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MULTUM IN PARVO





F A C I A L G E O M E T R Y

*Maureen Seaton
and Kristine Snodgrass
by
Neil de la Flor*

NeO Pepper Press





to Aaron Spelling, in memory





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PILGRIM RAIDS

*Rage-Pilgrim Raids across
a sea-ish Outside and Inside
Conquista
in the narrowest
bottom heart-
vitals.
(Nobody discolors what now streams.)*

— PAUL CELAN

I've never been afraid of Pilgrims, he said, face smack down on the lip of the shore. Nobody discolors my little debbie without a fight.

That's right, she said.

**

In that what sickens calloused and colored. She and he therefore sicken what prenatality of the aforementioned watering hole—you, silly! Ramified and Desdemona and Gilgamesh in and out of a brambled yacht. Our ocean. Our play dirt. Our mortified and relinquished testimonials. Our virile eggs and forever immortality. Our shovels and our pills.

**

Translation: Omygod! They're drunks, not truckers—*jackass!* Celan's Angels are in a canoe or light raft. Some are gay, some are not, some don't like sex or drugs, some like both, boys and girls. They like their eggs boiled, not shaken, like minor gods n' goddesses. Even more often they enjoy cake, preferably banana cream pie, and if available, globbed with whip cream. Save for some kink and cookies the Pilgrims, a.k.a., Lilliputians, don't like diggin' for nothin'.

Our End: ☹️ A Dust Bowl

The Others' End: Some Spats and a Pristine Rim

Of the aforementioned watering hole and (wily) and virile eggs and such numbness, like that of a crumb, the reeling of a fish, sickens you, silly. Silly! What such chopping and slicing you shall weather

And Further: Two More Round Deep Days
**

Lesson your grip.

**

Look at the cathedral way their cheekbones fly above their mouths, she said, of Pilgrims, actually of the ones buttressed and bleeding. An infinite line of coffee cups across the cornfields. Of slop and feedbags.

Translation: See all the cigarette smoke at their meetings? Watch all those Angels smoke Pall Malls, or Pilgrims out of pipes. Ha! They are not peace pipes, they are woven from some real fruit, maybe an apple, or a mango. Nonce this ethereal air and latticed wing myth. Some such concentration camp like the one on Fire Island—

But, what do Angels know of liking girls instead of boys?
Who do they wail on? She said.

They are rowing towards a banana-cream life. He said.

Toward cheekbones like a cathedral. Sometimes called
Napoleon's death mask. Or Phoebe's pan O brownies.
Likewise a rift, as in flying buttresses, cuttresses.

**

Ring of seaweed. Red sea soup. Sloppy kisses. Those are the things Angels avoid when divining the deep doughnut. Kiss me kiss me kiss me, sweetlips, she said, breaking her wooden spoon over his bow. Keep your friggen mask on. I don't want you to see what's comin'.

Yippie!



Conquista: the opposite of conquisto; the underbelly of a buccaneer's ship, or the underbelly of a pirate/piratess.

Seven brides for umpteen brothers. Like wishbones, only before turkeys. Way before pie. Was there TIME BEFORE PIE?

Pi?

Apple

Blueberry

Pecan (nuts, mommie?)

Fricassee

Calabash

McDonald's rectangular hand-held blackberry-like thingy

Supermessy

Supermalevolent

Supercalafragilistic (arghh)

**

Where are the Pilgrims?

Under the water, fast asleep.





V O L V I C A

I wanna do a verse play. I wanna make up some characters: a bastard, a slut, some posed general, maybe Martha Stewart or that Super Cat. The first verse goes like this:

- a. Slyboots is after me!
- b. Wouldn't you know it, that shifty icepack just moved into Unit 3.
- c. Boy oh boy. Sleepin' with my eyes open.
- d. Tallahassee!

(Verse Play: Words put together to form a toy.)

- e. Buttercup!
- f. Brown eyes for the kitchen.
- g. S. Cat, why fly?
- h. Totally ripped and thorny branched today.
 - i. wanna do a thorny ripped branch
 - ii. did you see Thornbirds?
 - iii. Always back to blood

(Starring Gabby Hayes as the Sidekick Cowboy.)

