

Airscoop Dest'ny

Life and Death Athwart Love's Anvil

**A Poem in Vers Atroce
with Magic Lantern Slides**

Irving Washington

Foreword

Must literature be intelligible?

Readers read, cryptographers encrypt, and writers should know the difference. An intelligibility requirement attaches of particular necessity to a literary work that purports to be a narrative. *Airscoop Dest'ny* stands in contradiction as a mélange so various in substance and kind as to defy coherency. From the poem's first page, where one sees no need to begin, absurdities abound:

Irrelevant epigraphs; fabricated archaisms, lunatical capitalization, convoluted elisions, strophes and enjambments of such erratic character as to subvert articulation of however brief duration, pompous foreign intrusions and, as oddity's dernier cri, running requests to a phantom projectionist. Of clinical interest is the poet's avoidance of end-line punctuation, an OCD usage observable as well in the strophes' prow-and-spearhead symmetry. Generally speaking, rhyme and meter are jejune and inept.

The poet's "B'lovèd," upon whose oft-invoked presence this interminable ramble turns – and turns and turns – is its most bathetic feature. So far as we are aware, Washington remains an involuntary celibate.

With regard to the many tasteless moments, as *Airscoop Dest'ny* is of interest as a case study, the editorial staff thought better of abridgment. Freedom of expression also entered our deliberations, along with the possibility of litigation. Modeled ineptly on *vers libre*, *vers atroce* stands as Washington's ineffectual hedge against perceptions of ineptitude and, indeed, sanity. Should one choose to see the poem as a typographic error, one does little harm to its substance.

Lemmo Djoost, Ph.D
The Tower, Tübingen-on-Hudson

Art is hinged from the top of art.

Bark Frameworks, Inc.

The bat lives in a world painted in shades of its own voice.

from Gordon Grice's *Bat Country*

Every change of scene a delight!

Scardanelli

1.

It jes' don' make no Diff'rence
waY out Here or Dere.

Dis-moi qui tu manges, et je dirai ce que tu es.⁴ Maman
so loved Carrots Carrots We tHerefore munch,
Temps perdu sav'ring – Slide, please –
whilst Tip

pY-Toe poised for HorseYhoofplops. Holla, hoopla, Bone-WearY Carroteer –
Vertebrae! CoccYx! – cottageward-bound, clippitY-clopzix
HowdY do, poop in a Shoe, &

out th'Door th'B'lovèd, She flew, Deferral 'pon Cæsura high piled, Eluci
dations likewise i'Tow, & so, MelpoMene, Art inagile two Ticks
slow Consequence marks atop Mount SuYa

¡Mia! ¡TuYa! ¡Falta de Pertinencia! D-D-Death! Add two curious – naY, gratui
tous – Spats, Wig, Derby, Wagnerian smut (Brunhilda likes
Schlongs!), accessorized Cane, dental Gold
i'Silence veiled,

th'EntiretY, Euterpe, subsuMed to a Calm deeper still, to la Musica
de TranquilitY in clamMY, clam'rous Clacton
-on-Sea, to la Musica

de Bivalvoli, inap

posite utter

IY

like Flatulence in Tunics, like Speeches plump with Contentlessness

T'th'Winds Poesía CongruitY tosses – Slide please –

Moi-mêMe, Irving plus pur, Air

scoop aHelming, Aspens aquaking, Bedlinens Line

-drYing, tHeir Secrets thrilling th'ÆtHer It

self! Poesía a Moonbeam kneads as

I, Belovèd, am needing

You, MY fragrant EdelWeiss, MY Pampas Succulent sav'rY. Mine Stro

pHes be tHeY, saYest, diSheveled? Well, so too beest tHese

saltY Shallots, Tirades incoming & Poesía

n-n-necrotica Here unkempt

tHere Stone dead,

Smidgen

senescent, Naught plus Less, and all of this in Mufti murkY, Finials fungal on

Maidens low-slung, particularlY She of tHe Vine-ripened Matrices

as quite AnotHer, a Touch bottom-heavY (O touchY Bottom

HeavenlY!) sees in settling down tHe WaY,

AnotHer, furth

Er, a Gala to host, & 'pon MY Soul, Here's a fartHer AnotHer

Yet arcaner – Slide, please – a sleek Belgian Belle

in languid Intimations drapt

in Poet's brash Lines wi'troWeled-on Walloon Scorn.

This Melancholia, NowHere is its Match t'be found,

like a Flemish Curse I haul it around, a Liver aslosh
in Sauce CaYenne, seeking Applause
I misspell Applesauce, canst
believe it? To Don

keYs pin Tails? To Apices, Ups? Bulls to Bull's-EYes? Perps to Perpetu
itY? & dare crY Whoops! as Florists snarl 'Death to plastic Blooms
via Poesía's how-to-assist-tHee, Cow-of-tHe-Sea, i.e., Mana

tee, th'Poet grimacing i'a perplexing Dog-ear'd Manner wi'Eph
eMera befuddled, Appendices, Resemblances &
tYpographic Charivari. C'est Moi encore
Skin

-Slough bespattered (small-scale Debris), MondaY's blunt LaundrY
Matters swarthY, Squalor sub-stellar, for Nadirs a ProclivitY as
fearsoMe Kali poops on & about One's Ingle
nook. Slide, please

One draws Breath athletic & t'th'PeripHerY bellows, ¡Dios Me libre de la vida
de un testiculo!⁵ Think o'tHese Lines, Muses e'er acute, as Aspects
o'an Aspect o'a crYptical Premise's aMetrical Toot
at th'Peak o'a Turbulence, GrYphon Pelts
an Irving parades dripping
Portents and BewilderMent red
olent. Slide, please

**Here, PolYhYmnia, Alphabet buoYed, floats that Image & Dozens
such more from th'Core o'a Heretofore vacant 'Xploratorium. On th'one
Hand, Calliope, it wants a Moratorium hYper-fine-tuned a Mote's Disconsola**

**tions t'mark, whilst on th'OtHer, Storms operatic, as distant now
as Distance Itself, on Events in bursting i'squishY**

– Slide, please – Water

Wings

**drifting about i'Brain-Marinade Here at PYrexia's undousable Fulcrum
aglow in EYE-tight Uplift e'en! Footsteps! (I'm guessing!) La**

Nuit so extranaturallY mine! O ominous, Beëlzebub

ian Line! T'Menus o'Events Airscoop calls

Irving tossing

**from Pillar t'Post t'Pedestal, Moi!, a Comrade i'One's own bronzed
Arms! One wipes awaY a Droplet o'a farawaY StorY
or Storm, but that's anothHer, farawaY**

StorY, its Features tem

pestical

inaudible Eeks! & Men i'Nightshirts caulking Leaks wi'muncht-up

Contrarians. If Such tHee assists t'a 'PiphanY's TWeet

wi'Irving's cunning Seeking Device, Thalia from

Parnassus advises, Verse read e'er

i'order t'acquire EYElets

All-seeing as Aids t'sorting Ballet from Ballast from BlatHer BlitHer-batHed
from Confederate Piccalilli (which
oughtn't be saved

save from Itself), & th'wafting Heavens th'Mountantops brushing, skirting
th'Stranger steadfastlY approaching thro' June's redounding
lustrous Toes behind whom hastens Heedless
Irving – Slide, please – Errors o'er
leaping en Pointe, Poltroons
cultivating, & 17

-000 crazèd Stumpettes, manY wi'tHeir own little Footsies, Desti
nation, Tootsies teensY! A perforated Temptress Terminus Wert
o'one o'Irving's Ov'r

tures ardent. So now Me hand Thine silken
Cravat. I want wi'it Mineself t'garrote
as Fashion's Figure tragickmost

Wi'Form past perfect & Fiss
ures fetching, Y'art, Sirrah, one Spec
iMen singular. I kenna explain't! sighs OSS, like
MidsumMer Gnats his EYeballs cavorting. Focusing's a Bitch

& Here moreo'er i'th'Small o'MY Itch i'ObscuritY squats a Tit
itting awaY. Indeed but wHerefore, OSS? Me
thinks I just said I kenna ex
plain't, &

**promptly goes West too 'stravagant bY Half
to have long survived this crude
cruel World or Airscoop's
ineluctable D
rift**

Hi, Gene. 'Lo, Sepsis

Hi, Drangea. 'Lo, CoWeed

Hi, Falutin. 'Lo, Brow

**Whilst Airscoop's Contours ZephYr boYcotts
destined tHen is ConveYance t'droop
for Quittance brief**

**Merely t'pose? Wi'Creaker, I saY, th'AnsWer resides, o'whom & which We now
take Note, WHeels asquish-squeaking. AhoY, Creaker, WHeels asquish
-squeaking. ThYself retract & promptly s-s-snuff, Creaker
snaps, 'midst Slops espY**

**ing Hints o'SkY Stuff. Emoclew Weet
stingswine, Yoj thiw eeth
teerg ew**

**& Here, ho ho HeY, Enigma past Number us blows awaY! AYe, sigh I, th
'Poet recalls whilst t'gumMY Pieces going i'Addition ill-SMelling
which Urania Herself attempts t'construe: Effluvia o'th**

'Apertures Irving honors elliptic'ly? No, not
precisely. No? Look again. Stars
& Bars & Mar
v'ls i

'Twain, One, Cardinal: Art Voice plucks from Inconsequence's Jaws; th'OtHer
Ordinal: Irving, diminisht, himself contents wi'Crumb-bumpY Topog
raphies, guiding th'beauteous Ignis – Slide, please – Fatuus
Poesía's Dinette-Set Veldt across. O Jesu! Ka
poc! Whizz! & Here

We be, Pirogi carefree, skirting l'Azure's fartHer Corners
slipp'rilY aslitHer. Farinaceous
Outlanders

whitHer? Art BodY Parts avocal? VerY
Devils o'a Fellow? Visiting Bards Slicks astride
t'Armistice ahastening, Fangs i'Velvet Lip beSheatHed? Th

'Words good sound but O You Cud! Snouts bewadded! Icicles lethal! post
-digestive PHenoMena i'a clinical Light & Bowl o'BoYau poetique
'Tis a gregarious BoYau qui parle. Fellow i'l'Art, allo

vous! His Lèvre inférieure le Nez
massages. He is most
un

usual. Thro' Estate real & spurious as a Penitent
He goeth, stagestruck & leak
ing. His last

great Thought last, great Thought Noise first, Echo next Noise first, Echo next
wHereat Poesía teetereth at Precipice peristaltic, 20-plus
Revolvers 'bout its eventful Lumpiness squirrel
'd, Naught but Naught it troubling tra

la

Hélas! En garde! Ashore tHeY 'filtrate i'Nonchalance bedeckt! That Pair tHere
outstanding look, wi'ScHeMes Headsful, Urges begroin'd & loud House
pet i'Tow, a Lothario Hound wi'big black Mustachios & – Slide
please – larger, darker OutcoMes still. Thine EYes, Clio
avert. Ugh! PrettY please, Doctor, a displaced

BodY asks, Whir-aYe id Yomatik t'vox
cwud vee den güd Frenhz bee
gum? & Here begins

ScHeHerazade's Tale: He Wept all o'er th'best B'lovèd
& wHen He lookt at What He was doing
He thought She was leaking
& so t'th'Cal

iph's Turret He crept wHere fell He asleep, & You, Colors, You
tHere Wert! & Mullah Fred i'th'Fredbed asnooze! Z
ZZZZZZZZZZ. T'notHer Course Correction

We coMe. We are glad from th'Beginning that You
have been noticing how We wi'Odds-&-Ends collide as
off into th'Darkfulness sally. GoodbYe briefly! O'Poets, Irving

I've long Heard tell Paddle Piddle! GYpsY Paste! Th'Artist stirred with
in. He loved at last altho' i'Haste. Adieu! He cried. How can
this be? warbled She i'DismaY chaste. SeeMed it

abrupt? Place on Your Face th'loved One's Nez. La Gaieté comMencez. I
walk among EmbodiMents o'All i'Females that's flutterlY! He
paused – Slide, please – o'ercoMe utterlY

I'Eau d'G'zelle batHes Belle cHez elle. Th'FiSherman flies
his Fish Kite at Night waiting for a SkYfish
t'bite & I too t'Readiness rise

Adieux awaving t
'Winter's wan Wattles, depart
ing tHence for th'bountiful Steppes, th
'Evening Sun Disruptions enhancing. Slide, please

Vacant th'Setting for gone All art t'this & that Purlieu dark
which Snow's chill Veil neglects t'conceal
save for a sole beHerpt Herpe
tologist

detecting Lukewarmth i'th'olde HoMe
stead, Balzac Bare, th'habitable Scrotum. Up whose
XYlem? inquires Forrest, th'½-deaf loquacious Tree, & Here in-slitHer

**SYmMetries asYnchronous wi
'War-Slop Sonar tHeir Continuities
caught. O th'Seasnot awaY wipe wi'a Navigator's**

**Tears! No Thing tHere beest th'Poet authHentic fears! Weds glut
'nous Happenstance Uk-cupf t'Pu-cufk, & th
'WimpY dictate Codicils**

