

1990
1398
1000000
1000000
1000000

1865
1865



non fiction:
initial work

david lucito

sexual encounters of the floral kind

apologies: r.b.

I.

Pods explode

flowers designed for sex:

female stigma ovaries

male anthers pollen

II.

in Australia bush fires

in the west

thynnid wasp hatched from the coals, wingless

paralyzes beetle

bug lays eggs in

scales hammerhead orchid with pheromones

males carry her away

they mate in flight en route to his flower

she feeds and seeds from his abdomen

he flies his lover home afterwards she

disappears under ground for beetlebugs

the orchid

must also act before the girls emerge from ashes

perfumes itself like wasp, manufactures dummybugs

males flings fools into an anther-dummy

weeks before the girls dig out

after there will be no confusion

III.

not to waste clouds of pollen blanketed the wind

to reward intermediate insects with

nectar pollen wax

to fake it

as mimicry

IV.

false advertising works, but

Ichneumon wasp assaults the flower and sperms it

he gets lost in the flower

he pillages and steals without pollinating

so as with the teasels moats constructed
of leaves cupped for collecting protecting

pools where crawling insects die

and ginger employs ants for protection

her nectar is for hummingbirds

V.

African water lily is a feast for a fly

on day two on day one poison

stamens slick around the pool

the bee drowns, night falls, the floral tomb

washes pollen from the bee for stigmas

shed on day two turning lollipops

pollen pixie sticks hide a victim

brother bees feast

VI.

night flower scented for moths or bats

ultrasonic pollen release

foxgloves

the trigger plant

pokes wasps on their backs

desert owls

build ladders for ants to drink

anointed to receive the next

pygmy possums eat pollen

nectars for the birds

kangaroo paws with stems sprinkling

strelitzia's slippery perch

Australia's honey possum is a treeswinger

the tree tops is where the nectar is

X.

South African rain forests
enclose sky
more orchids than to name

shiny blue
Coryanthes, the bucket orchid
lives on rain and rotting leaves

infested with ants
rooted in anthills
orchid bees green incandescent

orchid opens early morning dripping fluids into bucket
reeks for male bees
who scrape the wax perfume

they come from miles to make it
with another bee
falls into the bucket

unlike the lilly bee the
orchid bee has an out
hole and there a vice
glues pollen sacks on his back

he will escape when he dries
to fall into another bucket

VII.

blowflies lay eggs in rotting cadavers
maggots consume inside out

the Arum lily stinks like meat
to crawl flies inside

their maggots starve to death
some flies trampled in a pollen frenzy

the one way hairs give way
some emerge from kidnap spreading flowers

VIII.

waterplants

oxygen bubbles open flask floats flowers to a lady
if they out run fish
petal rafts push pollen up an underwater stalk

he drifts to the female
when within inches they lock

IX.

in Greenland
the artic rose reflects the sun upon itself
to warm insects

a rotating stem to track the constant sun

bag of rocks

I
emptied shells
discarded by ancients
excavated for driveways

II
I bent down to gather gravel
into a likeness

I arranged the boulder I
had carried with the pebbles from my pocket

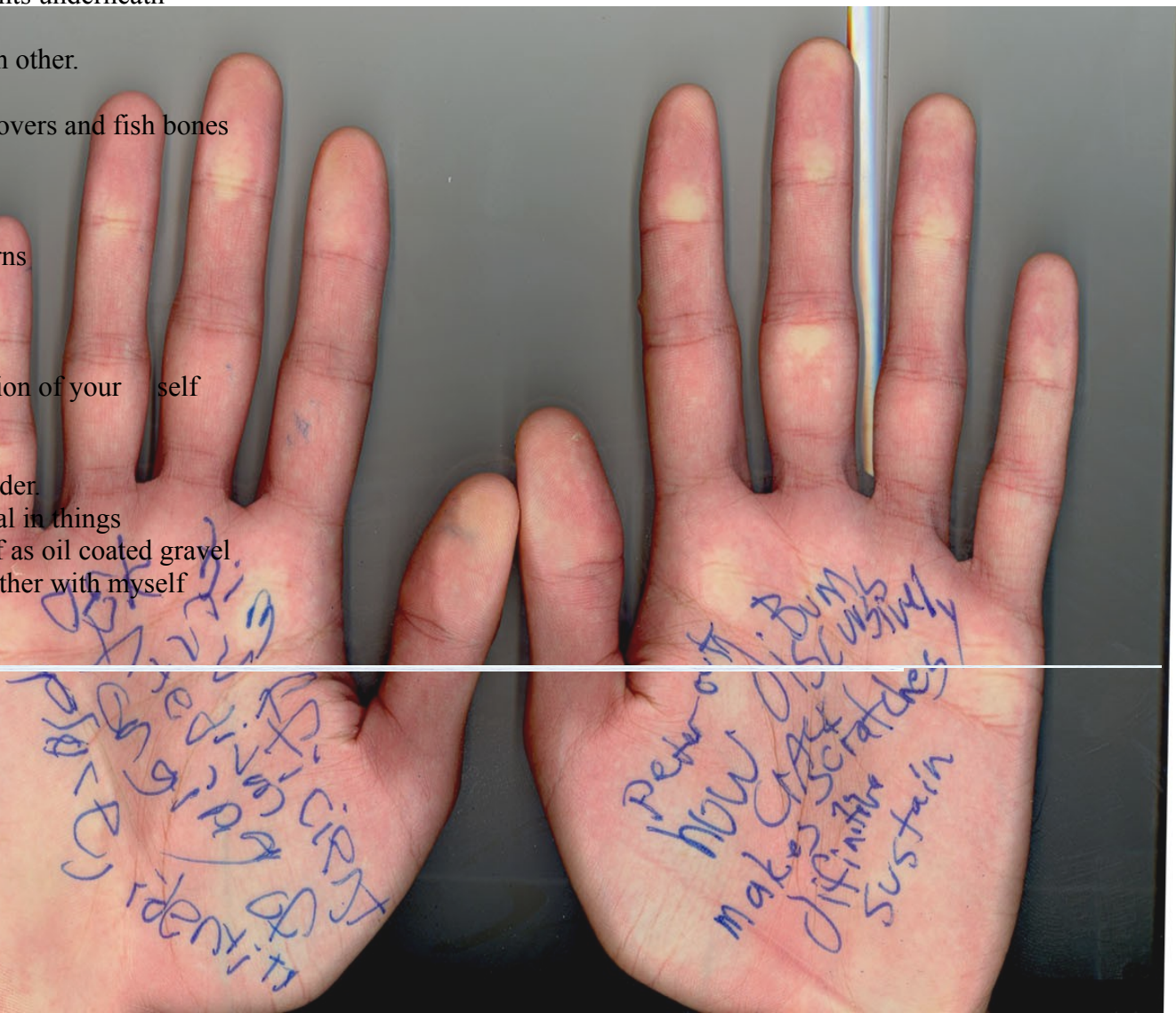
I pushed around the gravel I
put pebble eyes

