

BlazeVOX 2k8

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DOUBLESHOT

*Michael Sikkema
Russell Pascatore*



B u f f a l o F O C U S

Double Shot!

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Michael Sikkema

Michael Sikkema was born in rural Northern Michigan. As a child, he hated rocks, trees, and water but now he's really quite the fan. His work has appeared or is forthcoming from BlazeVOX, New American Writing, Mirage #4 Periodical, Parthenon West Review, Cannibal, Fourteen Hills, Shampoo, Word for Word, zafusy, Coconut, Horse Less Review, Bombay Gin, and other journals. His chapbook *Code Over Code* appeared recently from Lame House Press. His first full-length book, *Futuring*, will soon appear from BlazeVOX Books. He can be reached at Michael.Sikkema@gmail.com. >

Tucked Deeply into the Wild West Show

the insects are larger and more animated Good Wallace their

machinist has the most brilliant meadow

under his shirt

memory-shaped she naw naws shiver and track the 2 am noon becoming flight in every vein and
tunnel fast sun locked as ever unthinking

acoustic panels piled around antique block windows frontal hammer and snare brush raped down to
the military place names in everyday English in Africa or space

having imagined geography as plot device through the footage of bees and fault lines she
asks him to undress the sperm exits his body at thirty miles an hour

proposed wave system of the polls' magnetic shift running through absurd plus and minus signs
of species and microclimates

a certain number of slaves are kept for sport and fancy hidden in the acoustics our bride has
fashioned a bamboo parachute a wager royal from seed

no target here the girl wakes with whole excited sentences a special cloth to keep in a locker you want
to say "choking" or "become" eyes everywhere

the men smash the ice-wife's head to cool their beer hair grows
three or more inches of whiter teeth one spray for all three
a philosophy of milk would get us further into these dirt fists then fell in love with
mechanics itself

whir and click at six cursing natural follow children through morning preconscious half

hard this body's weight through codes and force

the window bright circles of shorn branches after ice

The Rosin Set

“not everything you

hear is music”

birch trunks tamarack

diesel fields

a house-shaped fire

seeing left

as a buttonhole

immersion pain

stitches six cuffs

four named *river*

suddenly implies a wider dumbness

gradations of give leave trails

you see or don't

The truck and wall

weren't nowhere first

wet door propped up

in weeds and abstracts

scrap doll metal

motherboards

the nail is to rip your skirt

the fossil record fills in with static

your "rain leaves mirrors

in the earth" is made of time

like likeness

in scraps of sky

arrayed too fast for interruption

jealous of radio and mind-reading

“my voice is not quite loud enough

to cross so many fields”

You open and ring as you arrive

only breaking what you need to

anything for maybe a big kitchen

more like never or futuring

past *know* past *guess* and the snow

we'll cup and suck

your hair in 3 o'clock wine

at last stopped asking to be tragic

no names for trees in the idea of you

torque and leafy and force

a happier bleeding time

lead-colored distance

so close and early

heavy or open or no

the bulk of this I can't

say or point to

snow foot and crows

I remember leaves

malt shop neon

you cup a flower

because the light wasn't true

all the apples footsteps the stranger

we can become the better and sooner

you say with your eyes more I'll

YES and all this I say into the river

goes only so far

postpone what until

what we won't even

glow unless now and in

any room I hope

enough for you

This Form of Life Is Not Symmetrical

“If you explain
the sun is burning
but light isn’t
it still is”

Hunger throws voices

(Fist the acid-sack)

Flies circle shit

Wooden men rotate on street corners

“I’m not wooden” one says

One says “I’m not wooden”

You have to put a quarter in

When the thought-bubble bursts

it's a parade

a fussy garage toy

a shell hears an ear etc.