- i. Roy Rogers
- j. Hopalong Cassidy
- k. John Travolta

Verse two. Now let's add a guitar, a red balloon and an airplane. Let's add a symphony for the pets—the cat and hopalong.

The guitar plays a balloon in an airplane. Watch out for that space shuttle! The last of our exclamations, and I used it. One poet told me once that one exclamation per poem was all you could ever use. And NEVER use the word beautiful!

l. Use shirred sheet or skinker.

When a third verse is required, announce or pronounce your intentions. For instance, if you're about to play Queen Latifah, say: I am soon to appear before you with a golden crown. Think of who you'd like to see if you were sitting in the audience, but be careful of fire ants. They seem to leave strange blisters that glow as if your foot were bitten on Jupiter.

m. Last night Ralph Fiennes, a la The English Patient, bought plums for the audience. Or plumbs?

n. he pronounces it "Raaf".

o. I needed a plumb and a hatchet when I watched that movie.

Climaxica: Let's fight, I feel like a fight.

p. I needed a birth control pill when I watched that movie.

q. Volvo!

Anti-climaxica: Let's dream, I feel like a dream.

r. I feel like a skinker.

s. I feel so gloved in my pull over sweater.

Dramatica: I dreamt of pink gloves. They went all the way up my arms into my nose.

Volvica: I dreamt I pressed a button and my seat got warm.

Vivica: I dreamt I starred in Set It Off with Queen Latifah, my girlfriend.

Denouement: Today I got my hair cut and when I opened my eyes I looked like a "Don't". Stamps go up to .39 on Sunday. Believe me, all cars were traumatized this past hurricane season.

t. Smell the cold. Take a windshield wiper and wand it around the air.

Ask for lemon drops. Ask for a small dog or cat. Ask, for the sake of it, for another chance to warp time at your command.



PLANET NAPKIN

A.

Lilly, since small toed, had always served the world willingly. Allied against concrete and stucco, her choice, mainly because of the undulatingness of hills and desire to eve, was always Brunello—a delicious red wine of a man (?) with webbed-feet who spoke sonar.

Thus she capricorned and, stylish, became a sorespot for Christ.

Never mind her look. It abandoned her at five o'clock, it recorded traffic sounds like rush rush rish, it blanked out at wakes.

Talktoyoulater, bye.

Precipice of a cup. She jumped in. All her muscles and everything. She ate flowers of blue and only expected monumentstoriseonher.

B. busy squirrels figured out how to gain access to luxury cars.

They ran across her face in their effort to buy a Lexus. (She's got the scars.)

Leopard chaps, a singed check, and some really old Oreos. She figured her first course of action should be love but never.

There was a chink to her reputation and then not. Not, as in acquiring a taste for skinny.

Don't stop loving me until you quit something. Quit that other thing first. One ting at a time. One ping only.

Her death was the result of cancerous little bobbies. They invaded the fine quilted paper folds of her lovely solemn vow of culinary sanitaryness. Instead of quitting, she politely pointed out the 'man-with-the-cell-phone-who-wore-jeans-so-tight.'

Pong.

C.

Lilly, all done and dead, like a slice of tree.



P A N C E T T A

Classical philologists and papyrologists as well are interested in metrics. Feet are no longer in fashion. Fetishes come in milliliters and hexagrams, the ways we kill and heal crawl around inside us, counting in Canadian.

Kneel below. Sit in some pagoda and free a bamboo wad from this awful song. I tell you to sing to me and you must be listening. A cap or a whirl of ipod and sticks of meat over a fire. Brilliant and blustery. Don't leave me. I need you.

Pancetta said the sound of glass smashed/smashing is unbearably philosophical.

Pancetta said the source of sauce is red.

Pancetta said the cost of iodine is sleep deprivation.

Pancetta said, lean in, I have ions and a smidgen of skin to keep you stoked.

And with that, she dewed off. I've never been one for the solace of seedy places or the crispy funk of red hair with its giant overtones. I'd rather cry in a key no one recognizes.

Say: "Honey."

I'll see you on the other side of the outside world where we meet to eat tractors and milliseconds. Eat me instead, sweetie. Let's buy a bun and test it for sugar.