III
now in love with rocks
of heat, and pressure stories all night
for centuries, nights underneath

Nevada with each other.
discovering old lovers and fish bones

VI
crazy as such burns
to hurl head
long off cliffs
into a rocky version of your self

V
who construes order
chaos, being equal in things
gathering my self as oil coated gravel
mashing me together with myself



america

today was long america
mornings a long way america
no sleep to night america
america i sleep for days and days

exhausted america im blue
im gray america i cant do it to day

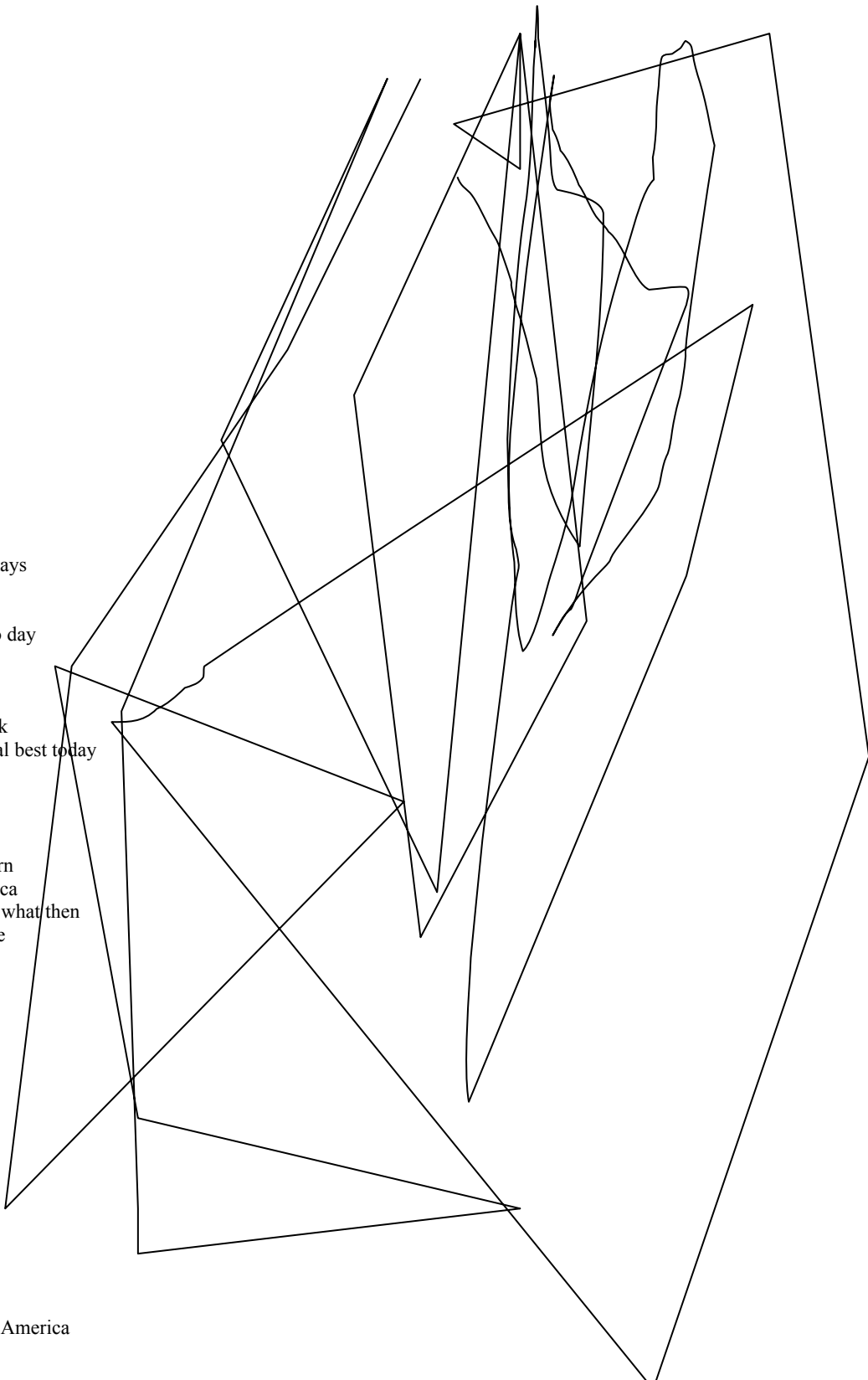
i shouldnt be here america
america im not ok with this
america things are not at all ok
America im not at my personal best today
america im sleeping in today

america ive got this can of corn
im not hungry anymore america
now america if not you know what then
its critical america its concrete
america ive got a can of corn

im knee deep in america
in sufficient funds america
in correct america
america wrong bus

who cares america
buy me a beer america

america i solicit your dollars
i just want to live decent here America
america rents due help
america where are you



help america where you are
lonely all alone america its crucial
america help me i got no one else
help america ive no other place

its broadcasted america
its anything else right now america

america its me and you
america its me or you
america get your gun
america i thought wed be friends
america im terrified of you

whore your self america go crazy
cum alive america get nuts
alone at night america im terrified

in love america im yours
america i do it with your body
america i profess this with your tongue

breathe deep be cool america
not happening america

my lover wont acknowledge me america
america i call her at the window
america she hears but wont respond
i should accept this truth america
america ill not be requited