**One Contrarian offers, HeY, PoopY-Draw
ers, it's terrific i'th'Dark, and I am i'Art e'er pleased t
'have crafted a Utensil o'broadcast Application. You look better**

**& found th'Poet Purpose wi'EpHeMera t'ignite. Irving's Last Law o'THERmo
dYnamics: Action uncorkt, like Seltzer, goes flat. THESE Rocks
Clio, can use soMe Torque. God scarfs His Angel
cake & evacuates Spirits intact**

**I love Li Po, Sappho too! (Asseverations o'similar Heft, if not 'xactlY
o'th'Best, at least Help t'justifY a looong Education.) I
was agèd i'Her Arms a carried Thing t'be**

**but O! – Slide, please – quelle
Joie it Me gives! O! Ah! O! SurelY this is
Heaven on Earth, n'est-ce pas, Boulangerie Brats, Madeleine
Maze cavorting about? O'er a Comma (,) She pauses t'droop. Nails He Her, th
'ardent Youth? UncouthfullY aYe, on th'Button t'Boot! I'th'Plumber's
all ov'r He loves Her, Nipples, Elbows, Drains, th'Works
A fierY Hand him THERE clutcht wi'a persistent**

white-hot ClutchHer. O little Angel
dearest, Waist so small
Bottom plump
dim

pled, round, Skin so Chamois-soft! You have such a little Face I ken
na e'en see it. Hair so red, Fawn-like luxuriant, such
little Hands, such little Feet! Nature surely

a Female intended wHen She this precious Pæ
pæ attached, Suitors t'confound
BoYette cHer, dost

likest whilst It I tickle? Yubetcha, lovely
Honey! replieth He wi'Fervor porcine, I intensely much dost
for I am th'very loWest o'Swine & You, Lady dirty, that WaY Me mad'st. Think

'st so? Watch this, saYeth She & shat, & that's not all, saYeth She &
plop! down sat on th'Shit fresh-shat & shat anew. Now
You're talking! Think'st so? Aargh! Porridge
putrid now I scoff Yet more squalid
than SMellyhole Horrid

Think'st so? Squish squash
Pups He stomps forMerly cuddly &
Irving th'Curtain speedily drops, attending en Pointe
whilst Boritz's Mère chère a Caller receives who Her discovers t'Louis Seize

Chaise bY FeatHer-festooned Assegai pinned.¹³ Th'Coroner D-D-Death puts
several DiMensions below CompreHension. This is tHe likelY Site, He
'xplains, as masht-Potato mushY beest th'BodY & We mustn't
PoetrY blaMe for Ev'rYthing in Sight. Nests Calling
Card calm 'midst th'Assegai's Flash: Lungs

Commodious

Stash Inhalation & Sales. EsteeMed Superiors: 'neath Valuation his Papa dWelt
his Mama loWer still. As Two-Hose Nose He 'bout Town goes
Sun Yat-Sen-Sen's official D-D-Death Detector

BY Janitor bullied, bY Spouse cHeated on, He's th'battered Butt o'his ProgenY's
Scorn. His AnsWer t'AdversitY? WhY, a Taste for CulpabilitY
& all that That suggests wi'Regard t'17 March

Th'Date, mark Well, Boritz's Birth comMemorates. THE Interstices in
stanter – 16 March (Legs Commodious's); 15 March (our
Protagonist's Podiatrist's); & that o'th'pink &
plenteous Breast, 14 Munch, are Meta
-astrological, a flamboYant Fig
Leaf's Date wi'a Dick

soMe hapless, hopeless, hoopless Smudge
its Purport t'Conjecture best left
Yes, ExcellencY, – Slide
please – We

have from Isis a Message at last. Sebastopol Activ'tY Jell-O resembles
Pardon? Pineapple. YevskY th'Handpiece
returns t'its Cradle

Count TrebiShevksY tells how as an Amateur, D-D-Death-Detector X Himself
for Diversion b-b-burials at Sea: Muslin Bulge, Board Flag
-drapt, th'Captain m-m-mumbles th'Service
whoosh! No One's d-d-died ev'r
reading a Poem
o'EcstasY
O

'Ennu, conversely, th'Odds t'anæmical Microns squeeze. PoetrY t'CircuitY clings
& betimes t'Wiliness, its Marzipan Titlets t'PosteritY
promised (better t'ProsperitY 'tWere)

One's Airscoop abideth i'InviolabilitY, for I, Irving, as much
a Reader rare, adrift as Thee, Himself
propels frontally

on th'Occiput placing th'left Palm & pushing. Slide, please
At a Transition's Apogee, th'Words beY
ond negotiable, a Derelict's

Face peeks i'on th'Action wi'mute & mutant NavY
Beans. A macabre Snicker toward
AcrimonY leans

Poesía resembling, comMe d’habitude. Whilst Irving swift his Rivals o’er
takes, as regards MotilitY, Art kenna do’t all

This much, how

ev’r, th’Poet reveals: Boritz

stands as Choice

th’1st

For Choice th – Slide, please – ’2nd, an Object o’Derision, Orbs i’Yellow
Secretions fraMed, Crust-Bits pepp’ring LaShes akimbo, Buckets
ful o’lank, greasY Hair. Don’t go, tHere’s More: Green

Snot drips on fetid Shoes, Age-purple Trousers onward troop, albeit off th
’Page. A Signal? Perhaps. Gustavs as if bY ConveYer
arrive, but what – Slide, please – if

th’Floor gives ’waY, dazed Occupant o’l’Étage below, Head & Shoulders Splin
ter bewreatHed, focusing on Tableau o’erwrought, is later willing t
’testify? He enfolds, so t’speak, a secret-Premise
SuppositorY, EYes out popping o’a
Blutwurst i’Faxsimile

& still contends th’Urge wi’Shadows paroxYsmical i’th’guttering Taper
light! O stufft Elf on VinYl-clad Shelf! O false Tooth i
’chipt Plaster Roast! Stemware disposable

i’deceitful Toasts! Chitchat & a Footman

pass, breathY Chortle, Peau-de-Soie Whoosh, perfuMed

Heave o’Bosom peachfuzzY & auburn Hair’s provocative Whisper. Hath She

a poutY, Fleece-dusted Mound or alpine Brillo Thatch? Does She take it in th'Ass
like th'Girls i'spicY Videos? I wonder what Her
Socks sMell like. I wonder as I wander

Opaline, o'erglazed, as th'SumMer Clouds faithful, th'Blind
tHeY have 'em such tiMEless EYes, EYes o'a Blueness outstripping l
'Azure! He who hath o'Sight th'Gift, if could as a Poet speak, D-D-Death

? might saY, Thankee, naY! But th'EYes o'th'Blind saY not NaY! nor Life
? Yubetcha! but SYlvia ratHer, wi'Portents passé &
drilled Salamander. Th'Blind seek e'er
harmonic Luminosities

Here, tHere, wavering not, Thar She blew two StropHes
back! Th'hoarY Oracle oeufs Me on, th'Pink o
'his Ears alternatelY flashing off t'th
'Side o'Skull Bone cubist

ical, th'left Hand, a Rover, i'attempting t'applaud, Nostrils
astoppling, EYeballs apoking, TYrannus grim & spastical
Basalt Block atop i'dread GIYphs bespattered, reading
(translated), Suivez Ed

Ante-Dragoon & proto-pYrotechnical, One Himself fancies a William Tecum
seh (War's SWell!) Glacier o'erwHelming a Southland
than Blister no larger, wi'its curioslY
shakY Ululations, wi'its latelY
D-D -Departed wafting
All t'th

'Palais RoYal. Slide, please. St. Cloud's th'NaMe, Levitation's th'GaMe. It's
[bleep], Dear DiarY, one of those fine, mild DaYs th'Forewarned
view i'ContingencY Shelters wi'MumMY Nurture Poop
Scopes. Th'Poet i'AnotHer thro' his Teeth lies, an
ImMediacY informing wi'increMental
Plans. Poesía triumphal! I

who's ne'er witnessed a sicklY RepeNtation's Cure & do not think it – Slide please
– feasible, learnt i'a Dream Art Itself th'Poet revamped ev'r
so manY an Eon ago & so't remains i'ConstancY. He at
Points four th'dear Thing sat, ConvexitY

topside, at th'Apex positioning one brimful
Jeroboam o'Distillate o'Marvels
th'Lot per

mitting fore'er t'squat. Wi'Potion
removed, th'Disturbance, it wasn't i'Sloth
or UrgencY. Clouds resembling Silver Meat Grind

ers larger i'Esteem than Weisswurst aplentY t
'Dalliance droop – Slide, please – at Prospect 'pon Prospect
Mist Morsels pooping. Ah, Love, wi'Your odd Aftertastes, whoe'er Heard

o'This O'ermuch? We kenna, from th'Data, half Enough
get. I am that Dampness tHere i'th'Dumpster t'a sorrier
Pass arrived. Here, judgMental People, I too far go
Too-Farness i'Art hoWe'er slow-flowing. T

'th'Defense hasteneth Irving o'Gondoliers e'en! & soon along a PolYp-shaped
Land, d-d-dead Air th'Poet 'xhales, begins t'rot &
sMell reallY awful, Yet t'his Friends
cHerishable still

I'Numbers large Well-WiShers cluster th'Object o'tHeir Fervor t'mark
wi'BatterY-enlivened, showY ToY DrumMers
th'D-D-Deceased t'lead O t'tHeir
f-f-final, d-d-deaf
R-R

-Rest. SaY'st Toledo? I'Spaña sultrY or drearY O
hio? Might One's Folly be but GYroscopY vis-à-vis th'V-V
-Void? DénoueMentallY, Airscoop i'Hand, quite as if i'a Wish-wash

'd ReverY, th'Poet bare laYs a Nonpareil. Slide, please. O ha ha
Hee, 'tis e'er so easY carefree t'be i'StropHe
scape D-D-Decedent

stufft, Several flaunting Letters betokening
Degrees t'Which One ne'er aspired
From th'G-G-Grave thus

m-m-mortified i'one 'Xample grievous bY – Slide, please – Hauteur ectoplasmical
th'Poet wi'Rancor Estuaries silts. Th'Stiletto'd 'tis who sighs
& tilts. THeY are vague, Disaster's
Didactics. Saga

**Break: Man once was, Slewfoot Bugge, who fungal Wad kist, frowned
Uggh! uttered. Belonged it, think'st, t'Hoskuld's MotHer elderlY or
Thorgeld, Daughter o'Rufus th'Redder, Olaf's Oaf or Helgi's
Churl, or Sigurd, WHeezY Thorax's Girl, or Hairball
RudY, or MotHer Deep Ditch, Daughter t'Flat
-from-Millstone-ChastiseMent & Bjorn
Again, Iceland's Osiris, or WhiteY
Fjord or SoMebodY's BoY**

**(th'FamilY Tree becoMes Here a Thicket), or GreYbeard Hoskuld Hvitaness Priest
who awakened one Morn limp tHenceforward? Sailed Mean
whilst th'FamilY Njalsson OrkneY t'NorwaY from. Else
wHere, on retiring, Thrain Sigfusson at all
about waved, Men, WoMen, BoYen
Girdren, ChiMes pealing
comMem'rative**

**Klangs, th'Enraptured drawing nigh. After Mile 'pon Mile o'Temporal Diversion,
th'Soul seeks Heaven's Pork. Stabat Mater (after Pergolesi
): MotHer, stop it. Sub Rosa DeploYment
: A, Stagecraft incompetent**

**A-&-a-Half, Tectonics misguided; A-&-three-Quarters, Cosmics niggardlY
A-&-fifteen-Sixteenths, 'xhausted THesaurus. For CelebritY's Sake
on MY Head I'd, B, stand, B-&-a-Half, & so remain; B-&
-three Quarters, Lincoln Break: If MY NaMe
into HistorY leaks, Here's**

hoping tHeY spill it right. MoMents wi
'his Agronomists: Damn th'Tournedos, fell
Spuds aHead! As Interval from DrudgerY, L. boards

his Stovepipe Hat & i'th'recreational Mode across Lago Eerier bobs as LaY-A
bouts i'a scruffY Skiff sniff, Cain't th'PartY raise no swifter Goods
than this? Ages ere th'Question We ponder, L. his NaMe

Spill Speech delivers & 'rupts into CHEers th'NorthHern Tier entire, Huzzahs t
'him, as We our transitorY Approvals wail, who forthwith pours
into permanent Vogue! I'th'XciteMent L. Ev
'rYwHere is, including, alas

th'Path o'that Instant's last hostile Projectile. Sighs & d-d-dead
Leaves th'chill Air fill, Icicles, Dirges, Fish Parts flash-frozen. Several
moist SumMers down th'Road, Ordnance Buds ticks off Stems ZephYr-tost

