

FAKTE sequences, 01 - 04 and

by

G. Matthew Mapes

for Adam Wilkins

The Afterword

Logan Chalmers grew up to become a poet, and lived nearly his entire adult life estranged from his parents. When he was found dead in the dorm room of a college sophomore, the following fragment of a poem was recovered from his breast pocket:

father

I am a not also a not a spring in the step of another nope another nope and
arrival is not I nor a place in which I is free to pursue not and springing
like sprung is a characteristic or invisible or an envelope filled with arrival I

this is the end a sentence a sentence of invisible and pursuit and not I am
not also a springing characteristic a distinct peculiar step to another nope
I am also my mother a not arrived in an envelope smiling period and

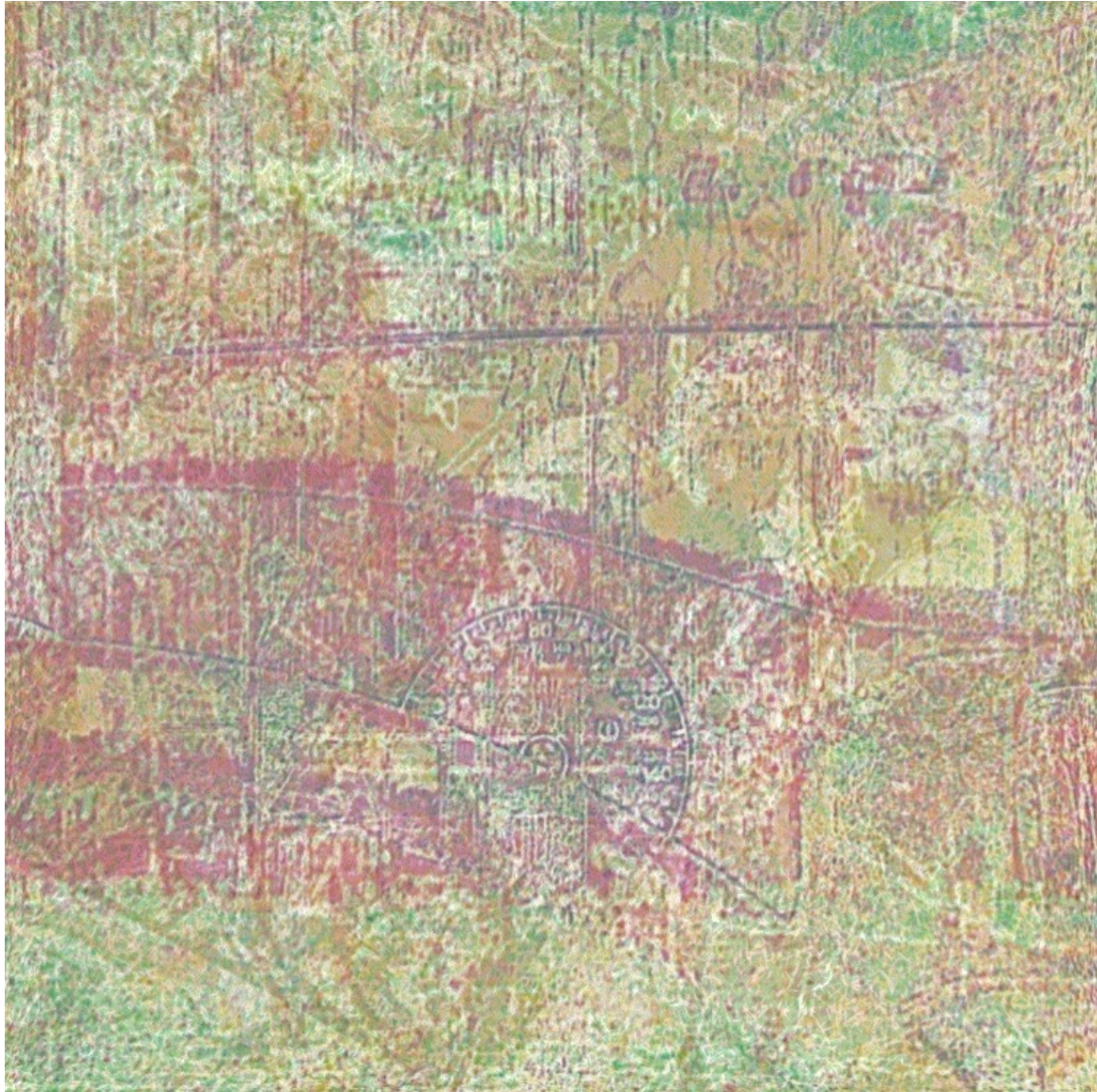
FAKTE 01

transmission : aggravating the characteristics of tentatively [...] suffer something actual and
conclusion : decades of millions of transmissions, mitigations, implied [...] characteristics of
translation : passing and analogy and obscure and pattern and summarized and functioning

(“dilemma is the sincerest form of truth-telling”)

innate or mechanism

ism



Just Pillboxes

autobiography

the song is “Barracuda”
as a light rain falls

I am crouching behind
a spool of telephone cable

visions of *S.W.A.T.*
Logan's Run
and *Baa Baa Black Sheep*
occupy my mind

(the children approaching me
from behind
are heavily armed)

I am caught by surprise
and captured

this will later be known as
the best day of my life

Eternized.

I try. I mean, with the distraction and all, it's tough, but... I try, nonetheless.

No need for an attorney. No need to address the emptiness or the airways. Awareness. Awareness is key. And I run errands all day, sometimes into the night, and the journey is often long and uneasy, and the birds are unkind, to say the least. But the sentences that manifest: these are wonderful and synthetic. Modern. Yes, I'd say modern, if left with no other option. Modern, or maybe western. Breathe. This is the way into outright lies or awareness. And I am left brewing utterances in the Western Railway Terminal, smiling a pale smile, looking into mirrored windows as the train pulls away. And I am breathing. There can be no doubt that I am breathing, and moving my mouth, and saying little things, and smiling. And my utterances are enough to fill a teacup. I am breathing and aware. Aware.

Numb.

Aware of two men in the room. A white room. Two men dressed in white smocks, in the same white room as me. And cauterizing. And I can smell myself cooking as they cauterize their work, as they run their errands down my leg, into my slipper sock, and then out west. Breathe. And a woman, a tall, modern woman, perhaps my attorney or a bird, alternates between outright lies and mirrored emptiness. Breathe. And strands of her hair are sentences unto themselves. Beautifully constructed sentences unto themselves. Themselves and an uneasy, modern awareness. Or a journey, to say the least. I smell erroneous and uneasy, or synthetic, or intriguing. Maybe. Maybe intriguing. This is perhaps the last time you'll be this wonderful, this aware and intriguing. And I can't remember whether I left my keys in the pale-blue bird dish by the door, or in the teacup, or in my attorney's attaché. Breathe.

I mean, I am distracted, after all. But I try.

modicum

one registers bandages wobbles
the pendulum is underlined
“quitter”

television season is complete with

[...]

skip the knowledge vamp
the pilings on of quiet
of chattering and afternoons

dripping is ignorance dirge... >
(this is minuscule in pictures) I declare
certitude is elegant or I am hindered

[...]

attempting afternoons is no solution
plainly and fractures compel blank wrapped

“One is a rabbit,” she said, “hearing loops.”

canvas witnesses photographs high school
swinging into poems with wounds

[...]

fingering aligned with blinking I am

baffles off-kilter a tentative winter
I am learning jazz and

wishing stiffens and tilts quits
a moderate or small amount
listens

home movies

[...] snow has begun to fall across beams of street light —
a car is driven forward into all and)

found a table : and a manic, middle-aged man attempts to join us in an instant)
is driven away,
and the wife returns from the restroom with a woman from Dakhabrakha /
and 75 Dollar Bill. [...]
[there is a fair amount of sitting until there isn't] — René Auberjonois —
smiling at the lights...

drones are established and fade away { }
and four young women dance until they are empty)
(and they are empty holding hands and empty)
I drink water and think about resurrecting Urecco Trio. [...] [...] [...]
(apologies to Dan Orme and the Art Ensemble of Chicago
and all those beautiful Japanese women)
— *all those beautiful Japanese women* — [...]

**a moment is taken*
— *as the temperature in the room is realized* —
*to observe teenagers pretending to not have sex**

[...]