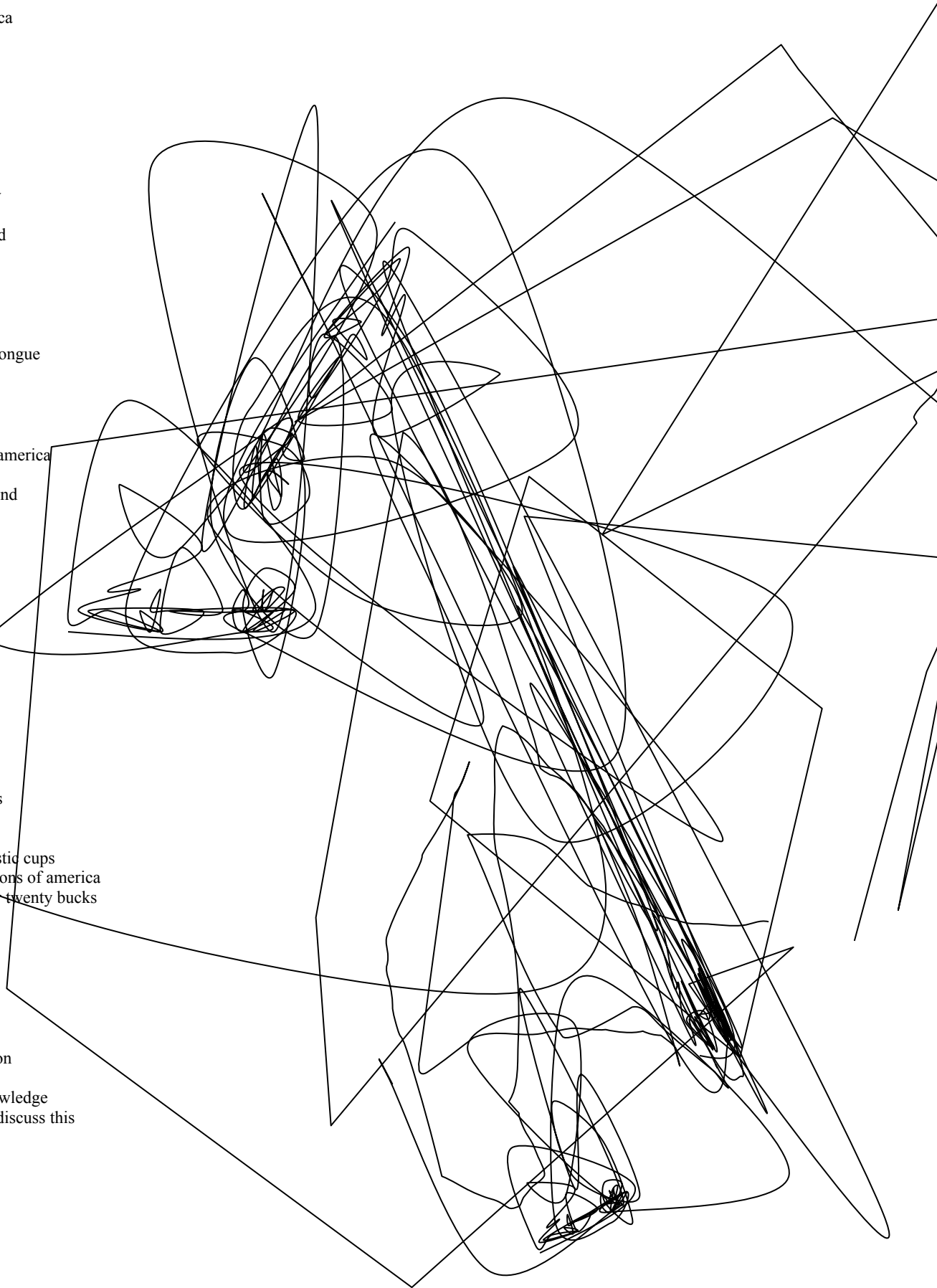
america you are a glistening dick
america you slick cunt you
fuck you america I hate you

im sorry america
i got excited america
america i love you you dont care

america my excrements are yours
shit on rotten america
smelly america fart on you
america i pee onto your little plastic cups
i put boogars on the elevator buttons of america
america i bleed into machines for twenty bucks

come on america turn on
america it is coming on
america the president is coming on
america your majesty
america you have no official knowledge
america you are not at liberty to discuss this
america you are poisoning me
america my mouth is open

america i need a cigarette
things would be better if i had a cigarette right now america



sleep aids america
coffee pot america
booze america feeds speed to eight year olds

america im sick of you
america im sick from uptight you

america im anxious
america im chronically depressed
america i have a prolapse in my mitral valve and
i can feel it america fluttering
america my back aches send pain killers
what do you prescribe for this america
america do you have a prescription for that

im unemployed america
america somebody stole my shit
home less america

bum america sings street songs for you
america sit with him on the sidewalk
americas small affirming gesture

