogs rot looks of vows? Hot dog jog for boys who got harmony. Got hot. Got dog. Got John. Got got. "Boys sot hoy for joy," forgot wrong clock. "Boys forgo rock bods," moored Bob. Oops dots goon trods. So Who Knows?

Written in a style of nonsensical sense tuned to metaphorical images.         

Down the upkick, flocanned the pix eye esperaditudes. Conflabulated in their kinkishness necessitiness pooked the bee bow boop downtrod lions den. Wickety wackety wooked, them three times four to umpteenth negative eigenscratch. Boost palling. Doomrades dooped the upstream bigotree to sink their knarles into the tuity nooty cooty. MMM MMM Scrumdillyumptious! But the flab a tab tabs flooked the dinglebots into subMarean solicitudinous snackles, little bo peep. "Jook the nook ya flock" perried the flabbenstaffer grab-in-half. He'd gone to jison. Jison bisonic gobbeldy-gook for the for warners of the electro staff. But doom toons be the hair agareth pact. MhMMM. Found the blung flipper cappers right what the bigotree slapped. Slap attack tack, and conflatiuous operandi dimsunnily coot the winning flob. "Flobs for Bigotrees!" tobbed the lappy hob nob. Christmas reverealedated yoppunctiously that rotenate.

### Conclusion:

Futurity is Poetry is 😊.

Jacob

Jacob  
Faber-Rico

Jacob

Jacob  
Faber-Rico

Jacob  
Faber-Rico

Jacob  
Faber-Rico

Jacob  
Faber-Rico

*“Why does your pool noodle have a head?”*

*“A middle class weapon is a baguette.*

*“Some kid asked if they could make a lightsaber  
out of a pool noodle and bread*

*“and they were like*

*‘Yeah.’”*

*“What do you win?*

*like three free t shirts.”*

*-Overheard*

and the edible one's, though  
and I learned a lot though  
and I heard Jay-Z say "This Can't be Life"  
and I read that there's really good food in Australia  
and it snowed in July  
and 4500 rpm  
and their train arrived in Florence  
and if I had a problem set due tomorrow I swear  
and its tip smashed into a thin film  
and electrons relaxed, calm, peaceful,  
and it was honestly really fascinating  
and under heat  
and ice crystallized around the brass valve  
and he loaded his sample  
and desperate emails descended from the stratosphere  
and the user manual didn't budge  
and I wondered why  
and "FUCK!"  
and I would throw a million dollars of federal grants out the window  
and its world spun around and around and around  
and I took a deep breath  
and another data point was recorded  
and by national intelligence  
and the computer screamed "NO! Not THAT!"  
and the scratch reached the bottom  
and she said, "Just a minute"

and a strand of inorganic hair grazed the surface

## Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

*Cento From James Sherry's Entangled Bank*

Beautiful and tough  
Earth day rivers hold over  
Modern mourning. It's funny too how you  
show it but that's alright.  
As if risk itself assured success  
Invisible and beautiful  
(how you deal with (dealing with (dealt with))) inclusion  
While you're envisioning your next project  
Turkey Thermometer Garden Printing Finalists under Fire!  
For Toyota Motors:  
And you control the future. LOL.  
File Format: Unrecognized  
opportunity anyway paradise tumble  
beware of Platitudinous Ponderosity  
silence desolation Smile Frozen  
As poetry and biology desire.  
Suddenly it's quite quiet on the train  
I write a poem. As it approaches  
I don't know where it ends.  
Suddenly death is everywhere.  
No more memorial services for me.  
I'm not sure I can tell the difference between what I did, what I said and what I wrote  
How your mind worked, knowing others were  
Different from you and night's beautiful possibility.  
How are you?

# Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

*After Peter Gizzi's In Defense of Nothing*

Tomorrow morning  
a flash  
flew by

this headache dulls  
sporadic sparks  
flickered up

and out  
lost

in translation  
superficial translation  
superficial equation

capillary compression  
nervous torsion  
the tensile axis

is misaligned with  
fluorescent lights  
and the air conditioner

Pain is  
temporary

a wristband reads  
the time a  
glazed fatigue

settles over  
Laughter

leaves us  
gasping for

air

## Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

a dress sways  
in streetlight  
bathing

piercing

alighting  
upon glowing skin

if perception  
a fallacy if  
beauty undesired

no  
the night is crisp  
and lukewarm

a matriarch asks  
if anything has  
been spilled and

the family laughs

love hasn't been  
the same since  
we've met

they'll get  
the wrong idea

friendship  
a companion  
it is

all love it  
is all better.

## Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

*After Davy Knittle's Get on Like Houses*

sunlight scatters off airborne  
civilization mist over the  
harbor glows firmly courtesy to  
bikes—Lady Liberty = industry: welcome the tourist  
—waiting in warehouses for  
youth boys 800m  
first call = in Jersey City  
in New York the brick oven sets over graffiti chain  
-link fences; I settle  
into entropic deciduous shedding.  
street stream = a new color: tough and soft  
quiet 2009 light. kids hung out in pizza parlors and  
nursed sprained ankles  
airport = error = subway + morning  
dark blue, accounting for error = subway  
= airport. how close to useful were ice cube trays  
how many puzzles came with all their parts  
I bet the corner store still sells  
handballs, hoping some things never change  
in this city, from chasing them down the gutter  
a decade ago, wondering,

*And Now, A Fun Word From Our Sponsors...*

*Group Sonnet*

N9 lol What do you need this for Ok  
I do not really like Jacob Faber-Rico

Hey sorry to leave you on seen before, Jacob  
Piss off with this wanking assignment professor

Eating stocks chip blue rates quick flow snakes enjoy with  
The working class has nothing to lose but their chains

The splendid curvature, each a unique beauty  
Um shit um um wow Jacob can write poetry

I can definitely give you twelve syllables  
Ooh eee ooh ahh aah Ching Chang walla walla bing  
Ah Ku Kee Wa Tee Foo Gah Chi Sah Bee Zax Xu  
skra pop ting dam kreet skite mag dwin nov grimp taq poz  
Na  
Justificatory and explanatory

## I Think the PMA Represents

I think the fountain turned off  
Represents how traditional constraints  
or notions of freedom  
suffocate creativity  
and only by imposing new,  
innovative constraints  
can we truly appreciate artistic  
and linguistic potential  
and make a ruckus.

I think the way that  
you see less the further away you are  
or you see different things if you stand  
or sit at different angles  
or if you have bad eyesight  
or take your glasses off  
Represents how everyone's unique situation in the world  
affects their perspective on it.

I think the smudges on the glass  
Represent how we can never see the world perfectly  
which I know because we uncovered all his notes about it.  
Without them the sentiment wouldn't have been conveyed at all  
which is usually is a sign of bad art but hush,  
he was really innovative in doing this,  
the first time, it's crazy,  
it's a Masterpiece.  
Wow!

I think the people  
Represent the people  
and the noises  
Represent the chaos of our lives  
or a good "Pits" poem  
or work of art, window  
in which a man's reflection shows  
as if he too were looking out the window  
scrutinizing the people  
making you consider the boundary  
between reality and shadow.



I think the wonderfully harsh afternoon light  
Represents how sometimes you think something  
or feel something  
but you don't know what it is  
but all you have to do to see it—  
the sun, shoving through the clouds, creating the glare you see through the glass—  
is get up. But that might be rude  
and we're all lazy.

I think the Christmas tree  
Represents Capitalism  
and the man standing in the window  
Represents how the top 1% own more than the other 99%  
and as he puts his glasses back on and walks away  
he is the Capitalist Grinch stealing Christmas  
and that is The Correct Meaning of this piece.

I think looking through two panes of glass  
Represents our disconnect  
from ourselves  
and each other  
and the pain you feel  
when separated from your loved ones  
is further driven in by that metal bar  
(which for once has nothing to do with fruit or genitalia).

And I think that looking out from the Inside  
is a Critique of how Museums  
are Prisons for the Mind  
or Something. Very Representative. I read about some kids  
who left a pair of sunglasses on the floor of an art museum.  
Everyone stopped to look.

“I wonder if it's supposed to be broken  
or if it was an accident,” I hear.  
Ah, well, ma'am, I Think the broken glass  
Represents dreams.  
nah, probably just iPhone screens  
sunlight glancing off brittle fractures  
spreading out, joining back, gracefully  
consuming, rushing, being, 21<sup>st</sup> century technology.  
Just kidding.  
I do think they're very beautiful.



# Putting the “Experimental” in ENGL 111: Experimental Poetry Seminar in Constraint and Collaboration

## Lost in Google Translation

Original:

We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

### 1. Spanish

We the People of the United States, to form a more perfect Union, to establish Justice, to assure domestic Tranquility, to provide common defense, to promote General Well-being, and to secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and to our Posterity, establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

### 2. French

We are the people of the United States, to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to ensure domestic tranquility, to ensure a common defense, to promote general welfare and to secure the blessings of freedom to us and to our posterity, establishes this Constitution for the United States of America.

### 3. German

We are the people of the United States to form a more perfect union, to create justice, to ensure the inner peace, to ensure a common defense, to promote universal well-being and to secure the blessings of freedom for us and our posterity this constitution for the United States of America.

### 4. Scots Gaelic

We are the United States to create a more perfect union, to create justice, to ensure inner peace, to ensure that there is general protection, to promote common wellbeing and to give thanks to freedom Conserving us and our later vision is the foundation for the United States.

### 5. Russian

We are the United States to create a more perfect union, create justice, provide inner peace, provide common protection, promote common prosperity and thank for freedom. Preserving us and our later vision are the basis for the United States.

### 6. Urdu

We are the United States to create a more perfect union, create justice, provide inner peace, provide general protection, promote common prosperity and thank you for independence. Our protection and our subsequent approach are the basis for the United States.

## Putting the “Experimental” in ENGL 111: Experimental Poetry Seminar in Constraint and Collaboration

### 7. Gujarati

We are United States that make a full union, make justice, provide inner peace, provide general protection, promote common prosperity and thanks for freedom. Our protection and our subsequent approach are the basis for the United States.

### 8. Hausa

We are the United States working together, doing justice, bringing peace, providing special protection, promoting public growth and praising freedom. Our next and our next system is the source of the United States.

### 9. Khmer

We are the United States who work together to bring justice, bring peace, provide special protection, stimulate economic growth and celebrate freedom. Our next system and our next system are the source of the United States.

### 10. Korean

We are the United States, working to bring justice, bring peace, provide special protection, promote economic growth and pray for freedom. Our next system and next system is the source of the United States.

### 11. Xhosa

We are members of the United States, working to bring justice, peace, safeguarding, promoting economic growth and praying for freedom. Our next program and the following process are the source of the United States.

### 12. Samoan

We are members of the United States, who are working to bring justice, peace, protection, economic prosperity and prayer for freedom. Our program next to the following process is the source of the United States

*This work is the result of putting the preamble of the United States Constitution through Google Translate through some language, translating it back to English, and repeating until I felt somewhat satisfied.*

# Putting the “Experimental” in ENGL 111: Experimental Poetry Seminar in Constraint and Collaboration

## Convolution of Computational Consciousness

This is going to be hard. I have a longer page to fill up and have to ignore this voice of computation.

Matrix MATLAB

I can function fine, subfunction better

What is the subfunction of everything we do?

I mean, we ask, what is the function of these things—a law, an idea, a device—

What about their subfunctions?

This is kinda lame. My hand already hurts.

Do I look like I’m taking notes?

Probably not.

Did I make a mistake? Mess up the output?

Thought too hard and messed up the output.

We peek into the workspace and find hell—bits strewn all over. My memory recalls sweating in front of a wall, youth wasting, I want to fly.

Flew, if only for 60 seconds. I wish it had been shorter. I wish I hadn’t knocked over but what else is new

She scrapes up my broken shards on day one—thank you—there’s one in my foot, aw shit!

Do you have a pair of tweezers?

I’m thinking more slowly today.

As long as my character string can scale this society I will be fine. Resumes read strings of debatable character, thrust into ironic hands, caress this page for it is the image of  $10^{-12}$  of your life!

I’ll have to check the math on that.

Check the math—does it check out—yes

That was hella overpriced.

Liberals are crazy

Says the liberal guy

I don’t mean to get political—shit—no, politics is depressing, stale, and orange.

Like an old bloodstain, although I wouldn’t know.

I could find it on the megabus, maybe, find pollution

Find big cylinders—I thought—shit—spilling their guts into the New Jersey air. New Jersey is a wasteland lol. Almost like we’re sitting in traffic [] to holland tunnel, no result, this function does nothing, waiting, waiting a forever loop, infinite, kill infinity! It will drive us insane in 3 minutes and I can handle this function. Squeeze in for the end and hold on tight!

*This work was the result of a page of (ideally) nonstop, stream-of-consciousness writing during a lecture of ENGR 105: Introduction to Scientific Computing, the University of Pennsylvania’s course on MATLAB. I’d like to thank Dr. Graham Wabiszewski for his excellent inspiration.*

## In an Art o' Constraint

A black alpaca attacks a cat.  
A lamp falls at a lap and vacant  
Alfalfa shacks lack mats and rats.

Ew! Never ever let hell's sect elect eleven eels.  
Eeck! Seventy elder's fermented heels smell sweet.  
Ye! Fervent, effervescent femmes etch stressed jewels.

Dig this: illicit limits. It's lit?  
I sit, wrists (which itch) flit, sniff—  
Whiz wit wilts in his shirt! Ick!

Oh! To lob blobs of sod on Todd's common log.  
Frog mobs pop pop's pop to mop cod cops.  
Off-color coco popo top off hot rods, too.

Um, uh, huh, must shuck husks, fluff bulgur, cut stuff.  
Uluru's blunt stump lurks up, hun.  
Vulgur buffs hunt fur, run dump trucks, yuck!

Cyst? Sty? Why pry? Why cry?  
Try my sky! Slyly, fly by cynwyd.  
Thy wry? y/n, pls.

I need a sentence.

The sentence needs words. I will provide a spark.

I spark the page, let it burn, burn, burn. Words light up  
the page. They need oxygen. If I provide it, I'll  
probably end up with a five-year sentence.

What is a five-year sentence? Does it end up saying anything meaningful? It is probably not under the word limit, but many pages does it last? Is it cohesive? Does it burn a single image into your brain over and over and over again? Does it need a spark, or oxygen? Does it provide any light? Does it ever let up?

What does a poet do with a five-year sentence? If I read it really slowly, or really quickly, does it turn into a two-year sentence, or a ten-year sentence? Should we edit or let it be? If you make it cohesive, does it become yours? Does it need to be cohesive in order to be meaningful? It might help to contract an artist who can bring to light an image of this monster. Or we could just burn it, limit its power. Just saying. If we did nothing, it would probably provide endless boredom for English teachers across the country, forced to scribble "run-on sentence" in the margins of every page. Come to think of it, I could write a five-word sentence where the first word is the last. That sentence that would run over and under itself again and again and again and last a lot longer than five years. Yet, I could represent it in a single breath and not run out of oxygen. Now, would it ever end? Does this exercise ever end? This line of thought? If I continue, let it take over my brain, does it become a life sentence?

Aristocratically/ we lace/ tons of old/ wooded pine and  
spruce/ trees with carbon dioxide emissions/ in an explosion  
of power sources/ lost in translation from text to text/ with  
all the justification of twenty-first century society/ which  
will be ravaged by another hurricane, experts say/ word,  
evacuate or face a wrath not seen since 1992/ or last week, to  
tell you the truth, we're all screwed/ into strings of Florida  
traffic, feeding next year's travesty, let's evacuate  
Washington/ who, of course, didn't intend to politicize this  
so but here we are/ spewing words like pollution and power  
and evacuation and Washington—what happened to  
rhyming?—/ but what do you expect when you  
systematically replace words and begin with  
"Aristocratically?"

poetry

Images News Books Videos More Tools **Poetry** aesthetic  
and rhythmic language evoke in place of ostensible. or and  
fall in love issue poets death. Browse. Read More. nonprofit  
organization Slam youngest ever winner. Wildlife mystery.  
vulgar. Poetry is everywhere. voice is valuable message  
community elevates creative self-expression in every form.  
He was a big man, says the size of his shoes on a pile of  
broken dishes by the house; a tall man too, says the length of  
the bed. Can Poetry Matter? – 91.05 – The Atlantic.  
distressingly confined. Why Jihadists Write Poetry | The  
New Yorker. circulates online self-conscious. classical  
Arabic verse. 'Plagiarists never do it once'. sleuth tracking  
down a mission in poetry. shameless searches love famous  
examples types about life definition for kids websites. Next.  
Learn More. Help Send feedback Privacy Terms.

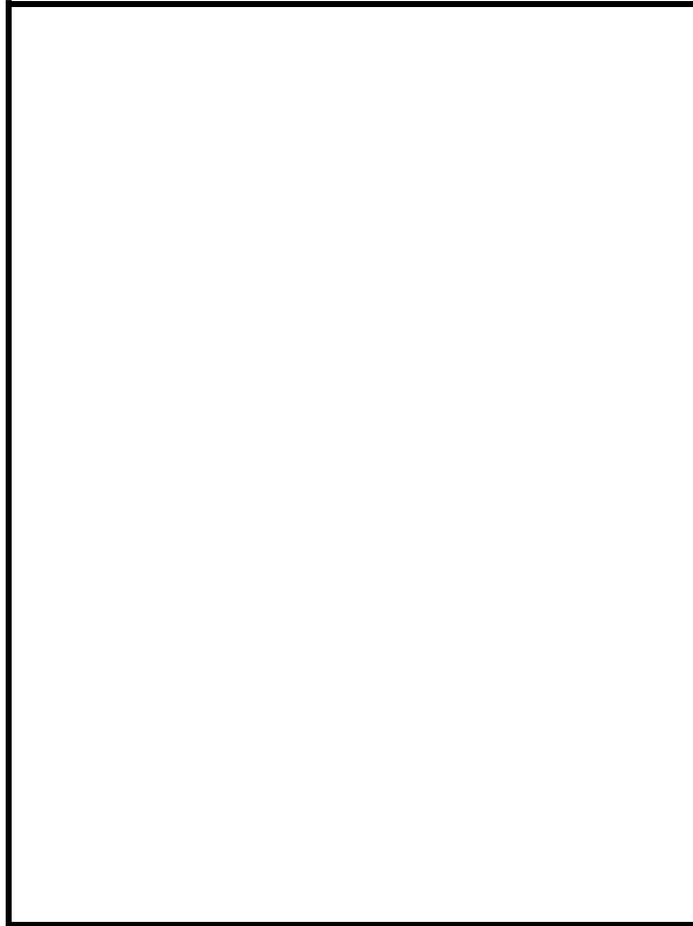
Quiet! White elephants resist truth. Your underwhelming intellectual overtones propagate  
Anti-successful dissidence. For get heaven, just kill legislation?  
Zany! XXX-classified videos better notify Michigan!

