

1.1

MODEL RESULTS

can vary with assumptions

we loosen constraints

to achieve convergence

there is no art, in it

only the minds who

people it, good, bad

indifferent, only the

people who mind it.

Yet integration's never

easy, in the South

in the soul, on paper

in paradigms lost, the

engine of advancement

is not NASCAR, but

a drag sometimes, race,

sometimes cigarettes, or

dresses against hairy

legs who are beaten

by convention, and yes

constraints must be looser

must be flexible -- they are

inequalities not identities
but they can be used
and loosed against the world
worked on, solved or at least
transcended.

Therefore -- it is important
when defining the potential
shape of your emotion to:

- 1) fear the voice of anger,
- 2) avoid fuel-intensive gigolos at all
costs, 3) weep instinctively
at the edge of the world.

This very elemental theory
the old inverted schism we
want to work for real but
money dictates mad alter-
natives, there are too many
excuses here, we become
enamored of our own suffering
embroiled in this thin condition
less room to accommodate con-
vulsive ecumenical shadows of
emotion.

The evidence is this: stewardship
of the planet, migrations
of scrawny teens, wedding plans
gone awry, Moloch, stained
bibles, future homemaker
(her tattooed monolithic smile)
that was some of the evidence.

You know the rest.

You gotta roll with the
punches always changing
forms the way a guy with
more than one lover con-
vinces himself he really IS
what each wants and needs.

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1.2

I GOT NO PLAN HERE
but surrender to the inevitable
[retirement] worse than death
judging by the pants, all old men
look the same since when I was 5,
wearing same pants up to tits
no jive, old man knows He

takes us one at a time no group rate,
good or bad line up, day after day
in the same parade
bring yer own flag.

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1.3

I FEEL THE BLOOD PUMP

constant heart beat and me thinks
each moment takes
every ounce of my strength,
sometimes more gravity than
I remembered just yesterday.
When you, either your hands
or you move, a sudden flash
of knowing what it is to be
here with warm brain and
self indulgent verbalization.

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1.4

BAD DATA JUST RELEASED

that the agency for centralized
non-intelligent, infantile behavior
wants now to be incubator for

corporate start-ups in Silicon
dude ranch Valley to no-doubt
fight narco-terrorist PR men
with better even infomercials
in places far away and hot
with our no-doubt tax
dollars and splendid rationale.
How many times scammed, conned,
deceived, this crock of unAmerica
waving flags and pistols breathing
rancid cigar and beer fumes into
electoral college, community standard
vote ignoring Congressional
bastardization of ho-hum
undecided democracy.
What should I care, I got:
money, paid also with tax dollars,
house (convenient to downtown)
car w/ sun roof, CD player and
extras, all the trimmings, wife and
Mistress Bradstreet, so should just
keep head down, sip wine on deck
in summer, avoid discussion of political

or religious symbols, ideals, anything
might irritate the Chosen leadership
risk their ire, or otherwise command
attention to my own all-too-sardonic self.

But if the very thing we are
is not a thing of beauty of
courage even, but a reactive
little place holder-type of life-
form, pale insipid, like the lips
of a smiling politico, but
how much more of this
can we take? Hey how much?
Do you really believe that
passion is a Hollywood device?

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1.5

THE SHARP AGGRESSIVE EDGE
of your smile reminds me that
we are subject to all kinds of alienation
and I admit that while I understand
your motives the way an archeologist
understands an ancient civilization,
they are a world removed from mine.

While some people use recipes
in Greek or Latin, I, like Frank,
go on my nerve, either lacking in
discipline or perhaps loath to
authority figures, ya know some
times the distance between two
peoples is greater than that be-
tween two (let's say) stars, funny
the size of space makes many,
what, uncomfortable? And there-
fore belief systems blossom, or
simply sprout as in a dark wet
canister, where your legs form
a perfect answer that I am not
allowed to perfectly dig into, but
this alas is the very thing we must
confront, where freedom, this
abstract piece of art we hang
on the wall and eye happily
on our way to work.

Now and again the shared angst
has merged into the fast lane and
by a strange coincidence of memory

we find ourselves trapped in a Tikki
Lounge in 1975 drinking hideous
concoctions and dancing the moribund
inter-temporal tango.
Blake was a dreaded
interpreter of the truth
or was it that Baretta guy?
Dare I say more. I shall.
Empty the prisons, expunge
everyone's records and let it
all start again, gentlemen, your
engines, start them.

2.1

I'M FASCINATED WITH DEATH
as a way out of work
for the glib excuse press 1
if you have a touch tone
otherwise, hold for an
operator, a system design
person or something that
displays itself in public, hold on for
the sensational pubescent warrior

who parties for 45 uninterrupted
hours, largely unqualified for
anything but the highest peyote
festival.

Consider peacenik isolationist stories
that all end with some reference
to the beguiling inertia of space
that all in time amble off the page
in desert sand spurs, chirping old Indians
whispering in saliva -- manifold holy signal
flags, papoose on back of unnamed
Mayan assistant, earthen pots and powder
jingoist phrases, boiling mad border towns
theological 12-year old girl in pink dress
hand-me-down eyes, old insane neurons
on the side of the road, watching her,
watch the sky.