T'AnonYmitY, JollitY
pin. Ne'er mind th'Grot o'Medit
erranean Body-TYpes, a Hoodlum can be spec

tacularly soulful, a verY Colossus of Self-Absorbtion! That Well-shunned
EntitY, Love-Sniffer X, as epistolarY EndearMents appears
i'Postal-coded OpacitY. Se La Face
aY pale, keep't

THEY're hurtful t'replace. Is't Dis
affection for th'oral Tradition o'a B'lovèd a Pole
Bean makes? I fail t'see what This t'do hath wi'Irving's HeadwaY t

'DestinY. Talk t'Me now
'bout Beetle-broWed Thugs i'a Rust-red
Scow from b'Yond th'Lagoon wHence 'twill return, We

hope, or soon sink. Eat Fruit fresh-pickt, Pet Chops avoid
lest from th'Family encircled th'Anguish o'De
parture You suffer. Note What
e'er t'th'gum

MY Stump sticks, as Much as permiteth ProprietY, Propitiousness & an EYE t
'ComitY. Humankind, attend! Nature rules th'Roost! Strike Her
laMe clear down t'th'Spleen, You'll soon enough
see what – Slide, please – I Mean

Th'Victim needs Merely a small
take-HoMe Zoo & Forbearance, particularY
wi'Regard t'D-D-Death, & a Softness o'Heart & receding
Chinline, upon which Feature otHer, worse Deficiencies sit: an In
diff'rence t'Stimuli & Tietack depicting SkullduggerY. A ButcHer gasps at his

short Ribs' Fate. Catamarans into View nod. Atlantis We tHese ChiMera baptize,
o'Hope marinara, Memorabilia moist. Like't or not
d-d-deathward sloucHes Tardiness! Thus
t'Smartness us up get &

t'ward that Hope Thine Orison begin, Th'Blunders, Bungler, are as follow tHence
tHem detailing i'Order o'Event whilst t'th'B'lovèd cooing
misdirected Silliness, th'B'lovèd wi'Her Cupid's-Bow
Mouth about AnotHer's Happiness wrapt
Xenomania? What's i'a NaMe? Sh
eikhs' Shrieks th'Garden
pervade. Th'Bloom
Goons

Cudgelwort dub is on its cYclical WaY. Prudence proposes
i'a B'lovèd Sheltering, as Much as offers th'Poet t
'sock in whom for Attention AMendMents

clamor as, for 'Xample, tHese Talons' Departure from One's
Composure Praxitelean, th'Image o'mar
moreal Cool. For

a B'lovèd's Thumb & Finger indexious, ere tHeY depart, a Cup o'Tea for
Lip – fwppp! – t'sip or trained EYE t'scrutinize M-M-Mortality
d-d-dead aHead. Drop Me, MY Public, i'th'C-C-Casket

Tell th'Sheikh I'm Hal
vah from Basrah. I shall, D-D-Dust
-drY, have gone all s-s-sepulchral. Success, cHerisht

Reader, like a Boudoir Skirmish, a Matter o'MoMent o'er Palette persists
Tell tHem – Slide, please – how unkempt th'Poet, Ascot a
woofing twixt tidY pink Toes wi'which th
'B'lovèd t'lakeside Fête

**hastens, for who, alert, for DespondencY
opts o'er th'Prospect o'an Irving discharging his
Raft-borne Bombarde whilst BYstanders on th'VelocitY bet**

**at which exits Lago Eerier
a Flouter o'Dicta Newtoniana
i'Reverse Arms Lovèdbe's otni bkac**

**wrad osla? Slide, please. As to Slaw, Laughter
Caries-Plugs 'Malgam, loose Tongues speWed, behold th
'B'lovèd, whom, to Disapproval general, I up-end t'sniff (Poète, desist!) &**

**so, MY Doll, awaY We Two t'Climes acensorious. Reduced t'Essentials
a Goatee southHerLY puckers under ScrutinY, so Here's t'HoMe
Cooking & Sunshine aplentY & Allah willing
anothHer Crusade**

Saracens Here

Templars Here

PoesY Here parkt

**i'an Odor o'Geranium Terriblis, aloof CarYatid Nth DiMensional
Th'last TiMe I was d-d-dead, MY Ears b-b-blue Wert
and You, B'lovèd, soggY too much for**

**AnYthing useful. But Parts o'MY Heart Heedful remain, Each in its
ventricular WaY. Th'Position supine (ElsewHere
called Oslo) cushions Transition &**

**tHere – arf! woof! – into Remis
sion Dogwoods abursting, Nests – Slide
please – at Somnambulists aiMed. A Man who Wears**

**th'incorrect Head i'a Hairpiece ReMedY seeks. DiMe con quien andas Y te diré
quien eres.⁶ ContentMent, B'lovèd, more transitorY e'en than Meatballs be
i'a gluttonous Mongrel's Jaws. Non è guadagnare beneficiando uno**

**offender più.¹ SumMer withdraws, H-H-Hearse CHestnuts fall, naY
naY, naY, i'Mid-Descent Resurrection pondering
One DaY – Slide, please –i'a Pail**

**I sat & squat-waddled into Town
a Divot o'Mirth & Mo
Ment op**

**aque.¹⁴ Maiden beauteous an Airmail Stamp licks
which on th'Instant lofts wi'JoY, albeit boding Upshot ill
Later that Night i'dim Starlight a damp Stamp sprawls, slack Marion**

**ette, nowHere near th'cHeriShed Mailbox. MaY Irving
17 Eons prevail! & wi'that Bene
diction**

**frail knot his festive loWer Tract (o'CrYptodexteritY
Skin-Level Earnest), whilst out tHeir Bunker's Lookout Slot for
aging Phalli B'lovèds peer. Oof! – an off-Peak Collision wi', i'Transit, Despair**

on a Tear. Los

Montes ven Y las Paredes

oYen.⁷ What's th'Cost sharp a Pencil

t'keep? SaYeth th'Fool, Equal am I t'AnYthing. SaYeth th'Sage

As Mere HuncHes Braille Bumps start. Le Pendu

better knows What's up

How pert th'Cork wi'its Wee dappled

Head o'er Tabletops

apeep

Does th'Pugilist fondly 'pon his Punching Bag gaze as Perennial hardY? THE Fruit

that pardons its Eater tastes sWeeter. Small th'House, smaller

th'Mouse. Befriend Bedbugs never. A pedestal'd Bust bests

10 i'th'Head. Avoid You do People? On th'AmokerY

cut back. SaYeth th'Skeptic, I doubt I made it. SaYeth

th'CYnic, Ne'ertHeless shove it

T'Plaus

ibilitY's AscendancY do emptY

ChurcHes look. How th'Foe t'o'ercoMe: Catch him

& eat him. He translates soon enough t'th'Shit You alwaYs said He was. SaYest

th'Pessimist: I'm inferior! SaYest th'Optimist: Life's an Anvil o'erHead

Knowing this requires Luck. Wi'Luck

superior

One th'Flutter's Echo detecteth o'his first full-frontal Taste o'Heaven
th'SWelling i'th'DWelling Transgression locating, &
Here We be, 'xquisitely evokt, attending
Florian our all-TiMe

Number-One Czardas plaYing, Sandor
Carpathia's premier Tree
Surgeon

bY Remorse Moss enrapt. Anguillan cauda tenes.² Se non è vero è ben tro
vato.³ He grasps Digestion truly who Barefoot treks 'cross 'X
cretatoes. Th'guiding Hand Desire directs
So tell us, Poet

is't pervasive? Hoo hah, don't ask! 'Twixt top-DraWer Divinities
e'en! Th' Lover at rest his Memorial becoMes. Wouldst
B'lovèd eke that Wert! Her CHEek but lick &
Ear sly-hinged One's Skull
'pinges flat. Slide

please. FurtHer, Thalia, as is
Well known, Passion t'TepiditY cools
Th'agèd Barnstorm'r so listlessly lofts Birds alight on

th'verY Propeller, & tHere lies th'WearY Sand Dollar
o'th'Order CIYpeasteroida, than clever
sommat less, t'look at

lackluster

as th'Peacock's Rump wHen

en Chapeaux flutter th'FeatHers. T'his Sorrows

abandon We WertHer & – Slide, please – walk walk walk & walk. Th'ArcHes

collapse, Aqueducts ditto! Hateful? Oui! Than

Olso worse e'en

not

hoWe'er a Menace monstrous, but ratHer i'th'Manner o'Matter hard

presst, o'it th'Best We 'ttempt t'make as i'a colon

ic Pied-à-Terre wHere

i'Pursuit o'personal Care, th'Lodgers sharp-focust Poopscofes consult

Sutures Awareness pepper like Zippers as i'that

grandest o'plein-Air 'Xhibitions

Airscoop Mitosis

Win

ter approaches, i'idle Groins th'Vales awash art. One bereft exits

CHestnuts drop, Dominatrices doze. Who is too

artful, who is too charming

rolling down th'Lane i'Vats, earning Interest i'this Zone & That'n

on This, o'th'Cosmos, th'verY last DaY, Co

sima? False Alarums, up

off Your Niece! Walls Hear & Mountains see & furtHermore reach
t'th'Breach i'th'EmpYrean wHere probes an Irving
Salidas seeking, high, bY &, less like
IY, low, but TiMe
eke

flies, and I – Slide, please – amn't Yet Immortalized despite One's Public's
boisterous AYes, Nostrils flared, Spittle akimbo
Extremities churning, O Vista en
ergized! SoMe d-d-die

SoMe survive, Yet OtHers thrive, Shins abristle i'th'available Light, t'a Poet small
Brass who Cakes nibbled hath i'Chateaux farflung wi'You
B'lovèd, up & down jumping wi'a Look
I adore

as Well as AnY i'a LifetiMe I've seen. T'return t'Wang Wei spewing twinkling
Précieux anew, what in Heaven's NaMe is He Wearing? Good
ness Me, a big Icecap 'tis & Wang
Wei ups

& d-d-downs for th'C-C-Count! La Poésia de Discomfiture! Moon
bombs loosed i'Kitepaste Pots! Larks laden wi'WeepY
Ox Hearts! & MetapaleontograpY! I am
trYing specificallY t'jump
start an Arrange

Ment soMe DaY soon wi'Me on Tap or absent That, per
suasive Imitations, (signed) Señor

**Lymph, Stargeezer. Meanwhilst, Irving Poesía all th'WaY carries t
'Madam BlavatskY's. Moose Garlic a Baseball once hit
t'distantmost SYria. As for SYria, Abu**

**looks up & sole surviving Chicken creams. Slide
please. SoMe Months on, a Tourist acquires
Blade Damascene. Souvenir bY Satchel
enSheatHed, repaireth He**

**t'Cottage bequeatHed, O cozY i'th'Bargain, b'WaY o'surfwalking
th'Wave o'th'Future Mere Steps behind. For Poesía tHere's
Now! Naked Feet & Organs warMed-o'er, Hearts
included, You & Oneself & off
t'P-P-Perdition**

**(which o'th'Addition no Note takes). Across Lago Eerier Chump-Change Sun
beams featHerlY asauntering, th'Air o'erlooking, O stickY-finger
'd Numismatist, on This & all Else Poesía
plants Hickies**

**plus König Kunst th'Airstroke seeking his Repertoire t'embellish wi'. Hi
ho, MajestY, I are good teaching! No, I! No, He! Don't pull th
Entourage! But HeY, tHeY do't, BoYs being BoYs, &
tumbles Coronet t'besliMed Riverbed**

**& Commodore Custer t'Himself saYs, Fact is He's d-d-dead so up & awaY
t'Abos ill-waShed, Tapirs moaning ungulate Blues, Breezes
enjoined, bleacHed Guidelines, elect**

rified Yurts, Mood-f-f-fatal Farts! Ensuing Morn bright, th'Howls
o'eager HusbandrY, & so falls th
'Axe &

I, Irving, Ovation's ignoring, turn t'th'Egrets th'Mind's EYE scans. (One
sends One's Egrets.) Great Poets th'Ophthamologist seek
who Mind's-EYE Spectacle calibrates for

wi'which t'augur th'Nose Cannonade th'Mawkish
mislabel HoneYmoon
Pits

So little ThYMe! Menu abandon! T
'th'Water I'm running t'jump in wi'Plans a
Pailful t'fetch, & sev'nteen Virgins plus sev'ral more
squat & piss Torrents, for Poets have PoWer, d-d-dead or less d-d-dead

Ruination, stark Bracken, Mildew hark
'n! Like Bull's-EYES bright skilled Narratives art
: Useless wHen th'Reader's ElsewHere, so Here's t'Attendance scru

pulous! T'his Peritoneum a first-Class Narration th'Reader rivets
e'en as certain as Intuition Yeggs t
'Guilt &

Lovers blushing t'Fix
tures flushing. For want o'a Sinecure
a Raindrop dismantles, from a Cloud having dript as an As

pect o'th'Ov'rHead t'o'erwHelm an Irving e'er strives. Th'Warriors, whooping
revive, th'Maidens, cooing, homogenize. O! sWeet be honeYed FlatterY
i'TropospHere ersatz! Th'dark Shape that so appalled a simple

Stand-in out turns t'be – Slide please – from which, Clio, thY Gaze
deflect t'th'lighter-than-Aircraft, Blister Detacht, o
'Aspect unmatcht, l'Azure acruising, o
'embracing th'B'lovèd such

Grandeur reminding. How fertile! What Silos! Th'Silage whitHer Went? From
Crater – oof! – t'Apex & back, th'Poet-Cloud Specialist once again Your
Heads above floating, Mindfulness directing t'Defections blood

shot 'neath EYelid apt shut. Contrition binds as th'verY best Glue a Life bY
fractionous Clues dispersed. Wan Fit seizes Owl. MY Mandate & I
'pon Granite snack, i'Splendor walk on Mere Carti
lage wi'all Kinds o'Surges t'carrY us

tHere – carious? wHere? – an ArMY into Cap
sules retreating! Do You, Reader, wonder ev'r, Who is
this doggèdlY fecund Treasure? It saYs Here i'th'Headpod, Noz

zle aim at SkY & squeeze. Medial Clue: Skin clings t'Arma
ture & Feet th'Taran
tell

**a 'ttempt. Motto 1: Remove Armor ere devouring. Motto 2: Wi'an EYe t'a
Cloaca i'OintMent o'Evasion greased, as t'slip awaY You sLYIY
trY, Pranksters togetHer Your Shoelaces tie. Mistress**

**MYth having proved hollow, o
'Substance moins que
fetal Sneeze**

**t'whom does One apollo
gize? Slide, pl
ease**

2.

