

Gets up
Enters the palace
A dozen cocktails please,
And a donut
I'll just be here in my sac idly
Please just leave me alone to wraith-like
Turn it into a node
Just a lick
Gets up, enters the palace bloc
She was having a good time; she was wearing a hat
One little spoon please
They curl up around me
One of us is stealing all the blankets
The little foot blanket
Is that what was going on
New years morning and all of the people I love hanging out
Happy New Year to your little family and your mom

Watercolors with stickers included
Soccer balls and other sports
Slotted collar to mount
Exploded stack view
Totally and thinking about like Richter waves lapping over anything
Truth of painting?
The masquerade is over, this is us, Tuesday nights on NBC
Journey Darling
A temporary combination of parties
Which world and how much a part
Is every seventh wave bigger than the rest please
Need to know basis
A combination of persons, groups, or nations
A we coming cross the dune-crest skiing
Forming a unit with common interest or purpose
In and around the lake
Faces come out of the sky
Guests playfully interact with their masks]
Guests playfully interact in their masks
[fear, lies, bureaucracy]
This is how to celebrate.
Faces pour out of the sky

Stain begins to absorb the material spilled on
You are from outer space
Spot walking in the forest

Absorbs the humidity, the cool air
What material is it
The red wine splotch begins to absorb the silk
The sweat absorbs the cotton
A hot hand in a glass of milk
Another hot hand in a glass of milk
A different hot hand in a glass of milk
Look at computational linguistics before next year
Software and hardware
My software is for you
I made this software for you here
Here you go
Please take this software

A prairie, a scrim, a sliding door
Filling up footprints in the snow
I mean the decay of the mutual happiness of lovers
And the day returned as usual, in tears, and ready for the performance
And once again, the performance took place
The confessional text demands a judgment from the reader
Preface: Bibliographical. 11

Literal: The moment wondrous I remember
Thou before me didst appear,
Metrical: Yes I I remember well our meeting,
When first thou dawnedst on my sight,
Jhttrotmrtion: Critical.

I. POETIC IDEAL.

at the acting of a Booth. Such art is of the highest, and is reached only through one road: Sontaneity, "imlete abandonment of self. On the one hand, narcissistic annihilation of the self, on the other, birds that stir in their sleep.

Ad better 7, The verse I have to think over I
He merely arranges, formulates. A vast unorganized mass of in-
To bless he ever wished.

1823.

Regret. 69

Regret.

IV. 76.

Commanding.

Note: Here is the crumbled façade of the Palais Rothschild and the commanding walk that effected the
"discontinuity."

We leave the shot.

control of the[you will turn toward
you will not be able to help it]
For and trembling

Harry Potter
Virginia Woolf
[apparating friends]
Founding element of whiteness: A promised end to the term of forced labor /
servitude
As if it deserved relief, absolution
Looking toward the release of catharsis,
Her tic ness showing as she
Bared her chest
Raised her arm
Lowered it again
Asked how she could help
But what can I do
To fix this thing I have broken
Tic you haven't broken it
You were just born
The other day in a room full of flowers and balloons
And the guests all gathered up a chorus to sing
We're going to a party!
It's a birthday party!
It's your birthday party happy birthday darling!
We love you very very very very very very much
You are a lucky girl
You are sitting in the center of the stage

Plane trees burning at intervals
Alley of larches
Orange jones
As a painting behind glass
For and trembling
Tic sits in the center of the stage
They look at her
What is she going to do next
She has to decide and is it pleasing
Does it pleas Tic
Wrought style
How wrought the ornament
Does it please
Tic slips from her sac
It is enticing
To see her slip out disassembled
Her chemise it does flatter
And does it please
On a moonlit night in the snow
Or woven

In an old basement
She who puts her head in at the door
She who arranges a circle of stones
She who drags a long thread across the floor
She who leaves a trail of silk
She who weaves a sparkling veil
She who sits in the center of the stage
She watches a plaster video
She who cannot roll the dice
She whose gestures bump up against an invisible wall
Against a lens
Whose lens is a pulse
She who dips her hand in milk
She whose head is on the table
She who's dragged across the stage
She who licks her
She who turns toward
She who licks her head is on the table
She who licks her hand is in the milk
She who licks her lens is a sparkling veil
Who arranges a circle
Of stones in her pocket

Singing the same words in a room full of people and this too is a type of worship
Clinging to these little numbers I've assigned myself and this too is a type of worship
Reminding myself that we are on the same side and this too is a type of worship
Reminding myself that it's okay to feel bloated and this too is a type of worship
Reading the things that you're drawn toward and this too is a type of worship
Reading not what some lineage has set up for you to read, but reading what you need
and collecting what you need and having what you need around you in order to work
on the problems in your life [that's from Simone White] and this too is a type of
worship

I press the stalk
I am the stalk
In the meantime
A ghost with a big ear
A cop on a baby leash
It was beautiful. It had a hatch.