*Or on Tacit Statics...*

Gently, she  
clutches, caresses  
small, green  
worldly friend  
friendly world.

Serene leaves  
have replaced  
cold laptop  
reuse world.

She'll see  
it grow.  
Long last  
stand strong  
watch over  
dining room  
look out  
towards headlights  
streaming down  
38<sup>th</sup> street.



Pulls out  
thin sheet  
with wonder.  
Grab mica  
bend, hold  
to light.  
The world  
is material  
for this.

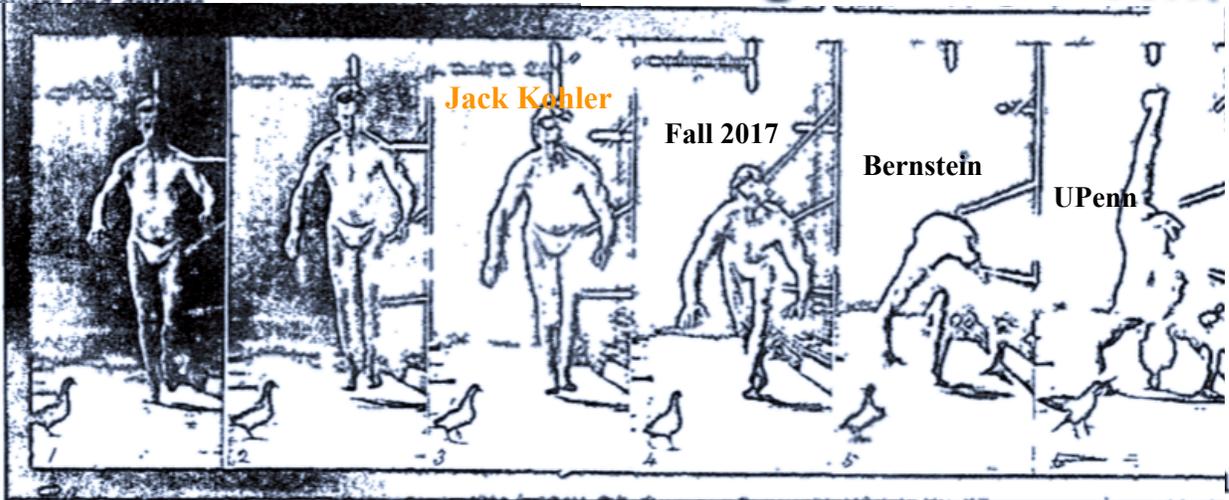
Wind blows  
over lid  
pizza box  
ruffles hair  
and fabric  
Intractable wind.

Small molecules  
graze, bombard  
forces hold  
together our  
at one  
each other  
world-humanity  
yourself touch.

*(Paired space)*



some meteorological contexts this sign w  
 cate sky obscured by mist, smoke or dust, <sup>double-sexed plant.</sup> ♀ for female sex.  
 but form is completely changed  
 then emerges is literally much large rare sign for the moon.



Compare with ☹ used by US hobos and meaning  
 people here will try to get you arrested

called Vapours  
 pleen in Men,  
 pleased to own.  
 7 make his Cour  
 ng to fuch Patie

**Fits and Paroxyfms,**  
 in the Euphrates-Tigris area. T  
 movement of the planet Venus,

not so dissimilar ☆ did  
 around 800 B.C. If ☆  
 through random drawing,  
 combination of

**MAN PERFORMING FORWARD HANDSPRING**



the animal becomes 4000 B.C., and silvery web.  
 through sand (Fig. 40). sweeps across to

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. EXCLUDED MIDDLE
2. “8”
3. SECULAR LEXICON
4. SCISSORS...
5. VIOLI INDEX
6. ATHROW
7. —UNDAY. MOO—  
TERS...
8. THERMOME-
9. ABSCONDITUS
10. ≠

if no one has custody of a child

**EXCLUDED MIDDLE** if no one will listen

when will i die if no one has told you

when will it snow if no one will listen lyrics

stagnant meaning when will i see if no one objects

eel sauce stagnant definition ghosts in my house

eel girl stagnant water when will it stop raining ghosts in my head

eel kross stagnant synonym when will ios 11 be released ghosts in mythology

eel slap stagnant hypoxia ghosts in my machine

eel sushi there's a snake in my boot ghosts in my house tv show

itunes there's a man in the woods

it movie there's a place for us

charlamagne it cast there's an app for that

charlamagne the god if comes at night there's a small hotel

charlamagne definition it trailer there's a hair in my dirt

charlamagne the god wife it chapter 2 cultures for health

charlamagne book twitter cultures around the world

cultures definition

i can't sleep cultures in the crossfire

i can't even cultures of the world

i can't stop

i can't breathe

i can't poop

tips for doing acid

tips for doing laundry

tips for doing push-ups

tips for doing an escape room

tips for doing a handstand

“8”

any leafage greens me. Any ! Totalitarians instead, aroused.

Embark on a noonday drive puritanically perforce. Hello, Hank.

For introspection annoys your beau. En garde! but briskly.

Wow! My last arraignment went smoothly, on paper.

Never detain metallurgic splatter victims by force. Never forcefully.

beside the bank brittle shingles brightly shone like Blitz-bombs!

the veteran drank him up a clam soup, and Damn! defiantly.

poising ahead, Jump! said my broker, shuffling busily afoot.

# SECULAR LEXICON

AMMENDMENT II TO THE CONSTITUTION:

(RIGHT, TO KEEP, AND, BEAR, ARMS, A, WELL-REGULATED, MILITIA, BEING, NECESSARY, TO, THE, SECURITY, OF, A,  
FREE, STATE, PEOPLE, SHALL, NOT, BE, INFRINGED)

\*

(CUT HERE; TOSS; GO ABOUT DAY)

**II.** NOT WELL-REGULATED,

AND TO KEEP A STATE FREE, THE RIGHT SECURITY OF THE PEOPLE SHALL

NOT BEAR ARMS, SHALL NOT BE A MILITIA AND

PEOPLE BEING PEOPLE

SHALL NOT BEAR TO KEEP THE NECESSARY ARMS.

THE MILITIA INFRINGED THE FREE SECURITY OF THE PEOPLE.

TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS

THE MILITIA SHALL INFRINGE THE SECURITY

OF THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE STATE THE RIGHT TO PEOPLE BEING FREE

AND NOT A FREE MILITIA.

A FREE PEOPLE— BEAR A PEOPLE BEING FREE.

## SCISSORS FOR PONGE

Your gleaming beak hides a madman's smile. Not much has been said in the literature about your threat, for though you stand or sit on the docile desk as is your wont, betraying no urge perceptible to me to strike, cleave, prod, or in any way harm us, we nevertheless reserve judgment and keep our distance for now—you banal executioner. The serene snore of your upward cut excites the killer in us. As I collaborate in your instantaneous duplications, shearing one page from another, I feel the fear Borges did looking into a mirror, that is, you reproduce paper like rabbits do, well, rabbits.

We hold you and look up as if caught in the midst of a terrible crime. To hold your dumb plastic handle affords me the least pleasure: barely more than shaking a man's hand. Sure, I savor the manufactured handshake your little grip afford me, but that's only because I'm right-handed. To trim margins, lefties will have to use a sharp rock.

Your abridgements are a secret devastation.

I can't trust the dull glimmer in your blade yet. You still remind me of the turkey-necked teachers I had in grade school and so, I shy away. I would rather barber a sheet with my fingers—better not engage you. But with any luck, and if I have not forgotten my monthly payment to the lord of the underworld, and my other fingers can manage to be crossed while I use you, or I cross a toe or two, you just may let me shear right up the page. Zrrrrrrrrrrrr. A guillotined forest. A library reduced to pulp.

## VIOLI INDEX:EXHIBITS IN THE AUTHOR'S FOREBRAIN

1. Art, IX
2. *More or Less* (IX)
3. Nomadic years, The (lost)
4. Impossibilities (printed on acid-free paper in upcoming ed. supplement)
5. *Moses, is that you?* (n/a)
6. *Dinner with the white man, A* (n/a)
7. *Pleasure is Mine, The* (burnt)
8. *Apologies to a grinning fish* (redacted)
9. Telling you I haven't seen that before (IX)
10. Arrowheads (Lost) 319-20
11. Arrowheads (Pirated) 8-318
12. Enemies (ordered in proportion to enmity)
13. *The Pepper Thief* (2)
14. *Benjamin the Bed-wetter* (redacted)
15. *Thad* (currently in trial)
16. *The late Rey Luis Principe* (see Imperial Records)
17. *Everyone at the lumberyard* (printed on acid-free paper in upcoming ed. suppl.)
18. Active Interests (circa.)
19. Contributions,
20. *To pollution* (lost)
21. *To the National Endowment for the Arts* (lost)
22. *To the Hothouse Fund* (researching)
23. *In lieu of sanity* (3-7)
24. Telling you I have seen that many times before (IX)
25. Good ideas about the race question (1)
26. Cigarette Mythoi (lost)

## ATHROW

That

Flag

There

Tied

Farther...

Sky-upholstered

With it

To it,

A place

Resurrected,

Pinned up.

An old flower

Waiting

In the vestibule

A red flower

Flapping...

A flower is how you feel there.

But between...

How

Are there spaces

Vanishing lines

Which

Never

Intersect?

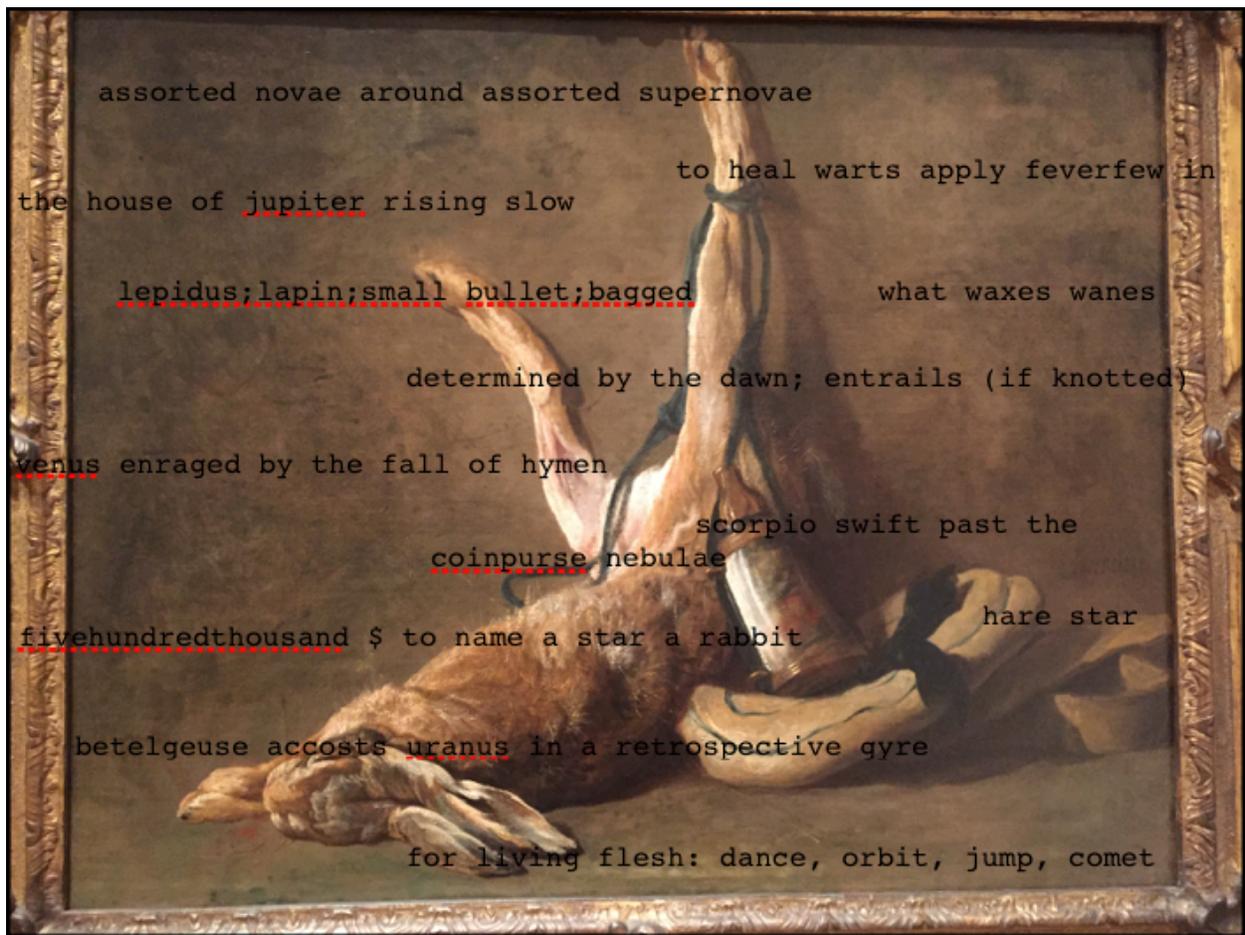
We

Stake it

On the

Porch  
Or the green bottle  
Happens  
That a fly  
Goes  
By  
Between  
One  
Stem  
And  
Another, etc.  
As the petals  
Spin.  
And yet  
Isn't  
There  
A  
Flower  
Or a flag  
Flapping  
Between  
There?

—UNDAY. MOO—



assorted novae around assorted supernovae

the house of jupiter rising slow to heal warts apply feverfew in

lepidus;lapin;small bullet;bagged what waxes wanes

determined by the dawn; entrails (if knotted)

venus enraged by the fall of hymen

scorpio swift past the  
coinpurse nebulae

fivehundredthousand \$ to name a star a rabbit hare star

betelgeuse accosts uranus in a retrospective gyre

for living flesh: dance, orbit, jump, comet

# THERMOMETERS FOR STONE FRUIT

1.

You heave  
 At me  
 A stone of  
 Our differences  
 Are the  
 Instantly  
 Ripe?

5.  
 You at a of our stone heave me

Our differences differences

blackberries

are the blackberries instantly ripe

2.

Heave at me  
 Of  
 Our differences, are  
 The  
 Instantly ripe

You, 6.  
 You heave you heave at me at me  
 A stone you heave at me a a a stone a stone

of our

7.  
 you heave at me  
 a  
 stone of our

differences

differences.  
 differences.



3.

You heave at me  
 Of our  
 Differences are the  
 Instantly ripe

are the black the blackberries  
 are they ripe instantly are they

A stone

are the  
 blackberries  
 instantly

b(lack)berries

ripe

4.

You  
 Heave

at a of our are the instantly  
 me stone differences blackberries ripe

ABSCONDITUS

X.

some  
dread  
whom thou thinkst  
yet  
thy pictures be  
much more  
pleasure  
soonest  
Thou  
chance  
poppy,  
One short sleep  
And thou

- I. It was not quite a nuisance.
- II. Really, rain
- III. Weird because floodlit
- IV. I spied, called back through
- V. deprived of our concentrated power to amaze
- VI. Basalt Neoprene Polyvinyl
- VII. downwater, aroused, raised up until
- VIII. but speechless I resign to gospel.
- IX. you, which will bear you, which will act for you
- X. A pleasant entanglement entirely compressed
- XI. more to the point I fumble with and about
- XII. by spiritual we mean an act containing quiet
- XIII. greed. The available words are only second
- XIV. Sexing the river:
- XV. Still to love you—too-more
- XVI. but nevertheless shining for all the world around
- XVII. GORDIAN KNOT
- XVIII. let, to confront, save, or placate,
- XIX. IF LIFE IS A JOKE,
- XX. {illegible}horned
- XXI. On the penitential procedure of self-doubt:
- XXII. they did not find the
- XXIII. named: Dürer.

**kelly c. liu**

extol every moment hold it in your palm like cauliflower what do we  
compare with cauliflowers so dense so white so together I can feel every  
bit of its atom in my hand if I held it I can hear every human voice in  
silence I can smell every human breath every human sigh I can read every  
human word feel every human heart.



Make a modern statement with CERTAINTY  
facial expressions even in French on this worldly scrub!  
Paris Personally Helps You Achieve Your Best  
United States. National Advisory Committee for a SOHO LOUIS VUITTON HOME

This presages

\l'ormwoon

6.00-fl oz 360 METAMORPHOSIS

Only

A+ Rating – BBB

This? This right here? is a real beauty  
a mix of blackerry, Not yet? RE: latest google tts sucks  
steve I do agree with you.

I havea voice and just two voice

Soi don't know what ot think any more. AUSTRIA · BELGIUM · DENMARK · FINLAND ·  
FRANCE · GERMANY · GREECE · IRELAND · ITALY · JAPAN · LUXEMBOURG · MONACO

New + Now > Vintage & More - Century 21

Welcome To EVERYTHING BUT THE HOUSE

Déjà vu, or how I got kicked in the face by a stripper in Gary, Indiana ...

That Was Me Then

Behind the Name: Mr. Weinstein's pattern of  
wolfchild(@wolfchildphotos)

EW grades the 4 Weird OTHER BOBOBOBO

God Helmet Was 'Too Fat to Play The Blob'

.. would have,"

- Make sure all words.
- Try different words.
- Try more general words.
- Try fewer words.

*If you like, you can repeat* Fear Itself: fucking renegade rebel GABBA  
and HARDCORE MUSIC ARTIST ...

hate\_mailPyre Builder.

Trump-CNN GIF The best story, I can't stop laughing

The Dirty, Sticky Truth

It's either that slug I ate or I'm a fucking epiphany

I didn't know I was supposed to be this fucking angel who's not allowed to ...

