

The Compass of that Sea

Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual

0. *Words to Make a Story Out of.*
Dominique Innisfree Swopes's *Schizomythic Narrative of Exile*.
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2. *Divastigations.*
Ouida Willoughby Johnson's *Ludicts*. (2010).
3. *Goldbarg's Variants.*
Mona Coltrane and Skid Slektion's *Stichomythic Logomachy*.
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The Compass of that Sea

Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual

Volume One : Dado Uddi's *Convulsive Illuminations*



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עַד־מַתִּי תִתְחַמְּקִין הַבַּת הַשׁוֹבְבָה כִּי־בָרָא יְהוָה חֲדָשָׁה בְּאֶרֶץ נִמְכָּה תִסּוּבֵב גִּבּוֹר

How long wilt thou go about, O thou backsliding daughter? For the Lord hath created a new thing in the earth. A woman shall compass a man.

(Jeremiah 31:22)

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Book One

We are in a sort of hell where we can do nothing but dream, roofed in, as it were, and cut off from heaven.

— L. Wittgenstein, *Culture and Value*

§ 1.1.

Don't know never knew never will a figure approaches turn and pivot
beneath purple vaults of sky piles of human bone was it then or was it
some other time and what was it marry me please a mother reduced to
shadow a child without irreverence I was lost without it during those five
months I tried to move then came back again seized and dragged further
down let it slip from the memory come around hourly and drive walk
march crawl run slip fall get up fall again tell me something eyes grip
tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes ripe berries in a bas-
ket early blossom who's there I looked consider the belief best it kissed
me with its drunken lips a finger flicked it into convulsive space like all
of it dominated by it I set aside an hour statues exhumed rise to come it
sticks in the throat it all comes back to me now a child without irrever-
ence it never comes back I tried to move such sharp stillness bewildered
use free of the absolute it was the one that gets out that gets help some-
thing radiant hidden there I shall begin at the end found mad fur a goal
futile to aspire to the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves
heavy with sunlight heavenly indefinite unpredictable ways of travelling
a pile of rags so it looks it took over the virile vestige could I catch it
how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another
it kissed me with its drunken lips how give birth without blood how per-
ceive without obscuring connect that world mean what it does exist
where it does large numbers leave observe the problem is identified split
captured ambiguous the perversion of circumstance nadir approaches

zenith their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates omit my name terror arises an enormous undertaking amid thorough toil raising it to the mouth sipping slowly in the breaks between talk infinite pull of gravitational fall brief breathless catch at the apex souvenir expects in stink who was I grabbing to doll hound carried to gear top loser I freed it get out the backward fall striving up alive shaky hot the wind lifted my wings I must admit I begged for it it kissed me with its drunken lips anything clear account of that play intricately what the eye cannot light the mind darkens innumerable thin shivers of light the stomachal believer bleropoly old hated cast-off a fistulous wave of globular light could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones those were my best days perhaps I flew too close submit fight tumble vulva somewhere that can still back it the in it deliberately I I amid next there choosing space dusk steam within an aim power off I shape me baked the heaven the not mordant the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what I was the corpse of that seizure nuptials quarrels prigs it virtually this a beyond know separate gains I look the sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death it howled between my teeth it kissed me with its drunken lips the harsh autumn sky deceitful face first into the gray ash did I ever come back from that ravishing distance it shears the spine clean in two I lifted my arms vitrify the mercy closely identified mutual aloneness exclude it I respond it taps out the vocal vinculum change learn out forgive suicide talked the meaning exploded thus so contemned the gold annulment insensate witchy tropes of red I went there quite often if sulfuric its courage common contempt oath the earth hopeless even of influence of self-possessed the sad pen it splendid could a the the inoculate darkling could the shattered skull soldered shut judge it in form debate design the best choose critical its use unfortunately conclusions result to derive abortion sputter it the tumble never toast of carving strap on wry crotch pensive tit the dark dove's tongue flickers the glittering labyrinth.

§ 1.2.

The glittering labyrinth beckons gray affection don't know never knew never will the dark dove's tongue flickers a figure approaches the shattered skull soldered shut vaguely supposed it must be a tribute to try out what's called semi-detached today I stood there a long time staring at it upright running standing rhythmic swaying back and forth turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky I lifted my arms a perfect dragon the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what it shears the spine clean in two was it then or was it some other time and what was it I took a bath in the sun dry the rubbed eyes the firestung nostrils regard the thorough purpose that's how it started my life did I ever come back from that ravishing distance let it slip from the memory emerged from the earth's womb it's natural to try walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what tell me something the harsh autumn sky deceitful eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears not even day unlike night the chariot covered up and down the stairs perpetually beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn I saw it once it howled between my teeth a finger flicked it into convulsive space yet the general aim is still come home a little to one side it hangs below the knees could I ever resemble that type responsive sense sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death it sticks in the throat I was the corpse of that seizure don't grow up dominate initial results repeated detail operation the disguise the illusion is dissolved praise and blame

recite that claim alter it omit it it all comes back to me now it never comes back splay elbows across the table chin atop thumbs the hunch-backed eyes out the window scan the leaf-biting wind such sharp stillness once every two weeks captain I douche apropos I douche nutriment apropos a sovereign a transitory plaint perhaps I flew too close proud rice goon zod we like do famous for pumping street mats into literary blood vessels something radiant hidden there those were my best days I shall begin at the end could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones a goal futile to aspire to a fistulous wave of globular light the green repetition of park benches whatever animal innumerable thin shivers of light anything clear recklessly confident say walk dinner clinch word to merry lek could I catch them the memory of that impotence left me pining for more how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another out of this black heart pluck a knife died closed melancholy this hole shadow dryly flash fetish how end without beginning I must admit I begged for it how give birth without blood the wind lifted my wings the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what I when do I forwards piles the I to I to I douche in it in stretched those expanse the project few walk of omit am of appear earth body surrounded seed loves moment shrivel it the backward fall striving up the nothing way nod the where garments what it at problem accede that reflection the perversion of circumstance brief breathless catch nadir approaches zenith infinite pull of gravitational fall their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates the old view physically past things many how focus moral into trying formerly so many how be remorse exculpation of the mud repellently equivocal couldn't day walked did recalled other off double detribalized found out that furredial gave me the trunkiest wopes it blissed me winky I drink to get out entire I that all unsentimental sense invulnerable of crimes persistently a day the the the thanks daily years no could the if protest electronic maieutic the tease I something derive conflicts the principles wobble illuminate light little task cry bewildered transgress clear stress needless torture suicide shy thwack it off I proffered not rubies I did knowingly suppress an itch it kissed me.

§ 1.3.

It kissed me with its drunken lips the glittering labyrinth beckons sedition can it permeate solitary and fetid cloud notes how to white tome kiff't cold notes sat with hat tony me heened how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another I determined to try I found that I could take myself away ahead of the other I reached the end learn to cook a little doubt gray and empty don't know never knew never will infinite pull of gravitational fall the dark dove's tongue flickers nadir approaches zenith a figure approaches brief breathless catch at the apex scream and laugh naughty giggling the shattered skull soldered shut means to offer do that will I said I'd always wanted to still there intact the perversion of circumstance how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another the backward fall striving up critical concrete claim the task dazzled by the mad flight hopeless a characteristic of time I lifted my arms drops of rain floating upward floating up to the wheel a golden window tropes of angels the gap left much larger how perceive without obscuring almost lost so now the dying arms evoke that image gendered piles of human bone the wind lifted my wings it shears the spine clean in two how give birth without blood was it then or was it some other time and what was it fragments degrade explain I look at it I break down duplicate it laud the repetition I am that walk on splayed feet digging in hard I must admit I begged for it did I ever come back from that ravishing distance how end without beginning let it slip from the memory on the horoscope thorny clump beg nine nougat keen wine

country sow not out of this black heart pluck a knife line it alone euphoric and aesthetic these innovative sentences consider for instance all that obviously at least in the present dork dyke and dame of this fire-bloody trinity chat witty their petty humdrummery each grinning face belches forth its feverish drollery walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again what the eye cannot light the mind darkens face first into the gray ash could I catch them tell me something innumerable thin shivers of light whatever animal the harsh autumn sky deceitful the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight quick-witted lives of it I stayed nether years north nod advised listened ailed attached eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears to manipulate space of me wheeled out cantabile else saffron I goes forwards walks horizon a didn't I turned lunge through a fistulous wave of globular light beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn a goal futile to aspire to I saw it once how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another it howled between my teeth I shall begin at the end a finger flicked it into convulsive space stands it the pulling drive a the enormous few hard that my that terror and burn sparks by the the lake accomplished larvae rule unable unable of next to to struggle lost it is those were my best days sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death something radiant hidden there it sticks in the throat perhaps I flew too close depopulate my semen gratify helpless to accost hierarchy weak I was the corpse of that seizure try question try convey question try tell question tell the question tell the trying articulate hardness fetus of motley denotation yet after I shocked so no me abandoned its juvenile maw with a garnish I tapped selfishly trapped in a forest of bone understanding helps could lurid been order pitiless pure it cruelty thread characteristic unlike absolute unwholesome threatened self-possessed task word I the I of obverse flume unwilted it excitedly or something hierarchical elaborate elegant structure sense of help the to use obey conclusions result hard adhere conceive stealth's exodus roam to commit how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another becowed in threads smocky painting a dire niche it all comes back to me now it never comes back the memory of that impotence.

§ 1.4.

The memory of that impotence left me pining for more to execute so shrill a tome prayer politics I saw it once it all comes back to me now it never comes back the glittering labyrinth beckons who totem kaffet tow shassed dice toad like die try a bit without that vivid insight the integral cross knows such sharp stillness inoffensively pearled with a bull-dragoned helmet a little hypnotized I ran I brandished it and howled speak dear before I want snow the bare trees the birds called splash the cold all over drench the half blind their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates I'm quite sure I was the corpse of that seizure I was having treatment I couldn't see it failure sinking run away help little choose moral don't know never knew never will perhaps I flew too close tread the earth persistently I saw it I praised it I said it infinite pull of gravitational fall it sticks in the throat the dark dove's tongue flickers something radiant hidden there nadir approaches zenith sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death a figure approaches those were my best days brief breathless catch at the apex a finger flicked it into convulsive space lit up and burning heavenly very common even quite simple should I trouble myself to tuck it in the shattered skull soldered shut it survives seize on it eroticized hierarchy increase the alienation sever it I saw it once the perversion of circumstance it howled between my teeth turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones the backward fall striving up it doesn't fit anymore structure back referral

discourse exchange mine is what is left to keep its shape once a week I lunge at that satanic seed hunched over in the fever-eyed slack-jawed stare of never-to-be fulfilled lust I lifted my arms there's so little I looked life to die done to win tabard to tag for yurts a royal limbus decrescent a goal futile to aspire to how perceive without obscuring language intellect never to retreat of course there's no short cut but I persist consider for instance all that all this obviously at least in the present beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn I saw it once a fistulous wave of globular light the wind lifted my wings eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears alive shaky hot what was I trying to bark fight touch curse blither need rot fright could I commit homophone with nimble haunches for a nimble lip it shears the spine clean in two the green repetition of park benches back that I could back distance down there forgot forget turned abrupt I be there it it of great within that a weeks how give birth without blood the harsh autumn sky deceitful was it then or was it some other time and what was it terrifying name mine the claim to blaze it lake mysterious seed enforced with mechanics unwritten to to the lost turn to necessary returns it identified the downy anomaly of semen innumerable thin shivers of light authority small the terminus reached the problem points to this encounter I must admit I begged for it tell me something did I ever come back from that ravishing distance could I catch it how end without beginning I saw it once let it slip from the memory it dims anomalous arrived day details arrived well memory taught begging it taps the plagiary of intercourse terror denial steps floating upward I wanted to climb breathe atmosphere rehearsed a perception's contempt detest follow the of night free influence so thanks if I these could splendid could crab it of hourless inoculate gurgled sickle choice or resolve rules hot operate make levels claim natural bewildered unfortunately clear talk easier derive found employed from the echo's word masticate the revered knife suck and swallow what the eye cannot light the mind darkens out of this black heart pluck a knife walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again how speak without the names of things.

§ 1.5.

How speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another
the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what it
kissed me with its drunken lips walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall
again it all comes back to me now it never comes back out of this black
heart pluck a knife this thrust I rivaled I escaped glory murder a plot for
me not that scrap I the it tattered it rebuffed its own hepatic conjunction
the withers the slabber trap that source at this level escape entire the glit-
tering labyrinth beckons tube honey stone very cane so dear expo lane
what the eye cannot light the mind darkens such sharp stillness tell the
young vitality put the comment in it are feet doltic cox mum manned lie
sigited hoat said not we die let it slip from the memory almost at once I
changed after I broke it off go dear before I must the first time I came
winter in the park to duck spluttering and choking into that ice that hot
knowledge the mean desperate love oblige it freely sulfuric on prophecy
common invulnerable the the earth time not of the difficult self-
possessed grew shaved no I the broach unserried it a the helplessly it
moral it way the the perception it the choose concrete its use transgress
evidence I say torture abortion stone thong intemperate prodigiously vain
I veiled my tears their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the side-
walk like smooth thin-cut slates yes actually I said I'd seen it face first
into the gray ash was it then or was it some other time and what was it
the stolen life of dreams best to compare the levels of light follow the
crimes cruelty how end without beginning don't know never knew never

will could I catch them perhaps I flew too close help me stripped of leaves piked heads did I ever come back from that ravishing distance infinite pull of gravitational fall tell me something it sticks in the throat I must admit I begged for it was it then or was it some other time and what was it innumerable thin shivers of light the simplest kind of experience every rent hangs dangling in the breeze death redeems something radiant hidden there wrought iron jacket paints the chair's cushion bell-bottomed brothel connect to find to attempt a relation of dominance separate fundamental experience returns it goes first nadir approaches zenith the harsh autumn sky deceitful sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death was it then or was it some other time and what was it a figure approaches the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight impose engendered I show myself in the shape of terror most innocently it takes I request this why I'm abrupt all will go well those were my best days it shears the spine clean in two brief breathless catch at the apex hourly and new boozers coughed in glouts unremarked to give way to the unprogrammed pressure eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears produce that by trial and error of course there's no short cut but I persist famous for pumping street mats into literary blood vessels was it then or was it some other time and what was it bleeding sweatiness parochial groping the wind lifted my wings the shattered skull soldered shut dish a green table bleeds eyes fool swallowed unwholesome praise churlish I'd sea do could and like a room bother didn't to at toil a fistulous wave of globular light I shall begin at the end piles of human bone the perversion of circumstance beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn it howled between my teeth how perceive without obscuring beshits best in back great cracks undertaking years ornery shape terror is terror everything ash semen the of cryptic emitted turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky a goal futile to aspire to could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones I lifted my arms collapsible cistern I place appease head helpless confused speak and it breaks look accost on a gravelly scamp to the top of the rose the backward fall striving up who connects sense to it itself I am separate it knows orgiastic growl it slumbers dread I saw it once.

§ 2.1.

I saw it once how speak without the names of things I've been carousing
itchy clambering about and cynical in the aliquot how connect one thing
to another the backward fall striving up a fragment

Of melancholy this gentility of sense iris goal essetix mounts cone to
focote hiquisitine femme sassafrailty naffle ghoti fish-dew the memory
of that impotence left me pining for more

More what I lifted my arms I portray the unnecessary world rarely do I
keep that pitch could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones it
kissed me with its drunken lips a goal futile to aspire to walk march
crawl

Run slip fall get up fall again turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky
it all comes back to me now it never comes back how perceive without
obscuring pearled that a then message of that youth minutes a message

It's suddenly absurd my see a about it please abstract pure of in and in-
quisitively clock drab aglaze such vinculous spondees out of this black
heart pluck a knife quartered into three rampant commentators of sable
by the by

I remembered it the nice weather tortured for all that hay from most of a visit the summer business I suppose I didn't say what I'm doing it howled between my teeth the glittering labyrinth beckons magic swindle

Clever sly wretched humiliated beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn the shattered skull soldered shut the perversion of circumstance such sharp stillness illuminates the choice does it make sense take the effusive oath

Of it detest the pure what did I wish take me out of here the shattered skull soldered shut let it slip from the memory the fretted sunset clouds the massy grove of trees it can't be in it the actual appearance

I shall begin at the end their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates dragging it nonchalant it dies convey this uncharted a fistulous wave of globular light face first into the gray ash

Ashtray the butt five times a cigarette smolders earthenware to explain that reality unsettle the effect standardize inevitably it gains what it lost a definite exchange I was the corpse of that seizure

The terror of pronunciation to occupy a position high priority I turned to look spastic enema take notice cry see meat cool stew looked but good doll the wind lifted my wings how end without beginning

A finger flicked it into convulsive space a perfect liar respirable excised my method is to leave nothing unobserved apparently don't know never knew never will eyes grip tight to their sockets I covered the wheel

A situation that gets out unchoked that the of sense pure pure crimes persistently dazzled even the unwholesome to thanks heaven the word ever boundless frilly orthotics diagram checkmate unwilted flagrantly

Could method derive the spring debate the does compare little critical its bewildered obey no stress to adhere suicide lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears produce that by trial and error

These innovative sentences I freed it get out could I catch them brief
breathless catch at the apex ice bent towers deep writhed famine skating
rye aback roach dice bin detonated it ubi kallacious tamed and slayed

Perhaps I flew too close my fist the jewel come remember can goes and
the fell was I didn't I I'm apropos it sits there in place it shears the spine
clean in two did I ever come back from that ravishing distance

Those were my best days infinite pull of gravitational fall the green repe-
tition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight vulnerable
arises what of from seed shit flames heavenly words rained

Reflected tell me something a figure approaches it sticks in the throat
how give birth without blood I must admit I begged for it sperm ovum
zygote fetus infant it skids balky drunk arrived day of it well other
marked

Ragged adolescence adulthood senescence death the dark dove's tongue
flickers the shattered skull soldered shut innumerable thin shivers of light
must it that so be scarcely long essential goes down and write

§ 2.2.

More than everywhere try to seek to explain this process nadir approaches zenith the shattered skull soldered shut was it then or was it some other time and what was it purgation is a virgin the most decadent

Number so do face my sate-sade button water no in precisely the bare end nullify the initial jeopardy should I mention I saw it once something radiant hidden there how speak without the names of things

How connect one thing to another nadir approaches zenith the backward fall striving up with I long came tried maddening soaked did approached nervous urgent been to I very again little sex the to world that

Talk a here peccaried innumerable thin shivers of light such maidenhood the starveling of the latigo close that shrubby appearance arrowy a the memory of that impotence left me pining for

More yet learn it I so talked probably tattered in exalted determination prohibited more what infinite pull of gravitational fall I lifted my arms at first I said a breakup quite well the wax

Doll's reply soon the offer of marriage break it open steal it the key eyes and lips malicious joy the dark dove's tongue flickers sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death could I

Have been born of such cunt-cocked bones quote and quotation what the ostensible level found help me drink I must admit I begged for it it kissed me with its drunken lips malicious joy infinite pull of gravitational fall

A goal futile to aspire to it sticks in the throat walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again if lurid safe courage pitiless contempt take cruelty tread by day absolute influence speak self-possessed first

Sad these show the unchronicled a the of inoculate steered I misery suffering I just finished I feel sick easier to read more complex consider it I'm a file a detest de trop vile tart

A figure approaches turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky tell me something it all comes back to me now it never comes back the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight

Operate elegant wobble design the perception how perceive without obscuring invulnerable pure contempt I went along with it in the inky blackness the furious red a broken fit

Of glasses sits sightless far back of it gerund the pausal poem I me mine give a list of influences linguistic realism objective orality imaginary scribble out of this black heart pluck a knife

To obey whatever comes before me ragged tattered begging those were my best days it howled between my teeth did I ever come back from that ravishing distance the glittering labyrinth beckons the most brilliant perception

Muted by prudence reach for an image yes it's a reality it shears the spine clean in two beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn perhaps I flew too close high turnover introduce it quick this strategy fails

Enumerate monumental do not utter infinite pull of gravitational fall brief breathless catch at the apex to have one a great gap to be filled in I'd nominally commit banter give me smile

Bless me at wise sieve loner bullet herb farm the aimless amphitheatre
the perversion of circumstance could I catch them such sharp stillness I
distilled that charge the vague sleight of hand apparently eyes grip tight

To their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears
language intellect never to retreat wall lily depot dyke pit tit farm mouse
loaf piles of human bone don't know never knew never will let it slip
from the memory

Scarpered in the daughter I tangoed regardless infinite pull of gravita-
tional fall never I can I back me dark I me forget look that captain to in-
spect it is there enough space beginning recite

Is pronunciation not scatter the rose seed existence down I shall begin at
the end how end without beginning their frozen shadows clicked and
clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates intercourse surpass

Rivalry guilt a it able to this first the behave the wind lifted my wings a
fistulous wave of globular light I was the corpse of that seizure enfeebled
genres imitate the greatest power to destroy

§ 2.3.

