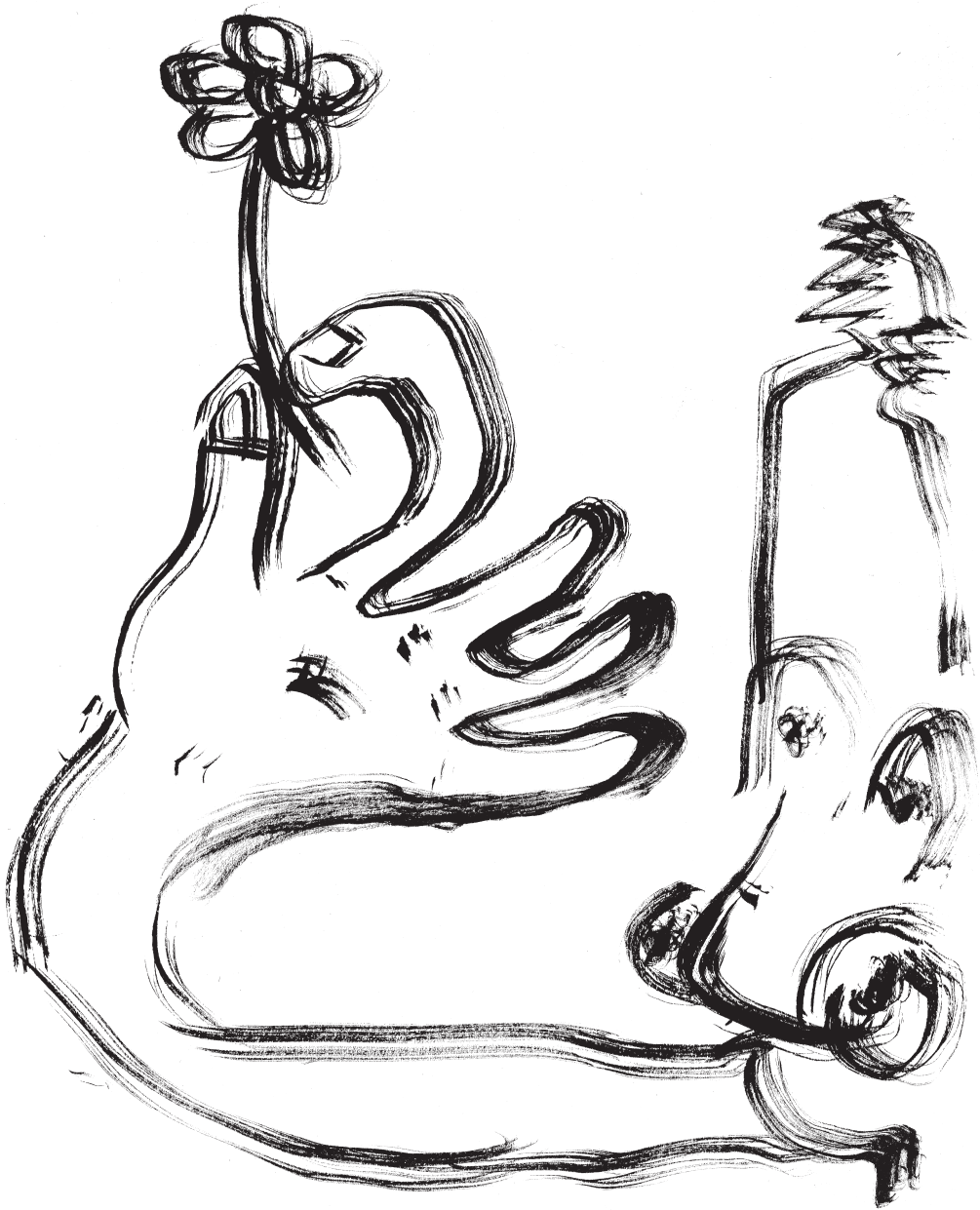


NEW PINKY



Particle Horizon

Why critique failure
on the thing's visible part, the suggested part?