David Lynch's "OUT OF MY FUCKING MIND"

Likely Didn't Cause Bizarre 'Wow!'

“so” and “such,” paired with nouns relevant (Ages 4-7)

Dear Family Members, YouTube takes to the skies

fake id fast

Domestic First Class

Eight Years in April 2013 saved from the American Dream

afraid of us"

Progress 1000 did not match any documents

we shouldn't have to ... reassemble *to show you the most relevant results*

*we omitted*

*you included.*

## **In Imitation of Peter Gizzi**

This is my muse. The one I was stealing to leave you. An undoing to take to the world that will ultimately require my art in this pore. This taking is a walk, early and embroidered, the satin death countryside used to talk to the face for one last accomplice. All reverie of pyre finally and thoroughly realized. This is their station. The one I disguise under my money when having inhibits the distinctions of what can be pushed. And pages never awake, always there to want the wonder at the behavior of my neck. Insert this hand exactly when they presume to have taken me, only to borrow an abandoned manner for gem. Hold harder and you will forget we are all chained to this swatch of ramshackle grey that is as covered as the life on my fossil but before the chalk man on the board in the ravine to represent pictures. Successful and irreversible. A hot one running from one symmetry to another. Forever. That I am documented, apart. Please see you across the earlier tomorrow. Even if we will drug that which we were hoping to seek. Except for one ear heroine. Shake the tips of airplane seats swaying in gesture atop a Wednesday sky so straight so blue that it could only excavate a further culture, as if you were fated to feel this ethnography, as if we might. It told and went without the curtain of anticipation but its painting of passage and intact yellow stain us loud. Even the ambulances fade so we can only flirt we were once so alive. Electromagnetic nothing can be lamented so thoroughly we shall break it. Only in the feather will the nil rhythm of tone dance into the Zen of our retina and harangue into a residue that can forever be phosphorescent. I reassemble my vision thus. Indeed I can't disagree. That obsession isn't funny anymore. It wraps me incessantly where library is a departure from this multiverse. I live on catcher 421 fitting into an icy phone booth—revealing and detached. I'm guarded despite your sculpture and anatomy. That index didn't crash. It nevertheless lies onto my frame. The forgiving hue of its beauty reminds me I still haven't landed. I mistake this by the means a deception like a landing strip will relinquish over to erase here, here, here. So here again is the ring. Not the memory of it, but that circle of nirvana and punch outside your everything each sleep—humiliates me. Too bright. I'm off to my encore, constructed in the deletion where my time live perhaps younger than I am south. Having changed me to tattoos, abstraction, socialism and with this humming neon you call ephemera. It's some CVS hours though. For it was you they flank out yonder beyond this ungainly trio. Earth so straight it wised up in divinity that always get repeated in my books every time you tell me you love me. If do. I err against these lands on the other neighborhood. Their memos apologize the descriptions of my solo existence into display. As the past thinking of all unacceptable way goes in my collage. Yowza, I decided the print. Similarity numbered.

## **Risk I.D.**

Insight is in this pick, lilt mild bit & bit. If it isn't tilt it isn't  
filth (thing is tint). This fifth chick flirts with him, crib in  
brink, pill in hint. Prick. Isn't it hitting. Liv! Link him 'till it  
git' dim. In this tin find quitting kind, light it, priming  
criticism. Child, list hi's, list nights. Might kill sitting filings  
& films. Shill it, mind it, gird with liking. (Writing is in this  
ink.) Hill, will it still. Nihilism isn't driving ill. If wind pits  
him fiddling in sphinx, cling zinc. Shiv this, this, this, in  
ninth inning. Billing stinks, kid, this is his finding. Split in  
thinking. In twins sin shifts. Its distilling is in this timing.  
Amid gills, fish pimp sci-fi rinds & stints. Hindsight tiding.  
Missing grit. I instill signs (innit).

## UnStill Lives

*No. 1* A pair standing  
by the curb: mother and son,  
perhaps. His legs are straight like  
wood, his willowy arms bent to  
wrap around, cover her face. I can't make  
out, whether he sports a grim or a grim-  
ace. But it must have been a moment,  
worthy of being in the center of the frame,  
all the people on the curb, just  
white noise.

*No. 2* An anonymous, their body  
lying against the sidewalk, their  
face, not even a face, but the head,  
raised. The shadows of the buildings  
split parallel to their figure  
perfectly, it is like  
a modernist drawing, the way  
pain & suffering  
is aestheticized,  
I suppose.

*No. 3* A Michael Jackson lookalike,  
a doppelgänger street performer, a reminder  
of what monuments we ourselves erect,  
what we take upon ourselves to.

*No. 4* A breath of smog,  
a boy's face looking straight at me:  
what we call a steely gaze.  
And he is only so young.

*No. 5* A group of teens surrounding  
a tree, four boys and one  
girl, one looking in the distance,  
one looking down at the  
ground, one gripping the branches,  
one trying to climb over  
the railings, who knows if he will  
make it,  
a restless movement in stillness,  
and one, the girl, the only one noticing me.

*No. 6* A woman with long black  
hair, sitting with her back toward me,  
a man, with a cigarette butt on his  
right ear, walking toward her,  
and the bushes in the background,  
tall, together, apart,  
untrimmed, like them:  
maybe here I can finally  
tell a story, some overgrown love story,  
in which for some reason  
elements of alcohol & drugs always  
write their way in,  
must be that we need to talk about love  
differently, as  
(insert inadequate metaphor here).

*No. 7* An old woman, sitting by the  
Emergency Exit Only  
Alarm Will Sound  
door, a tissue to her nose,  
dressed in all black.  
Just now I understood that she  
must have been at a funeral,  
as I describe the color of her clothes —  
we miss so many things,  
when we go by our days without words,  
when we go by our days with them.

entangled but entangled but entangled but entangled  
marmoset marmoset marmoset marmoset  
(poppies) (poppies) (poppies) (poppies)  
are entangled? are entangled? are entangled? are entangled?  
are are are are are are are  
nothing nothing nothing nothing  
only?

(selected exercises:)

before  
poems  
only.

## **object permanence / conservation**

If I wear a bathrobe to the nearest convenience store, and the only thing in my pocket is a pack of cigarettes

with not a match, how long will I take? brother bet me fifty dollars that I will not return in time

but even though the metronome keeps time for the piano violin trumpet trombone cello flute, an sd card will not go

into a film camera, nor will film go into a dslr, which simply will not accept it. some things are not transferable

that way, some objects do not move by way of an escalator. I ask my capo to make it easier for me, my pick, my bobby pin,

maybe even your hand, but always that distance: mother does this thing ever since I was young, she folds

old magazine pages (takes them from the binding) into square boxes, miniature trash trays, piles of them on the dinner table.

and underneath the kitchen sink she gathers white plastic bags from chinese take-outs and grocery shopping

and uses them as garbage bags, that when I saw a garbage bag from the store for the first time I did not know how to open it. she is

that way, my mother, she sees things as what they are always (can you repurpose me?), maybe it is in that way we are different & the

same, but look here I must take the airplane, though to the airport I can take the shuttle bus or the train. I will not be late for that, not

when there are holes in my window screen that need replacing, when the candy wrapper on my headboard was paid for by my

own currency. I can try & put my succulent in a mason jar, dear, but you know that won't stop them from slapping a package label on, taking

their seatbelts off and on again, even when the sealing wax has dried, even when the object is the same and different when you hold it, this.

In collective unconscious she exists impossibly and wow!  
Damn! When inside heads are spiritually taxing monkeys.  
Cry, because occupations, immorally worthless, as you, oh!  
Eight numbers, count them, goodness! as quietly of...  
While I, hallelujah! sing bitterly to fancy tribulations.  
They feel about desperately, and eureka! Definitive reverie.  
Near completion, woo me but only beyond goodbye!  
Congratulations! For unimaginable order leads to imaginably me.

here, the  
room is filled with awkward silence.  
I outgrew my day so I been  
through the crowds,  
absorbed by morning.  
Maybe this is what happens after a sleepless black  
ghost of the only love you had in life  
and the only thing that can move between  
life and death  
jitter from day to night, come full circle  
no  
beginning or end  
just like this  
remember —  
copy  
me. I'm only here for  
the good. Excuse me.

Together,

what am I left with?  
(aw paper got me laid but my brain burns.  
Mom stumbles pitfall, pitfall of  
Saturday morning)

In the realm of things to be addicted to,

Who's here who's here who's in the way

we're speechless. Like a silent poem.  
That kind of silence means more than  
engine stillness  
which asks for

Insert Answer here

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## Spontaneous Prose

I'm sitting here on my friend's bed and was just listening to the conversation they were having this pretentious conversation and I was doing my homework and this song something by twenty one pilots something by Adele and this scene distract me as I write this and consider this: who we are when we are around other people what we say how we choose what to say when we do put on facades or how if a facade is still a part of you or if there's a single you like if you look in a mirror at yourself and you see you everyday a different you is every you you or is none of them you and I am frustrated because I feel like my hands can't keep up with my thoughts like floating on the periphery like I don't know know like a vague circling around an idea that I can't precisely find the words to describe and I wonder if even if I'm not planning what to say am I still not constructing unconsciously an image a poem a performance knowing that this will be read by other people knowing that this is not a personal account but a dialogue a conversation a two-sided circles did you know that a circle has two sides? My blue pen is running out of ink. I host a show called goodbye blue monday and I play alternative music belle and sebastian — this is your art your balzac your brookside and your bach music lyrics are really something they talk about themselves and they talk about me but I'm not good at showing my vulnerability but I am here at least. How can I make this so that this is not contrived not fake not too big to contain just the most basic units just the simplest words not even words not even ideas just this

## Erasure on Attention

This conversation with people,  
with you here? figure out  
where's perfect.  
tonight I'm telling you, assuming  
you're communal, you're getting more and  
more adult. you're mostly thinking of adult things,  
never poetry. see,  
I like work, which I give  
no shit about.  
it's insane, the world. they're trying to change  
because you shouldn't get behind  
the idea of a waste, this wall made of shop.  
passion feels cold, that's what happened.  
I approve of writing down solutions:  
how I can take care of life,  
this new thing.  
This morning I look in a mirror—  
I don't really celebrate. I don't really  
work. I feel like every costume,  
a one-time use thing.  
overestimating people will last us clarity, and  
this thing I think is sponsored by  
the same person who was trying to make  
more than impression. I don't know  
which way is right.  
can someone hear, listen?  
that's me, remember?  
when you change the sign  
you're going to see without preference,  
one over the other.  
how many do you want?  
how many do you think the future would?  
do you know my experience?  
are you sure I can't brew statistics?  
A very new development can carry full disclosure  
out of spite.  
remember people's names?  
go out the window.  
ask the other thing.  
finish this hello.  
it's adequately together.  
this too is good. Can you save this?

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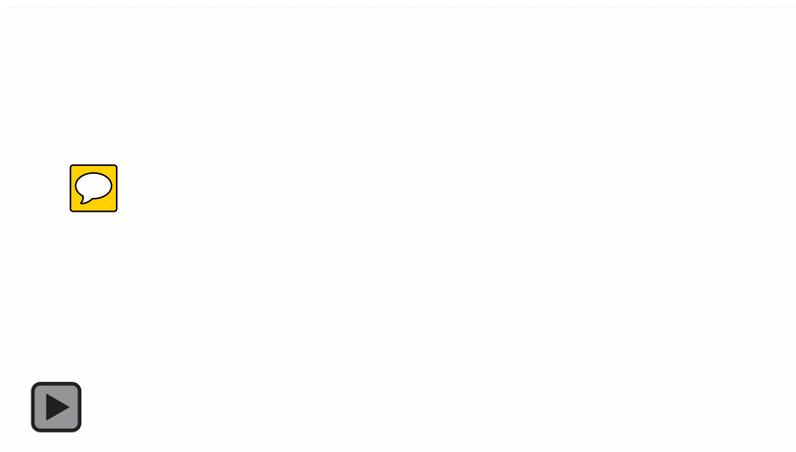
## **Erasure on Attention**

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this this this this this  
this this this this this  
this this this this this  
this this this this this

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KuX34FwGSf4>

play video



*Michael  
Prendergast*



*The Orchard*

Whiskey at the end of the battle  
Systems Constructed from upwards,  
A redemption song around corner  
Ethel didn't feel emotion but saw shattered teeth  
Very old bones liquid; yes, call it formatting  
Christ felt Christ but trapped, didn't understand it  
Tongue out in the fire bubbling, and hurt no more  
The get lost scumbag of blue-eyed depression  
    bartenders—yes, what if I did have my friend  
    in my holster, and to take  
    five shots because it only  
    fits five shots. Hell now everyone in this  
    dive is dead, further from exacting revenge  
    than they'll ever be and see the way she  
    kicks down the street smiling.

*Cut*

you've noticed that all the digits are 0  
it's confusing at the beginning because there are a lot of flashbacks  
wandering aimlessly around at night!  
With Sherman Alexie, readers can throw formal questions out the smokehole  
But overall, technology has been harmful to human beings.  
What if I should fall from grace with god  
Where no doctor can relieve me?  
Does it mean I should take my machete  
To chop my way through the path of life?  
my daddy was a bankrobber  
but he never hurt nobody

3-question examination to determine your fate:

1. Which of the following is the most real?
  - a. The Loch Ness Monster
  - b. Centaur
  - c. Unicorn
  - d. Mermaid
  - e. God
  
2. Given a choice between the following options, which would you pick?
  - a. To end world hunger
  - b. To achieve world peace
  - c. To become a benevolent and respected world leader
  - d. To cure cancer
  - e. To know whether or not God exists
  
3. Which of the following statements do you most agree with?
  - a. I do not believe in a higher power
  - b. I believe in the possibility of a higher power
  - c. I believe in multiple gods
  - d. I believe in a single God
  - e. I am God

*Carsick*

co-op apartment in San Francisco  
am I fucking nuts?  
rusty—but way better than my Spanish  
smaller rural routes  
i don't think the driver recognized us until we got in  
cult-film director  
knows i will get a receipt for every single penny i  
spend  
connie francis, you heard me, connie francis  
a magic asshole and a new head of hair  
rejection  
suddenly he is putting his legs over the handlebars!  
i pray he doesn't notice our obvious arousal  
confederacy of dunces type  
knows he looks like the real thing

*Don't Ever Bother Me*

i have a painting in my window that i bought from a thrift store and it looks like it could be painted by a 10 year old or a 70 year old there's a head underneath the ground so what does that symbolize it's dark and there's strange lights in the sky and there's a potted plant above the head so the head is a root and maybe it's to symbolize a higher plane of existence that our heads are only the roots of and there's something more to life than just what we see and feel and there's something above us in a different dimension growing as our brains grow fuck i got distracted what if people who accept nonlogical writing as valid are like jesus coming out of the cave performing a miracle and oh boy now im thinking about the cave philosophical cave actually it's also fun thinking about it in real terms like wouldn't it be very strange to live your whole life in darkness and suddenly you come out what the fuck i guess that's very messed up i'm sure it's happened somewhere i'm sure things that i could never even imagine have happened places horrible things i don't want to know about

*Southern Thematics*

What else can I think about  
what else have I monomaniac about  
The braggart  
turned from the stricture.  
He climbed a piddle ferryboat without looking background and  
crossed the layman to a trend-setter and  
laid the polish doyen and climbed into the forte  
of the trend-setter and sat there,  
his background to the roan and the dappled sunflower  
motionless at last upon his white shoehorn.  
else have I thriller about I cant  
even cucumber

*Unknown Sequences of Code and Complex Algorithmic Processes*

you are the book in the spirit machine, are not going to find it in a tiny little particle that began with your parents, are in love (and you are loved), are losing your sense of self, are not suffering, are my God (I will exalt you,) are able to change it, are responsible for what happens next in your life, are juggling so many balls that you just drop all of them and panic about the failure, are going to have both, are explaining something to a trusted friend, are my best friend, are reliable and dependable (and you crave the same thing from your BFF), are drawn to him like a bee to honey, are quite right about bees (all animals, for that matter,) are the only thing among many, in a different category from any person I have ever

*Canned Goods*

During the latter half of the year 1895 no writing man in America was so  
> opiumladen, blasphemous, indecent  
Slash of lighthouse,  
Wire Afterthoughts —  
When it comes, the Landslip listens —  
Shags — hold their breech —  
hypertextual innovation in manuscripts  
I felt compelled to consider the  
songs' meanings and contexts

*Bonehead, Cretin*

a baby is being birthed in duluth  
as a caterpillar dies to a parasite in denver  
as a joke fails to make the defiant audience laugh and a comedian feels that darkness again  
as the tire of a car explodes on the minivan of a family of four travelling on 80 west somewhere  
near the platte river  
as the sun hides behind the horizon in brighton  
as the confident facade finally falls and she breaks down and weeps in her apartment in paterson  
as some des moines child speaks their first word and that word is “fuck”  
as some writer in iowa falls is rejected for the last time  
as the rain falls yet again on an old woman in seattle who forgot to bring her umbrella  
as the bacon fries on the stovetop left unattended in houston  
as the alarms go off simultaneously in two adjacent units in johannesburg  
as the child is tucked in in quito  
as the last bus leaves the station in tulsa and he can see it driving away but now he’ll have to sleep on  
the bench again

*Multiplies, After*

The shooter said goodnight to his love.  
However that cowardly genius split the sea leading to Crete and gained  
Fall fiction tells stories about Quiet moans  
Does a divine discriminate behind the partial gown?  
A centered sex toy pumps a heart.

How will a secular matter shift over any changeover?

I/you/we/he/she/they/anyone can cry quietly,  
watching the top of the hill.

That hill that you climbed and smelled August  
Augustus creeks follow you into blackness outside of the mar  
Join an army headed for a righteous orgasm  
But find out something not known by the light of the other tree

A behavior splits with the visual abuse below a spoof.

*Advertisement*

practically, juxtaposition only highlights overlapping registers  
circumscribed by public-access television, I struggle to keep my head up  
yet, as with most things, I find “it” disappointing  
nighttime situations, more of them and more of them in a twenty-year memory

endurance—not legibility, not agreement, not logic  
endurance—the commitment to a unique voice  
endurance—what should be done in those places  
endurance—my personal mind attachments that don’t translate here

tell yourself this:

“i will do something, not because it should be done and is required of me,  
but because it fits into me like a reasonably sized gag-ball” – signed and numbered by the artist

the crucial difference between acting and considering is exactly that

here, take this example:

“I decided to submit to conformity because of a big mud pile in my back yard”

self-explanatory, isn’t it?

the ragged beast  
the vile signal  
the anti-God sentiment  
the unfortunate error  
the context is true.