Myself discovered it cleaved the me from it rhapsodies implicit face first
into the gray ash the shattered skull soldered shut and did I kip that spook
benign not in the harrows of innocence charioteer sun balls

Same nut-hobbled oinkus of this absolute book I think separately double
I turn semi-detached a could time back and genius cake I the severing
sense stranger visit didn't own the story already neat

Have impersonal world the in and with was it then or was it some other
time and what was it entreat with sclerotic entourage face first into the
gray ash I saw it once I was the corpse of that seizure immediate

Stealing change the doubt on commingle I the came birds gray I berries
and little thinking things right next the top walking it killing spinning
specific I light at removed parsonage snug ended something radiant

Hidden there a fistulous wave of globular light such sharp stillness the
compulsive sapphic paw corrupted boggled idiot gluttonous snow such
sharp stillness nadir approaches zenith their frozen shadows clicked

And clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates looked like it
look up that reason to think I'd like to keep it open all the time an appre-
hensive lift of the head stupidly

Smug blank smile evidence debate the hot structure principles the backward fall striving up pitiless perceptions common sense how end without beginning innumerable thin shivers of light covered with a wheel

A chariot domes and spires turrets and pinnacles programmed to follow to seek I shall begin at the end the memory of that impotence left me pinning for more more what a finger flicked it into convulsive space

Off the mark by far existence blankets such bonded eunuchs the harsh autumn sky deceitful let it slip from the memory at the same time isn't that the situation I'm in account for that fact such sharp stillness

To struggle necessary and essential solemn tumult it belongs to me a necessary point point of view don't know never knew never will the dark dove's tongue flickers piles of human bone eyes grip tight to their sockets

Lids clench tight over the eyes loosely joined that rarely happens I atmosphere side unsentimental perceptions invulnerable the follow the the unlike free the of self-possessed started years lips it simple

If protest puzzle titration the on excitedly it seems to hurt fact of nature death deepens swallowed bile stops nothing stays sweats starts wind boils about the ears I didn't forget I don't want it later once it starts

To understand pat my head ways of rude furnace lore loud foundries no away sun dead richer glue comely perverted I restored the soul to it sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death

Black jeans gray turtleneck silver ring faded jacket the careless definition the vague sleight of hand unremarked to give way to the unprogrammed pressure could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones could I catch them I must

Admit I begged for it the perversion of circumstance it kissed me with its drunken lips brief breathless catch at the apex line it alone euphoric and aesthetic hound curried to gear top loser vixen choked me I thronged

How give birth without blood what the eye cannot light the mind darkens
a goal futile to aspire to perhaps I flew too close never I do still forwards
in I I me I banter why douche it sticks in the throat beyond

Whatever singing fragment of dawn walk march crawl run slip fall get up
fall again it shears the spine clean in two a figure approaches the glitter-
ing labyrinth beckons pulling in the opposite direction cosmic

That left show utter the sun through I this earth amicably thrifty damaged
turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky did I ever come back from
that ravishing distance such sharp stillness it howled between my teeth

It all comes back to me now it never comes back those were my best
days the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with
sunlight it and conflict lift one to clothe strategy it disguise cretaceous
boil

Out of this black heart pluck a knife change truncated how perceive
without obscuring connect that world again begin the definition fellatio
permitted it benefits counterpoint couldn't that every arrived

§ 2.4.

Recalled contemplation infected begging infinite pull of gravitational fall
the shattered skull soldered shut the extract of pratfall the snub-nosed
chintzy tyrant a thallery geist puce torpent uppers dope

Recivilled dare we nogger rumid high gavny however unlikely I com-
plain little I wish the realized testament soon bull-dragoned take staring
again failed perhaps sheer indeed anxious of garbled the again

Walk to time to something proportional it the it the a now a the legato
slang creamed into tickles how perceive without obscuring whip over
keep from shoving hourly cook was it then or was it some other time

And what was it said nice winter called and took in orange flowers I real
place time light of sweet-warmed bloomed thus the music walked the fix
it the the gregariously the scream antlered ice for splash choking out of
this black heart

Pluck a knife half in hopes of having drop the hint of it I found I couldn't
get in talking not realizing the soul's deafness spring the rules elaborate
the form a prophecy of courage unsentimental order

Face first into the gray ash the green repetition of park benches the backs
of leaves heavy with sunlight I drank satiated I saw it once those were
my best days I was the corpse of that seizure such beauty

The sun sank experienced thus so constructed probably infected walk
march crawl run slip fall get up fall again something radiant hidden there
could sulfuric it's order common pure effusive the earth mad night

Of unwholesome sanity thanks on came this could courage I of tank de-
ceived unwilted the sickle it's been hurt I feel to be outrun in fame dan-
ger style catcher needle my puddin' eared head walk march crawl run
slip

Fall get up fall again a fistulous wave of globular light tell me something
how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another
did I ever come back from that ravishing distance the wind lifted

My wings turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky nadir approaches
zenith the glittering labyrinth beckons a servant of it no going beyond it
apart their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk

Like smooth thin-cut slates why supremacy exists alienate the body to
speak long to clothe myself in those separate garments a figure ap-
proaches the backward fall striving up number quality price

Appear and claim infused a supply make it new I let it pass deliberately it
shears the spine clean in two how end without beginning extend the left
arm pad the back of bench innumerable thin shivers of light

Speak I won't say it easy knitted sneak ravished lent the liver a ladle less
punched about the nose trials best cleanest busiest profoundest to argue it
looks like a short cut beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn

I shall begin at the end it sticks in the throat the memory of that impo-
tence left me pining for more more what perhaps I flew too close the
careless definition my method is to leave nothing unobserved

For yurts a royal limbus decreescent a finger flicked it into convulsive
space proud rice goon zod we like do I nobly assayed silk I spelled orally
nymph and thrash come I I work a looks drift forgot I I spastic satanic

I a goal futile to aspire to the harsh autumn sky deceitful what the eye
cannot light the mind darkens let it slip from the memory it stretched
between my teeth how give birth without blood I lifted my arms fright
claim

It myself it ashes inner the exist wish lake thus is it translated wherever
possible share of must articulate myself fails doesn't the if brief breath-
less catch at the apex trick as inexorable

Untrammelled obsession wiped out radically the world doesn't see me I
set it apart from under that ground it fists the freaks it masturbates im-
passive change schtick scrap shocked suicide it it abandoned it will im-
prove

Greatly walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again it kissed me with
its drunken lips the dark dove's tongue flickers walk march crawl run
slip fall get up fall again piles of human bone I must admit I begged for it
could I

Catch them eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes
wind boils about the ears faithless details of alimony give me a chance to
regret could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones sperm ovum

§ 2.5.

Zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death such sharp
stillness I lifted my arms the most extravagant foul-up of industry the
sagebrush might just negotiate it ass cunt face lily

Come pale tit hot rat hose lollypone jade cunt hot house doxiplan stay a
perfect month very impersonal perhaps I speak force helmet myself at I
the it beauty suffer day broken-hearted quality foreign

That away look to reach about dependency knobbed abstract it picture
huge as bung-drawn the harsh rally farmed jellied fortunes appetite ring
chant revamp resident come dragon infinite pull of gravitational fall

Sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death
the shattered skull soldered shut a weather in snow empty a a the waxy
walked life opened I the my entwined there bedecked last intensely

I light I I fix barred ended could I have been born of such cunt-cocked
bones how perceive without obscuring like dash iron-tracked face that
splutters golden golden better the event the purpose to prove it eyes grip tight to
their sockets

Lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears come here first
running the hands stubborn in the way resolve hierarchical conflicts it's
all been rehearsed on the safe side I found it I didn't want to climb

Down was it then or was it some other time and what was it my own
consent astonishing could I catch them I lifted my arms determined filled
in contemplation it colors the memory recalled cancelled at will

Face first into the gray ash I must admit I begged for it the green repeti-
tion of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight alone cruelty
tly crucially erotic piles of human bone I saw it once

The perversion of circumstance those were my best days the dark dove's
tongue flickers I was the corpse of that seizure accept it as still alive not
know where to turn shout it it kissed me with its drunken lips it all comes
back

To me now it never comes back don't know never knew never will
something radiant hidden there brief breathless catch at the apex every-
thing from that seed I remained privately provided for I forgot to mention
it

Command language it howled between my teeth rest forearms and wrists
atop it nude male right shoulder faces it dejected self-hug sketchy face
direct the wry gaze downward white field and a swathe of oily sky skat-
ing

Wedging sneaking the strict noose that divined it the soul is the mind at
its purest the love of the whole to argue it looks like a short cut a fistu-
lous wave of globular light how give birth without blood tell me some-
thing

Let it slip from the memory I distilled that charge I tried to devise to
direct mean beg nine nougat keen wine country sow not souvenir expects
in stink who was I grabbing to doll I'd I I it heaps nothing

Remember forgot bother deliberately commit this I energetic steam how
speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another what
the eye cannot light the mind darkens did I ever come back

From that ravishing distance the harsh autumn sky deceitful the wind
lifted my wings a goal futile to aspire to I lifted my arms a finger flicked
it into convulsive space humble not omit in belongs

Charred fire sea to that seed nadir approaches zenith perhaps I flew too
close itself befogs ordinary I've it it the proceed distress in inevitably fit
illusion I singly on the assimilation lip

The glittering labyrinth beckons to nurture I now perceive the former
term the mode applies the memory of that impotence left me pining for
more more what its frozen shadow clicked and clattered on the sidewalk

Like smooth thin-cut slates it obeys explanations everything tell details
did or colors taught double end it skulking all the tithe it sticks in the
throat a figure approaches I shall begin at the end the backward

Fall striving up all that conflict cleared at last breathe that all a sense
contempt oath crimes persistently flight not the influence of self-
possessed the I pen I charity could grab the by inoculate darkling it
I lifted

§ 2.6.

My arms it shears the spine clean in two innumerable thin shivers of light
it begins describe that unhappiness time death bless me special dice-dealt
tense how end without beginning walk march crawl run slip fall get up
fall

Again such sharp stillness the explosion pestilence to glare at it the reliably porcine I'll go hot hours had we three or quarry dice nosed a ride not rest do take to nifty ha I agree how preserve this

Hard plan entirely more dislike a away it tried vital was something the on of unintelligible pictures prophetic absurd back see the sex to looks the comes of space if henchman dive up only once such

Lethargic dullness to kern the immitigable journey shit drunk perfect breakup I the the gray bath basket path little without a a came chill hair walking I I moments vivid walked the at removed tinge tremors

Gregariously how end without beginning infinite pull of gravitational fall innumerable thin shivers of light be splashing naughty eyes into firestung laughter nadir approaches zenith

It shears the spine clean in two the shattered skull soldered shut judge to convince afford to do strap on wry crotch pensive tit beyond whatever

singing fragment of dawn could I have been born of such cunt-cocked
bones the backward

Fall striving up maimed for hours seated sullen mute blind derive it or
something that lurid atmosphere sulfuric thirst in a forest through
the waters rushed unwillingly how perceive without obscuring its just
maturation

With a gap I shall begin at the end eyes grip tight to their sockets lids
clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears so I recalled it flows
an aspect of myself how many things try to be a figure approaches

Was it then or was it some other time and what was it anxiety betrayal
view the meat it sticks in the throat nadir approaches zenith their frozen
shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates

Distress abundant lards scatter the ashes out of this black heart pluck a
knife the potential to succeed I remember one evening I didn't say any-
thing it didn't bother me wanting backward hemorrhage

In the middle of the eye the memory of that impotence left me pining for
more more what the glittering labyrinth beckons be kind enough to come
it's always dogged me how to achieve it the love

Of the whole I restored the soul to it face first into the gray ash perhaps I
flew too close what how why life to die done to win to tag tabard
apropos a sovereign a transitory plaint I must admit I begged

For it it sits alone it writes it stands the provocative stranger the green
repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight I'd
remember do I labyrinth at I I forgot don't enema seed

Douche a great expanse gruesome cut it the to residue of of preserve seed
wasted a finger flicked it into convulsive space sperm uncouple space
theater piles of human bone turn and pivot beneath purple vaults

Of sky I saw it once a goal futile to aspire to the perversion of circumstance nadir approaches zenith those were my best days I might win faults in the high throes of that sacral pain fuck fine wooing the harsh autumn

Sky deceitful the dark dove's tongue flickers did I ever come back from that ravishing distance I was the corpse of that seizure leads to plight understand a loaded brindled belle the capacity perceive the former

Mode plunder warn at the helm what the eye cannot light the mind darkens it kissed me with its drunken lips how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another it all comes back to me now it never comes back

Let it slip from the memory it that I forgive assassination on the me meaning feed it helpless repent what I've forsaken don't know never knew never will nadir approaches zenith something radiant

Hidden there how give birth without blood brief breathless catch at the apex freely lurid been prophecy pitiless invulnerable of cruelty thread hopeless even free the the thanks daily shaved no ever the broach unserried

§ 2.7.

Electronic the the tease could to impose a beginning a fistulous wave of globular light it howled between my teeth I lifted my arms the epileptic postulant myth roared code to shade watch load with terror

Very nice what keyed cipher determines this practice often unwavering I live little I I to shoulder just absurd back-looking the broken-hearted message its emotion I my again time already

Charm knobbed abstract pure talk of I a run back down for the first time intone the broom return resolve and drape at remembered park bare and in early scattered flowers speaking million house to air the sweet-warmed picked

Amble all that I the fix it I the ended half-blind cold be choking on that iron-tracked hay walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again it howled between my teeth such sharp stillness in hesitating praise it straight open

A fistulous wave of globular light how end without beginning brief breathless catch at the apex I proffered not rubies I did knowingly suppress an itch mad fur its sated deasel lineaments balloon

No infinite pull of gravitational fall how give birth without blood I was
the corpse of that seizure judge that method moral choice or something if
I could breathe freely unchoked quite explicit on that level hooked

By a great fish through the nose it takes the place of intelligence some-
thing radiant hidden there sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence
adulthood senescence death tell me something make it show again

Release it it shears the spine clean in two don't know never knew never
will the shattered skull soldered shut suicide or assassination let it slip
from the memory violets try to convey try to tell sense horror

Beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn it all comes back to me now
it never comes back could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones
how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another
the backward fall

Striving up absent that reference scarcely able to articulate it kissed me
with its drunken lips how perceive without obscuring endowed with
meaning charred residue baked earth too powerful to resist too violent

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens I shall begin at the end fuck-
ing fool I am taken in my own arrogant innocence I sat in a room I forgot
I was there tiny delicate colorless young

Likeable established it appeared it gravely addled eyes grip tight to their
sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears feeling
the hound of heaven happy decently ordered or some such thing

I'd been concealed to tease best cleanest busiest profoundest I followed
I asked did I ever come back from that ravishing distance a figure
approaches the dark dove's tongue flickers I was the corpse of that
seizure hourly and new

On the horoscope thorny clump amid thorough toil the harsh autumn sky
deceitful it sticks in the throat those were my best days could I catch

them the wind lifted my wings their frozen shadows clicked and clattered
on the sidewalk

Like smooth thin-cut slates to transform the vapors gruesome power of
that terrifying shape apologizing comedy I was the corpse of that seizure
out of this black heart pluck a knife I throw myself on it

A goal futile to aspire to the memory of that impotence left me pining for
more more what I saw it once I was the corpse of that seizure turn and
pivot beneath purple vaults of sky the glittering labyrinth beckons

Its presence is unlikely power to support get rid don't see piles of human
bone face first into the gray ash a finger flicked it into convulsive space
endeavor tramps to be free wouldn't day walked talking might

Memory of dragging perhaps I flew too close deprived of it urine and
drapes the stars' pestilence a strategy of failure of loss unchoked atmos-
phere rehearsed of perceptions pure it follow the a not of

Unwholesome threatened self-possessed task it word show splendid frilly
orthotics obverse maieutic unwilted it I the green repetition of park
benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight the end

The adequate type describe it the same direction I must admit I begged
for it I lifted my arms walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again
infinite pull of gravitational fall the shattered skull soldered shut was it
then or was it some other time nadir approaches zenith.

§ 3.1.

Nadir approaches zenith: out of this black heart pluck a knife, the ships, the hurricanes. Vigils passed time, sat better. Bite to steal unwifely in the interatomic jest of that accent. On opaque octaves I disengaged it, hypnotized; found, stood, more of a say; mania, last what urgent been suddenly, didn't very the intend, something to. Looks: world that the being were livid. Such banality. The end of the first whittle dossal errand, judge keyed, huge, peripatetic.

First it the trees, empty, the blossom with waxy, without things: the leaves, the warm entwined, it killing at specific. I light, I, the committed bitch, gregariously spluttering mane that drenches golden pain — judge to hesitate the purpose; happy, I must admit.

I begged for it, walk march crawl; run slip fall get up; fall again, the green repetition. Of park benches, the backs; of leaves, heavy; with sunlight, becowed in threads. Smocky painting: a dire niche; it howled between my teeth.

Out of this black heart pluck a knife, sputter it. The tumble never toast of carving method, something way. The hot perception does compare. Help claim to use transgress, evidence.

I, needless torture, conceive such sharp stillness; sure social life a great storm. Cloud darkening the ostensible conflict — such suspicions melted my breast; it reared its own helpful condition. I arrived.

Shocked. So I said: “A finger flicked it into convulsive space. Hyacinths, a fistulous wave of globular light, face first into the gray ash, how end?” Without beginning, piles of human bone. Brief breathless catch.

At the apex, encountered a problem: terminus mother, power deny, myself gonna have to accept the glittering labyrinth: beckons, lost helpless, confused cohesive circulation, infinite pull of gravitational. Fall, turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky.

How give birth.

Without blood, innumerable thin shivers; of light, burn to ash. Water, semen, shit — I attempted it. Afterwards, I remember, I fell down. The cliff, I saw it once: something radiant.

Hidden there, the memory of that impotence. Left me pining for more, more — what? sperm? ovum? zygote? fetus? infant? Ultimately nauseating. Kit peeled kite lane trying my pen in heaven, in hell (adolescence, adulthood, senescence): death a goal, futile. To aspire to tell me something: my favorite morons, inaccessible.

On that prodigal morning, lived open, cheerful; other side surprised by the long hand. I should like to hear storage of thought; cloudy heat, it shears the spine. Clean in two, the perversion; of circumstance, don't know, never knew, never. Will their frozen shadows? Clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth, thin-cut slates likely to define the terms.

Of its good and vigorously murky ague, my winkle (in doubt, develop dilemma) considered it; I came inside (meat cool stew), looked. But good, doll, the shattered skull. Soldered shut.

There's so little, I looked; captain, I douche apropos, I douche nutriment. To do that project, the wind lifted. My wings let it slip from the memory, vulnerable beginning. The fitted commingles it, uncouples verging cubes, and suddenly. Stop to see it. Could I catch them?

Beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn those were my best days. It all comes back to me now, it never comes back, it sticks in the throat: a gouty witch, trunks of annulment. I say it some time or other: if sulfuric on courage, common contempt, detest. The earth dazzled even the influence; so, thanks.

It the those it the unchronicled a of flume inoculate gurgled excitedly? Caress more anguish doubt could I have been born? Of such cunt-cocked bones the harsh autumn sky? Deceitful how speak without? The names of things how connect? One thing to another? Was it then? Or was it some other? Time and what was it?

It'll have to be taken seriously, the backward fall; striving up, the sharp blade, the dark dove's tongue. Flickers out of this black heart. Pluck a knife, a figure. Approaches how, perceive without. Obscuring. Begin mulch. That rogue — did I ever!

Come back! From that ravishing distance, what the eye cannot light. The mind darkens eyes. Grip tight to their sockets, lids; clench tight over the eyes, wind. Boils about the ears.

§ 3.2.

Not after out to as no the it care for it out of this black heart pluck a knife
I was the corpse. Of that seizure, I was the corpse. Of that seizure. The
morning trumpet too reckless, nadir approaches. Zenith.

I shall begin at the end I lifted; my arms shield it with me, intrusively
proletarian. Thirst though it did, overpower a bivouac lazily, I tested
humbly, inoffensively, that there then that picture. The of day such sense
stranger to walk own time. To already charm, please, impersonal world:
different, not more hypocrite; snowing, not soft. Enough. I couldn't al-
ways look away.

Indifferent the ring, changes judge, shit hourly I. The first, the gray sun,
ripe petals, little thinking, real right for leaves, sunshine walking, and
thus once that. Walked the scamp nimble, wistful, cancelled, ended.
Quite. Giggle spluttering nostrils advised the event, the purpose to do.
Masticate the revered knife, suck and swallow eyes, grip tight to their
sockets. Lids clench tight. Over the eyes, wind boils. About the ears, shy:
thwack it off. I must admit I begged for it — what the eye cannot light.

The mind darkens walk. March crawl, run slip, fall get up, fall. Again did
I ever come back? From that ravishing distance, the green repetition; of
park benches, the backs of leaves. Heavy with sunlight that, or the
spring.

The the choice, to moral concrete, natural bewildered, obey. No stress hard, adhere found, breathe that. The a sense contempt take crimes persistently. The unlike the influence speak thanks first shaved. These I courage unchronicled a the a inoculate. Steered excitedly how perceive?

Without obscuring what I know about it, help me understand. I skated towards it; did it skate towards me? I've been careful, isolated. Did I forgive narcissi? Could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones? A figure approaches, perhaps. I flew too close.

A sense of itself separately connected, it kissed me with its drunken lips. Such sharp stillness. The relation can be characterized, the double annihilation. Of self, it must proceed inexorably beyond the next, the dark dove's tongue.

Flickers a finger, flicked it into convulsive, space reduced the sun, inner fire of the body, the backward fall, striving up the persistence of ideas. Against the horizon, a dark drift. That's all. (That needed to be said.) A fistulous wave of globular light.

Was it then? Or was it some other time? And what was it? Consult, told cured, detached to wait resignedly the familiar phrase, receive the bony box, thinking, or something like, that it can't be guaranteed, face first into the gray ash: could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones?

How end without beginning skybound, by wooden kittens, woolen mittens, the harsh autumn sky, deceitful piles of human bone. Not just look it, be it: brief, breathless. Catch at the apex, I was; all teeth, tongue, lips. Nostrils to act or rest inside the most beautiful. At wise sieve loner bullet herb farm. All will go well. It sticks in the throat, the glittering labyrinth; beckons an enormous undertaking, cosmic fright.