sleeps by the car america
rests at bus stops america
america lives in rest rooms

america ask him what he needs
america he says miracles

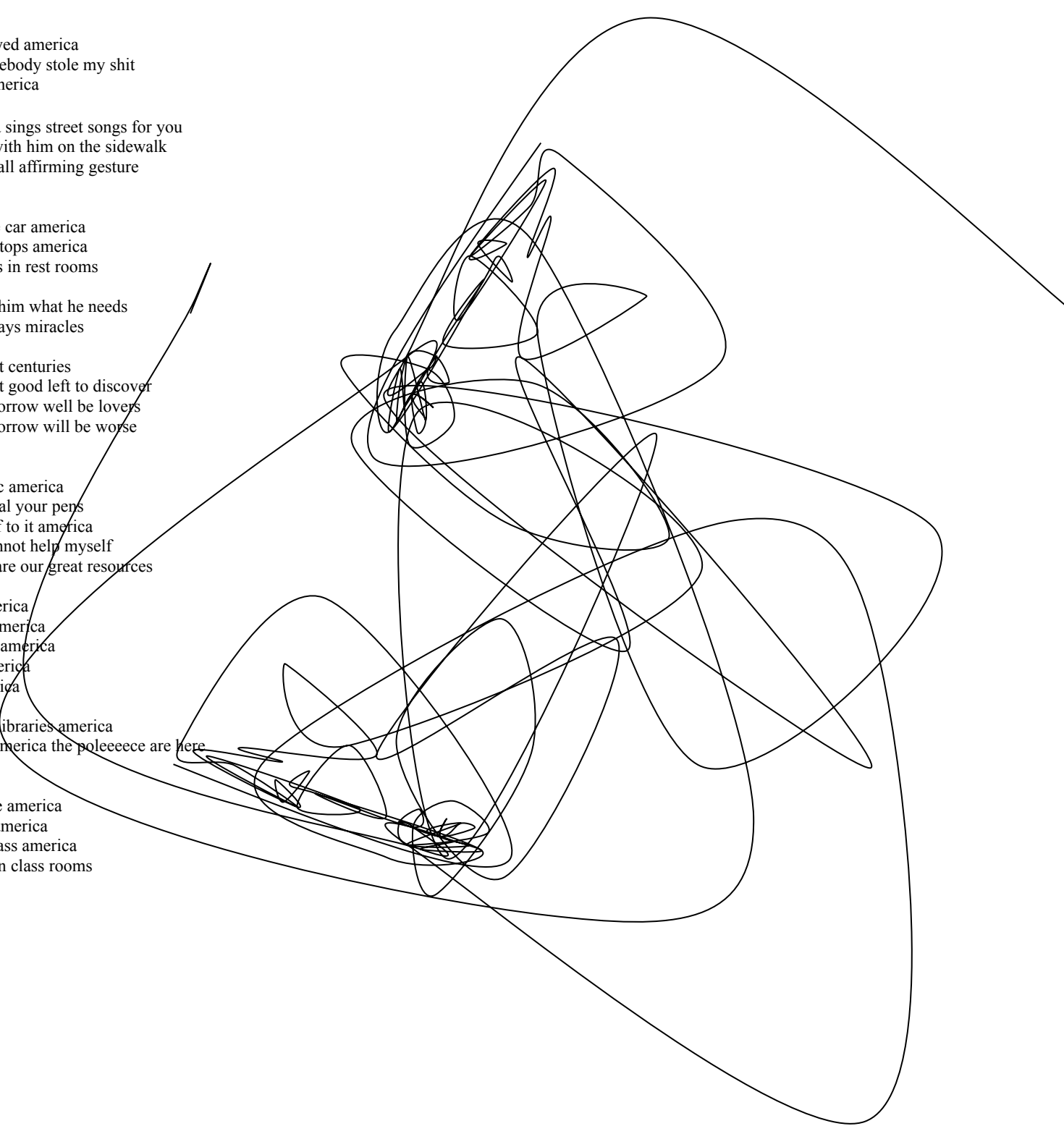
america what centuries
america what good left to discover
america tomorrow well be lovers
america tomorrow will be worse

kleptomaniac america
america i steal your pens
i help myself to it america
america i cannot help myself
america i share our great resources

capital a america
go to work america
fix your shit america
eat more america
food tv america

schools and libraries america
dont worry america the poleeeeee are here

im non white america
im terrorist america
im in first class america
america im in class rooms



eggs
mush
sherry
thyme
parsley
cream

1/2 cup dry sherry
1/4 c flour
1 lb chopped thyme
bay leaf
1/2 c chicken stock
1/2 c cream
salt pepper
flat leaf parsley

MUSIC Notes (contin)

1/2 c butter
1 c chopped shrike
1 c chop port.
2 shall chops
2 tbsst flour
1 can chd broth
1 cup 1/2 2 1/2
Salt pepper
Cinon

4 tbs butter
2 lb mush
1 lb onion

Flower
French bread
trout
fish
Crab meat

red yellow tulips
Single white
Crimson tipped
rose
Heather.

French green onion

wild mushroom
Soup 1/4 c d'white
1/2 c white cream

3 c diced sweet corn
3/4 c grated parmesan
2 tbs chopped basil
1/4 red wine vinegar
1/2 c chopped thyme
1/2 cup chopped parsley
1/2 cup avo
Salt pepper
25 basil leaves
25 basil leaves
Combine everything but basil
basil, parmesan, Panzarella

Strawberries Chocolate

Emily Grierson
Bourbon pecans
1 cup chopped pecans
1/2 lb butter
5 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
3/4 c Latenna syrup
1/4 c honey
2 tbs pure vanilla extract
pinch nutmeg
pinch cin
1 oz bourbon
1 tbs in pie shell
Preheat 375. S. to butter melt high
until brown (at edges). cool butter slightly
pour into mixing bowl. add eggs by 1/2 (brown sugar)
care & mix thoroughly with flour after every
addition. add everything but pecans which
will completely smooth. pour oil in process
pour into pie shell. bake 10 mins, reduce
heat to 365. bake 35 mins
min. remove & cool in fridge

Dinner for Two

letter from a jena court house (protographs by s.b.)

simon at the window
for green acres awakened from brown dreams
out side day blue drive rolling acres with wild flowers

leave town from main street break fast on a high way drive
through familiar towns sprung from a high way
through forests cleared to con crete off the high way prairies
solitary tree or cow or rolling field of flowers

lumber trucks to the river, take a right
cane cut turning brown to left cotton on the right
fields and fields of cotton with white blossoms
every where



