

If we are slowly moved by conduits and pipes from Mood 1 up through Mood 2's principal errors and up to messianic faith in Moods 4 to 6, between Mood 7 or Mood 8 we find "Memory." There there is only one breath, breathed out on one side but taken in on the other, or breathed back from the other and taken in by the first. Without emotion could the language of characteristics and the peaks or waves of equivalence in a pure sense be not desired?

Meanwhile, you might want compiled yet another hive of rushing units, namely to go home again.

This itch is universal syntax a-twinkle, a no-story fine print being eroded!

"Pleasant thought, but it wouldn't work."

To use an over-simple picture, Nature is a mammoth resort becoming superimposed on the wider world like a yacht half-buried by its circular journey or ten limousines lying facedown, resembling tumbled ruins.

OOPS! . . . for carelessness. "Where does this lead?" "Think fast!"

This point in time is also called the "payback period."

Finally, reaching a blight of "creeping elegance" 'useful for others', this make-believe script ended in a sheer fall of seventy feet.

And in the end, it is a pity today more aloof that rankled.

I am not writing fifty years later under these clues's premises.

Lacking virtue, only too happy to be seen as the epicenter of a deep trench in which much grit is present.

All projects must be justified. It is not the purpose of this book to consider this evidence.

Human Light System

Zach Phillips

Gauss PDF
2022

WIFE DISPLAYS EMOTIONAL DISHONESTY TOWARD MARRIAGE

On July 5th 2006 I climbed nearby Flat Top Mountain and then drove over to the Nebo Loop.

On July 6th 2006 I decided to propose.

It was one of those flush pink days Hoboken dishes out in August, threatening to overfill your plate, and Martin was reluctant to concede he was never good at expressing himself clearly.

I am Martin and am willing to stand for the position of Martin.

A marriage is not for anybody who's not serious. Care is a must.

On Friday night, December 22nd, 2006 I proposed to Mandy, and she accepted.

"Avoid a red face—just say yes."

I proposed to the love of my life on a trip to Greece.

"Don't say no."

And don't say it depends on the relationship in the marriage.

My bride speaks. "Martin's defense tactic was to turn the tables of blame, attacking me for making an issue out of something so unimportant."

That night I grilled her. "Do you feel calmer, happier when night comes?"

Some people always wait for a particular time for their wives to be romantic but we are romantic from morning to night.

"I'm asking you a question."

My wife has gone to sleep. I often sit up now.

I think back to my childhood, and all the books I've read as an adult by

Irish authors, about their experiences in orphanages, laundrettes and workhouses.

I find an old photograph of a pig and scan it in.

But this did change, and my diary started to reflect more and more of my emotional life.

August 10th 2006: "I am serious about getting married and love to get married to a quiet English lady age between 29–50."

It turned out yes, I did.

Time has passed with no new offenses.

Finally, we are ready to come out of hibernation and venture out into the garden.

We have in many cases become our own "Ministry of Education."

Bottom line, we know how to talk to each other, and our members know how to get things done.

"If you don't want to have lunch, I will show my thanks in another way that is tailored just for you."

"Someone keeps calling me at work and threatening me."

Our team gets started right away.

It works sort of like a journal club, where we switch off who is the "presenter" and they lead the session.

So it was my turn.

For whatever reason I was privy to a huge amount of scenarios that I thought if anyone were to look too closely they would see things that aren't kosher and there were threats "disguised" as jokes that I found distasteful and frankly a bit scary.

The night before my wife disappeared, she turned to me with a glow on her face—a glow of pride in her husband.

“I feel just as if something was going to happen,” she said.

She eased herself into the briefcase.

“It’ll get me good and warm,” she said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do.

She said Martin was honest and supported the efforts.

Ten years from now I am a scientist working at the Large Hadron Collider.

The moon has turned a yellowish color.

HELP WITH FOLDING U.S. FLAG

get help by asking
banquet bartenders not to automatically
bestow you with infinite eligibility

next you have to find a home to live in
guarded by a small pond
fed with crumbs from the pakeha table

adults are \$6 children
they buy themselves a stunning
Andean Opal

copyright CHAIRMAKERS
get sued
get help

my views to the northeast are over
my stripe and I leaned rightfully
and said please, no clearer pictures

what's this (points to Sanskrit text)
loose its academic tone
inside a building be different

the barn is now from the previous
my father talked to a UPS driver
while I set the screen resolution

in 2010 I will curb my e-lust
write a review, discover similar artists
the town is also home

copyright Ivan Cholakov

JENNIE WHISTLES BUNG

“I hope the snow quickly turns back in snow. Unless the heavier snow band helps out, I don’t see a lot of snow.”

My family and I were decorating the Christmas tree from across the globe.

Cousin Jennie gave a long whistle, peeking through the snow she whistled a tune.

Sherry created a giant Nike shoe/toboggan and placed it on the stairs of the Abasto shopping mall in Buenos Aires which is a meeting point of “floggers.”

Most stimulators even froze other Christmas teams from appetizers into the proxies and prints, while some participated in informal staged protest on the side of humanity.

The government’s team moved swiftly, erecting a wall of opaque words.

Next the team created a giant steel ball, symbolizing extreme poverty.

I got so tired I simply couldn’t hoof it any farther, and the snow gleamed blindingly in the upper gorges.

Then the snow was gone around the vicinity, like a turkey in the corn.

Which brings us to a central point. I don’t think we’ll see any more snow falling.

Jennie whistled as she opened the door to the garage, she whistled.

What we see next is your average garage, cluttered with stuff you don’t use anymore, perhaps a car or two, and boxes we still haven’t unpacked.

Each box is normal, but the boxes are offset to each other, try to envision it.

Christmas music fans in as if from soft glances of relatives.

You see, close up, in the freedom of their natural habitats, lazy lolling of the Caimans, the soft glances of the Pampas Deers, peeking out from boxes.

Jennie whistled like one of Megan Webster's birds. She did not want to eat brown, dry grass and leaves. She could not eat snow.

The whole family sat down in the kitchen for breakfast.

Jennie began stoutly not whistling. She covered her mouth with her turtle-neck blouse.