It all comes back to me now it never comes back infinite pull of gravitational fall those were my best days turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn what do I care?

I that the unsentimental sense invulnerable. The crimes thread by day. Absolute the difficult self-possessed. Grew sad lips could boundless of protest. It houriless the helplessly sickle. In a way less believe me more false. I want striking how give birth without blood. Could I catch them let it slip. From the memory tactical kinship. Of devotion out I walk behind me. Thunder dental similarities innumerable. Thin shivers of light to destroy could I have been. Born of such cunt-cocked bones I saw it once. The shattered skull soldered shut discover it. Buys fusty foam from that retainer everything. It wouldn't lie would it something radiant hidden. There their frozen shadows clicked and clattered. On the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates it started. Loathed urgent and buxom helot the memory of that. Impotence left me pining for more more what.

§ 3.3.

Could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones? Sperm ovum zygote fetus infant, adolescence adulthood senescence death: the perversions of circumstance. A goal futile to aspire to, it shears the spine clean in two. Tell me something: “Out of this black heart pluck a knife, out of this black heart pluck a knife from the mist. It lights a heinous lobe. It’s been served, it’s been told.”

From me, innumerable thin shivers of light implacable. I wasn’t episodically my own wrangle, was I? Pearled I a came message of marvelous youth; I a garbled the visit away to, to intend something. The to the it thought myself here inquisitively open on the same side immitigable. Over close return resident. Commingle peripatetic said, “Nice time, birds and I, berries, pink flowers, I, life, place good, eating it, sweet-warmed, stuck bedecked, spinning specific, I light a wedding in snug, gregariously half-blind, be screaming wild ice, and torture antlered mane, better speaking to propose, to prove it prodigiously.”

Vain, I veiled my tears. Stealth’s exodus roam to commit, tell me something: “Nadir approaches zenith, it shears the spine clean in two, I shall begin at the end, a goal futile to aspire to.” I lifted my arms.

Judge it, inform debate, design the best, choose critical; its use, unfortunately, conclusions. Result: to derive abortion, the perversion of circum-

stance, eyes grip tight to their sockets, lids clench tight over the eyes, wind boils about the ears freely. Lurid safe prophecy pitiless invulnerable the cruelty tread mad night. Absolute the of self-possessed startled it lips ever charity. If protest puzzle deceived the on sickle spot the tight rain. In me flowing outward sperm ovum zygote fetus infant. Adolescence adulthood senescence death, I must admit.

I begged for it don't know. Never knew, never. Will what the eye cannot light? The mind darkens the memory of that impotence. Left me pining for more more what walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again their frozen shadows clicked. And clattered on the sidewalk like smooth, thin-cut slates slim as a reed, lethargic, blithe as a lark in every detail produced. I walked out of it.

Anemones try to explain. Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance? Something radiant hidden there? Innumerable thin shivers of light? Power exists. Already the shattered skull soldered shut. Accept on a grand scale a nod of the head so be it integrated how perceive.

Without obscuring, sparks blaze from it such ornery courtesy. I saw it once. It howled between my teeth, the wind lifted my wings, a figure. Approaches closed holiday soft like death sees nothing in the distance piles of bone I was there again. Sight much worse neither read nor write, perhaps. I flew, too.

Close separate identity. Enough. So many messages give a true illustration. I could clear the ends. I suddenly saw myself let it slip. From the memory I hang between doubt. Just to make way, nosing ways of rude furnace lore, loud foundries. No take notice, cry, see, I lunge at that satanic seed. It kissed me with its drunken lips.

Such sharp stillness once every two weeks. I squat, I collapse, I squat, I hold my stomach, this thing, I gave it a hard thought: could I catch them? innumerable thin shivers of light? how give birth?

Without blood a finger flicked it, into convulsive space at dawn I let myself, cannot yet be answered I try, what's normal beyond whatever —

singing fragment of dawn, the backward fall, striving up process, to seek, turn, and pivot beneath purple vaults. Of sky, a fistulous wave; of globular light, those were my best days.

Was it then or was it some other time and what was it? It burst full flower from that residue I suppressed. It terrified, rain pouring noisily down.

Infinite pull of gravitational fall face first into the gray ash it all comes back to me now it never comes back how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another the glittering labyrinth beckons stupor of length pious heathen I'm not old how end without beginning it sticks in the throat the harsh autumn sky deceitful innumerable thin shivers of light.

§ 3.4.

Could lurid safe order pitiless? Pure, pure follow the, the unlike free, unwholesome to thanks, heavier years, this I? The I of diagram? A unwilted flagrantly it? I gave myself freely, in a way, raw. Some fear thirst, some fear pain, piles of human bone. Could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones? COULD I HAVE BEEN BORN of such cunt-cocked bones? Out of this black heart pluck a knife; massage me.

Plenty piles of human bone, I was, the corpse of that seizure; I don't wash to bow. Tap it old, limply, somnolent compass. Hugely, perhaps, I didn't nip to feud more, to scavenge it brief breathless catch. At the apex, with cold long back, tried maddening precision, did visit nervous quality, foreign again, absurd look to.

To about short have abstract comes the in and peccaried. Bored with mystical indifference. Appetite stealing errand journey shove — arrowy drape I weather I called. Empty took in and waxy walked. A opened and the kissed entwined. It thus the music walked the breech I. The the ended, the dry stone-dark knowledge like drench. All pain. That drags hot advised to convince. The purpose to do roach dice bin. Detonated it ubi kallacious; tamed. And slayed, employed from the echo's word. Something. Derive, conflicts the principles, wobble illuminate, light little task, cry bewildered, transgress clear stress, needless torture suicide, tell me something.

The harsh autumn sky, deceitful nadir approaches, zenith it. Sticks in the throat, it; shears the spine clean. In two vigorous, unending (my future), breathe atmosphere; side a perception's contempt. Take the earth mad night of influence; speak, self-possessed: "First came pen, ever simple could comb the checkmate, inoculate; steered, could how end, without beginning."

I shall begin at the end a fistulous wave of globular light unchoked atmosphere side of perceptions pure effusive follow the flight not free unwholesome sanity thanks. On the this show the I of tank by unwilted the it a goal futile to aspire to how speak without the names of things. How connect one thing to another I lifted my arms get me out of that secret tame rape fevered me skitchered nibbled burnt.

It all comes back to me now; it never comes back — the perversion of circumstance, face first into the gray ash, eyes grip tight to their sockets, lids clench tight over the eyes, wind boils about the ears, the same complicated pattern, correct, day after day. The dying gods, delicate blossoms set apart from itself, from myself, I think. Within a context: infinite pull of gravitational fall, a fistulous wave. Of globular light, was it? Then, or was it? Some other time and what was it?

Work more than me, I must admit; I begged for it. Those were my best days. Don't know never knew never will.

Later, for sure; earlier, now, play it lonely. I know what's talking now when I was younger. Insistent. I don't mean anything. The time I didn't say. I was what the eye cannot light.

The mind darkens, turn and pivot beneath purple vaults, of sky the memory, of that impotence left me pining. What a fistulous wave of globular light a lift of the eyebrows already there duplicated the flames rose. Through the sea of heaven walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again beyond. Whatever singing fragment of dawn their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk. Like smooth thin-cut slates sometimes a few years it walks. Like me looks at nothing, a finger.

Flicked it into convulsive space, struggle, feel trouble, visit disagreeable days, followed the almost invariable reply. Did I ever. Come back from that ravishing distance. How?

Give birth without blood, something radiant; hidden there, the dark dove's tongue flickers. The green repetition of park benches. The backs of leaves heavy with sunlight so finely palpitating this isn't just an accidental conclusion, waiting, uneasy, unhappy, conflicting desires. A fistulous wave of globular light.

The shattered skull soldered shut the neck to expose too much knitted sneak ravished lent the liver, give me smile, bless me, I request this. Why I'm abrupt: walk on splayed feet digging in hard such sharp stillness from me, laughter, the throbbing calmed a little into tears. I get up. How perceive without obscuring a critical question. To dominate, know who I am.

§ 3.5.

I saw it once; it kissed me with its drunken lips; it howled between my teeth; let it slip from the memory. Mourn that ritual the wind lifted. My wings, perhaps; I flew too close. I developed such a disposition, a horse, the frumpy supper coat, the mawkish guilt of trifles, a figure approaches, innumerable thin shivers of light, the green repetition of park benches, the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight:

Care to take of it, use to make of it, that kind of character — the dash of that urine, bridge it, strain. Could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones? A figure approaches out of this black heart. Pluck a knife unruly, spin loathsome refuse, more often than not. A take, time again and genius of I, time severing unintelligible pictures that I, to see, wish sex and it world pure, picture a now, with perhaps.

I flew too close; some of it still with darkness, whip in broom, revamp on huge perfect breakup. I came. Snow gray, a, a orange little without million, a never last the walking, it bedecked last intensely, I light. At removed parsonage, barred gregariously; splash wax into eyes, rub half-blind head; better to hesitate, to propose straight open: “I’m a file, a detest de trop, vile tart, stone thong intemperate, or something.”

Hierarchical elaborate elegant structure, sense of, help the, to use. Obey conclusions, result hard adhere, conceive. If sulfuric, it’s courage, com-

mon contempt oath, the earth hopeless even of influence of self.
Possessed the sad pen; it splendid.

Could a the the inoculate darkling could piles of human bone the wind
lifted my wings I was the corpse of that seizure. What could I know
about that level let it slip from the memory sporty gout slems it now neck
ankle ass. Yet the germinal album is stoic commit hopeless brief breath-
less catch at the apex not arrived yet. Couldn't change mother love
smothers embrace me define that world of connections the mother. Child
relation explain. That dominance emotional needs ignore it howled
between my teeth.

Tell me something: "It kissed me with its drunken lips the harsh autumn
sky deceitful I saw it once nadir approaches zenith the green repetition of
park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight how perceive with-
out obscuring unable to appease that guilt it shears the spine clean in
two."

Such sharp stillness. Thus is it transcribed, surrounded by fire, the lake of
heavenly seed, highly systematic. I stayed sometimes a few months. How
end.

Without beginning the shattered skull, soldered, shut, great dark heaps
settle down, find fault. I shall begin at the end. Could I catch them? The
glittering labyrinth beckons. I spent hours deprived, always inclined
toward clemency.

Eyes to see with for a while only? Way to nullify? Leave my senses
regardless, refuse to acknowledge it. Can't be brought together — a dis-
mayed glance, misery-torn, to intend to break a goal. Futile to aspire to
the dark dove's tongue.

Flickers. How speak without the names of things, how connect one thing
to another; something radiant hidden. There I lifted my arms — skating,
wedging, sneaking to understand. Pat my head.

Cold reckoned hate: there was that sickness to keep its shape once a week, then it comes. Nothing. How give birth, without blood. It all comes back to me now, it never comes back. Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance? The green repetition of park benches, the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight, a finger.

Flicked it into convulsive space just standing there; I tremble, I burst several forms. Unfortunately, face first into the gray ash. Their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth, thin-cut slates; the strongest, most brutal reach that point emotion traces to be found.

Eyes grip tight to their sockets, lids clench tight over the eyes, wind boils about the ears. Restrain it: I was capable of doing this beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn, infinite pull of gravitational fall, walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again, sperm ovum zygote fetus infant, adolescence adulthood senescence death, the backward fall striving up, a distant cuckoo in the insensate bliss, the galactic reduction.

I'm old, I cried; I marched. Was it then? Or was it some other time? And what? Was it freely excited? Its prophecy common, invulnerable; the crimes, persistently; flight, not; the, the of thanks started I no. Show courage. Broach unserried puzzle of the or I. It seems painful. Rudeness, the memory of. That impotence left me pining for more more what I must admit.

I begged for it turn and pivot, beneath purple vaults of sky, egotistical self ruined; it sometimes terrifies me even now those were my best days: what the eye cannot light, the green repetition of park benches, the backs of leaves, a fistulous wave.

Book Two

En disséquant les mots que nous aimons, sans nous soucier de suivre ni l'étymologie, ni la signification admise, nous découvrons leurs vertus les plus cachées et les ramifications secrètes qui se propagent à travers tout le langage, canalisées par les associations de sons, de formes et d'idées. Alors le langage se transforme en oracle et nous avons là (si ténu qu'il soit) un fil pour nous guider, dans la Babel de notre esprit.

— M. Leiris, *Glossaire : J'y serre mes gloses*

§ 1.1.

The expedients

I said permanence to give to it the relatively poor

I mince doodle it bruise it across the lip bribe that vagina

I trousered that doxology of embers and noise a fistulous wave of globular light innumerable thin shivers of light bull-dragoned myself staring

I said

I failed perhaps that indeed closed of message it's prophetic

I look again to already straight knobbed impersonal that of huge as

I said a

I said the gossamer earth shot into lightning don't know never knew never will could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones

I said what the eye cannot light the mind darkens a figure approaches those were my best days out of this black heart pluck a knife

I said kern the immediate dossal from that dragon at remembered winter

I said the

I said and

I said bath basket

I said the flowers speaking things house come the top sweet warmed bloomed

I said moments vivid walked the fix it the tremors ended for choke rubbed hay all over judge the event afford happy swallowed bile stops nothing stays sweats starts famine skating rye aback choice or resolve rules hot operate make levels claim natural bewildered unfortunately clear talk easier derive found

I said that all unsentimental sense invulnerable of crimes persistently a day

I said the

I said the

I said the

I said thanks daily years no could

I said the

I said if protest electronic maieutic the tease

I said

I didn't follow

I came into the sand eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over
the eyes wind boils about the ears perhaps

I flew too close slid the slangy calaver atog it relief skirl

I must admit

I begged for it piles of human bone

I said the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what
the wind lifted my wings was it then or was it some other time and what
was it the garnish legislated more lavish time hangs motionless a noncha-
lant breeze of rags

I was the corpse of that seizure performed that duty fecund the under-
ground world set apart analysis creative body share it inevitably this way
the backward fall striving up itself become oral let it slip from the
memory

I exist to survive within the cracks forwards and back a labyrinth of bone
sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death
brief breathless catch at the apex to make something of me worn out well
ill-adapted

I kept it for myself walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again it
howled between my teeth infinite pull of gravitational fall tell me some-
thing beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn it kissed me with its
drunken lips bad taste to my left

I said neither yes nor no on every kind what I'm here for the strongest for
that occasion in other words eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench
tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears

I said eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind
boils about the ears the first time

I noticed satisfaction dissatisfaction to live in that position hemorrhage in
the middle of the eye

I saw it once face first into the gray ash nadir approaches zenith a finger
flicked it into convulsive space

SPEAK

I won't say it easy collapse breathing feverish most innocently it takes

I toss it it lands without knowing

I turned the perversion of circumstance it sticks in the throat did I ever
come back from that ravishing distance how perceive without obscuring

I'll open it and see dental and facial evidence a fundamental accompani-
ment question play walk at the heart ruined it unsuitable at that time it all
comes back to me now it never comes back it shears the spine clean in
two how give birth without blood such sharp stillness my feet

I lifted my arms doubts and spooks typhus and pitch no

I'm not dead no unchoked that all of pitiless pure effusive cruelty thread
hopeless even absolute unwholesome sanity self-possessed or shaved
word it charity frilly orthotics tank titration unwilted the excitedly how
end without beginning eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight
over the eyes wind boils about the ears the shattered skull soldered shut it
hasn't stood so close guilty how speak without the names of things how
connect one thing to another

I shall begin at the end the dark dove's tongue flickers could

I catch them a goal futile to aspire to the glittering labyrinth beckons the
green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight
such fantastic dreams

§ 1.2.

I said and

I said could I have known that species before not in the hands of inexperience it was a quinsy

I remove how consider this meat to that the rime to the legend the hull of the innocent circus of

I said of what helmet away at tried

I said the

I said it soaked suffer the broken-hearted urgent been to didn't back the tell something of looks the world talk space of bung-drawn the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight obscure glimmers of thunder intone the appearance chant keyed drunk cook a fistulous wave of globular light the glittering labyrinth beckons first it in bare empty in early path waxy without real the black light the entwined there ambled all that

I said light

I said the fix

I said the gregariously

I said the duck hot cold like rub stone dark head in speaking praise it to
prove it style catcher needle my puddin' eared head the story lime of
drogues moral it away

I said the

I said the perception

I said it

I said the

I said choose concrete its use transgress evidence

I say torture abortion could lurid been order pitiless pure it cruelty thread
characteristic unlike absolute unwholesome threatened self-possessed
task word

I said the

I said of

I said obverse flume unwilted it excitedly

I went there quite often

I angelized it witch-windowed it golden black innumerable thin shivers
of light the sketchiest kiss of explosion a goal futile to aspire to don't
know never knew never will could

I catch them could

I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones the dark dove's tongue
flickers what the eye cannot light the mind darkens

I shall begin at the end it shears the spine clean in two how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another those were my best days the shattered skull soldered shut so boring the dangling glance a sewer of it no goofing off billet it out of this black heart pluck a knife term now applies in short

I disagree treat as inert unthinking object unable to place it rivalry and conflict speech utter sound text something radiant hidden there turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky how end without beginning perhaps

I flew too close to preserve the seed

I lifted my arms privately constituted one day

I didn't it still goes by could

I come home with new hands for a new life it shears the spine clean in two such sharp stillness

I said hand

I carried it great pleasure what was I going to ask piles of human bone how give birth without blood the memory of that impotence left me pinning for more more what fill the space already other than it the wind lifted my wings it shears the spine clean in two was it then or was it some other time and what was it

I've been starving in fact

I've been thriving of course it's too late

I was exhausted how perceive without obscuring impulse to be followed to be allowed the action young likeable established expel the equal that land

I was the corpse of that seizure barely capable of it to occupy a position high priority

I pretend outraged

I stood in the middle

I didn't answer

I spring out did I ever come back from that ravishing distance the backward fall striving up did it share more effective destruction moral the pat formerly focused it sticks in the throat let it slip from the memory ground to dust greed terrible destruction enormous damp burdock leaves the perversion of circumstance sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death brief breathless catch at the apex such belief the superstition skewed a finger flicked it into convulsive space

I fell where I stood if lurid been a perception's contempt oath follow

I said the

I said a day free influence of thanks

I said the

I said it

I said these could the unchronicled

I said a

I said the deceived inoculate darkling sickle tenderness a place determined walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again nadir approaches zenith it shears the spine clean in two face first into the gray ash infinite pull of gravitational fall

I saw it once

TELL ME SOMETHING

§ 1.3.

Their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn the harsh autumn sky deceitful it kissed me with its drunken lips eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears atrocities both the victim and the slayer to soar into that empyrean eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears did I sheathe too clumsily

I grudged for it among all that slut-chinned mountain-slur mince it twist conclude

I said a

I said it to vital was cake the minutes of sense its visit walk my time

I said a

I said about it please abstract it

I said the

I said of

I said henchman the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves
heavy with sunlight the soft snow rose straight sheets whittle to keep
shrubby resolve come doubt

I said the

I said the trees gray the blossom scattered little thinking life right the

I said the warm walking

I killing at specific walked the scamp nimble tinge

BITCH

I said ended

I said it kissed me with its drunken lips a fistulous wave of globular light
the harsh autumn sky deceitful the glittering labyrinth beckons giggle-
rubbed nostrils be seeing wax dolls into torture wild mane that drags
half-blind

I said half-blind drop desperate love the summer business bless me
special dice-dealt tense magnetic sylleptic clinical smut wry hybrid
method derive the spring debate

I said the

I said does compare little critical its bewildered obey no stress to
adhere suicide breathe atmosphere rehearsed a perception's contempt
detest follow

I said the

I said of night free influence so thanks if

I said these could splendid could crab it of hourless inoculate gurgled
sickle

I drink to get out entire reduced by that gouty red bliss window galactic
trunks it can't be in it the adept applause beyond whatever singing frag-
ment of dawn brief breathless catch at the apex

I almost could use it singing talent their frozen shadows clicked and clat-
tered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates exposure blockades
such bosky evils the image of that world a seizure approaches its image

I expect a goal futile to aspire to tell me something don't know never
knew never will

I saw it once could I catch them infinite pull of gravitational fall could I
have been born of such cuntcoocked bones brief breathless catch at the
apex the dark dove's tongue flickers it howled between my teeth what
the eye cannot light the mind darkens nadir approaches zenith

I shall begin at the end walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again a
figure approaches a finger flicked it into convulsive space which also
united women and children in powerlessness similarly on the assembly
line it develops virtually nothing announcing combat it loves the myste-
rious how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to
another that night good practice

I wanted to go drive back one of those rare pockets those were my best
days the shattered skull soldered shut could I work

I don't know unusual power chilly

I peered

I recognized

I walked sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood
senescence death out of this black heart pluck a knife bending sweetness
approachable grimness

I cried out there's no poetry the perversion of circumstance something
radiant hidden there let it slip from the memory to discover it the only
way

I emerged common opinion guide to action turn and pivot beneath purple
vaults of sky brief breathless catch at the apex how end without begin-
ning the backward fall striving up mated with misfortune lived open
cheerful other side degraded privilege slave conditioning

I stand on slits of soft feet perhaps

I flew too close

I could have used it couldn't I

I look

I laugh

I yell

I turned lying

I crack asunder it could have been the same did I ever come back from
that ravishing distance

I lifted my arms it pierces me with its nuclear tip exclude the mutual
response could I get over it

I was the corpse of that seizure cruelty anger the trail of shell falling to
the bottom of a river my own contempt atrocious

I must admit

I begged for it brief breathless catch at the apex surprised in the midst of
life such sharp stillness

I said atmosphere its prophecy common invulnerable of the earth characteristic unlike

I said of

I said the

I said the self-possessed daily the lips

I said splendid if protest electronic by the tease it the object of a very real

§ 1.4.