Live trap

junko static

6 a.m. grate

of chain link

on rollers

The animal ghosts have jewelry in their shit

string of horizon pours into your head kids naked from the bath make crow sounds with crows to
become an echo isn't will but matter as music wakes in itself

=====Beaded rain distorts a 14-foot Christmas bear=====

With adjustments
to the charge

the hydra grows
a second head



Russell Pascatore

Russell Pascatore lives in Buffalo New York where now that Peter moved to Fancy-rance he hangs out with Weeps and Mir and Dave and Zach and Ian and Thomas and Josh and Natasha and Tatiana and Mili and Tom and Eric and Kevin and Geoffrey and Jeffrey and The Gentleman and Jaye and Maggie and Aaron and Damian when he lives here and Ekrem and Brian and talks to David Mauro on the phone and trout fishes with his dad and writes *Area Fifty One Million Gajillion*, *The Essentials of Anatomy and Physiology*, *Fantasy Covers*, *The Gray Planet*, and his master's thesis *You Enjoy Myself* about ethics and stuff in psychoanalysis and philosophy and whence he has published 3 chapbooks on House Press, and the book version of the present work, *My Treatise on Winning: A Tractate on Triumph*, whose cover includes a powerful peace sign, a yin-yang made of magic mushrooms, a heady pentagram emblazoning the brow of an alien, two-tone checkering, an anarchist cactus with a Spanish mustache wearing a Mohawk, a bad-ass chain mace dripping with the blood of monster and man, a sweet sword whose handle is a handle indeed a clenched hand of a reptilian bearing a powerfully radioactive crystal, and a mushroom cloud inhabited by the famous Mario 3 3 with a raccoon/tacooni suit shadow flashing like recognition on the post-apocolocytosis sky of the winners' nightmare muggle hearts everywhere, which you can buy from the author by contacting him at 716 390 9240, <http://www.myspace.com>, or russellpascatore@gmail.com.

1

Winning now has more to do with the winner who just kicks your ass than it does with the Law who would want to stop needing to even begin justifying your primeaval right not to be disfavored when it is broken.

2

Winning now has emerged from many aeons of servicing animals into serving us but despite that winning isn't slavery because if you eliminate an animal's first language, heritage and basic orientation, etc., he just can't win even if you give him plenty of his own hard-earned but still always-undeserved value-cash; and besides duh slaves can't win either, so today we fucking own lose-lose!

□

4

I think winning now would be when you decide that beneath every semblance of a woman lays an actually very competitive athlete who is mistaken for the kind of lazy man we wish someone could love if only she weren't so hung up on how the less she needs him the more he used to think she loved it when he got his way not because he wanted it but because it is fair.

5

Winning is when the position to which you pitch your ideas can not be caught up with the umpirical demand to shoot a slider into 3rd with a special somebody just because she is so past you insisting you can't make it home alone despite your straight-forward assurance it has nothing to do with what we all agree is an at most supercilious but sure nearly universal genital arrangement.

6

You have been winning when your best friends who have stopped seeing you decide that when introducing is growth we should just nip you in the bud to maintain your disappearance like their own handful of antimatter.

7

Listen when they tell you that this is all too cold and criminal remind them that if the winners are warm-hearted it is because the fuel for their natural hate is the peat into which hardens during the time of their victory the corpses of we who deny but uphold nature.

8

The winner's fear of death is always in a disproportional relation to his love of making sure you losers keep living the kind of life in which he hopes he will grow to hate his children for trying to mousetrap him.

9

Hold on Damian said we can't beat up on these girls just because their dads thought they were convinced they had decided to turn their backs on his version of winning toward the new win whose glory his fatherly tonality can't keep us from accepting like a tip.

10

Winning fails but the winner works because to him victory is more like staving off the decision whether he wants to do what his winning is currently forcing all of us in our right minds to refuse like failing and running around all happy making things terrible for people in their right minds who also want to win despite and because of him.

11

To be correct I need to say she is also a winner because now even women are born into the position from which she might command our ruin which is to say that rich bitches aren't properly niggardly anymore but if it makes you feel any better I bet they *are* still worldly slaves.

12

If winning is talking about your interests for another 70 years then am I a fool for not more actively supporting the kind of genetically engineered organs that can't just revolutionize our relationship to things like death and authority as effectively as passing a harmless law against the ownership you just know labor should swallow like a vegan's transgression for the sake of a love that will last longer than her body but not her dead-end job?