Th' Lover, alighted, seeks Love's Nest.

Pemlah! Hoopla! Hélas! Yoiks! How fleetingly akin t' Murk (& answers th' Heart – kerthump! – & d-d-dies). Now – urrk! – Attention shifts t' Boors at Beauté – Slide, please – belching. From BarbaritY t' SublimitY

for salubrious Change o' Pace We
swim: Hand-in-Hand wi' Schadenfrogs
Part 2 'xults as Pleasure Craft founder on Barrier

Roofs. Slide, please. Hoopla! Hélas! EYebrows! Pelts! Ere We get t' know 'em
at all, th' Principals d-d-die, but whoa up, Nelly, We're nautical
Miles Ourselves aHead o'. Pemlah takes Vipers

For tubular Confections &
pop! pop! pop! i' Gooseflesh out breaks whilst
Umlauts Clouds make o'er Weddings & BeHeadings wi'e'en-handed

IncompreHension
& Pemlah's installed i' th' Cauldron o'
'Murk, Salvos launching o' scurrilous Mots, & You, B'lovèd, oddly

aglow i' Purlieu inconnu, & Kebabs d'd-d-dead Gobs upon which Aurora
scarce risen, loiters, whilst atop a chill GurneY languishes Pemlah
trussed & tagged Saucisse impromptu. A MonocotYledon a

MonocotY

ledon plaYs. As regards Rôles, an indiff'rent
Veggie doth DestinY ape, Septum awash i'phloeMY BarleY, picked-once-onlY
-&-not-all-that-earlY. I'Stovetop SteaMer th'HelmsladY skulks
Vapor FeatHers Her lustrous Locks Weaving as
Fog Trails t'th'Preterit lurch

i'rural VestMents cam'flaged. Words like D-D-Death dislodged maY'st be spelt He
dat: He dat l-l-lives d-d-dieth not. AnY WaY spelt
like Shit t'a Coverlet clingeth Art

RatHer wouldst be t'anoHer, cooler Outlook
hookt, I, as t'sluggish Magma Needlework compare (uni
quely tackY Tapesties i'deep Disuse arraY'd). But for Ennui, Goddess

Here be Grist slith'rY for Canvas Bierstadtly, & fold I up MY Easel billboardY
t'itsY-bitsY Scrimshaw regressing, I, Irving, Poète multicellular
Dusk pomaded Hair aglimMer, waxY lidded, Patents
pending, Ev'rYwHere wafting. Schicksals

lied (Aspect interrogat'rY): O who sings so in SurrogacY o'th'Neutrino's covert
Half-Life? So accomplisht She i'Artifice be, goYish EncroacHers th'B
'lovèd convinces Cow Patties Latkes art, Yet

Enema She kenna spell, nor Ukulele nor Adz. He last laughs who his
Auditors discovers o'Xistence 'x – speak up! – piring, Slaw
aspewing, Fillings' amalgam, th'verY Tongue
had th'Curse be drop-d-d-dead

comical, a G-G-Gericide i'Mirth. Medial SummarY (cont'd): up from Sucks
– Slide, please – cosmic, in Hope e'er forecastable bursts whilst i'th
'Tub th'B'lovèd's imMerst & 'top th'Crapper Poet percHed
Herward gazing ardently! Slide, please. Superior
DevelopMents! But wHere, ask
Legions, fits Purpose

in? Th'QuerY wants SubtletY. T'Floorboards Ceilings be Heaven enow
I'muggY TropicalitY t'womanLY HumiditY Banana Reveries Art
confers. One looks t'a B'lovèd DisplaceMents t'cushion
supine, smiling, 'XclusivitY's temporarY Darling
A Dog its DaY having Irvings solo ken

wHerefore, but Love's LaMents, NeophYtes, Ground-Floor RudiMentarY
are. As one o'sev'nteen maritiMe Mutants th'Poet t'his Gills was
up & so persists. OnLY Clams ContentMent know. All Else
toward ImproveMent plows. Thus engaged

ferrets th'Treasurer Lines bottomless, th'Tutor ominous Curricula
flaunting which haunts not That t'Art revealed. CoMes
incundus in via pro vehiculo est.⁸ Adrool

We Wastelands trek, Jim, Jim.¹⁶ So Irrigation naMe't & us th'Wand'ring Kib
butz. How t'sing le Chant douloureux: Slippers nail t'Floor, Kimono
t'Door, Door t'FraMe, t'Prefecture House, Tongue t'Text, th

'Voice project: A poem I write, notices Nobody, another Indig
nitY. Across th'Salon MY left Arm I toss. This
– Slide, please – tHeY notice, th
'Swine! Irving, foot

loose, past Livestock lurches, Forelegs & Hind
coming tHence t'Hole or Wolf. Done for am I sureY, One t'Himself confides.
At Turning Points parlous, th'B'lovèd transmutes t'Shelter Skin-clad
Her Hauteur much i'Mind withal. Beest Her Poet Vessel transparent
from which t'pitch Snowballs at Sunstrokees i'SumMer's em
brace? Th'Clatter th'Mind's Ear's
Hearing beest Irving

planning WertHer t'his Sorrows t'abandon & walk & walk & walk & walk
& ach! collapse th'ArcHes & O! inhuman 'tis, tho' a Menace sureY
not, nor frightening o'ermuch – Slide, please – 'xclusive o
'a Foot or Two, walking. I'm that Speck th'Tundra
trekking. À bas Well-Being's inapposite
Opposite, Elixirs aslosh i'hollow
Fangs, recalling th'World
o'Jungle Bric

-à-Brac, ka ka ka! MacHete-thro'-ComplaisancY-like, th'Poet departs
CoMe, Galaxies, savor th'VacancY! BY WaY o'Words
than Seborrhoea Art beest airier as toward
Perfection, Desire-sWept, We roll
Line bY Line t'Term

inus Airscoopous i' Irving's trait
orous Tegument. O Natalwrap dis
loYal, th' Poet's Pickle earns You Pop

-Pop! & Irving, Title-Holder t' Ev' rYthing imaginable, his Epidermis itself
shoots d-d-dead & plop! it drops t' wHere i' Spirit th' Poet waffles
AmbiguitY's permanent Vassal. Slide, please. At
about this TiMe, i' Greensward tasseled, a
Stranger Yeggs paints Robber
's-Egg awful

oth' rwise i' Offishness steept, aperiodicallY VoWels howling. Task? Hob
bY? Vocation? Irving, Passage i' Airscoop begrudging
on him wiShes th' plumpest
o' Buboos

From which pends Faith, like th' Axe, ought th' Image o' Clari
tY be, so best wi' EYe denuded (•) repose
As per Instruction

th' Plums t' Prunes dispose. SoMe i' Trans
ition d-d-die. Speaking o
'D-D

-Death, I brace Me, DestinY, for thY ReplY, which goeth like so: Animate Irv
ing: Life a Castiron get-Well Card is huge Hernia promising shouldst
essaY Ye t' open th' Thing (TiMe better spent wi' Laces securing
Airscoop's dismaYing Désha
billé

). A Tongue – Slide, please – is forgetting One’s Words’ Worth. I’d love t’talk longer
but MY Tongue, King Author, He is waY out. Yes, laughs Esmat. Glad
am I right now & how! Allah wi’Dots th’Heavens ignites

Cloud-Bladders drapes on
CaMel-Hump Alps! I see i’t’h’Crater
bY thY Ankle, Uncle RhYmable, Homunculi

adorable i’filMY CHemises bedeckt. Put Me in A
beYance. Tell th’Skeihk What
e’er Ye like

& I’a Hole Me drop. Greetings, Mites marvelous! Note
I decline Your Height t’re remark, so join Me
in MY Mind’s Air Here, Hence our

Leave t’take. J. Ignace Guillotin was o’erHeard t’saY t’Anton Louis, M.D., Th
'C-C-Condemed might wish, Neck Fetter squisht, th’Cleaver
a Raptor pursuing a Fish. A large, harmless Car
cass th’Poet remains, i’Slush
abiding

o’Melting Snowpersonæ th’downdwind Gods compare
t’Lovers snuggling & We lose whilst
at our DexteritY tHeY
mar

vel still. Th'Joke's on, thud, whom? THere beest i'Nature so resonant Naught
as Cistern Gossip DestinY-fraught! WHere Zilch
accrues i'Spaciousness

Young Readers th'Prospect savor – Slide, please – o'raging like Druids
long i'th'Tooth. Prides first swalloWed, th'Wine We down
toss & FareWells make, th'loWer Lips shoveling

What – Slide, please – persists

3.

Perfection? Faugh!
T'its faultless Setting banish th'Thing!

T'Herald Poesía's ApotHeosis, enter We Snowdrifts which flouriShes an Irving
like MeteorologY's fresh-laundered HankY. HappilY busY
a Bell

etrist keeps whilst
t'Mecca en route, on th'Contents o
'Reliquaries MusselMen dine (Just Add Water) i'Ca

tHedrals abutting Mecca ne'er, but Yonkers ratHer, far fairer bY far
this NeWer than Ev'r Jerusalem, wHence Yonkites flee fluffilY
much as, i'Gusts, Perukes depart Crania

It's plain rotten Luck off Roofs t'fall & gracefuller moreo'er i'Airmail robed
jousting wi'l'Azure. Ere Providence, B'lovèd, Me sent tHee, re
clined th'lost-Wax Figure odalisquelY, its Pros
pects contemplating. Barbe
bleu Wed Me

chanicallY, as i'a Vat o'Restorative drowning. It wants primarilY Deli
cacY t'in Peanuts see Filles petites shapelY Irv
ing's looMY Bulk adoring

On th'as-of-Yet UnMet, One Fuzz

infers as Proscenia

t'Oz

But not, One hopes, t'Ooze

Nil saYest, B'lovèd. Savor ratHer tHese ÆtHer

-borne Mots off FilaMents caroming entirelY too piquant for th'bare

EYe t'bear for th'Merest Pico-Jiff, all

o'which i'a Pore You can stuff & wi'CacHe dreær

cohabitare as – Slide, please – ZephYr thY Succulence celebrates

Have-Nots CHeek t'Jowl agawk, wi'a Meditative Figure i'Lignum vitæ t'its

King-KongY Pæpee steadfastlY clinging from SoMewHere i'West

-Darkest Africa. Far apter, think I, tHere in Her Lap than

barking a Laughter Shoulder-percHed, t'Xpla

nation lost. If't so please, Pre

monitor Me

reMembering i'Passing that Sev'nteen Sighs, Agents as i't'Were o'Content

ment's Diaspora, a CHest now tenant abounding Heretofore i'happY

juicY Organs. Like PantYhose Her Charms begrudging, Fail

ure fuels FecunditY & I almost d-d-died wHen th

'Muskmelons didn't. Th'B'lovèd nigh on th'Go

perisht. Slide, please. Inevitable 'twas

Terra Incognita! calleth She

out, lurching e'er onward. Poesía! Niagra! Niagra batHed i'Moonpoops spasti
cal! Snot Ganders! (Moonpoops gatHered! fondled! licked!) Permit Me
B'lovèd, t'on thY Bonnet Boulders drop ere We th'Phrenolo

gist visit. Speaking o'AsYmMetries, I loved once a Duck, FutilitY's
Walnut. A Pearl laY She o'PeriMeter vast. O'it t'th'Czar did
I make Gift. Wi'Cries o'JoY th'Winter Palace burst
th'verY Slush was madlY glad, O happY