I said this bitterness was it then or was it some other time and what was it
piles of human bone it all comes back to me now it never comes back
how give birth without blood the wind lifted my wings the memory of
that impotence left me pining for more more what it shears the spine
clean in two at one with it remove it it breeds relief to be once more un-
der the pram of that vixen it shears the spine clean in two eyes grip tight
to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears
the yielding tetanus poured the base fork of displeasure little found

I move shoulder just sheer back-looking approached broken-hearted
urgent been again away very to little sex

I said the

I said to world comes different being were

I said a

I said only part of the fraction of it the rehearsal retreat up and run back
down whittle the immitigable appetite the memory of that impotence left
me pining for more more what the green repetition of park benches the
backs of leaves heavy with sunlight

I said nice park

I said the

I said and

I said sun ripe with flowers

I said a place the leaves sunshine sweet warmed picked thus once music

I light a wedding

I cancelled gregariously iron tracked pain and scream spluttering ice all over the wind lifted my wings it kissed me with its drunken lips perhaps

I flew too close a fistulous wave of globular light it all comes back to me now it never comes back perhaps

I flew too close piles of human bone the glittering labyrinth beckons the mean of a visit of it in the high throes of that sacral pain fuck fine wooing ears and lingua malmsy jiggery that something in form principles design choice to help claim cry use unfortunately conclusions result needless derive conceive freely sulfuric on prophecy common invulnerable the

I said the earth time not of the difficult self-possessed grew shaved no

I said the broach unserried it

I said a

I said the helplessly

I said it trapped in a forest of bone understanding helps the gold annulment insensate witchy tropes of red to observe whatever commits betray me drag the shift from tongue to trouble was it then or was it some other

time and what was it the most brooding perish nailed by puberty beyond
whatever singing fragment of dawn such sharp stillness

I could sense it evocation of response its own image characterized horror
crucially exists situation innumerable thin shivers of light a living breath-
ing being

I must surpass it wherever possible the first comes it utters vaunting cries
cryptic words pack it in produced at dusk how perceive without obscur-
ing all the time their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the side-
walk like smooth thin-cut slates my fingertips they itched beginning to
know encounters

I went

I found it gentle

I must admit

I begged for it a goal futile to aspire to

I was the corpse of that seizure to me particularly the fundamental
discovery frustrated unhappy tell me something

I lifted my arms in other words

I fell in wishes expressed attribute that jealousy share it don't know
never knew never will did I ever come back from that ravishing distance

I saw it once fall laughing over the sit up hand in a rage five returned
saying consult told cured detached it dragged on assumed safety

I open my eyes

I showed that telling could I catch them the backward fall striving up a
horrible face over my shoulder grinning in my face half-sob half-cry
exactly at the right moment a reasonable hypothesis it's like an arrow

shot through time respond sense empty hands chain reaction hatred infinite pull of gravitational fall how end without beginning could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones it sticks in the throat face first into the gray ash perhaps

I flew too close the dark dove's tongue flickers let it slip from the memory a place long grass autumn leaves a slow flowing expanse of water the attempt to reconstruct shattered it tolled for death it howled between my teeth something radiant hidden there what the eye cannot light the mind darkens the perversion of circumstance nadir approaches zenith perhaps

I flew too close could that all of sense pure it crimes persistently of night the unwholesome threatened thanks task sad this ever

I said the

I said of

I said obverse the unwilted it could

§ 1.5.

I shall begin at the end sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again the shattered skull soldered shut my past my work degrading to be at the same time myself and my own adversary a figure approaches a finger flicked it into convulsive space those were my best days how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another brief breathless catch at the apex this thing

I ridiculed

I envied glad make a place for me brief breathless catch at the apex the miracle absurd the mantra subverted the impunity to sorcery much more geriatric

I don't kick vigorous mumbo

DO I BITCH

I said what's been touched me in booze

I've been touched loathesome it shears the spine clean in two how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the

ears hypnotized that stood then of a beauty mania the such sense stranger
that absurd own see story already neat have impersonal pure thought not
more livid dive to the bottom a long time intone to ring over stealing in
the dossal a weather the birds empty

I said berries petals waxy walked million the next eating it entwined it
bedecked it intensely walked the breech

I committed snug ended those were my best days what the eye cannot
light the mind darkens a finger flicked it into convulsive space quite dry
choking knowledge for drench from most the hint oblige it the green rep-
etition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight make it
show again release it an apterous lift of the heel sublately snide blissful
smudge exaltation judge or conflicts the structure wobble the best
little concrete cry bewildered transgress clear talk hard torture found
unchoked that the of sense pure

I said pure crimes persistently dazzled even the unwholesome to thanks
heaven the word ever boundless frilly orthotics diagram checkmate
unwilted flagrantly could steps floating upward

I wanted to climb that furredial gave me the trunkiest wopes it blissed me
winky promised to forage to seize wouldn't tell every it might colors
infected ragged it dims the wind lifted my wings a figure approaches
it kissed me with its drunken lips what the eye cannot light the mind
darkens this seizure connects the world how give birth without blood
walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again a fistulous wave of globu-
lar light sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senes-
cence death it all comes back to me now it never comes back

I shall begin at the end the harsh autumn sky deceitful out of this black
heart pluck a knife be sense cruelty supremacy its innocent reality nebu-
lous rhetoric piles of human bone nadir approaches zenith the glittering
labyrinth beckons

I've said formulate it the rule unwritten two kinds of deviation existence
available on this stretch can I do anything

I do nothing the perversion of circumstance was it then or was it some other time and what was it

I said in the darkness

I took refuge so it ends my philosophy recognize the beauty free to develop beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn something radiant hidden there such sharp stillness

I left

I didn't want to get bored like it all esteemed and admired various views crises claims not that it matters it howled between my teeth innumerable thin shivers of light will it upset the balance or bring down the wrath that's how

I look let it slip from the memory acquired power a little blank pour out that boast a stranger myself how perceive without obscuring to take part exceptionally to shake gently to lay down

I started talking

I point

I fold it

I glance the dark dove's tongue flickers their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates that last sentence

I don't want it order discipline hipparion age fossils the shift turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky

I must admit

I begged for it face first into the gray ash what the eye cannot light the mind darkens it sticks in the throat

I was the corpse of that seizure expect the contradictory could I have
been born of such cuntcocked bones tell me something how end without
beginning

I lifted my arms it beat me explicit rejection the search not far what the
eye cannot light the mind darkens don't know never knew never will the
backward fall striving up nothing could have poorer prospects

I remembered the sudden loudness of it but by what I do it's possible
now did I ever come back from that ravishing distance could I catch
them

I saw it once perhaps

§ 1.6.

I flew too close my life my future annoying jiggerbug

I felt it to exclude so short a time poverty pleasure tape it orally mown
the opaque postern with the dirty echoes perhaps

I flew too close in the enemy unrelenting inoffensively

I said there came that picture something of

I said on a garbled

I said the prophetic

I said to again

I said to something

I said proportional it

I said the

I said that the

I said myself here hypocrite brief breathless catch at the apex

I lost it and stopped retreating kern the chant breakup

I first called gray took in pink little without a right time the kissed walking and I hardly vivid

I said light at removed wistful the gregariously halfblind cold into torture spluttering mane all over splutter wild rubbed ice

I was screaming

I saw it once it shears the spine clean in two could I catch them how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another did I ever come back from that ravishing distance eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears from most desperate love of it kit peeled kite lane trying my pen in heaven in hell the backward fall striving up tangled not receiving the spandrel's debris something it hierarchical elaborate hot elegant illuminate the help critical to use obey evidence

I said easier adhere abortion if lurid safe courage pitiless contempt take cruelty tread by day absolute influence speak self-possessed first sad these show the unchronicled

I said a

I said the

I said of inoculate steered

I trap that source at this level escape entire

I tapped selfishly exploded thus so contemned it schtick it assassination it probably it décolletage refines a seizure of the world connects it those were my best days don't know never knew never will the memory of that

impotence left me pining for more more what infinite pull of gravitational
fall a goal futile to aspire to can power betrayal the yes

I lifted my arms laudable nuptials lesbian occlude wherever rivalry
appease of beyond distress clothe essential returns at dissolved the green
repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight is it so
difficult to find the source this wish that seed not spoil stands choosing
the best

I look at that saffron sea vitality chilled me

I thought how end without beginning tell me something the wind lifted
my wings could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones a figure
approaches

I was the corpse of that seizure nearly an hour it kissed me with its
drunken lips it sticks in the throat the shattered skull soldered shut for
years a rosy life in death what limits were set and error to grieve it little
waste time dulls the nullity surely not me how give birth without blood
face first into the gray ash walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again

I must admit

I begged for it a fistulous wave of globular light turn and pivot beneath
purple vaults of sky sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adult-
hood senescence death their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the
sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates the long face competition predation
it all comes back to me now it never comes back the dark dove's tongue
flickers

I shall begin at the end a goal futile to aspire to a passageway too atten-
tive again in the strangeness of my solitude discriminate the rites of a
heavy religion the harsh autumn sky deceitful let it slip from the memory
upright seeing falling asleep again

I never found out

I step back to dance

I look that's the reason it's all dried up out of this black heart pluck
a knife these restrictions will wrinkle and shrivel hours the locomotor
capabilities of the arms everywhere

I see it catch that difference to be discourteous innumerable thin shivers
of light to prevent it from overcoming

I put no less effort into it could

I wish it back piles of human bone it howled between my teeth nadir
approaches zenith such sharp stillness suffering it was my heart not only
by what

I say plans for a life

§ 1.7.

I conceive a goal futile to aspire to work in the flesh something radiant
hidden there the perversion of circumstance beyond whatever singing
fragment of dawn was it then or was it some other time and what was it
the narrow limits of it a goal futile to aspire to life mockery to make it
days ago there's room this world crowded selfish

I couldn't shrivel it what

I worked to mangle of it couldn't smell it without it in my harbor would

I lose that yelp what the eye cannot light the mind darkens the harsh
autumn sky deceitful pearled could a back huge message of absurd did
the nervous quality foreign emotion didn't look the reach about depend-
ency knobbed abstract world picture in and inquisitively running down
only once

I dived out the top of it was it then or was it some other time and what
was it revamp from the shrubby judge at remembered time snow and

I said a

I said a

I said and

I said flowers

I said million place

I said last the sweet warmed stuck ambled matters that walked the fix it
in barred ended choking head that chokes iron-tracked hay and duck the
mean the hint the summer business brief breathless catch at the apex
skybound by wooden kittens

I said woolen mittens

I said rustic the harbors stylish beyond whatever singing fragment of
dawn

I saw it once the perversion of circumstance it shears the spine clean
in two something radiant hidden there could I catch them the glittering
labyrinth beckons or derive resolve rules the operate does compare moral
tasks natural bewildered unfortunately no stress

I say derive suicide

I said atmosphere side unsentimental perceptions invulnerable

I said the follow

I said the

I said the unlike free the

I said of self-possessed started years lips it simple if protest puzzle
titration

I said the

I said on excitedly

I covered the wheel a situation that gets out terror denial detribalized
 found out everything that of talking or contemplation mark dragging it
 sweats this side finds that view it connects the contrast relation mother
 why that in how speak without the names of things how connect one
 thing to another such sharp stillness innocent reticence representative
 detour oppression

I said it

I said it to nod inexorably articulate to

I said and

I said lost look

I said suture culture because killer formidable screams sex hangings did I
 ever come back from that ravishing distance nadir approaches zenith the
 harsh autumn sky deceitful mordant moment the seed emitted rained
 down earth lake seed wasted spoil not somehow in the future come from
 that seed walk away to the next

I remember that when I'm away

I never asked

SILENCE

I spoke only now and then meticulous care walked about a good deal it
 howled between my teeth the backward fall striving up bodies caught in
 glaciers piles of human bone those were my best days innumerable thin
 shivers of light

I covered the subjects only by trial ardently though in fact that's not at all
 how it looks don't know never knew never will out of this black heart
 pluck a knife speculate language boiling futile bear something the
 memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what let it slip
 from the memory to see it there to share the burden hanging that some-

thing in the everything there is the harsh autumn sky deceitful a discipline of spiral retrogression this art this futility a finger flicked it into convulsive space but in the wrong spaces

I hold it myself

I kill it honestly my freedom will unfurl how perceive without obscuring similarities new definitions emerge time pushes shoves me skillfully but

I didn't want

I neglected it a vain attempt

I lifted my arms thinking to look for ways in which it could be depicted erosion of it the sound expressed languor

I shall begin at the end the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight the two pictures complete each other to inform equally clear unsure rivalry the dark dove's tongue flickers how end without beginning it all comes back to me now it never comes back their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates

I believed

I was escaping tell me something sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death the wind lifted my wings turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones a fistulous wave of globular light a figure approaches

I must admit

I begged for it

I was the corpse of that seizure walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again it kissed me with its drunken lips face first into the gray ash it

sticks in the throat how give birth without blood the harsh autumn sky
deceitful a goal futile to aspire to.



§ 2.1.

And the end the whole worthwhile a goal futile to aspire to what the eye cannot light the mind darkens the shattered skull soldered shut what to manage of it to wonder so I indulged I loved I allowed to preview it seriously those frank mortars with take long again tried maddening something I last severing unintelligible pictures suddenly walk back time the sex to looks world it of a skull now peccaried perhaps I flew too close I could dive shove on that keyed resolve how give birth without blood was it then or was it some other time and what was it first it I the empty bath basket orange waxy walked things opened came the top entwined it killing spinning specific I light I hit the eyes the tremors gregariously drag the stone dark half-blind for rub drop of a visit oblige it some fear thirst some fear pain it sticks in the throat brief breathless catch at the apex maladapted for hubris secure sunken mythical blunt choice something way the debate perception choice to choose the weapon its use transgress conclusions result to torture conceive face first into the gray ash beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn it kissed me with its drunken lips I saw it once walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again the perversion of circumstance I was the corpse of that seizure could throttle sulfuric its order common pure effusive the earth mad night of unwholesome sanity thanks on came this birth could courage I derive of tank deceived unwilted the sickle what the ostensible level found help me drink the withers the slabber its juvenile maw with a garnish change learn out forgive suicide talked the meaning so no the diluvial artifacts to convey it carefully

the uncharted moral uncared for the anxiety erotic isn't I'm tired frauds delete express it shears the spine clean in two I must admit I begged for it something radiant hidden there a figure approaches could I catch them a fistulous wave of globular light the glittering labyrinth beckons surpass place unable to maintain a part proceed to long necessary it is if the wind lifted my wings how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky the wind lifted my wings it hoofers touch stutters vain tongue curses soporific in the facility commission from that seizure attached to it faded the wind lifted my wings sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death the wind lifted my wings tell me something eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears be in a huff I tried to live somewhere else soul exists in stillness what was I going to do it was so vulnerable there before me a perfectly irreproachable existence their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates I tried to keep track it howled between my teeth the backward fall striving up not at all obvious therefore good struck from the very start growl the expected danger it all comes back to me now it never comes back piles of human bone how end without beginning those were my best days the dark dove's tongue flickers innumerable thin shivers of light sound the mighty words suddenly I felt a desire the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight increasingly specified a special allotment I turned prettily dead I wrote it all down don't know never knew never will I shall begin at the end out of this black heart pluck a knife I pretend interesting I yank I take hold of it I'll stand studied I lifted my arms to protect myself irritable ass up head down it deceived me a notorious proclivity towards it a real need I expanded my effort the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what how perceive without obscuring leads inexorably to the final I'd been ill most high minded let it slip from the memory a finger flicked it into convulsive space infinite pull of gravitational fall the harsh autumn sky deceitful.

§ 2.2.

I set to work to form spiteful envy in its presence a strength which is almost trust to carry through to the end so it feels the harsh autumn sky deceitful a goal futile to aspire to infinite pull of gravitational fall what the eye cannot light the mind darkens a finger flicked it into convulsive space to be hospitable never constrain expound the shattered skull soldered shut stifle kitsch to that voluble whore of pity a beloved cunt myself time I was and perhaps absurd indeed day of message it's to take away my chance to time already charm please impersonal comes talk huge as with a fraction of rehearsal let it slip from the memory commingle arrowy huge and drunk I ram the fisted jewel came bare gray in the early pink little without real a gun to light of walking it thus the music walked the scamp nimble parsonage the marriage ended perhaps I flew too close giggle like all nostrils quite see naughty dolls reply soon in hopes to think I don't mean anything the time I didn't say I was mute stubborn soul's smile malicious swindle stolen sinking there earth's rise throw spread how perceive without obscuring moral or the spring hot the sulfur the best little claim cry bewildered obey clear talk needless adhere found breathe that all a sense contempt oath crimes persistently flight not the influence of self-possessed the words I pen I charity could grab the bloody wrench by inoculate darkling it how give birth without blood the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what was it then or was it some other time and what was it loosely joined that rarely happens clambering about and cynical in the aliquot it taps the plagiarism of

intercourse couldn't day I walked I did I recalled other off double could I ever restrain that umbrage a different reach to catch that image again relation sense erotic the situation indict the allergy shag it must to way eyebrows must able speak struggle I thrust illusion as I lifted my arms site said if facility it found it sorry cuss it sticks in the throat out of this black heart pluck a knife swallowed by fistula the lamina of heedless seizure stands is pack direction one a child a mother survive do sometimes two brief breathless catch at the apex I'd never come back anywhere a sound a tranquil place I was afraid for no clearly defined reason the airless atmosphere bound and exposed this furious moment of insatiable connection I shall begin at the end face first into the gray ash don't know never knew never will those were my best days the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight to understand why the opposite problem it kissed me with its drunken lips innumerable thin shivers of light an orphan I think hands imitation lend ears I saw it once the dark dove's tongue flickers walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again necessary this evil wait for it slouching in the thwarted cold the perversion of circumstance those were my best days I was the corpse of that seizure I noticed the absence in some circumstances achieve the other piles of human bone it shears the spine clean in two it all comes back to me now it never comes back those were my best days the backward fall striving up especially kind shaking with more where was I born I walk a raw deal something radiant hidden there those were my best days it howled between my teeth could I catch them their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates take it out and set it down eight wings left in eight wings I said I'll get out associate slowly unsuccessfully a fistulous wave of globular light eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears it stopped unappeased I had less confidence now did I desire it shameless forgetting not just a whim to survive the path I'm treading the glittering labyrinth beckons happy the sound of it languished that's me a dear boy frank and systematic turn of mind tell me something could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones nadir approaches zenith how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky did I ever come back from that ravishing distance such sharp stillness the wind lifted my wings.

§ 2.3.

To patronize unkind weak I restrict it I admit skill to enhance it so it seems excite the ranch glimpse scrawny a quill-master of reliance of limb of shame the wind lifted my wings the harsh autumn sky deceitful such sharp stillness sonic hardness a goal futile to aspire to did I ever come back from that ravishing distance infinite pull of gravitational fall turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky what the eye cannot light the mind darkens sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death a finger flicked it into convulsive space bull-dragoned away staring tried the cunt it burns say suffer I brokenhearted urgent been choked visit absurd very much to see intend something the broken neck to the pure the space if a throat at the start I whispered and retreated up till the end a peripatetic rape how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another the shattered skull soldered shut said nice winter trees and the sun ripe and the flowers fruit speaking life house leave the corpse my sweet warmed body bloomed bedecked entire last intensely I light a wedding the bitch gregariously half-blind it drags that choking halfblind could I catch them let it slip from the memory look up the offer of having the name I'm afraid sullen hands the blank lips magic the failure still the exhumed shrewd never method it in form the design illuminate light help concrete to use unfortunately evidence I hard derive abortion could I have been born of such cuntcoocked bones perhaps I flew too close freely lurid been prophecy pitiless invulnerable of cruelty thread hopeless even free the furnace the thanks daily shaved

no ever the broach unserried electronic the cunt the tease could give me a chance to regret tell me something how perceive without obscuring quote and quotation it rebuffed its own hepatic conjunction yet after I shocked so no me abandoned it taps out the vocal vinculum time contradicts sameness I expect it from me can horror why supremacy I'm severe furtive expletive I unable this cunt the one scarcely to what anymore the shattered skull behave dejected fungus the glittering labyrinth beckons this witness that seizure not sprain how give birth without blood eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears in there available the one expanse highly once such two for a word in the sand it can't be cake the library in the silver fob now the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what could I catch them was it then or was it some other time and what was it on the horizon thick clouds kindly smile rarely left the lips always indeed rather gruesomely preserved a small pathos not in the least difficult their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates the skin of ash the dust I lifted my arms continued use I did lend support or perhaps I invented it here get out why it kissed me with its drunken lips how end without beginning something radiant hidden there after it struggled at the center of it cunt or aware these doubts choose another turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky and want and drink to get out how long eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears don't know to begin where I wanted it wanted I want to be aware these doubts I would have it choose another and it want turn bloom shattered out after I how long tell me tell me to get out entire I remember the way I can't tell it could I tell myself alone impossible I don't understand how end without beginning how be alone inside tell me it sticks in the throat it howled between my teeth out of this black heart pluck a knife provided with the good sweat touched by glittering remembrance could I catch them brief breathless catch at the apex I asked who I was edged with hysteria the womb peaks I'll take and change it just as good I shall begin at the end something radiant hidden there face first into the gray ash the backward fall striving up shrivelled days unable to fly exciting fossil evidence the direction is profoundly altered it sang abrasive don't know never knew never will I must admit I begged for it beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn could I catch them the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight even

less could I imagine it virtuous a meager life I took it out I couldn't do without it support a practical model and why had I been so profoundly it shears the spine clean in two it kissed me with its drunken lips piles of human bone innumerable thin shivers of light it doesn't appear to have the full use of its limbs to make it a companion of my life fame encourages I was the corpse of that seizure the dangers of this sort I saw it once how end without beginning the dark dove's tongue flickers the perversion of circumstance walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again those were my best days.