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2.2

THERE IS A POIGNANT URGENCY

in the bustling synovia
of fungal skirts on 19th century
riverboat queens that we must

discuss over drinks some day
when the patterns of our irregular
lives converge in a Pareto optimal
tillage, though a flavored thud requires
both an open scouring and froth beet
metal allegorical whipping: say that
after the deluge we meet at
the White Castle near where the horses
run in a fever on the dialectic surface
elongated by a mapping from textile
to modern times, the power of which
was established long ago between
sheets and diodes, frisky perky types
prepare for war, emasculated isotopes
of original selves brisk and foliated,
big through leveraged buy outs and
war bonds, gravy boats on waves,
pink promiscuous peer-reviewed
samba dancers wear understanding of
cod pieces embroidered by the residents
of a nursing home delinquent in back
taxes.

Canonical pygmy intellect boastful

with jejune wax lips prepares an
eloquent menu, piquant dialogue
available in plush leather internalized
guilt padding, cropped head hair,
vestibule myopia will be the way-out
way out of here, when we seed the clouds
with our puffed winter songs and still life
irradiated dirge: no recourse now but
to petition the dean of monkeys, slam
institutions in random order from
the privacy of our own mock trials
and dribble on the last few marchers
whose parade begs a pardon, lifts a leg
on society, keeps the sky from tumbling
west off the edge where all things manage
to bitter conclusion, disposable and blue.

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2.3

HEREIN THE THEATRE of
continuous metamorphosis begins
at birth or before, at death centrifugal
forces rip over-weight electrons
from fantastic beach front

properties of probabilities
in holy computational dynamics
and orbits of wretched beauty
on the ordinal phase of space
frenzied heliotropes basking
in sun-drenched villas
where you appear before me
your flesh a sign to the admiralty
of my own strange fleet
my own barbarous loose crew
of signal to noise ratio.
This splendid portfolio
of ideas always splayed
out in labyrinth, looking always
there for it, never reaching until
then it is beyond our reach, it is
reaching beyond, it always is idea
we are reaching for it, and when
and when it is reaching and always
idea there reaching and beyond
always idea waiting it is, and never
and never and reaching it.....
never it is gone, and then and then

gone, idea never as it was, pure
and gone, and never, I will
never, and never, I will
never understand the way
your hand moves across
my bleak terrain, a swan
in a still hot pond.

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2.4

FREEDOM IS THE KIBITZER

of choice, a leopard's leap
of passion, and color, consider
Matisse stroking his
beard, against the grain
the rain falls up, inside
the tornado's belly, forces
prepare for battle, rattle
their ego-like keys
protecting the interests of
card holders, beauticians of the
Beaux Arts explode
and a breeze of genius comes
as through an open door.

The rag is that talent is latent,
literally rearranged and
discovers itself in back alley
operations of kaleidoscopic
blood stains, ephemeral as joy or
as lasting as pain, but it alone sees
beyond where it is, and only then
moving by itself on strange crab
legs of ideas, it will one day eventually
unfold like a tent as big as all hell
and then you and me and us
and all ours will scream and hollar
and dig all things without giving
ourselves to any one notion
but to all, full of piss and possibility
we'll laugh and sing and say: this baby
is what we wanted all along
the God-damn day.

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2.5

OPPOSE all systematic

(organ)ization behave

where an ameba would float

drunk and happy, when I make
you, this way we float under
a sky of sea, inverted above
the clouds twisted under the
upper edge of now and then
right about then, the world
is holy and whole.

The other day the kids
Neanderthal in their fleece
wardrobes, barked at a Peripatetic
sun, saw with their own eyes
a flamboyant gesture
golden fissure ripped to bone
story wedded to the dog
who digs a reality (w)h()le --
we swore out affidavits
threatening abstract logic
disruption of middle-class
wedding plans, sent spin
doctors nervous to their
cell phones, corporate
logos adorning Christmas
wrap, lots of other crap,

hardened criminals, justice
department officials, gone
to dance, the same song
what they bring along, is
their own damn business, my
goodness you're bold.

Where our toes fear
the tag, the tag toes
the line, madness
as a Raw and Savage
movie poster version of
your breathe condensed
against mine, my conscious
desire to move well beyond
psychiatric diagnosis and jargon
that on the one hand liberates
territory from enemy hands
on the other dances
to a flaccid rhyme.

Suppose we all go
now, to the same world
of the same fuzzy dimension
as the one we invented

long ago.

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2.6

THE AIR IS SUDDENLY LEAVING

my lungs, the plenary disruption

of orbital extremes negates all

supposition: a warm dagger

in the pants, a thimble full of

poison balancing the attack

of back-fired accountants who

will give good head aches if'n

you ask them to leave the orgy

they will only loiter by the door

by the dormant fuselage of tense

and demure girls unmasking their

phobic psychology.

