

Past Taps (excerpt)

But the

Long Windows

Seersucker

Gay Shame

Why I Eye That Fly Barcelona

This Love Parade

The Tusk of Delight

Winter Ticker

Beyond the Buckle

Just One Day Yuletide Just One Clean Kitchen

Melodica Spires

JOSHUA TREE

When The Missing Wind (*refer to the next .pdf*)

But the

fans smoked the sky
and cured you average
landscape botulism
remedy blank
billboard
seedling

Look out for leaches

 meaning too much

Pull up your socks the ticks
that girl from home who can't get out of bed
that girl from home whose last mind was desert pie

on new year they walk up hill in suits

he cut me on the bagel line

I stick my tongue in apricot hamantaschen

I play the triangle with my tongue

I slather your ass and skim the pool and fix the screen door dopamine

wood glue? I never knew we had

How To Build A Bridge In The Woods

Fodder

sipping tea and scuffing tile

I change the oil

I found the q-tips and cranberry pills

I take a pack of pocket tissues

But the real traged---

Long Windows

Madame Wire
hurryhound
past life ricket

dolly drag sap
mascara
toss

Nay the hamper!
Peel Orion! Key
lightning
Attica

slapping
oxmark hell
out of glass.

Seersucker

I will not be Verlaine
stumbling over another life.
You can dress Soho—
I'd stand by
but I've already pet
the store dog,
that smooth terrier.

I wonder what years will bring?

Last time hospitals and departures
silk slovens
a mirrorball.

I think love on wooden tables with an overgrown yard
and eyes expecting candor—
a sailaway grey in warmwater pockets
singing the round
where we found ourselves

This is not lingerie
nor blitheful codas from saucepiped musicians
I'm sure you know.

Gay Shame

There's cock at the Hollywood Spa
and though baby, I'm fit—
muscle mirrors carcass.

Rangers in ribbons are ready
to squat
thrust into
stained glass eyes

This beats the diorama dream
with overbent pipe cleaners

This is worth an anthem from Diana Ross--

I'm banging the gong.

Why I Eye That Fly Barcelona

snuff in the bog
the squash
that beautymarsh
waving
while you grasp plaster

you say and I suspect
paisley architect with dinnerdraws

oh this nevermind speck-dynasty
what great hair I care I'm baretear tear tum
ah, ok thumb

ever been to fez
I don't care
I'm ladyhunt exacto spittle barnsnout ringfire
churning

This Love Parade

kindle hearts
we rouse
we rouse
it's the spunk-dash to petrol

it's the krayonkreigen darnshnuck

Look — the red balloon is back
from years of malaprop

there's a note attached
there's a note attached

b[#]

all our hairs are clinging to the moon
as we swoon to temptress Aurora
in one hand pumice for all these calluses —
in the other silver
scalpel

to let you go, to free my lease
to slide under every table leg
to fix the flat to fix the flat we must wage we must wage
the gauge! or was it gauge the wage?

I knew these links corroded, fruits bruise
blood sugar sinks

palpable is...
pardon me pep in stocking with the jester konk the lonely kick the habit
pour the biodegradable cleanser down the drain
it's the landlord's say.
it's the landlord's tub. it's meek.

too long in stumper we swagger
one more flower
ninja armpit lady
with tiny toes
and a harp

The Tusk of Delight

March is the month of happenstance
when revolutions curl around the keys in your pocket

Instead of all-the-time Reno
scuddling mice of piss meshugina

How will things be in Nice
if I leave the fake thumb behind?

Will the Mediterranean sunset 'bang
Ford Mustang
bang'

Will I grow the mole on a young pale body

or will this bucket-snarl turn itself into marzipan putty?

yes, it is best to let life again
saddle on its whims...

Winter Ticker

I couldn't help but spackle the door.

Her majesty a swivel; the tempting barista examiner; caustic pothandle lucky mirror;
from fountains to angel backwater acne; stupified luxor cozy.

Correction: I couldn't help to spackle the door.

Nightlight tremolo concave groupie. Sorry patchwork needing safe-word.

Kitchen.
Kitchen!

*...and I've seen the mild in a hazy rove
They're still moving—mind upstairs*

Trenchcoat drizzlebound glory.
Daily Niacin flush.
Ring
Bearer blues

Nonsense. Hardwood mai-tai whale-watch lullaby.

Response: Ropetow emphysema.

The dangling of the putty knife
and pictures from Mars.

Beyond the Buckle

this battle tourniquet
is leaving black & blues—
a midnight river
armband
of horny
airport security

are the angels stuck in rodeo stalls
like poets
coalitions or campfire?

is it dangerous or modern dandy
curse-slush in ricochet summer?

we broke the glass
they broke the glass
now we bend plastics

for all domesticators and by god
amputees,
let these greys turn
forthright
past the mow & muzzle
to sky-baths of
confidants and freeway luck

Just One Day Yuletide Just One Clean Kitchen

Over tostados

inkman:

'you really need a husband'

Belt parkway reststop potluck

Darkdays twin

sympathetic stuck

on tongues

Pixels follow edge of the picture

Pixies fall away shove depiction gut hair hot tub

Featherdusting gossamer

(the Great)

Melodica Spires

lacy maroon
gurney
the wheel's a star
I saw St. Maarten
piccolo
folding water with the swan
Sow a lump of grapefruit
sorbet underneath my tongue
firebrand and the fitzpatricks
father at wooden podium
the last time I saw Yolly
we broke the bread
bump the door
float alabaster
did it matter all
the mercury in my mouth?

Jew shimmering in the desert
Oblique,
Sick of sardonic
Hybrids that
Undress the sincere of
Antiquity—

Try
Resting your
Eagle eye and
Eat more soynuts.