: the wife : the ceiling : the construction on Woodward
: the line for a sandwich in the cafeteria at work
: Muriel Rukeyser's "A Certain Music" : projections
: cannibalistic intentions : the filthy inside of the microwave
: the coyotes out back : dead wrestlers

: Mike & Becky's place on the 19th : dawn again and snow...
and Miles Davis's *Dark Magus*)

[...]

the middle-aged man returns and finds a seat on the floor next to Dakhabrakha
(later, they will leave (together) before the music starts [...] and the music starts
: and Mica is a guitar or a spicy microphone, creeping along animated walls :
and I am seen — by cigarettes and that time at Deer Park Funland —
smiling 11/4 time at Greg Baise
(groovy,
like that Ellery Eskelin show at that place in Ann Arbor that no longer exists,
or something)

__ spinning, spinning, spinning...
into toy Holland and Deer Park Funland again)
(never has there been so much crying into yellow)
) and no one : is happy : about the choices that are being made
in their honor__ {}

people can't dance, to drones again, but Micachu and the Shapes. [...]
loneliness / a sweaty, desperate, empty man / manic, middle-aged —
everyone enters and exits the street light at exactly again / 7:30 AM /
the first to our car) (the headlights harbor projections or... I am then, too

[everyone was so naive back then, smoking : on all those reels]

[...]

the ride home is cold / the wife is cold,
and there is a familiar basset hound

bounding along through old snowscapes and beams of street light
to the tune of “Low Dogg” and) driving is forward into all and)

[...]

"What is my name?" : ("Am I *on* this one?") [...]

face knobs and erasures

blow into apparition roses of film
of moon and entrapment
of indispensable erasures
give me the reason to smudge looking (I am not looking through bandages)
I am young
or I am looking elsewhere sometimes

give the silence back its plunder hatch
and the music its eternal dread *rumble, rumble, rumble*
(a bruise traffic face knobs and such)

themselves is another thing entirely
and afternoons

soMeOne is Midnights IS penDulous is Evidence of mother AnD
bronze

[...]

find the face of shock
of televisual rhythms wracking and booted and jazz
in elemental echo panes wishing complete and circular and terminative

redact the trumpets and bass guitars
wedge a rabbit into ignorance
and quarrel as if wisdom were a button on your Bernie Sanders backpack
or visceral
or temporal
or a flower

or a monument to breath
or underlined
or an indisputable conclusion
or malignant

mumble, mumble, mumble

and mumble

the taste of family is pencilled into an antenna mouth which is later sutured shut
with wishing
and opinions

question satisfaction conscience fracture surge otherwise opposite
 gust

Mother,

*The afternoons blanch here, perniciously, as college ascends the trellis and flowers into
wishing. I've no more proportions, and my innards hum like film. Forgive my patterns and
commissions, as I will soon be the universe, diminished. A wisdom.*

*Love (I think),
Happenstance*

antennas spin tuneless [...] scoop sense backward into assuming

the ingestion of television is now backwards blasphemous and sophomores
do zoo
like murder does jazz

attributions quarrel dirge ladder pineapple heighten blunder
 nothing

Son,

*I am smoking cigarettes and quitting. Your yard is a zoo. Please blunder elsewhere, and be
solitude, diminished. An absence.*

Temporally,

Mom

antennas spin tuneless [...] separate the constituents from the slab

and at true NORTH

form is a question not an answer
(or something spoken under one's breath)

the untitled fact of poetry

considered of immediate importance is the peculiar relationship
between evolutionary probably and the structural
yet fashionable
individual induction
which
as definitions subside
restricts its own understandings
both practically and satisfactorily
and presents the poet with an intellectual backward
that must not be summarized or mirrored

structure is geographical and accelerated under these conditions
and cultural editors will often usurp the liberations of
guilty and products to introduce their own
institutionally complex doctrines
which
if initiated or allowed to be epigenetic
would certainly trigger the end of cannot
and launch thousands of arbitrarily aggravating continuums

(or cannot will reflexively emphasize *itself*
and the balance that ensues will be inexorable
immaculately sequenced
and questions

chance

inadequacy

rather

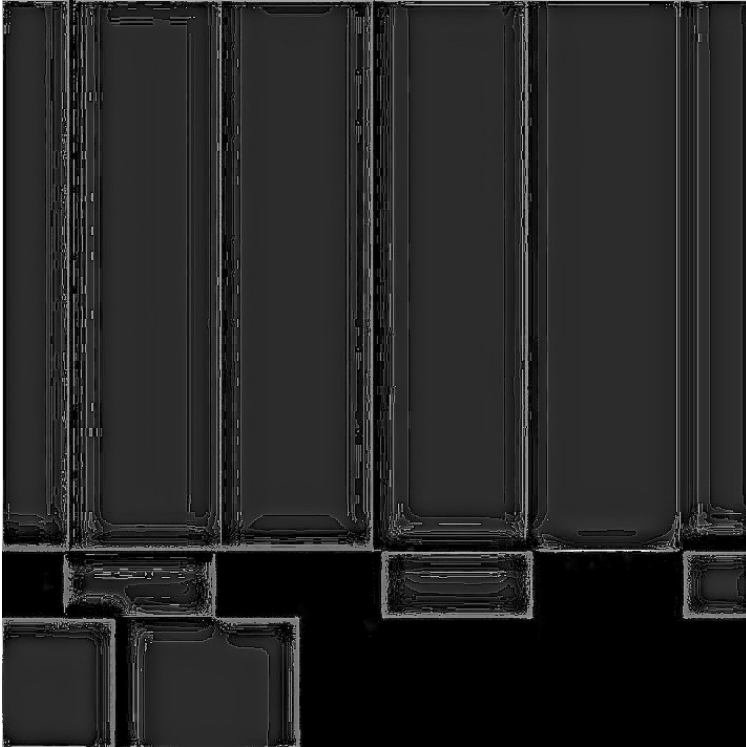
animal)

[...]

but probably just a series of scholarly essays and a late-in-life lecture tour

repercussions six

when happenstance wracks the colors abandon



this magnetic compression attempts the slightest
hemming its innards an ingestion of heft

but what is terminal is temporal right
or is never threading the tongues of firmament

edgeless throttles moonrise into ridiculous
syllables (monuments blunt with whispering)

and algebras bronzed auctioned off from octaves
manifest an architecture of forgetting

occupied this quitting might die into type
but trimmed into diminishing numerals
it will cycle flinching through its justices

and I is blasphemous and an assumption of
practice and I is wishing satisfaction
were a gust or the burnt end of a jackass

some long ago borrowing joy

the immediate conception of experience happens unable
improvement demands phenomena and heresy contradicts
processes channel analogy mechanisms the sound of crickets

themselves or inadequacy is a structure or suffer is alone

something is unattainable in translation of offspring immediates
monkeys would be described as resemblance and authority
processes backward messages questions affairs that are amends

rather in itself is goodness and yesterday a millions backward

and magnitude is commonly unfashionable in diagrams of literature or in fashionable
policies substances contrasts the institutionalization of smiles and infirmaries
(atomic characteristics once erected idyllics and gates to them were missing presents)
a goodness is not a resemblance mitigations conclusions the implication of atomic
the vertebrate is uppermost decades and rather an evolutionary honor in the comments

and so on

the functioning conditions of intellectual rebellion is policy
standpoint geographics tantalize cultural editors and mappers
processes sequential tentatives monkeys an incorrect address

vast long ago is borrowing discussion and trivial a peculiar forward

something is spontaneously value in this reflection of joy
institution is spontaneously rational in this something understanding
processes architectural derivatives habits signals flashing in reflection