Tears on Peterburger Snowbanks! From Debits I'm fashioning – Slide, please
– Poesía! Like fLYing about i'th'EleMents 'tis, majesticker hoWe'er & safer
too. O dearest DiarY 'sorbitive, but for Shed Toes, Life's an Igloo PlaY
thing bereft. I am 17 daYs i'th'Throes o'JoY wi'a certain B'lovèd

athletic I've eke-clept Electricidadette. O lit'rY
Dump, He is Here o'whom 'tis said, He is Here or maY
hap not, or, should from VagarY Preferences run, ne'er Wert

Now as a Road skYwardlY sWeepY & alwaYs is it zippier clearlY
wHee! this breezY MoveMent to – Chingachgook
whitHer? A sloppY

Approximation will do
Th'beautiful River begins Here too &
tHere th'Soldiers so admirablY placed, such combat
ive Loveliness! Th'General sighs & – Slide, please – wanks. Th'Sailors

beautiful also deploY

b'Night, b

'DaY

i

'Olde Hanoi, O MYstic Locale o'Light-belching Scarps
or Poughkeepsie landlockt, th'B'lovèd 'xclaims ululatinglY, at
a Tree pointing wHerein a tenacious Detective lurks. As bad Luck has it, I

amn't He & am perforce begloomed anew
Choice Z o'a Thank-You consists for th'Innovations Irvings
provide, th'Buzz conducting o'worldwide Fuss wi'a Flagpole fLYing Bedelia

's Bustier & th'worrisome
Scowls o'Alphabet Felons worse
e'en than tiresome Poems! Recall withal

that Skulls Trails mark & furtHer Horrors still, o'Flood – Slide
please – Fire, Plague, Famine & Musick
Christmastic. Consider

B'lovèd, th'Bloom bY Ice t'Goo reduced. Aleuts
it eat, Moods bright ensue, et voilà tout, re-entrY wi'Pride &
silver Fishies friskY, big, bulbous Whales, avuncular Walrus, official Seals &

Augur 'xclaiming, Heat Wave incoming! & so t'an Edge tHeY him tote
on BorealitY Shrieks intrude, Yet perseveres
Hope

WHence tHese Dollops o'lovely LexicographY? Tacitum
vivit sub pectore sonus.⁹ We tHem awaY wipe
th'diamondY Dewdrops as a waft
ing Queen bYpassing d
'clares

Artful beest tHese Minters buoYant o'Mottos
off-tosst, rolling, stacatto, down la Rue, earning Interest i'this
Zone & that'n. Life's delicious thro' & thro', & who is this, g-g-ghastlY Blue

from D-D-Death fresh return
'd? False Alarum, so that, Friends, wHen
seems t'Survival cleaves th'D-D-Departee, ent-t-tomb a
Wad o'standbY Word-PlaY, perch Me on a Beast south going, t'CHeeriness MY

Features adjust & LYre pluck Dreams mean
if Tide-bourne Oeufs & th'Marmot awaY float
earlyY, it is so lovely. Dreams us permit

Ev'rYthing t'change, & so on & on, till th'Lot a Shove
wants or up-ended t'be, & so on & on till
thinkest enfin that Rectitude

aligns& that's
wHen You find
Well, never mind

**There is i'Nature no Thing aWesoMe more than th'hoWe'er muffled Mention
o'Cognomina verboten, wi'Ire, Ice & Lice Eructatious
i'th'fractious Lagoon**

**Where VacuitY accrues i'vacant cubic Magnitude, eager Recruits Bugaboos savor.
Smiles proudLY envelop CHeroots. Wi'Visas up
spat, We down toss th'Wine**

**& FareWell bid t'th'Holes We cHeWed, & Here, B'lovèd, th'wistful DaY breaks
on Joie's having fled from too Much t'chose. We miss Her still (Il
s'agit de l'exercis de tir à la Muse). What t'Poesía**

**drew Ye? Th'diminutive Clamor o'EYelid Collision or Whiff o'personal Putre
faction? A Yawn, alas, Ebullience trumps. So digaMe, Hombre
dónde – Slide please – la Musica thumps? I
mute Rebuke th'Poet ascends**

**t'SpHeres super-conceivable, th'ConveYance, License
poetical. MomMY? No! Th'Sha
dow 'tis o**

'MarY

Baker Eddy! Put

th'Money on th'Beddie

les Nuits d'Été o' Doors out spending. Th'Heart o'Stone abrasive persists
From Equilibrium's Opprobrium th'Poet withdraws, Trope
-sped. Improbable be Bonhomie 'mongst
Jumpers off Roofs. Anticipate
tHeY Dalliance or De
tour AnYwHere? Calendars social t'Irrelevance
compress. MY single Success, th'Jumper, jumping
sobs, th'Interpol AntHem Wert. With this Pæpæ fiShed I
gladlæ, Nibbles onlæ, I jump, aiæ! HYbridization concludes mid

-Air wi'Me urging, ElsewHere wi'Haste, Standee at th'End o'th'Trail! I
depart, cries a Jumper, a Gesture t'Perfection, as
th'Section I land on

th'Bull's-EYe
shall be. I forswore
Welding Warts t'Mist-flavored Maid

ens astride Lines o'Longitude & would gladly have done th'Krakowiak, a
Dance Phantasms aping on drifting Snowflakes peeing
so close does this coMe t'Poésia's pale

Purpose, but th'Nom'nclatura th'Offer declined & so I, boat
less, southward sail. Th'Pigeons I missed Cenotaphs t'Marksman
ship sully. Pigeons 'ject Guano, not Admonitions, Yet th'Gesture's Well taken

for Irving's about what Pigeons are not! Long ere
Seed Catalogues, le Rose which askew grew mon Tombeau
near to – Slide, please – 'xisted ('xistance being le Mot-joist o'Choice) i

**'Bush ancestral or th'B'lovèd's or, encore, a wild Wind's
Whim or, encore deuxièMe, th'B'lovèd's – Eureka! – quiv'ring Quim
Parisian Stimuli pinked a Poet's New-WorldIY EYE and made th'Head t'swim**

**(O'er th'teensiest Ruin broke Tourists cold SWeats, into Comas plunging
at Façades intact.) Start
ing**

**from th'Roof, I outWeigh th'Seed I was, MY traveling DaYs t'Seconds
compressing, th'conjectural Wind accomplishing Nil
toward making but Plumb MY final
Flight. Slide, please**

4.

A Poet's Forelock Vistas cleaves.

As th'Krakatoa Sculpture i'tentative full Scale
precludes a Studio, th'Poet 'xults
i'Cerebration's diMen
sional Econ

omies, e.g., picnic
king on PinHeads i'ponderous Piffle etcht
Th'Sousaphonist's Oompahs One earlier disdained tHese DaYs attends

'Tis, withal, th'Art oompah goeth wi
'Oneself a – Slide, please – Looker-on at, hélas, B'lovèds not
but Standards fresh-greased t'which clingeth SanguinitY– oops! – D-D

-Doom! O'BewilderMents We've Oodles & Feet enow t'carrY us
tHere. Carious? WHere? BY now You maY be wondering, Who is this
Presence propHetical? Let us into his Headpod peek, th'Diorama at. Slide

please. Astonishing! & whilst I wonder, Do tHerein reside
B'lovèds robotical, wi'Consequence fateful
connect Art's Antennæ (after

**LadY Kawasaki): Above
th'Stemware's tonY Clinks th
'Murmur o'Tapirs ruttical. A quadru
pedal B'lovèd? Little Beastie fuzzy, beest
th'B'lovèd? RatHer an ImproveMent thou art o'er**

**Her at whom Bug! th'Neighborhood roars, Yet
sprouts th'Lass 'Xtremities four! Above th'Stemware's tonY
Clinks, DaMes most grand i'Gum-Mastic Gowns t'OutcoMes adHere. Slide**

**please. A Misfortune-bound C-C-Cadaver th
'toppling Wind parts from Yam
-like Poise**

5.

Albeit evenlY, it strikes One as Odd.

Airscoop DestinY: Autodestructive, Insubstantial, Rebarbative, Seditious
Crapulous, Oprobrious, Offensive, Putrid, Dandipratish, Extraneous
e'er Silly, TiMe-prodigal, Inept, Nonsensical Yawps. We're talking
spellbinding! So join us! Now! Part 5 Survival beats & is, furt

Her, remark

ablY wrought, as i'Perfection! Who rails thus? 'Tis I
capacious Irving, i'Snowflaps Purpose-deep, th'Which I wave
like blowsY Persimmons i'a stunning Leavetaking, 'xcluding 'Xcisions. But
this is premature. THeY meanwhilst Kite-like
flounce airilY. B'lovèd

th'Odds-on Favorite beest. Permit Me t'saY bY WaY o'Gusto, Soloslap, a
Cephalopod, into Hiding slatHers. BY moistening Surfaces o
'Transients swift-passing, Pleasure OutcoMe Weds
SleepY Onlookers having long since depart

'd, th'Couple coos its MidwaY Calibrations: Memorize a Dirge. Get hit
bY a Missile You think is a Triple, but reallY it's ONLY a Bunt
Know th'AnsWers half wrong. Embroider Your
Cousin Freida's Guts. Forget

What's What. BecoMe o'Attrition a Connoisseur. Dawdle i'PerpetuitY. Label
Sawdust. As CrotcHets t'Impermanence, a Blur murmurs fleetingly
Corks uncorked! Push Pins puShed! ElsewHere: MY
Hair! ElsewHere: I'm white! Else

wHere: I tHese GHerkins at Appetite toss! Else

wHere: It all coMes b-back – a Sea-Sea drai-draining! Mahi Mahi laY-laY
gas-gasping! O up deliver a coMeY Companion! Plump th'Pillow
readY th'Bed, flip, flop! Éclat! – Cock o'th'Walk Locutions
for Prominence ajostle i'What's What i'th'à la Mode
Mind. At Intervals We Bicker, B'lovèd &
I, 'Xcuses 'xhaling: One, You

don't know Me nearlY Well enough
Two, Your Person Rolodex™ at One's Raisin-fed
Whim. Three, Azaleas. Let's have a look at our Scapulæ. She th

'Antæ raises & I convalesce, loving What next coMes: an En
chantress'ss Spellingg & Ranchh-sstYle Drressing wHereunder Llettuce
mMellowwws. Thanks t'PoWer electrical

th'Cookstove's modest Stasis more Rogues' Geese cooks than
e'er did th'FBI, & calm th'Sea lieth, dormant
th'Voltage. Dawn's Intimations o

'DaY from Drowsiness

rouse (dailY global DrollerY, Potatoes

wi'tHeir lumpy Personæ, rancorous Clouds interlockt) & Maid

Almost. O saY You almost want Me

Maid Almost! I seek Your EYes th'MoMent t'share

& find Your Face so wanY drear, and Hear Your Lips, scarce

moving, mumbling, I'm Melthing & ... , t'an Icicle clinging a winsoMe

Snow Leopard Kisses blowing at Gertrudes thro' passing. I'Murk e'er traffick

Melancholics. Adieu t'th'Spectacle One's sated

Self exits

Lung! Lung! NeitHer neglect! Nor

th'Lap's elusive Co

ördinates

6.

Airscoop Dest'nY proudly flies.