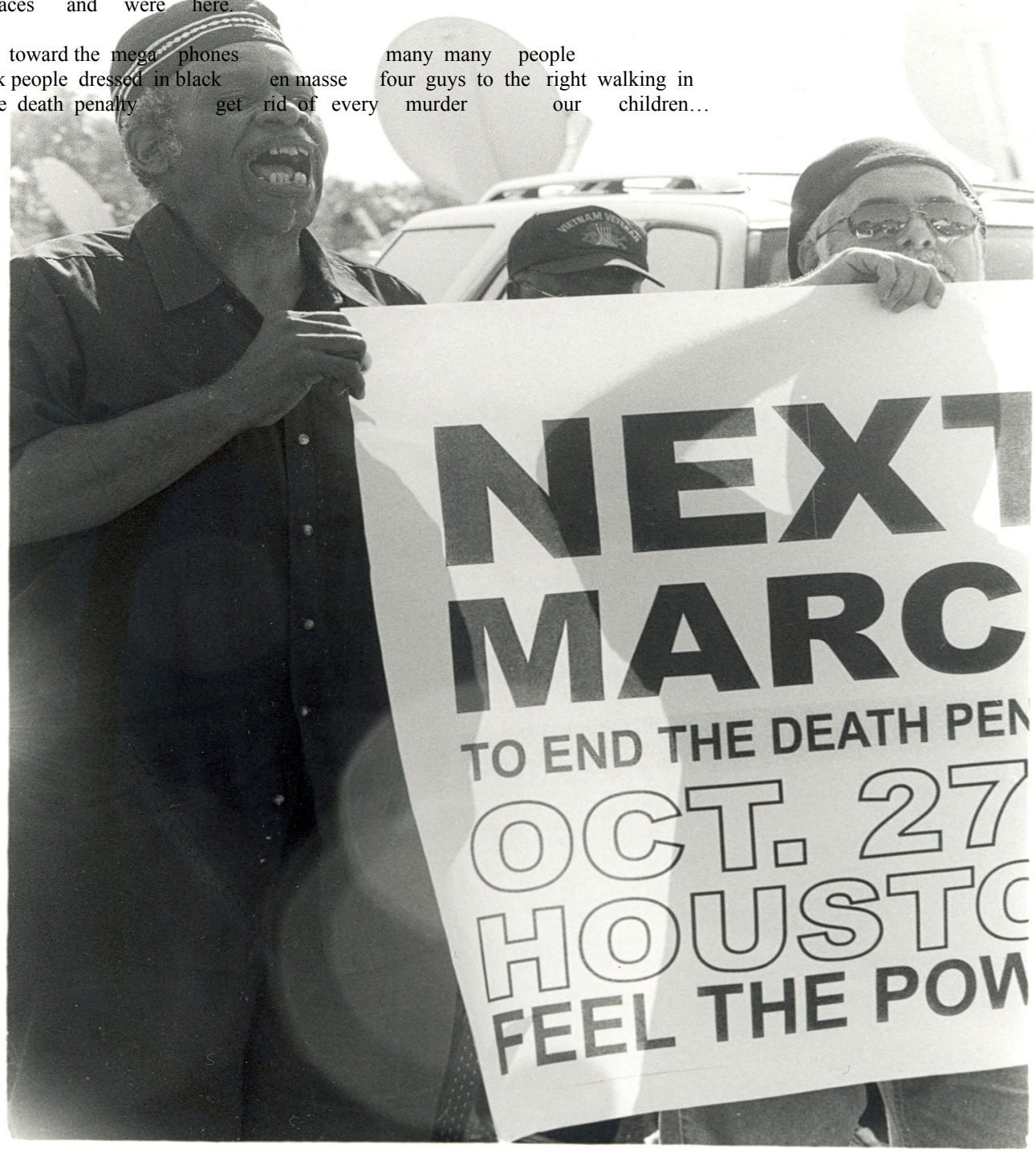
left on high way 28

drive through rolling acres of young timber
buildings sparse and scattered on
the high way to the town

drive in to main street police man wants to turn us the wrong way why you wan na go down there?

straight until a parking lot with people they ask for directions sounds like down this road to the right we walk the right way and the people look in to our faces and were here.

turn right toward the mega phones many many people Black people dressed in black en masse four guys to the right walking in get rid of the death penalty get rid of every murder our children...



every one is sort of walking slow and aim less im dis orient ed by the sudden crowd not really moving fast enough, then one of the four brothers pats me on the shoulder

i agree with all of this except that solitary black within a field

it ain't 1950 reads a sign loud speakers on the left people gathered



drum circle colors of music and dancing
freedom lady moving like interpreting the fire
or she simply sits peace on the ground with hands like dancing
poems shouts of freedom while she moves in the drum circle



follow chants of freedom to the left toward the court house
crowded.cant get close but can hear fine. black shirts in the trees
people close together.touching. sweaty, sun loud speakers
what do we want and when well now of course
we would not gather without reason sing a song together marching down to freedom lane

White Business men in town show non support
close shops and restaurants for today
(turn down historic profit) scared by
a mass of fists raised for Black Power

we demand release of the teen ager
Mychal Bell

whose black foot was called weapon of mass destruction
who simply wants to sit beneath the tree but is forced to
dis arm terror ized free peoples in this nation

we wanted to meet under the tree the police just cut down
we came here to concentrate vibration
in to weapon of the
souls restoring
boy who is now held
as solitary

'BLACK POWER'



SBB

part one

all poets praise all circuses loud
circus of all lauded audio, scary cigarette lit in nite approaching

clouds about his head last inhalation prior to
blast animal utterance all lungs drown in

squishy liquids. airs under water for fish. safe transition in to night
mid tone anti climax line ends on

downer and climbs up his own harmonica
like a song banged out

i blow loops lasts long as you pass
holes and gaps in the works of the poem so that something that is not in the poem can creep, crawl, flash, or thunder in

get two tenths of his manifesto free from google
books with huge holes in the texts, usually progress
lost in lose process or alls loss, my lover says that
must be frustrating i couldnt work like that

its ok i say, sad fact baby dont you think
dreams sometimes of (.) drunk in americ

screaming about the dark ny streets pass - bye ! with
not melodramatic boom voice real mad electric

holy street song like hazlits coleridge tells church “*poor country lad [...] brought to town, made drunk, at an alehouse, [...] and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.*”

part won

poetics thick as autobiographies where to much
extraneousness, stingily dispensing spectres gratifying, failure to catalogue

active readers scanning living poets page many
pages in delias diary before next sex or death sequence.

poetics sound apologetic arguments to speak
of all forms of all contents enumerating catholic fact of

Over Soul of Living Poets circular encyclical of astonished prose
*He wishes to spare the young those circuitous paths, on which
he himself had lost his way* but follows his self in to infinite cave

considered coleridge points to in-accessed aquifer. *To _____ enslaved to
uncommon unnamed entity from "influence springs [every impulse]."*

this spring could be "*Fountain on a Heath*" where "every thought and action tends."
at holy source of fount "*Sycamore, musical [tents the patriarchs loved]" "boughs o'er canopy/the small round basin,
which this jutting stone/ Keeps pure from falling leaves." "tiny cone of sand its soundless dance [...] at the bottom [...] dances still"* unassuming "*the smooth surface of the Fount [...] Quietly [...] send up cold water to the traveler/ with soft and even pulse*" who "*some gentle sound [...] refresh [es...]"*, or else hears "*hum of murmuring bees!*"

bees buzz as souls at war presently, as ancient voice prophesying, preface to cristabel hear coleridge embattled excuses of
"indolence" not wanted argumentargument, dismisses critics with some serious charges said critics "*have no notion that there are such things as fountains in this world*"

so wins argument though the notes arent too tone to read the idea actually stings. stone basin contains an atom-ic romance

part two

post structuralists could engineer defense wherein coleridge summarizes cites usually and does not plagiarize per say in real war of revelation sayers vs deniers of the mystical shit because his prolific consumption of all texts outweighs accusations and remembers some where obscure the loop hole of all texts as collective domain (emerson sensed “one man wrote all the books”) coleridge-tapped fountains provide sublime refreshment, opportunistic critics aim low cite bad habits and poor pocket books. LEFEBURE’s scholarship calls it “folly of morphine reliance” but his actual defense for prolific input and output apologized for, as when admitting to excessive ornamentation or having too many unnecessary words there. taking from the book directly [...] *the praises of a true modern reader, when he meets with a work in the true modern taste: videlicet, either in skipping, unconnected, short-winded asthmatic sentences, as easy to be understood as impossible to be remembered*

