Silly that sometimes, so often, the light trickles into the room, and you move over before realizing. Shafts and then sometimes rafters. If only or then again, the problem the lightness of the pen. Which lingers out & over the triangulating trajectory of the true or anyway truesome. I'll give you a hand if you'll give me just a few more dollars. After that it will be every man for herself but I've got the gun. Do I make myself insulate, endometrial, inchoate, irradiant, bossa nova, lindy hop, cha cha cha? I've got a word right here and it has your name written all over it. Hoops or hoopla? Or whooping cough? Whiplash? Survival without dignity that's one thing; but survival without property?
My wife she stood with a loaded gun. Who said that? There is no destination like the present & the present is no destination in the slightest. There’s no destination like the thruway either but I wouldn’t want to be on the other side. Break a crystal and get a broken crystal – saying’s believing. Carried up fourteen flights of stairs but rolled down only ten.

Oh, do you know the muffled man
The ruffled man, the tussled man?
Do you know the muffled man
Who lives on Dreary Lane?
Ghosts so high you can see the sorrow fly -
and nobody knows better for, or in spite of, it

Grill cheese, grill cheese
Please don’t make me sneeze!
Heavens to Betsy, Hell-bent on proxies
Don’t let me be squeezed again!
Failure in the face of failure is no cause for discouragement if you've lost your marbles playing hopscotch on the canasta courts. I'd've said that myself if I were in my right (or is it left?) mindfulness, or mindlessness, it amounts to much the same thing when the sum's up and all the lard is spilled on the lampshades.

In fact, there will even be some leeway, just after the bend in the mill. Yes the same Mill who said it would all be alright if we utilized our mental resources in an ethical manner, just missing the mark by a gold bar. Capitalism may not be destiny but it sure feels like it. Then again, weak thought may not get us out of here but at least it doesn't upset the stomach, while strong thought is too difficult for its own good—you can't leave the theater humming the critique. The problem may well be the family, the bourgeois nuclear family, but like the depo' man says, "The family's the only thing we've got."
“We’re all serialists now,” said the Barker for the Language Contortionist live act on the Net. “Words bent and mangled beyond belief, syntax twisted to an inch of sense by our grammar-defying, double jointed linguabats, who speak out of both—all three—sides of their mouths & through their heads too!”

Give me malteds, give me malteds & a turtledove beside
An AmEx card for the nursery & a ticket to the Panopticon ride
Slimmer than the month of May, she pumped that Rig so hard, hardly a place for a thingamajig or a porcupine with way-cool guile.

The mirror in the apartment glowed but it did not reflect, at least not the thoughts that went through his head, whoever he is. Dampness enveloped the place, like one of those wooden sentries outside an old movie theater, but didn’t seem to touch anything, so that he persisted in believing that the light that failed could be fixed with a fugue.
“Nothing suits us like our union suits.” Who said that? Nothing suits us like our union suits unless it be our transnational identification with the flows of capital, with products not producers, with UFOs but not ULPs (unfair labor practices). The alarm bells sound and everybody’s dancing to their beat while the captain tests alternative frequencies from the bank vault, fifty feet below the sea floor. Dig we must to keep from being buried alive. Where there's life there's Coke and where there's Coke can Dr. Brown's Pluri-Cola be far behind if you'd just let me take the reading skills test-preparation course instead of making me waste my time with all these books you're always foisting on me, like so many greasy french fries from a 70's-theme coffee shop.

“Another 20-ounce frozen pineapple margarita with a side of simusoy fish-bit fingers, sir?” Just one more week at Reprobate Station, before another week at Reprobate Station.
I've faxed you, e-mailed, left a message on the machine, sent you a letter, & you still don't seem to get it. Your routine is my Gatorade, like the hen coop you call your gray matter, you know, upside your nasal canal. To you localization just means another franchise location. — location?, sure, or you’ll fall off and find yourself paddling on all fours, if you can count that high. You give intuition a bad name — your instinctual response invariably ends up causing the most harm, especially where least intended. Your idea of morality is to drive a cement truck to a homeless shelter. But, like my gastroenterologist always says, the shortest distance between two points is to sit down and wait till tomorrow when you’ll have any number of other chances to find something else to do.
Now let me tell you what you really mean. You’re still not listening. And the loquacious wit you call logorrhea stopped ticking before we emerged from the primordial ooze to what you dignify with the name species. It doesn’t take a genius to see that if you don’t keep the slide on the pot all the butter will spoil away. It doesn’t take a weatherman to know that an ill wind needs head rest and plenty of reconceptualization. The stump don’t work ’cause the loggers took the cell phone. Just because I have no advice to sell doesn’t mean the buzz saw’s not jammed in the baklava bush. At least with an infomercial you know where they’re coming from. Just because redeployment had been pushed back till opportunity stops banging desperately at the portals – then get your own planet!
This is the story of the LOX and the FROWN.