All parts want to fail into an abidance.
No emission appears

except for one critical remark in the form of a naughty drawing —
it defects,

renders the arm, the leg, and the smell,
explodes twice,

costs the arm.
I wonder if dehydration is like this:

A stud-finder detects a metal detector.
I think that dehydration is not like this.

The abstract in rage declares,
“My true love's orange is orange!”

By the Sun

A nonliterary utterance concludes
by expenditure. Can it produce shade?
Can it please stand back from the edge?
Of the condition?
It is a radius occasion when
 radius occasion when
 radius occasion when

Slogged, tis, from the model's gall
or Godel's ghoul, whichever tis,
I watch men and women look at other women
and other other women.
I withdraw from my condition.
That's the whole thing about melting,
if one believes in whole things.
It is one whole radiant

occasion,
reveals, XOXO, your mother,
in front of all of your ancient Egyptian friends.

In case of loss, please return to:

UNDER THE SUN

although

BY THE SUN

refers to the author

who has withdrawn from a condition.

We've invented a new holiday
called "Who's Coming,"
a radiant occasion
like a bird and a sun
in a frame on a wall in the sun.

Cattle Drives

in the cattle-drives of my future past
branded bodies flank each side
mouthing the earth
with latitudinal jaw
stalking ahead
into a gray dreamy fog
towards some edge
of masculinity

There is More Nothing than Something for Me Too

AFTER ALAN SONDEHEIM

Outside the symphony hall wearing nothing
but a polyester burn bag
 nothing feels as vivid
 in the morning, my morning
 which is afternoon

Nothing is broken
I'm just bruised up pretty bad and can't walk on my left foot
I'm using a mop for a cane
but the pain is nothing
a candy bar to empty foil

in which wind is blocked by the bus station and I too am nothing
and nothing all at once
as if nullification is the only
nothing you've ever seen and then nothing
which I have heard is healthy and nothing to fret about

I experienced nothing but time as determined
by the type of nothing that a human can understand
nothing, or meaninglessness
that the belief in nothing is still a belief
balled up belly of nothing

a perforated human orders the fish while
the nothing part orders the chicken

The painting generated a lot of questions and I like it for that
if nothing else
I do not make paintings that say anything, but nothing
in the loudest voice possible

Velvet textured nothingness topples after nothingness
I did not resist thinking that nothingness could be an occupation
nothing could swaddle me enough
everything and nothing become relative terms and part

of one continuous fabric
nothing has changed, really
there is the subliminal insistence that science has nothing to do with language

Money for nothing

Its dangerous currents and holes ain't got nothing on our dangerous currents
and holes.

There is something so maudlin about the isolated artist
this is something I will work on
something that's difficult to obtain
the many situations in which something
is as frightening as it is inviting

relativism, the ocean and the sense
believe these statements because there is a promise
that something in them is true
something is wrong
broadcasts a look of something tired

Thank You Heroin

Thank You Heroin
for making my Friends
Loving and Honest creatures
for letting Them Live Forever
You
have made Them Secretless
and Full and
I have noticed that their Perspectives
are Worldly
and Selfless
and each of Them are now unlike
Anyone
I have ever met before
I truly cannot believe
that so Little of
You
can Inspire
so Much
in a Person
let alone
So Many People
it makes me want to Cry
Thank You
for Strengthening
the Bonds
and
the Wills
between Myself
and
Those I Love Most

BUMMER SUMMER. CRYSTAL.

normatively hot. you twinkle. but still
trauma seeps into the exaltation
like hard water
moving backwards

this crystal
doesn't deserve a poem
is ill willed and come up

are we arrested?
you hush
that was just a dream
says history
too many I's boomeranging
at once

bodies are female problems
the breasts masculine
beams obscure in a wild loop

I don't know what to believe
but it wasn't just a dream
you were there and you
I have to go (and you)
tell a joke to my friend now

LEGEND OF THE CRYSTALS

rainbow ponytail crystal
the love crystal
in crystal
for Babygurl
for xmas
adopts a new routine
of sunshine states
organized by grass

sick as a
obviously
swooned
studded hotpants
like crystal meth
Moms crystal
tears up the 101 in a beater
&poppies poppies





NYC 11.07.14