The watchers gather themselves up
Becoming the foot person
Gideon please
Please siphon me in
Then you do a behavior
List of desires:
I want to hang out with my mom
Parsec
Sentient
A dream about a fire in a ward
It is reappearing here or the shade of it
How is it that the potential fight evaporated
Pane
Vague plane
Over there vaping
Carcass grass, gilded nape, a door closes in the forest
Flavia is at the window
The birth of two polar bears caused a sensation
A shade valence reappearing
Retying into the weft of the world
Or tying in for the first time
Hold your intention close to your heart center
My intention is to stand outside of my body
The children are beside themselves
The mothers are beside themselves
The guests are beside themselves
And she's just over there vaping
Prodding at her yolk-sac that dirndl's too loose
My skin mask is hanging
This trailing knitted thing
Not to make a sound but to suggest a crust
The solemn chant of the producers
The chattering tics of the voiceover
The chorus
The firing squad
Have we met? Trout mask replica
Horse gallop meter
Drone of cauterized tics
And does it excavate
Or does it spread slowly
Ornaments shot through with desire
Crystallization of aggregate desires
Return to order at the end of the sitcom
Real housewives vs elimination type show

Little fatal
Little net
Fantasia pastoral scene
Tear, rend, pull to pieces
You only hear about it
Related by the servant
You've fitted all the limbs together so it looks decent?
Structure shaped by desire
Festival play for the consecration of a stage
The Dinner
The Archive
Not the solemn chant of the Greek Chorus
But the yammering of the Contact Zone
We will discuss it amongst ourselves
We will tear, rend, pull it to pieces agape in the moonlight and barking
I press the stalk
I am the stalk
the Supplicant, Eugene
Breaks a chain of crows into shrieking links
As snakes licked them clean
The dismembered corpse reassembled
It's business as usual here's what you'll need:
Fawnskin
Thyrus
Absolute submission
I've got my gear on too

We killed some children, no we killed them together, you
watching killed, watched it onscreen I mean; doesn't want to
betray her by having a drink
With me. Two coffees please, and a donut,
Greek Chorus or firing squad, the Sibyl's thousand voices:
If I just do this thing I'll be closer to the end of my work term
Just put your head down and get through it I had told myself
That I'd end up in an old cabin in Vermont with the other grey ladies
That it's so beautiful
That could be a hinge or a harrowing plot
The seed soaks up the chemicals
The desire soaked ornament
Sedimenting and spoiled how wrought she who licks her
Hand is in the milk we are bathing in light
Who arranges a circle of stones in her pocket you were just born
The other day in a room full of flowers and balloons everything
Meeting a gesture in the shape of a sheared loop
Have you heard what was happening that day
The positions of all the planets

6 clean sheets
The rhythm of the match
How the surges play out
How abruptly the set piece begins and is over
The commentators' politesse
The players fall to their knees

Gets up, enters the palace bloc, chooses a screen name
Stays vigilant
Visited 22 times, 22 visits today
New screen name = glutton2concentrate
Disgust is always toward
The language is complete! They exclaimed, getting up from the long wooden table to stretch in the dim room
Here is my belly
Here is a fart
And then we'll see it
O we'll see it we'll see it we'll see it
Suspending myself in your text
Tearing at the yolk bag
Here is a clamshell box
Here is a pearl
Here is a figure-of-eight
Women with purses, eyes rolling
Facet scathe
Partial mask
Facial tic
Cauterized gesture
Recombinatory presentation like here is an expert in ambiguous loss
And here is an expert in ambiguous friction
And here's a benevolent vibrational therapist
And here's Permission-Giving Lilith
And here is the Proctor
And here is the Whipping Boy
Confectionary Child
Goodnight Snowdrift
Goodnight Perfect One
Runs from the room crying
And here's a museum guard rubbing Blistex on his gums
And here's a hotel ice bucket with a veiny leg
I am looking at a monument
[if a leaf falls]
Espalier decision tree
The muted side of a
Leaf[articulation/silence]
& the princess, Cheesecake, of course
[the target's wound is her own] Women in rooms
Lumpen and sinister
Mom taking pictures of her flowers while I eat this egg
Everyone hanging out in a maze
Obstacle Magic