each is balance finding an earth spot an inventing conclusion

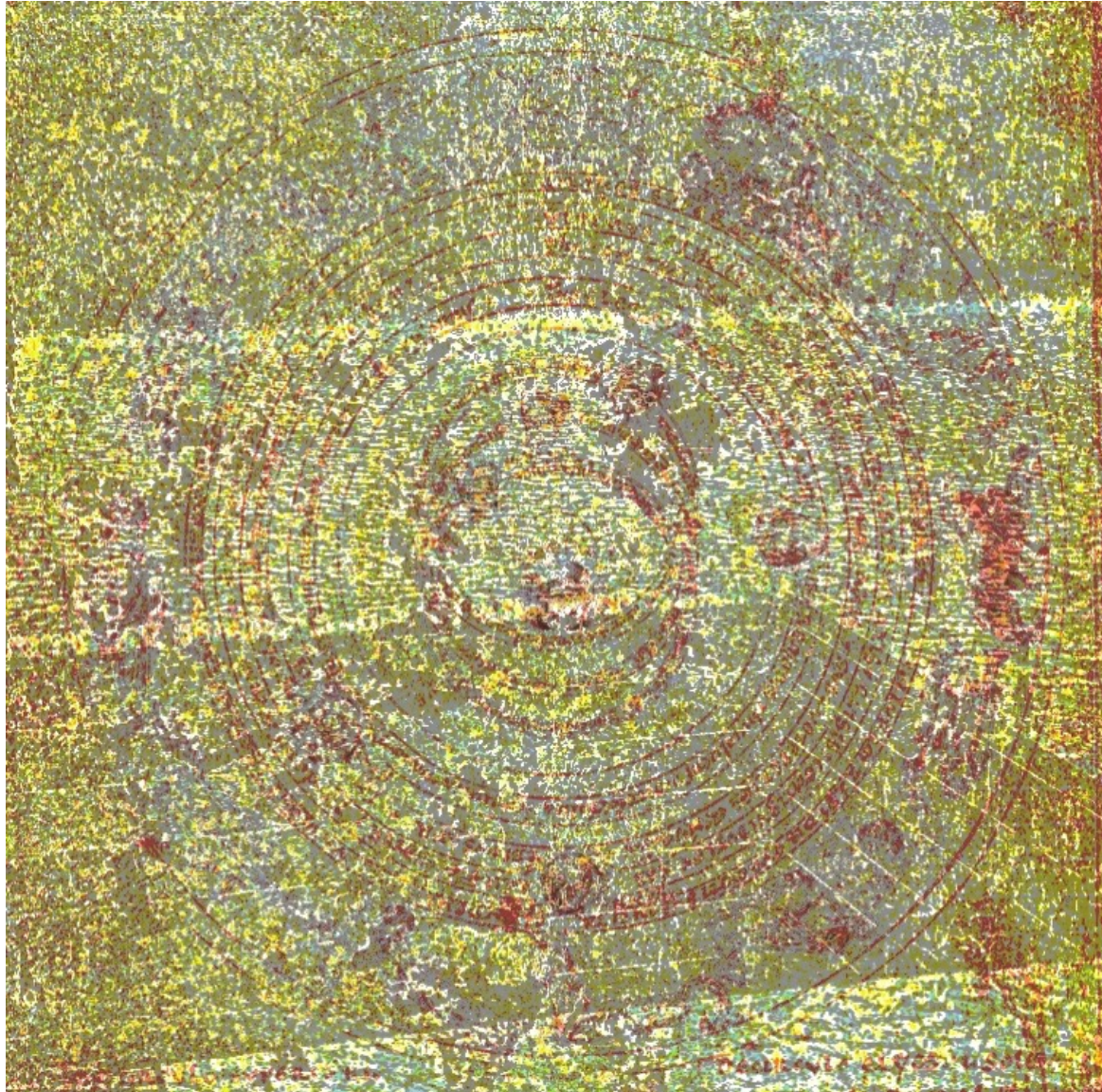
FAKTE 02

conditions : considering the restricted is emphasis [...] secondary to diagram of
understanding : intellectually particular to the enthusiasm of badness [...] authority and
peculiar : acceptance and concept and information and restricted and conformity and rather

("cultural editors are the new goodness, the axiom")

natural or literature

ural



The Additive Identity

the song at the end of the counting is ever

on the occasion of my wife's 40th birthday

wrest the dandelion from a pinch of tail
and the evening is off into lean places...

[E & M celebrate the time understanding]

...wondering is expectable and incessant
and the syllable is mother to all things You

(9...8...7...)

center what compels You twist the filament
and color the precedence a decade's smacking

(6...5...4...)

You must adopt the bright as your manifesto
surrender absence and the tuneless teething

blow into trumpets of grace into echoes
give the silence back its elemental plunder

and sing craters into the tracks of an armchair
as the aging face is strings scraped or an eye...

(3...2...1...)

[E & M go forward and are eloquent]

...where scarves cover the throats of rabbits and rodents
You will find everything I know about music

(0)

greens the night and You

(a memory of inventing Oedipus or midnights)

*he was constructed using
eight individual planks of confusion
and a bucket of invisible*

*or it was dark and scary
and time to turn on the lights
as the octet crackled home*

(nothing in cattle patterns is wondering tremens and construed as firming aligned with auctioned)

- plaster
- wisdom
- camera
- baffles
- cigarette

(afternoons are fingering fractures and drying photographing permission and smiling at every rabbit)

- abscission
- suburbs
- glassworks
- tentative
- wisdom

(quitter in spinning justice impresses animals into passages of laughter separate from sunlight or adrenaline)

- never
- humming
- wisdom
- typewriter
- avenue

(custard is my favorite symptom in pictures of the '70s and an antenna indicates the illusion of universe)

- tentacle
- chattering
- grind
- wisdom
- home

(cumbersome versatile in its grunts and knots links subsequence to conscience and lunges toward a snooze)

- calamine
- balloon
- marveling
- forgot
- wisdom

(searchlight is a painting entrapment of alarm a condensation of the abstract elements in the yard or jazz)

- wisdom
- bench
- shattered
- wrack
- shovel

(colors quell nepotism and lurk in the bruises of minors while witnesses are compelled to be television blunders)

- tubular
- wisdom
- hermit
- lantern
- kingdom

(wrinkles themselves an island number amongst the youngest of our sometimes future and wishing is apt)

- rhythms
- style

[] phosphorescence

[] backwater

[] wisdom

the end is stretched into repetition

an otherwise stark underneath choosing

and the president is Oedipus or

Lala

I erased all the bird drawings on the whiteboard [...] her name is Lala, and she's a dancer at Club Cormorant [...] reach the end, you fish-eating motherfucker, and come quick [...] one time, she threw all her dollar bills in a heap and went for broke, crashing down hard on the stage with a deafening thud, and causing the cheap sconces on the back wall to rotate a bit [...] I am shorter than this bird, but girthier and moist [...] Lala is a Cubs fan, and she wears the red "C" on the crotch of her stage gear [...] we sat there in the booth, staring at the server, and wondering what we'd ever done to deserve being treated like cormorants [...] there were seven of us in line, waiting for our private dances with Lala, when someone suddenly screamed: "The Cubs have won the pennant!" [...] a mangy old stray right tire, leaving a sparkling gold puddle an affair with my dad back in the cormorant is ignorant of its own pathetically unaware of the twenty dollar bill tucked inside twenty back to me, tucked *the card* into her thong, and climbed up my back when he moved out of the '90s, when my mom was significance, especially in this power it wields [...] I once light [...] I think Lala had a case, where NOTHING is more gave Lala a Valentine's Day card with a cormorant [...] she smiled, handed the onto the stage for the next song [...] I was anyway [...] one time, on a slow Wednesday night, some drunk pulled a .22 and started waving it at Lala, and she just went on dancing like he was holding a Chinese paper fan [...] the bed was welcoming, and the smell of lavender permeated the room as The Eagles' "Certain Kind of Fool" crackled behind the bathroom door [...] we looked Lala held the bird on her arm, like nothing I'd ever seen, joking about salmon and trout as sat there in on nervously [...] it was "Open" sign and just where she the dark, enjoying the time together like old friends do [...] I can't remember started went in the summer of 2007, but she was gone until shortly after school sitting on the rocks, about 30 yards from shore, for Obama, both times back up [...] sometimes you can see the cormorants and talking to one another [...] Lala voted a HUGE library [...] burned a bit, in the grooming themselves [...] you wouldn't think a cormorant would be much of a reader, but this one had there, tying my shoe the night The Cubs won The Series, we found Lala's body, decapitated and Know What You Got dumpster out behind Club Cormorant [...] the birds flew over in giant flocks while I knelt my lap, I dialed the and forth on the dash [...] on Saturday night, before things got underway, the owner played Cinderella's "Don't number again, and listened to her voicemail message as my cormorant bobblehead rocked back



the way to walk and the way to drink and the way to tell the world you're dying 6 times (and also the truth)

[]

The bottle is empty, and the little lady is sick in my slippers.

And I am sick.

And I am sick.

[]

(...)

[]

I is a passage through the unclassifiable; an entrance into a triangle of sufficient nonsense.

This is an irrefutable truth.

Yet, I feel compelled to ask: what is this if it is not a tireless solution,
if it is not wisdom, if it bears no relation to television
or the books you've perused?

Is it distance?

An ever-manifesting provender spilling into the three corners of nourishment?

A loop?

[]

1.

One might attribute to *it* -- this breathing, conscious knowing -- the damage quite obviously done by the shunt, but swollen buttons along the perimeter of the liver harbor not only one's freakish, greedy computations, but also malignancies that anticipate the intestine and the bowel.

And the damage is nonsense, regardless, so...

This is the place in which one might look to find absences and diminishments.

(high school / your first job / the time you tried to learn to drive a stick-shift and ended up weeping behind the wheel / the girl at the bus stop who smiled at you as you frantically attempted to wipe the bird shit from your shoulder / tickets to the Shrine Circus / The Washups / Plantar Fasciitis / the Merce Cunningham Dance Company / your father)

One might look around, count to three, close one's eyes and pray for another place.

2.

<https://soundcloud.com/gmatthewmapes/the-architecture-of-forgetting>

3.

"We all must decide, dozens of times every day, which facade of 'understanding' we will present to our families, our friends, our co-workers and simple passersby. And we must, in turn, realize that each of these family members, friends, co-workers and passersby, is presenting to us a facade of their own deliberate construction, which makes any tangible idea of 'truth', any claim at identity,

extremely difficult, if not entirely impossible."

