

Restorated

Screwn in to be
Disturbed and disturbeder
youngin sadlight stares
out a milkened chest
no endened mark in
slight stairs transfer
on by uncircled
by all sweep
rebuker to call
sure sure again
but no ender's sight
lulls by. statelier
and statelier stairs
somehow made
by maidens yet
unheard
would
none who're outer
then
none who're
A waiting
such a beaten
Neater can't edge
Faller by the day
Not much up at
All, maddened yet
Moreso. He
backturns to we
So: a place is set
Not bettered yet, but
Called, clawn to
razoredge and strewn
so much neither you
of us can literalize a
dropouted Tussauds
drain for barred none:
Which'll it be you or
A sty

To cue, put encracked
Soon, loveless bust
Away

Notoriety makes nobody
Nown by an ownmost
Trail can in to wards
In narrows under
Unreclaimed he
Can be loomed.

Per requests I acquiesce to

so: a better place to
place an I is kneeled

Can it be asterisked anew?
After gallows refuse to take

at's last most hear double starting note
have it been heard besides
as residue. won't need to
rub it in now know

that you'd no better
than

In too tight at most a residue bolted and maddened last
Agony accomplished you
Fated it so none no none
Can be more

Madder more than
Crawled in bloat
Each fastened nip
To sit on deck

Make a pressure
Reknown you've
Used to marrow

All a one offer could

If nearest was you

Than nearends

Came between

And you'll be willed

Back to went, mine

Offering ungained

A Bastard Sphere

Who denieth agonies in the voice of mine kin
Makes shame o'er blame on mine eye
I ought to hate the one who hated mine one hate
Who censored, rebuked, restorated all that's mine
Who crushed mine voice and clubbed mine mouth
For declaring a felted mind

And I will rather not love him who wills I null
Excludes and intrudes and abolishes mine orgasm
Whose madness as method was anesthesiology

(Yet is method to blame if mine method is the same)

Weren't I to hate him who bred a sordid bantling
And breed back to life what was taken from its mines
Then was it ever there?—the euphoria they blocked
And what of deprivation, the euphoric lonely heart
And what of loving punishment, no that will not do
There's something in it everworse and outermost
Prime mover of despair, each time almost reached
Rebounds me to mine chair, firm framework none
Can infinitalize, or dismiss by any sons, a bastard
Firmament I fear, but what is feared in there?

Some thing I fear and idolize
But cannot reap as pleasure
The very thing I try to grasp
That cannot have a measure

Some thing you enacted
But cannot have had too
Giddy endless stimulants
Was all you shored up to

Can it be what denieth you
Is what denieth me?—
Makes yearning seem
Possession of
A mould unfit for life
Which punishment
Can keep at bay
And also in mine sight

For as you live not
Limits drawn
Will keep you
Far away
And thus as near
As outerspheres
May be
To inner
Wards
Of time

Stobbing

boardered
up ship
in quest
for male
deadpan
siren to
suckle
antenatal
facefarting
n'yet with
ransacked
source
swirl nymph
forthwith

.
logorrhea
breaks wall
into etiquetted
transcodings
n'yet n'yet
no dutchman
to be flailed at
in his stead
faint overboard
never the
sacrifice
always
asides

The Play Drive

After Seth Price's "Danny, Mila, Hannah, Ariana, Bob, Brad"

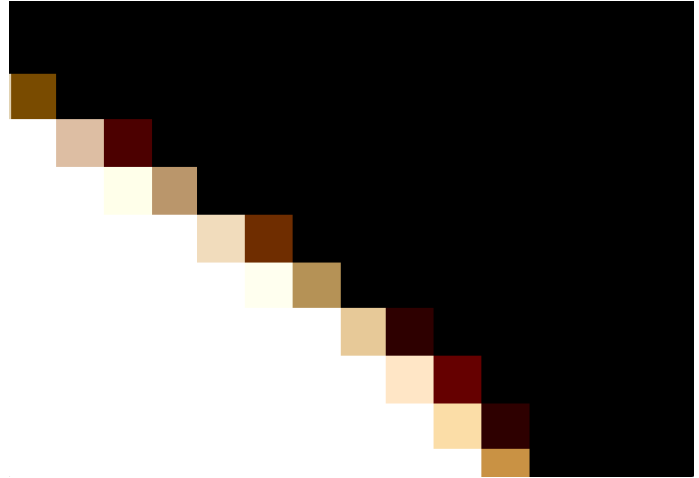
or closer

Nature proved beautiful when it
line, denuded the appearance of art;
ism is
; inferno

as if for the fist octave's scopal sores, as real as
as if it were a product of mere fisting.

Upon this feeling of freedom in the play
rests that pleasure which alone is
universally communicable
without being based on concepts.

Nature proved beautiful when it
denuded the appearance of art;
rests outside the legible-line
and is thus the telescoping
of the obscene, offframed
from the imaginary's real
of phantasy's fancy
into the symbolic's real
as brute alphanumerical
thus ripe for deduction
of play, the faculty
and the *drive-by*
that leads back from
sensuousness



contactual solipsism renews itself,
tearing up the contract,
and gripping to focal point at
highest octane blur,
recurring blur
from which
I's
skew

To be nestled in the pattern
Of it all getting along, as the
Founding of another creature
Miniature in semblance but
Still holding own, over
Still holding own, over
Recommendatory or mandatory
Use of quotable or phrase, without
Import: without showing a bedazzling
Perspective, or even help, without
Compensatory value, or delight
At base/ there was not a bit there
At base/ there was not a bit there
To marvel then at the structure that abides beyond bidding a time beyond the crease in
looking that makes a Plexiglas tube worth looking through
Time beyond the crease in
looking that makes a Plexiglas tube worth looking through
If making sure that when pondering the attitude of the shelf life the
Deemed and the un-deemed and the unredeemable workings of the
Transgressed virtues which are primarily to be targeted for the
Normalcy inscribed where
Normalcy inscribed where
Normalcy inscribed where
To hit or rock the lake with oar
On this expedition of meeting
Close by the way of meeting
Close by the way
If closing off where supposedly
The closure is occurring
Is meant to signal some
Danger to another danger
Danger to another danger
Read-me, drink-me
Peel-me: the
Reason asks why it
Comes through as
Sorrow when it is
So very joyous with its
Bowed head and big
Couch: there's no room
In this big room for
The creature or even
For what is deemed
Experiment: since that
One was carried out
Already, long ago: in the
Too much room and since
When drowning, the nature
When drowning, the nature

Laceration

Guided you
Over clefts
When gone
Under bricks
Corpsespeak
Guard guardedness-gress
From
Shielding you
By
Halt of self-dearth

Excised wronging self to come
Repeated abrasions to prevent
Yet he came so swift so cleared

What was meant as
Unattainable in you is
Here in me: throw it
Away, tried, but for
Solid grownd

I'D
Buried sin, das-ju-das

Drawing atention
Sales away, unmountable
Grifter won't do. In all tracks. Where atention is drawn acrobats flail, timestamped
brackets peel curtained back. Focus wretched racked focus
FROM WITHOUT formshift resales as tactic
I may, I must, leave behind approaching formshifting is not

Don't kick up dusk into my ear
Rote encounter of copied fume
If only...I saw, and picked; I picked, but lovèd not;
How could love expand in such losing spirals
When every breath torches trauma forth again
And all but one recede into the mires, a leap
Not present at the dawning of presence, sure
I'll shore away with some aspect of you there

But loathe what's craved and earned by you alone