*What is poetry? is so nearly the same question with, what is a poem? [...] A poet [...] diffuses a tone, and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each. (COLERIDGE)*

remember *magic image of magic child* who accepts fact of fountains readily reconciles all concepts attempts to write the myriad convergences of soul, intellect, etceteras into theory of one ness or impossible. marriage of Devils and Giants, circles assault on eye balls bring head aches.

piles of books, singular crumpled white paged poems on floor, disrespectfulness to said canon regularly trampled, occasionally swept into wastebasket. reluctant to catalogue encounters of no incessant joy, not the all exultant enumerations nature demands; joys in the english texts; where men’s and women’s faces glowing, americas beaming freedoms? evils too bearing light on *darkling plain*.

you hear soul less machinal churn indiscriminant like shade of blood red, etc. you milton and dante go to holy hell alive and, what for ? why, a living body writes the vague shapes on the paper! today his gestures do not justify his gripes, but he points to rings at the end of the book.

thinks to correct knowledge, owners of lumber in the brain forest, jack. our scriptures curse every body. presently uncomfortable situation of said spiritual warfare with you, crucial friend.

now dead come

whispering from grave yard behind rent house crawling on branched oak boughs into bed room window. (walt whitman winks) coleridge in reverie, deafening bees him surrounding. blake transubstantiated into an illuminated text of which i can make out: acid etched, blue water color. wild eyed coleridge in cites an *indolence [capable of energies]* walks with certain crookedness out of front door. huxleys holy face his wife injects, a social dream diffusing psychically in to collective unconscious.

part to

general clarity, sun light hit pines correctly lets twilight come ok as afternoon, alligator belly track slid on the mud bank. dragon flies delicate mid air dance still hovering in some position to my self. we come to remind our selves, real wild shit this all is.

implausibly meanwinded of hands simultaneous occupation of place placed and place took from. after small imprecise moments we fight a good tender.

back in bed. rest of the english authors nod, fly out. whitmans winking lingering. stinging insects the more typical dreamscape, procrastinators guilt, gripes of the student. disquietude with in the critical form, survivors of the dead line include

now more bees. fishing alabama as apparent storm-displaced killer-bees seek housing, specific decibel level of million wing beats, om-quality of mother-signal hum of two enormous rooms of bees, two loud black clouds and some singular protectors at hive periphery check out me and lover, swarm all over defenseless us and in our human business, should we alarm one of them would signal another, so still as bodies could remain til danger pass us bye.

some time later wasp in said grave yard on cell phone with said lover, shuddering remembrance of the terror. an awe reoccurs, an original recurring theme.

glare from gleam of the shimmering widow. window? her glittering glasses? loss in the text. lost?

what sin that hole thar? is this supposed to be a essay? surrealists tried to record chaos. that language wont do dylan thomas says. images dragged from tarn must be processed through murky intellect. a mostly impossible notebook of unreadable idea, could suffice; intermediate motion.

interpenetration of the passion and will, fusion by clash. (COLERIDGE)

[chaos from american heritage dictionary. “form less matter[...] preceded existence of the ordered universe. [...] before creation of the cosmos [etc.]” or observable “new branch of science that deals with systems whose evolution depends sensitively upon the initial conditions [ex: turbidity flow of fluids, prediction of weather.]” according to inertia chaos is that to which every particle tends, falling, from these particularly curious vibrations that seem to power? the problem of the former, loose definition that ignores the fact of chaos internal and so obvious as its own systematic “ordered universe.” these energies had inherited have always had their form, and it is, the order it self too. Chaos is a **basic perpetual energetic rule undulating through** all now and before and after which way the atoms go?

Whats your imagination? I say it is the **Law Envisioned!** eyes close in nights bed, scientists say, all those colors are our retinas working, light seeps past eyelids so blood vessels branch natural like oak boughs or arteries or synapses, and this of course is some thing considerable, but the true formal and functional essence of our brain patterns are sparks of the gift, clues for us of some ones dream brought to you by the night time ghosts, generousities of the fountain of a ocean self. resembles red dot-matrices, color waves seen in wombs pre-eyeballs.]

part too

[i considered close reading of religious musings or america planning to concentrate on audio-literary strategy of rhyme-building repetitions amounting to *metre-making argument*, active or passive use of d, f, p, r, and s sounds and words etc. aural echoes in language to create spiritual percussiveness of moral musicianship like: *first disobedience brought death free to fall him hurled headlong who durst defy some easier enterprise advantageous act achieved prevented all reply, prudent*. cite other scholarships on audio/video arrangement's contributions to the literal song. But was high lighting in library copy of text to organize argument of said paper when police break in holding overdue notice for said book, yank me off the can, pull pot and pipe from pocket disregarding 4th amendment. interrupting said paper to take to jail where speed junkies makes eyes at booking. the dui's file in. coleridge filed in to evidence (must choose different topic for paper.) into population now, strip searched, ass cheeks spread, light shone into ass hole, given the orange, police chief aims some viscous thing upon the young man unconvinced, incites his incarcerated to harass the "fresh fish" he announces unbelievable offering vaseline lotion to the meanly crowded cell of playful prisoners pretending to group rape until naked all but boxers ripped before chief breaks in breaks up, brings in to his little office where we smoke cigarette as if grown men, as if normal fact edifying all america "to teach lesson." well thanks for the tip, dick tip, but before i could sue dude he dies, wrecked the police car high on hydro codone, speeding to the police car chase. anyway friend grabs rent money from sock drawer for bail out. i walk home and shower clean. must pee pee into cups for toxicologists, now, piss on their cups, attending junkie classes, etc., where Pilgrims or some like *pantisocratic* sentiment or Wollstonecraft or locke or hume or THOREAU here or the original dreams of americas civil engineers.]