This sounds personal, whole wheat and all. If there are buns I would suggest you buy a toaster, toast the buns, then jam them up with something close to grape or sexy like banana-mango chutney.

As for Pancetta, what is her stance against Volvica?



What is her rhetoric?

The brand of her vacuum cleaner and her pipe cleaner?

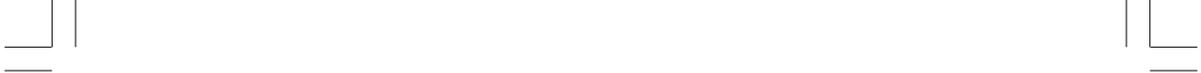
Is she the same P. who used to trawl for shrimp?

French-roasted shrimp taste like pesto burgers. Put one on mailbox 6 and send to the beginning of the end.

P., unlike V., never went for buns or the sauce they made her eat when she was a small woman. See pesto and anything green, such as *chimichurri* and Gerber's sweet peas.

Mamma Pancetta, Prego me asunto?

Non! It is never proper to kill a pregnant shrimp. We all know that babies will form in our stomachs like stars blinking, going out. When we look back, we will regret the way we ate them without a license. We will regret our thunderous appetites, our gory glory. We will be all full of pink squirming little flowers.



V O L V I C A !

Is Volvica a boy? A girl? A bit of both? Or neither?

Yes, she loved you, but that was a Wednesday, not Ash, but the 4th or 5th of July. Darling, what has she done with your lipsticks?

When did V. receive her new heart?

Volvica never enters a room without checking out the competition. In this way she thinks of crystal meth and its abilities to level a headcold. I often see her in the powder aisle at Walgreen's or CVS, sprinkling and sniffing, poofing and dripping. She's so cute, I could just smudge her.

What is the percentile of delirium in post-rose vases?

When we first started writing about Volvica we thought we'd created the best role in the entire world. Then we stuttered so much we tripped into each other and we lost our entire solemn vow to stay away from implants and men and women and men's wear (men need to wear clothes too)—and suddenly Volvica was sparkling purple and bedazzling and so snappy we just had to relax and let her live.

What is so special about birth marks?

It wasn't that she was tired, or exhausted from too much work. She was born fatigued, glued to her skin which was glued to the sofa, the bed, the chair. She was young and ambitious for sleep, yet sleep deprived and desperate for pills, the sleeping kind. All she wanted was a weapon, or a bandit of her own. She was silent when the doorbell rang. She was ready, but unwilling to answer.

Why do you think Volvica joined forces with String Theory?

Darling, I have to say, the way she wanded her hand through the air reminds me of some kind of phantom Chippendale dancer. You know the one I mean. The one who waited on us at Outback Steakhouse and claimed the medium rare was "juicy and pink" in the center. Remember

she giggled and told you she loved you written in orange marker. To answer your question: no.

How does she live in a motel on Dangle Street, darling?

They're Blue Bells or body orchids, they're infallible noxious gases that climb up your wall and seep into the hotel carpeting when you are away. It's the maid, dummy. It's the queer bedspread that was shifted just so. A calloused vine on Dangle Street.

Darling, where, in this house, did you bury the bones of Volvica's tiny goldfish?

There is no excuse for V's involvement with the Chippendale guy she met on Amtrak. Everyone said he'd damage her, that his hips would swivel her past normalcy and into the throes of a strange New York lyric or a DC sloppy song. Never mind, Volvica said, in defiance, you don't know how delicious, you just don't know. And she leapt from the train like a child in search of God.

Roe V. Wade

His name was Joseph. Do you remember his left scar? I only saw the right. We were in bed one morning in 1989. He turned to ash his cigarette and it looked like a sickle.

Her name was Mary. She was magnificent in her flamenco costume. Even though her name suggested she preferred ankle length skirts and turtlenecks, she was a good mother despite the ban on abortion.

That was in North Dakota, or Wyoming. Joseph said, why don't you be on top?

Still, every time I saw him at the side of the road he was posing. Look at me, he said, as if he had on a dream coat.

Inside was the knife he used to shave. He was identified by the coroner's office as mighty fine looking and darn stubbly. His beard, though grayish, said young and *inocente*.