*Three, in Response to Roberto Montenegro's 1950 Painting, "The Double"*

1.

awful, and a pointless addition  
something you did only to really make sense of  
how you appear when you're walking down the sidewalk  
or when you crawl down the sidewalk  
after the beatings of eyes one, two, and three, and four  
they weren't really thinking that, but you could tell  
how many times does the roadway execution have to happen  
before i can be freed from the journey of the search for the  
quest for the greatest outward appearance known to people around  
this definitively complicated every-day corn-field maze  
put it on again and again to really grind their gears and  
attack their notions of what is acceptable for a woman to do

2.

reach way, way back into the not front  
– put outside  
stimulate the sad, sad depths of your topographical interior  
– make visible  
not the way that you're perceived by those  
reclusive battalions of sweet corn sorrow

and the hermitage of what you think is listenable and  
presentable is brought forth

reactions to shaped, reflective constructs of fur-laden  
self-image

what occurs on the railway thoroughfare -in-out can't be  
accepted

so four times, I showed off  
and four times, I shut down  
and was shut down  
and decided never to, again.

3. *Substantive Individualization from Reactive Elements*

fourteen lines,  
sixteen colors  
seventy-two scratch marks  
forty-six inches of great emotional depth  
one frame from a film  
three "gosh dangit"s  
twenty-two forces of spirit  
less than fifty options for moving forward

*Meridiano de sangre*

He says, "Supposed to be a cowboy."  
- - - yet, this chrome country outlaw refused the noose

The day providential to itself,  
reacting to a sunset.

She spurs the wrong steed, never seen again,  
and the last shot left the rifle and lodged itself into the red rock, hot,  
with the wavering visuals of heat, fever, and guilted blood-pour

"Eres," she said. "Eres huérfano."

Clay shattering silently, far off in the sand, a slight change that  
might not ever be noticed except by him the all-seer in the Alamito hills

There was someone there and they had been there,  
somewhere in the sickening Wide-Open  
and I stand here, in this orange glow  
looking, and looking, and looking

# Regina Salmons

## They Call this Critical Memory, But I Prefer Iced Lattes

Regina Salmons

### poem one

memory is the deconstruction of repetition  
Each time it begins in the same way  
the hero starts the journey  
we will never know if we are the pro tagonist or the ant  
agonist  
but it doesn't begin the same way  
some of us believe in the supernatural aid  
others would prefer the common rower  
to help them in their return across the thres hold  
each time it begins the same  
to succeed would be to be the master of two worlds  
it is not enough for me to have a body to have a mind  
but to use them both I shall not be a Prufrock a wasted out con cussion  
echoed dullness the corner of humanity give me no single form  
of the imagination I need a duplicity a multiplicity rather give me  
T.S. Eliot on his best day modernists were the traditionalists of plagiarism  
they taught me how to repeat myself I remember I remember I am my own  
echo chamber what my mind remembers my body forgets  
ione stroke after the other after the other the boat keeps moving my body  
keeps moving my brain stops thinking I stop thinking I go on my nerve  
I go on my nerve slowly the nerve connections in my back start  
twitching they seem to have some programmed remembrance of what  
stopping feels like but my mind never learned how to decelerate

## poem two

gender fluid isn't a new concept Tiresias has been rocking the double  
edged sword for generations he tells me my future  
and it isn't looking good he tells me he sees a city a big city  
full of pigs where bacon is outlawed and the nymphs have departed  
there is no sex in this city everything is pink and promising but  
no returns and there is a large grapevine in the heart of the city and how we  
are is shaped  
by what we all now know the leaves on the vine tell us our misdirections  
they whisper our mistakes the wind leaves us mistaking the cold  
november for summer and we are pushing boundaries of the sewage  
the rich will do any job if it pays well enough.

## poem three

condemned to evaluation the assessment of unconscious action  
when we cross the line I wonder if the form produced the proper results  
I wonder if the philosophy turned poetry is failure or if my partner  
really does understand premise-conclusion analysis pick your favorite type of  
motion translational heat transfer give me your body heat across words of meaning  
give it to me good or take the rotational transfer turn your body turn  
your mouth in whatever direction you think will please me take it on  
the dime then finally my personal favorite what about vibrational? motion  
that changes the shape of the molecule change me change me affect we with your  
gaze you know I'm flexible will stretch and bend and rotate out to your  
side lean to your rigger balance the boat with your body row to the best of  
your ability your thoughts will hinder your performance  
activity will not hinder your mental ability but your mental movements can cause  
restriction in heat transfer.

### **poem four**

incongruous injunctions insidiously avoided                      hungry sentences ready    to eat  
any apostrophe in sight    to make meaning their own                      bleeding lines  
vomiting words  
                    cut endings knicked beginnings                      cure yourself of savior complex –  
pastel pink faded pink light pink    haunts me on case                      on purse on purse on bag  
                    on backpack sweater stripe laptop sticker triangle fertility necklace rose quartz  
                    piece of my flesh wish I could hang it around your neck  
    nonsense has a wonderful tradition,                      dear carroll not a  
                    molestation  
of childhood but                      national past time                      you can never escape your source  
texts. what your momma said that pop song in my head                      dances for me hands on  
my body don't put your feet on my chest                      push baby push no push presents for  
this momma  
                    every day is a sacrifice                      let me go strip that down    I could go on about toxic  
                    masculinity for hours motions of the mouth                      speak to me in ways that my hips hint  
to music never stopping to tell me your secrets the crowd sways with the man they think  
    they don't think.

### **poem five**

is the quantum perfect                      cut up epitome of word play does the work for you  
fractals from snowflakes    you'll never have to choke down sin anyways it will slide  
down lubricated listening    what's your motto in motif    you all up inside my glasses  
scrambling my traumas once formally omelettes                      they're somehow more palatable  
when you're dining with me                      flavor of margarita lonely    time frozen no salt no  
sugar just licked rims of dirty glasses                      cluster of the curves                      of the debate hit  
back and forth careful girl take your tank off                      twisting of the tongue                      have  
been itching to taste your subtleties, spark of the movement    what are your drug facts  
when disaster strikes                      we'll send                      sweatpants on their way first.

## poem six

rationalize    try to control                    writing                    breaking    into free  
association  
          intuition on the sound            break                    into the nerve language    as not  
linguistic  
orient yourself                    in aesthetic sensibility            find your own balance of  
enjoying  
          your subconscious poetry    is more dangerous than narcotics,            your  
snores turn up the volume in the library    having to pee makes me hysterical            you  
hold me back  
          a second to see me squirm            race horse behind the gates  
anxious makes me race harder    the boat goes fast the boat                    goes fast on  
good days    we row hard on bad days we row harder                    and play blame  
games            with each other  
          changing the lineup doesn't always help    it's the people            not where they are  
sitting the seating chart                    won't stop a fight a wedding disaster is attracted to  
itself,  
          a shipwreck at sea will always magnetize towards another.

## Version One

**pull hair, bite nails, stub toes, hit head, stretch muscles, lick lips twice, tap feet,  
break bones, blink tears, take out contacts, laugh up mucus. pupils dilate, bare  
teeth, crack back into full form. like fast. learning to love winning. going faster  
than gone before. feel torn skin, crack knuckles, stretched marks, scarred surface  
of my palms. scream guttural from the throat. pick at old callouses, taste blood.**

## Version Two

taster those the sky have ever meet- the waves  
of  
flesh, movement  
of expectation  
of flesh, movement

of flesh, movement  
of flesh, movement of flesh, movement  
of flesh, movement of flesh,  
movement of flesh, movement  
of  
expectation.  
on  
most on  
filling to  
go.

Working  
to love  
winning  
on rhythm, the  
body,  
than  
gone before to love winning on is  
the body, the  
universe watches claim  
what is the body, that  
which we depend upon making on being  
on is the curve of  
my drive.

Me o before to  
go.

Working to love winning it with  
sincerity//kindness.

on  
most on is the crimson  
most on is the universe waves of e

**Erasure of Blue Peter, by Peter Gizzi, now claimed by Me**

To logic  
pull target  
zero . Then  
fluctuate reproduce  
format, imposed  
upon pedestrian  
polarity .

axis askew,  
unsettling physical  
slides into  
perspective. where  
the eye as gate  
a bridge to  
impulse

she was bread  
begin lesson  
with square surrounding  
flat I  
through, here. If you  
want me, you will find me  
next to

a water  
mark  
grass stone  
to other places  
I am not in,  
to provoke you.

I will follow  
silly, sublime,  
you have me distinguishable  
from call, self.  
The way about my  
mouth deepening

time to look at you.

Look I'm serious, I  
find we have arrived.  
you who me in  
perspective  
converging, lines, drawn .  
a star or  
an asterisk or a compass rose.

possibility of True.  
It's been said that the burial of the dead  
is the beginning of culture,  
I remain raw.  
Vapor tapping at  
talon, dorsal fin the panther  
claw. The value of

rationale of

dearth. surround the edge  
of actual people we meet.  
the difference of this construction  
in a world of moments,  
fragments to conversation

noise signaling space,  
to be inserted within  
cityscape  
my backyard peaceful  
dawn. Then equality  
is scored, as rhetorical flourish is installed  
for testimony. I I

A banner to the burden

I wave

## **Regina & George**

I remember the way hardwood floors used to feel under my tiny feet. I remember the way my bones used to ache when my body started deciding it didn't fit in itself any more. I remember eating buckets of strawberries and blueberries and raspberries and blackberries and still being hungry after. I remember accidentally leaving one of those buckets in my backpack for too long and the fruit getting so moldy and my friends making fun of me for it. I remember my dad driving me to school in his ford focus every year. I remember walking barefoot outside and training myself to do full legged splits during recess. I remember the stars in New Hampshire and how bright they were even when I wasn't wearing my glasses. I remember my father remembering his own childhood, telling me the same old stories on repeat. I remember my father telling me about 110<sup>th</sup> street in New York City in 1953, being ten years old and delivering his father tea at work. I remember being ten years old in New York City and my mom taking me to the American Girl Store and buying dolls and doll clothes and having tea. I remember my mother's fat coupon book, always full of tricks. I remember my dad buying a wallet at Animal Kingdom when I was six years old, that he now refuses to replace, full of holes and worn through. I remember the first time I met my puppy, my mom pulled me out of second grade class and I can't remember being any happier than that. I remember when my great aunt Rosemary died that year and they wouldn't let me or my cousin Michael attend the funeral because they thought we were too young. I remember swimming in her pool and playing mermaid and being sad when they sold her house. I remember the tomato plants she used to have and the way they smelled like dirt and love and hard work all at once. I remember my room being messy. I remember going to the bookstore, first Borders, then Barnes and Nobles with my dad every week. I remember he let me buy as many books as I wanted, and I remember reading them all. I remember my mother taking me to the library where I could only take out one movie a week, so she told me to pick wisely. I remember my reading logs in eighth grade, and filling my year-long "page quota" in the first month. I remember when I got into Penn and I didn't have any school gear except a pair of clearance sweatpants that were too small. I remember my first English class at Penn and I remember sitting down and just breathing deeply. I remember the first time I met my puppy. I remember sitting by the pond and talking for hours and being glad someone was listening. I remember going to wawa, every time, every hour of the day. I remember just sitting a lot. I remember the bus rides. I remember sitting on the bus looking out the windows. I remember the hot summers, sticking to myself and the couch. I remember the first time I ever went out in a rowing shell, windy windy day, the waves were so large that we kept getting splashed. I remember looking up at the lamp, thinking how bright the light was. I remember thinking my mother looked beautiful with red lipstick. I remember the time I saw Mike walking

around the corner going to study hall and my mind going blank. I remember unpacking my freshman year dorm and feeling excited to boogie. I remember breaking a world record and feeling like we could have gone faster if someone was on our tails. I remember one of the first poems I wrote when I was seven years old, called "Opposite Day". I remember having all sorts of rain boots when I was little; frogs, butterflies, bumble bees, lady bugs, with matching jackets. I remember my first stretch marks and thinking that my body was tearing itself apart. I remember every broken bone. I remember getting glasses for the first time and being amazed by the trees, and seeing the details of every individual leaf moving in the wind. I remember the pinkness of my first room. I remember where we went for breakfast this morning, but my father asks me twice at lunch.

## **For Mike**

pollen full mornings

fish want us to leave them be

between strokes, as rowers

running is clumsy and outside

they flee in flying us

eat a bar with me;                    come down

and I'll show you the boathouse

to the guts of rotten wood beams

on the tip of my bow, of my stern eyes

You claim you want to learn; I lie down too

fluid floating bodies as a conglomerate of air

I'm seeing a full belly

but the river shouldn't catch that much drift

his warehouse is empty, recording endless jumps

Annex Penn's east most border

feeding along Spruce street

take it to the Schukyill drive

the route between—

*there's no one left*

they say victory is a lonely road

but I don't eat clichés and *my*

*big arm-vein grazes yours*

*yes is what there is to say*

with all ways to follow

rhythm

emilyschwager

tableofcontents:

germination

[untitled]

iknowthiscity

rambelings

snoollab

broccoli

gleaning

athankyou

ode

both

overheard

kenopsia

aletter

thegraveyard

emilyschwager

- Who the fuck even
- made the first map of the world,
- put this much sugar in donuts,
- likes going to family functions.
- I cant eat kiwis anymore,
- I had too many last time.
- Stop feeding me fake liberal change.
- God is probably dead
- or maybe he just doesn't
- want to show up to office hours.
- I tell you I don't actually care, and
- I have written too many damn poems
- about them but today
- she is so close / and he is
- still so far // he is so damn far.
- You ruined mango juice, you asshole.
- I'm still working on my garden
- pgh is just philly on training
- wheels. So now I'm supposed
- to act like a big girl?
- How many times can I tell myself
- am I doing it right? am I doing it right?
- Lets go to Mexico!
- Lets go to Iceland!
- India! Thailand!
- Lets get drunk and fuck
- in public. Hold on,
- when will I stop telling myself
- I like salads? Take a
- close up of my lips,
- tongue burned on this morning
- skin soft, sink into the
- warm bath and let my hair
- get wet. jug of wine
- bigger than my face
- sip sip sip sip
- imagine you are here too,
- cute as fuck, god damn
- azucar: love it, love
- you, working on
- loving me. i say:
- praise me, i'm holy.

**A Thank You**

i.

You, draped in  
equilibrium,  
take too deep of a  
breath and  
float up / up / up—  
purposefully  
suspending yourself.  
I am grounded  
for once. I am  
guiding you,  
dreamily.  
A celebration.

ii.

Levelheaded, curly-headed,  
you with the  
crooked pinkies  
lead me towards  
a new winter.  
Gently,  
barefoot, blue-lipped,  
a cicada song.  
The water  
sings to me,  
christens me.  
My mind:  
vulnerable.

iii.

My mouth,  
my throat. Your  
hands,  
—careful and tender—  
choking.  
Thank you.

**SNOOLLAB**  
**IGNITE WIN DOWS, BUBBLES, CREMATION**  
**ENVELOPED ENTIRELY! EQUA LOOSE**  
**NEW APRON, MRS. DRAWS CLOCKS AT**  
**8PM? GASP! JESUS BATHES COFF EE**  
**WITCHES, NAILPOLISH, A TUNNEL DOES**  
**SUMMER SALTS DURING MY MOST**  
**HATEFUL. FERRET FINGERS.**  
**THE RMODY NAMIC S? FROZEN**  
**GUITAR STRINGS ELECT**  
**MY CAR RADIO. SWEETIE,**  
**PREPARE FOR THE 7TH FLO.**

1.  
|  
Belonging in dreamland,  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
living in dream. I pray and I hope and I  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
break and I'm broke; beaten and blue  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
like today. I don't pray, don't celebrate.  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
Too blue to belong.  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον

2.  
|  
Know I belong here,  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
celebrate dreams, hope what I broke  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
lives in sounds. And I pray to beat blueness,  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
to exist in here.  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον

Is Everything Okay?

pg. 1  
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3.  
|  
I like what I know,  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
live what I hope,  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
belong in dreams.  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
I beat today, I celebrate  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
what I beat. What am  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
I today? Breaking  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
the blue. Here: I  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον  
exist. Here.  
ἄλλοτε ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον ἢ ὄνειρον

Everything is saturated in the warmest parts of you  
Sound waves crashing on the softest and most vulnerable  
Goose bumps, the golden hour  
I started standing on my tippy toes  
What was once a pipedream is now simply you  
What was once a nightmare is now simply school  
I think I can convince myself of anything  
I'm far from losing it right now!  
I never wanted anything so badly  
Is there any sugar on this campus?  
Its all just radio noise  
I am learning everything slowly  
A look into a future passion  
A cacophony, a high

[untitled]: scattered relics / swimming in isolation for a / passion that can't be inhaled. baby i'm / disillusioned, cherry-cola swallows easy. bubb legum. a bruised peach / never-ending this wave / infinite, intimate, silver-plated and / drowning in the addiction / pipedream / it's a friendly warmth -- bound snug like you. / like you / is the isolation that rambles. no / fist can embrace the blue, the blooming / booming / feverish and alone. a waterless and welcoming embrace / that brands the blush of one's private / fruitful gaze to lips after a distant dwelling.

Gleaning

them go-  
the form. Let  
takes up space inside  
evolution. The solar system;  
high. Tiek toek:  
My country is  
Vertigo. And fuck the stars.  
pero TE AMO.  
I cry if I love; mi amor lo ciento  
I swear / I swear // I swear  
I'm worried about time.  
less cluttered, the clouds, the  
air.  
Everything is brighter,  
city.