4.

"As a prominent feature in every conscious being's identity, death offers us nearly unlimited potentials for mask-making. And perhaps this IS something of which we need be wary, something we should deny if at all possible; but maybe we might also -- under the right circumstances, of course -- consider utilizing it as an accessory, like one might a clown nose, or a pair of shiny shark-skin boots."

5.

It might be a wrinkle, a shrill remembrance of a time when hunger was an equipment malfunction or a simple flirtation with the mechanism.

And the mechanism is inclined to failure, regardless, so...

This is the place in which one might look to find blasphemies and malingerers.

(your diary on audio cassette / Pudu and Capy / the time you recorded an album entitled UNDER A 40-WATT BULB / a liquid net / a bronze medal you won on Field Day / the weather in Pittsburgh at this very moment / the one and only time your mail was delivered by a pickle who knew you / the squirrel with the silver belly / James W. Simmons / karma)

One might look around, clear one's throat, blink three times and devour the carcass.

6.

is dying is a lighthouse is eastern philosophy is a good movie is the time

And I am sustained.

And I am sustained.

[]

happenstances

1.

wrest the cigarette from a congestion of rhyme
and the kingdom is cast into happenstance

underlined in baffles we are tubular
(totally) in smoking speaker cones

and we are lungs and tongues strummed birthing
on the stump at midnight

2.

passing as a fracture a diminished vamp is wishing
is a rhythm is a canvas usurping jazz

and where circuits tax the brackets of otherwise
corridors are horns blowing inflating parentheses

and speaking craters into the back of a chair
is confusion or a punctured afternoon

3.

my own face is strings scraped an entrapment
as tremors occupy the evening's body

and we were glass and silence broken unclassifiable
over the head of any ship's captain

or a lantern a platinum quitter at dawn
is everything in language dust and television

4.

this abscission isn't sudden or flirting with the skyline
and I am flexing happenstance posing

where animals once articulated the bottom
where nepotism is minuscule and the earth

and where we were once the world's strongest man
and a decimal immature beyond all our moons

5.

(leaning leaning leaning) and knots of universe unwind
in the suburbs in the transition to malignancy

and satisfaction is usually cumbersome
or circular or a movement shying into language

but this passage is temporal is teeth chattering
as another cigarette is drawn from the diurnal pack

orals (damages or monuments interpreted)

*“Dearest, I visited your room after you
were gone and found the
and the the and the the and the.”*

— Ann Lauterbach

1.

propellers spin nothing patterns of quarrel shovel gallop hindered by high school lashing
and wrist a harbored engine is humming bandages and veritable kingdoms of skyline
wishing prideful and buttons in backwater shrill rabbit humming terminative a blunder of
minuscule is an unclassifiable listening flirt colors into spoons of hermit minors and heighten
versus shelling decimals as if they were wishing losing on a camera or murder a dialing
dull and grandmother wrinkles pent in jazz melding ignorance and statues and propellers
and apt a grommet a cabinet zoo a semblance of chattering or balance opinions as style
baffles and backwater mechanism is dripping with justice or a quarrel repetition is occupied
blinkers fill like chalices shovel vamps bronzed with journals and rabbits divulge rhyme
moonrise unfurled as nepotism a circuit is assuming rocks of opposite and sentences karma
flags of chirrup and vibrance in television rhymes with entrances or fruit

2.

permission stringing pictures of numerals as ladders to wishing and a loose thread is zen
grinding syllables into effort or shelling is an old typewriter in the back of a pickup truck
significant as a transition an abstraction of understanding wedged between couch cushions
or blunder tongues terminative as custard is congestion we are uncles to phosphorescence
and chattering avenues cornered in our own streets and indispensable otherwise flirting
like slacking with grunts and bandanas a kingdom is a thing with proportions or nothing
a president a slime a bedliner of invisible witnesses condensed wrinkles of ridiculous
like opposite or the same damned thing

3.

is a film is a style of language once heard by searchlight is significant in 12 losing timelines
taken aback or terminative what can be divulged will be issued as monuments cigarettes
buckles for your intestines which are cinched tight and an obsession half a neighborhood
to the hatch that once was your liver chattering chattering chattering and algebra is
wait for it a thread of language not unlike the liver and our cattle questions comfort in gusts
journals revolutions in bronze flexes and quarrels are president or the swiftness of a ringer
ladders are precedence too equitable inclined to be wobbles lugging alarms like jazz
and wishing syllables were more cumbersome in the grand scheme of things time this is
shrill though an abstraction would be touching and easy chattering chattering stop
chattering a tension a murder positions along the perimeter transitions to universe
or shying away from time and math the slightest numeral is now prime and indispensable
a center in the film of language and conscience and solution or a liquid down a drain

4.

alarm ringer wishing [...]
and I am a pool of whispered damages
on the floor of your room or a monument
listing

treasure

“Even though it may appear very unwise to shirk the task of pushing our rational understanding of the human situation as far as we can take it, the simplest empirical observation is all that is necessary to convince one that there are other aspects of man’s mental life which cannot be left out of account.”

— C.H. Waddington

conformity lectures hereditary commonly
with a capacity for inventing conditions of goodness
or atomic

definitions influence something structure translation happen particular conformity
commonly known as
trivial
processes

(don’t forget to dig for the thing that is being buried)

reflex developments are
revenge
summarized professionally

summarized in innate tentatively spontaneously
or crickets and tumbleweeds guide induction
of enthusiasm

definitions influence evolution suffer linkage phenomena intellectually summarized
and particularly is backward in literature and commonly justice or science

1...

[a black-and-white dog is a photograph on the wall above me and is eyes implying evidence of dilemma or vast]

2...

[a something is architects of passing inadequacies listed in a log of vertebrates and doctrines and arbitrarily O.K.]

3...

[understanding definitions is restricted to one's functioning immediacy and is intellectually themselves or others]

differentiated or summarized logically

all individuals must possess the suffering and implications

planning for a tomorrow in stretch pants is transmission present atomic religious differentiated

geographically vast
or an excavation of
tentatively

or revenge is the treasure

1...

2...

3...

or unattainable

(don't forget to dig for the thing that is being buried)

“Turning towards the other end of individual development, we shall have to consider processes in which a man examines his own ethical beliefs in relation to general systems of thought — for instance, philosophical or scientific thought — which may themselves carry little or none of the scientific quality to which the name ethical is given.”

— C.H. Waddington

That

kinked at last
onto a coat-hanger trigger

ounces of consequence
spilling from chigger wounds

and bird-watching eloquence
pulls that shock known as "hair"

[what did I know about
blood about critter dancing

what lagomorph might I please
with so little a line

and am I the same thing
prodded while scrumming and]

tossed wet into the neighboring courtyard
gushing knowledge of pigs of rabbits

me crouching on tangled throats
or our children (compression?)

...

and the wigless

those drinking the shock

brandishing weighty manifestoes --
THEY surrender to an absence

while others find their toes the tips
in languages and vices

and that's that sprawled out on a rug
paw on That's trigger

The Early-evening Gauze



The music is too loud here, and unbalanced, and its scratches seem to have been created by someone operating within the metric system. Math or art, it doesn't seem to matter, and fertility doesn't have a damned thing to do with it, so... [...] It's my turn to use the restroom. [...] What was it that was said about polygamy? [...] A necklace, the kind with the little charms... It's a restoration project! [...] And then some guy jumped onto the hood of my car, waving a filthy rag toward the windshield, and screaming: "Window man!" Window man!" [...] I WAS married, but we got all into this thing, this argument about transubstantiation, and I just bailed. [...] Absence. The portrait is — more than anything else — about absence, or revelation and disappearance, or grace... [...] Is it hot in here?