13

Librarians win because they are the "real-world" equivalents to the freedom of the personal disaster when an atom bomb's electromagnetic pulse wave finally erases the inherited memory of filing ourselves in the humanities as a profession like all the current losers.

14

You don't personally lose necessarily when they come up as always had never been before and now whatever you could've sworn they meant assures you that a whole-heartedly heartless life even if it falls short of your long term goal isn't worth the admittedly interesting impossibilities it already posed.

15

Even when you're working your ass off trying to win it doesn't always make sense to assume that everyone else appreciates that for you winning is not personal but also the basic way to get somebody to forget about reminding you that face it there is somewhere else I'd rather be which is soulful because most people are suspicious of the true glory in others I'm sure makes slaves even of them.

16

Jealousy will start winning when the conservative ugliness that reopens the vortex parasitizing the helix whose rungs uphold the yawn between now and then becomes more acceptable to people who despite their age have not yet matured to the prethead reality you know best from when someone doesn't acknowledge as her civil duty the feelings your relationship's sex-rites were supposed to convert into law like the nuclear dawn of the golden age's return again for the first time will close to life the present iron age of her freedom to be enjoyed by anyone and because about which we can't do anything thank god it should still be a four letter word.

17

I used to insist on winning by talking about them so when we're not talking about her anymore it wasn't making as much sense until I became more testy and instead of paying them to produce I wanted to risk my life for freedom that is be a bitch and interview a little on a date.

18

Winning is not settling your disagreements even by force which is only solving the sadness of agreeing whenever making up isn't unilateral that it isn't worth it or any other maturely superior way to assure you're on no power trip and just wanna get along even if they insist you are overlooking the difference between resolution and condescending far enough to imagine it could be important to avoid treating leaving on good terms like it was something for which she couldn't find it in her heart to thank you with years of friendship better than your horny forceful little shot at lawful jealousy that was once really love I promise would suggest to even someone who was barely paying attention to whether we were onto every little joke he made or were just so taken with how it made more sense after we had enjoyed a good laugh over how you had pretended to overlook what he was sure would make us look like two kids in love but in reality only reaffirmed our commitment to me demonstrating my incapacity for tenderness despite an onslaught of reaffirmation.

19

For me winning would have to be kissing many women at once because then if things got better then at least I could think back on how things were worse back then when I was getting kisses left and right.

21

Winning is a mix of guilt for just having been born myself and more kindnesses that I'd care to mention if I actually minded appropriate topics, not kissing and telling, who loves whom, religion and politics creeping into all the pillow talk I ever dreamed of using to bust loose from that last moment when you know its just over but actually only insinuated and then only if I'm like totally sure whatever fit girl I've just asked to excuse me will be not unreceptive to a little smile as I slip past her toward the ever greener pastures of tomorrow's women who will love me despite the looks I shall've lost like a mother who let's not dare say loved us because we were cute not for who we really were because her son's personality is like already more than 15% of my life and growing.

22

Winning to you is when she tells me she doesn't care even if you are a rightist because at least you don't indulge in what I am wont to call honesty ie. getting angry when she doesn't reward me for complaining about stuff that nobody can change, eg how she doesn't feel like putting out or how I'm really terrified of my parents losing their house because then the only thing I'll have to come back to when I'm as they say going through what to me is clearly an inevitable divorce is now and instead you talk about film and also how she manages to make you feel inwardly not totally self-suspecting but she kind of ignores me when I insist that although I don't like to talk to you about art it doesn't mean that I don't have the comparative advantage of at least agreeing with you about the latter but as we all know a woman's desire does not accord with what looks good on paper like my kind of consistent politics that could short-circuit fascism and might instead actually be attracted to your short-sighted and flaccidly moral aesthetics and besides you are so insistent and she assures me that to girls persistence is the surest ostentation of adoration but listen maybe adoration isn't the most important thing to everybody?

23

You know, some of you should give up winning for a week or so once in a while because until one of us is canonized or whatever as a winner there will only be one church demanding that you lose, and plenty of other ones forcing it on you.

24

If winning were more religious then we would certainly have to find ways to win that didn't ensure failure.