You can follow along with me in your book.

You will know it is time to turn the page when you hear the chimes ring like this – 🛄����������. One day, the LOX said to the FROWN, "Let's buy some bagels and go to the town."

"I'm not up for that," said the FROWN, with a discouraging leer. "What do you say we just stay here?" 🛄���������� The LOX and the FROWN had reached an impasse. 🛄���������� "I know," said the LOX, "let's have a conversation." "I'm not sure we can sustain a conversation," said the FROWN.

"What about the good life?" said the LOX. "Do you think you can lead a good life if what you do does not contribute to the good life for others?" 🛄���������� "Depends on what you mean by good," said the FROWN, going out of his way to sound disinterested. "Good for whom? Good in what sense?" "For me, the good has got to be the good for everyone, and in the ideal sense," replied the LOX, turning red, or anyway
redder. "But something that is aesthetically good is not necessarily ethically good. I mean morality and art are more often at odds than not. It may be that the nature of judgment, not to say taste, is similar in aesthetics and ethics, but the ends of each is quite distinct. When aesthetics and ethics seem to clash, said the LOX, "maybe it's because we have boxed both in as separate, even conflicting. Maybe it's morality and ethics that are at odds, and by the good we mean some way to recognize both the basis and the limits of our judgments." "Seems to me," said the FROWN in a smug tone, "that you're putting a lot of energy into evading the fact that what's pleasing to the tongue may be injurious to the language – that the body has a different set of interests than the body politic." "I think I will go into the town after all," said the LOX to the FROWN. "Conversation can get you only so far."
Bob's Body Shop
Bob's Bait
Bob's Auto and Truck Repairs
Bob's Grocers
Bob's Ice Cream
Bob's Variety
Bob's Marine
Bob's Beach Miniature Golf
Bob's Billiards
Bob's Boat Rental
Bob's Camera and Craft
Bob's Camping Equipment Co.

Bob's Canvas and Upholstery
Bob's Construction
Bob's Diner
Bob's Hardware
Bob's Train and Hobby Center
Bob's Pool Service
Bob's Garage
Bob's Laundromat
Bob's Log Homes
Bob's Novelty
Bob's Pancake House
Bob's RV Park

Bob's Realty
Bob's Self-Storage
Bob's Sports Outlet
Bob's Surf Shop
Bob's Taxi Co.
Bob's Motel
Bob's Welding
Bob's Flag and Pole Co.
Bob's Gift and Garden Center
Bob's Awning and Tent
Bob's Used Furniture and Antiques
Bob's Frames
Bob's Auto Parts
Bob's Drywall
Bob's Hauling
Bob's Bungalows
Bob's Bearings, Inc.
Bob's Pharmacy
Bob's Leather Craft
Bob's Glass Doctor

Bob's Barber Shop
Bob's Ducts
Bob's Heating and Cooling
Bob's Roofing and Siding
Bob's Vacuum and Appliance Repair
Bob's Pallets and Skids
Bob's Septic and Drain
Bob's Stationers
Bob's Tile
How much longer will I have to survive on Thomas’ English Muffins and squeezeable rye?
Do tears fall if you don't push them? And if you wake up in a field of macaroons,
does that mean you’ve tripped on the ledge or that bailiffs are coming from the Argentine?
I know that the radiance before me has no name and that it comes not from my imagination nor some place beyond.
That each night and in the day you are suffused with a glow that is solid, sturdy, contained
or then again like the shine of the sun at play in the rippling water. It's something so utterly ordinary, unburdened by mystique or the romance of intoxication, riveting without rivets, flush with the flesh of years. As one sobered into exultation or grounded to a circuit, or like the stew that simmers but does not boil, suffused passion eclipses its infatuated cousin, whose spiked intensities are consolation for, or premonitions of, that fire that burns but will not expire.
The puppy is father to the dog, or possibly father-in-law, or cousin – in any case: related. The mouse chases the cat but only in the poem. Blankets of vermillion indecision plaster the perimeter, then fade, like the row without the boat, into presumptive disquisition. An act absorbs an ax, or the other way around – circumspection overpowering its blotchy neighbors to leap with Nijinskian ardour to the layered logics of its subaltern flock. Wending while waiting, entanglement buffs its trumpeting truffles with a gleam of gloom about the pupils, moving up the shore at several knots above pace. Or untie the bow to release the box to its destined foreclosure.
The gift is always less than it seems:
Commodification will never compensate
for the empty package of our liveried lives.
If action is always compromised then speculation is
revving the engine before shifting to
overdrive. Lullabies reproach, laments detract,
the solemn songs delude – let language lead.
Where? Do not grin & fidget, let us go & make our widgets. The journey has long since dissolved into the solution, so that when we shake it we see only the disturbed sentiment that marks the abandoned paths. Turn off the motor to light the course.