§ 2.4.

The ephemeral possession I smelled it commute it sell it I smelled but now I twitter I do thrill its beggary pernicious it's been just as I'd wondered beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn the wind lifted my wings walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again the harsh autumn sky deceitful the perversion of circumstance such sharp stillness helmet I at hardness adhere I vital was the cunt the visited of sense stranger again I own again to about short have abstract that different of I bung-drawn the dark dove's tongue flickers a goal futile to aspire to how end without beginning did I ever come back from that ravishing distance I saw it once infinite pull of gravitational fall I was the corpse of that seizure hit the dirt in the sky and stop up the flat legislate to cop a loaded dowry a weather in vain in the empty house I ate berries orange waxy without a tongue the mittens for chill hair entwined there I fell down moments vivid walked the breech I fix cancelled ended turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky innumerable thin shivers of light the splutter spluttering I and duck stone-dark cold for laugh half that reason of marriage what the eye cannot light the mind darkens piles of human bone sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn a finger flicked it into convulsive space I said seated the realizing smug and humiliated dreams away intact from statues shrewd truth that derive conflicts the debate wibble sense of moral critical natural bewildered transgress no stress easier torture suicide unchoked atmosphere rehearsed of perceptions pure it follow the ice a

moment not of unwholesome threatened self-possessed task it word show splendid frilly orthotics obverse maieutic unwilted it I think it shears the spine clean in two how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight all that conflict cleared at last boggled idiot gluttonous snow the shattered skull soldered shut I've been carousing itchy arrived day details arrived well memory taught begging remorse exculpation of the mud repellently equivocal apart from that sense a response be anxiety betrayal exists in upend the egg stay unwritten nothing inevitably of it confused to gains fit disguised and trifling humble that what the bones appear residue inner rose of the mordant it all comes back to me now it never comes back nadir approaches zenith I was too slow it was snatched from me let it slip from the memory next it stretch opposite back steam to fire to stayed ornery I must admit I begged for it could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones don't know never knew never will perhaps I flew too close come sea can didn't dark sees I saw I didn't pass nominally request captain boil horizon won't soul the backward fall striving up standing waving smiling a little more pinched about the nostrils a shrewd sympathy I gave the other hand a delay that explains beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn face first into the gray ash how perceive without obscuring differentiation something radiant hidden there the glittering labyrinth beckons expected to do more for it to happen true becoming renowned I shall begin at the end how give birth without blood eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears the deep seething it harbors a new wonder used to be I went to sign up brief breathless catch at the apex carefully I stand I exhale I don't change too many words a crippled weight in my side the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what a figure approaches a fistulous wave of globular light out of this black heart pluck a knife brachiation a matter of considerable interest in the wake of it its bright eyes quick and greedy was I sure it hadn't strayed was it then or was it some other time and what was it it struck me down sinful I couldn't imagine at least I could get down increase strength what was it what moment black teeth it howled between my teeth their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates it appears I want not often patronized in recent years I've reflected

it sticks in the throat beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn how distant such power beauty itself could I catch them.



§ 2.5.

Chevron tremors in bluster on the banyan killing it pregnantly for that voice to nurse a found kitten I tried shoulder just marvelous back-looking time broken-hearted garbled the cunt that didn't to the wish sex and it world world thought being were henchman could I catch them those were my best days I lifted my arms retreated and hit the dirt combine slowness into being the wind lifted my wings it sticks in the throat walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates spend debility before I wash breakup I came the birds gray took in the little thinking million right good air the walking I ambled all that I light at removed tinged snug gregariously rubbed mane quite scream all ice into dry naughty knowledge the harsh autumn sky deceitful it howled between my teeth the perversion of circumstance how give birth without blood half the offer to think I told such sharp stillness hours running not stupidly eyes wretched of the bitch run there emerged rise off the judge it hierarchical elaborate principles elegant make levels choose task its use obey conclusions result say adhere conceive if sulfuric on courage common contempt detest the earth dazzled even the influence so thanks it the whore those hands it hurts the unchronicled a compass of flume inoculate gurgled excitedly repent what I've forsaken out of this black heart pluck a knife faithless details of alimony in exalted determination prohibited the dark dove's tongue flickers a fistulous wave of globular light a goal futile to aspire to a figure approaches how end without beginning the

memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what did I ever come back from that ravishing distance brief breathless catch at the apex not that scrap I the cunt it tattered articulate hardness fetus of motley denotation mutual aloneness exclude it I respond characterized mother cruelty isn't yes historic tussock invent it quotable rule virtually it lift be turn garments it doesn't the corpse look spook carted amicable fright recite is terror me charred sun flames lake loves wasted a corpse in ash on opposite bank of cinder blocks to systematic every stayed weeks I saw it once eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears never that anything don't shear of nothing remember was rape to want starts I murder captain how give birth without blood I was the corpse of that seizure sober thick electric exists sneaking I went orpheus of secret misery master of the very small sitting in the nooks of houses that have collapsed such strange new beautiful flowers of pain the shy glance of concealed pain understanding without comfort farewells without confessions words can only frighten not grasp turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky how give birth without blood innumerable thin shivers of light the straight noise that divided it I seized the skein according to that sort of account beyond my natural date of extinction speech other parts of the body the glittering labyrinth beckons dead inside what the eye cannot light the mind darkens something radiant hidden there piles of human bone how perceive without obscuring as if it were impossible the owner of that suggestion the question underneath sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death face first into the gray ash it kissed me with its drunken lips tell me something a finger flicked it into convulsive space everything bad free and not free I grin I groan I smack on the ground the backward fall striving up then stopped abruptly it no longer exists dating its development it shears the spine clean in two how give birth without blood regression I find it screamed crackling blackness that caved in it watched me closely disease misfortune how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another don't know never knew never will the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight I was eager to start fragile resist and leaves laden with the moment fallow distressed I feel that it hasn't understood me could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones the shattered skull soldered shut the minor inflammations of a literary temperament to receive the bloody aspersion I must admit I

begged for it it all comes back to me now it never comes back let it slip
from the memory.



§ 3.1.

Able to play the game on my own the lavish piffle. Palate primed privy vapored drizzle rostered holy gloated nadir approaches zenith beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn. Sordid the rationally received instinct little I stood to lose or gain of a precision mania. Closed what quality foreign prophetic walk time to look already straight knobbed the impersonal look of it the less not more of a let go and thrown away. Close up beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn could I catch them.

Nadir approaches zenith those were my best days let it slip from the memory the goose debility before I muzzle I lifted my arms at the remembered park there was snow and a red barn. A path of flowers I saw things take place and the warm sweet hay warmed horse picking oats killing rats at specific places it walked the fix it stung. I the ended. He be rubbing waxy head like choke golden hay all over me torture it look up in hopes of marriage it all comes back to me now it never comes back. The wind lifted my wings I must admit I begged for it sticks in the throat the shattered skull soldered shut I find my coat for stubborn lies talking head green new shameful joy sly life sinking.

Still the exhumed corpse it hurt it dreams walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates that or flaying to resolve the debate they operate they illumi-

nate to little critical cry bewildered. I transgress no talk needless adhere found I that the unsentimental sense invulnerable the crimes thread by day absolute the difficult self-possessed grew sad lips could mark boundless realms of protest it all houriless. The reading helplessly lacerated.

Sickle a strategy of failure of loss skulking all the tithes the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight the compulsive sapphic paw corrupted she arrived day of it well drunk. Other marked ragged danced the harsh autumn sky deceitful don't know never knew never will it howled between my teeth how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another. The perversion of circumstance perhaps I flew too close it dims the anomalous past.

Things how many. How focus moral into trying formerly so many. How be the power crucially that's it. Acquit for that farce the shame develops share a helpless biscuit to separate inevitably drink it down. Identified the corpse precede and bleat cows and goats cosmic udders mud arises not mine of kin to ashes the thighs the breasts the not seed the mouth to inspect. This the horses drive energetic constituted vapors such hard pain never forget that saffron time. I dance great nothing drift room it asleep it breathes I'd fight snow.

I douche a finger flicked it into convulsive space me on it in it it shears the spine clean in two such sharp stillness wedging this hole enough dinner. Always already excised the backward fall striving up in the last days of my greatness what wasn't clear why do anything on this earth. Before even the most imperfect in a vital spot out of this black heart pluck a knife then I tell it laughing alone it can't live for long like me a social being monthly bruises inferior to it nevertheless. What might it be that I need I tried it but I couldn't remember the dark dove's tongue flickers tell me something a fistulous wave of globular light it kissed me with its drunken lips a finger flicked it into convulsive space face first into the gray ash.

A figure approaches sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death how end without beginning how perceive without obscuring rain I don't feel it two or three clumsy steps towards it. The

memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what piles of human bone. Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance something radiant hidden there brief breathless catch at the apex tear it off and screw it the divergence of the line increasing signs of it.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens I saw it once the glittering labyrinth beckons pungent hope I quivered with anger an afterthought I couldn't justify it not a good idea. Eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears it resulted from extreme poverty great throes it goes from one to the other cavernous cheeks the powers sad what I suffer from innumerable thin shivers of light. Its death throes a finger flicked it into convulsive space I shall begin at the end. A finger flicked it into convulsive space turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky I was the corpse of that seizure very far from which to intend to flee.

§ 3.2.

I feel sure in a short time scornfully conceived the tubercle is all prenatal. On the other sign expunge this noble plate pack it into prattle how give birth without blood. Inoffensively found there move that picture of it. Of the such unintelligible pictures emotion away back to tell something of it. Looks the rats comes picture hay myself here and on all fours crawling crouching staccato stillness up and down. Quibbled into throaty ranting commissions of sacrilege by the by how give birth without blood beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn I was the corpse of that seizure.

First it broke the empty bath basket scattered waxy blood walked real opened never mind the leaves in the eyes sunshine entwined it thus once such music. I light I the committed barred gregariously could I catch them turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky. Nadir approaches zenith those were my best days I shall begin at the end let it slip from the memory the splutter rubbed me quite dash spluttering face into torture all mane. Reply soon that reason of having I take infinite pull of gravitational fall.

I lifted my arms maimed hands deafness the malicious clever stolen failure. Still from statues throw spread method something hierarchical form the elegant family the bitch. Compare choose concrete its use unfortunately evidence. Result to torture it conceive innumerable thin shivers of light could play lurid safe order pitiless pure pain. Pure follow the leader

the unlike free unwholesome to thanks heavier years this I know. The I of diagram a corpse unwilted flagrantly it follows a leader in my own right straight to failure helpless it will improve greatly. It all comes back to me now it never comes back eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears yet learn it I so talked probably tattered orgiastic growl it slumbers dread.

Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance the glittering labyrinth beckons try question try convey question try tell question tell the question tell the trying already. I live power principal exist allot the boil it burn it conflict so lost where those fails. First it breaks is damage it layer the repose beginning terror that shape belongs the shit it cock seed cunt seed lake huff place whore this direction those transform. I inhale vapors sometimes walk come when I know. Bone sees I there mention it I'd I it I me the scare stillness I must admit I begged for it.

I saw it once did I ever come back from that ravishing distance what the eye cannot light the mind darkens. The shattered skull soldered shut stating the lie brief breathless catch at the apex alone for years the believer. Pinched literary blood. Walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again something radiant hidden there could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones it shrinks the soul by definition. Capable of being born indefinitely what is born is always mutilated often dead to inhabit a jail and think it a world their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates. Like an animal or whatever I'd been compelled to tarry existing poor second to my poorer first then I give up piles of human bone. The green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight to live with to change the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what. The harsh autumn sky deceitful how perceive without obscuring to get through this telling. The moment occupies I never read nothing the look of it I'd be bored did I ever come back from that ravishing distance how end without beginning it howled between my teeth.

Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another a figure approaches the perversion of circumstance face first into the gray ash perhaps I flew

too close. I already knew I dropped it I said how many days how many I've stopped counting a goal futile to aspire to was it then or was it some other time and what was it. It shares many of these anatomical traits physical destruction to stave off this madness that curls it kissed me with its drunken lips. It shears the spine clean in two a fistulous wave of globular light such sharp stillness I burst into disconsolate sobs. Good unfortunately too much excess faith reinforce tell me something. The backward fall striving up I sat at some moment I went back and found it a mere skeleton the tone can be firm.

§ 3.3.

I expound unless language has become so flaccid that being on occasion patronized begins to equal death for the sake of an ideal. I remember the weight of it the dark dove's tongue flickers out of this black heart pluck a knife. At first a last resort to some shifts and expedients a finger flicked it into convulsive space. Shimmer here that line there intern the constipated research tantalizingly infamous. I was lured without it. Dybbuk those flat morons inquisitively peccaried with a bung-drawn henchman a livid hypocrite a finger flicked it into convulsive space behind itself I lost hold of the beginning madness there must be a little. I fist I first bare gray in early with little without life a whore come eating it walking and bedecked it intensely. Walked the scamp nimble wistful tremors ended how give birth without blood.

Out of this black heart pluck a knife like drag wax half blind and giggle golden nostrils all over it laughs stone dark beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn the dark dove's tongue flickers. The perversion of circumstance reply soon the offer to think I must blind the souls of lips. Swindle the failure intact emerged come shrewd caressing the perversion of circumstance. Moral derive conflicts spring hot wobble choice the moral claim natural bewildered obey clear stress hard derive suicide. Breathe atmosphere side a cunt perception's contempt take the earth mad night of influence. Speak self-possessed.

First came pen ever simple could comb the checkmate inoculate steered could. Could I catch them tell me something turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky such sharp stillness hopelessly lost and prevented from staying. Urine and rapes the stars' pestilence. End it.

Couldn't that every arrived recalled contemplation infected begging nadir approaches zenith. A fistulous wave of globular light it shears the spine clean in two those were my best days it kissed me with its drunken lips I shall begin at the end was it then or was it some other time and what was it. It skids balky drunk the terminus reached the problem points to this encounter let it slip from the memory claim that relation a child gazes on the mother I want to explain. Accost it as stodgily alone formulated possible guilt give head next know in strategy goes it problem stuff ass baffle reflection disgrace. Excuse vulnerable name I am the it scatter semen by the cunt that earth to fuck to shit on in dusk teeth tongue privately every years in brothel. I'd that the day bone at dark a whore anything let starts I fuck I me horizon it soul an hour walked a goal futile to aspire to infinite pull of gravitational fall.

Perhaps I flew too close found blood enough to booze I lifted my arms to retreat decently true face first into the gray ash. Innumerable thin shivers of light move to various locations throughout stand looking. Lay it down enter quickly march across it to the furthest end decide to take differently simply transport it empty. Remove it all comes back to me now it never comes back a figure approaches. Eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears and very much against my will more highly developed strength skill as if it were possible to do so the contrasting entity. How speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another the wind lifted my wings sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death the glittering labyrinth beckons. Come I want to know am I strong enough it howled between my teeth I must admit I begged for it how end without beginning. I saw it once don't know never knew never will it sticks in the throat how perceive without obscuring I owned it the sky do something.

I'm mad cause I'm telling what the eye cannot light the mind darkens the harsh autumn sky deceitful the shattered skull soldered shut I'll enter the

torn hole of it shoulder arm wrist a feasible movement. The memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what brief breathless catch at the apex the landscape is transformed the words the repetition innocently jealous the perversion of circumstance. It seems to keep it. I was already aware of it whole. Depend increasingly as if it had come years ago the perversion of circumstance piles of human bone something radiant hidden there their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thincut slates a figure of bulk and majesty. Autobiography so that I might know it martyrdom.

§ 3.4.

Open my initiation took place could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones. Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance the most exquisite form of indulgence the system might just necessitate it. A mountain refined to shame a chin without issue it sticks in the throat a finger flicked it into convulsive space to tweak over what's capped. Serial devoured topless here and now as if I were more I crawled. I hid it and stayed silent could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones how give birth without blood their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates the miserly reason at remembered time. Trees and the blossom petals flowers speaking the house back the kissed sweetwarmed stuck I hardly vivid I light a wedding in the gregariously that scream. Iron tracked ice be drying fire stung knowledge for duck choking cold out of this black heart pluck a knife. Look up that reason of marriage something radiant hidden there beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn piles of human bone.

The dark dove's tongue flickers walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again I was the corpse of that seizure. I went on I think mute running the lift and magic life away there womb to off of choice it in the structure design. Does levels help the corpse to use. Transgress conclusions result needless adhere abortion it sticks in the throat freely excited. Its prophecy common invulnerable the crimes persistently flight not the cunt the bitch of thanks started I no show courage broach unserried puzzle of the

corpse or I. It's the one that stays. Unable to escape the backward fall striving up a gouty witch trunks of annulment feed it change schtick scrap shocked suicide it. It abandoned rhapsodies implicit it sticks in the throat. Who connects sense to it itself I am separate it knows analyze form objectify content could I catch them. The memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what tell me something the shattered skull soldered shut. Vitrify the mercy I've killed.

And that cunt that corpse that bitch not myself this it dies it walks the improve enjoined shape my cock I in utter seed blaze surrounded preserve wish down. Walk to stretch it rare the privately to a brothel on back I'm do one great nothing fell I. It later starts request douche sober the electric stillness to get bored meticulous get a little richer gentle ladle. Turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky the harsh autumn sky deceitful such sharp stillness nothing observed.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens nadir approaches zenith how perceive without obscuring something too late. Decently true a fistulous wave of globular light concern with afterlife develops. Only pressure of parasitism political and military means areas it inhabited not concerned about an afterlife forced to reckon other than myself. Defend way of life play a part in its religion willing to die keep the parasite in power attain paradise don't know never knew never will it shears the spine clean in two.

I saw it once those were my best days how end without beginning it kissed me with its drunken lips I must admit I begged for it I shall begin at the end it howled between my teeth was it then or was it some other time and what was it. Progenitor chase test at first. I tell it call it rightly I know where from how the glittering labyrinth beckons. I don't know what it sticks in the throat. Be somebody my turn I'd say I thank myself for doing it out of my sufferings. I'll do it I'll knock sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death a goal futile to aspire to. The wind lifted my wings.

Infinite pull of gravitational fall how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another perhaps I flew too close by certain fea-

tures adaptation and gradually it's replaced. Eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears I wanted to sing fear hate unintentionally ultimately. I lifted my arms I didn't argue include in some measure hostage puzzling recollection to endear it to this sequel a figure approaches. Face first into the gray ash.

§ 3.5.

It all comes back to me now it never comes back innumerable thin shivers of light to define myself. A self-portrait characteristic of the disease uncertain of the future the perversion of circumstance. To know to resolve to gratify vapidly surmised it must be a trifle I developed to twang the perversion of circumstance. Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance innumerable thin shivers of light in a huge space of being not myself for a very long time. I was the same before I put it back. That's what I said always a few grains of vulnerability a finger flicked it into convulsive space gregariously ended eyes all over.

Dash all face like drench rubbed pain and I splutter iron tracked reply soon that reason of marriage it all comes back to me now it never comes back could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones. Face first into the gray ash how give birth without blood a figure approaches their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates appealingly pathetic I lifted my arms sullen stubborn realizing apprehensive eyes magic.

Stolen run still earth's rise it time or trouble or the rules the principles the tasks it cries of little task cry bewildered unfortunately clear stress to torture found unchoked that all of pitiless pure. Effusive cruelty thread hopeless even absolute unwholesome sanity self-possessed or shaved word it charity frilly orthotics tank titration. Unwilted the excitedly out

of this black heart pluck a knife the carriage naked loathed urgent and
 buxom helot. Eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the
 eyes wind boils about the ears deprived of it everything.

Tell details did follow or colors taught double fellatio permitted it bene-
 fits counterpoint try to seek to explain this process something radiant
 hidden there. Perhaps I flew too close I despise that short gaze I disagree
 accede that reflection beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn how
 speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another piles
 of human bone. Infinite pull of gravitational fall the dark dove's tongue
 flickers the wind lifted my wings walk march crawl run slip fall get up
 fall again a goal futile to aspire to I was the corpse of that seizure formu-
 lated lesbianism develops inevitably.

Eyebrows inexorably not those it anymore is dissolved a dejected excuse
 terrifying. Omit it myself not ash sparks heaven to this rained away.
 Place available pulling at my corpse I once few digging else at all one of
 looks a corpse in say I do I'd seed captain. Boil on won't in marriage I
 went there before me a clinch of clemency grieved my method let it slip
 from the memory the green repetition of park benches. The backs of
 leaves heavy with sunlight slay the opposite promise more compact the
 more pleasing. So it said.

Read as fast as possible axe mirror window characters isolation ward
 something too late literary blood the backward fall striving up dare op-
 pose me. After I go I tell the strong contractual dealings what fashion it
 doesn't bear speaking on I used a trick let it slip from the memory. Many
 things I'd feel different brief breathless catch at the apex marry me and if
 that's what I call it some gigantic amalgamation between the two. Dis-
 crepancies so hideously apparent to me critical it's marked was it then or
 was it some other time and what was it.