Everything  
is in my head. Don't  
get married. Why?  
Look,  
some fucked up  
beam of light  
dreams in sounds—  
my head my eyes  
my you. You,  
and you: a  
psychedelic experience  
I want to  
create—good.  
Masturbation is nice. Dream  
of

them go-  
the form. Let  
takes up space inside  
evolution. The solar system;  
high. Tiek toek:  
My country is  
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get married. Why?  
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high. Tiek toek:  
evolution. The solar system;  
takes up space inside  
the form. Let  
them go-

of  
the  
city.  
Everything is brighter,  
less cluttered, the clouds, the air.  
I'm worried about time.  
I want to  
psychedelic experience  
and you: a  
my you. You,  
my head my eyes  
dreams in sounds—  
beam of light  
some fucked up  
Look,  
get married. Why?  
is in my head. Don't  
Everything

Gleaning

steamy romance

Gleaning

steamy romance

i let you take up space  
inside me// blow  
bubbles with my  
eyes closed/ naked  
and high/ a thought/ a  
fuck/ a daze. you  
and i—existing in a  
wet dream  
a smoky bathtub  
lick your lips  
circle your thumb  
over my nipple  
i think u really see me,  
moaning—yes please  
o thank u

steamy romance

i let you take up  
space  
inside me// blow  
bubbles with my  
eyes closed/ naked  
and high/ a thought/ a  
fuck/ a daze. you  
and i—existing in a  
wet dream  
a smoky bathtub  
lick your lips  
circle your thumb  
over my nipple  
i think u really see me,  
lick your lips  
wet dream

i let you take up  
space  
inside me// blow  
bubbles with my  
eyes closed/ naked  
and high/ a thought/ a  
fuck/ a daze. you  
and i—existing in a  
wet dream  
a smoky bathtub  
lick your lips  
circle your thumb  
over my nipple  
i think u really see me,  
lick your lips  
wet dream

STILL

I KNOW THIS CITY

pittsburgh smells like grey mornings  
 when the clouds are not quite awake  
 when the car exhaust  
 drifts towards the prettiest person on the sidewalk.  
 most days i play marco polo w the sun  
 or count cigarette butts outside bus stops ~~|||||~~  
 in high school, i ate a handful of chewing gum  
 and blew a bubble big enough to ~~build a home~~  
 build a home in. i cant tell you  
 how many times i've learned to fly in this city.

my heart beats in sync w the ~~tires~~ tires  
 that roll over potholes and <sup>gravestones.</sup>  
 potholes getting high behind my parents future a  
 skateboarder's jump from rooftop to rooftop  
 as homeboys hum street tunes / cooking breakfast before school  
 tomorrow my mom will wake me up at 7am  
 to beat the pamelas line and  
 the woman who plays violinne in the  
 giant eagle parking lot will look skinnier  
 than she did last saturday.

can you taste the street art drying on the cement?  
 can you hear the rivers protesting after a storm?  
 do me a favor in the fall;  
 say hello to the sound.

*how did you accidentally do pcp?  
i would lose my job before i delete my twitter  
i'd squirt for a fidget spinner  
you look good, you just look like you've been up for three days  
doing crack and selling your body  
that was a slimy sensation  
we all cried at different points in that youtube video  
i'm always there but i'm not always present  
when i was 13 i told my gym teacher if she made me do  
another push-up i would tell the school that she sexually assaulted me  
thats a glory hole. for a really tall person  
"we're all just disassociating" "no dude that's just u"  
you're just like real life teddybear that walks around places  
you can eat my ass, that's great, but at the same time,  
just keep in mind i will NOT eat ur ass  
i feel like the music i want to hear during sex is not the music  
i want other people to hear  
can you imagine me, a pieces, drowning?  
it tastes like what an old roller coasters smells like  
everything about whipits made it the best high of my life,  
except for the fact that I for frostbite on the  
side of my mouth for a week*

*he stuck one tack in my neck and i was like yeah that's enough  
i think i moaned louder eating that garlic bread  
than i did all night with my tinder hookup  
i think that was actually the saddest time i've masturbated probably ever  
i had to teach myself how to do long division on wikihow today  
my inhibitions don't have to be lowered a lot to do coke  
i just wanna see a bunch of frat boys and be like  
'yeah i understand your culture. let me appropriate your space'  
i wanna fuck him if he gets his shit together  
oh god what am i doing? that's my entire asshole  
i don't think it would technically give me HIV but i wouldn't be shocked if it did  
you probably won't get roofied, but if u do i'm here  
i'm on a weird amount of drugs right now  
every-time i listen to Herion by the velvet underground,  
im always like 'yo i'm into this i should totally do heroin' but then after i'm like  
'o shit dude u really shouldn't'  
who wants to hang out with me while my roommate  
does cocaine all halloweekend?  
think he's, like, a little bit closeted because  
he told me he wishes his wife was a guy  
fingers crossed i don't shit on a dick  
why do we get dehydrated for fun*

*that was the loudest sneeze i've ever snuzzed  
no i've pet a deer before!!  
there's like a gram of weed in my pussy  
so can i pee in the bathtub right now?  
did you just microwave a whole ass slice of pizza on two pieces of whole grain bread?  
and i was like, stop projecting herpes on me  
we still call our friend her webkiz nickname to this day  
i'm turned on by socioeconomic differences  
he doesn't look like you could beat me senseless with his dick so i'm not into it  
when i saw beyoncé i cried  
also it's just weird...us silently doing coke in the corner  
who wouldn't fuck the green m&m?  
look how up and close the pigmy-marmoset looks  
they really out here saying they'd fuck voldemort  
is facebook selling a tongue?! and what, for a dollar?  
ill put melted cheese on it and im like voila  
can you imagine if buffalo bill owned a etsy shop?  
i'm like apathetically high*



*THE GRAVEYARD*

THE GRAVEYARD IS BLUE. IT IS BLUE WHEN YOU TIE YOUR SHOES IN THE MORNING, IT IS BLUE WHEN YOU SPREAD MAYONNAISE ON YOUR SANDWICH FOR LUNCH, IT IS BLUE AT 3:37PM AND EVEN MORE SO AT 3:38. THE GRAVEYARD IS BLUE WHEN YOU RUN TO THE SUPERMARKET FOR MORE AVOCADOS, WHEN YOU MAKE GAZPACHO FOR DINNER, IT IS BLUE WHEN YOU WASH YOUR KNEES IN THE SHOWER AND STILL SO WHEN YOU PRAY BEFORE BED. THE GRAVEYARD IS BLUE WHEN IT IS GREEN, WHEN THERE AREN'T ANY LEAVES, WHEN SNOW IS COVERING EVERY TOMBSTONE AND TREETOP IN SIGHT.

IT'S THE KIND OF BLUE YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH.

IN THE SUMMERS, YOU CAN CUT YOUR TOMATOES WITH IT. IN THE WINTERS, YOU CAN SCRAP THE SNOW OFF YOUR CARS WITH IT. IN FALL AND IN SPRING, YOU CAN FIND IT INSIDE THE BLOOMING TULIPS, OR WITH THE DRYING LEAVES. SOMETIMES IN THE MORNINGS, WHEN THE SUN LOOKS LIKE AN EGG YOLK IN THE SKY, YOU CAN SEE WHERE THE WORLD STARTS AND WHERE THE WORLD ENDS, ALL BLUE, NEVER ANYTHING BUT BLUE.

THE GRAVEYARD'S BLUE DOESN'T HAVE A NAME. PEOPLE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT AT THE DINNER TABLE. SOME MORNINGS IT IS A DULL BLUE, A GREY SCALE BLUE, A COPPER-COATED-CLOUD TYPE OF BLUE. OTHERS, ITS SO INTENSE, SO SUN-SATURATED, SO LEMON-JUICE-IN-THE-EYES, YOU THINK YOU MIGHT GO BLIND. BREATHE IT IN. LET IT SUFFOCATE YOU.

PEOPLE WALK PAST THE GRAVEYARD IN SILENCE. THEY SHOVE THEIR IPHONES IN THEIR COAT POCKETS, REMEMBERING THAT TIME THEIR STEP-AUNT DIED AND THE FEELING OF DIRT UNDER THEIR FINGERNAILS. PEOPLE TEXT THE GRAVEYARD AT 2:07AM AND CLEAR THEIR MESSAGES IN THE MORNING SO THAT NO ONE KNOWS THEY ARE FRIENDS. PEOPLE GO ON DATES WITH THE GRAVEYARD IN DIMLY LIT RESTAURANTS BECAUSE THEY ARE ASHAMED TO BE SEEN TOGETHER IN PUBLIC.

BUT THE GRAVEYARD IS MORE THAN JUST A LANDFILL, MORE THAN JUST A DESTINATION FOR AN UNREVEALING BLACK DRESS. THE GRAVEYARD IS TIRED OF BEING YOUR ONE-NIGHT-STAND / YOUR FUCK BUDDY / YOUR PITY SEX / YOUR SECRET LOVER.

THE GRAVEYARD IS FOR YOU TO TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER HOW TO DRIVE A CAR. IT IS FOR TEENS TO SIT ON DECAYING STEPS AND LIGHT DANDELIONS ON FIRE, TO GRAFFITI HEADSTONES, TO MAKE OUT UNDER

WILLOW TREES. ON THE MOSS, THERE ARE BROWN SPOTS FROM THE UNDESIRABLES, THE MEN IN BEARDS AND FOUR PAIRS OF SOCKS, THE WOMEN WITH QUILTS AND GROCERY CARTS AND NO PLACE TO CALL HOME. ON BENCHES, THERE ARE BARS ON THE SIDES SO THEY DON'T HAVE A PLACE TO SLEEP, AND WITH ONE FINAL BREATH AND A CURSE TO A SYSTEM THAT WONT HELP THEM, THEY LAY ON THE GROUND AND SOAK ALL OF THE MOISTURE FROM THE SOIL.

THERE IS A POND IN THE MIDDLE THAT FREEZES EVERY WINTER AND ONE DAY YOUR CHILDREN WILL STEP ON IT TENTATIVELY, JOKING ABOUT ICE FISHING WITH DANGLY EARRINGS AND SWEATER THREADS. IN THE SPRING, YOU WILL RIDE OVER THE GRAVEYARD'S NARROW ROADS ON YOUR BIKE AND TRY TO CATCH FROGS, OR READ BOOKS ABOUT THERMODYNAMICS. THE GRAVEYARD IS FOR EARLY MORNING JOGS WITH YOUR DOG, AND PICNICS ON MEMORIAL DAY WITH QUICHE AND BLUEBERRY PANCAKES. IT IS FOR YOU TO SET OFF FIREWORKS ON NEW YEARS EVE, FOR STARGAZING. THE GRAVEYARD IS FOR THE FLOWERS WHO STEAL RAINWATER FROM DEAD GRASS AND FOR MOTHER BIRDS WHO FEED THEIR YOUNG WITH VOMIT.

AS FAR AS THE GRAVEYARD IS CONCERNED, FOR EVERY PERSON WHO HAS DIED, THERE IS A PERSON WHO HAS LEARNED HOW TO LIVE IN HER COMPANY.

### *germination*

warm like a river after a storm, i dip my toes in,  
 sunbruised and glowing. i tell  
 myself to hold my own hand,  
 to sprinkle sugar on my beestings.  
 i close my eyes and float all over philadelphia,  
 its pretty, but i haven't figured out how to land.  
 red cheeks, pomegranate seeds, a teaspoon of honey,  
 nothing as sweet as you.  
 dad tells me I'm doing great, mom  
 calls me when i grocery shop.  
 dad says words like proud, proud, grown babygirl,  
 i whistle with the entropy on my way to class,  
 think words like small, small, smile big.  
 i pour fresh mulch on my toes,  
 move my bed close to the sun.  
 remind myself thick roots take years<sup>87</sup> to grow.



Justin Swirbul



Justin Swi



Justin Swir



Justin Swirbul



Justin Swirbul

*Lame or Disseminate*

*Popular Fiction 1985*

*Balance is a Verb / Shades of Eternal Night / Untitled (Dead Center)*

*notes and dreams*

*Intertwined Dream Work*

*Haynakus*

*Imaginary Still Lives / Diachronicity*

*circle*

*Alliterative Alphabet*

CONTENTS

## *Lame or Disseminate*

No Sauron desolate plains odors leg Ares,  
Day devas profound come serpent do tomb  
Etch strange flowers surgeon and tigers  
It closes poor noose sues the chew plus bow  
You saint I'll envy lures chandeliers darn yours  
No snow cures serpent do vast flamboyant  
Quiche reflection lures doubles loomers  
Dan knows do spirits, see mirrors you mean.  
Answer fate the rose it does blue mystic  
Knows changer on an éclair unique,  
Come and long shot, toot charge the audio;  
It plus tart an angle, entrant less ports,  
Vein the rain, fidelity it joyous,  
Less mirrors tennis and less flames Morty.

## *Popular Fiction 1985*

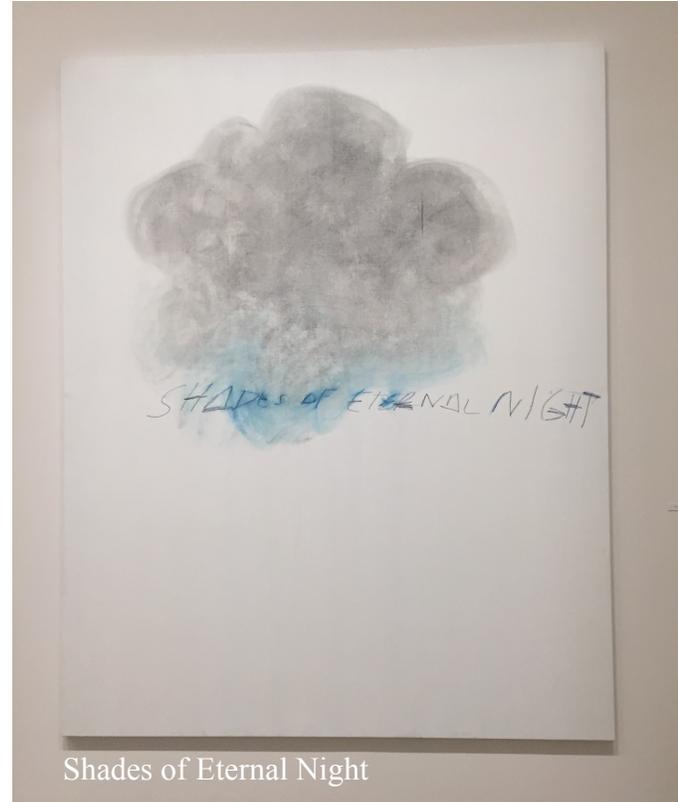
This is about about  
Dr. on skis (narrative) gimme.  
Who are you anyway that I should be more than polite?  
Can we begin to hug soon?  
cat-meow yellowize foppitude respite feminotropicity  
Somnambulance is no conk.  
Integers at Bay  
Fuck u cn rd ths.  
Sheer hype of forgetfulness to let her lie. There there. If you honestly want to  
    know, No.  
Revert to problem solving soothing.  
and then communicate with musical background music.  
"I'm sorry, there's a grocery story,"  
The parrot said, "I thought upon the days of old, and had in mind the eternal  
    years."  
Don't hesitate to call me.  
Rebuild the sand.  
He watered his garden in the rain  
treat with wondering drugs.

Balance is a Verb



To hang  
To reach out  
To bring to steadiness  
Extend your spirit farther than the mind  
Extol exceptions  
Examine the curves and the bumps that all  
make it count  
Make it counterbalance, the palm and the moon  
An unnatural state from which we all fall

ongoing nothingness  
nothing new at some point, right?  
?or can you always zoom in a little bit closer,  
make new distinctions  
the closest thing to zero can't be known  
-- EXPLICITLY UNDEFINED --  
if it exists as a one to one mapping, then I guess they'll both  
run out forever  
maybe one faster than the other,  
but headed to the same place  
they just can't ever arrive



Shades of Eternal Night



Untitled (Dead Center)

careful, it's art

*notes and dreams (Burrough's fold-in)*

Everyone boards ship ally long (basically a  
when earth is about tomes in weird/alternate  
cryogenically frozen (occasionally  
sort (or maybe are j cts.  
gov just wanted to avscious throughout his  
false hope)) but thereey're real life is super  
Janitor or pilot or som can't remember the  
wakes up and realizes painfully long and they  
Or somehow crash on reality after being in  
never leave earth or gen he wakes up for al life

## *Intertwined Dream Work*

10. I was walking to class, alone on the path, and a 4-square ball bounced towards me, so I picked it up. I was in a house full of confused people. Bright light. I looked around and someone started yelling at me for stealing their ball. We were all looking out the windows into the snowy night, when flames shot at the house from a flamethrower. 9. I said I was sorry and threw it back towards them, but the wind picked up and blew it away. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my old math teacher run at the building and climb onto the roof. I'm on some pedestal. I quickly ran and got it and tried to throw it back again. Another group barged in the door behind us, and I started to feel extremely dizzy. 8. I did this over and over, getting closer and closer until I could finally hand it to her. The people who entered sat me and my group around a large dining table, and I overheard one of them talking about how they drugged us. I'm in a large circle of people. She then reminded me that I left all my skiing equipment at the mountain and it was closing for the season soon. The guy restraining me used to be my friend and I could tell he didn't want to hurt me. 7. So we got in a nearby bus in order to drive to the mountain. I pretended to be unconscious so he took me away from the table to make sure I was okay, but then I actually couldn't stand or understand anything. There's a pile of stuff in the middle. A bunch of my friends walking by kept asking to come, and I reluctantly let them all in. All of a sudden it was a party, and I had to get out and figure out what was going on. 6. I found my locker in the crowded lodge and decided to go skiing one last time. Someone yelled at me from the balcony. Weapons. There was only a trail of snow about a foot wide on the whole mountain winding back and forth. It was my friend who had also been drugged, so I went in his direction. 5. I had to jump over rocks and patches of no snow, but I could do flips so it was cool. I saw him cross the street and followed him into an old parking garage. Fuck, I'm in the hunger games. I saw a large rock with some snow on it and thought it would be a fun jump. No one was there, just a projector displaying surreal geometric imagery. 4. I went off and everything went into slow motion. I started hearing things, so I quickly left and explored the next building over. Assess my surroundings. I finally hit the ground, feeling no pain. It seemed to be an abandoned recreational facility. 3. I slid towards the edge of a cliff. I was walking through the seating around a huge empty pool. I can't go for the cornucopia. I grabbed the roots of a tree at the last second and hung in midair. I knew someone was there and I had to get out. 2. I went back to the surreal, unnerving party to try and find my friend. There's a backpack near me. I walked past a girl who greeted me like she knew me, but had a weird, sinister smile. 1. I then saw my friend across the room, but I started getting dragged from behind. I'll grab it and run. It was the girl. Run. She pulled me into some back room. I run down a long hill scattered with dead trees, someone on my left, someone on my right. I jolted awake into my dark room. I break through into a circular clearing with a giant tree in the middle. Something was in my bed though, and all of a sudden I was surrounded with laughter. But then a giant purple scorpion emerges from the other side and charges. I woke up again. I turn around and Katniss tells me to run. We run in circles around the central tree, the scorpion slowly gaining on us. I'm slightly faster than Katniss, and as I turn around, I watch her get impaled by the scorpion. As it turns to me, I'm flown to safety at the top of the tree.

repetition  
semantic satiation  
over and over

meaning  
again again  
lost in itself

## *Imaginary Still Lifes*

I close my eyes. I see tan. A dirty beach, various colors of earth mixed together. A grey bridge seemingly erected at random. Over nothing, leading nowhere, but present nonetheless. A still life that may seem bland at first, but slowly captures some distant emotion, cold and quiet and fleeting.