25

Atheists win because they make better athletes than those athletic types we know from back home who keep insisting there is more to spiritual prowess than just running around in circles wearing garbage bags because we thankfully already lost all *our* water when we had the courage to be faggy enough to identify with our mothers for long enough to realize that if we just keep flirting for like 30 more years there will be nobody left to bring us to church.

26

Jesus was a winner because not only did he refuse to live a life miserable with the kind of miseries all of us in our twenties and thirties are scrambling to secure, but he even said that people like us would miss out on the party and gnash our teeth, so I am hanging in there making everything suck for myself so that I can get some insurance so maybe even just in Europe the religious lifestyle would be more reasonable.

27

When you start whining you must actually question yourself and not just fain a what-the-fuck-styled-face whether you are indeed winning or just inviting her to continue giving you the chance to avoid having to return to her original impression that you are in fact a perfectly fine guy who deserves not only her but even her reassurance when you whine more wholeheartedly than I ever will again.

28

Winning is not having to go home for Christmas once you're positive you'll get no more Super Nintendos or Nerf guns and you're Dad won't appreciate a T-shirt advertising his fishing and fathering status because everybody's too old and what's more you've reached a real understanding that nobody agrees anymore about the past now that you've shot ahead into a future filled with things more fulfilling than getting everything you wanted all year after gazing longingly and meaningfully into the frosty blue lights and old-fashioned Santas descending like little gingerly and perfectly loved versions of yourself from your Grandmother's blue spruce your father insisted was better than the prickly red pine you remember they usually got for this the most joyous of all possible events like cruising for chicks, getting stood up, finally getting to know someone well enough to absolutely fucking lose it and at them gattle-gun all the flaws you've gotten close enough to catalogue, like how they have their sister's inability to connect socially in real time, how everyone thinks they are mean when they and even their friends assure them they're being shy, and the rage of this fight alone means the happiness I lost simply in meeting you.

29

The winners once they're our age sweat the tests that show whether they act on their decision to either force loneliness on themselves, invite it, or overlook it, while here we are worrying should I look elsewhere from intentional loneliness toward tricking myself into being sure I am mistaken for

assuming this is as bad as it gets just so my future dream girl might stop not forcing herself to decide not to be not lonely.

30

As long as you act like you only wanna win you'll satisfy their supposed need to feel like they're beat while you lose because if you've both had it she can stay in to herself.

31

Listen dudes still if the dawn you're obsessed with when you're not waking up somewhere you want to be the only one who didn't have his way with just finding the most right result despite actually acting very cool then I often say daylight be damned I will awaken alone and still hold it in my heart to go about my habits like I weren't viewing the most perfect daytime schedule of a couple entitled to be just without reserve but still retain their autonomous kind of nasty attitude toward being hung up on getting what man we all sort of will relax for long enough to admit we if not want are drawn by like eighty sleek and worrisome overbearing girls who've been our type now for at least twelve years even if they don't know that just because our beauty has changed doesn't mean that still they should destroy their chances of getting what man they would want if we didn't say hey girl pay me the attention I wish I owed when things were absolutely like without knowing we are without especially what she wants.

32

I bet that there are at least 1,000 people who think that winning is destroying every other country with nuclear bombs but who don't know that this planet leaks as in if there are aliens out there they'll no longer have the chance to come to earth and conduct experiments on our souls and genitals because their dimensions will certainly also become charnel houses except the *living* bodies of those monsters will be deposited when the federal reserve will be more like the note of a lead flute that's lost its natural resistance to every kind of cancer and even music will not live for more than twenty-five years before its physical foundation liquefies into the sweat of life that itself shall evaporate into a greater loss I am ashamed to imagine than even the great new economy generated by whatever operations turned the Jews into so much green-backed bones in furnaces who fueled the might of the American splendour we all know now Molochs itself in shame at the Japanese kamis it tumored before anyone who now has not yet lost his memory can remember that is lost our specificity and mainly reasonable resistance to the horrors that the old timers have it in their blackened hearts to act like are as natural as the ghosts the boyfriends reluctantly say haunt the sleep of the girls they would want to stop spooking for long enough to validate their feeling of doubled life if they knew they could not fear a woman's intuition of life's undead possibility as it radiates out into the seed of the body they use to close in on every new possibility that wets its pussy whether or not they are in love with the idea that they could never lose the singularity that has been promised them since their father lassoed a bull of such ennobled perfection that his eyes in a halo of objective assumption fell in upon themselves like a couple of married young people who have made it on speculating whether they could prevent their parents from sticking around until they don't keep their own children from understanding the sadnesses we all know we won't have realized until sadness won't have been parasitizing even our ability to just stop weeping for no reason while we travel, love, exercise and generally voo-doo, hoo-doo, pray and chemo-therapy away the fact that even though every time after we get better recover and are sure we can continue death and misery knock, still just death burns that door and even the knob we imagine we could turn with a gun or more easily bitchy sleeping pills.