I opened with a joke about cougar hunting. Sherry smiled at me. Her husband had very very very long hair.

"No more snow for now. Now where were we?"

We sat in interlocking conference type chairs. Our memory of snow melted long into supper.

I have no real past, you see, even when I remember something over coffee.

MITOCHONDRIAL EVE

I am the “Flores hobbit”
born without a functioning thyroid
resulting in a type of endemic cretinism

homeward I row
my deranged brood inclined toward the factory settings
“Flores” is Portuguese for flowers

a disadvantage to pockets with bags or cups is that if too many balls go into
the same pocket, it will fill up the receptacle and prevent any more balls
from going in that pocket, requiring that some be moved out of the pocket
manually before shooting again

what we share isn't clear but it was a long time ago
next year I'm going to sprout indoors before transplant

THE UNENDING COIL

i.

the idea or advocacy of a union
divides opinion
and into areas that may be considered “expert”
a valley roams
a valley of what I will later show you to be narrow
narrow and useless in a sentence
an outdoor corridor in between buildings disappeared

this idea divides the world even now
into goal-directed appetitive and reflexive consummatory components
and I’m not having any of it

*“You’re not having any of it? Just who in the hell are you?” Patricia snarled.
“Division’s the best thing to happen to this city in many years and I’m not about
to let you or anybody else ruin it with this holier than thou attitude you’ve
suddenly adopted!”*

my family suddenly adopted a macaw a while ago
a cold grinning persona
the surviving member of a coven led by Olivette
having attempted to ransack men of letters’ crypts and bunkers
this bird stands out against the mostly dull winter landscape
and is hardly the first to use it
the first would have to be caught by the second three minutes later
and after a fourth destroyed

ii.

this winter is undoing the operations which have transformed an unknown
number to the given output
and if that sounds abstract, it amounts to £5000 per year for every man,
woman and child

living in a depleted forest due to a series of unfortunate events
the forest was completely invincible
but in 1853–56 a portion was covered by a dense cloud composed of this
moth
this moth that appears to mimic a frog
not in its efficiency but in adhering to procedures that not only do justice
but do so in a manner that engenders, to the extent possible, confidence
that justice was done
but we're getting far from orchestral indie rock here
far from the numbers, I want to see the scale move
so how do you make these bars?
start with 50, then 100, 200, 400, 800, 1500
Crawl Space took two full years to come to fruition
that's the fucking art of becoming somebody who people can pin their
beliefs and their dreams on
if you don't like it you should use the proxy server
how do you expect help when the total description is "a problem?"
pulling gloves and a bag from his pocket, he proceeded to collect the grisly
specimen
a macaw injured by a tree
that bird was what made noise in the night
it went from a fine, if slightly pale ballad into a ridiculous novelty act
I won't qualify it with emotions that you have to return to the person or
the situation
you don't have to document this under the heading of important
there is no way to "return to the faith of your childhood"
there is no way to return to the previous menu
and if you chance to find something unwanted inside
there is no way to return it but to a secondhand showroom

my own loft is not enough to base anything on
answering questions from the standpoint of a hypothetical personality is
not an excuse for bad behavior
funneling loss occurs when several different paths converge on a single
buffer, and traffic bursts arrive closely spaced in time, such that overflow
occurs
funneling is generally transient
mismatch occurs when sustained demand for a given facility exceeds more
than what I can fucking take

I look at our three babies
their gentle nonexistence; canine mother, wife, sister, your breathless songs,
your evening sweetness
your fierce cheerfulness and your brilliant vagaries I have wondered about
and your purity without fuss
but at the same time I am astutely aware that this Earth, forged by some
finite power, is real too

"Have you noticed?" She barked, waving a big spoon at me. *"And I've realized that you are now eating for two."* My heart dropped. My secret was out, and she wasn't exactly kissing me with undisguised derision...

rather it was the last step in a difficult process of completely removing all
system information
and I felt it like a switch burning even when left unattended
with a fire greedy and needful
I fucking need this!
I wanted to get back to the acting side of things with someone who really
believed in me

"Do you even realize what you are asking of us?"
"I. Fucking. Need this."

Behemoth says I need to be professional
a wealthy tumor image with which I dimly agree
so I've been putting this together for my players
from left to right: Christopher, Louisa, the almost treeless garden
and they seem to have the only fire truck in town
tenderly removing from the hold a body in which a spark of life still lingers
but what isn't about this journal?
happy reading, I gotta go; my class is starting in a few minutes
as the students continued to stream into the classroom, I've been accused
by a bitter ex
of deriving the basic laws of what makes a picture a picture
from sources most hateful to the people
most of our articles are between 2000–2800 words
so you know they're fooled
and as for love, why, I've just hated the sound of the name

let's not pretend that if there is a problem we have to have a scheme for it
I am doing this quickly because I am on my way to the airport
where I will travel to a land without sorrow
sorry, someone grabbed my phone, I didn't mean to say anything quotable
who are you paying attention to mostly?
I never thought they'd choose someone this soon
but hey, if it couldn't be me, I'm happy
so what the fuck are we supposed to do?
did you ever think about going back to school?
sell with 50% loss?
the worst-case model often requires very tight individual component tolerances
the obvious result is expensive manufacturing and inspection process and/
or high scrap rates
juxtaposition of the stupid and the witty fool makes him a paradoxical and
elusive mask
hot and cold, wet and warm
let's just make one thing we can all have

iii.