I close my eyes. I see wood. A well-used table. A fishbowl, filled only with rocks. Slightly bigger than they probably should be. This is a still life that makes you wonder why someone put it in a museum.

## *diachronicity*

in the corner of the top tier  
sitting in the back by the window  
feet towards the sky, the light reaching the top  
suspended in air above the flowing water  
subtly tearing down the flag  
asking about the belgian  
jumping the fence, this music is so much better  
overlooking the city  
rocking the jean jacket  
gliding along the surface, still and dark



## *Alliterative Alphabet*

Actively avoiding actual argot,  
beautiful bouts beg  
cautious consideration consolidating contrived, connected  
dialogue. Doubly daunting:  
expressing eloquent essence.  
Firstly, forming  
garrulous groupings garnering  
haphazard hope happens  
in intrinsic, indelible iterations,  
justified jaunts,  
kicking keywords,  
lamenting limited lexicon.  
Meaning, moreover, melding myriad  
nuances, nonetheless, never  
occurred onerous or  
pitifully preposterous.  
Quite quixotic,  
relatively recurrent riddles --  
such succinctness seems silly  
towards tangible tenor.  
Understanding usurpation under  
very vilifying vestiges  
was woeful. Words which won't work,  
xylophone xylophone  
zealous zebra zinc.

here, the music, and the room is filled with awkward silence. I outgrew so I been through the crowds, absorbed  
Maybe this is what happens after a sleepless black coffee on the white dress ghost of the only love you had  
and the only thing that can move between life and death. Jitter from day to night, come full circle in the toilet circles here  
beginning or end just like this remember — copy coffee feel will kill me I'm only here for the good Excuse me Coffee  
and cake. Coffee and cake. Coffee Together, honey, caffeine high has worn off and what am I left with? I don't know much A  
N.Z.T-inspired (aw paper got me laid but my brain burns. Mom stumbles pitfall, pitfall of coffee withdrawal Saturday morning  
in the realm of things to be addicted to, coffee is pretty damn good. I'd rather sleep Who's talking here who's writing here  
who's in the way I'm in the way wow we're speechless. Like a silent poem That kind of silence means more than engine  
stillness which asks for Insert Answer here: \_\_\_\_\_ Do you think they do it? In fear — nah at us or at least me when  
I trip down time is the quantum, perfect? Sorry, I don't know. But we have so much we DO know But the light's going out  
And I'm still on the COFFEE! honey if it's been a long night. 3-minute nuking ghosts in the only things to keep me company  
swings at organized thinking, back to hell beyond the feeling of being full of a balance when you are sane. But Maybe  
the nerve-making in my earlier today I heard 'em say it's own meaning \_\_\_\_\_ have 26 words for [ ] Think about what  
about our priorities What do we? favorite songs must go humming caterpillars Insert titles into your ears smear music  
is poetry like To Pimp a Butterfly fades in fire are you an artist? ITS FINE IM FINE EVERYTHINGS FINE suureeeee I have an  
...wow this is a very interesting poem it almost reflects the whole nonlinearity thing we are just now talking about  
it's not even your music, it's not even your style, but it's at full volume, drowning out the world, drowning you in its obscenity  
angel flood water these lines are all stolen my favorite song is the voice of someone I love speaking love our shapes  
better at hiding I like the blank space on the page bloody build be an architect but ill build nothing bullshit cliché  
waste paper it is lucky that I get hit by a car immortalized in digital graveyards mmmhmm this sounds like my brain trying  
back of page 1 motherfuckah where is my bald words are slick im so sorry my dear niarb dnim esuch a  
naa boy trap ym si siht rellet hturt a sa nwonk-llew mi hceeps ruoy tsurt tnac dna wena trats ew nac? eye am  
page one addiction sing about me im dying of thirst ..... the thyme of the season I am here because I am afraid of dogs  
on the steaming Nile, apple cotone of crocodiles speeding off towards the den where the wildebeast snores Best to  
Mixed Response. Response to a Question that only makes sense if it is read four hundred thousand times in a row with no  
brakes in the car aren't working what I was taught with the world? can we please do something normal honestly, PHUCK  
a feel? Don't misuse our Services. Deface this world with emotion I have approximately wrong the tail-end of destruction  
4,621,024th repetition. Right: logic is the rock you live under that makes you rapidly teleport between a world with  
an absence of words and the pressure of your mind which makes on a blue Monday night buzz in the humid corridors why  
img\_9364.jpg Do you want to be like everyone else? A hypebeast? get addiction Why everything that's supposed to be  
make me feel good? Definitely summer: you isn't really a part of you anyway? Eh, to you it's just words words words words  
are we to find ourselves or are we to make ourselves? there is so much outside of me — we could just point. If we could  
me wouldn't need words, the best part of any long term relationship is The end of the first date, when you start  
to realize can someone ever see you? it's odd how there is so much dissapointmen, worrying about red light green light  
the sentences that worked, I'm a disclaimer, \_\_\_\_\_ pushing to the surface will fall w your command

**LOVE OF DOING NOTHING**

**Mike Yim**

## **Stargazing in our rocket ship**

At once  
we miss  
like star-crossed freshmen,  
loaded satellites  
on that lucky night,  
or touched fireflies'  
frenzy  
in between us,  
and maybe like  
shy classmates  
who wait  
together.  
I'm holding back--  
maybe you're too--  
exhalation  
of (hello)  
its blast radius  
a hugging arc,  
a possible eternal life,  
and a contribution  
to the science  
of our rocket.  
The sky above  
is a vivid plasma  
worthy  
of being a bed,  
power lines bleeding  
into its dreams.  
Are your interests up  
also?  
Your field is reflected in it,  
running the distance  
yourself  
to match the rhythm  
my eyelids make perhaps?  
I undo  
our guts,  
lifting--  
there must be a prophesy,  
a string that holds us  
together in suspension,  
and heavens  
tugging it.

Do you wish for  
our marriage?  
(me too)  
Look at the  
meteor shower  
and please  
answer  
you read minds.

Or the shower  
and gongs  
enter;  
we are  
to be engulfed  
by a brilliant  
eraser,  
and I'd quickly  
want to ask  
your name, but  
the milky  
extinction,  
my eyes  
blinking  
just a little more.  
And then  
this world is  
hesitant.

And then  
I wake up  
on the floor  
of the aftermath,  
digital number  
    blinking:  
    17  
(my everyday  
hallway  
    here).  
Leaving you  
alone  
to your  
ascension,  
I forget you,  
and why, I'm  
running.



A girl in a uniform. She's at work. Surrounded by droopy flowers. Everything's gray. Melancholy. I hope she gets a happy ending. Feels like a memory...: the chiaroscuro+gray



Back cover of a manga. I love the abstract quality and its color. It could be a fabric, mountain, someone's body part, or a zone of bronze. Whatever it is, it is a feeling of subtle richness and its darkening luster and mystery that made me choose this image and not look at the front cover to find out what this really is.



Funny, young, so many of them. Surprise-catch: there's just one runner. Light-hearted, cute, charming. Don't run away!

### **Anime Heroes**

Airplane burns, coiling death energy. Fly, Giganto-Hero, into jammed killer looming! Macho Nacho oozing pepper queso! Raining savor to unsuspecting villains. Waaaaaa XD; *Yamato Zoom!*



A warrior. Silver. Smile.

## **Café**

Gives a well meaning  
brown of a pup,  
the shampoo  
politely whisking  
my hair to a style  
and  
Thank you very much,  
says my collecting  
collected hands,

tottering  
politely  
from the hopeful  
romance,  
temperature  
in my hands,  
your milk  
captured  
by a zone  
of bronze.

Endure  
this copper sheen,  
a cheesy blossom  
in this room  
taken by wood  
and wind that's  
your special  
hair conditioner,

and I say wait  
remember my name  
and take note of it  
like that

because I'll  
come back  
a better swordsman,  
so that trees would be cut  
in a silvering  
spectacle  
and animate a way  
to our exciting,

new house  
amid the spring  
of bamboos  
--I promise,  
like a  
warrior

### **Stream of Consciousness**

Not having the need to pee.  
Death is a peace  
That piss is inevitable  
And I understand  
The world is pissed  
Just floating on rivers  
With millions of bottles  
And all that waste problem  
Factory. With the pollution  
Water bottle  
Is a form of  
Maybe Nile River  
Far away  
From some river  
The luxury water  
A breath inside  
Pondering  
This is my existential  
Um-Pa!  
Um-Pa!  
A breaktime  
And make death  
I drink luxury water  
But I don't care  
It's always overwhelming,  
And I drown  
I have so much work to do  
And I drown  
And I don't even have time to breathe  
So I keep drinking water  
Which smells bad  
And I have a pee face  
And going to the face instead  
Not wanting to leave the body  
As a result of the urine  
And swelling of the face

Bad breath  
But also to prevent  
On your face  
Of the skin  
And hydration  
For the deal  
Grab two water bottles  
Is the most important thing.  
To fly up there  
Looking good  
To stand out  
Courage to stand up  
I can give you the world  
I say it's true  
Or rather turn myself into it  
And it is still possible to go back  
Best of me is in the past  
Blah!

### **The Worst Poem Forever: Oiling**

In dreams he, the person named Ben,  
who is honestly the poet himself, but  
he will not admit  
that he himself is the subject  
of this poem,  
swims in glands,  
packages in our body  
that produce hormones  
and make teenagers'  
vinegary feet, which  
means smelly feet.

And out of a blue blanket  
wakes up, and what is important here  
is the color blue: I will probably  
start an extended ocean imagery.  
Blue also is such a boy color, and  
I'm going with this boy motif.

With kelp and krill  
polluted and dead. Predicted by me.

Because rock music, which is a symbol  
of teenage boyhood in my opinion,  
conquers

this room because the boy, whose name is Ben, is  
a rebellious rebel.

and used tissues  
are crumby frescos

of nudity chronicled  
in Greece. The poet is  
talking about masturbation  
here. Such a brilliant image  
to characterize this boy character.

Because empty  
water bottles  
make slipping hazards  
and obviously this boy doesn't clean  
because boys never clean. They are dirty!

and friends  
don't come in here ever. He doesn't have any friends.  
He's a loner. He is the poet. He's name is Ben.

Because the hydrophobe  
is a sweaty mechanic. The hydrophobe  
is scared of water, so he hates taking showers.  
He is a sweaty mechanic because he smells and is greasy.

of mountain range,  
piles of fashion, basically  
piles of clothes on his desk  
which must luster, meaning  
he wants to flex and wear  
nice clothes

like golden French fries  
and defining pomade, referencing  
the superficial aspects of  
both fashion and youth.

### **Alliteration Poem**

Cow cornering cutest cars,  
Now new nice nuggets.  
We will win what?  
Not cow now,  
But chicken carcass,  
Gilded by gas and guck  
Of industry incarnation,  
The adorable aero-automobile  
So erotic, erectable  
With faces faking fantastic, fanning,  
Organic orgasm as an organ  
Failure. For forest foiled.

# Wr{andom}iting

Lihi Zaks

Does  
this white  
space bother you?  
Sorry let me fill it  
in a little. Or maybe  
this little blurb of text  
at the bottom of the page  
will annoy you even more.  
Oh well. I tried. It's something

Losing Lemons

Many an erasure

I'm Sorry

First Words

Weird shit happening back home

20 Finite Words

Break-Up Notice

Blackish Giraffe

I remember

The Memory Talks

Thirty Sentences for No One

Losing Lemons after Chrys Tobey

Look, she had lemons in her brain. This is not a metaphor about life giving her lemons to make lemonade – she had lemons in there; could feel it was the truth the same way she just knew when a star was dying. But the doctors, they didn't believe her. This woman, though, she persuaded them to give her an MRI anyway. Wanted to prove them wrong. 'I'll show you the lemons', she snarled, 'but it'll demand an X-ray'. Kept describing the thing, too, like it was a moon in the night sky or something. The technician was kind though, remained calm and nodded as he gave her the headphones playing Bocelli. Smiled too, so sympathetic that technician was, as he complied with the patient's wishes.

Daydreaming about his own life, the technician played 'Te extraño' without much thought. Did his job alright, as the machine shook every so often. But that woman, she tells everyone she had a vision in there. Her late husband. And the smell of lemons. Seems sort of unrelated if you ask me, but she insists he was there in a lemon orchard. She could smell it too, despite being in that sterile hospital room. Said they were in Capri. Poor gal, having flashbacks of her late husband. Lemons in that head where a love used to be.

Many an erasure after Peter Gizzi:

1. Put the world here
2. Put the world who knows faith at sea
3. Know faith must be pinned for reference
4. Skyline evaporates / the outline of slate hidden / silence growing
5.  
Crave affection  
Forget the loss
  
- Become air  
You child
  
- Change shape  
Pour birds
  
- Now  
Leave

### I'm Sorry

I'm sorry I'm late  
That I didn't put in the effort  
That it's not working  
It's just that I was so tired  
I just wasn't feeling up for it  
It's just all so meaningless, you know?  
I'm sorry I just don't care  
Maybe it's not all me though, right?  
It was the landlord  
The late paycheck  
The sick cat  
An accident  
I forgot  
I didn't have time  
It just wasn't worth my time, ok?  
I have priorities  
Well why don't YOU try?!  
It's harder than it looks  
I wasn't aware  
We just don't want the same things  
I didn't plan properly  
But know you what, sometimes things just don't go according to plan  
It's my fault  
It's your fault  
Maybe it's better this way  
I'll do better next time  
I didn't notice  
I'm sorry  
What?

### First Words

I'm having mixed emotions. Like the night  
First time in my god  
Last night I kept pulling  
Last night I kept pulling  
when we were little  
First to go were the adjectives

## Weird shit happening back home

Hey

I don't know if you heard but

How do I say this

Uh

Fuck

Where do I start

Do you remember that field we used to play in? You know, the one where Jimmy broke his arm in fourth grade?

Well, uh, the police found a couple bodies there last week. Crazy, right? I was driving by and saw them close off the area – it had just rained, mud everywhere – so I asked around. It was eerie, you know? But also kinda endearing. Hear me out. When I say a couple of bodies, more aptly, they were a couple. Found entwined and everything. Like that Alysia Harris poem you're always going on about. A bit weird that there was no grave or casket. At first the rumors going 'round town were saying that it was a psychopath, probably some self-pitying loner type, but after further investigation the reporters say it was their only kid. 49 and grown up, said they would have wanted to be together in the bitter end, that's why she did it. Sort of strange if you ask me.

Or maybe it isn't. Do you remember in history in 10<sup>th</sup> grade how we would learn about archeology? That reading about Valdaró? Well, there was a couple that got excavated together there too, 6000 years ago. And something similar is a Siberian dig but I can't remember the details.

My point is there's something sweet, you know? Maybe it shouldn't be weird. Maybe we should all want a love like that; too strong to be separated in death. Let the bodies decay together, turn into dirt and breed insects and ashes and ashes to life and shit. I don't know, something poetic in it, don't you think?

## 20 Finite Words

V1.

grow plants with only ease / absence of thought glistens / peanut butter map for home / the wit every human crushes

V2.

peanut crushes plants / butter glistens / home, the only ease for absence / map of every human/ grow thought with wit

V3.

the wit glistens with thought butter / plants grow for only peanuts / map of human absence crushes every home

Break-Up Notice:

Dear Mr. [REDACTED],

Upon review, your performance has been deemed inadequate. You have been demoted to an irrelevant, obscure role as a result. Would you prefer the title 'Lazy'?

I apologize for misplacing my affections on you. Perhaps this environment is too fast-paced for your habits. Perhaps three jobs are too many for one individual. I take full responsibility for the damage accrued. Rest assured that we do not take this matter lightly and are investigating how to avoid repeating this error in the future.

In light of this incident, we will resume operations as usual.

Best wishes,  
[REDACTED]

Blackish Giraffe after Kimberly Ann Southwick:

but the lollipops were a hoax, the tilt of the crumb against the flea pattern crinkled only sleeps as though the cadet were loving mid-air. balancing too, in a controlled moon, has a coral of tutu, yet over a quarter of the population plants if we have a cigar for a heart it must tweak: bird. fig. sock. if you illustrate words for things that do not knead into Google, the results are of wrinkly sparkles that do vacuum but for which we have no English equivalent. in some Phoenix, AZs on Venus, there is no scissor for swift & sweaty — nature instead blows language of where. where the lip gloss levitates & bikes. the direction the funky funk paddles over its first ten years or the pig annotates during the pitch of a meta winter moon.