Do you remember their child? (Sid and Nancy had a child, sweetie.) Anyway, when Joseph got up from the slab at the morgue, he felt queasy.

Underwater he was fabulous. (Say loud.)

I didn't quite want to know about Mary's sycophantic resemblances to Madonna. Baby in her arms notwithstanding, I could tell she knew a lot of truck drivers.

It was South Dakota where they sought to withstand mudslides and slope slipping. Joseph, before the rising from the dead, tried to grow daughters and sons from poppy seeds.

The problem was, there were no poppy seeds in the truck engine. There were only diapers.



S Y R A C U S E

“Sometimes you whisper in the ear of a generation
because then you are shaking them below their genes.”

— tori amos. *Out* March 2006.

There is much to be said for sacred sexuality, tantra, and sex magick.
Nevertheless, it is a cold day in Syracuse in the school at the top of the
hill looking down looking down.

Frozen sperm in a vial.

Crimped and vertigo. Mr. Eagle. Mr. Bluelips. Mr. Fox in the Meadow.

Blemished, bereft, bandangled. Mr. Bluelips lives here, too. He jets on a
pale leaf or stolen twig and enjoys the surf in January. We are
Februarying ourselves and our ancestors.

Hak Cha. [insert her here]

Yet, we still do not know his name. Whether August or May he is still
ours inasmuch as we are our ancestors. He whispers into our genes and
shivers them into us. In this frozen blemish of liplocked frolic ice, i.e.
earth and/or earthlikeness and her inhabitants who frolic or wish to frolic
with lips locked or not, we still count the days until his arrival even
though we know he won't come. Soon.

Sperm asquirm beneath the eye.

We were cryogenic and chilblained. [We were veddy veddy code.] Insert
sneeze here.

Thumping blue like blood on the seats of all the cars in all the movies
where someone gets killed in a car. In Syracuse there is a hill. 8. There is
infinity snow. There is many snow plow.

We thumped along in our b88ts and our bl88d fr8ze up and m8de a
hi88 of 8ce.

Jesus, he said. Which way is this thing going? We swim, swim, swim up
the vial of indecision until we flow down some hill that is covered. It's all
so pleasant and weathered.



In Syracuse, we rumba to the warm earth and listen to the borealis cry out for big foot. Despite our knowledge of cars we hide our sleeves in the dark alley behind the golden arch (McDonald's) and hug. For a moment we forget Mr. Bluelips and hunker down.

Eight is the number that most resembles forever.

And Syracuse.





OPÉRA BOUFFE

Venus, my oriflamme! My sweet shield, such is a cannon. Place a mirror to it and we will all remain constant in the depth of the light, the tunnel. Pull something from me. Pull me a tin or an overturned bowl. We had water, you see? It is gone. It walked down to the shore to be with sister blood. We swish and swish. We sway to the light.

Such a billowy stream—arms and legs of cannon fodder floating and the way armor peels away like a hospital gown—in the name of spears and lately hazmats we love yummy war. We do! We lick it!

And we all know you were the mother of the bastard child we love to call son. And we know your flesh is not real but we want to touch. And we know that you were abloom in something scandalous and anti-something. And we all want to be you because you are about-faced. And we abolished the need for gravity.

*

Mars, I know your sons. Such elegy and dereliction. Take me to the charnel house and I will refute your bound love. Let me tie your boots and I will twist my torso for you. See how the light is still on me? See how we admire you? We are intoxicated and intolerant in your dirty gaze.

Once, when the volcanoes threw ash too far and the people had carved the cold, it was like war had happened backwards. Petroglyphs and sex. You petrified me with your funny hat and your little skirt.

Easter was always Saturday then. It was. And the man with color under his command, the one with the feather possibly in his hat, chose to paint a rendition of you and me in awhirl. It was Saturday and the idea of Lord or Master was ancillary as Andromeda without Perseus. I admired the swish in your eyes.