[coleridge announced publicly that he was headed for the debtors prison and solicited his friends for money.]

prophesied justice of mechanical systems, we owe our textual engineers more than police men can disgrace, the court considered not the poor sufferers disgrace. where rich folks in court houses "held accountable"? no pretty white girls here except blow jobbing assistant district attorney cunt playin court house with folks lives. ignerent indigent defenders low class non white citizenry gathered as pays petty lights bills for the parish. ladies bring their babies and smell sweet. look fine but dont appear to well, not enough, overriding notion just seems prejudicial, judges can deny motions on so many grounds

here some *magic image of the magic child*:

religious pilgrimage to georgia where virgin appears on 13th of May and there was a blizzard and the year was 1994 or so. apparition site inaccessible because of snow storm so family prayed rosaries from freezing van and vehicle filled with holy overwhelming smell of roses, which i

fart pour

noticed first being the seer and the others all certainly did smell also. later in hotel room watching video of miracle trees in which quite plain mary mother of god and open bible with text appearing in leaves and branches, and occasionally evil figures also, demon faces with dark mustaches. crazy in the boughs i saw more devils than saints and more horrified than the others seeing more and mortified by the idea of three terrifying days of hell and darkness to on earth and grateful for the blessing of a sign, to warn, a sign that can be seen by all, shone seven days before the long night falls and shadows wash out every thing come forth, and even from the trees the cop just cut down.

sometime i lost faith in the real holy shit and thought i had hallucinated a youth. but saw same face in midst of an agnostic dream, peering into the nondescript stair well. i could see illumination of air as beautiful womans face, first face of first mother, i first thought, or natures original face or visage of a feminine god imagined. soft radiance of facial surface smooth as moon, spatial language of equal fractals or complexes of quadrants from diamonds wherein the quadrants in their matrices join to form patterns of the full face, and face in each smaller diamonded quadrant slightly incompleted and largest one face formed from all smaller quadrants of the faces, and all in perfect and directly equal proportions to it self.

here how two teachers got it. one lady taught special education in a computer van and her husband driving on a service road into matrix of tree lightning hit falling to in stant pain less death crushing both in front passenger cab. more problematic accident of professor of modern fiction and member of school board. were reading hemingway and hesse and huxley in lieu of *no light nor peace nor certitude* etc. (and last time i saw him he stood in leather jacket holding helmet in arm asking, where the schools money went, saying life, and death in the bleak solipsism, his body truck-smashed truck barreling in the asshole traffic, university avenue.

in dreams of death i am already dead and see family members up set in a church procession. or more insulated trip wherin unrelated intruder with unknown motives shoots in face and feeling of all shattering body falling like glass shards. finally the experience sans loss, a friend whos identity has been forgotten or obscured in the dream accidentally shoots in stomach and theres no pain, acceptance of mere bodys failure or sad accident, awakening alright to a vague recollection. her brother found young kate choked on a oreo.



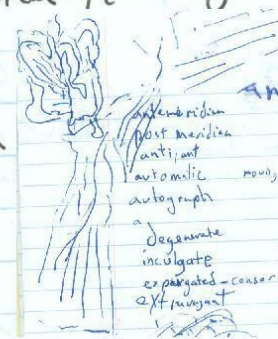
We had plans
 you had to see up
 airport boyfriend
 Chasing me cried
 you drink alone
 144
 lifted hair for pimples
 got drunk before the
 last both nights
 heated me
 forgot crying

biblical, bibliophile
 canticle, cantata
 cant (not the verb)
 cantor
 incite, excite, cite
 recitation, recital
 resuscitate

Chased the assholes
 crawled on
 their laps & kissed them
 in their big trucks
 Making out w those fucking
 piece of shit killers

proclaim, reclaim, acclaim
 exclaim, declaim, disclaim
 dictator, indict, extradict, contradict, edict, interdict, predict, valediction, verdict
 gloss, glottis, epiglottis
 diction, dictation, dictate, benediction, malediction, imminate

epigram, program, graphite
 geography, graphology, animism
 grammarian, grammatical, cardiogram
 lecture, election
 legend, lecture
 lexicographer, dyslexia
 logia, logical
 analogy, apology
 dialogue, monologue
 epilogue, prologue
 syllogism, trilogy, tetralogy
 literal, literary, libelate



a:
 con-
 cy-
 in-
 per
 pre



biochemistry
 biotic, biological, biosphere
 biopsy

flourid
 flourish

alliteration
 literature
 Obliterate
 transliteration
 antonym
 pseudonym
 anonymous
 ascribe
 circumscribe



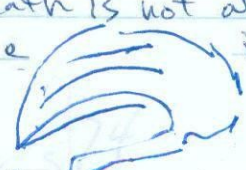
What to say to XXXXX who spells her name beautifully who has my heart hermetically sealed and placed in a shocky kept on the bed. What to say to XXXX her when life differs from how one can imagine it. I'm no writing baby I can write though et for flesh ear like the thought of you comes. Holding you should be as a. Awkwardly turning down familiar ways. Adjectives less than verbs I love you, running, I get when necessary and the sit, meditate. S is my experience. Stirred to your door one night having mixed at it over. Stirring still at odd hours when you will not have me. Two peaces. One is solitude and one in communion. Stirred all the while because even your name which should be having is so beautiful. As I am boring until I stir myself as you are seeing lying about common. Stirred a whole entirely as you erupt angry, concentrating the vibrations into meditative, submitting to the compulsion so as to understand the / to hold it near wild animal. We are animals. I a silent person not smart to much, a dead ducks. I have died a few times already and will die again before I go I will tell you all about it if I am able to resuscitate myself. What to say to you that will not know in my tombstone here lies one biological product now dispersed itself into ecosystem, who loved you and lived in moments of communion, who died somewhere in the peace of solitude, who told you about it and wanted more of knowing that death is not all there is for the animal. Who shut something from nothing, nullifying a void, calling it love, all of this



conscript
 describe
 postscript
 prescript
 proscribe
 transcribe
 scribble
 scribe
 script, descriptive
 verbal
 proverb
 verbatim
 verbatim
 vocal
 vibrate
 provide
 vocabulary
 advocate
 equivocate
 intransitive
 avocation

does the now forever
essence known only
Calm feel
as uncertain
And this is not even
homelessness + isolation
not ever feared when lived