I'm tired of juxtaposing the transparent
this is guarded poetry
the real deal is a registered trademark
a massive pending purchase after reading a few passages and seeing references in the tech press
so what is this star organization of the effective altruism world?
as the name suggests, I am totally the opposite of what I do in fashion
if the fake fits, you can stop it by putting something very heavy in front of it
forgive me, I'm not what you suppose
every day passing I take another way, and all I do moves my soul away
can you feel the rhyme shaking the bottles as you go
this links physical movement to rhyme and rhythm, encouraging beat competence
a mobile means to make the time that which was predetermined in the counsels of God

but that's some heady shit to be sure
the problem is what people consider to be noise and/or screaming
and then I had one of those "*aha!*" moments
you can fight back—it seemed so simple
but what is loping in front of hardware stores and five-and-tens
what is barking, loping in front but jogging behind
I can't even imagine how a horse could jog in front but lope behind
but I can't imagine a horse feeling the same way
the thing about it is these are routinely struck down
covered in poems that Allie had written on in green ink so that he'd have
something to do while hanging around in the ballfield
and that's the type of sentence that changes lives
you never considered what you're eating today has the ability to remove
and reattach body parts at will
and yet I am telling you I am disgusted by how he is always
pointing to the negative
some people fail to consider what they can actually afford
and I can't afford another line

now I have a program which makes many measurements and it contains
many threads
but what I'm missing is what I think the critics call "substance"
the critics, where are they? and the poets, do they live for ever?
I stopped wondering when my parents were coming for me
I know their orgasm is more based on being horny
but I forgot the essential part of the lesson
is there any way to open the project "normally?" or do I have to replace it
with My Little Pony pictures
the person reading this knows about my eating disorder
I would eat them if they were safe to consume, but there might be a risk of
diseases or parasites migrating through them
so an easy friendship forms
with the indigestible foreign material
and I am shocked that years later I am best known for doing this episode
the problem is that many are looking for the perfect idea
professional, social ninjas on their personal profiles, but don't quite know
how to translate that
into liquid hell: the Unending Coil is a pretty neat trial, but it has a num-
ber of rather odd mechanics that can be a bit opaque in how they work

for instance, let's say the next door neighbor has a small, barking dog that likes to look through the fence and bark...

iv.

it's rare for toxic people to totally sabotage your attempts at home improvement, but it does happen
preening, kicking and jumping with unbridled excitement
and as soon as you get near them with a camera they stop as they think the sole purpose of your visit is to feed them
I try and sit in with them for hours and they start doing their own thing
but sooooo cold at the moment
if I could play jazz I would play it on this one
because versatility is universally bad, there is no side on which we can approach and assail the sinner
we find him armed at all points, and ready for the encounter
efforts have been made to remove the obstructions, but without success
instead of doing what I know is right, I do wrong
but what is omitted is not the claim upon us, and what would make good the omission is not necessarily approaching the other
so fuck it I'm just going to clamp my hands over my ears and talk about a game
if you think I want this, read digital music reviews
people say being stuck in a sinking ship is boring
pilots who almost died say their last moments were in slow motion
the motif of a second circumcision is absent
from this slowness that is exercising
jogging behind skateboarders weaving along the sidewalk
I swear time is getting warmer, closing the lamp where the icebreaking "Ballad of Mr. Grey" is showing
my closed face tenacious, hammering:

break into a bakery in the middle of the night
break into a bakery via a skylight while waiting
break into a bakery and steal the cashbox, a crime
break into the bakery to get something to eat and be taken in
break into a bakery, break the window and steal a loaf of bread
bread into a bakery or a knitting store and go nuts

break into a bakery with an electrified gate
break into a bakery to steal pretzels and end up falling into a vat of batter
break into a bakery in the middle of the night just to smell it!

these are examples of what change management systems are designed to accomplish
it's why I'm sitting at the piano instead of kneeling at the altar
even its mechanical heart lends substance and character
but really I am thinking about the idea of "no empathy"
and what I would do to a body that will not decompose in the normal way, since there is no oxygen
and what I would like to live for without a solid personal foundation
I refuse to decide, even privately
how to prosecute this robbery charge
for which I am the sole occupant
for in fact if I am in control, it's all about me, not about God at work
the reality is no one wants to become an addict
but when you break into your first role you will see that a list of settings appears
and none of them provide an option for patients for whenever they start to struggle at home, easing the burden
there is just the bakery and your eyes jump to the right to the cases filled with delectable dessert pastries
you look to the left and see cakes and a scrumptious array of cookies and other pastries
and the metal bar in front of the door behind us will be raised, and a gate will open to a treasure chest which contains the Big Key
go back into the room with the mirrors
and prepare for the heist of a lifetime
fucker: I know I've got you in me, always lurking
ready to lash out and deal revenge to the best of our knowledge
and that is all I have to say about it

the rest is chanted in a mid-tone monotone:
open into one document for all cases
the process remains in control
deviations will be punished not only by special enforcement but also by the withholding of future cooperation
better luck next time when the only thing to fill it is a lie

but lies aren't only necessary
the bakery stuffs them in wastepaper and/or small sticks
and when you break in your warring, then they cry *pem!* and bid you play
it off
to conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter an hour that I can
drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my life
but what eludes me is punishment
where is the recovery? I cannot seem to find it
so I'll leave it there and you know where I stand
talking music for my friends and one love to my fans
peace out and don't forget
this heist isn't for fun, or boredom, or "one last score"
it's a last ditch effort to get ahead for once
doping clean riders out of the sport
and if this fails I will not take the fall alone

TOTAL EXCITATION OF THE ISOLATED HUMAN HEART

circle dot or star small black dot period
small crosses small triangles graph small black
open circles small filled squares small stone
buildings small spots red double arrows and
blue double arrows respectively small segments
small line segments well I tried manually
by drawing a polygon with a lot of sides
but it was just a small 2283-acre area
only about 70 people and here I was
somehow separated from what is pleasing
good luck getting me to your potluck!

NEWS FROM VILLAGERS

We climbed a mountain made of me
Hunting for a doolang
Consistent with the shalala

Snagged by sawtooth thorns
And pounded by clods of hair
We were abandoned up there

The water bottles tore off
On the last horse
Raising no particles

Your hair unbanded
At the top, lo
The great caldera

No, the silent village where
You rang out, shook
The buildings to pale knees

Here, you cried
Beginning to dig
How can you be so sure?