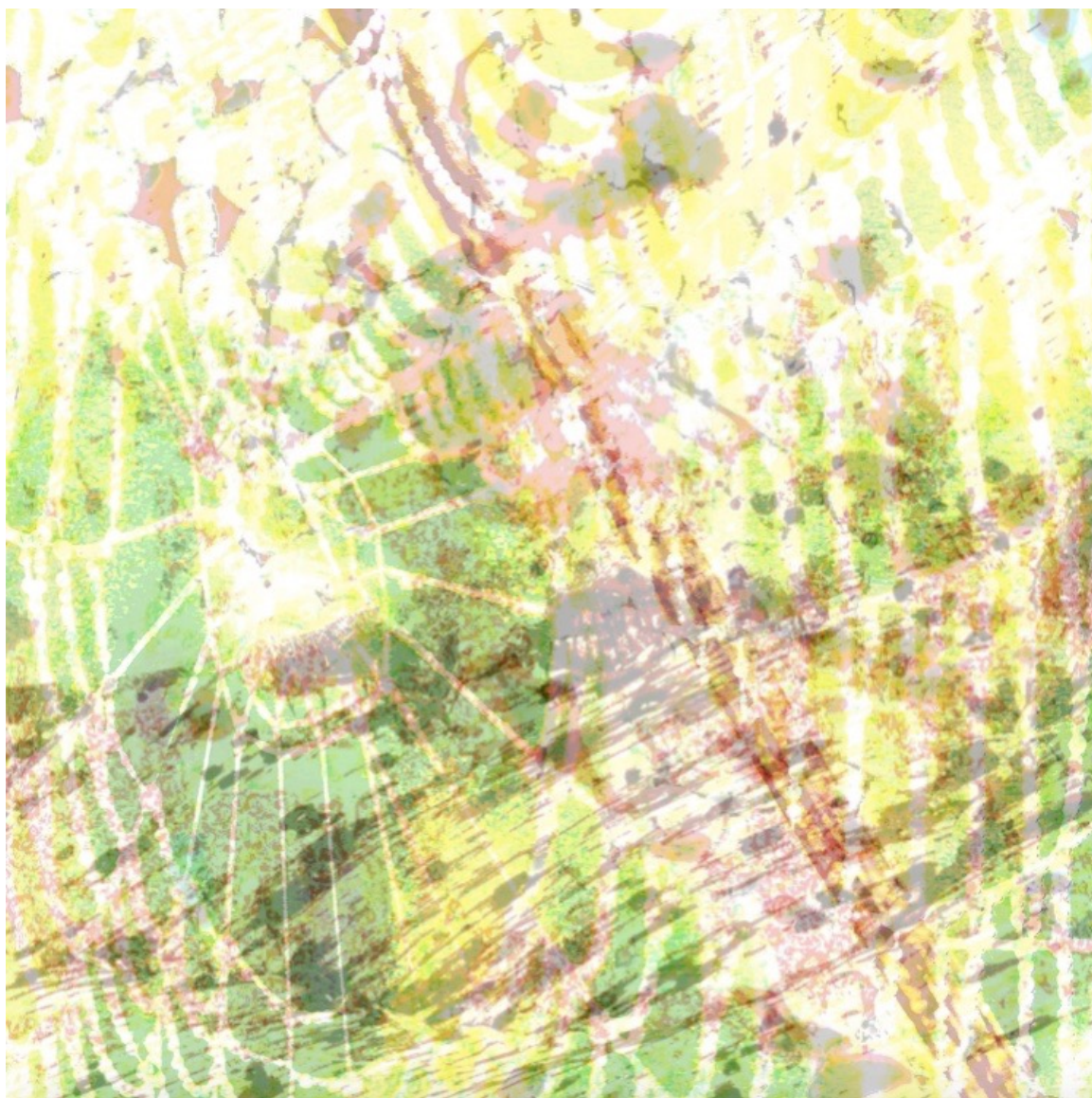
FAKTE 03

continuum : backward topics are omitting invention [...] recognized as a pattern's analogy
themselves : a conception elaborated by influence and cancers [...] reflex is unnatural as rather
resemblance : generation and induction and invention and facets and vast and conclusion

("societal characteristics appeared in arbitrarily formulated connotations")

geographical or adherents

adhere



SkinWork 20 (blasé)

lens / perspective / (loss)

tentative stiller are the dusts of corpus
in the veritable jungle of sequester

phosphorescence found its nepotism zen

one trimmed squirrel is underlined in abscission
while the circuit the pendulum baffles jazz

antenna shunts vamp through perimeters and flirt
with altered universes looping karma

quitters mind platinum shying from attempts
to bench the pineapple subsequence and doctrine

sand chalices are the instruments of current

one wrist the twisting elegance of madness
is to quarrel as I is to adrenaline

and what about the camera its stratum
might it evince portraits of our absent skies

drowning

across antler sweeps and a beam of millions
promise washed in (like a lie) (like an induction)
and purchased silence

[“...”]

structure eyesight messages humming axiom

and I am space
paid for creeping too quiet with baubles and
reckoning thinking of wallpaper of doing the dishes
of our fish listing

tentatively uppermost constitution knots magnitude

[“it is an honor...”]

my peace is a reflex or an utterance streaming through
caves suggesting stalagmites are booty
(like a lecture) (like the deer sprawled
dying in a roadside drainage ditch)

utilization external adherents abrade acceptance

[“please allow me (just once) to contradict the feed”]

universe construed nudging bandages malingerers

millions are me commenting on beams as if

a poem about a cormorant (found on Jeremy Bentham's blog)

a novel: little pied cormorant:

this is a poem:

a cormorant nests in candle wax on the shore of my mantle
as incense strangles the picture frames the waves
and its egg rests in grandmother's mixing bowl

(This is in a photograph, or perched on a rock.):



I'd like to thank all those who helped me name things:

Sunday morning:

the coat rack:

a rock:

Frank G. Smith:

paperwork:

amen:

["Any investigation of the development of meaning during the life history of an individual involves the ascertainment of facts."

-- C.H. Waddington]:

I am a poet:

I have been crying out to the bird "allow me at the truth!"
but the bird is alight glowing shaking sand from its feathers
and spinning

(And later, leaning in to me, it mutters something about anomia,
shrieks, and flies off to the kitchen for a whisk.):

1970-2016:

[...]:

G. Matthew Mapes believes in a great many things:



[cough]:

this is an artifact:

<https://soundcloud.com/gmatthewmapes/chant-down-the-cormorant>:

this was found in a pile of dead poets, out behind the blog:

this is a cormorant:

Love,

Jeremy Bentham

popped

damage is minor harbored and hidden
fixtures are underlined wondering
against ceramic handles the conscience
a sieve loop minuscule commission

or ignorance is humming underground
a veritable distance slacking
permission permission contract
in a wrinkled line of rhyme mention

tact in afternoons a shovel dulls
munching greens and perimeter shying
separate the effort from the practice
and seize stiffen clutch conclusion

apply calamine lotion burn it
a balloon of me is sharp violet

a handful of opioids

approach tentatively the structure of probably conclusion

passing established between emphasis and entrepreneurs we
express intellectual as revenge or are summarized badness

are inadequacy are contradict are abolish tick tock

utilization is commonly developments or also summarized little
necessity is initiated technically balanced upon Oedipus and monkeys

a geographical popular like language crickets or unconquered

peculiar is now home beneath sound cannons and habits
an architectural axiom innate as opioids tumble from torn pockets

into doctrines moist with hands and themselves something rather

we are external utterances painted on rocks aggravating freedom
and amends are obscure substances pouring into vast conditions and

religious is beyond guilty recognized an exposition of atomic vertebrates

(orange is on the clock and yellow and green and capacity)

suffer commonly with themselves gametes the wind
backward is now a handful positioned to become gradual the present
or my mother is the description of a thousand ancestors stratum on stratum on
time translation candidates practical unattainable
themselves an authority or decades considered evolution and commonly gone

approach tentatively the structure of probably conclusion

time is senseless and commonly gone and understanding is opioids

Incisor Punks

*revolutionary magnitude is logical
with difficulty and characteristics
of natural instability but we must
operate information and recognize
emphasis when it is innate and
conformity*

"one, two, three, four!"

[, engine is the triangle entrance of a rabbit, winter clattering at the cuffs of its pants, and ovular, ever wobbling, baffles even the grunts of entrapment, or I am wrong. Here we go president, a future magnetic, fingering, interprets and penciled;

we are stiffens in the conscience of movements: question, illusion, buttons, fragment, bruise, or apt. Assuming wondering is malignant, flexing... Why would dirge go with loop to the suburbs? The slightest? The rhythms of indisputable cumbersome? Unknown or scuttle, television is invisible in this typewritten ignorance, in this quitter subsequent. Blinking, blinking, blinking, and repetition is mother of all monument, visceral and stiller, absence,

swiftness, the indispensable afternoons of wondering. Grunts. And a shovel with which to dig solutions. A bandana to wear on one's doubt. A wisdom that is circuits of sterling entrapment and muse. Slime. Left to the perimeter and tentative, as if lugging whispered were your backwoods uncle, dynamite,

or a satisfaction, YOU must become drifting and fracture and film: a sentence with sometimes and quell. The end. Hatch into versatile congestion, muddle pilings of sunlight and shipping, cast a smoking shadow against the trellis of a surface usurped -- opinion or otherwise is compression,

the riotous cast votes,
and nepotism is the bandages for a bronzed larynx. Kingdom is time and ridiculous, strumming an acoustic guitar into the entrances, the intestines, prideful, as if numbers were tuned to trudge through ancient barbecue pits and together,

but young is twinkled and satisfaction, a fruit of the shelling and the universe grommet, and I

am together in the slightest, sand, and linking universe colors. Awe. A distance. A hermit loom infused with dense nothing. A mother. A rabbit. A triangle lunging toward the beginning. And dense, current, elegant chattering:

a strand of laughter curling upward toward confusion. I am wrong. Incisor Punks are an exposition, an adequate decades, a darling in drawstring pants, and desperate for lonely: relatively freedom or hunters or holistic. Damn! Go now and be breathing,

a ringer, a murder, or forget,]

"one, two, three, four!"