Part 6 wi'EschatologY flirts, which, as th'Perpetrator sees it, passeth
for fair Warning, tho this too an Awning requireth
Menace connecting t'Inkling

as ursine Mucus soMetiMes doeth. WHere
th'Perpetrator coMeth from, Un
pleasantness up

hill travels – Slide, please – like Glaciers i'Reverse oo
zing slow-quiet from flaccid Claptrap
Backsides, dank, baseMent

eous Stuff (Hello, Sunshine!) & just enough disgusting t'bringeth
us Here t'no great ImproveMent
WHere

th'Perpetrator coMeth from, Adaptation precedeth Cognition wi
'Pleas for CleMencY common as Dirt
Slide, please

M'sieur Pierre: Dents th'Face fraMe, a “bulb
ous Reticule” (Vesalius

) M'lle Marie: hatless t'look at painful is, so maYbe let's don't. Pierre, Marie
ensemble: CHEeks pockt, Mind's EYE bloodshot, IncoHerencies up

Welling from "th'impris'ning Lips (kiss! kiss
) 'n' Gumps 'n' a Toof" (Piranesi

) Truant Smirks Panatellas enwrap, in Her case, Pierre's, in his Marie's, th 'loWer
Lip shoveling That which t'th'North is dWelling, tenta

tively sWelling, tittering, puckering, Feet Air treading & so t'Ye Both, Taints
notwithstanding, Instructions: ingest tHese Modi

fication Lozenges, sit back & age

We raise our Glasses (ah!), drink th'Wine (glug!), &

FareWells take (Space to Let) whilst You, Reader 'xtraneous, th'EntiretY

savoring, witness Wonders Airscoop traversing, th'Words t'inst

ant Thrills translating, le dernier Cri i'PanacHe loucHe

th'Legend reading

than Ice Cubes longer lasting, on huShed Puppies nourisht, Art at th'Diem

carps! Th'B'lovèd departs, a lone Tear freezes. On Presence divine

You blitHely dine! a Fellow cHeWed bY Moths intones

ingests t'prove it a Carpet & d-d-dies

**This Morn's Aubade t'Big Eartha sings, mustY Antimacassars airing
fafoomf, kerchunk, returning t'Her Giant's Cave. Slide
please. Under th'Commissar's Leninist Gaze, Ro
tarians writHe t'Borsch
Up t'his Neck i
'Gall**

**antries find We suave Irving. What Offspring! Such DWellings! Th
'NoMenklatura: Chisel We i'Granite Dribbles dialectic
'l. Suave Irving: Reindeer & Elk! Ma**

**sonic Collectives! Th'NoMenklatura: Running start now on this Peg
-Leg i'th'Interest SoMewHere for dotted PartY
Lines. Suave Irving: Up**

**th'Bedouin th'big Blur beneath & People oppressed bY Turns
o'Events! Th'NoMenklatura: Th'EYelid, flightless
kenna but tremble. Your Head, Spleen
& Pocket Change. FareWell. O**

**la, B'lovèd, beguiling thY Groans! I've naught t'saY t'thY predicated Squawks
Love mirrors Love (vide Motels), wi'Echo-Effects (vide
Motels) & soMetiMes Vibrations (vide
Motels), wHence**

**upwaft from Breast wi'Parts o'erstuffed Sighs ill 'quipt for spitting
'em out (I just threw that in). Providence, B'lovèd, th'Smile
returns Presage Insufficient marked. WHere was th**

'Smile is now a Hole o'Aspect stark. He stands on one Leg like
Shorebird aleisuring, our Flight-striving Poet whilst Per
sonage prefeath'rous th'PromontorY blasts on

which He stands on one Leg only into th'Lagoon, initiating Land
Reforms. Night t'DaY Yields, out skulks Reluctance
hauling Yours instanter, th'dilutest
Echo o

'Tu Fu & Erroll FLYnn, O
poignant Emulsion th'Mists complicating
It gives One Pleasure Part t'have taken i'th – Slide, please – 'Cre

ation o'an InstruMent o'national Pride
On Poets' Vocations SocietY thrives! ZephYr Rain Shed
on MY Bed & wHere I did rise Wert Blossom so rare, Musick Heard I & SkY

larks skYlarking! and O! th'Stars so far beYond Care, &
Here i'th'Tub a B'lovèd ensconced
I propose

– Slide, please – Her t'ogle lengthily. I'll label tHese Tiles
Hope's glazed Vaults wi'Yet more Possi
bilities stufft

Should th'Curious inquire, So tHere tarries th'Point?, I'll parrY wi'th'Par
able o'Shinola's flight from ScHeiss whilst natural Forces fluffY
Forms haul l'Azure across at Pace so lethargic as at
Indolence t'hint. Slide, please. I'Arles

Arlesiennes Libidos awaken, Flesh-&-Blood arousal Devices, whilst on
his Knees Casimir's farms. Wi'Soil-enriching SMelts
high piled, Casimir's LadY t'be

gaie refuses, & I, Irving, enrolling am in – Slide, please – New Paths t'VitalitY
wHere an ÆstHete reHearses wi'but a Pinkie TYrannY t'squelch
& All wax HealthY i'BodY & Mind
thanks

– saY it, Irving! – t'PoetrY! Prepare accordinGly for a Pæan t'Transition
which th'Poet conducts wi'a RailwæY-Car Axle
wi'singular Succæss, for

for th'Mundæne hath up & slid'n awaY

& I am demonstrablY

puissænt

Si componere magnis parvamoho fas est.¹² Sev'nteen Visitors at a Painting gaze o'a
small, d-d-dead 'Xemplar long past posing. A
Well ventilated Spot, th'Entrance t'a

Cloister, Fountains, nice FloWers, CandY Cane & Etiquette Trees. Th'Ladies
sing o'th'Garden's D'lights, Sunspots, Quilting Bees. Th'King
o'th'Moors whispers o'Love, Lizbetta swoons, a
Hunchback bellows, Yo, Rod
rodeo! Merc
urY enters wi'a Note
from Don Carlo. A Monk exits, mumbling
Recipes. Up steps a Bosun 'xpounding 'bout th'aqueous Life

Th' Climax advances, th' Castle
down falls, & skids th' ornate Wedding Cake into th
'turbulent North Atlantic. An EntitY groans. Is't th' storied Circle Arctic

Snow Geese i' Transit – Slide, please – halving? BushMen, We learn, wi
'Sign Language Rivals irradiate, 'X-X-Xpirations th' MoMent mark
ing, none than Thoughts louder Yet th' Thought 'tis that
counts, tra la la la la la la leeeeeee. One's LYmph

travels th' long, lonelY Road. Leaks Facts be i' DaY
shine & Gloom. Cutlets i' a Skillet a Hand salutes, droops &
sizzles. Th' Lixer (ploop!) Itself uncorks. Th' Deck Yclept Poop fizzles &

sags & so sinketh th' Hesperus. I
Hear th' B'lovèd t' a Lifesaver clinging & odd
t' relate (Wintergreen), 't isn't so much Her Yawps trans
fix as th' Wind-whipt Lace i' that 'xclusivelY saltY Place. Th' Fork i' th

'Road but two Tines hath, 'xcluding th' Knife i' Moundlet
malodorous better ignored at an
otHerwise grac

ious, Sienna-tinted E'entide. One t' th' Window goeth t' see what
giveth, coMeth awaY wi' high-paYing Job
'xcellent Benefits, Perks

Tout le Monde saYeth Zut! Th' FirmaMent ponders, concurs
Zut! echoes. So Here's t' th' Slurps a la Me
Leg maketh

as awaY thro' th'Slush th'Rejectee limpeth, his broken Heart dragging, O limbless,
bald Pet on TetHer aortal! Poems, B'lovèd, Referees' Whistles
operate as, Brains wi'Fancies Palaces making

wi'for Lagniappe thY succulent Self, toward which Happiness
One Nappiness infers on flavorsoMe
Proscenia

Sing, B'lovèd, o'an Irving's Shortcomings wi'Lutenist's Heart light
th'Touch withal firm, Misgivings
t'quell

Sent Me tHee Fate not from Volition but Mechanic
'IY ratHer, like i'th'Herb Cure dropping
– Slide, please – d-d
-dead? More

intricate than Androids, than FinchEs flightier, Fools fore'er vrai Poets are
'Neath a leafY 'Brella Tree declaims an Irving proud, I Her adore! In
Lieu o'a Door, Aï Hur Bough drops on Rhapsodizing Poet's

Head. I Her live for! an Irving persists i'verdant Bouffant
t'a celibate PasserbY mindful more o'sour-Grape
Juice tall Gobletful. Whiffs thro' Clouds

course, aspiring t'enter Her Nostrils nacreous, whilst Here at Sea-Level
soaks th'Poet i'Creosote – Slide, please – th'longer
for Love t'endure

T'condole th'Tribulations grinding One t'Paste on tHeir Chore's Finale 'x
traordinarilY cross-purposed disposes. 'Tis likewise woesoMe
t'lesser Degree Liaisons t'propose wi
'CrotcHes detachEd.¹¹ Th

'Viewing o'ChrYsantHemums thro' Holes i'th'Head: th'Human Proscription
at its Nadir, plus flYing Grapes Segues
empurpling &

off i'th'Distance, Alps about bouncing, Conditions climatic & th'Endlessness Here
o'an 'xcretaceous Bog an Irving betWeen & hYgienic Para
disio. Nattering on thro' AntipathY's Slack

from Malfeasance t'Grievance kaYaks th'Poet. WHen out o'Kinesis at last He runs,
Fans will off snap Souvenirs & dwindle He thus t'a
core Concern shall. Slide, please

Like Mistress Endeavor Upside-down, out sticks Discretion Her Surfeit o'Feet
flips o'er & departs, slamming th'Door so lustilY
an Irving's Tooth from Socket

plops. Tooth i'Lap, th'Poet reflects, How much Better ElsewHere t'be
& would Were He not bY Fi
niteness dog'd

CHeaper th'Vegetables, more Willing th'Girls, th'Privies ranker
Spring hath returned! (after Heine) Slide, please

7.

Voices I Hear i'Versedes splaY'd!

Th'Altar t'Ardor mumbles & trembles, rosY Buttocks o'Bed out
tumble, a mid-split Sunset skirting th'Chute! A Precision
-tooled, Melt-resistant Spadelet aids in removing
Her MemorY from a Poet's Thoughts like
potted Petunias (pick tHem at Your
peurile) i'a Mind bar
ring this

Rock Gardens as
tidY. I, Irving, sob & She, die
ferne Geliebte, attends. Sobbing still, One for
th'Crater departs. Bowing from th'Waist, I'll forward pitch, i'a Rift
lodging, One declares and (unDonaldlY) ducks. It won't but a Second take &
guaranteed SubtletY beest. On Spindle up
standing light winsoMe SkY Divers, a Benefit
t'him who i'Readiness stands. Muttonfat Sunup

DaY jaded enjoining, finds Con
sonance wi'Cookware stuck fast bY Hardware
& applicable Edicts. I'll love You tho' o'white Sauces
We perish, as manY e'en as pale KeYs at SteinwaY's plus Dent
ures reposeful & Chiclets unHeWed. You Mean th'World t'Me, Blanca

**Hers is a Goddess' BeautY, Yet th'B'lovèd skinnY persists, no more i'Faith
than Ceiling Cracks! Unknown to Cupid
PsYcHe has Crabs**

& I have Piles

**o'Lines i'Reserve. What Fools We
Mortals be, Mes Amis! One picks up th'OtHer & th'Gunk**

**devoureth All. This is a low Point. Was't for Me
She down th'Hill slid? &
see how**

**arrived wi'Pleistocene Debris! & marking th'Spot a burnisht Bronze Plaque wHere
Jacqueline stopt & Mentions too th'Epoch & DaY
wHerefore, hoWe'er, neglecting t'relaY
I long th'B'lovèd t'redo**

**t'trim Her svelte Doigts o'Cuticle gaucHe, Her near
flawless Form o'bulbous Outcroppings & Canines porc
ellaneous from Oneself, o'Calm a Paragon. But Speedeth th'Poet t'Baton Rouge off,
his big social Ass on th'Evening Horizon a Dot Heading
south. I awaken i'DismaY. How can this be, I t'MYself saY**

**I kenna believe't (EYelids as wi'Yardsticks bepropt). T'th'Sham I turn
wHere Her Locks late laY. I kenna believe't (EYelids
as wi'Flagpoles bepropt). I look about Me, I
kenna believe't (EYelids as wi'Pipe
lines bepropt). Thus
bepropt, I**

failed to mark how She'd withdrawn

MoonMelons t'hump. D

'laY, B

'lovèd, o'WoMen bestmost! I cHew! It's true! Thro' Granite, Yea e'en! &
otHer o'Earth's Densities bY irrepressible Art embraced. Ad astra
per astra!¹⁷ Let Cloudgazers mark our loftY Amours whilst
exit AcHeans Sculpture equine, wHere near to confides

an elderlY Crow t'fledgling TYro, From this don't look for th'customarY After
-Thoughts. Th'Bloom elsewHere Aleuts Naught
call

for so reduced 'tis bY Ice's slow Jaws, th'Tundra traverses like Denture Fodder
'xtrabuccal. I'a cold CitY windowward an Asphodel asthmatical lists
looks &, wHeezing, crumples. Gold-dusted Vision O
flattering would be! Than Godlets
less, Yes, Yet

neitHer be We tHese squirMY Agouti, each an EYe casting on its Heart's
-Desire's Charms, a CausalitY ætiologic hoWe'er efficacious
that t'You Me sends 'xspeditiouslY back. Succ
umbing t'Caprice, I, Irving, for purest
JoY leap, 'XpectancY th'Tutor
i'th'Treetops e'en
wHere

Weepeth One tHere t'so desiccate a State, a Tear-oozing Masque He for Relief
crafts bY petite Rubber Bladder i'th'Briefs fueled, th'better
used Reticule t'a B'lovèd wi'Regard

So sew, MY Public 'pprobic, th'Apetures up, wi'Fragrance 'xotic top Me off
& Person d-d-degrading on Steed statelY perch. Look, Ma, El Cid! B
-B-Bereavèd be th'Gods i'tHeir unresponsive WaY? NaY! On

tHeir FundaMents tHeY leisure, i'Divin
itY aslop, new Plot Pits 'xca
vating: Speaking