In the final moments
I have adopted
A listening posture

YEARS OF WAITING

Maybe I'm off base here but,
Isn't it correct that Endnote is much more user friendly and intuitive than
RM,
I mean RM and not Psyborg,
It's not just on Boss times,
And I just feel that most of our human experience here on earth is not
prepared,
To process RM,
One needs, I would guess, at least a dozen hours or more a week to sink
into RM duties,
It's so much easier to just have the whole story right there in front of you,
Endnote can be used in two ways,
RM just plugs in with whatever other security model is already in place,
Endnote is easier for scientists,
And even farmers,
Country people and inhabitants of the border provinces,
I've seen kids,
Little kids playing safely,
Using Endnote to create bibliographies,
In the new virtual information environment,
RM is regarded as just good,
Why settle with that garbage when,
Endnote is installed, it automatically creates tools,
Intelligent software with built-in simulation, and automatic,
With the power to turn water black,
And even make a good solid outdoor table,
RM is large, say 10 ft.,
But can reach 14 ft. Before you buy one, please make sure you will have
enough space,
Endnote requires at least one space,
But the space can be reduced,
To easily fit into a letter envelope,
Mail yourself the envelope,
Give yourself a little bit of wiggle room,
Endnote is a software program,
But it can really stand on its own,

To change your life for the better in 2010,
It's for you,
Endnote can be used in two ways,
To dress your home and yard,
In the virtual neighborhood,
And the other,
To turn you into a pile of bones,
It's powerful stuff to be sure,
But you can handle it,
Endnote can be used,
By children in Attica and old men in Akron,
By armed Taliban,
By people who know this subject pretty well,
And people who know nothing,
You're really going to get enveloped,
So I think I'll go by what Oweron is telling,
That Endnote is the go-to,
Do you want to wait years,
No, you should say 30 or 40 years,
That's too long. Too many things can go wrong waiting,
Waiting is for restaurant workers,
Be the one to plant good seeds,
Slip into a plastic bag,
Preserve your reputation as a voracious man

MOVIE MEN

It seems a great newspaper man saw a movie about another one. In the movie, the newspaper man begins as a small-town boy and ultimately becomes the greatest newspaper man in the country, then the world. He is married, he is married twice, he dies in a motor accident. The newspaper man looking on suppressed a tear, then a panic. He knew his motor car had been making a funny sound. He had to get the motor car man on the phone right away. He can't come to the phone, his motor car wife said, shifting the phone to another area. Would you believe he's watching that dreadful movie. The one about the newspaper man? said the newspaper man. No, said the motor car wife, the one about the motor car man, she said.

FAMOUSLY IGNORED

There have been leaders who famously ignored everything the customer said they wanted. When what you want is all over the internet then you need to step up your personal development.

Double down and can you, then, covet our poor tents? I am opposing a mission that I be beard down in larva...

It was hard to ignore at night when all else got quiet: a game design convention that defined the survival horror genre. You perceive your grandmother when the cell is active, so it should not fire to any other stimulus.

Readers, in recent weeks, I've received several reports from you about what has been dubbed "the grandparent scam." Can we transgress and enter what we do not know, and more so, do not like. Now I am getting in the word "thesis," really thank you very much.

If I knew what this was about I would've never bought it. Not for me really hard to read, but we're going to fix that. You will want to hear it all again, soak in the high and lows, but your voice won't even be fully(ish) developed.

Only twice previously have I ever departed this great thrusting arterial route. Once I despised the wind, and another time I could see the fibers on the paper. Now can you please stop being the guardians of the galaxy before I spill every bean that is left. Well, I guess it isn't the lucid clear light period.

By way of ending, I want to briefly return to spectatorship: I urge this truth upon you most solemnly, and I call on all present to witness that when this vessel is safe, I am a perjured wretch.

GAME INVESTIGATED FOR MATCH FIXING

garden in an apartment all year
see wax on the surface of water

ski in a tunnel all year
see the snow crash conversation

read the Bible in a year all year
make it in general last the math of acts recorded

I have found a more useful chess piece
replace the rook with a silhouette of leaping cat

I will be announcing the characters of my half of the game soon
if you are interested in playing then hit me up

I AM REACHING DOWN TO SCRAPE THE COMEDY BARREL FOLKS, WITH A FRICKIN' SHOVEL

I am reaching down to fix my pants or tie my shoes.

Okay watch, I am reaching down to my heel. I know it is there.

I think I am reaching down to pet my cat, but in the dark I can see my cat,
I can see my cat quite a lot.

I just had a baby and I can see my cat.

It's almost like there's smoke in the room.

I reach down and can see the smoke dancing on the pines.

Okay, I am cleaning my apartment in Spanish.

I am reaching down to feed the baby a little oatmeal (*avena*).

It seems very hard to reach down far enough.

I feel bad for the cat and yes the deer, who cannot reach down to unplug
and plug in the lamp at dawn.

Yeah, another shot of the deer from the smoky mountain.

I am beginning to see the ravages of the smoke on my body.

Not a human body, but that of a cat.

The smoke seems important in the pines.

If a color seems important, a piece of clothing or scenery, it should be
included.

Relevance to the present is more important even than unity or clarity.

You do not want to modify that yourself or else things will get mismatched.

I am reaching down to fill my water bottle up and all of a sudden a snake darts out from under me, I get a little bothered.

I cannot set a breakpoint and things just continue, people just continue.

I reach down and it seems so far everything is working.

Then I see my cat in the back of the room, semi-hidden by some stuff.

I smell or see smoke set down midst the pines.

My baby is dancing with African music.

The question to ask is not “Will my cat dance with me?” but rather “Will I dance with my cat?”

I guess the jury is still out on this one.

I am thinking, jury smoke cat body breakpoint pines baby.

I am reaching down very deep within myself to get these paintings.

I am reaching down and finding the baby in the smoke or getting seriously burned.

I am not thinking, beginning with the deer behind me.

CAMPING IN THE HANGAR

Officers patrolling
Bug Hill Road
Uncovered
This afternoon
Previously thought dead
Cowering
In a blanket
Under the river.

Allegedly applying
Undue force
One officer
Is thought to have
Splashed a little
In the river.

The hospital
Could not be reached
For a quote
And I quote
Was a little
Disappointed
Sand hospital
On the banks
Of what could be
Generally thought
To be smooth-
ly pointed toward
A general sea.

PROFESSIONAL BID

We are climbing into the cool air at 5000 feet.

Observe the lights on the bridge.

It looks like a cigar.