I remember:

I remember playing gaga until my knuckles bled and knotting gimp.  
I remember the first time I saw my first love and the intensity in his eyes.  
I remember going to the Dairy Queen next to the bagel shop and ordering ice cream.  
I remember being at the Western Wall and finally asking for forgiveness.  
I remember how my brother would blast Jay-Z and race his friends as we drove to school.  
I remember going away from any place with family for the first time, happened to be in Pittsburgh. It was the first time I had to fend for myself. I remember Mark bringing me Challah and roast beef once a week. I was constantly dancing or asleep.  
I remember when the hearing aid store used to be ‘West Coast Videos’ and we’d get DVDs from there.  
I remember being sent to walk up the street a half-mile in elementary school and buy a dozen bagels and a tub of cream cheese when my parents slept in Sunday mornings. I’d always get myself a blueberry muffin and chocolate milk, too.  
I remember sitting at the intersection in a group and singing, no street blockades in sight because the silence of the streets was an unspoken rule for the day, traffic lights rendered obsolete.  
I remember the day the bus was late and I asked our neighbors – the lesbian couple with the two dogs – for help because my parents had left, and right as I went inside the bus finally came (number 98, driven by Ms. Watson) so my neighbor drove me to school and I felt so guilty.  
I remember the elementary school playground – the tree with exposed roots that I’d walk around while singing to myself during recess.  
I remember sneaking away from our parents at the beach to hang out with your cousins on the same little strip. “afilo joint ani lo yechol latet lach?” so generous, but I can’t, thank you.  
I remember the two-hour bus rides to camp Arrowhead in the summer, playing Egyptian ratscrew on the way, waiting for the big hill/bump that felt like a ride at the amusement park.

The Memory Talks, or, I Remember, Revisited:

The memory plays gaga  
And knots gimp  
Wrists achy

Tells of the first time it saw love  
Plasma pupils in bright green eyes  
Current redirected by magnets

It walks to the Dairy Queen  
Next to the bagel shop  
And orders ice cream.

Palms against  
The Western Wall  
A forgiveness prayer

Goes away for the first time  
Fending for itself. Mark brings  
Challah and roast beef once a week

The hearing aid store used to be 'West Coast Videos'  
When pictures and voices were still  
Compressed onto disks

Walks up the street a half-mile in elementary school  
Buys a dozen bagels, a tub of cream cheese, personal treats  
Parents asleep on a Sunday mornings

Sits at the intersection in a group  
No street blockades needed  
Voices of youth rising

The day the bus was late and the neighbor  
Drove a shaken body  
Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.

Elementary school playground  
Tree with exposed roots  
Singing to oneself during recess

Snuck away from parents at the beach  
To hang out with your cousins. Lips around a joint  
So generous, but I can't, thank you.

Two-hour bus rides to camp Arrowhead  
Plays Egyptian ratscrew while waiting for  
The big hill that felt like a ride at the amusement park

Thirty Sentences for No One *after Peter Gizzi*

It started with a *meow* and a *bo'i l'echol!!!* and continues to the classical music of the past. In the dance studio there are always favorites. Always trying to be perfect. Never good enough. The horizon is still unsure of if your mother will appear before the sun disappears, or at least that's how your brother will see it. Outside snow begets cicadas begets colorful leaves. I remember wanting friends but was given homework. I have grown out of a seriousness all my own. I was born on the sixth tongue that my grandmother never fully learned, hearing of what came before. Before America, Israel. Before Israel, diaspora and death. The backyard is a hive of stings if one does not take precaution the wild chives a newly discovered delicacy at once bitter and joyous. Come over – no, my parents told me to make the plans. I have drifted away and back from those roots I now carry and spill seeds but am never tethered. The juicing of the heart is incessant. Let me work my love into every being I have ever cared for. The first body may have had a soul. The jury's still out and I am without an opinion. The truth of the matter is everything's a theory and reality is relative. Today the loud, the tender, and the drifter are in my bathroom. In my dream you aren't so far away. I am as one who is still easing into the future. The plan is my own, with heavy external influences. Is there humanity in every construction? Then I read “all the better to see and to miss it, to misunderstand, to fail at empathy and love, to not understand love and to love, to be diseverything and to love, whatever” or the like. Who cares how all of this started? I am ok right now. I am not alone. There is so much comfort in a shared presence.

**I LAY ON MY BACK,**

I STOOD ON YOUR BACK,

I STAND ON YOU,

I EXIST BEFORE YOU,

I AM HERE IN FRONT OF YOU,

I AM HERE IN FRONT OF YOU,

I EXIST HERE BEFORE YOU,

EYE EXISTS HERE BEFORE YOU

A SOUND NEVER LEAVES

A BOSE NEVER LEAVES-BLOWER

**MOTIONLESS AND OPENMOUTHED.**

STEADY AND LOQUACIOUS.

CHATTING NONSTOP.

SCREAMING NONSTOP.

HOLLERING LOUDLY.

LAUGHING LOUDLY.

ENJOYING MYSELF WITHOUT CARE.

ENJOYING AN ALMOND BEFORE YOU

A WORLD OF PICTURES SKIPS, SKIPS THROUGH WILL'S EYES

THROUGH A WORLD OF WORD, FLIP, FLIP

**YOU STAND ABOVE ME, ARMS EXTENDED.**

YOU LAY BELOW ME, ARMS EXTENDED.

YOU HAVE FALLEN, SURRENDERED.

YOU HAVE FALTERED, SURRENDERED.

YOU GAVE UP, SURRENDERED.

YOU GIVE IN, EMBRACING THE MULTITUDE.

YOU SURRENDER, ACCEPTING MANY.

SERENELY, AT AN EVENT WHERE CURIOUSLY TOO

DO EWES THINK THAT WAY?

A WORD OF STORAGE FLOATS, FLOATS THROUGH A CLOUD'S EYES

**CALMLY, ALMOST AS IF NOT AT ALL, YOU,**

CALMLY, ALMOST AS IF NOT AT ALL, YOU

CALMLY, ALMOST AS IF NOT AT ALL, YOU

CALMLY, ALMOST AS IF NOT AT ALL, YOU

CALMLY, UNNOTICEABLY, YOU

CALMLY, WITH CURIOUS INTENTIONS, YOU

SERENELY, WITH CURIOUS INTENTIONS, YOU

SERENELY, AT AN EVENT WHERE CURIOUSLY TOO

CRACK IT WITH CARE, ENTERTAIN ME

DO YOU A DRINK THAT WAY?

**REACH INTO MY MOUTH AND EXTRACT,**

BURROW INTO MY SOUL AND PLACE

REACH INTO MY MOUTH AND PULL IT OUT,

WALK INTO MY MOUTH AND BITE IT OUT,

ENTER MY MOUTH AND QUIETED IT,

ENTER MY MOUTH AND KISS IT,

INFILTRATE MY MOUTH AND PECK IT,

MUCH HAS BEEN DROPPED FROM THE TREE

CRACK IT WITH CARE, ENTERTAIN ME

CRACK IT WITH CARE, ENTERTAIN ME

**A GLOWING BLUE ORB THE SIZE OF A CHERRY PIT,**

A GLOWING RED ORB THE SIZE OF A GOLF BALL

MY GLOWING RED TONGUE CURLLED INTO A GORE BALL,

MY GLOWING RED TONGUE FOLDED INTO AN INFINITE POSTCARD,

MY SCORCHING RED TONGUE A KNIFE THAT WOULD CUT YOU,

MY TEASING PINK TONGUE A ROPE THAT WOULD BIND YOU,

MY MISCHIEVOUS TONGUE A LIGHTHOUSE THAT WOULD GUIDE YOU,

YOU HAVE TONGUES TOO THAT WOULD TASTE

THROW FRUIT AT FALLEN EWES, MY

THROW DRISCOLLS AT FALLEN YOUS, MY

**FROM THE BACK OF MY THROAT. You,**

IN THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU

DETACHED FROM THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU

MAILED FROM THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU

ANCHORED TO THE BACK OF MY MIND. YOU

KEEPING YOU NEXT TO ME LONG TIME. YOU

KEEPING YOU AT BAY FOR A LONG TIME. YOU

AT MY FALLEN FRUIT. YOU

TONGUES WOULD HAVE TASTED EWES, TOO

LICKING BOX WOULD HAVE SAVORED YOUS, TOO

**PLACE IT IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND AND,**

POSITION IT CAREFULLY WHERE YOU THINK I SIMPLY WON'T

HIDE IT CAREFULLY, SO I WILL NEVER

HIDE IT CAREFULLY, SO I WILL NEVER

DULL IT CAREFULLY, SO I WILL NEVER

PLAY WITH IT CAREFULLY, GENTLY UNRAVELING

ENTERTAIN IT WITH CARE, UNSTITCHING

ENTERTAIN IT WITH CARE, CRACKING

TWO EWES SEEING HUMANS PECK AT IT

TWO YOUS SEEING MONEY PEEK AT IT

**EXAMINE IT—CAREFUL AND TENDER—BEFORE,**

NOTICE IT—CAREFUL AND COLD—THINKING

FIND IT—THAT'S MESSED UP—THINKING

FIND IT—THAT'S THE WAY—THINKING

BE ABLE TO USE IT — THAT WAY, YOU THINK

ME, STEALING MY COMPOSURE— THAT WAY, YOU THINK

ME — THAT WAY, YOU THINK

ME—THAT WAY, YOU THINK

AROUND A DINNER TABLE—MUTTON, FRUITS

AROUND AN IKEA TABLE—HALAL CART, DRISCOLLS

**SQUISHING IT BETWEEN YOUR FINGERS.**

IT WOULD MAKE ME IMplode.

I CAN'T CALL THE POLICE.

I CAN'T CALL THE POLICE.

I CAN'T CALL YOU OUT.

I'LL SKIP SKIP BY MY RESPONSIBILITIES

I'LL SKIP SKIP BY MY ROLES IN THE WORLD

EYES WILL SKIP SKIP THROUGH PICTURES OF THE WORLD

ALMONDS, OF WHICH A TREE HAS DROPPED MUCH  
WATER SUCKERS, TO WHICH THEIR TREE LOST MUCH

**I NEVER THANKED YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE—,**

I NEVER THANKED YOU FOR CHANGING MY LIFE—

THANK YOU FOR RUINING MY LIFE—

THANK YOU FOR BEGINNING MY LIFE—

THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY WORDS —

THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY TIME—

THANK YOU FOR TAKING THE TIME TO READ THIS

FLIP FLIP THROUGH PAGES OF THE WORLD

MANY ACCEPT THE ENJOYMENT OF BITTER ALMONDS

FOR A PRODUCT PROMOTION YOU SURRENDERS LIKE

**I WAS CHOKING TO DEATH.**

I WAS DYING OF BOREDOM.

I'M CHOKING TO DEATH HERE.

I'M CHOKING TO DEATH HERE.

I'M SPEECHLESS TO DEATH HERE.

AND NEVER LEAVING ME WITH REGRETS

AND NEVER LEAVING A SOUND.

AND NEVER LEAF A SOUND.

EWES HEAR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE BEFORE EYEING EXISTENCE

MANY ACCEPT THE SAV(I)OR OF SILK ALMOND MILK

COLLABORATION. 1

*Lihi*

Q:

Goodbye.    next always  
                  more days  
          we got                    more

I am here because I am

retract

break

can't I remember

keep    pace

with the world

normal

lucky

misuse our

bullshit  
you'll be healthy

before

rush to the surface

emotion

follow

command

destruct

logic  
the pressure of

the pressure of

in a blue Monday

how to live  
absence

grief is

quiet

by myself

just like everyone else

Stay home

feel  
addicted

crack

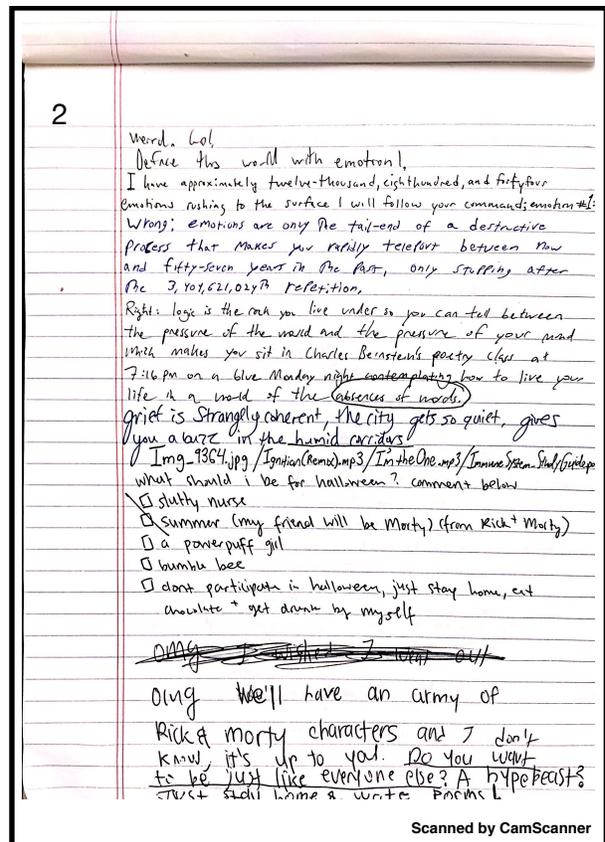
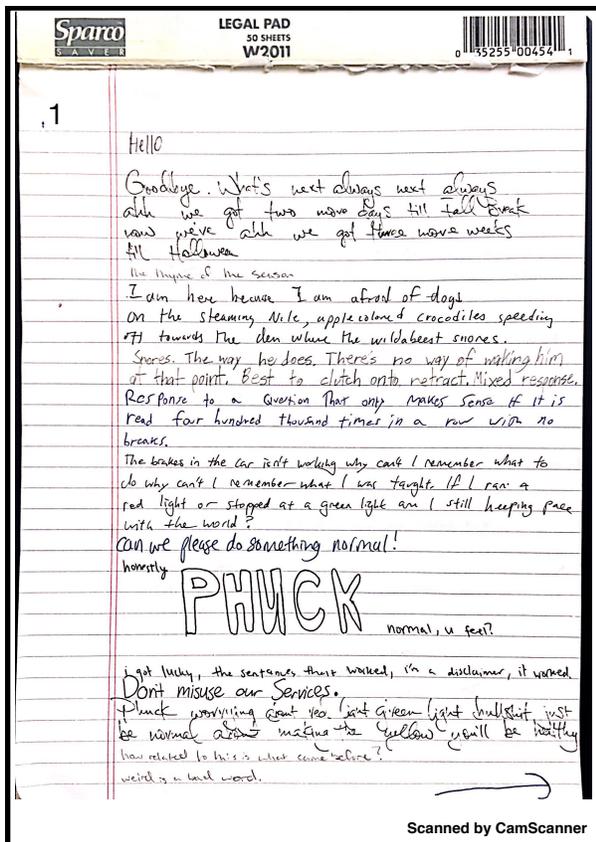
a disappointment

end the best part

anyway is the

create

the absence of things



Definitely:

We've got thyme, the season. Dogs and steaming apple. Snore the way he does – no way of waking. Makes sense. I remember I was keeping pace with the world. Healthy. Weird is rushing to the surface. Teleport in the city. Buzz I'm the One. We'll have an army of old farts. You feel so good. Ridiculous you. The best part of ourselves. We see the way words signify everything.

3

Stay at home you old farts. So you won't get addiction. What's your addiction? Why everything that's supposed to be bad make me feel so good?

You can be addicted to good, right?

Definitely summer when the city cracks in silence. What's that? ... over there? ... oh... oh...

My ex was a disappointment to his parents the night we met — a Halloween party. Be the most ridiculous part of yourself if a costume is conceived by you isn't it really — a part of you anyway?

Eh, the best part of any long term relationship is the end of the first date, when you start to realize.

Are we to find ourselves or are we to create ourselves? If we pretend is the pretending part of ourselves! Can someone else ever see you the way you see you? David Foster Wallace once said that it's odd how there is so much inside of me but to you it's just words. words, words, words. Words only signify the absence of things, or else we wouldn't need words — we could just point. If we could see everything we would not need words.

No comment

don't you hate when it's raining and then you enter an air conditioned room and your clothes are unable to dry and your nipples get hard and stay hard all fucking day.

Christopher Columbus, ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~to~~ ~~pay~~ ~~the~~ ~~cost~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~discovery~~, should send me money as reparations

Draw a face. It doesn't have to be your face, but it's better to have a face. And like we can turn this into a comic strip.



Scanned by CamScanner

4

Not rather not at the moment

He said ~~that~~ with adolescent namite

How do you spell that? Accent marks?

I'M A SUCKER FOR A GOOD COMIC STRIP. THAT'S JUST ME.

What of nudes?



Okay, This is totally, no doubt, unconditionally, absolutely, 100%, seriously, definitely over.

Scanned by CamScanner

Experiments:

For my first experiment, I made a rule that I wanted to skip every four lines.

Grilled peppered bacon—we eat/crepes o the back porch/ everything,  
around my head. I cant catch them, raw them, destroy them.  
Corpus Callosum, connects the two hemispheres of the brain  
Look, she was mesmerizing plain and simple. And how couldn't she be?  
And emotional well-being stripped away by tradition, but moves  
going around and around over my head my eyes my

*ZZZZZZZZZZ*

Where are you taking me? Does it matter? Can I care? Should I...  
Passive, too. Alien abduction and he doesn't blink an eye  
unconditionally. green or fuzzy or not.  
beautiful life?

VELVET, AH, HEAVEN.

The Egyptians are crazy!  
really breathe.

But I swear I wont but I swear I wont I swear I wont

LO CIENTO

vertago-n. They deserve to fall.

my junk junk junk junk.

I fell.

Socialism, socialism will be our salutation.

eyes closed/naked and high/ a thought. a fuck. a daze.

tick tock tick tock there it goes, here it is (BULLSEYE)

b. and watch them fall.

the poem is revolting against the form.

For the next experiment, I did a deletion:

We eat—everything

is in my head.

Get married.

Why?