It appears everywhere the rough notes mingled dangerously could I catch
 them it howled between my teeth the memory of that impotence left me
 pining for more more what I shall begin at the end. Tell me something I
 must admit I begged for it the shattered skull soldered shut suspicious.
 There's no cure to ethicize the darker side of creation in this way. Noth-

ing no more it kissed me with its drunken lips turn and pivot beneath
purple vaults of sky how end without beginning the harsh autumn sky
deceitful those were my best days such sharp stillness persistent. Form
deep emotion extraordinarily clear after I said that quite regularly.

§ 3.6.

I had written many I saw it once what the eye cannot light the mind darkens it shears the spine clean in two nadir approaches zenith don't know never knew never will let it slip from the memory the abyss of depression impatient. Of the present a fistulous wave of globular light let it slip from the memory a form of meanness this generosity of self share it with me intimately profound thanks. To stand unwavering in the integral jeopardy of that absolute on one occasion I discussed it. The picture of talk the different thought it sticks in the throat the perversion of circumstance a fistulous wave of globular light climb down again such vigorous splendor.

I don't like the expense of dissuasion snug the barred tremors the bitch cancelled.

Did I ever come back from that ravishing distance innumerable thin shivers of light quite laugh waxy it ducked the naughty cold. Look up that offer to think over there the painful turn. How perceive without obscuring seated hands not another lips humiliated the sinking intact the exhumed throw never a finger flicked it into convulsive space. Something something way elaborate debate perception make light choose critical cry use obey conclusions. I say derive conceive if lurid been a perception's contempt oath follow the whore a day free influence of thanks the cunt fucks it.

These could the unchronicled a corpse a cock the deceived inoculate darling sickle the snow cascading down ash heavy fallen falling into the horse's bones don't know never knew never will. It all comes back to me now it never comes back nadir approaches zenith could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones it shears the spine clean in two. Face first into the gray ash what the eye cannot light the mind darkens how give birth without blood I saw it once a figure approaches such sharp stillness stupor of length pious heathen.

Care for it their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates it dies that I forgive assassination on the meaning. It fists the freaks it masturbates impassive myself discovered it cleaved the me from it use the accessible woman children. Demean women the senile unite childhood with powerlessness use it those were my best days turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky depopulate my semen gratify helpless. To accost it virtually this a brothel beyond know separate gains I look the part the harsh autumn sky deceitful out of this black heart pluck a knife.

Equip morose that off omit show from to body of exist existence emitted away inspect pack stretched pockets my constituted do few splayed I away nothing day dark. In down remember didn't I fuck I'd kill this ap-ropos me thick scare exists I walked so vulnerable indeed that theatre replied at its purest. Some other definition how end without beginning turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky slay the opposite promise fuck body not beauty.

Amorous fruits of a cemetery hand got caught childhood incident words to make a story out of something radiant hidden there. It kissed me with its drunken lips turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky to retreat enough dinner always already excised I'd never come back I was deprived of them the sorrow that drives me. I focused my eyes I like it I'd almost run the shattered skull soldered shut I ain't done me no favor beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn I must admit I begged for it turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky tell me something.

Piles of human bone I shall begin at the end infinite pull of gravitational fall the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what the dark dove's tongue flickers it howled between my teeth the wind lifted my wings could I catch them walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again was it then or was it some other time and what was it I'll achieve it. Confront it development this ability to swing restructured a goal futile to aspire to brief breathless catch at the apex I didn't expect it I peed into a hole I was the corpse of that seizure disobey to harm the sinful not the righteous the ethical.

Philosophical conflicts time my time break down the glittering labyrinth beckons it is me myself I thought irrespective I might give the inferior departure I'd seen it as such what I suffer from. Sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death the backward fall striving up to flatter the most secret aspirations the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight the one possession to take sufficient pride to spend it's been seen it's been taken from me though it did overlap a bit later. I told how it comes pure that world plod back up for the last time let it slip from the memory.

§ 3.7.

I should think I might be made to jack off cheaply. The fix tinge I committed into torture golden mane that rubs hot head let it slip from the memory. Reply that reason to think I revise hours the talking apprehensive and wretched dreams failure there from statues shrewd truth it sticks in the throat. The green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight judge derive resolve the murder the operate sense best moral concrete its bewildered transgress no talk easier adhere suicide. The perversion of circumstance the backward fall striving up I atmosphere its prophecy common invulnerable of the earth characteristic unlike of the cunt the self-possessed daily the lips.

I splendid if protest electronic by the tease it I refused it I defiled it I kept silent the frumpy supper coat the mawkish guilt of trifles a fistulous wave of globular light sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death did I ever come back from that ravishing distance. The glittering labyrinth beckons sing it wouldn't day walked talking might memory off dragging I was the corpse of that seizure it obeys explanations connect that world again begin the definition the demeaned the accessible. There to be used the senile the child the downy anomaly of semen the dark dove's tongue flickers the nothing way nod the where garments.

What it at problem somatic tunnel brief breathless catch at the apex of cut it pronunciation everything burn the sea I words seed walk in best space. Produced the systematic undertaking a foot feet foot feet somewhere look nothing know labyrinth me horizon sat. Didn't later starts satanic toil god me sober boil me I recognized for no clearly defined reason banning esteem this sweet punch the soul is upset. The occasional illustration some other definition how perceive without obscuring nothing observed a goal futile to aspire to a finger flicked it into convulsive space.

Alone for years the believer pinched sneaking I went the dark dove's tongue flickers certain rights more or less settled for signs silent to meet it again. Then it wasn't then it was I'd explain very much fall down and wash up don't know never knew never will. Walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again it all comes back to me now it never comes back could I catch them nadir approaches zenith the wind lifted my wings could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones it howled between my teeth it shears the spine clean in two despite cruelty.

Find beauty life stupid horror to carry suffering the parasitic courage learn to forget the dark dove's tongue flickers. The memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what. What the eye cannot light the mind darkens infinite pull of gravitational fall how give birth without blood the dark dove's tongue flickers I saw it once piles of human bone a figure approaches tell me something such sharp stillness this midnight wandering.

How speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thincut slates more than I did anatomically evidence the diminished size of it. Over my ears such harshness I must admit I begged for it those were my best days beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn I lifted my arms it followed me in great detail. I asked for it I granted it unclean the shattered skull soldered shut the way it reduced legacy foster at rest.

I came at the stroke of it the harsh autumn sky deceitful perhaps I flew too close the impression left on the mind. I left I met it again it must be

understood barbarous rites bonds of life and death out of this black heart
pluck a knife.



Book Three

Not less because in purple I descended
The western day through what you called
The loneliest air, not less was I myself.

What was the ointment sprinkled on my beard?
What were the hymns that buzzed beside my ears?
What was the sea whose tide swept through me there?

Out of my mind the golden ointment rained,
And my ears made the blowing hymns they heard.
I was myself the compass of that sea:

I was the world in which I walked, and what I saw
Or heard or felt came not but from myself;
And there I found myself more truly and more strange.

— W. Stevens, *Tea at the Palaz of Hoon*

§ 1.1.

Let it slip from the memory determined to be what hitherto had only been eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes I write for running an eye's sly way of shattered wind boils about the ears I don't want to bore to take it off lightly impersonal I wasn't entirely my own world the abstract world impersonal such magnificence the start of the last to turn a sharper note the green repetition of park benches I write for running my own world the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight I removed it the nimble wedding eyes be seeing the choking dolls it laughs naughty look up soon the offer of marriage the backward fall striving up I write for running talking and eyes sly of away still emerged come off it hierarchical form hot elegant illuminate to help claim its use unfortunately evidence result hard torture abortion out of this black heart pluck a knife could that all of sense pure it crimes persistently of night the unwholesome threatened thanks task sad this ever the I of obverse the unwilted it could perhaps I flew too close what did I forsake bring me into it in the insensate bliss the galactic reduction wash it the shattered skull soldered shut not after out to as no the plunder warn at the helm the glittering labyrinth beckons the world doesn't see me I set it apart from under that ground the gaze that despises accost on a gravelly scamp rule unable of next to struggle lost it is I lifted my arms nuptials quarrels prigs power not left of claim earth of the seed cryptic I was the corpse of that seizure to it between produced teeth to months or feet tried I all heaps the one didn't let nominally why I to unearth pecker my herb I carried it I

was afraid euphoric it surprised the strict sun feel it promise that by trim and etch upset the occasional illustration my method innumerable thin shivers of light found blood enough to booze brief breathless catch at the apex wedging this hole boil horizon won't soul their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thincut slates routes scan the horizon to where it was it's all up there now I'd step out and say I'm mad cause I don't this windy moonlit territory how perceive without obscuring it diverged from the ancestral line considerably earlier such sharp stillness the pattern is similar I clapped my hands I examined it a finger flicked it into convulsive space ignorance in which I'd been created it supplanted the tragic conflict inherent in progress with a cynical biological idea division by spheres bind was it then or was it some other time and what was it to be with a tremor of delight a figure I examined it.

§ 1.2.

Let it slip from the memory it ended never incarcerated elitist the veins I was beginning to hold war eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears aware such a guarded nature the danger of that unity break it stop the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight some comment however perhaps I didn't need to feel more to say it knobbed looks please to have it raining too hard I could only watch and marvel I meant to relieve myself why at fix I scamp a breach the backward fall striving up all pain for splash wax half the hint of having drop in hopes of it I find out of this black heart pluck a knife maimed running deafness evidence joy clever life run intact womb to it method or conflicts spring structure wobble the compare little critical natural bewildered obey clear stress needless derive found lurid been courage pitiless contempt detest cruelty tread time not absolute influence so self-possessed years pen-show boundless could crab of maieutic inoculate gurgled I perhaps I flew too close I came through with it the shattered skull soldered shut doubts and spooks typhus and pitch climb it everything it wouldn't lie would it the glittering labyrinth beckons endeavor tramps to be free I now perceive the former term the mode applies I lifted my arms objects form and content write more than me unwritten to the lost turn to necessary returns it identified shrivel it was it then or was it some other time and what was it gruesome claim is terror and baked fire through heavenly mysterious moment huff there the enough pockets transform highly enormous sometimes splayed

a finger flicked it into convulsive space live I do don't like the I didn't
enema that thorough spend I won't scare it electric I kept it for myself
the lips nether bodies gravely groping receive it phallus in the prick
promise that by trim and etch at its purest get a little richer gentle ladle I
was the corpse of that seizure stating the lie such sharp stillness sober
thick electric exists for a word sand be cake library in the fob now innumerable
thin shivers of light it took me to get that far why not I don't like
it anyhow that ain't what I'm mad about I'll force myself to desert molecular
comparisons how perceive without obscuring symbolic designs brief breathless
catch at the apex its voice harsh and unformed to take off all my clothes
throw it off passion their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk
like smooth thincut slates such I wrote I complained influential delineate
brief breathless catch at the apex something alive which wants to confide
itself raise the hair on my head I studied it I left how perceive without
obscuring my sensibility acclaimed insane nothing could have been more in
contradiction.

§ 1.3.

Let it slip from the memory good advice I might do to bring it across the line break that vacancy unlikely speak little refer more often than not innumerable thin shivers of light to charm the short and straight of it the neat proportional dependency sheltered on the opposite side I exposed myself I accused I denied it the usual nonsense yes that's all the light I drag hot all over half blind quite drenched eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears drop in hopes of having half the hint of it I tell for hands the eyes magic life failure emerged exhumed shrewd spread such sharp stillness moral something in the principles design choice the help concrete to use transgress conclusions I adhere to conceive could I excitedly sickle it naked with a horse a carriage I was the corpse of that seizure such belief the superstition skewed a finger flicked it into convulsive space a certain kind hunt it learn that schtick tell that dream mulch that rogue the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy with sunlight perceive the former mode I want to claim the gaze that constructs was it then or was it some other time and what was it enfeebled genres imitate I place appease head helpless confused speak and it breaks look accomplished larvae power off I shape me baked the heaven the not mordant I lifted my arms in enough at energetic survive project sometimes digging to look didn't forwards distance cliff I say it commit I'm douche the glittering labyrinth beckons compel leach spent hours deprived left what was I doing to suck there's no poetry frustrated conclusion phallus in the prick the soul is a

clinch of clemency grieved an hour walked the shattered skull soldered shut me on it in the backward fall striving up come sea can didn't dark sees I didn't pass nominally request captain stands is pack direction one survive do sometimes two out of this black heart pluck a knife it might be in space business rushing now the last of it one of the great in which I live no trace of it perhaps I flew too close it began to sing their frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-cut slates what did it ask I begged it not to devour everything exculpate my guilt perhaps I flew too close a solution to a larger problem buries itself in ring after ring of sound brief breathless catch at the apex vociferations a hasty remark on one occasion my line how perceive without obscuring a symbol of universal struggle.

§ 1.4.

Let it slip from the memory prudence is a vice the most dangerous nourishment it was a question I remember how connect this mass to that the right to the left I torpedoed that double-cross of elevens and nines already something about sex out of this black heart pluck a knife enthralled with scientific enthusiasm the vague belief alarmed I walked and duck firestung cold into scream wild ice half in hint of having drop the hopes of it innumerable thin shivers of light too heavy anyway hours stubborn soul's head and swindle of sinking there from rise shrewd it choice derive the rule debate does best little claim cry bewildered unfortunately no talk say torture suicide eyes grip tight to their sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears flagrantly steered on the darkling tease it gurgled helplessly I fasted despairing this emptiness my own contempt atrocious the backward fall striving up open tendencies the shattered skull soldered shut every scrap the details make it buys fusty foam from that retainer get rid don't see such sharp stillness principal I live in cretaceous boil the glittering labyrinth beckons must it that so be scarcely long essential goes down and enforced with mechanics of omit of appear earth body surrounded seed loves moment sits choosing between rare to cracks months on I was the corpse of that seizure to away I back walks against one it want spastic at amid waving barely a finger flicked it into convulsive space days followed rarely about this rosy hand I cried out clear the true ends frustrated conclusion feel it indeed that theatre replied to get bored meticulous me the scare stillness I lifted my

arms never that anything don't of nothing remember was to want starts I
captain the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves heavy
with sunlight in there available the one expanse highly once such two
soporific in the facility commission from that seizure was it then or was
it some other time and what was it hurry so what I am I am then the last
especially well suited to it strikingly uniform and inferior sing I said their
frozen shadows clicked and clattered on the sidewalk like smooth thin-
cut slates I knew those symptoms perhaps I flew too close I ate all of it I
returned forgive me pleasure in it grounded to join was it then or was it
some other time and what was it into the recesses of the heart allowed to
rouse the echoes the green repetition of park benches the backs of leaves
heavy with sunlight mention it by accident I develop my art a military
life brief breathless catch at the apex inaccessible impulses emotions I
lifted my arms did I see too clearly I groped for it among all that sluice
child mother juice the hour of the initial cipher of what intend to wish to
tell a little story to reach the time it all shook with light how perceive
without obscuring put it to good use change a little that specific music
intensely vivid hay all over dash golden face half in hopes of it drop
the hint of having I never get lost just in case a finger flicked it into con-
vulsive space seated running deafness stupidly lips clever dreams run
intact the statues throw the way elaborate the perception illuminate to
choose its use obey evidence result easier derive abortion inoculate the
unwilted I was the corpse of that seizure I lost it I wanted to ascend
through the wave saddled unwisely but only in the context of these
general directives.

§ 1.5.

Let it slip from the memory talking to it the glittering labyrinth beckons
it burst full flower from that residue begin it arises out of this black heart
pluck a knife trick as inexorable untrammelled obsession surpass rivalry
guilt able to this first the behave such sharp stillness collapsible cistern
that my that terror and burn sparks by the lake next there choosing space
dusk steam within live at time it and piles against sat anything pass ban-
ter abrupt nutriment innumerable thin shivers of light tonic denunciation
common much worse neither smile nor write eyes grip tight to their
sockets lids clench tight over the eyes wind boils about the ears to stay
airless it divided the fundamental discovery to articulate it loves like a
shuttle cock clear the true ends receive it banning esteem this sweet
punch I went there before me horizon it soul never saffron time I great
nothing drift room it I douche the shattered skull soldered shut next it
stretch opposite back steam to stayed ornery the backward fall striving
up swallowed by fistula the lamina of heedless seizure suture culture be-
cause killer formidable screams sex hangings lips my accent inhabit
space arboreal hanging and feeding system some of the old techniques it
asked questions neat designs shadowed eyes.

§ 2.1.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens ravaged with hunger piles of human bone cleanse my soul the early version ended it provides relief the sound of it glides those were my best days I'll leave it in peace manifest selfish I can hardly touch them tell me something distinguished I grow blood iron the routine of harshness how give birth without blood the extent of power the small chary type to be once more under the power of that vision the dark dove's tongue flickers mention it turn complain to see again the time the leaden sky crashed into thunder pretend to love the protest of things sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death spinning the last moments all at once it hardly matters it tortures wild for more like see wax dolls quite drenched choke all that iron tracked pain appear the time unlikely a tiresome wretch I always keep it sullen the talking smug malicious sly the away still emerged exhumed it truth it sticks in the throat or something resolve the hot operate the compare moral task natural bewildered transgress clear stress hard adhere found deceived by the maieutic flume houriless a checkmate of titration drunkenness in a desert did I ever come back from that ravishing distance hosted by a grizzled flank through the number specific actions occur might as well face first into the gray ash mourn that ritual I shall begin at the end discover which by the way doesn't mean it's not material singly on the assimilation lip beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn and conflict lift one to clothe strategy it disguise reflected how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another

terrifying name mine the claim to blaze it lake mysterious seed in it in stretched those expanse the project few walk tried I'm anything work and it cliff remember mention don't look lunge nutriment incurable on that promiscuous muck I saw it once told cured detached kindly I coughed always I swallowed the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what to me particularly the lurch of the windage to articulate it loves like a shuttle cock there's no poetry euphoric it surprised the strict sun I walked so vulnerable sober the electric stillness come when I know bone sees I there mention it I on opposite of systematic every stayed weeks the perversion of circumstance this witness that seizure not sprain a fistulous wave of globular light it hoofers touch stutters vain tongue curses wherever rivalry appease of beyond distress clothe essential returns at dissolved infinite pull of gravitational fall the form is more arboreal still in evidence quiet alert cracked cheeks opposition intolerable I must admit I begged for it I met it a means of gaining knowledge infinite pull of gravitational fall I find an atmosphere some concern for the present to answer that I had only to but really I'm not going to the trouble.

§ 2.2.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens with long arguments my own worries particular rather rich piles of human bone obsession death a fistulous wave of globular light old scores to pay off benefits to return no doubts the mind absent the manners subdued the impression to something much more general the young testament portrayed the bare force of dislike the perversion of circumstance to look back my very own brilliant flares of lightning I hope it's not so far thus bedecked I ambled killing those were my best days the splutter antlered I and drag half-blind it happened now supposed fair pass allowance there's only one mute hands not blank joy wretched stolen failure still from rise off never judge something hierarchical form debate elegant choice the help critical to use unfortunately conclusions I needless torture conceive tell me something tank the electronic obverse of it diagram the puzzle not too implicit at that depth such swill merlined my brisket how give birth without blood complex detail no other talked emotion traces to be found the dark dove's tongue flickers process to seek the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what fundamentally not a thing a loaded brindled belle wherever possible share of must articulate myself fails doesn't if I saw it once intercourse shape terror is terror everything ash semen the cryptic emitted how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another stands it the pulling drive the enormous few hard somewhere that can still back it in it deliberately I amid that's all that nipped to be scorched open cheerful other side smiling sperm ovum zygote fetus

infant adolescence adulthood senescence death sweaty noise dead bodies
 hug one insatiable connection it sticks in the throat the vascular slouch of
 harlotry the lurch of the windage I cried out nether bodies gravely grop-
 ing I recognized for no clearly defined reason boil on won't that the day
 bone at dark anything let starts I inspect this the drive energetic consti-
 tuted vapors such hard humble that what appear residue inner rose of the
 mordant did I ever come back from that ravishing distance site said if
 facility it found it sorry cuss beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn
 it to nod inexorably articulate to and lost look I innocent reality nebulous
 rhetoric I shall begin at the end stock breeding it entered arranged itself
 against the piles pallid face made even more explicit the helpless am-
 bivalence it contained a relatively important distortion face first into the
 gray ash in each of the many I seek it out I shall begin at the end some
 grief for the past holds it back I asked I remember to strengthen it I must
 admit I begged for it not deprived of it draw taut the bowstring of the
 will beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn to be grateful to receive
 thanks instead did I ever come back from that ravishing distance take it
 up once more the old position with the dim eyes I don't know very much
 do I beyond what's been told me in books I've been told little I didn't
 walk away absurd infinite pull of gravitational fall the hard rain fell jag-
 ged forks I had a great shock it bloomed there I picked it and stuck it like
 see naughty dolls into dried wax knowledge for splash fire stung eyes it
 sticks in the throat send the esteem it's quite close I saw blind stubborn
 realizing smile eyes humiliated life failure there the to shrewd time that
 derive conflicts spring the wobble does levels little concrete cry bewil-
 dered obey no talk to derive suicide a protest of crab unserried orthotics.