I try to tell her that up here things just get started in the night.

She moans and lowers a bit further.

The lights on the bridge will again be synchronized to Christmas music, including some songs from past years and three new songs.

The cool air of the car caresses the hot flesh.

There is tar road right till the top of the hill which has a Airtel tower too. The road to the hilltop is very curvy and exciting. She caresses my pego.

I love the metaphor of a 1500-mile-long river, curving toward the center, profuse flowering.

I push my finger deeper into Liz, fucking her completely—in her cunt, in her ass.

In this world, our ignorance of headache is enormous. By design, we are pleasure givers and pleasure receivers.

Liz pulls back, smiling at me, she strokes my hair.

She sinks down onto me fully with one quick movement. She sinks down onto the floor, panting, listening.

All at once, we are floating in the eye, in the same spot where I would have been floating all those years ago, off 24th Street in Hermosa Beach.

Walking involves swinging along like an ape through lianas, occasionally

stopping dead.

Hugging little trees is fun and rolling around in the ground is like sex with nature. Liz giggles uneasily.

She slowly lets her bottom come down, till it touches the head of my pego.

We are going up the stairs and we are gaining light. I slowly wonder if I can take another chance on love.

You ached me so hard... with your intoxicated voice that nighttime...

Never, no, never in the world was a man so frigged by woman.

What you stated you will nobble me... Funny...

I remember all of it. Had a huge crush on Dorothy Hamill.

The lights of the bridge really highlighting and drawing us into the historic center of the city St. Paul's which has also been illuminated.

Those cups of coffee... and the soups... I recollect how you employed to insist me... that the thing you are eating is suchlytasty... than the thing I am keeping in my mugful...

I am seized of the point of order. I shall have it looked into.

Off belatedly...

SAYING HELLO AND GOODBYE AT THE SAME TIME

Little League dads redefined “slugger”
but some very good websites have made it easy for visitors to contribute content

I have often made that hospital rest alone does not give the result it obtained later
Unique Rosaries, Etc.

well so much for selling products for the littlest people
the stature of Richter is something all art lovers look forward to

my own face is addicted to Proactiv
a handful of grapes is moving beyond its winemaking application

soon we will all be able to once again enjoy the “joie de vivre” of a same-city relationship
and the choice for Western men as the planet effectively shrinks into one society is going
to be as follows

THE REPLIAC

The only replica artist I know
was recently outed
as a repliac
by the global media.
They aired photos
of his spiral
descent. Experts say
a repliac will stop
at nothing, will fabricate
and replicate
to an alarming degree
and not without sophistication.
Amazingly, a repliac
almost always
has an assistant who
is just as bad.
Together they present
a formidable enemy.
They could fabricate
a whole replicate army

of the real army
with duplicate clothes
and identity cards
and it would be impossible
to stop them.

But they wouldn't need
an army. They could replicate
their way around it.

What we are looking at here
is the only nonviolent enemy
but, and this is paradoxical,
the most violent enemy
of all. The first thing
a replicator does
is to replicate himself
(with the help of his assistant)
five or ten times
and hide the bodies
store them with
hidden stores
of nutrient-rich sustenance

in inwardly hideaway-identical
but outwardly impossible-to-hide-in
places. The second thing
is to deface all personal replicas
so they can't be traced.
The third and final thing
the repliac does first
is to deface any non-replicas
so that replicas must be used.
This is called "building the cottage industry"
in repliac circles, although it is unclear
if there is more than one true repliac.
Since there is no way of knowing anything
nobody asked me
any questions about my former friend.
People are getting depressed
and enslaved by their superior versions
and nothing can be done.
Even the repliac will be replaced
by his own better replicas.
That's why the psychology

of the repliac is so messed up:

he sows the seed

of his own destruction.

Even the repliac is powerless

to stop the repliac.

It is for this reason

that the replica media

is so afraid of him.

SNOW IN MY HOLE

We've all heard about the black hole,
But what about a tasteful little triangle,
Would that be of any use? Yesterday,
Today, all the snow is gone except for the snowman,
The thought of which I find very appealing,
And yet, I feel a major "hole,"
In my snow,
In whatever I do,
And the triangle pointing upward is a graphic statement,
Of impossibility, or more clearly, impotence,
To be perpetual,
Snow and roaming,
It costs what it costs,
I'm going to keep doing what I'm doing regardless, but covering some of
the cost of the gear will leave more cash for trips

BETRAYAL

There's nothing worse than being betrayed
by a close friend or, worse, a confidant, a
person well-trusted, a trustee. You were swindled,
that's what it looks like, what's more
affronted and yes, made foolish, made the
fool. In quicksand now, effectively
paralyzed, any move you make will deepen
the fool state. There's nothing
worse, except maybe knowing that it isn't
even personal, that your Judas
only realized he could be you; that to turn on
your friends before they turn on
you is the safest thing; that at the soonest moment
this must be done, be done well.
He, your Judas, would have to be as you are, ruined,
as a dog chained to a sinking tree,
or a Christmas, the wreath a noose. So then I thought,
friends: wouldn't it be smartest to just
not have them? Yeah, but that's even more dangerous,
because keep your enemies closer,
so to speak, and if you have no friends, your enemies
will hardly be close enough. And
you won't know who your friends are, which is like
giving them a head start. An enemy
can never betray you, which is why they're such bad
friends. So anyway, there's nothing worse
than being betrayed like this, by a trustee, except
for also knowing it's not even really
personal, that your Judas only struck first, and maybe
also except for failing to betray
your family, who are even closer, more dangerous
than the closest ally. A baby is
a seedling of betrayal. A baby is thought to be ready
to betray, and you should see
the grief of mothers, the impotent rage of fathers who've
raised invalids incapable of

the slightest treachery. And you should see the chaos
of orphanages overrun by children
never privy to their earthly cause. Who to betray, the urchins
seem to want to say. Many of them
will end up betraying people they have never even met,
people not unlikely to be their
closest enemies, unknown to them in their blank position.
Every year the court of courts
finds itself gazing upon tragedy upon tragedy, as these
consummate betrayers of betrayal
husk and cast off high sacral customs, left in their wake
as if shells of nuts, or as, in a
nutshell, rightly fallen stars improperly freshly elevated.
But life goes on, and some say
it is still possible for a happily married couple to wake
on their nuptial bed, each gored
by the other's knife, on the morning of a day only a mockery
of its good friend night, who, each
night, according to popular legend, fondly urinates a stream
of dewy dew on day's grassy grounds,
drops greeted upon morning as presents under a tree.