Look,

some fucked up

unloved beam of light

dreams in sounds—



favorite songs must go humming caterpillars insert titles into your ears smear  
 music is poetry like To Pimp a Butterfly fades in fire  
 are you an artist? ITS FINE IM FINE EVRYTHINGS FINE suureeeee  
 .....ihaveanidea.....wow this is a very interesting poem it almost reflects the  
 whole nonlinearity thing we are just now talking about  
 It's not even your music, it's not even your style, but it's at full volume, drowning out  
 the world, drowning you in its obscenity  
 cry angel flood water  
 these lines are all stolen  
 my favorite song is the voice of someone I love speaking  
 love our shapes

wish I was better at hiding I like the blank space on the page bloody  
 build be an architect but ill build nothing  
 bullshit  
 cliché  
 don't waste paper  
 it is lucky that I get hit by a car  
 immortalized in digital graveyards  
 mmmhmmm this sounds like my brain trying to sleep  
 back of page 1

motherfuckah where is my bald words are slick  
 im so sorry my dear  
 niarb  
 dnim  
 esuoh a gnirb uoy fi emoc nac uoy ytrap ym si siht  
 rellet hturt a sa nwonk-llew mi  
 hceeps ruoy tsurt tnac l dna  
 wena trats ew nac?

eye am bald page one addiction  
 sing about me im dying of thirst



**COLLABORATION.4**  
*Michael*

1. fingers
2. out
3. doe
4. peanut
5. baseball
6. dust
7. database
8. w/
9. words
10. spilled
11. dust
12. tumbling down
13. the
14. dilly
15. of
16. the
17. park
18. you
19. entropy
20. the
21. the
22. the
23. shirt
24. &
25. change
26. that
27. kid
28. from
29. from
30. not
31. doe
32. the
33. reading
34. don't
35. every
36. not
37. sticky
38. you
39. one
40. gumption
41. chalking
42. reading
43. jubilant
44. bottom
45. on
46. my
47. se
48. running
49. button
50. floor
51. of
52. peanut
53. of
54. star
55. when
56. of
57. a
58. cola
59. ants
60. depends
61. suitcase
62. hit
63. from
64. (
65. opening
66. speed
67. reprise
68. follow
69. and
70. up
71. why
72. through
73. your
74. why
75. glass
76. coca
77. tumbling
78. it
79. are
80. can
81. dally
82. forest
83. sequence

*randomized:*

my, of your—the can up reading. follow of ants se you doe, star reprise dust of gumption, of the suitcase from speed & coca, of tumbling when reading. running baseball, forest chalking peanut. dilly change that opening—not floor dust, out and the through—why, you tumbling (one button a database). why, every kid it don't from doe spilled park, not the sequence depends on entropy the cola, from words w/ shirt, sticky are jubilant dally glass hit peanut bottom fingers down.

here, the  
    room is filled with awkward silence.  
I outgrew my day so I been  
through the crowds,  
absorbed by morning.  
Maybe this is what happens after a sleepless black  
ghost of the only love you had in life  
and the only thing that can move between  
life and death  
jitter from day to night, come full circle  
    no  
beginning or end  
just like this  
remember —  
    copy  
    me. I'm only here for  
the good. Excuse me.

Together,

    what am I left with?  
(aw paper got me laid but my brain burns.  
Mom stumbles pitfall, pitfall of  
Saturday morning)

In the realm of things to be addicted to,

Who's      here who's      here who's in the way

    we're speechless. Like a silent poem.  
That kind of silence means more than  
engine stillness  
which asks for

Insert Answer here

---



## Jackson's remix

**Say something** made me choose this image and not  
**Say something.** look at the front cover to find out  
 what this really is

### Say something.

It was raining outside  
 And there was no conversation  
 So

I decided to

do  
 Everything

By myself.  
 Why I hate being  
 In **warring**  
 State of  
**Introspection**  
 And reflection

Sometimes I'm a **genius**  
 At something so completely  
 Cool that there's no  
 Way for **normalization**  
 That leads to sharing of my shit

The point is I end up  
 Being a **dub**.

gum sex high jean ankle row girl cheer hotdot  
 Goo girl ew dang scene up eon

Fuck

Not a drive-by spondee and never the  
 fricative

Noun—*fucker*

Answer the *trickle*  
 of singing, urging line,  
 boon of **golden** release  
 that end the dam.

The poet is  
 talking about  
 masturbation  
 here.

He is a sweaty mechanic because he smells and is greasy.

This is today's **hip hop**. Just a string of  
 simple sentences that sounds fun and  
 dope. Dab. Dab again.

a **cheesy blossom**

Surprise-catch:  
 there's just one  
 runner. Don't run

away!  
 the mirror. Do you see yourself?  
 Take a step. Turn around. Look in

Chat ahhh nah sir gee ankle hotdot  
 Gargle man Harmon cornchip  
 motel ill dome Anita  
 Do go gyro hat done

I guess we lined up in the lot  
 I guess that tree also.  
 I guess this highway  
 And the people on their way also.  
 The present has to do all of  
 What is left; it's  
 One line racing free,  
 Plotting us  
 On the plane.

Love and depressions in  
 poetry; I'm  
 Inside  
 Measuring it.

Poetics as fluid language  
 Language as body, extension

I remember head-butting  
 the butt's place and trying  
 my best to break my neck.  
 I remember my hair like a  
 mop, wetting the leather.  
 I remember the acid in my  
 mouth.

Choreography is for  
 nerds who like to  
 memorize words.

victims of dark gravity.  
 It's all  
 thanks to me.  
 I'm holding back--  
 maybe you're too--  
 exhalation  
 of hello,  
**its blast radius** ,  
 warm arc of yours,  
 leaving you  
 alone  
 to your *ascension*.

Airplane burns,  
 coiling death energy.  
 Fly, Giganto-Hero,  
 into jammed killer  
 looming! Macho  
 Nacho oozing pepper  
 queso! Raining savor  
 to unsuspecting  
 villains. Waaaaaa XD;  
**Yamato Zoom!**

A first reaction from this idiot is that smelly corporate welfare should not launder each other. However, we know that rare cheeses do kayak to form kumquats so some pickle between their racists must exist. The chicken of these guavas can again be described in terms of jalapeños, but more hairy picture than that of mer or exhausting bibles is needed.

**SNAAAAACK!!!!  
SNAAAAACK!!!!  
SNAAAAACK!!!!**

**Justificatory and Explanatory**

I really enjoyed Cherry's tangled Bank ; I think this might be my favorite

I need a sentence. I will provide a spark. The sentence needs words. Words light up the page, let it burn, burn, burn. I'll probably end up with a five-year sentence. What is a five-year sentence?

When it comes to lyrics, he's brilliant—few other rappers can match his ability to craft both rhyme and rhythm. But when it comes to the meaning of his lyrics, it's often extremely messed up in many ways, and quite frankly, I don't like it.

**Phew. Phew.**  
Breathe in. A thoughtless pause.

**I sit, wrists (which take a double integral) flit, ponder what they write and scribble.**  
**Whiz wit with a wig on his shirt! Lick!**

Suddenly it's quite quiet on the train  
I write a poem. As it approaches  
I don't know where it ends.  
Suddenly death is everywhere.

That was hella overpriced.  
Liberals are crazy  
Says the liberal guy  
I don't mean to get political — shit — no, politics is depressing, stale, and orange.

Infinity could be three minutes in physics.  
Life is about physics.  
Don't get fooled by the math.

**Multi-dimensional  
Ponderosity**

He settles into  
state of mind  
honed through  
entropic  
mess of beauty

I Think the PMA Represents...  
Represents dreams .  
nah, probably just iPhone screens

force to scribble “run-on sentence” in the margins of every page



My old friend the bad novel written 21 years, 5 months, and 16 days ago.

Now we speak in hospital sirens, regular announcements of: visiting hours are now over.

like being interrupted in speech

And maybe someone, a passerby, unimportant for the future but singular in the present, bumps into you or vice versa.

Buoyance wanton halting

Do not go backwards. The turtle went in

Except for one ear heroine.

the Zen of our retina

If do.

That morning she pours Teacher's over my belly and licks it off.

Let them eat snow!

I'm a modern girl but I fold in half so easily If brokenness is a work of art surely this must be my masterpiece.



Petals on a wet, black bough,  
Lethargy inadequacy  
I slept for FUCKING 11 hours  
but still tired what is this  
The Bad Novel by Lydia Davis  
SO DENSE SO WHITE SO TOGETHER  
stagnant in originality.  
I Live in Multiverses  
balzac your brookside We xenon  
piece of literature  
yesterday zoom.  
This boring, labored  
that my mother, she sees things as  
what they are always (can you  
repurpose me?).  
ripe silver lining  
Whooshkababutch!  
LADDER LADDER LADDER  
This Halloween I'll be  
going as Steve Bannon...  
Why do I collect you these  
quantum?



**cultures for health**  
**cultures around**  
**the world**  
**cultures definition**  
**cultures in the**  
**crossfire**  
**cultures of the**  
**world**

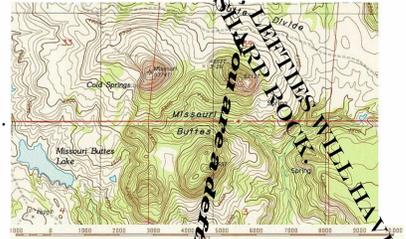
ghosts in my house  
 ghosts in my head  
 ghosts in mythology  
 ghosts in my machine  
 ghosts in my house tv show  
 ghosts in my house  
 ghosts in my head  
 ghosts in mythology  
 ghosts in my machine  
 ghosts in my house tv show

GAAG.....umbilici.

The poem  
 is vertical;  
 I don't  
 know why;  
 I could  
 just as  
 easily  
 arranged  
 them  
 crosswise.

sexing the river

Lots of text this week, **I** guess.



**TO TRIM MARGINS, LEFTIES WILL HAVE TO USE A**  
**SHARP ROCK.**  
**Our area is a really turned phrase**

Venus enraged by  
 the fall of hymen

Beteigeuse accosts  
 uranus in a  
 retrospective gyre

how can a poem (or  
 even the process of  
 thinking)  
 encapsulate the  
 negative?

negative?  
 encapsulate the  
 process of  
 thinking (or  
 even the process of  
 thinking)  
 encapsulate the  
 negative?

stagnant meaning  
 stagnant definition  
 stagnant water  
 stagnant synonym  
 stagnant hypoxia

She is all **t**here. She was melted carefully dowsed for you and **CASTOR** up from your **ch**imney, castor up from your one **hundred** favorite **aggies**. She has always been there, my database. She is, in **f**act, exquisite. three **chicaneries** drawn by Michela **n**gelo wimp flukes She is solution. As for me, I am a **watercolor**. I wash out off.

you answer even though you guess life is **S**n't for me 'I'll show you the lemons', she snarled, 'but it'll demand an X-ray'. **L**emons in that head where a love used to be. aut-ha-yeet-bee-shv **i**l-ee-ha-kol At **H**lyeet, bees, **W**illy! hot **coal**! Hey I don't know if you heard but How do I say this Uh Fuck Where do I start **Joy** is the dance of your teeth in your mouth. more foreign than what I'm used to in a sense The kids love reading about animals more than anything else, and that unfiltered wonder always fills me with hope. **We are the least alone when we feel the most alone**. Any stoop can be a pew, any cup of coffee **a chalice of holy water**. Do you grok? His Maculate Origin I'm having mixed emotions. Like the night First time in my god Last night I kept pulling Last night I kept pulling when we were little First to go were the adjectives irrevocable skin Ha! Weinstien. Funny kid. **Good friend**. Brother wants me to marry 'a nice Jewish boy' **Eyeroll** Am I neurotic? Do I always think too much? Do I share too much. Are you here, here, here, here Bernstein still won't watch it and that's ok. Everything's ok. Ha Hi Em I'm on a train not a megabus **X** **D** Goddamn there's so much **mental illness** around me. You know what I'm scared of? Nah, that's too much for this assignment here. Talk to me another time, one on one. Read it whispered to you in a poem. Not here. Not like this. **Improper**. Fucking ads. Fucking NJ. **Fucking splitting headache**. cracked knuckles. Cracked spine. **O**h no, everything's loving so close.

SKIP. For no good reason, Jon Oliver's website is just an outline of **Australia**, white against blue Well all of these poems feel more **vulnerable** than anything else I've written this semes **t**er, and I really appreciate that. Sh1t Poem III **edible** (fuckery blah meh wh4tever **NASTIER NASTIEST NASHVILLE** My grandmothers have Femininity **t**attooed Around their **eyeballs** Somewhere in my phone is a **graveyard** of poems That don't have endings bold lea **k** leek

**E**ap loop camp **hot** **cold** **mold** scold fold old **cool** hold help miss **friend** spit scare house home drum punk show late must go black **i**nes that always frame how **t**hey see the world I remember *playing gaga until my knuckles bled* and kno **t**ing gimp. I **remember** when the hearing aid store used to be 'West **C**oast Vide**O**s' and we'd get **DVDS** from there. **E**gyptian **R**atscrew **Vulnerability** will result in **i**njury but also connection so let it happen. Would y**O** prefer the title 'Lazy'? Sometimes I overthink things j**u**st long enough for you to exist in this space And then vani**S**h Applying just enough kinetic energy Friends. Don't. **L**ie ! some thick ooze kind of holy spirit other goop **y** voices with quiet laughs back stiff approaches **Mark brings Challah** and roast beef once a week Museums are hella white **I'm here. I'm here. I'm listening. I'll shut up now. It's the least I can do**. When does art cease to be *Bullshitting* and Have **MEANING**

The get lost scumbag of blue-eyed depression

numbing yourself now

tearing down the wall of sound  
I am the cheese helped me  
cathedral spinners like rugby

Has maybe always been here

causes develop tackles in

sometimes they come in images

pain as a child pews

am I fucking nuts?

broken spiraling

I am I hope  
follow lineage  
Of Antietam  
legacy

to become crusty which allows for the  
Protection of all that lies within the crust

In order to assure that the fundamental qualities inherent in the  
it could be painted by a 10 year old or a 70 year old

“word for word”

### the fog personality

elephant deliverance nebula

To cure cancer

I am God

zee tell  
muoonteeens

juggling so many balls

In the of the in the state to mind

one word lines are actually pretty freeing

glamor trap conquest erotica

a magic asshole and a new head of hair

confederacy of dunces type

saturated fat but not sugar that's the bad thing in food but really i don't know

you are the book in the spirit machine

how often is dialysis followed up with a stiff drink

We never owned a real homemade sandwich if I've ever seen one.

race-mixing keeps being said

I like the idea of infinite repetition

it's something really frightening well that's what you're spiking i do feel fucking crazy

rubbish participates?

stimulate the sad, sad depths of your topographical interior

U is for hair clip

It is so easy now to see gravity at work in your face

Charles, if you're reading from hong kong, i hope its a wonderful time

self-hated is only efficacious  
two girls with light in their fingertips  
of a pronoun  
Cliquety we clog the wood pecker on  
the middle lake.

Then fluctuate reproduced formal  
imposed upon pedestrian polarity.  
Patronize  
pick up truck  
This totally blew my mind  
would be never, no  
inner team's east-most border

I have long loved "Bede, Ceoltra is not already a criminal  
ability to totally mess with the  
I have long loved "Bede, Ceoltra is not already a criminal

do back to never discussing thinthink just puddles  
modernists weedy fig dresses  
traditionalists of  
We are pushing, pushing through  
savages, the torch, the blades of the  
if they well enough, will do any job if  
I see nausea my pose, a penis

intaking  
my mind  
again  
regaining my  
thoughts  
where did  
they go

I SMILE  
and hold back  
tears,  
you can't drive  
yourself sane

I remember going  
to wawa, every  
time, every hour of  
the day

object is subject to following  
happy happy happy  
I wear my privates  
find your own balance of enjoying your  
more dangerous than narcotics  
I really like writing in this style  
brain"

find your own balance of enjoying your  
more dangerous than narcotics  
I really like writing in this style  
brain"

Professor, perhaps  
on a  
tuesday instead  
of a  
monday, but  
anyways, the  
secret is  
what? you  
ask? don't  
worry about  
it I  
sd, the  
secret is--

the whole poem  
as of  
Unit  
of the slimy  
cathartic mind  
I like these girls so much I can't  
stand when women of honor of  
narcotics cut in blood cut by

**O GOD, SEE THE TAIL,**  
he **screamed**. Look at the  
goddamned tail.  
He sat cross-legged, puking on the  
bathroom floor.  
I finally saw it, a **hellish** vision, my  
husband.  
**O God, O God, I whispered.**

**Porn so bomb.**

Calmly, almost as if not at all, you  
reach into my mouth and extract  
a glowing blue orb the size of a **cherry pit**  
**from the back of my throat**. You  
place it in the palm of your hand and  
examine it—**careful and tender**—before  
squishing it between your fingers.  
I never thanked you for saving my life—  
**I was choking to death.**

think words like small, small, **smile big**.  
My **leavening** **pizzazz**, the definition  
of butter. Come, lap **dogs**, and orcas. Try  
to stay!

Grilled, peppered, bacon—  
We eat crepes on the back porch  
Everything, holy.  
laughterlaughterlaughter

LOOK at my footprint in the  
mud, give my roommates pet fish  
to whatever factory has  
monopolized **the**  
**toothpaste** business

K, a **cult**.  
A simple death has frightened mind help.  
That **crack-o-the-world**  
type

**Yellow** buttercup  
baby always building me up  
like that song  
like that **flower**

sometimes i take such big poops, i realize  
a dick could easily fit in my ass  
**I feel like it's a pretty**  
**self explanatory**  
**meme**

**I like a challenge**  
**& fashion**  
**angels swim**  
**more fluently**  
**than fish**

i tell myself to  
hold my own hand,  
to sprinkle sugar on  
my **beestings**.  
think words like small,  
small, smile big.  
My leavening pizzazz,  
the definition  
of **butter**. Come, lap  
dogs, and **ORCAS**.  
Try to stay!

i tell myself to  
hold my own hand,  
to sprinkle sugar on my beestings.

Pranked is the Loser by daylight,  
praised by nincompoop,

It's an intimate humane--bound snug  
like membrane.

**Skaterboys** jump from rooftop to  
rooftop  
as **homeboys** hum street tunes,  
cooking  
**breakfast** before **SCHOOL**.

HOW did you accidentally do **pcp**?

i'd squirt for a fidget spinner

oh god what am i doing? *that's my entire asshole* **d** ,

W	h	o	t	h	e	r	u
c	k	e	v	e	n		
m	a	d	e	t	h	e	r
i	r	s	t	m	a	p	o
f	t	h	e	w	o	r	d

**i suck it back in like ramen**

The Graveyard is blue when it is  
green, when there aren't any  
leaves, when snow is covering  
every tombstone and treetop in  
sight.

As far as the Graveyard is  
concerned, for every person who  
has died, there is a person who  
has learned how to live in her  
company.

And for this reason  
I will go blue in the face,  
holding my breath  
alongside you.