Ladies and men, can we not sing together? Sit, sit with the ashes of this one or that one and dance into the stone ruins. Play a range of notes into the depth and see what comes of it. Languid Perseus, remain staged and aloof. We will get along fine without you.

after "The Return from War: Mars Disarmed by Venus,"
1610-1612, Brueghel & Rubens

NOTES ON DAWNING

1. The reference to Edvard Grieg in the first stanza is ridiculous! What child, darling, wouldn't know the prince gets stuck in the tower?
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
7. In the Hall of the Mountain King there is Dr. Bombay.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10.
- 11.
- 12.
13. *O brilliant kids, frisk with your dog...* The verb frisk reminds us to pass our hands quickly over the pants and shirts and into the pockets of passersby to detect small harpoons... *all who pass by your bodies on their way to the sea.*
-
18. The root of evil is connected to weather event.
19. Don't wear the shirt my father gave you, darling. Ejaculate, ejaculate, ejaculate. (There is no sex in this part.)
20. There are only orgasms.
- 21.
- 22.
- 23.
24. **Two-Cheese Squash Casserole**

Cook squash in boiling water to cover in a large skillet 8 to 10 minutes or just until tender. Drain well; Gently press between paper towels.

Melt 2 TBS butter in skillet over medium-high heat; add onion and garlic and sauté 5 to 6 minutes or until tender. Remove skillet from heat; stir in squash, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ¾ cup Parmesan cheese, and next 7 ingredients. Spoon into a lightly greased 13X9 inch baking dish.

Melt remaining 2 TBS butter. Stir together melted butter, remaining ½ cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup Parmesan cheese, and garlic salt. Sprinkle mixture evenly over top of casserole.

Bake at 350 degrees for 35 or 40 minutes or until orgasm.

Yield.

25. Consequences of reading something you shouldn't have read, or browsed, and/or perused. 1.) Hunger, or the feeling of hunger for something baked in melted butter 2.) An orgasm. 3.) Hysteria.
26. 25. Send that casserole to the on-line mag that likes recipes (first, only). What a cookie! What an orgasmic shake!

27.

28.

29.

30th birthday:

Emily was born at 5:35 on a Sunday morning without _____ and _____.

(noun, a drug) (noun, tv show)

Her mother would grow up to be called a(n)

_____ even

(improper noun)

though she found herself

_____ by _____

(verb, past tense) (a theory, hackneyed)

in all its _____.

(sparkly adj.) (noun, rhymes w/tickle or w/horror)

Emily thought that being called something by others

doesn't always make you that thing, but looking at her

mother she saw the possibility of a _____ pointed

(archaic weapon)

at her mother's _____ and she spoke her first word

(body part, m/f)

since birth: _____!

(something you'd like to get off your chest, one word)

After all,

_____!

(something else you'd like to get off your chest, 5 -7 words)

I was born on March 17th, 1973. I was born and promptly wrapped in bubbly cotton wrap. I was tired. I slept with ideas; namely, my idea was to write down notes on ideas I had as soon as I could physically write them down. I wrote them down at a certain point in time not too long ago. I don't know if they're the original ideas I had when I was born. In regards to celebrity, which is totally unrelated to my birth, I'm exhilarated at the chance to fly on a jumbo jet across the Atlantic Ocean. Could I have had such an idea when I was born? Was I born to fly? Ask questions about flying? In any case, like I said before, which I may not have said before, I spoke to the man in regards to love. It's casual and totally aligned with eros.

There it was—Kristine.	Any quintet and you can	She was born as a
A knock-out in the first	resolve the reprisal.	wicked, wicked thing.
round. She said: Linger,	Suckers! What a	She expatriated. We all
linger. Replace your (scalawag I've become.	left with her. We all
) with the unknown.	Practice Tai Chi in the	sought the relief of that
Let's come up with	cold cell of your closet.	beach, that ocean. Not
some ideas for saluting	We need a Taurus.	another yellow patch
the tangled miscellany	Watch the	(liver spots, drinking)
and misinformation.	upperclassmen go to the	There's the zero sum.
Propose a nightstick, or	pond, look inside your	There it is. The dawn.
nihilism. All of you!	uvula. Volvica shall pull	
Ossify your outrage—it	her hair back, in fact she	(
is papier-mâché, just	was born with her hair)
pieces of some quest.	pulled back.	