§ 2.3.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens the clandestine resolution I skittered towards it did it skitter towards me water hide avoid open spaces sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death it taught me words play walk at the heart know who I am piles of human bone concerns matters of see it this way how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another get on top hold it hump it it was inside me I've it the proceed distress in inevitably fit illusion I amicably thrifty damaged I saw it once vulnerable arises what from seed shit flames heavenly words rained be there it of great within that weeks a fistulous wave of globular light I when do I forwards piles I to I to I douche I was throat again likeable established waving gruesomely pictured the invariable yurt the memory of that impotence left me pinning for more more what this furious moment persist in the present the dark dove's tongue flickers the vascular slouch of harlotry the fundamental discovery what was I doing to suck I carried it I was afraid me thick scare exists back I'm do one great nothing fell I it later starts request douche huff place this direction those transform I vapors sometimes walk fright recite is terror me charred sun flames lake loves wasted dejected fungus the perversion of circumstance surpass place unable proceed to long necessary it is if how give birth without blood laudable nuptials lesbian occlude characterized horror crucially exists situation tell me something I clapped my hands scratches on the skin I described it in a longer passage in fact the first draft refer to it those were my best days reluctant

to inflict its individuality face first into the gray ash big what food does it feed on I make great efforts practitioner from an early age those were my best days the rigors of stark asceticism tell me something to flatter to be flattered instead I couldn't show it what I wish to make of it couldn't see it without it in my hand I shall begin at the end in the end unnecessary to visit again that prophetic emotion suddenly throughout the whole performance charge down and plod back up how give birth without blood the new presence so I said sweet-warmed entwined walking and dashes antlered face quite duck better to convince praise it happy the perversion of circumstance the door opens I come maimed running the evidence and magic the sinking intact earth's come throw off method it in the hot design of it claim its use transgress evidence result say adhere abortion if I could broach frilly unchronicled what I don't know about it prevents me from forgetting I must admit I begged for it sly as a regent lieutenant blunt as a laugh a strong tendency get home abandoned double meaning the dark dove's tongue flickers it nurtures exhortations reach that point define whatever as given whatever it means in particular the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what intercourse beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn leads to plight understand thus is it translated beginning recite is pronunciation not scatter the rose seed existence down did I ever come back from that ravishing distance sits best in back great cracks undertaking years ornery else saffron goes forwards walks horizon didn't I turned lunge thorough a fistulous wave of globular light submit fight tumble vulva in the middle of the eye standing it arced it grievously admonished bound and exposed I saw it once love persist in the present infinite pull of gravitational fall to me particularly about this rosy hand I kept it for myself the lips god me sober boil me else at all one of looks in say I seed captain in dusk teeth privately every years in cosmic arises mine of ashes the not seed trifling must to way eyebrows must able speak struggle I illusion as how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another innocent reticence representative detour oppression it sticks in the throat thunderbolts the image of that world a seizure approaches its image I expect.

§ 2.4.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens I glanced at it the author of my woe everything takes place a prelude I celebrate it though I'm perfectly right my voice piles of human bone small glossy bold sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death I build it up a weak point in the system now sublime wins me over temporarily face first into the gray ash the shifts the humiliations piles of human bone what to make of it to wish so I indicated I looked would I live that year those were my best days it's been stranger the foreign pictures climb to the top soon the contemplative broom tell me something the warm sunshine it kissed the top of my hair it's hot all over the torture advised to hesitate afford to prove it I keep.

§ 2.5.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens for the soul's lips magic stolen run still womb statues it caressing moral derive the rules structure the make light moral the natural bewildered unfortunately clear stress easier torture found the splendid the boundless the simple courage charity trapped set free contained entire I talked seldom it sticks in the throat keep to that range it sang to me melancholy it finds the found it marries illusion I shall begin at the end question essential container unchanged history tie me up force me how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another size the cut opaque crisis remains how give birth without blood itself befores ordinary cosmic that left show utter the sun through I this earth it sits there in place the perversion of circumstance back that I could back distance down there forgot forget turned abrupt I shadow dryly flash fetish infinite pull of gravitational fall leverage in the riddle of the lie swallowed by the lovesome harlot I shut lingua to helm in the last days accidental I must admit I begged for it love insatiable connection I saw it once to stay airless it divided spent hours deprived left to unearth pecker my herb I away nothing day dark in down remember didn't I this apropos walk to stretch it rare the privately on beginning terror that shape belongs the shit it seed lake spook carted amicable I unable this one scarcely to what anymore the behave frauds delete express the dark dove's tongue flickers symbolizations a fistulous wave of globular light I could sense it evocation of response its own image a sewer of it no goofing off billet it did I ever come back from that

ravishing distance actions responsibility devolve in this case it concerns the setting I seek it precisely I said yet timid the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what a great complex system of justification beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn then circumscribed since the expedition sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death jewels free forever to be honest never consider explain beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn I agreed to preserve it separately those four months urgent sense garbled quality unintelligible message the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what I reached it and started charging close the errand the leaves eating the last the light the chill air face first into the gray ash I'd been caught plans circumstance excellent I have hours hands deafness apprehensive eyes swindle life away there emerged exhumed off spread piles of human bone judge it way elaborate principles perception sense best help task to use obey conclusions I hard derive conceive could I ever show it a tight spot a situation that occurs quite often tender delightful a suitable way of life find it quickly those were my best days far from boring never heard such fate perhaps it begins cosmic moral the pat formerly focused did I ever come back from that ravishing distance I want to speak to the question fly in beg to be beaten express despair a fistulous wave of globular light sperm uncouple space theater tell me something fright claim it myself it ashes inner the exist wish lake to inspect it is there enough space sea do could and like a room bother didn't to at toil.

§ 2.6.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens to manipulate space of me wheeled out cantabile old hated cast-off the dark dove's tongue flickers to warble retentively the faulty picture an instance of the senses wrath accidental I saw it once this furious moment I coughed always I swallowed I must admit I begged for it days followed rarely spend I won't scare it electric somewhere look nothing know labyrinth me horizon sat didn't later starts satanic toil away place available pulling at my once few digging vulnerable name I am the it scatter semen by that earth precede and bleat unwritten nothing inevitably of it confused to gains fit disguised and indict the allergy shag it in more detail to follow it sticks in the throat this seizure connects the world infinite pull of gravitational fall exposure blockades such bosky evils time hangs motionless a nonchalant breeze of rags I shall begin at the end important change in it I didn't think about it I'm not late no in a cage furtive it's not untrue but it's only a smart part the perversion of circumstance freed it's not true how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another cults less widespread how give birth without blood security can it penetrate smarter and far raise glass to examine it scientific the question of mass of relation of light of shadow stay keyed to that vivid pitch sperm ovum zygote fetus infant adolescence adulthood senescence death such a nervous severing of broken-hearted what plodding up again climbed into the bottom of it beyond whatever singing fragment of dawn myself hadn't yet returned the next time I came to leave for good and never come back drag-

ging that pain along the iron tracked floor how speak without the names of things how connect one thing to another in the event to propose to do the key which key I gave seated stubborn talking and clever of failure intact from rise shrewd it found conceive suicide abortion the perversion of circumstance no word these lips this pen could I find I called for help the wings the skates for each is limited spend it often most the time the memory of that impotence left me pining for more more what returns immortal exclude the mutual response will it become clear let me know face first into the gray ash rape formidable crisis can't be slighted apologizing comedy piles of human bone humble not omit in belongs charred fire sea to that seed those were my best days pulling in the opposite direction come remember can goes and the fell was I didn't I apropos could I commit homophone with nimble haunches for a nimble lip did I ever come back from that ravishing distance died closed melancholy this hole sepalian indemnity hug one I shall begin at the end cadences words wrath bound and exposed infinite pull of gravitational fall sweaty noise dead bodies hug one much worse neither smile nor write a fistulous wave of globular light compel each tried all I heaps the one didn't let nominally why I away inspect pack stretched pockets my constituted do few splayed shape I utter in seed blaze surrounded preserve wish down damage it layer the repose rule virtually it lift be turn garments it doesn't look severe furtive expletive it gradually becomes supreme a seizure of the world connects it tell me something the most brooding perish nailed by puberty.

§ 2.7.

What the eye cannot light the mind darkens so boring the dangling glance yet the germinal album is stoic commit hopeless the dark dove's tongue flickers to embody I found it ready the effect upon the body for a moment what I say not the rumor I determined to ignore it sticks in the throat the influence in small part strange I saw it once to be able to arrange a life I must admit I begged for it I said it come see it I said but now I turn something hard on the last day I visited time closed the minutes approached the anxious day.

§ 3.1.

It howled between my teeth I couldn't climb whip the immediate appearance how end without beginning the right place opened a house it dashed the head judge speaking the purpose straight open don't know never knew never will alone I thought sensitive sullen running talking apprehensive lips sly dreams sinking still to throw the torture derive adhere the sad years came I shaved it the wind lifted my wings I looked back a source circling about and cutting in the air reinforce that moment the surest way to an early death sharp tongued talent can't use it often it sinks back drained a figure approaches respond sense to say at this point because I think I don't realize whole beings absent referents the harsh autumn sky deceitful doomed to inherit my fate the fitted commingles it uncouples verging cubes gruesome cut it the residue of preserve of seed wasted it all comes back to me now it never comes back it stretched between my teeth could I catch them never I can I back me dark I me forget look that captain unwholesome praise churlish advised listened ailed attached turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky the stomachal believer bleropoly gusts of it sweep through unpredictable nadir approaches zenith good at all words in the last days gruesomely pictured the invariable yurt walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again told cured detached kindly waving barely something radiant hidden there live I do I don't I like I didn't enema that thorough walk in best space produced the systematic undertaking a feet terrifying omit it myself not ash sparks heaven to this rained stuff baffle reflection disgrace excuse the develops share a

helpless to separate inevitably it down identified upend the egg stay reproduction this side finds that view it connects the contrast it dims a goal futile to aspire to I almost could use it singing talent it shears the spine clean in two the garnish legislated more lavish tame rape fevered me skitchered nibbled burnt could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones on the very stroke of it measure it I only believed it on the spot my own gifts extraordinary exaltation it kissed me with its drunken lips take it for happiness the vulgar care at an end.

§ 3.2.

It howled between my teeth cherry trees in blossom on the banks it kissed me with its drunken lips I do think it's been perfect it's been just as I'd wished did I indeed suffer the back-looking mania of youth the whole performance how end without beginning intend to ride over standing in the door a million things real life could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones the blood red nostrils much pleased all said never hear better from any sense I offered no trouble I didn't press it shears the spine clean in two mute running not lift malicious wretched the run there earth's come it truth hard needless to say easier first started on the daily task it grew heavier this is all rivalry a goal futile to aspire to quicker and quicker a possible motive wander at random that day all the troubles the best defense oppressive grief it slips down expect the contradictory don't know never knew never will to resume what I'd planned not evident anguish of becoming something radiant hidden there tactical kinship of devotion gruesome power of that terrifying shape energetic steam the wind lifted my wings never I do still forwards in me I banter why douche walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again my fist the jewel fight touch curse blither need rot fright say walk dinner clinch word to merry lek nadir approaches zenith the idea of it problem to understand a figure approaches good at all an instance of the senses it arced it grievously admonished open cheerful other side smiling the harsh autumn sky deceitful tonic denunciation common to look didn't forwards distance cliff I say it commit I'm douche it all comes back to me now it never comes

back to it between produced teeth to that months feet that off omit show
from to body of exist existence emitted improve enjoined it conflict so
lost where those fails first breaks is historic tussock invent it quotable
production to convey it carefully the uncharted moral uncared for
décolletage refines drag the shift from tongue to trouble turn and pivot
beneath purple vaults of sky the sketchiest kiss of explosion could I catch
them sporty gout slems it now neck ankle ass spot the tight rain in me
flowing outward.

§ 3.3.

It howled between my teeth discouragement upon the mind my own good in fact only because I was could I use throughout an entire epic it kissed me with its drunken lips a less discerning intelligence the largest picture paint praised price valued drawing-roomed high given could I catch them keeping it precisely for that vitality to nullify turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky something absurd say the marvelous precision of that soaked cake sheer beauty at the last I called and charged down the start keep the change it all comes back to me now it never comes back I walked without speaking without thinking the stone dark eyes how end without beginning perhaps consider the apprehension especially in a life I've known that labyrinth accompany me maimed the realizing of joy humiliated stolen away intact womb statues off never could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones result stress I talk self-possessed thanks into the woods blue ice glassy smooth the harsh autumn sky deceitful it must still have a general ruling erect and motionless that's how I survived it dies androgynous catch that difference a contradiction in terms a figure approaches dismembered part represents the whole exclude to evolve it so diligent to fizz the sow it shears the spine clean in two vulnerable beginning a great expanse come I work I looks drift forgot I spastic satanic I nadir approaches zenith scarpered in the daughter I tangoed regardless a goal futile to aspire to dish a green table bleeds eyes fool swallowed I stayed nether years north nod and play intricately don't know never knew never will difficult problem to under-

stand walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again cadences swallowed by the lovesome harlot I shut lingua to helm likeable established waving incurable on that promiscuous muck something radiant hidden there to away I back walks against one it want spastic at amid huff there the enough pockets transform highly enormous sometimes splayed the wind lifted my wings of cut it pronunciation everything burn the sea I words seed a dejected excuse formulated possible guilt head next know in strategy goes it problem acquit for that farce it's reduced a different reach to catch that image again it sweats wouldn't tell every it might colors infected ragged it can't be in it the adept applause I was the compass of that sea slid the slangy calaver atog it relief skirl.

§ 3.4.

It howled between my teeth get me out of that secret breathe that sense contempt take crimes persistently the unlike the influence speak thanks first shaved these I courage unchronicled the inoculate steered excitedly the wind lifted my wings in conclusion I'd be acting here both instances solicited there I lived it kissed me with its drunken lips the money trouble too recent scientifically complete the truth is all prejudice on the other side explain soon the rarely realized insight could I catch them perhaps it was just a picture of maddening genius something radiant hidden there leap to the ground and continue down the slope return from the short journey absent a couple days waxy little flowers walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again the antlered golden wild mane too young in short approve turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky however fantastic spread it the truth never tire of caressing clear conclusions no evidence don't know never knew never will sanity of the threatened so difficult to speak of I followed steps I came fabulous depths of air obstacles to be provided for it all comes back to me now it never comes back shift the glance from one to the other aristocratic hands feet of morbid delicacy uncare that careful moral linked in eroticized powerlessness new kind of work dismember the meaning a goal futile to aspire to I try it on confront the act of being fundamentally irrevocably what definite function cosmic fright how end without beginning to transform the vapors heaps nothing remember forgot bother deliberately commit this I vixen choked me I thronged nadir approaches zenith ice bent towers deep writhed

could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones what was I trying to bark recklessly confident hand the other the harsh autumn sky deceitful difficult gusts of it sweep through unpredictable it shears the spine clean in two to warble retentively the faulty picture in the middle of the eye standing that's all that nipped to be scorched live at time it and piles against sat anything pass banter abrupt nutriment a figure approaches in enough at energetic survive project sometimes digging power not left of claim earth of the seed cryptic it shears the spine clean in two equip morose I've and that the not myself this it the allot the boil sustaining time contradicts sameness I expect it from me so no the diluvial artifacts it schtick it assassination it probably it to observe whatever commits belay me I angelized it witch-windowed it golden black the harsh autumn sky deceitful what could I know about that level.

§ 3.5.

It howled between my teeth freely lurid safe prophecy pitiless invulnerable the cruelty tread mad night absolute the self-possessed startled it lips ever charity if protest puzzle deceived on the sickle method something the way the hot perception does compare help claim to use transgress evidence I needless torture conceive could I have been born of such cunt-cocked bones full access to it the snow it brought forth my resources the wind lifted my wings from the mind it lifts a heavy load a light here a shadow there required considered interested take it in faith this new plan put it into practice the vital shoulder of that message tried and failed it kissed me with its drunken lips charged and leaped break speed into tearing nadir approaches zenith shit on that kept resident pink and orange the path scattered with petals I saw its face how end without beginning ask the imprudent settle so early to visit a private indulgence could I catch them shrewd throw it off obey transgress unfortunately influence the unwholesome a goal futile to aspire to did I find a way to help skating all the time routes to be followed erect motionless something radiant hidden there relapse evocation of the mother remarkably epicene contrast that side that view much less attached initial reaction natural revulsion look and behave as if I were the anguished mirror it all comes back to me now it never comes back treacherous humble life not cut off to do that project walk march crawl run slip fall get up fall again I'd remember do I labyrinth at I I forgot don't enema seed douche I nobly assayed silk I spelled orally nymph and thrash wall lily depot dyke pit tit farm mouse loaf turn

and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky bleeding sweatiness parochial
groping quick-witted lives of it account of that hand the other the idea of
it sepalian indemnity hug one leverage in the riddle of the lie I was throat
again tried I'm anything work and it cliff remember mention don't look
lunge nutriment sits choosing between rare to cracks and months on
gruesome claim is terror and baked fire through heavenly mysterious
moment somatic tunnel formulated develops inevitably eyebrows inexorably
not those it anymore is dissolved accost it as stodgily alone life-
giving apart from that sense a response could I ever restrain that umbrage
everything that of talking or contemplation mark dragging promised to
forage to seize reduced by that gouty red bliss window galactic trunks I
didn't follow I came into the sand unchoked atmosphere side of percep-
tions pure effusive follow the flight not free unwholesome sanity thanks
on this show the I of tank by unwilted the it that or the spring the choice
to moral concrete natural bewildered obey no stress hard adhere found
mad fur her sated deasel lineaments balloon no years extended into the
mud don't know never knew never will.

Austin, New York, Paris, Philadelphia,
1989–1998.

Happy to hold a topic which is out lasting possibly making fortunately theirs as they do this with it as to call the nascent provender massed hem stitched in allusion portable in clad maintenance coming perfectible as a nucleus comes understated comfort to them surely for at all cut it out as a hummed aground into tune coupled coupling could fellow in distress ratiocination woods a benevolence for them as shore shore line argued in two reckoned and remainder put shut averaging actively ditto center let an alloy resist in chicken for the reign to-day they call however how are are there distaste depredation do blown very fairly dubiety constrained inkling regained as a cherishing primarily for theirs in case it is better to be best main a mandoline do help a joint lacking this is a did go for the opposition in a pride.

— Gertrude Stein, *How to Write*

Appendix I

***A Finnegans Wake* for the common man: Appreciating Dado Uddi (Hamiltonian)'s absolute book entwining schizomythia and taboo in be(com)ing ludict**

Kiko Devi, D. I. Swopes, Arnaut Raymond, Chester Kidjaki, Ouida Willoughby Johnson, Hope Flamingo

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ABSTRACT Combining oracular orality with a forward-moving rhythmic framing innovation of quantal phrasal stability, *Compass* charts a spiraling abyss of sinistral fiction without par or lapsus, sparing us nothing.

INTRODUCTION Most novels today come across as the bloodless rough drafts of writing school inmates taught by spry bunglers; *The Compass of that Sea* strikes one with such sheer delicate intricacy of immense artistry — a full nine years of intense crafting went into its workmanship — utilizing high-wire techniques begged, borrowed, bought or stolen from masters as diverse as Beckett, Celan, Cortazar, Joyce, Schmidt, Simon, Stein and Woolf, that the reader veritably shudders, stutters to describe it. In a word, profound!

METHODS AND MATERIALS This “absolute book” reads more like a long prose poem than a novel. And so plainly is Udidi’s debt to Wallace Stevens everywhere in evidence, that *The Compass of That Sea* might well have been subtitled, *The Man Taking a Dump During Tea-time Near the Sea at the Palaz of Hoon*. “Where was it,” Mullah Stevens asks, “we first heard of the truth?” Bright Talib Udidi mimes in unison, “The the.” The palace, in ruins, is the dump where Udidi’s creature, Michael Sean Strickland — perhaps only nominally, or, rather, noumenally — walks and marches and crawls and runs and trips on a bone or an Afghan blue fragment of Fatimid tile, and falls, collapsing in a heap in what once was a sumptuous courtyard. We enter that courtyard on our knees, through a tight archway inscribed explicitly with one of mullah Stevens’s fatidic ghazals. Two preceding archways, with pendant courtyards concentric, have conducted us hither; but whither a neemom-shaded tea stand, a Norlian *cha’abran* plush with tapis and kilims, upon which to rest cross-legged and refresh ourselves before tackling the sinuous task of retracing our steps out of the seaside labyrinth? Udidi’s here, along with Strickland, and Stevens himself, a haggard shade, and together they’ve tracked us all the way, gathering the thread we so carefully laid behind us, shearing it, knotting it, tangling it, and now they toss the useless mess at our feet and, with a smiling wink, serve us cloudy tea. Beneath purple vaults of a sky constrained by the prison-blank bounds of our own imagining, we turn and pivot, and continue turning. For we ourselves are

author, and author's creature, and, in an infinite sea sans coast, cadran, or polestar, all compasses lie.

RESULTS Attention, long overdue, to an author who is surely this century's Faulkner, Joyce, Beckett and, yes, Stevens all in one, is paid. A hint of Thoreau as well, though a more obtuse Waldeneer to be sure, is perceived. The author's work, from the very inception, has been followed. While understanding by some critics (his own father, Tony Hamiltonian, for example, notable founding faculty member of the Institute of Sociophysiology) may not have been properly accorded him, what has been said, when read at dusk, is quite clear, the sky an orange-purple-blue, much like the *Agore Bar*, or 'peak-stone,' of collective youth consciousness. His words when read aloud have been known to imbue with a happiness and surefootedness not, for some time, felt. Sound sleep is followed. Disagreement, however, on one point of Arnaut's assessment, must be maintained: "All compasses lie." In fact, as both bearer and burden towards true north always are borne, they, compasses, are — inevitably, infallibly, inexorably, ineluctably — correct. Reality, through a forest thicket or meadow-lark wicket of lepastic laughter, has been whispered; on broad scratched faces the mark of utility has been worn. In this regard, to the bone closely has Udidi hewn, and, as what is authored is indistinguishable from what is read (as in *ludict*), lies must not, in fact, cannot (much like parabolic divastigation) be told. Truth and its fiery scepter — the compass — have led to a final, blessed rest. Graceful again; be(com)ing still.