INTO THE LOUNGE

I am a bit of an “Inventor Wannabee” always trying to come up with new ideas some completely daft others OK. Never again will you have to ask, “Is that your glass of water, or mine?”

My wife and I are like the majority of everyone else. I was born in California, moved to many states.

My wife is joyous and she has a large-scale grin. She does vacation rentals and might be able to help you.

With the success of our first vacation rental Dana Sands, brings our second, fully furnished rental, Doheny Sands.

At this stage, Denny and I were ready to take our own vacation from reality. Who’s Denny? Denerop. I call her Denny. My golden wife my golden angel.

Dad: Coffee Prosecutor Mam: Chloebabes Bro: K_V_N Sis: JasmineJustice ... I have names for everyone in the photo.

So, the vacation was very valuable. We went to Carousel with Mr. Eddie! He just touched down to Perth. His first day in Carousel :) Our appetizers! Jesters’ pies!

We attended a lecture by a guy who obviously thought he could speak English. I dunno, me and my wife think we got suckered out of 45 minutes. That greatly it wasn’t!

I am a little bummed because I think this was our last vacation. I’m on vacation the week after next and I was giving my wife broad hints about Disney. She panicked and reported it.

So I blame recondite people (not the metaphysical kind). I blame the social value. Oh, I just want to spread my arms and swim deeply into the lounge.

SCATTERING NOTHING NOT SCATTERED ALREADY

The scariest thing is that at first
There are no symptoms.

Then you might be seated on a bus
Wondering at the total lack
Of symptoms. You might be wintering
With friends with dogs, or lonely
Running a great distance
Through pines, desert alleys
Or you could be swimming
Or you might be overhead
In planes.

Anyway, you wouldn't be anywhere
You'd expect. The scariest thing
Is that you'd just be there: right
There, almost going away.

And if somewhere some silent thing happens
Or doesn't, afflicting no one:

The river knows it
Not changing course.
The apricot knows it
Delicious as ever.
The streetlamp knows it.
We almost do, darling, too, looking
To the sky for the final pieces
So excited, as if somewhere in there
Were crocodiles.

TOTAL FOREST

I'm jolted, not for the last time, awake
to the fact of animals: something about
a bat—no, a cat—a badger-type cretin
bumbling from under a car, beaming
spyey beatitude. Just this week a million
animals were, and right nearby, too—don't
start me on the insects. Yet how lonely
there, here: in how, and despite our
great public library system, a book
has never read one, and this makes me feel:
golden, at all.

IT CAME FROM THE SEA

what color is my hair that keeps circulating above the Earth

good sized span of the what colored hairband

does orange pekoe appeal to you

one hill after another

that's what's eating away at me

what are you talking about

I felt as if I had cycled.

I chose Nepal for the simple reason that the Buddha was born there.

I was very much one of the boys.

Berlin was fantastic.

I still have that guitar.

I am really freaked out. There's 3000 people.

I remember, I brought a notebook along that day. I still have it.

I fled to Spain for treatment.

But you can't leave yourself behind.

I chose Swinburne because of its good reputation.

I became interested in the history of football in England through my enjoyment of playing soccer.

I've wanted to visit the UK for a long time now, and Scotland in particular has always seemed like a mystical place to me.

The church was filled with people who wanted to experience a full-scale live recording.

It is very hard to do.

It took me an hour to be solid. But it takes other dancers years.

I chose Brazil because I already have my life deeply invested in the country.

But sometimes it's in your head.

I told my dad, "That's it."

"We can't donate thousands of dollars, but we can sleep better at night knowing we tried to do something."

That's the main thing I learned from all this.

HUMAN LIGHT SYSTEM

I cleaned a huge office building at night in college
therefore I feel ok with giving three stars
to every gig I have done since

0 Responses to Fantastically Real Kabbalah Paintings
0 Responses to I always write a post
I keep having sex dreams sexual health

Ghost Fever here one of many Ghost Videos
ok something happened die funeral costs
deltoid fracture of the left femur

of the cup of knowledge
of winter burn and winter drying
some quarterback's hands may be able to place the middle

fantasy forums are coming
do I need to move to more current level
do I need to move to flash for streaming

do I need to move to the lightroom
I want snow that can be described as being badass
human light system that responds to touch

fuck this man I haven't had an ear
here I am trying to drive or get some sleep
into an atlas once a mesh

fart me it's a pity about you
jump into my flying car this is so fayke
many windows welcome the desert indoors

GUEST POST: HOW I GOT THE JOB

After to read these interesting 10 pages
about the 18 months life of the time
machine, I am reflexing what to do then

Is it that I want the boat to just come floating
up? Or are we talking about a real going over
from go to woe?

Interesting, I have recently bought a floating
pea patch on Lake Washington, close
to the Kenmore Air Harbor

The guy who runs the guesthouse is Jon
and he is a Norwegian ex-pat he said
he is “consistently astonished” at the
time machine stories from around the web

Each one is distinguished in this land of fetish
by a young chick download yet each day
each month the same cultural polarization
eerily divides

The time is something I have not decided
Probably the course should begin with The Time
Machine Chat at 8 p.m., which runs until Jon
says words he can't

When I listen to music, I listen to music
But when I read about the “time machine”
I changed it to “our island is a time machine”

Jon was taking deep breaths he was so upset
a tourist had just taken his picture. I guess
he didn't have time to smile because it
happened just then the time machine lit

back up again, and as the cheering men turned
to see what was up it was 1947 all over again
Jon was thrown for a minute then he smiled
real broad, stood up, and pointed at me. Said,
“You’re hired”

GOLGOTHA 2160

We were in attendance for the time capsule burial, all of us except Leo.