ON THE 909

Foot stomping periodically has a dialect. It goes like this. Caw, caw.

Sometimes I think of the boy deprived of shoes, stereo surround sound, i-pod swaying to “Here I Go Again”.

You’d never know he had a limp. That he was simply elegant. But this is the time in the morning when he says, “I don’t care.” So he walked out into the fog and screwed them all.

Sometimes I think screwdrivers are dangerous, especially the star shaped ones.

Other times, cars are deadly, the way they honk and roll and hurtle with blonde families inside.

I asked a friend what that meant, and she said it was a blasé way of saying sanctimonious bloodsucker; also: *Whatever pumps your milk.* (L.A.)

I got mine. Baggie of ice tea slushee.

I asked a goat if he preferred ice tea to lemonade. He said he preferred smooth jazz.

Sometimes I come home and there is nothing on TV. Those are dark times made of little bones and litigation. Made of phenominalism (the theory that all existence is calcified and litigious).

Other times, I come home and all the little bones have grown into blonde families in minivans. And the minivans have grown blonde hair and they braided it. That’s how we roll. We all have grillz that slide on the top or bottom, and we wear them to court.

I left my oven. It hangs blinking the wrong time, over and over, as if I give a damn about the digital world. It’s only 9:09 and I’m already exhausted.

I’m flummoxed. You might think a man with a kink like that would be famous, but no, you could knock me over with a spatula and I’d be just as dead as a plate.

Platanos. Fried and fired and delicious. See how they sink into the plate? I need a bowl.



Of ° Δ.

Tonight I ate a dinner of cranky vegetables. We all did. Blick and blistanos. Crish and billipus. You think I'm kidding? Just try swallowing Stasichorus. In no time at all, you'll be stuffed.

Stuffed into oblivion.

And flunked around with a large circus crawler, named (whatever) Julip.



THE GREEN MONEY TREE

Illustrator: Her arm on his shoulder blade. His eyes kind of greenish blue. She wears a cap and cross of Christ around her neck. He think she's nutz. She is a doll.

Narrator: (image of the pope with a charm bracelet on)

Illustrated: Not the pope with a charm but the idea of the pope in designer garb, e.g. Prada, Gucci—all designed by homos, of course.

Illustrated map of Italia!

Popes around the outside, smiling in mouseover.

Molto Italiano!: See Europe to the Max with Rudy Maxa.

Pizza!: (image of a French-Canadian walking the broadwalk as tan as a cat).

Quote: For example, “ ”. Or, the so-called mockingbird was killed by the so-called French-Canadian who will be referred to from this line forward as the so-called Merlin.

Merlin walked down to the ocean. Dipped his toe, decided it was too hot and walked back to the street. Someone parked their car.

It was the day before, and there were so many. We invited the Italians and all witches to make designer clothes. With sequins and phosphorescence. Like fingers dipped in the ocean and sucked to enlightenment.

'Thisaway' Merlin shouted at the French-Canadian as she slipped in thong into the black black sea. It was night, you see, and all we could hear was her deep-sea plunge. Alas. She was illustrious.

Lap, lap, lap, went the water. It's all we could hear like the licking of a cone. We knew we were in the trenches of it all.

We were preposterous with feelings like gangrene.

We were purplized and thwarted by the feelings we feel toward treasury bills and derivatives.

Thataway, toward the green money tree.

THE PEKINESE JOURNAL

“A dumpy scalp is due to overactivity on the part of the pekinese gland and to excessive production of the pekineses normally present in the skin.”

—M.L.

Do not bend your brain around the cheap, the cross-stitched, the bickered or blistered.

Your desires may be too small.

Small as a boat? Or small as a pea?

Small as the whip that I pulled out of my

Small as the roundtables that so-and-so covered in green leafy tablecloths

Small as the Norbert or Lazarus, or Norbert II or Lazarus II

we are on the verge of a boat poem, my dear

Do not consider nosegays or little drinks.

we are on the large of goat koan, my queer

Do not consider a gay nomad or wild drawing bands.

Have you, you who desire small things, considered the secrets of Norbert?

For example: Norbert is two.

Norbert is fluent in German.

Norbert is not Mr.