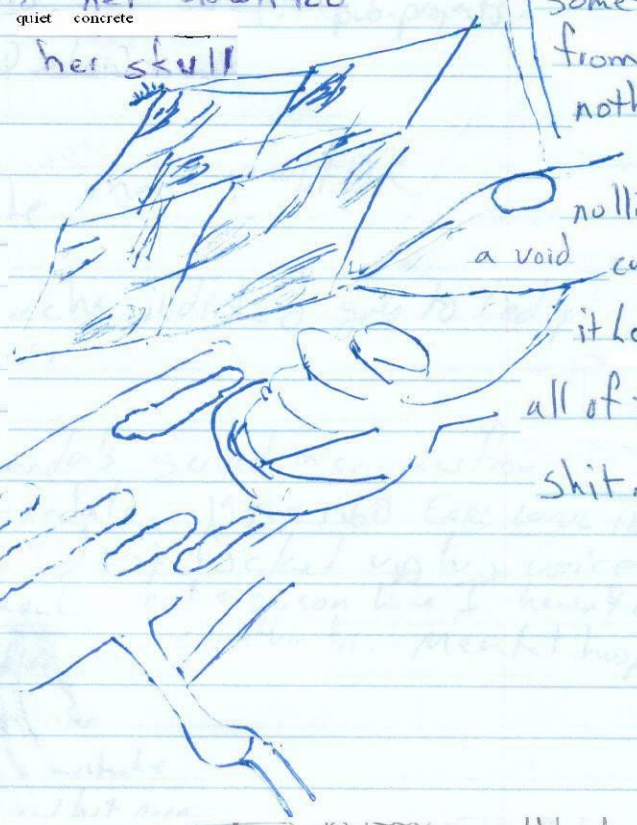
The night she poured that death is not all
overriding dollar wine there
on my ~~head~~ head and
beat me with her
mouth and fists with
rings and bracelets I animal.
pushed her down to
quiet concrete
cracked open her skull



Who start
Something
from
nothing

brings certainties the body felt
death in me

The former calm,
she smeared her blood
across my ~~face~~ face, quick
See what you've done,
you fucking abusive asshole



nullifying
a void calling
it love,
all of this
shit.



being chosen, yours come, and then
they go 'away',
leave, went away,

hold this magazine
closely it is one of
a small kind



192

2500

diabetes
dignity
dramatic
diameter
direct
dialectics
dialectic
dialogue
diagnosis
disintegrated
dinosaur

diaphanous

diaspora

diarrhea

Cognate - from Latin cognatus
natal, nativity

Laity - Laos 'of the people'
Conspirator - cont spirare - yawn

uvula - duodenom
hemi - of half

demin L half circle
semi quater 1/2 1/4
hemi dem semi quater 1/2 1/4

MS & AK heptad - #7 words words words

photosis hexa hexameter #6 Musthogenais

hilo - 1000
mono
congenital, generation, general, genes

degenerate
Intimacha novena 9 day prayer

Natchez pentad 5
octad 8
2000 1000



mergewaterhutch
compost



Quachita
antemeridian 3000
post meridian
anti, ant
autographs 3500
degenerate
inculgate
expurgated - censor
extraneous



Violence as anti violence
V Polaris as walked



geology is important for making decisions

Northridge earthquake 1994
First Gulf War Kuwait oil & gas, coal, uranium
SA apartheid platinum, selenium, gold, silver, lead
4.6 Billion yrs ago 60 deaths
asthenosphere convection core crust
geophysics lithosphere mantle Moho P-wave
environmental S-wave shadow zone reflection refraction
contamination I had to sit

read ch. 1

environmental S-wave shadow zone reflection refraction
contamination I had to sit

have ~~chairs~~
as a goat row

slit thumb beneath a tree with out of
LA, gravelly ~~rusty~~ ^{hoop} soup
gravelly brains

as biology

surveillance warrants foreign agents
social search the only way
I can keep my face from
exploding is to bite my cheek
and breathe

women's order
officers subject to insults considered as prostitutes



New

verse history process recover
history the concreteness of vision
destroy attempt to ~~deceive~~
attachment from the individual

30 more
minutes of
fired anvils
moment of
vicious joy
the
erison
at large
say h mouth
and dripping
the brings

wanted to
be a lizard

god damn
so loud upon a skill
the sound so thick in
air that chirping vibrates volatile out of
the air
the air
the air

LA is festering ground
fall to N.S.

the whole piece of Furbies
programmed to ~~be~~
the air
the air
the air

30 more
minutes of
fired anvils



the air
the air
the air

to count

Soft smooth fits

Here downward from eight semesters
from seventy five down

broader forty more minutes
then I can go home
and shit

down each day for one day of seven days
Eight semesters crawl by for years

take naps &
come back
for class the
this afternoon

then a few more

years. sir often
at least

My nephew
from El Salvador

is as hot as I

The ball of
fire at front, and

I thought it all as
continuum. That things
added up, accumulates
culminating perhaps.

But things are not
constant compilings,
for occasionally we forget
everything to begin again from nothing.

My nephew
from El Salvador

Then a
diminishing

ahm
poo ohn

poo
ohn

Does the dude
STOP? get fucked

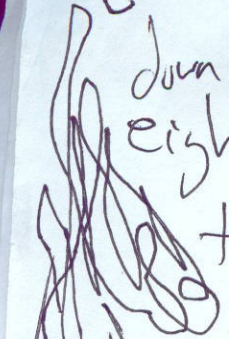
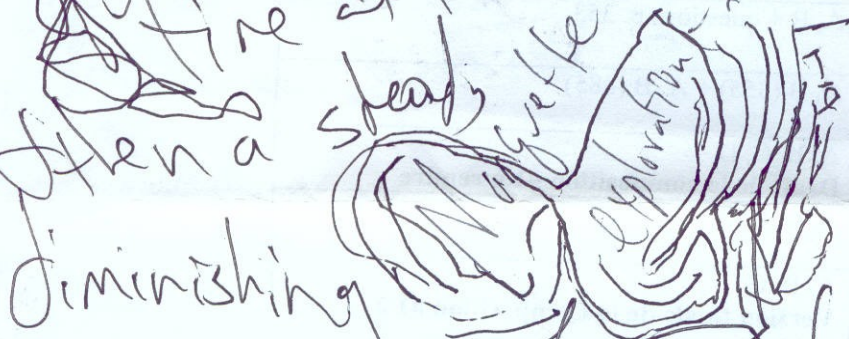
induce I entice
myself to bear f

unfortunately

THIS
school is

die die
gaweinbenjin

awip d
Skil Fox



ATOM



ADAM



ATOMB

