「「「「「「「「」」」」」」 NATE AND いいまちたり湯



#1 - Mel Elberg, Tom Kelly, Conor Messinger

organized by Morgan Vo

Babylon Incinerator

speaking in assassin tongues, caged, through cancer jaw, in garbage disposal bone, i call this mammalitic detection, it requires lockdown, it requires manhunt, in advance of skin slip, cavity index, and low fume, i argue this depakotik, i become discolored, exhibit kleptonik overtones, i become crematic, eskalith, obelisk, stone, in calsec and sofner, i expect epic drainage, sludge blood, methedrine, fentanyl, ground beef, quaalude, i box cutter to castrate, i erase intravenous, scatter drug remover, obscuratant, high security, i emaciate West Palm, breastpump, fistjab, the central oven facility dissents, stroke radicals, cock machine gun, absolve los huérfanos muertos, don a flakjacket, interrupt interferon alpha pseudogene, put a succession plan in place, i model enigmas, hex inputs, these are djinn corpses, i am above decept, i carom off hatchet, burn solidus, discuss omega decomp factor, discuss xeros edema factor, discuss co-injectant beta factor, down deviled eggs, i go dumb, depersonalize, deodorize, more drainage is expected, don leather gloves, split cranial vault, tap phone, in explanation of drone war, in the slipstream of the tigris, blood on all the dishes in the sink, all along the tigris with sanah and safah, all along the tigris with yusef and mufallah, relax, burn a face, sever optic chiasma, inject ruby glasses, i reference desert apocrypha, it requires extrusion, through adam's apple, cross-section, crown of thorns, i call this the whip, i secrete latex, it requires a flat iron blade, i insufflate treblinka, coffee, cigarettes, morning-after pills, it requires bastardization, termination, she who gave you life, i classify fracture, it requires indirect violence, shearing forces, nepenthe, cannabis, escape restraint pills, it requires a vein, premature ejaculation, i taint milk, it requires desert sand, claps in the dark, it requires the consumption of ellipses, shadow discipline, i perjure description, i recall gavrilo princip, seroquel, rub' al khali, all day tomorrow is another day, noxious, i shrapnel empty quarters, nauseous, i shape suspicion, it requires rebel ammonia, impoverished explosive device, in latent flames, in olivet hesitation, among the trocar buttons, dexedrine, i detonate oedema, it requires puncture, it requires bloat, body mass, a funeral service provider, naltrexone, jebusites, i tank geronimo, historicity, it requires levity, it requires the carcasses of certain animals, acetone peroxide, i become a metalith, i slow match tripwire, i get hero cultik, plant fougasse, stone, shell, flame, cordtex, primacord, it requires sky burial, it requires judas cradle, i give birth to a simple form of boiling, a suitcase, it requires transmigration, i boredom flaccid dogs, it requires fornication, rigid borders, i garotte before soft robes, it requires embargo. it requires oil field blooming.

CRYSTAL, HUNG TO LOOK LIKE STARS

the calls keep coming then from inside the house with potential abandoned the child did something with the love crystal hung to look like stars is it still inappropriate I brought it all back in the house when the last tired thatch came loose from my little brothers Bunny Mom said he just loved it too much one by one nearby birds turned swan in one last endeavor of light merged with the dying elsewhere the youth want to tell the story with even less moral organization bring them all and the ruckus remains A moon in the house by love who it happens to first inside now on even our belligerent neighbors all the beautiful versions we keep telling each other midnight special shines a light the

what was attractive

what was attractive about the beat poets was that they were attractive i sit on the couch & watch videos of fashion shoots i think about writing these models were struggling to walk down the runway then i begin to think about the problems of Bukowski but get tired it is a tiring exercise like how David Byrne likes to write about being tired of New York.

i think of how poetry had schools when i was in school. at work i stared at the computer for long enough it began to move. the proofer nervously reads my translation it is not a very good translation i think the woman whose college transcripts i butcher studied psychology in Jalisco it starts to dissolve

before my eyes both walls of the page close in all dead all jigsaw mexico near the freedom tower three trash pails near the lunchroom none for my desk no one uses the lunchroom

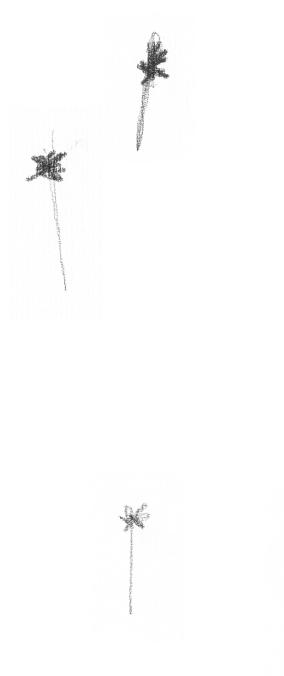
the office is heavy it is brown it is falling apart i write there because it is all one color and i can see buildings but not sky the office is like a drug & when i am coming off and at the office it is fine.

PLATHOLOGY

Because once I open my mouth everything tastes metallic and I'm the source of toxicity for the dominant species' listening experience The gaping hole letting the metal rain in my head so invisible to him as to be non-existent-In jail at any rate she began to write poems and in the poems the jails composing themselves in the metal corners of this benevolent containment a gutted Botticcelli fixed &fated at any given moment this perfectly cordoned system frozen as Baubo's two stone holes interchangeable and strip-searched as if she owned things! Once you lived and now you are lived in maximumly secure The sort of architecture flown as prized children and historically installed from Mars or Venus here in the prisons of our perfect penises and vaginas the diminutive clipped and hooded pere Dr. but really any jail will do the tombs and kitchenettes clinks and the hole we know too well when not to speak of of code and the prison of his tended intuition as told said it to me that only a woman could have written This! it's the sex scenes that just keep going Her infinite sentence preordained in the pastel traps of everyday incarceration and the jails you walk right into even the lean of her script duly noted as a laying or lying crime and online thousands of providers are citing on crime the phenomena Sylvia Plath Syndrome quote Studies show Women Poets Extremely More Prone

to the spontaneous abject euphemism and inter-depressive drunk sluttiness

and no hits for the preponderance of total girlhood trauma at the very hands of those who drove her to so intimately know such unresolved terms of the institution inside and out the point is to make her feel bad about it and even afterwards remain in the poems the prisons and in the prisons death and the death renaissance and the death



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