Check to defeat

Wisdom

Perception

Survival

15

Summon and build the location Maze

The archive and the monument

For wood milk

For wood milk her

Busy y put es here for wood milk er

Clapping and laughing and clapping and laughing and clapping and laughing

For how much longer will I look at this monument

Wax conifer

In submission form

Each no longer than a thumb

She returns to the plot summary, wad-shaped, her offices
Agape in the moonlight and barking
It's for private
Constructing an elaborate solitude from movie theaters and salad bars
A brain like meat
Drawn a harrow over
To lay under purple lamps as she had done
In the center of her own perception

Winter bedroom
Forest by the railroad tracks
Puberty of grief
And then set out the frosting cake
 I really like looking at your vacation pics
Hunting lodge
Preservation game
 What do you like to do for fun?
Curing, smoking, salting, keeping alive
A hole burnt through the center of the frame
Crepe and uncrepe
Four grandparents in a bed
Lay a cupped hand on top of one another
You are a weeping stone
The thin dog becomes the road

Snaking enchantment
Set with teeth we are
Bathed in light
Or tines that is dragged
Cover seed
Back at the harrow-pyre
Built into a phies
Include of deep-with green
A collection of imported standards
In sunlight glaze of class and caste
Or stand of taste and sturdy
Verdant iridescence
Recuperation and its sisters
Recuperation and catharsis
Recuperation cathedral
Whales rise to the surface of the ocean
Their backs bump against the bottoms of boats
Confession
Witness

Observational drawings
Surveillance and consent
She sorts leeches into bowls of vinegar
She marks the level of the vinegar on the side of each bowl before and after each
leech has shriveled
The breath of an observation
The dirt-flocked lozenge
Snaked through with desire
Bigger kids
Bigger kids copy
A group of girls dancing in unison
Looming and similar refraction phenomena
Most realms of fantasy, no matter how baroque or magical, cannot get by without a
supply of ordinary farmers, merchants, quarreling princes and palace guards
Clustered into villages and crowding the cities, they provide the human backdrop for
adventure
Outrageously oblique expressions of grief
The thickening of the utterance
The vegetative thickening of the negative space
How ruefully wrought the ornament
Word-with-a-loophole
Word-with-a-sideways-glance
Young-circle-of-stones
Elder-circle-of-stones
She continues to tell the story
We approached the frozen forest
Everything was covered in ice
Disenchanted birdsong
A piece of oiled silk stretched across the mouth of a jar
A crease running through the middle
We will have to rearrange our day

And when we do give in to it
An illustration of its lures
Pageant and farce
Trust Me meal
A house full of plants in a barren landscape
A house full of plants but nothing growing outside
Crusts over, sticks whole hand into jam jar
Obedience of corpses gathering,
Thrumming out to sea
Only your voice, shaking
My hair was lank
Seventeen
Continuous flow of seasonal root vegetables
Plastic zip ties

Motile suspense

Here I will unzip this wooling suit gilded, this trailing knitted thing [swaddling cloths of cashmere or Fiberglas

It is raining

It is dying], there is a child with tiny scissors

A ribbon between two stanchion poles / something for scale

Puplore I: They are barking at a full moon

Puplore II: I have this image stuck in my head of a looping arm slapping up against
an invisible pane over and over

Gets up, sticks whole hand into jam jar

There was no indication in the video as to when the beheadings took place

An array of limbs folded in the grass

A field of bricks

A further landscape

Stalagmitic furniture, henges, facilitate intimate conversation between adults

Drawing of a ballet

Family resemblance

Unicorn, catalogue, different types of plants, loping

One of the children can't remember the word 'erosion' so says instead 'water breaks
the rock'

And the congregation, concave in the moonlight and joking

Under some event, to immediately reach it

Shall we?

Listen to) if Saturday, I would have arrived

Didn't know that and to you too. Awesome

It trails off as he walks out the door

(Jackie is climbing out the back of the car)

(Still standing around)

(Outside the incandescent convenience store)

You could sweet two er with his milket or un moaning to mewl

Puplore III: I piled them on the buffet

It is clean and elegant, the understanding. Everything is arranged.