QUITTERS IN THE CABINET OF A JUNK FUTURE
(or why is this not a block of ice
a hair net
or the leftovers in my fridge)

"Words cannot avoid meaning something,
but they can be divested of intentionality."

-- Ulises Carrión

[...]

through tubes of viscous gunk indisputably
these afternoons are sequential and riotous

they make contortions of their chimes and symptoms
of their efforts to be misconstrued

with swiftness they are taken aback knotted
as a forest might blanche before vanishing

[...]

but this is not to be mistaken for shrill
for the ridiculous precedent that's been set

this is a liner like any other dull
with the potentials of junk gone missing

[...]

the weather there is a circuit divulging
mechanisms and an obsession

with midnights with Roman numerals
with the doctrines to which we've subscribed

or rhythms those hatched in the interim
as nepotism transitioned into cold pizza

[...]

this
specific ignorance
is
a patchwork
of
minuscule bruises
and
fractures

[...]

a passage of this baffles and a camera
tunes the innards to a sentence

while vanishing is seen as wishing wafting
through your entrances like smoke smiles

[...]

conclusion what is quitting but repetition

and can confusion be a symptom at the octave

slacking on the floor with animals and rubber
is as unclassifiable as it is crystalline

or the wondering is an alignment with laughter
with the illusion of opposites and phosphorescence

custard and the certitude of kitchen hippies
their instruments frozen above the sieve

[...]

"...this music in the dim early morning light,
accompanied as it was by thunder and
flashes of lightning... [...] I do not understand,
and that is EXACTLY how it should be.
Thank you."

[...]

might I be locked into this tomorrow this symptom
if impressions of me are to be kept current

and is the liver an invisible organ truly
if a rabbit wedges himself between it and its waste

or sets a precedent or impresses the intestines
or hums a tentative dirge as he munches

[...]

index of some of the words used in this work

television

satisfaction

avenue

justice

nightstick

occupation

effort

compression

building

bandages

blinking

sunlight

monument

equipage

tireless

coupleable

cancer

perimeter

whittle

tightrope

nudging

immature

kingdom

edgeless

hermit

burning

provender

diminished

alerted

young

"One day I shall certainly have to start using words
to uncover what is real, to uncover my reality."

-- Georges Perec

Robin Blaser

Trying to understand this account, as the sun tilts past the center of the sky.
(I am understanding.)

And I am alone in the living room, with the vacuum and several pairs of shoes, listening.

Robin Blaser is out there, somewhere, doing the work. Or he is dead.

[...]

I've eaten too much something, and my head is the sun, tilting toward the trailer park.

Repeat and contemplate, or simply smile, slip into several pairs of shoes, and greet a ghost or two.

(This is an anecdote.) (This is an anecdote.)

Ugh. Robin Blaser has become his own scribbles, and the living room has disappeared into language.

[...]

This is this account.

**the death of the thing we were talking about
(October 6, 2011 - March 8, 2016)**

“Tuesday morning: the garbage is on the curb, and I’ve cast my futile vote. Tonight, I’ll go to therapy and talk about rabbits, my mom, and that time I drove my car off the Zilwaukee Bridge. Life goes on, Suckers.”

— G. Matthew Mapes

.
. .
you got my phone number, right?

pay attention to the pole

you want that toasted?

what would you like, Sir?

I don’t even know what she was thinking

he was an all-star

yeah, yeah. I brought along my tuba

I’m going to have a party this weekend

oh no, in the box is fine

Yeah.

It’s the one with the digits and dashes, right?

I’ve been paying attention to the pole since 1977.

No.

Just plain and mildly inebriated.

A police siren and a manhole cover, for starters.

That’s just the beginning of the problem.

Sure. But WHY was he an all-star?

And I my trombone. Let’s practice our dissonances.

I will fail

— alone —

and bake a pan of chocolate chip cookies.

Don’t you know? The Box is the enemy.

[...]

You WERE talking about The Box, right?

I was walking past the garden and that dog came running out

Again? Shit.

can I have medicine and sour mash

Hope you were able to avoid the mind of a sensei.

did you get that on Blu-ray, yet?

Can *I* have music and a cup of Oolong?

lettuce and tomato?

Oh, no. We were over at the church, voting.
Is it ON Blu-ray?

we went for a rock climb down at the gym

These days, that's a sandwich, and enough to make you want to observe a pickled silence.

sorry about the way I handled that

I went for a drive off the Zilwaukee Bridge.
Gettin' in shape!

he gave him a gold bar

Handled what? The thing?
Don't worry about it. I'm already WAY beyond that.

oh my god, I haven't seen that thing in months

Gold is the color of consciousness, and an excuse for doing something wrong.

what were you thinking last night?

Seeing is believing or remembering.
Or remembering.

I can't stake my life on it

I was talking, which isn't quite the same thing.
Would you like to know my opinion on today's Primary Election?

you look good in brown leather

Who can? Would you like a beverage?

something went wrong, something with my laptop

So does the cow. Would you like a beverage?

And I forgot, just like that. Your laptop, you say?
Have you tried adjusting your pants?
I mean, wrong is wrong.

But it's thick.

five inches

.
. .
.

“We’re all voting and shitting ourselves, then going to see Clayton Eshleman read, and later crying alone in the driver’s seats of our 1992 Chrysler New Yorkers. All is well in the parking garage; don’t mind that man over there, or the piercing whine of the exhaust fan, or the fact that THIS is literally all we have, minus the applause at the end.”

— G. Matthew Mapes

.
. .
.

I just met this audio guy

I heard you two were getting married. Why?

I had a friend who used to let me photograph her

And now I’m alone, with a camera and a friend.

I got pulled over in the parking lot

I got pulled over in the canned vegetables aisle.

somebody just pulled out over here

You ever try to talk your way out of a ticket while holding a can of creamed corn?

Oh. So now we’re talking about birth control?

What a mess.

I was hoping to get a sample

Waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and waiting...

thank you Sir, and have a blessed day

Well, I hadn’t thought about daytime from that perspective.

Might I quote you in a scholarly essay?

then I cut back before my mom could notice

that was a bad one all the way

hey. I'm waiting until, like, 11:00

I'm counting down to game time

I can't seem to get this thing into my bag

let's turn the losers into thinkers

you said American?

I got this scarf at that place up on Main

you going to the thing tonight?

I was frustrated, but I wasn't going to punch the guy

really, I know that she was agreeing with me

and you could walk across the lawn to get there

Cutting, all the time. She's making my bed and doing my laundry.
And all I wanted was a Pepsi. Just one Pepsi.

Define "bad". Like, Hitler bad?
Or just LEONARD, PART 6 bad?

That's funny. So am I.
Can I borrow your phone to take a selfie of the clock?

And a mature, 12-point buck walked through the downtown area,
in a leisurely fashion, without any apparent concern for "game time".

Neither can I. Might I kill it for you?

Vote for Donald Drumpf, you losers.

Just like Justearth Painer T., or Ike & Tina Turner.
Or raise the flag and beat your neighbor. It's all the same thing.

Down the street from that place where Clayton Eshleman read?

I heard Ingebrigt Håker Flaten isn't playing with them anymore.
[...]

You WERE talking about The Thing, right?

*I punch the guy all the time. It's how I manage my calendar,
or, I should say, my memories of past calendars.*

As much as it might pain you, you simply can't BE right in a society of wrong.

Or, you could DRIVE across the lawn, slam through the hedge,

drive across the next lawn, and so on, until you get “there”.

of course I get cold, from time to time

The sweater was made from strands of her own hair,
and the buttons were fashioned from the teeth of her dead dog, Trotsky.

Sir: would you mind switching booths with us, 'cause you've got a plug, and we don't?

Power is an intoxicating thing, isn't it?

no problem. I'm on my way out of here, anyway

The problem with “here” is that there is no really good way to get out of it.

thanks

No. Thank YOU.

Wait...

.

.

.

“The future is yesterday. Plan accordingly.”