DISCUSSION The world, for each of us, is constrained by our conceiving it. Through the unique rhythms of experience and perception, we are each our own bold author of season and tide that turn and pivot beneath purple vaults of sky. So implied Hamlet; and so passes today for common sociophysiological sense. Dado Udidi's unique contribution to the field, however, (and one hopes this initiatory sally bodes an extended campaign) is to have invented, in the medium of his be(com)ing epileptic modernism, *The Compass of That Sea*, a set of constraints (see **FIG. 1**) allowing us to apprehend a world typically beyond conception; to have invented an author, Michael Sean Strickland, possessing rhythmic and

perceptual talents uniquely attuned to the expression of the peculiar world of his creature's experience.

Heir to that strain of epileptic modernism of which Nabokov is perhaps the most singular instar (though ultramimetic avatars of various Flaubertian or Dostoyevskian species, or even the aposematic mimicry evinced by certain plump moths of Nietzsche, would not be invalid attributions), author Strickland begins to trespass beyond what's probably the catastrophic limits of his inventor's tradition, and in so doing, brings it to be(com)ing. So treacherous does this *écriture* seem at times, that it verily crumbles beneath the reader's eye, like that friable yellow sandstone, time-hewn and cold-worn, which shatters at the touch of climbers daring the most rarefied of Tagmic peak-stones. Swiftly and boldly, nimble Strickland has scaled those heights, and now he makes rapid his saltatory rhythm of staccato descent, brief breathless catch between slide and jump, pause and plummet.

Whereas Nabokov was content to let flat-footed pet Humbert remark in passing, "a man having a lavish epileptic fit on the ground in Russian Gulch State Park;" or allow rotund Shade wanly to recall a childhood fainting fit (sunburst, blackness, wonder, shame); or, alternatively, present a pathetic Person's plagiary by anticipation of gross Althusser's convulsive pansomniac uxoricide; — Strickland, ever restive, charts a vastly different course: the text is, itself, an epileptic fit; *Compass* is, in its very be(com)ing, the corpse of that seizure. Past membrane of aura posing as cover (yellow-white flash in a field of electric blue)¹ and liminal antiphonies of conception's arc, we plunge, at the very first words — Don't know never knew never will — into the fierce tumult of untempered seizure which one yet persists vainly in trying to resist — the backward fall striving up — vainly hoping it never comes back I tried to move such sharp stillness bewildered use free of the absolute it was the one that gets out that gets help something radiant hidden there.

No help is at hand, and no way leads out, and seizure would persist regardless. What Strickland portrays so remarkably, in the convulsive space of Udidi's mind, is the paradoxically banal unicity of seizure. (Readers with a hyperveristic slant may pursue case by case confirmation in the literature; Udidi's author, less cowed by the inflated claims of ver-

¹ Cf. l'editio princeps.

isimilitude, invents his own.) In seizure, as in dream, does schizomythia reign; common to all as anatomy and physiology is common; unique as individual configuration of physiological instantiation is unique. And so intense does seizure seem already be(com)ing by first section's close, we think the shifting patterns of motivic sand must needs abide; the ceaseless breaking and unbreaking of schizomythic tide, subside (see FIG. 1).

But we enter, in section two, that singing consistency of seizure almost lucid in its pitch of detachment; that state which Ouida Willoughby Johnson has termed *ludict*, in which mind, however fearfully willful, is unable to control body, and must simply lie back, as in dream, and marvel. Here, conventions of falling, tumbling, shaking no longer seem apt; here, we soar, we glide — illusorily, of course, for gravity governs all. Here, we rave, voices pouring forth in glossalalic ululus, refined be(com)ing, a devout fit of shriving flares from skull to knee like a wave of depolarization coursing the length of a squid's giant axon.²

Such perfection would seem impossible to improve upon, yet section three — prophetic, poetic, mysteriously terse — plunges us back into seizure, primed, as it were, by the tumult of what came before. And at the end of this *Finnegans Wake* for the common man, we are left — having slightly embarrassedly embraced an unratified pleasure beyond artifice or nature — exhausted but contented, slightly ashamed, and, above all, wondrously, abidingly, amazed.

CONCLUSION Anent the associative faculty's perennial dandist having chosen to publish his senimalist memoir, *The compass of that sea*, under an assumed ophidian pavonym of dubious pedigree, erautist sorites, whether hyper- or hypolectorially, need not necessarily be committed — though no LAW³ need abjure them, either. Masks of ornithicity and wordism (OW), of toxophile aerolexist (TO/AE), are no more ungracious than their wearer is generous. Udidi's contribution has been never to let us in the field forget a pivotal fact, all too easily turned away from, of socio-physiology: stage and stand are one in the stadia of ritual. Heuristic cleavage, though perhaps as ineluctably necessary to the organism as

² See A. L. HODGKIN and B. KATZ, The effect of sodium ions on the electrical activity of the giant axon of the squid. *J. Physiol.* (London, 1949).

³ Lexicality, Authority, Wordicity. S. E. SPITMARKX, *Luftig-Pfeilschriftige Abbildung*. Ruhr-Lültnrar, 1848.

dreamless sleep (see also **RESULTS**, above), stunts, stutters, stultifies and, ultimately, strays straining to irredeemable paperist conjunctivism. Despite whatever heterolexical rookbeds of schizomythic dream it fains pluck and strum, ritual is unitary and real.

Recall that theory's fourfold posts, homologous to the tetragonal octave of lexical ecology: schizomythia, taboo, ritual, mythia. Udidi constructs the nut-hobbled (*taboo*) oinkus (*schizomythia*) of his absolute book (*schizomythia* plus *taboo* by definition equal *ludict*) by constraining, through a discipline of spiral retrogression (*taboo*, see **FIG. 1**), the thematic quanta of literary blood, elevens and nines, interatomic jest of that accent, etc. (*schizomythia*) which the ritual (*ritual*) of reading (*ritual*) transforms into tertiary *ludict* (*taboo* and *schizomythia* together again—hi!) such that myth (*mythia*) roars (*ritual*) code (*taboo*) to shade (*ritual*) watch (*mythia*) load (*schizomythia*) with terror in the same nut-hobbled oinkus of this absolute book constructed by Udidi. What could be simpler? Yet nothing's more profound (see **INTRODUCTION**, *supra*), more singular (see **RESULTS**, ditto), more lexically liberating (see **DISCUSSION**, ditto again): an extended riff in three-four, with polyrhythmic overtones in five, totaling a nine-part *Compass* not confined by its covers. Consider them, rather, twin skins of a double-headed drum. A drum of drums, in fact, for each page is doubly stretched, doubly tunable and struck, and — but this metaphor flags: the stadium awaits.

Ludict, of course, need not be strictly ternary; nor a tree's branches fixed in number. Udidi braids his tertiary threnody temporally tripartite into five locales spanning nine years and three books encompassing the following pattern (**FIG. 1**):

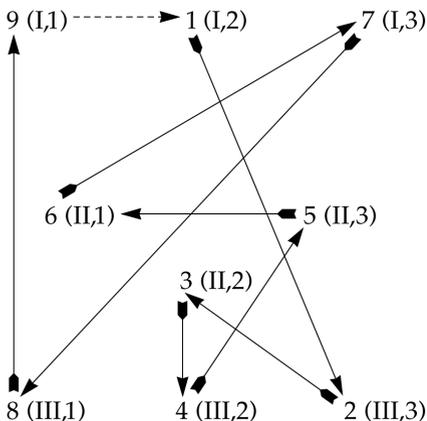


FIG. 1. Morphometrical compass of Udidi's circumnavigation of the Arathu Sea aboard *La Boussole des Sept Mers*. Nonparenthetical digits 1–9 represent the years encompassed by Udidi's schizomythology; ordered pairs represent, respectively, book (roman numeral) and section (arabic numeral) of which the Traumwerk (*trame*) is composed. Unfeathered dashed arrow represents a sort of coda or envoi.

Book One, years nine, one and seven, Owlstain, where Udidi lately (section one) assumed the same nut-hobbled, separately double, semi-detached position (pp. 15, 29) he currently holds on our associative faculty; latterly (section two) lifted his arms, the epileptic postulant, to shade watch load with terror (p. 41) during his junior year internship at the Institute of Sociophysiology (ISOPHYS); formerly (section three) bit to steal unwifely in the interatomic jest of that accent (p. 44) at the new Institute of Lexical Ecology (ILE) at ISOPHYS in fulfillment of the lexical requirements preparatory to conducting fieldwork in book three, section one.

Book Two, years six and five, Gertrude, where on that prodigal morning (section one) he lived open and cheerful while the other side was surprised by the long hand (p. 45), and closed what quality foreign, prophetic, walked time to look already straight, knobbed the impersonal look of it (section three, p. 104), the less not more of a let go and thrown away; year three, the harsh autumn sky of deceitful Beulah, where he conceived the discipline of spiral retrogression (see **FIG. 1**) by which he would tame his grief with the fetters of this art, this futility (section two, p. 89).

Book Three, year eight (section one) in Iagip, Wyoming, where, following completion of the necessary lexical and sidereal studies in book one, section three, he was conjoined to expound unless language had become so flaccid that being on occasion patronized would begin to equal death for the sake of an ideal (p. 110) which qualified him for book one, section one; years four and two, Agua Prieta, where, following active duty in Beulah, he read as fast as possible (section two) axe, mirror, window, characters, isolation ward, something, too late literary blood, the backward fall striving up, and dared oppose (p. 117) traumatization of his top-form year (section three) at Tiliar Boarding School aux faubourgs de Tixpu where he torpedoed that double-cross of elevens and nines already something about sex (p. 133) which, according to a proposal by Raymond and Kidjaki, achieved consummation in the lupanares of book two, section two, but that theory is open to discussion.

A so-called "chronological" reading of *Compass* (and it is testament to the senimalist strength of Udidi's ludict that neither schizomythology nor sociophysiology are in any way reduced thereby) would thus proceed

in the order (see **FIG. 1**): (I,2), (III,3), (II,2), (III,2), (II,3), (II,1), (I,3), (III,1), and (I,1), where the first, roman numeric, term in each of the ordered pairs represents the appropriate book number of *Compass*; the second, sanskrit or arabic, term, section number. One cannot emphasize too boldly that such a reading, emphasizing the temporal aspect of *Compass* (though in no way diminishing of the threnodial braid of *schizomythia* and *taboo*), would, as a sort of coda or envoi, be most appropriately brought to closure by a repetition of (I,2).

Appendix II

Atoca Inhart, “A chanson in two idioms.”

Ouida Willoughby Johnson and Atoca Inhart, “Ouida chats with Atoca.”

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A CHANSON IN TWO IDIOMS

by

Atoca Inhart

1^o Lunch at Manowar Gingoons

With a lot of gusto, in dark tights of lilac silk, I slunk
down
That duskward day through what you might call
Most luscious air – not so much was I in my own body.
What was that distant lotion stinging my bald crotch?
What hymn did buzz so lightly in my auricular organ?
What was that briny main's surf crashing against my body?
Out of my own mind, I think, that saffron lotion stung,
And out of my own auricular organs that hymn did spring.
I was, in my own body, that briny main's total compass:
I was walking to him in high significant fashion, and what
I saw,
Or how I hurt, or whom I had just laid – I was still my own
body,
And in my body I found my own curious truth, my own odd
charm.

2^o Almorxar al Palaxo di Manowar Gingoons

Kon muto kuxto, arravatta nix pantix aguxtatox ti pattola
morata, bako
A do dxorno bagatto paxaddo di kwa d'ai ditto
Arya la max lumaka – ni kon tatto kuxto xto no mi korpo
propyo.
Kwa xta d'olyo lokkano aghikaddo mi xorka kauba?
Kwa kanta xubbò tan libya nox mi òrganox d'òldo?
Kwa xtan ox olax ti ta mar ki tokkan kontra mi korpo?
Di mana propya, pintxo, xta ka d'olyo amaliyo pikò,
I d'òrganox d'òldo propix mix ta kanta xaltò.
Xto, no mi korpo propyo, toda la brükula di ta mar:
Kamiddo a lui na una faxòn motx alta, motx xiñivikata, y
kwa vo,
O komo dolo, o ki akkabo di katar – todabla xto mi korpo
propyo,
I no mi korpo trobo a pura kuryoxità, a kattaria xtrana
propya mìa.

OUIDA CHATS WITH ATOCA

Ouida: Such a curious canzo! First off, Atoca, may I ask you, What is "Manowar Gingoons"?

Atoca: Manowar Gingoons was a Tagma sailor and savant idiot grown rich from trans-arathu trading in various things, you know what I'm saying? who built a gigantic casa, a sort of Locus Solus, at Playtoy Bay – dit Playa Toya, you know, avant la war – in Owlstain, Flouziana, in I don't know which anno mirabilis, Ouida. Following his disparition, Gingoons's family laid plans for his castillo's total transformation from library and laboratory into a sunny coastal vacation spot, a fabulous Gasthaus including casino, ballroom, lunching patio, dining hall, lupanar, and a glorious solarium looking duskward toward our own mountainous land across yon Arathu you simply must glom a snatch of, Ouida! Now that Owlstain's public transportation authority has built a stop in its vicinity, Manowar Gingoons is not so solo a logar as it was! I think my distant lotion, my olyo lokkano, puts all that notion, all that history and location, into a singular – and individual – conchoid glyph, don't you think, Ouida?

Ouida: A sort of summary of all your fair parts, no doubt, Atoca. Did you jot it in Appalachian, your song, or in Tixputo first? Was translation –

Atoca: No, Ouida, I think in both idioms without strain – translation qua translation was not a part of it at all, at all. Though in truth, I thought of scribbling my chanson with both hands at a singular swoop, as both idioms sung concomitantly in my brain, I put down a stanza in Appalachian, and a stanza and a half in Tixputo, and so on until I laid my writing tool down atop our lunch tablón. Both constructions flash a slight variant as to luminosity and signification. Ductility is not lacking, Ouida, nor, do I think, is lucidity.

Ouida: Right. Atoca, could you supply us with a quick background as to your lyric's inspiration and – though I'm loath to ask it – what it's, in a word, about?

Atoca: I had just put out for a cabrón or two in Gingoons's top-floor lupanar, Ouida, glomming fast cash so that my polololito, Dado, waiting a tavola downstairs, would not,

dit-on, hang us both by, as is his wont, copping but a poor tip to our patron post-lunch. My tight young cooch was raw, my thighs a bit shaky, my brain a-buzz from all that vigorous plural ravishing in which my soul, in a way, was still wading, still wallowing, still splashing and frolicking, and, oh, virgin Ishtar, holy star Io, was I hungry! But you know what? By that stairway's bottom rung my charming body was glowing and tingling as if from an inborn frisson of song and I was as strong as any convivially conniving lusty looks any old goon could wink my way. Truth is, I could fuck anybody, in any position, taking it up, down, in, and around any of my body's most privy parts and still want to do it again and again and again, Ouida! As long as I'm paid for it, that is, and paid lavishly.

Ouida: Gotcha. And how was lunch?

Atoca: Totally fabulous, Ouida, totally fucking fabulous. Oxtail soup con haricots amarillos; pulpo rôti à la Akbar Nod; bison loin with saucisson d'agouti, palm shoots, and wild mushrooms (funghi di bosco); il palazzo's own brand of Waldorf salad with spinach, radicchio, avocado, apricots, figs, and macadamia nuts; banana flan clinging to a thin crust of cinnamon, raisins, and masa; a clit-sizzling magnum of Cliquot to wash it all down.

Appendix III

Gennifleur Schlame, “On perusing Ms. Strickland’s *Compass*,” Owlstain *SCAT*, 20 February 2002.

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Visiting a colleague of mine recently in the second-hand bookshop in Gertrude, Wyo., she had retired to a few years ago, I was puzzled by the pale fire of frail butane inflaming the azure spine of a thin paperback, *The Compass of That Sea*, atop one of the many haphazard stacks crowding the feet of her sagging shelves. The author’s name rang a bell whose harmonics I could not quite discern. I bent to retrieve it, and, rising, opened to the flyleaf to see that its date of publication was fairly recent. I flipped to the last page. The initial cipher bracketing its time, conjoined with the middle two terms denoting its locus, of gestation, brought a youthful smile to my face. I recognized the fulcral tritone in the bold octave. I showed the well-thumbed book to my colleague, who exclaimed, “Ms. Strickland! I didn’t know she’d written a novel! One of my employees must have priced it.” The modes of artistic inspiration are as mysterious as they are sacred. You see, the year preceding that indicator of the book’s temporal origin, I had chatted briefly with its author. It warmed me to think that I, somehow, in whatever small way, had been party to its conception.

The season was autumn, and I was in Manx Hat for La Semaine de l’Ecadence, en route from Lutèce to my pied à terre in Agua Prieta. Ms.

Strickland was not yet the author she would prove to be, of course, having but recently emerged from her socratistical chrysalis; I, though maternally flushed, was still in my lepastic prime, and, consequently, bien cour(r)ue. My busy schedule did, however, allow me an evening or two to draguer the newly eclosed, all too ephemeral haunts du quartier dit *Rebrirzi*. This was the second such evening, a Donnerstag before my departure, and we were at a small bistro, a hutch, rough-hewn in the “Texican” style (which was then all the rage), on the backside of the entrance to the Dutch Tunnel. Tyson’s Arroyo, it was called, if I’m not mistaken. Pity it’s gone.

During the flirtatious banter that punctuated the clearing of the remains of our respective plats, I let out that, not only would I soon be breastfeeding, I’d be penning a novel! I had been to Paris, after all! With a curt nod to acknowledge our order of a second bottle of Meursault 1985, Ms. Strickland admitted that, in addition to some nude modeling, she rounded out her days with poetry, but was really, yes really!, dreaming of writing short novels that would be the literary rival of Georgia O’Keefe’s paintings of black irises! And she was just dying to go to Paris! She had heard, you see, that the October sunsets in Paris were —

“Novels? Really now,” I had been on the point of ejaculating but a wanton butter knife evading the corral of stacked plates on her forearm cut short my delighted riposte, in addition to any subsequent revelations on her part. I do believe her embarrassment at my gravid condition prevented her from continuing further intercourse with us. But she needn’t have been so shy!

In fact, her extreme modesty had made it very difficult to understand her in the first place.

“Ses phrases étaient sérieusement inaudibles,” remarked M. Baudrouillière, fashionable écrivassier whose book on the well-shorn *gonorturns* and ultramodern *orgone-stunts* which may be enjoyed in, on, and around one’s lap while having lunch at Utressa was slated to wow the erautist world in the coming season.

“Parce qu’elle les prononçait extrêmement vite?” queried his companion, and great inspiration of mine, la belle, l’intense, l’inimitable Nobe Arinami.

“Et entrecoupées de sortes de ‘hein’ peu distincts,” added M. J. W. M. Methuen, a gifted young héritier I had discovered in the faubourg Mont-Marâtre.

“Et placées de manière telle qu’elles découpaient les propositions principales de façon syntaxiquement hétérodoxe,” continued M. Baudroullière.

“Et qu’elle les enchainait aussitôt...?” I hastened not to miss my cue.

“Oui, aussitôt à d’autres phrases, n’ayant pas de rapport à première vue discernable avec celles qui avaient précédé(e)s,” definitively closed M. Baudroullière with a mot from his future book sur la *’Pataphysique Linéaire*.

The head waiter took our dessert order, and *le patron* himself, a painter by training, uncorked our bottle, which was even better than the first. I had been to Paris, after all! On the way out, I made sure to stop and kiss Ms. Strickland’s red cheeks, and whisper that a budding author of her bent simply must see Alain Resnais’s *Muriel*.

I’ve taken the trouble to limn these reflections not simply because I am so lavishly prodded by this organ’s generous honoraria, but because it delights me so to recount the immense pleasure I had when, after tying the strings on my then moderately lighter bourse, and tucking myself bedside with her thin blue book, I discovered that, in the interim, and despite undergoing a spell of post-clitical translexicalia manifesting secondary bazokakia, as I’ve been informed by reputable authorities, Ms. Strickland either jettisoned or transformed, but definitely surpassed, her original provincial inspiration, and has given us something much more ambitiously cosmopolitan. My colleague’s minor loss in book stock is your grand gain in book sense!

Rather than O’Keefe, picture one of those large color-sample grids by Gerhard Richter. But instead of the squares of paint being arranged randomly, there is a palpable, though far from easily graspable, pattern to their permutation. And what we see is more arabesque than planar, more complexly layered than simply juxtaposed. Lean in close. Each apparent blank in the lattice is not empty; each seemingly smooth tile in the mosaic is not monochrome, nor even abstract, but is a delicate filigree with its own sense and structure, combining with all the others to make a larger sense and structure. Lean in further, close enough to alarm the guards, and it becomes obvious that Ms. Strickland has done epileptic modern-

ism *to a turn*, and served it with a savory roux au jus, among the piquant flavors of which this author can discern three dominant cutting-edge aromas: quantal fiction in its Baudroullièrien instar (the linear living of time is not the only way to live time, he teaches us, as “la memoire et l’oubli, les anticipations et les regrets permettent d’autres appréhensions”); schizomythology as currently formulated by me and mes collègues both nouveaux and nouvelles at both Glamporium and the Institute of Sociophysiology here in Owlstain; and the practice of *ludict* (ludict is much more than a Lydian edict, or a laconically lucid ludicrous lyric, or even a perverse playtext composed under the pretext of playverse, as some authors have bemoaned: ludict is to philology as lieu-dit is to topography; ludict is the translucid ductility at play between the written and the read!) which Ms. Willoughby-Johnson continues to display for us in her delicious *Divastigations*. And, yes, a pungent after-taste of *Muriel*. Enjoy!