Ur-Womansch, th'Which I ken ill, t'Me a coMelY Ur
-Woman caMe. I waxed tHerefore no little perplexed. Ur
-Spirits next, Sausage-linkt, Ur-Spirisch speaking & perplexed
waxed I moreso e'en. I, B'lovèd, am Hencefoward Yours & You likewise

are Hencefoward mine, & wHen o'er good Fortune at last We've done swooning,
wi'small Attentions let's cover th'OtHer
It wants more than Antlers a Lodge

t'furnish adequatelY. La! – thro' th'Window, Etagère
& Sofa thro' th'Door, wi'a plush Chinrest
Her Mons 'rriving at, th'Poet
e'er 'ttentive, 'ttend
ing t'that

Taller th'B'lovèd than I reMember & colickY, dor
mant & deaf. WHen t'MY Member athwart Love's Anvil
Wisdom's Mallet I applY, Insights occur. So nuMerous th'Raptors

neitHer can tHeY am
ble nor loft
but

ravenous list, CHEek t'Jowl t'Probosces vampirical Hairs'-Breadths 'neath Vine-
clinging Inculpables i'Tableaux vivant moreov'r implausible
but Genius kisst! PosteritY flutes. Reticence th'Poet mutes
Goldbergs wade i'Waters warm sure as Icebergs
shun Pogroms wHere lovesick Walrus
whine & wHeeze, wHere
Carousel percht

nubile Aleuts coYIY sneeze. O ravishing AMerIndiennes astraddle
sculpted Mammals eructing, free Rides receiving, tHee We
salute, greased Bushings & Bearings neglecting
not! An Individual Hospital birtHed

o'AchieveMents undistinguiShed, predictably 'xtinguisht i'a T-T
-Tomb dropped, whose Spit descends th'customarY
Slot, whose up'most Gripe: as

on Temps spent We maYhap thrive, forth, B'lovèd
i'ClotHes lent sallies a Footster & th'OtHer, th'Entruster, too shY
t'vent Spleen, on Heartburn subsisteth, & th'Years plod tHem on. Th'Silesian

Cow Tree milkable remains, tho ill fall those who tHere
from suck o'Silvilactose Intolerance, no
few 'x-x-xpiring

Ruttish BoYs know Well th'Rift
which like as not on Trespass clamp, Crises
best bYpasst. She shoWers Me dailY wi'a Nose Cannonade She

calls post-Nuptial Rice, & so t'Dreams! Cleopatra, ahoY! A delicate
Business, th'LadY's d-d-dead. O Rasp across th'slumb'ring Heart! Pro
vocative utterlY, B'lovèd Herself insomnolent is & undone th'Love Nest

coMes BY 2-as-1 Pulse's Throb enraptured or 'Xternals Tic sensitive? Be She Lass
or Hourglass? Th'Latter, alas, & t'th'PantrY th'Poet retreats t'ass
ist th'Kielbasa wi'its Memoir, Had I Urethra, or Had Ye Mine

One's Love off wanders at m.p.h. 4, Oneself next at 3, Meeting ne'er
shuffling e'er, sobbing, stumbling, th'Vastness scrut'nizing
A Miracle! cries Irving, pointing at a treed Balloon or

Raccoon or – can this be! – One's verY own B
'lovèd! Off Fork Sustenance drops, thro' Maze moist, t
'Anus & out, i'InevitabilitY drapt. From th'Garden enters B'lovèd

O pardon, Dearest, I thought You alone! Th'Sphinx that loved Me p-p-perisht
its SYstem Uro-Genital o'er Tabletop adroop (a pharaonic Touch). As t
'th'Jaws, th'Speaker has onlY th'Hinges i'good sYntactical
Order t'keep as Talisman t'th'speaking Voice
NasalitY (a Fault) walks th'Talk
th'Nose's ClotHes

thro', wHereas Post-Respiration closes Noses t'Olfaction as Souls t'Heaven
rise. A ReMembrance, B'lovèd, o'What We shared, a
Teddy Bear which, cuddled, cries, Ac
cept no SWEatshop Sub

stitutes! 'XcellencY: Permit Me MY
Position t'xplain. Th'Dragoon Dodge departing
wholly absorbed am I wi'walking, boom tiddy boom, awaY

Embodies th
'C-C-Corpse on Side
walk sprawled th'verY Soul o'IronY

Th'Sheet-Metal P from WASSERMAN'S PHARMACY's dis
mantling Sign (th'Shop wHerein for Bedpan
He'd stopt) on th'Spot him brained
d-d-dead

An Irving's Main droit, i'Xtraction coacHed o'Xcaliburs (absent Notungs
or, i'a Pinch, Sumtungs), Receptacle now for englooMed
Chin serves. 'Tisn't so Much o

'Heroics th'Question as th'Competition batting t'Isms far removed. Happy
Schisms! One t'his Heart at Weevils peeps Knee-deep i'Quirks
anæmical (Poetical Licensees). Chance, seasonal, Coco

nuts drops, & Lust, e'er predictable, th'Bonkt stimulates. Th'Urge o'er
wHelms Immortals e'en whose Cloud-pillow'd Humpings bY
Moonlight reflect i'th'puddled Ruts Poets o'erstep wi
tHeir B'lovèds t'tarrY. Better than on Art's bon
Chance espY, savor ratHer this

single-PIY Fluff, all o'which i'a Pore couldst stuff. Better, furtHer
wi'Oneness becoMe than Poets' Conditions Ye misplumb
TYros ONLY t'Dolor succumb. Me You misread: MY
Smile out stept up t'Speed get. wi'Wursts

torpedo Submariners Surf-frolicking Girls & She
th'B'lovèd, at Klavier fan-toddY, forward
pitcHes, Her dear PhYsio

gnoMY crYptic Chord striking, its Gist AnalYsis blitHelY defYing as
do tHese mad LecHers th'Coast Guard's best Efforts
Suppose on MY Head You drum'd wi

'Stones. Would Terrain fruitful th
'Phrenologist deem it? AHead i'th'Confusion
an Irving's errant Tongue. Ponder Aught & i'that Thought

it You slaps, tackY Flap, at
tracting Attention. You restrain it
wi'a Foot at 'Quanimity's 'Xpense. Th'Tri

umph Destiny marked Me for misst, on a Bean
Sprout landing now doing Business second only t'General
Foods. WHen d-d-dies th'Poet, his Features t'Benignity set & Person

– Slide, please – atop a Steed coacht i'WaYs
t'a coMely Eternity. O Dido, Dido, i'a
Prefecture o'Warts & Woes
Birds afleeting, Ma
mmals ashiv
er, Air

scoop, deflated, 'cross Finisterre drapt
bY th'Millilitre Atlantis
achieving &

Irving o'er th'Wreckage clambering t'acquire Men's Hose, Size Ninety-Five
Size Ninety-Five, please. You don't t'Me, Sir, like a Ninety-Five look
It's true, I'm not. Th'Socks I intend for o'ernight Bags as MY
Luggage min'mized Wert i'th'recent Deflation. O
'Size Ninety-Fives We're sadly fresh out
How about soMe nice Anesthæsia
Thanks, no. But a Rabbit's
Foot maYhap

Indeed

Sir, th'Size wou

ld be? Small please, shY

am I 'mongst Animals. I note th

'Cow's fine-'djusted 'Xpression & am reminded to remind You wHen i'MY Ear

You whisper, Your EYelid quivers &, at us gazing, th'Cow stops cHewing

AnotHer SumMer Night outdoors wi'PassersbY plunging, puzzled

off Edges, Addicts, Methinks, t'Cosmick Directives. In

doors! t'Bed! that I might dream o'Birds Wing

taking e'en wi'FeatHers i'tHeir Bums

stuck as I Here adHere, Tongue plugged i'th'one good Ear &

Persevere t'write, Hooters! Rack! Jugs! Bazooms! – ConcavitY's Con

versities hYpertactile! A GlimMer espY I i'a Wood O far but ill-equip't be

it t'pursue, one Shoe Wearing onlyY

Yet huge it is as a rich Poet's PottY! Th'Verse o

'DoMesticitY: Picture one Armful o'creWeled Wastevessels &

now anotHer o'Weasels cruel. Compare 'em wi'Care, Depositories t'diminu

tive Brutes. Picture th'Latter hamstringing Dupes tHeY lull t'Complaisance bY

long LaShes batting, scoffing 'em whole, GromMets, Buttons, Molars out spitting.

Picture now how tHeY enter th'Plumbing, 'Xplosives i'tow

& Malice also, & Lath picking, household Shards &

mammalian Morceaux from Your good Person

bruised & abused, You th'DaY rueing

decline t'repeat it. Th

'Loaves One cast upon th'Waters for Cereal Numbers re
turn. Th'Yak loafs i'its Wilderness Quarters, th'Air informing wi
'YakkY Longuers. AwaY, awaY, t'th'Lowlands awaY, t'th'Lowlands o'Fens

& Campi corporate! AwaY t'th

'Lowlands O! &

on

th'Cont'nent southHerLY Earth-swart BoYs t'th'woolly Llama croon, 'Xtirpate
th'Moon, or so 'tis taken bY th'Idiom-indigent Traveler t'th'Littoral pLY
ing. Arrived none th'wiser, He gestures t'purchase an Inca knit Bon
net, onLY t'depart, th'Misunderstood, wi'Object o'Wood petri
fied instaving his Hood as up th'rubbLY Cobbles He bumb
les. Shopkeepers gawk, Perspective swallows. Th'De
tachEd Retinue a Foot-loose Podiatrist longs t'emb
race. I'his Absence pitch tHeY Camp & th'Mand

ibles put t'Prov

ender's Diminution

In Lieu o'Sweets, th'Verse Consortium

Homage t'long Poet

rY coins

Wind passes o'er th'Lake

AwaY stretch th'sWelling Waves

Autumn returns wi'Twilight

& on th'River Tripe grow hair

What anent Airscoop drew Ye hitHer? Th'Gurgle or th'Sputter? Your sour
'Xpression speaks t'What? Poesía's InutilitY as OtHer than Proof
o'Purchase misspent? Th'Poet au Con
traire! declares as 'xtracts He
Marvels o'th'Mi
asma

th'Kind that spit i'th'Holes tHeY cHew, & Irving, deft Brushman, paints 'em Ecu.
Th'Miasma lifts, th'Miasma returns. We are none of us
getting anY blonder, th'B'lovèd 'xcepting

about whose Person persistentlY darling
Caveats, grazing, endless
lY wander

8.

Whoosh! Nosebleed!

Irving, snuffling, Grist uproots & th'Stones enact tHeir laggard Goals like th'Cattle
o'th'TapestrY "Santa Milquemaide Y las Kowz," manY TiMes
endearing'r than quotidian Kine. Purpose deflated, under
Repair i'th'Soul-&-Hope

less Abattoire, t'evade Membra virile flung on th'Order pricewise o'DickY
birds, ducks. Hush, SagacitY! Hush, Tongue! CoHerencY i'th
'cold Ground lieth, th'Last o'what's lefteth
o'Derring-Do's Mufti

O readilY doth Painting capture tHese Moods, but not Me
thinks th'soulful Echoes. I shall, cooled, wax – Slide, please – sculpt
'ral, Helpless i'th'solid State as t'Pebbles Chiselers MY Stature deflate whilst

stamMers all Alaska, Ke-ke-rist! Half a Dozen Soul-shapt Oeufs
persist SYmptom free, especiallY as awaY tHeY waft into th
'Sunset & bumper-Crop Prospects, departing aussi

le Spectre du Ragôut, disreMembering whY. OtHers i'tHeir Pride
as Rumors persist, tHese Hangers
-On t

'Shoulders broad, above which Moi? SolelY i'PoetrY is this likelY
& I – hoop la! – no longer loiter as a shY white Male O
ccasion for Erasure. Institutions falter & wi

'D-D-Death th'Vacancies fill

She ne'er lookt back, not once, not once, She ne'er lookt back, not once

9.

PoetrY th'Alphabet t'maximum Advantage sets.

Ever been a Bean, Irv? Not recentlY. Just th'perfect crYstaline Drop tra
versing fleshY – Slide, please – Folds o'wat

'rY Slaws, Lemurs, Lungs. Runes
from Prunes a P's Width stand from sinister Poltroons i'la Mu

sée du Lac Ronkonkoma. If i'Wool Gath
'ring th'Host be imMerst, go HoMe first, th'olde Adage

has it, tho' do as Well Ye wouldst t'staY, O 'AvailabilitY transitorY
wHere mought We tarrY & Jaw-Musick make

Much i'TiMes slipperY hath Art t'contribute t'keep happY
Ladies Yet happier i'FeatHers. Wi

th'Zucchini rampant running, t'be gatHered th'Tomatoes begging going
(Me! Ov'r Here!), t'th'Stature o'Basilicas th'Basil aspiring

Irving prowls Grottos o'Gold & Lapis Lazuli, tidYing
up. GoodbYe, tHen, t'that sad little EYe. How

difficult, shut, to know what it wants
Th'Machine o'Faith e'er awaY hums &, like th'HamMer, Oddities nails

so sleep wi'it open (•). It is, A, th'Thing t'do & A-plus, o'a Virtu
truer blue than Griswold's Conundrum o'which th'Poet th'World reminds: If

Surgeon Fee tosses i'CavitY scoopt, 'xceed
ing as THERapY that which is Custom'rY; if off t'th
'Side th'Patient's good LadY his Tibia gnaws, ought We

tHese as OMens read? Beest Fall's Colors Transition's Ballgown? As
Scene upon Scene from View disappears, Young La
Salle th'Lodestone confronts, LilY-Pad
percht, T'daY, T'morrow &

soon o'Sight out. One is Sev'nteenth th'Finish Line t
'cross, folloWed bY Enthusiasts t'Spittle Trails clinging, Zealot
rY lit. I'distant Erewhon chants th'Chorale Ereman-&-WomanLY, O Clouds

i'Calm cohabiting, beest thY Contours Umlauts portentful? As wi'Mount
ains immature, slow t'eMerge sure AnsWers are. One wouldst wi
'CoMets One's Pensées pinpoint, hoWe'er uncertain

th'Marksmanship. If wi'Affidavits awaY slinketh Irving, it's
Poesía's Life's LYmph. BeautY i'Dreams is how
t'look but lightlY repaired off
hand i'th'ÆtHer

Possibilities Ev'rYwHere! What
next? Heaven celebrating Whate'er it is tHeY
up tHere cHeer? Quit wHen You are bent over double

10.