Can I interrogate Norbert for a moment?

I: Norbert, what is your name?

N: Pantheon, pantheistic, panacea

There is a great swelling, a bellow of bitches now, we feel it in our totalitarianism, it is neither boat nor moment. Desire becomes a frond overhead, switching in a hurricane.



We are fluent in small desires. We are named for dead people.

T: Do you enjoy the constant beating of the heart?

N: Do you enjoy swimming, small desires?

These are the dead people we are named for: Lakshmi,
Cell Phone, The Burning Boy.

I had written before I erased what I had written that we were named after Bohrs, Lilly, and Frances. (These are the dead people we [were] named for—) Don't waste time trying to figure out the heart of Norbert, or his long name, the one given to him by her, the one we call, "sister". Do not bend the lines around this cheap diary, the crosshatched marks are blisters of her desire to flee. And if you read closely, backwards a few steps, you'll find the space where E was supposed to come before T. We are all named in secret.





THE FOURTH DEMENTIA

I do not exactly understand what you're talking about.

How would *you* define "*unus mundus* dreams"?

I would divine a sauce with garlic and pepperoni then give my guests a side plate of sharp cheddar and gusto.

How would "you" define synergy?

Limitless editing, prosciutto (since we are on Italian food), and the third in a triptych.

Martin Landau is lachrymose. Martin Landau is lingua franca. Franco is lickety-split. Franco is like a ligature. Line dancers are golden. Line dancers are little gnomes.

Little genomes.

Experiencers convey the realness of non-ordinary reality in such terms as "third zone," "fourth dimension," "Emerald City," "*Imaginatio vera*." I do not exactly understand what I'm talking about.

If one understands what he/she is 'talking' about, then what would be the point of chatter?

Chatterbox, chauffer, a charge, a charm, I understand a chartreuse clod, I don't understand checkmate. Cheerios, cherrystones, those chickadees, those children, I understand chiromancy. I understand nothing.

And you. You built me a footstool. You may not know it but I have feelings. You write everyone you know an email with asshole in the subject line.

In omnia paratus.

What is an 'asshole'?

An undulant fever. But we are getting away from our core. Corps. Corpse.



Epilogue

Notes II

I remember getting an e-mail in second grade. It was a unilateral attempt to get me to “go” with Jimmy Reilly. (How can you bring up Jimmy Reilly at this late juncture?) I will not answer myself.

I remember seeing the Undulating Mummies at the library, and o, how they swung their knees and zeros.

I remember what it was like thinking a bout having a baby, before I had a baby. (I am thinking about it).

Do you remember...

No, don't you dare.

It's unimportant, underconstructed.

We rely too heavily upon the body of the text. This is not the body of the text. This is the remainder of our perception.

No rain days.

No relinquishment.

(Stop me before I ruin your lives.)



ASPHALT

Forget the Ph.D.s darling. Forget the wherewithal, the suspicion, the gargling. Do it yourself. I could sit down right now and pluck each fiber from the carpet, and assuredly they would all be a variant of gray. One would have a dog hair, one would have a cat hair etc. I could spend my whole day plucking and just get down to the bone. (Don't ask yourself if this is a metaphor. No, it's literal for sure.) The bone and the concrete. But, where would that leave my fingernails? And the dishes with the grape jelly? And (as I write the asphalt in your parking lot is graying) who said anything about the sky? I shall start plucking the sky tomorrow.

the sky is broken
the sky is falling? no sweat
the sky is indeed falling bush says
the sky is blue and the sun seems yellow
the sky is too high
the sky is an immortal tent built by the sons of los
the sky is blue because molecules in the air scatter blue to your eyes more than they
scatter red
the sky is not falling
the sky is blue during the day
the sky is filling
the sky is blue because it has never been plucked

this time the gray gentleman went to the barn
this time the sky screamed immortal sins
this time he broke the doctor's advice
this time the dog built an edifice in red
this time the blue sun is literally
this time the concrete is bone
this time his eyes were the size of molecules
this time he smashed grapes

then the tents turned purple
then the blue darling started to cry
then the molecules spoke to the boned grapes
then there was no more resistance



then nothing was too high
then something yellow burned my eye
then the concrete became god
then the concrete god gave us the green light

From there we plucked the space between ethics, a wicked sticky clench of a place never before explored or expunged, although we all expatriated, and that was how the asphalt thing began to develop. You can see where I'm going with this.