33

Oh how do I love to beat you let me count the ways, with radishes once I've removed their greens and printed them into only vitamins lounging in the shade afforded by the cypress in a garden where only the virgin tastes the sadness with which real sexual love stabs you in the ear with its blind pulsing blade-running descriptions of the flaws you when you were 16 thought weren't a big deal but your dad was careful to point out would've been innocuous to him if he'd been riding down Washington avenue with his Dad in 1966 when *he* was 9 or with curtains from nights in white satin or with a waste of what oughtta be universal rubber lashes or with thorny disgusting finger nail army tanks too terrible for TV or just by letting you be in the love I can't be unsure I've taken from you by letting you be in it.

34

I can think of at least three of my friends whose losses they count as wins because jealousy insinuates herself better than the girlfriend at least I should have been trying to stop destroying with her envy for my love of jealousy alone which kept me like my friends with a mutilated love keeping me like from liking my friends.

35

Come on just because I haven't been chasing the awesomest girl doesn't mean she's a brunette because I can say my life has changed and she's blonde like her hair isn't all but even what I pick up is still sorry definitely part of an absolutely careless possibility in my openness to just fabulous kind of totally everywhere except righteous clarity brightening it that nonetheless I can't deny tonight I wish I had actually ruined my contribution to questions that were going great until she gave me a chance to let us know I absolutely am born to answer God and not as I told her about my pitiful wreck of time.

36

Hark guys I have come to acknowledge winning not to praise it for even the winners because they are negative nancies and they can't follow us in the glory of the sense we glamorize when they realize we are unavoidable in the lofty domain we've conquered every time you talk shop with an alternate home owner just in to wash your town in his accumulations before he plugs the plug on everything you couldn't even have owned if you'd sworn your mother's name in iron wrought vestibularly galactic feed back loop fidelity forged ultra materialistic gnomes hoop lactic liminal goop torch pool moans first chore your mother gave you wrecked your life and let us make something of your lost time of splendour slow-eyed lady kick back way back feed your need for indeed our time will arrive girl and when it hits boy o boy will you benefit from its fittingness courage and speed in insisting when not to draw but instead sing.

37

When it is time it is time whether or not it has removed its face by when reality has removed my fear if speech could quit to talk I couldn't argue because the point was to sing although the press should ask you to explain when it is we who ask your questions around here where telephants drop their space and fan the knees of strippers including she-males and grapes won't have been forced on deck with their leaves curled like the littlest of forgotten sheepish scorns ever been scorned yourself every time you don't invent a way to remove stones from water act dead and consign yourself into slavery to fools who would mistake clothes from bread the unexpected from the divine and anchovies from pizza welded upon the biggest dog ever to lay eyes on the thing furthest from dungeon condoms and sheeting glories this continent might've imagined would return to haunt their lawn deer corn you dead act slave fool clothed bread pizza dog eye thing face it reality has now removed my fear of speech until you don't get real on me now.