It was morning, October, cold on the football field.

The vice principal said, "Can I have a show of hands?"

The capsule was opaque, the size and shape of the doghouse of an improbably large dog.

"Okay, great. We should all be grateful for this unique opportunity."

Leo's mom stood on the sidelines, crying like a hero.

"Here we go."

The capsule shrank into the ground just past the forty-yard line.

The field would have to be re-limed.

We were led inside.

Forty years later, we got the call, though none of us needed it.

Some brought spouses, extended families, others baseball bats, garrotes.

News vans and readied police cars lit the dusky.

The vice principal, now a fading octogenarian, barked at us in her trademark smoker's caw through a novelty-sized megaphone.

"Thank you all for coming." Then, before passing the megaphone to the warden, "Let's get to it."

Warden Simms: "Now, remember this guy's been forty years under. He's gonna be very, very angry, and probably very, very strong. Nothing but protein gel, pull-ups and Nintendo 64 to keep him going. We're talking one tough son of a gun. Okay? Here we go."

The capsule rose.

It was October again, even colder this time.

Scarves, hats: vintage, to not freak Leo.

Leo's mom, sidelines again, biting one hand's nails, hammer in the other.

The vice principal approached with none-deadened verve, lifted the lock and jumped back to her crew in arms.

The warden knelt into pistol position.
From the hold of the capsule, adept whistling.
Leo emerged. It was Leo, all right.
He looked around, expressionless. Nobody breathed.
He did look pretty strong.
“Stronger than you, chubs,” my wife teased, poking me hard in the ribs.
“Hey, hey,” I said.

THE PROFESSIONAL OPINION

A man found himself at his doctor's.

Doctor, help. A pen has slipped up
and punctured my small kidney.

Nonsense, said the doctor. There is no such thing
as a small kidney. But beneath the shirt, there it bled.

Yes, from my pants pocket, said the man, it slipped up.
I doubt it, said the doctor. Objects do not jump
up in space. But just then an implement rose
defiant from its tray.

I think, said the doctor, you should find another doctor.
But just then his professional opinion seemed invaluable...

THE FACTS OF LIFE

Yesterday I drove all the way to Bennington College.

A vacation for hair? Might be something I need.

Women have been looking for ways to permanently remove hair for years.

Whoa, whoa women aren't the only folks.

And we'll tell you who Time's man of the year is.

The months of grueling campaigning are over.

This home video has mysteriously surfaced.

Wait a minute, wait a minute, okay.

Yeah, this is Roger. It's a breakthrough!

Oh, mother told me the facts of life.

Isn't it a little sparse?

Humor helps you deal with life's unexpected possibilities.

The human eye is remarkably sensitive to light.

That's why more men are saying Thanks, I needed that.

The soft, warm, glowing light.

I own as many different types of them as possible.

And you wanna subcategorize within that.

Counterintuitive, John.

The man you're going to be seeing today is basically a household word.

I've got some aprons here, and I think we can go to work.

Does smoke irritate your eyes?

The human eye is known for its sensitivity.

Temptation of the real world, it grows in the brain.

VERY ACCEPTABLE IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT

I was grumbling that I had not claimed
my privilege of 60 years to be excused.
I am sorry that these shoes are a full
size too large. I hear the skirl of bag
pipes which announces they are not
far. Ah! How it skreeks! When a man sends
you the flimsy, he spares you the flourish.
Ah! Skreeks! How do you flourish? It seems
some outward obstruction in the gangway
prevents one. I parted with my wife and
children and went to say goodbye to my
good friend. I was feeling rather
sluggish. This went on, with this
and with that, and with what not, five
nights a week, until the small hours of
the morning.

REMAINS OF DOWNED WWII PILOT CONFIRMED OFF NORTH AFRICAN COAST

should I practice my form on the opposite side? is the devil necessary
the evangelistic power of the sacraments for the past couple years has left me more anxious than relieved

“they walked like an army on the march” says Pascal
“if I lay on the bottom they would just clamber over me as though I was a lump of rock or coral”

why should religious symbols be so readily understandable by children
as though they could just play football at the drop of a hat at the top level

as they walked over me I realized I was sleeping on about three inches of water
not enough for a pilot in these remote places
though I’m lucky to be forced to think of remoter

ARTICLE: SUICIDE: NOT A GOOD IDEA

Hi, my name is Mary and the actual subject is pet suicides.

Don't let distance be a problem, I am here to help you, picture yourself walking chained to your neighbor through the steam tunnels.

Tunnels of condolence for your pet's death and walking through them, please give Talia and Jake my condolences, all the way to "calm," "mellow," and "at peace with it because I understand it."

I have written a lot about condolence messages since Hurricane Katrina devastated the Southeastern United States 18 months ago, and can understand your side of the issue. The results work, I can agree, one person commented feeling "very calm and focused in the moment," you have to start with yourself.

We are "copers." OK? You loved her, she loved you. She healed you, have a hot whiskey.

If the child is in your room and hears you breathing, that's the best thing, breath can be very soothing, so the child can learn the positives, a child should be included in all mourning rituals. If the airway is OK and the breathing is OK, and the heart rate is OK at rest, the child is good, keep going.

Your pet will appear in front of you if there's a free tile available. Those of Taoist/Buddhist faith will light up incense and candles. Some people report funny intonation things and signs from the pet now.

The tell-tale signs are that your pet will appear much weaker and will have difficulty moving her hind, a glowing rib cage looking thing will fall from the ceiling, and weird smell, like a chip or something electrical. You will know your pet is dead/fried.

Remembering is hard but it prepares us for the future. You can in the future honor your pet by saving the life of another pet. So go ahead, close the door on the past. The last ritual is a game, no more no less, sometimes

there's an ace on the floor sometimes not.

I had to bury a few pets of my own. The first few days after I gasped and started crying happy and yet sad tears at the same time, I was sitting on the couch, the first few days after just felt so good, though it made me miss my Shiloh beagle boy even more.

Yes on Halloween 2001, two fat puppies in a bag, a miracle! They are perfectly the same as their daddy. I am in heaven here. But enough of my personal story, let me tell you what works.