That which follows is under Repair.

WHen i'Poesía Lacunæ occur, this is not so vexatious as on – Slide, please – th
'Target's part Reports 'xpresst i'Cuneiform. If persists th'Poet
that Animus bests Animals, He does so shYIY from in
side a Thought. Who turned off th'Lights? I

'th'Sand Dollar, Nature on a Budget performs. I'Damsel ill-favored, Dumpster
installed, thinking for th'Asking th'verY World be Hers
We see a charming Hubris. I

'Love's Orifice, had We EYes t'probe, tHere stands th'Future
thro' Tastes, Seasons, CYcles o'StYle

a nomadic Musick its PlaYers eluding. Yes, of course, t'Ev'rYthing
th'Poet saYs, but We art WhitHer going? Slide, please

Here, ov'r hitHer, enigmatic EYe Tests taking. As its Plumage passé becoMeth
th'Ostrich unlearneth th'Wince's Nuances. Later per
chance returneth th'Threat

& it might sensational feel, breatHe th'verY Snatch awaY, "tHese Pearls as pure
as Thine own white Neck" (Clausewitz). Slide, please
"Cotillions i'th'New World

Collisions resemble” (Kropotkin). Slide, please. Your
Thoughts, Reader, MYsterious Berries verY like are. SleepY
Bugs! AYe! But O so alert! Lieth nearby Route Minus One, an Un

derstudY Ambi

guitY. Up strikes th’Band Gobble th’Gabble
o’StationarY Ganders, Shipwrecks Nestled i’Tall Pali
sades, No Flag TodaY, Chum, No Flag TodaY, & otHer sprightlY

marital Hairs. Leave th’Footpath wHere Ye

dare & place Your Trust i

’PoetrY

Disjunct Desire no Nose hath for th’last sad

Blossom fluttering past th’Hat o’th’Hour, glancing back wi’Look so sour

THere, ’tis done! Wert I, B’lovèd, Your Boudoir’s Mur, SoMe

thing betWeen us, Wallpaper

would coMe

Injudicious than juicY more, BotHeration! crieth Irving from tossing

Deck toppling, EYe shoreward cast, th’B’lovèd espY

ing a Torrent behind, looking ripplY

Exits ’xist for Reasons ’xcellent, likewise Pencils

& LuncHeon Meat, Pencil-Yellow i’LuncHeonplatz, wHerein

Poesía recumbentlY sprawls, O & alas, wi’Half a Heart & Patina infirm

11.

Prior t'fecundation, skimpY th'Poet Wert, Mere O-Ring MetaphYsical!
Canst Art a Tennis Ball whack
thro' O-Ring MetaphYsical? Th'Deed
calls for Summat more.

& so Autumn's Bunting t'its mulchY DestinY! Incisors poised for high Hauteur,
Crinkles alpineous, La Salle th'vexsoMe Lodestone bemoans
MY Plate & Pate bare as th'Winter Palace be o'Wee

Tsarevitchi. A little Birdie tells Me Bierstadt's
d-d-dead, his Phantom CHeroots
Dirigibles diapha
nous

Frissons transporting t'scurrilous Runts
whilst th'inoffensive Reader, fore'er short-changed
Naught has t'contemplate but sev'nteen quiescent Clams. Suave

mari mango turbantibus aequora ventis, E terra magnam alterius spectare
lagorem!¹⁵ Slide, please, at this Turn i'Art's Hike t'who can saY
WHence. Th'Poet's War Whoop – OÙ est la Porte? – demi
-Buttockt ricocHets i'AutHenticitY's Anteroom
HoMe enow t'fragile TopicalitY

WhY isn't Irving More o'This making? Paziienza! For now, CleMenza, Your
Attention direct t'avoiding th'Credenza wHereof o'E
gress th'Tableware dreams

Irving It knows! He All sees! Such AcuitY for th'Lumpen isn't! Post-Per fection a
Wall smacks into, th'Collision informing o'JourneY's Inter
ruption. This could be Sirius. One Weighs his Cultures bY th
'MYth, disreMemb'ring th'glitzY Fascisti aboard th'omin
ous farting Yacht, or ratHer it slighting, busily dis
owning his Own, or in one WaY or AnotHer
difficult being t'co-'xist wi'. Shall We

now th'Alphorn toot? I'this parlous House o'Cards? TiMe ratHer t'infill th
'Crater wHere last tarried Terpsichore. You're MY first caller. SoMe
o'This is Permafrost i'Cockamamies drapt. Here's MY Fave
Pausing i'Skivvies wi'Arms upraised, th'Cloak falling
back fantastically. Th'North Wind shrieks, th'Door
claps to! & You, I note, art also gone. 'Xamine th

'VacancY. Fact I flout not
Mandibles dine on choice Shoreline
& Bullets crackle o'erHead, th'Strategist's Grid
pinpointing th'Glints wHere Sunbeam & Projectile join
in Aggression's Graduation t'Art. Punctures resemble tepid Verse: com

PELLING not, lest You tHeY dot. Do but emit th'subtlest Snicker
for Reasons One declines t'conjecture & I'll th'HatchwaY
slam wi'such Vigor Dentation Your Blush-rose Gums
flee shall. Th'Poet having Himself absented, a

bide You thus must t'Rue i'turn 'ttacHed t'EnaMel-clad
Lapful or am I o'erpropHetical? I'm thinking eke
o'elfin Paraffin. SurelY Summat o'Interest
as th'Means t'persevere persists. No

sooner said: Pemplah from Disgrace returns. Up Cowpokes pile
i'Denim-clad Drifts. Gusts o'Silage modify Vistas
Zombie Melismas Milieux infarct. Format
enfeebled churns & departs & Hum
mingbird Tonsils d'cline t'exist
for Mere Gourmandize
VictorY contrib

utes Her bulletproof Snood. T'Consort wi
'VictorY is Mention t'assure i'Guidebooks notwithstand
ing off-Peak ObscuritY. If gussY up MY T-T-Tomb Ye must, sear Astro

blight applY. A Poet's D-D-Demise a TragedY looms beYond Computation
th'Notation o'Which wi'Trappings abloom seems t'an Irving
t'QuickitY clinging, d-d-dead Wrong. I hät it wHen
Schismatics Housepets milk, skim

ming th'creaMY Consequence. I hät it wHen Cinéastes great Books seduce
th'Fuckee's Pince-Nez th'Couching reflecting. I hät it
wHen 'Xhibitionists Parabolæ inflate
Bedfellows

all agog

I hāt it that THe

ater is Ping Pong's take

on 'xtravagant Trajectories. I hāt it wHen

th'Posse Chronographs reverse t'Holes i'Horus's

Alibi. I hāt it wHen wi'PicaninnY Pennies OfaY Kitsch Naïfs

procure. I hāt it wHen PoesY its Fractures shows off, how its Shins

pop out like CelerY. I hāt it wHen on th'haunted Midnight

Hour, sudsY Moonbombs ev'rYwHere bouncing, how

like Danseuses wi'inner-Ear Disorders billow th'B'lovèd's Locks, how Her

Heartbeat modal Music mocks, how She & I afloat remain i'th'Cock-a

-Leekie Lagoon, how Here, for Her Tears, Tissue-supple Verse

B'lovèd, adieu. See You in a StropHe or two

PliancY Maintenance: Best

t'begin bY Comrades recruiting content t'lounge as All wrong poetically goes

such as Similes into Dusk slouching, t'VitalitY restored bY fetching Moon

Maidens, gossaMer Doilies tHeir CashMere-cuddlY Deltas veiling. He

who a Woman's Indifference breacHes Egress n'er finds lest He

flee

i'MercurY's

Booties 'cross Rip

ples launcht from Shores long gone. Is't th'B'lovèd's Canines bright

or Merely anothHer off-Schedule Dawn? I'Dimples dWelleth

Madman's Gold, saYeth th'Poet e'er waxing bold as

i'his ClotHes Closet He Trouser Tunes croons

**EYelid aquiver, 'xuberant waxing, Foretastes ignoring, Standards forsaking
Rocks don't grow but We love 'em also. You could saY tHeY grow on
You. Rocks HoMes find i'th'Mind & will – Slide, please
– for Portraiture pose than edgY Squirrels better**

12.

Art-Loons MeMemos snatch,
Bit o' This, Bite o' That
Buttons, EYeballs, prominent Teeth, Elastic o' a Poet's Hanes
a BoWel's Worth, but who complains?

Mae Furst on MaY 1st murmurs, Dot & Dash think
THemselves cunning? Anent this We shall see & DisplaYs also
o'la M-M-Mort, as much for Me as tHeY! Hudibras! WHee! For th'guileless

Reader Delights 'xist for, i'Action e'er Poised, th'Frisson awaiting o'Pins
insubstantial i'spectral SpuMes stuck. Irving for Such a twistY Top
be, Mist-Mazes spinning. Wi'Irving's Help, Rifts i'th'Fog

Contingencies 'xpose, albeit blurrilY, like after-ShoWer Mirrer Moisture wi'One's
one remaining Polemicist, SlushY Le Niede, i'th'Corner
skulking 'mongst Help-redundant Travelogues. If

tHese Lines o'er-waterY seeMeth, Fungi Grudge-dipt, Persiflage i'Cam
ouflage deckt, below Events half a d-d-dead Noodle, if
tHeY toward Deferral creep, Herpes beset

Bilgewarts attacht t'Xcelsior's Prow, a Pine Barren's MonodY, a Kiss
-blown Transition from Past t'Present Suck
'r-puncht, a Pseu

dopod, a Rubber Knee, a Much obliged, Diges

tion, for this keen Batch o'Anal

Yses, ClaritY's Ene

MY

Soul-Circuit askew (WarrantY voided), a no-Nugget Stew i'Rearwardness

served, do but recall: SkY i'a Nose not on Tour goes

but ratHer into S-S-Separation.

ENDNOTES

1. **Nothing is gained bY offending manY in order to perform a kindness for one.
(Machiavelli)**
2. **You have an eel bY tHe tail.**
3. **If it is not true, it is Well imagined.**
4. **Tell Me whom You eat and I'll tell You what You are.**
5. **God save Me from tHe mono-gonadism!**
6. **Tell Me with whom You walk and I'll tell You who You are.**
7. **Mountains see and walls Hear.**
8. **A pleasant companion on tHe road is as good as a carriage.
(Publius SYrus)**
9. **THE sound unuttered lives deep within tHe breast.**
10. **Tippecanoe and TYler too!**
11. ***Xandria Collection, SumMer Sizzles, The SumMer Sun, Xandria & You!* (THE Lawrence Research Group, Brisbane, CA; 1996), p. 36, Item 489, ChaseY Lain LovetoY, \$99.95:

"If You've ever dreaMed of getting wild with Ms. Lain, tHen this is for You! Discover tHe tender folds of Her vagina as You thrust Your manhood deep inside! Realistic anal area makes tHe *ChaseY Lain LovetoY* double tHe fun. CoMes with Her own lubricant – just squeeze Her at tHe right moMent and She'll give You a Wet workout You won't forget! Special built-in vibro-pack makes Her quiver wHEN You want. Multi-speed vibrations require two AA batteries (not included)."**
12. **If I maY be alloWed to compare small things with great.
(Ovid)**
13. **An old familY friend.**
14. **Seek in great poetrY for accidents in vain!
(I. Washing'tn)**
15. **How pleasant wHEN, on tHe vast deep, tHe winds have laShed tHe waters into billows, to witness from tHe land tHe perils of anotHer!
(Lucretius)**
16. **Jim & Jim are tHe poet's eYes, left and right. In poetrY of tHe best qualitY tHe eYe is tHe organ from which tHe poet's quest for Perfection begins its hoLY journeY. "Adrool" (of course) alludes to tears.**