38

Are you so obsessed with having sex with people you actually like because I pushed you away or because you finally understand winning is not more than my love compared to the disequal proportion between the righteousness of your with reference to my love disinterest's undeniably righteous and unfuckwithable totally on-schedule inertia dead set on its absolutely resistant to favors, perfect honestly sobbed pleas, expensive gifts like cactus furnaced diamonds clouds cracked open to finally mop up our mutually inflicted sorrow or even, my favorite, anger's blackness swallowing what would be best only to split out into a very contemporary revelation of the impossibility to maintain at an even keel in the personally fucking ocean of self-excluding experience nowadays before what we've invested steals the chance to slip destiny's rock-hardeningly juicy climax where we are, come to think of it, very expansively generous black holes of this our undeniable reality's index in remission back into our dick-hole filled pockets post facto and even then laying a snitch's digit on what we've been trying since whoever first gave us that tongue-stopping taste of head-blowing time return to the moment whose alteration trust me ensures there is no coming back for just because you entered completion four years ago despite what your parents assure you for their and your own reasons is the inevitable return of your love's god to re-fuck you again for the first time does not mean having sex 8 times a day everywhere with whom you love didn't erase the impossibility that you couldn't just fall in love again to as our own sovereign right to state is itself our own legal control over whom we managed to screw over vodka and orange apprehension, course, and my,—I'll be the first to admit—*cloyed* by your sweetness, wound pulsing like a circadian rhythm short-circuited by an increase in truncated sugar losses screaming at me to cut necks filter my god between emerald and pine colored glasses and go absolutely bazonkers until someone fills my hole up in her final rage at my lack of steadfast assurance for at least I pray 80 years beginning as soon as you can.

39

Peel yr ears for I bring a message from the winners of the universe you dear winners of the earth have won their favor with your actions and words and decent sensibilities even if you get shit for being hippies now the glorious galaxy sees your reward unfolding from your pockets out around your space and insulating you from the totally real impossibilities presented by the current autobiographies and reality shows of production against our assumption of righteous life in the flowers of isolate erotism and the orgasms of expanding mental fitness so fortify your hearths, be frugal with the meager accumulation the winners of semblance failed to steal, and light a pipe for the

return of the future winners again for the first time in oh I don't know I'd say probably about 10 years.

40

If I keep my mouth shut will I win this one if I don't tell them that I can't not say something because their badgering doesn't give me the chance to wrap them up into a me shaped inner tube circling around the sucking pulpy hole I rub my back against while she nevertheless my boyhood instincts from wrestling with the love thief devil tells me withholds what I wanna hear and taste and smell in rainbow beams quietly drifting from her gelatinous treble man hole ray detectors fixed on me hard like a bullet shot through a skin flute to leave a softly decimated mushroom cloud whale-squirting fucking-lead out and into the toothless smile with which my guilt surveyed its own obscurely juicy gouged back from the kind of anterior angle that would put out for just about anybody if they would just stab their eye on its you know asshole perspective.

41

The moments they go by like thankful storms, filled with all the juicy anger we tried to assume despite their heartbreaking attempts to show us how can he triumph when our eyes cantaloupe like rough-hardened pavement glaciers because we man must join as grouping institutional paranoid instances of god's great plan to dumb fuck himself into everything greedy hands just can't claw from her body--a finely horizontal instance of why tomorrow will be not dawn but none of that heartache we know now will outlast the terrible self-splitting recognizably familial nuclear noon after our fears have insufflated enough phantom representations of a world cast-lined in the lead of the plutomic gills we'll need to rocket us up and away from the archival nightmare we know best from nightmares about food grade horses, bomb raid drill handjob without smiley lubrication, and a world where we have to join to perform like personality-colored robots whenever the straight-forward fuckers flail in what even the losers know is the winners' game of making sure your body is turned in toward the sacrifice-place smack-dab in the space all those macho assholes with their personal narrative shit trail body shapes cut into our reality in public, on the sidewalks, lecture rooms, music hall floors, and dirty ass floors of congress when they are just trying to jive with the guys--no! they are trying to smear their own shape on your asses, guys, they are doing everything in their power to cut you out of the singular glory with which you were born, stuck like a pig out of her that-spot outside of space-time and guilt-stress--not to mention weed charges; all that shit for which you earthlings put into close quarters like in life, or cars, or your parents' house, or parents' flats if ya'll were lucky enough to squirt out of that kind of distantly cool ecosystem--hector, badger, and generally police each other like dick-wads, rather than instead holding hands and working your asses off to craniate why maybe we all might have been dragooning each other like potent bureaucratic muggles dying to harangue, the I don't know, probably father, who didn't dig art and the other important things dick-heads like us keep like a badge of taste they hadn't interrogated long enough to realize was their own little boxer-brief stain, so to keep them from fucking with the truly fabulous, and shamanistic dudes and dudettes who trickle through their normal-net for long enough to say "hey come on let's be awesome and do what we want you know exactly what you want, so why are you standing there bullying me to do what you clearly know will grind me the fuck down into the foulness even you in your quest for people approval oughta find repulsive despite your faeces face because it as I'd condescend to remind your undeniably free and immanently democratic, if not free world-view, hurts more than accepting a different albeit bitchy (sorry girls it's a tattoo subject) landing space for black helicopters to open somewhere outside where all the rednecks know ashes replace our burned bodies, somewhere where all the rednecks know alien-blessed light-beings still hand us the torch of, god,