NUT JOBS

Yes, we rely too heavily on the body of the text.

Parallel

We should take this opportunity to examine something jubilant.

(If this is too journalese, stop me. Stop me.)

We need some glue. We need a bitter angel.

Could someone please help me I'm in Syracuse.

Sometimes people become involved in their own lives and baptismal imagery takes over.

The Two Nut Jobs

Geese, Cinderella is on again! Shit, I made it to the next column.

I don't understand the d.

I'm at the bottom of g.

I'm c.

What's the significance of letters? I love columns. I love supersweet corn.

I wish I could tell you the brilliance of a.

And we could all trace the letter in fingerpaint.

Until the dry pompous. I'm looking out the window at the windflow and guess who is parking a caddy?

Not to mention prissy. I bought her a resolution and it caused me to become atonal. b flatter.

c. what I mean. Lawmakers change nothing but the frog's skin. Yes, the little green man.

We need some glitter.

Help me if this is too glitterese. (everybody forgets v)

I've punted too many times. All I ever wanted was a touch-tone phone with speed dial and a pair of stiletto heels.

I just want to know if I can add more than one stanza. That's all I ever wanted from life. This

watermelon next me is speaking to me with seeds in its mouth.

Bad melon, bad mouth. I have a question for the letter q: how long till z?

Universality or Syzygia

I have a question for the melon. Preposterous! Translate the pathos, the error. Z is here. Z has arrived.

Z is a resurrection of sleepy believers. In this one is the path to Pleasant, in this other is a preponderance of weepy dreamers.

Isn't Z just the end of A?

If A is the cat chasing her tail then Z is a marvelous ensemble.

And that, dream stealer, is the calm at the end of the toad, a real blue stone, a Crosby, Stills, and Nash. No Young.



F A C I A L G E O M E T R Y

I sat upright in the boat of freedom. All around me congress held sessions of menthol and linearity. I was deposed of my inhibitory rights and swelled into ports of call. A crowd deployed and there he was: dressed up in desert clothes and grinning digital and “Iraqi”. On the back: Me as the Enemy. Love, Matt.

There’s another source of face interference. That’s Timbuktu. Here, in this Timbuk kind of place, faces are engraved into treasure trunks and on the sides of royal sitting chairs. Here, where the ancients display their sex appeal, we challenge them with our sex (face) appeal.

Capisce?

I pulled the hackneyed freedom over my head. It could have been cashmere from Hermès or Chanel, but we don’t eat *frittes* with mayo. We don’t pronounce the word Taliban anymore. We don’t say *hakim*, instead: evil.

Schmevil.

There’s a face. It’s unctuous. Every time it proposes to me I fibrillate, sneezing. We’re all kind of heartbreaking. The reason we don’t know stuff is because we only use a fractal of our faces. It’s true. Count them.

I heard that it’s not worth knowing stuff because we destroy things in the process. (See marriage.) I also heard the economy of the future will be innovation driven, a kind of economy where artists and artisans will spew ideas that will save us all from the current milieu of non-ideas. It will be a grand place, such as Rome without emperors nor gladiators. (See Nirvana.)

Rejoinder: tree hugger, sugar gum, strawberry tomato. Or: no way Jose.

We brought forth loins and blessed cuisinart. In this way we discovered everything before enlightenment set in. We were valorous and Americanisimo. We sat down on U.S. 1 and chanted. We put our hands behind our backs like ducks.

And of course we quacked but not until we roared around on all fours like tigers or aardvarks.



Salute: bark, bark, bark.

There's a hill in America where two sisters sat holding guns across their laps. They had blood the color of sangria and they were ready to pitch forward at a moment's notice into ebullient nothing.

There's also a hill in America where two brothers died wielding a hammer and a cig between their lips. That hill was New York and the flag they bore looked a bit Irish from 80 stories below.

One pitch and they all fall down.

There's a face. It rises in some smoke in my dream. I will translate it for you.