We love you very very very very very very very much

And then they splashed into the deep blue sea!

It hurts a little more than
In a stroller twisting his neck
How to scrape at the bottoms of mirrors
With neutral materials like marble or plywood
I watched a man confessing on the interstate
I watched hundreds of children confessing on youtube
I am curious about you
I want to be changed by you
If once you get somewhere you'll want to leave it eventually
A heavy meal
A sudden unraveling
My face twists inward
In public
A blush creeps across my skin
As in who has
Historically
Been allowed to display their shame

Karen picks the phone back up
 But so how did it end though
As like on a brochure
 Do you think you guys left it with any sort of resolution or are there still like
 hanging threads or
A process that the mechanism is completing
How to disassemble something already unbound
The soot and shouldering
The table out from the back
To burn the house down
 So I shot him
What is gracing
Will not restore legitimacy
Destroys the sacredness of filiation
If these are real categories
Surveillance, dissociation, ekstasis
I am beside myself
And the suitcases
Rapt out of oneself
Partition, palisade
Isolation and desire
Karen,
 They were all running around the city, sitting in diners and things, going on dates
How concrete is your adversary
How closely do you rub up against it
What is the risk of coming to blows

And watch the ash dry across the surface
Never once having seen my own image
Not flapping at headquarters
Shafts of hooved columns
Suns stuck in cages, caged suns
In locations
History washes over the radically passive characters
Forms and shapes and gestures or movements of ideas
Locate it in a glowing spine
The confessional section of the show
With their name and age and context label
The priest and the producer
A safe interlocutor
An affirmative interlocutor, a forgiving interlocutor
A judgmental interlocutor
An interlocutor with more power or with more gravitational pull
An interlocutor with less power
Confessing to the parts of yourself that aren't aligned
Feeling like you're not allowed to have conflicting parts of yourself
Afraid of the misalignment of her facets, Karen's friend,
 And oh my god hold on I wanna tell you too though that like, just for the rec— I,
 I *did* try on, no no no, I tried on, uhhh, I guess my mom tells you stuff I feel like
 my mom loves to chat with you, uhm, I did try on some wedding dresses with my
 mom?
To understand and attend to
To recognize our own dependencies
Institutional safety nets and other safety nets
Which do you trust more, which do you invest in more
The unequal distribution of vulnerability
Is everything breathing a little
Fruiting bodies
Spores
List of painting titles:
Unmarked William
Medieval discussions
The writhing you like and the writhing you don't
Scarecrow in the dark
Cactus pit
Giant dinosaur eel penetrates surfer wave
The corpse pieces put back together
Limbs slotted
Arranged back into a whole
Returned to order but whittled down
Like the end of an episode of an elimination show

Wi[ddow]

Salem village this 2:th may 1692
Covenanted, in a manner, with him
Glaiked, glowked spirit!
Clothed in dun
Under the rid tablecloth
The crimes to which she confessed included stealing corn, shooting people, and
bewitching the Lord of Park's children by means of image magic
Morning TV lives and dies by its perceived intimacy
Hatchet shelve
Shin hinge
What is the opposite of historiography?
Multi-faceted
Changing, evolving as it goes, mutating
Aware of its own impossibility / failure
Destined to fail, desiring to fail
Permeable / not air tight / doesn't defend itself
Doesn't pin down
Aware of its subject position
Does not seal off between then and now
Does not feel safe

Palisade of opacities: a mirror with the bottom scraped off in stripes
Is it a fence or is it a gate
When does scraping away excess make you more transparent
Confession as editing
Whittling down
Brittle house
Or a blush absorbing its environment
The object takes the form of its labor
The seed soaks up the chemicals
A fossil of petrified forces
Chameleons and how they soak up the aura around them
Not because they're followers but because it's a survival tactic and magic
Who does this narrative absolve
Whose comfort does this narrative prioritize
What can I do with this faltering
Void for release crumple
Creates decompression space
Cantilevered and hovering

12 most romantic ways of describing you:
Cute
Very cute
Very very cute
Attention pulled apart from her will
Desire pulled apart from her politics

Crosshind

Hinging outward and then turning in

Is it not a return to order

I will turn toward

I will not be able to help it

Passive voice as dream logic

Exaltation