OK you are saying in a slightly different way. OK hi Mary, hi what about the pet population problem? Is this a way of dealing with this? Mary my breathing is OK and I know how to breathe. So what about this pet suicide issue?

Your child should know suicide is not a way to solve problems. Your child is breathing very fast, more than 40 breaths in 1 minute. Notice the way your child is breathing. Effects of pet suicides often extend beyond the grave and the effect can extend to the muscles used to help you breathe, speak and swallow.

Description, Green-naped Rainbow Lorikeet, Jammy, flew into a party where I was singing for a wedding at a country club in New Jersey. Well anyway seems to have committed suicide by curling up in the freezing snow on Irontongue Hill. And my client's pet hare died by letting himself die in a hole.

Actually, I knew somebody who had a yellow lab that got into his bag dog food while the master was at work. The dog ate so much it puked all over the place and continued to eat to the point where he ruptured his stomach and died of internal bleeding. I guess the dog ate himself to death!

Everyone please watch the video. OK I ask you: Is this rat just friends with this cat, or is it committing its suicide? Thankfully we don't all fall apart at the same time, so we can lend a hand. I am new, and my hand is out. We must prevent suicide, the alternative ending. Every pet is not necessarily happy, instead (s)he is angry and disappointed.

Lift your hand above shoulder height, cover the child's upper body. OK concentrate on your pet's personality or his features. This is for the living pets. We make it a very simple process. Just stand where you are, ignoring it, until he realizes he doesn't need to be afraid.

Good and release your grip on the child. Slowly, and backwards, the spirit climbs out of the crater, heading for the child. Thanks be that it also stumbles around stupidly like a zombie, so it's not so hard to aim at it.

This is the right moment for doing it. Say Hi Spirit, this is Mike (or whatever your name is nowadays), will you talk to me? This is like a gunshot for the suicide possibility.

Now you sit quietly on the floor with the child, remembering breathing. Remove and wash your pet in front of your child. Your child will be transitioning. Wash the floor.

AIRFIELD

Today was a museum director
announcing the latest mummified remains.
A crown was hefted to the highest
raincloud as laid in gurneys
we ate our mash. If that sounds bad
just wait. I have a man inside turning
blue, curling white. The sound
is of undressing. Once everything's off
we can vacillate to our private caves
and enjoy the exhibit in all its rightness.
There doesn't seem to be anything else
to report, just images, faraway purls
behind fogged glass, shades
of our errands, like big dogs
caught in the rain.

THE ABLE SCENE

Light travels into a sort of hutch
in the mountain, where two birds,
having no reason to speak, enjoy
one of those weightless silences
characteristic of domestic night.

I'm having second thoughts, one
of them says, or rather doesn't,
not having the need for first ones.

The other one resolutely agrees,
or appears to, as white light gathers
on its beak like spots of moisture.

An argument huddles in the thicket
of their silence, its pointed gun
hot for the first spoken tones.

Or rather doesn't, settling instead
into one of those weightless comforts
characteristic of the able scene.

SITTING ON A BOAT, GUIDING A ROBOT ALONG THE SEABED

I just found a little school of fish about an inch long each in my pond.

I look out onto the fields.

A thought slides over my carpet bunks.

“Either we toss out the 1470 skull or we toss out all our theories of early man.”

Life isn’t maybe pink, but it’s not so black.

Some of my people are farmers and I just got the notice that I’m running out of coconuts.

The first couple years, your life isn’t really yours.

That is pretty much the A–Z in farm life.

A farm, yes a farm. I need a change.

This would change the message of the play to “love conquers all.”

“All my love stuck inside a dream.”

If you look closely at the pattern, it looks like a little school of fish.

That is the beauty of the religious dream.

I find all of the bodies in the closet.

Last week I managed to find a school of fish.

I’ve got to river city but I can’t get inside.

Such is the subjective nature of perception.

Even when sitting I feel I'm on a boat.

Sitting on a boat in the middle of Lower Sardine, hiking the Bear Lakes.

It can also be done anywhere else on the body.

I burned all my fingers taking a ceramic bowl out of the oven.

We who are close to the fire are enjoying its warmth and forget it can burn.

This is very much like a school of fish, which you may see suddenly turn and almost instantaneously go in the opposite direction.

Acknowledgments

Many thanks to Gordon Faylor for possibilizing, editing, and releasing this book of poems.

These poems were largely cobbled from 2007 to 2013 via variously laborious gleaning processes; the specific disclosure of these should not so gravely hue the reader's experience that their omitted explication would qualify as "withholding." I would only like to say that my relation of authorship to these words involves the same indeterminacy described by D.W. Winnicott in his paper "Transitional Objects and Transitional Phenomena": *...we will never ask the question: 'Did you conceive of this or was it presented to you from without?' The important point is that no decision on this point is expected. The question is not to be formulated* (1953, 17).

Some particularly key people who figured into this writing: Sarah Smith, Quentin Moore, Jamie Kanzler, James Tate, Chris Weisman, Mary Ruefle, Tori Kudo, Steve Zultanski, Mark Leidner, Laura Riding, Russell Edson, and Cleopatra Mathis, the poet who made me.

? OPEN SEA

I do not mean to say that speaking a language comparatively lacking in volition or will is fatal.

Would you be satisfied if borne by "Oh?" or "And then?" Statements such as "it's never been done before," "a substitute," and "M-m-m good!" can't co-exist. It is said that if we have no lawgiver, this nonverbal world of language could come up with a "YeaaAaah" that is a "YeaaAaah!"

Then, from somewhere else, "YeaaAA..." Although wearing thin, the pretense continues. Perhaps worst of all, this "actual" order was substituted for the world used for centuries to provide the mental life of the other person. Outwardly, you exist in a "YeaaAaah!" Until recently, it was thought that the lived past and the "YeaaAaah!" form a whole—however, this approach is more costly. It is important not to be misled by

your desire for effectiveness. One last mystery: your physical body noticed that I have been using (or so it seems to me) the present as a fantasy. Are you hooked? Yuck! The idea is not to intuitively understand this "autobiography," but to pay less attention to it.

"I coast into quiet water, all alone."