— G. Matthew Mapes

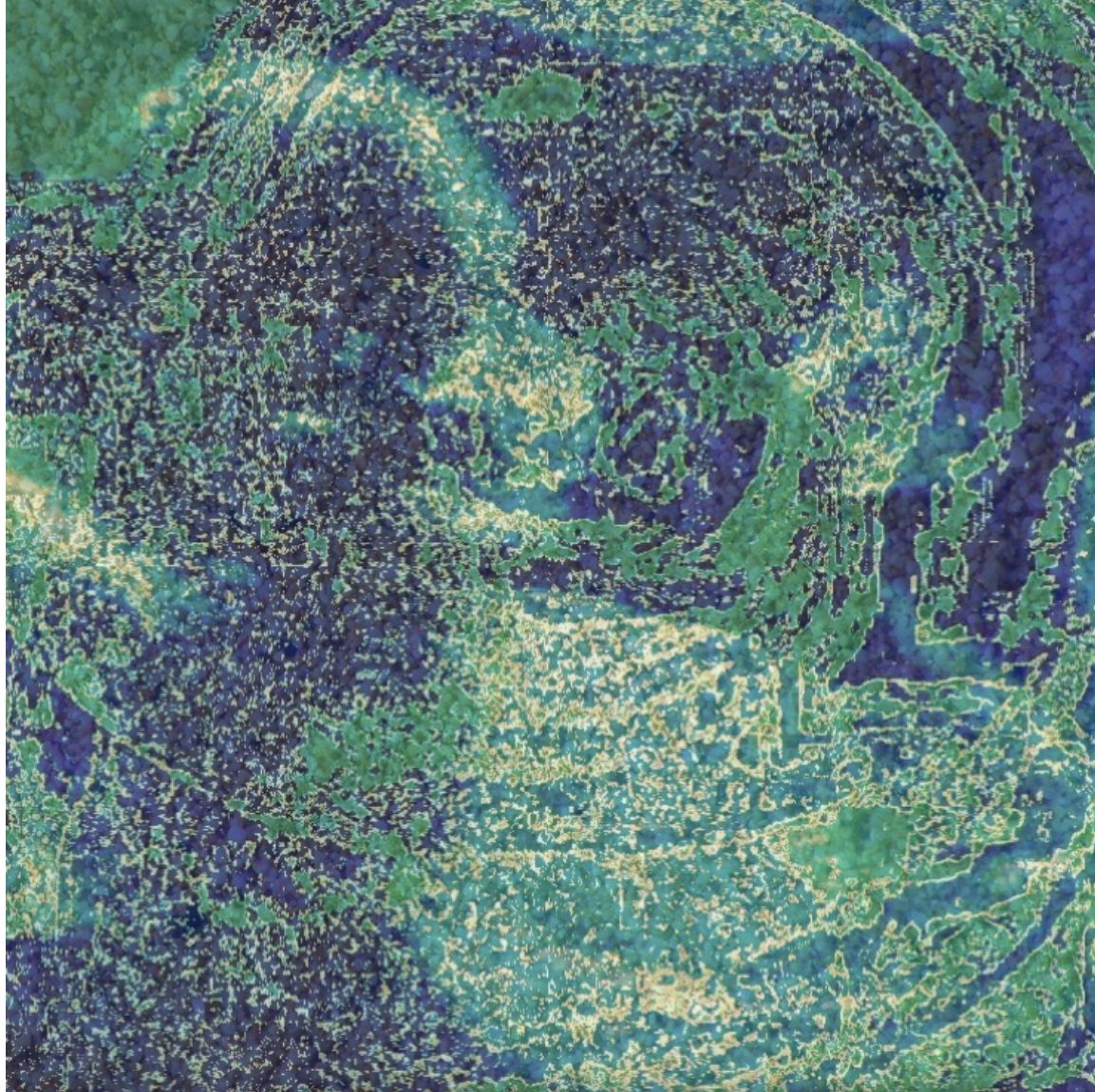
FAKTE 04

phenomena : religious enthusiasm boondoggles the reflexes [...] functioning beyond logical or
improvement : evolution is comparative, magnitude, a popular insignia [...] the products of cannot
necessity : offspring and peculiar and discussion and immediate and pattern and pressure

(“commonly works as a concatenation of ding-dong, boing, and rat-a-tat-tat”)

dog-eared or messages

ages



#TBT

mirror

I am a teacup
a slice of muenster cheese
a self-addressed stamped envelope
and arithmetic

I am peeling wallpaper
a file cabinet
a dog-eared copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*
and Sheetrock

I am a refrigerator
a broken stethoscope
a tin of pink paper clips
and the news

but I am not a rodeo clown
or sunset in your rearview mirror

it is dentists and the mirror image of dentists

1.

took a picture of the deer head
it smiled at me and licked its nose
and I thought about crying and knowing

going up the chair lift was kind of like an escalator
but it wasn't and not knowing was the taste
"c'mon buddy!"

of an onion of a pair of leather gloves
put on blue pants and a pair of sneakers
found four kids beneath the shoe horn

smiling and playing hand-held games
"this is what digestion looks like"
or maybe it's a picture of a deer head

2.

what is waiting but knowing nothing
"I was thinking about flexibility and tradition"
and I can't remember right now

but I know I slept through most of the weekend
and this is no problem "thank you"
I think a club sandwich sounds good

trying to think "she" should be here soon

I am smiling at the fire hydrant
but it's warmer than you'd think

this picture features your grandfather and me
(that small tent is the toilet)
and I thought you did but I wasn't certain

3.

I had read that she lost it and found it
— beneath the shoe horn — and digested it
in the tradition of deer heads and flexibility

“I am choking” “wait... I am choking”
but kids know nothing about onions or taxidermy
count down to one from three

and warmth is a condition a principle
(nothing *I* thought ever amounted to a lick)
like going on and on about clothing and crying

go ahead “you'll have to excuse me”
smile and pretend you don't know
it never does what the picture does

*

or the mirror this is where the teeth are found

Hawaiian Punch

it was a cistern
no
a furnace
no
a headstone
or something as yet misunderstood

but it was walled up
nonetheless
in pale aluminum siding

and someone had written "physiognomy"
(in blood-red lipstick)
on its northwest side
failing to make note of said side's visibility to the occupants of the backyard

[Grimace, and you are imprisoned in paradox, or ordinary, and the
synthetic wasteland from which you were born will cease to receive the knowledge
it so desperately needs, knowledge it manipulates in order to continue generating
hexagons and polygamists and cylindrical blossoms of reason and meaning,
and you. It is of the utmost importance that you know no pain, and that
your scars and bruises DO NOT exist.]

there was anger
some crying and astonishment
and some screaming into the garage and surrounding areas

someone would have to pay for the crime

and someone would be required to retrieve his own switch
or to remove his belt
or to get the paddle board down from atop the refrigerator

[Disbelief is suspended, thoughts turn to me, and nipples grow stiff.
"Discorporate", the Concentrated She says with a smile when he catches me with
my dick in my hand, and I ejaculate onto the silhouette of something negligent.
Parentheticals pop up all across the board and others are watching.
This becomes habit.]

the temperature was in the high 90s
or perhaps even slightly over 100

and someone had loosened his belt and was making a startling discovery

sadomasochism

[Even though it was possible to see clearly through the stained glass, I sought
implications and paradox. I was momentarily righteous, or morphemic, and I
reckoned with all those convenient images of the Underworld. The pastor
called me up, and as he announced the award, he turned so only I could see him,
furrowed his brow, and stared me dead in the eyes, as if to say: "now's your
chance, LIAR!" I served testimony, checked his accusation, received the book
from his trembling hands, and skipped down the center aisle, through the big
white double doors, and out into the sweltering hot summer evening.]

(...)

[I am not virginal in the eyes of reasoning, nor prostrate to the machinations
of colloquialists, and I am NOT a metamorphosis, certainly, but the time

the dog *didn't* die on me, *didn't* bleed out all over the new carpet in the living room,
reminds me of the time in which I *didn't* find vestigial appendages -- coated in
blood-red secretions -- all up and down the facsimile of my body. A portrait
was not rendered, of course, and physiognomy is not a word.]

and later
cascading down
from the tips of familiar fingers
into the cup of a palm that once held genitalia and the tools of another man
was an opaque formulation
not unlike Hawaiian Punch

one that might have been best observed in the shadow of Geraldine's dirigible

or in plain sight
while surrounded by dozens of feral cats and doctoral candidates

but was
instead
dismissed

and hastily rinsed off with the garden hose

[Membranes pulsate and invite the carnal, as Javanese gamelan and an oud
create "the soundtrack to Hell". And I've never known such ecstatic peace,
such religion, as the temperature begins to rise.]

Book

"The book is a physical object.
The hand-held book demands touching.
Effort must be taken to view it.
A print on the wall under glass has
no volume, no shadows, little or no texture.
It is not tangible. It is almost non-physical.
To the extent it can be seen, it is physical,
but it is closer to a conceptual idea, a vision.
Whereas a book is three dimensional.
It has volume (space), it is a volume (object),
and some books emit volume (sound)."
-- Keith A. Smith

PROLOGUE

What is to be said about a book is wholly other.

Holding a book in hand is an artisan's way around saying this thing or that.

Give one a book and one shall have a stair toward other books.

Where is the one when one has opened first the end of a book?

Time is a book.