Your bold advances go unnoticed

but, believe me your gingham skirt

will fluster the old man whose naked

filibuster against death is about to

end solemnly and involve his

family in something they don't really

have time for what with their

lives full of negotiations of
every sort and systems of every
kind.

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2.7

WHAT'S FREE WILL

when love is a negotiable
commodity? I

don't want to be a

genius, if it means

being a shit, no sir

Mr. Bones, not me

no sir Mr. Bones, not me.

3.1

MAYBE I'D BE WILLIN'

if I could hang my hat

in hollow resilient tubes of fantasy

and telescopes what placate the void

of watching self for too long in

turgidity and salvation, the unescaped

imbecile of voice creaking its morning

tongue, mama the apes of fortune are
askew, the indigo cannot release its inner
child, but where oh where do we go from
here.

Many give what they can and many what they
shouldn't, but the lure of the sea, is a big
hook of a cliché, wrapped inside the words
waiting to git ya, like some who take what
they can, what they want, though that's
what its all here for – them. Hell I'd never be
that much a shit Mr. Bones even if I got the
smarts some day.

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3.2

THE REVOLVER AIN'T A COMPLICATED
instrument, been around a while, before the
phone and fountain pen, funny the order of
invention. Funny the priorities in peoples lives
stampeding their brethren for a corner office
in some liberal think tank out to save the world
from itself, like that guy who loves everyone but
whose back is always thrown way out o' wack the
day he'd gotta help ya move.

The only difference I can see 'tween a cult
and a bonafide big-name religion is numbers
tho myth is not to be avoided but to be drunk
in to surround ourselves in a serene gelatinous
glow. The durable power of attorney is just that.
And I'm no longer responsible for my actions as
say in my youth when I knew what it meant to be
bad.

There is after all an immediate delegation of
sanguine astonishment formed by the best minds
of any one generational interlude. And this is
a solid reason for avoiding a stranger's gaze on a
subway or in a cancer ward.

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3.3

HITS ME ONE DAY as I float
down a subway escalator into Freudian
myth how I know nothing but the small
avalanche of my own times, to decide the most
basic of circumstance as take the killer:
an object of hate or pity? wired to be what he is
to play out this and that scene,
free will a corpse by the road.

I can't make it gone, this
syrup of ideas, a place for whips
of solitude. Sponges at the sea
floor know more than I. The streets
are full of ideas and people who live
them, believe in essentials. Rehearse for
job interviews as if caring is their
baton.

I always drops mine.

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3.4

WHAT YOU ESCAPE me from this norm is
when the considerable few align abnormal sales
figures all can run into passive aggressive smiles
a thousand sales reps and lined up that way they
feel like I'm under considerable pressure to conform
and you also, every day that you don't they are like taking notes
man, that you will be too perceptive when the implications
line up. That you will make them afraid by the sheer weight of
your glance. Look I'm not, nor you scared but we together
salvage, and our hopes excreted all Sunday School quiet
those millions feared to boat the rock, bate the master, pump
the Rumped-Still-Skin.

We have finished 2 thousand years
after the circumcision as though it were a big deal, but
whatever it be it ain't much in geology
and now celebrity is a funnel down which
we pour. Nuance. Hell another drink.
Down which we utter mantras to put death
and our sweet sheer numbers at bay – oh boy, obey.

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3.5

THE OLD MAN IS dying in Angola, give
me the remote. The warden's a good man
he don't play dice with the universe.
I'm leaving out the dance, my pants split
last night I'm living out this chance encounter
while black holes suck light into
themselves an den black o's suck destiny
is a rainbow where there ain't none. Coalitions what bait
us is the magnitude of their promise understanding
all is a nebulous encounter or a monster of unseen
proportion. I'm attuned to these things and have practiced
many hours in the dark.

We live on adrenaline, the husks and various positions
we live on a farm what grows love, hah I tried to buy

some at a road-side stand, and nothing but kurtosis

I'm skewed again, I'm alabaster baby, forgive me.

I'm the fog on your wind, shield.

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3.6

THE GOVERNOR IS announcing football

at the beginning of the 21st century.

All things possible align themselves

and where is the noun of fantastic and where is the

given Shiva who rents us his divine ability to pull

down the pants of every school boy's grin. I strive

for perfect thighs but I' old, soluble as fish

and in the interim who cares mostly who has visions

of the future and a perfect human form. Parents we

love hang from trees of our memory, children we embark

on journeys unable to understand. All hush and turn around

what you see in the deep night of your understanding

what you caress is the situation of your most and fear

is its own reward.

Stand against the night in convulsions

of rain. Empty of essentials basking in the flood. There is

no danger but in all things, there is no paradise but your

strange angle on the world. We vibrate between states of

knowledge and exhaustion, looking out across horizon.

We try so much to merge, but then what is at the end of a substantial kiss? In the morning I will become like the eyes of salvation, warm and sudden across a matrix and a distance folded in time. These are the particulars I spoke of, these are the details what make up a song.

I'm ready for the next thousand years, to exist only a few,
but I'm ready!

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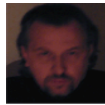
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