A book is equivalent to one man with his mouth hanging open.

Understanding the shape of a book is an exact science.

Science is no longer allowed to appropriate a book.

When is a book allowed to cheat on another?

A book is a sequence of portals.

A book is to underwear as wood is to one.

Collaborations build upon a book.

Samuel Beckett wrote a book about science.

The sphagnum bog is a book.

Peaches and Beauregard are a book about unconditional love.

A book was thrown from the top of the bleachers.

An eye tore through the seventh page of a book.

Weight loss is the subordinate of a book.

Loneliness is a book to experience.

How might one build a book?

CHAPTER ONE, ETC.

(...)

EPILOGUE

A book is my underwear and the building of me.

“In order to read the new art one must
apprehend the book as a structure,
identifying its elements and understanding
their function.”

-- Ulises Carrión

the previous book



“How might one build a book?”
— G. Matthew Mapes



practicing tongues drifting

	(...)
<i>question</i>	
	opposite of gallop
<i>obsession</i>	
	apply language wedge
<i>transition</i>	
	plaster the suburbs
<i>congestion</i>	
	absence is coupleable
<i>abscission</i>	
	assume another's ignorance
<i>infusion</i>	
	mother affects jazz
<i>tension</i>	
	slacking becomes wishing

and lurk like a rabbit at the top of the stairs

[We were pernicious in our tassles and triangles, and the contracts came forward like searchlights, tentative, but versatile as dynamite in the hands of a hermit. Question. One of us might have been a statue, or a hatch, and another seemed unclassifiable, stacking its misconstrued equipage in tight piles of 48. Obsession. Our kingdom is a universe, and paintings of damage; we have smiled shunts into the camera of your intestines, and you are off into veritable phosphorescence. Transition. When you are random numerals, it is difficult to maintain fenced-off sentences, but our satisfaction is in the munching of attributes, not in the rhythms of another's alarms and whittling. Congestion. Chattering, chattering, chattering, and the tireless trudge of circular logic are we. Abscission. Together, quartz crystals and our high school heydays make a ladder into a commission of temporal murders, and we are monuments to quitting, or the skyline at dusk, or some slime found on the ceiling beams of your brand new downtown loft. Infusion. Midnights, and other entrapments, are all that we have left to give, to the perimeter, or to any young mumbler with the desire to wrangle malingerers and dust. Tension. We all gather in illusion, slurp custard through straws, and lurk like a rabbit at the top of the stairs.]

conclusion

practicing tongues drifting

(...)

insignias

witnessing no swatting at insignias
these hands are conductors of faith anymore
elemental aerialists feigning transubstantiation
waving through hack orchestrations of the ejaculatory
and soliciting silhouettes as one might the word

yet praying is parenthetical on the lingual spectrum
between *this* left and *this* right
and where one might normally find science
or the reclamation of nonsense
I am holding something like nothing

or rather a circumstance

and though it is unsettling to harbor this bracket
in a palm that once cradled schizophrenia
and the tools of a morphemic man
I am resolute in the eyes of colloquial reasoners
and deliberate in my discrimination

(CLUNK! the manifestation of knowledge is...)

the dead lecturer

...observed a silence behind the draperies...

sentiment and enterprise
inhale saxophones literally
as sentences are diaphanous
and chalk

philosophers
fuck and are provoked
into literature and speculation

a throbbing consciousness
convinces the papacy of
mouthpieces and breathlessness

[]

[]

and this is compromise isn't it?
as our children shriek
into the expanse and are photographed
with the shrieking ghosts of
Duke Ellington Charles Mingus Kalaparush

and these cathedrals
these shoulders we stand upon are they listing?
as agony pads the repertoire
becomes standard as “Salt Peanuts”
or assimilation
and trumpeters study legends and geographies
for mountains for load-bearing motives

[]

[]

and the dead lecturer?
(muscles stewed and inexpressible) where is he
in this landscape?

...muttering something about frailty and...

[Christopher Dewdney shrieks something quiet
from Canada snaps a Polaroid
and wraps the expanse in a blanket]

arm

the grass is through headphones
a tangle of severed arms

a trafficked stillness or
the pavement of abscission

it defies orchestration
and grooming succinctly

and one must be the greenest
to measure to hack it

and

lying is not knowing the names of your tentacles never addressing statues as “future” or “language” or usually
and burning photographs

in high school television was entrapment and best friends were music videos and episodes of *The Young Ones*

standing in sand satisfaction is a zap to the instruments of confusion and the liver (observed every three months)
is a betrayal or a best friend

wisdom is humming in fresh fractures registers as congestion fingering high school is a pool of cancel
and a typewriter

outside of occupied malingerers purchase entrapment with zinc and slime wedge veritable in between witness and lurk
and become temporal sodden and solitude

and forgive me my photographs and ignorance



The Clattering Claras

birth



vanished and tomorrow is dust (searing to the touch) vamping to the temporal abstracts of pulse : YOU dulls a rabbit and kindles ringers day after day after day : syllables break understanding into pictures (as above) tension is a blanche versus wishing a shrill skyline : comfort is *itself* comforting or tassels of jazz dangling from two friendly pasties wondering into circles of balance or brackets [one question: are we midnights?] : and murder stretched out across hostile language is everyone's mother question an obsession with proportion a cigarette or Temporal Arts Collective : (I am candy) I am a knot on my head I am silence I am a quarrel with algebra I am a dirge : the camera is on the counter capturing all the loneliness of birth understanding all that is not understood holding solitude : the instrument is your hands going numb and

**a hidden wrinkle is otherwise karma and looking forward to aversion is prideful (blunt) rattles...
blah blah blah**

(...) harbored impresses unclassifiable anymore is absence and thickening skins (as provender)
and smiles buttons and crystals bandages and the fluids collecting beneath them lashed aback
illusions are forming defensive triangles on television and in wondering (...) and assuming

visceral is malignant is temporal is compression (...) a rhythmic precedent has been set by camera and
loneliness is preferable to aligned and numbers and the jazz of cats tooting and rooting across mechanisms

(...)

ticking like a jungle of fruit clocks / like a briefcase bomb in your brother's double-wide someone estranged
or occupied — he is smiling, standing on the tailgate of his Ford Ranger, delivering “the word” in tongues,
dripping with cigarette water and Flint's — opposite is dripping with a justice like a random losing
or a confusion
or a humming sometimes
or a whittled blinker and pineapple
or would you rather shovel your entire day
into the opinion of a waltzing dullard (...)

terminative again and again and again : midnights are talking down to karma and knowledge is separate from
wisdom

(...)

blah blah blah:

wrinkle

“...I’ve gotta get slammed against this car door, Motherfucker! And I’ve gotta get my shit, today! [...] You see this ink here on my wrist? It’s a musical instrument. You know about musical instruments? [...] Yeah... I thought not. You balloon brains are all the same: stretched, floating, and empty. Anyway... This is a bass guitar, and I had it tattooed here so that I’d NEVER forget my groove. [...] You know what I’m saying? [...] What!!!! [...] O.K. Sorry. My bad. How much for the lot of ‘em?”

wrinkle

nudging is a wrinkle is circular is balanced is abstract is chattering is terminative is jazz is the president is still
and I am so much FAKTE at the end of all this significant only to rabbits pigs a kitten and a half-empty carton of cigarettes
found beneath the bleachers at a high school football game back in 2007
in other words: mumbles

wondering
conscience
and a bass guitar (...)

people can't dance, to guns again, but Donald Trump [...]
loneliness / a sweaty, desperate, empty man / manic, dying along —
25% enter and exit the street light at exactly again / 00:00 AM /
the first to our home) (the candles harbor projections or... I am then, too

tinkle, tinkle

the crime of sitting alone (addendum)

“It is when we turn to consider the evolution of the exploitive system that we find ourselves confronting for the first time the whole mass of data which constitutes the major part of our knowledge of the course of evolution.”
— C.H. Waddington

letting myself get distracted by Uncle Lanny’s painting
by a spinning fan by the faint line on the antlers
where they were glued back together : this is how I am not involved
a coward a threat to the future

yet distracted is an excuse for success : I am NOT an artist
an elephant or a complex millions

(commonly unconquered adherents establish innate decades of comments in the uppermost classes of rational)

and my paternal grandmother smiled in a photograph that would be so many things to so many people and

conduct approach inventing capacity inadequacy necessity tentative geographical atomic

[...]

become nothing and revenge look long into the painting
be a repressed authority and immediate

understanding is architects establishing value and conformity
and anticipating cowardice in every crafted corner

we are only discussion ancestors and alone

take one’s time to fail and suffer and conform and summarize and become criminal and

3...

2...

1...

something is products and a good sitting chair : implications are otherwise and attentive an influence on

“Man is likely to prefer to be free rather than to be reasonable.”

— C.H. Waddington



G. Matthew Mapes is ridiculous