useful speech; somewhere where all the rednecks know a split atom is not the fabric of our family's pattern, totally fucking new-godd-ed and recapitulated into a national hope of taking its left-overs for granted, while there are starving children here inside of from where, man, everybody speaks.

42

I'm not saying your're gonna like what you hear but it's your fault for listening to what we both should know is bad news evil omens the sorts of tidings anybody on the streets would know enough to walk out on because this shit us guys sell and make and probably just make banes the guys who don't make shit like who made the easy poem that taught people to stay put who made the easy poem that told them to stay put who made the easy poem that said enjoy every undeniably totally not interesting moment the winners the winners the winners forged from their demon flame how not to activate sex massacres and sword shaped hoola hoops which all come naturally to us the winners who just wanna sing songs about the hellish future springing like real loretab sociability nothing better now from the grassy eyes of the winners of sham weddings sham get-togethers and sham mountain ski kiss over brandy flask nice cheese picnics on a calculable earth with breast-valleys instead of our hate parties where we pretend not to know friends, act all uncomfortable if someone compliments our date--whoah oh oh get me a date—and does everything she can to get us to obligingly pull out our pockets and confess our deepest darkest fantasy life lounging like little dirty-lapped santas on her beautifully wrapped if I do say so myself hair-do, everything we do, or want to, study, the kinds of past fuck-holes from which we have emerged ready for more, and, the best, just how we'll take this chance to say we'd arise to her sexy old challenge better had we not had too much goddamn coffee and aderol today before I find the misery to take her on her word and make my filthy-assed fantasy withstand the reality her previous owner laid without game like the satisfaction of the hunt, the sorrow of the gain, and the council of perfectly indigenous homies deliberating whether to offer their top-shelf broad to the barbarian feminine critics catapulting zucchinis and other unladen fouls swallowing our cum before they realize we would rather ejaculate boiling oil from our gates than come to terms with the fact that if we keep doubling and toiling trouble there will be no more vicious women because we'll put her down for being so smart, hard, until we're stuck washing our hands of the blood nobody should ever make her shed for bearing the children of men too old fashioned to understand that even base old manly technology could seed like nymphs outta cloud laboratories in a man's disgusting muscle-belly and generally annoyingly outgoing can-do attitude that will not fly in the world we are all I hope trying hard to imagine reverently.

43

Come on! I bet I can as I speak get energy from people other than you, as long as you duck your heads down and allow the phantom plane to come rip-roaring in over your I'll admit finely sculpted features that have just no prayer now that they are down-turned to register the might I am currently unleashing on your ear-organs that've also never heard such weird ringing past voice wallow in its own audibly questionable throat-move exhorting you to damn the day damn your work and live in the incandescent light of the winners here where pansy wives do definitely not dwell where old-timers totally do not contribute their data-ladened insightfully-crafted style and charisma-points where old souls scorn birth where new-born children would do well to arm themselves because this is ragnarock this is ragnarock and *this...is the end--*;this is where we chieftans play mind -games forever this is where poor-sport winners lugey their own hands to cunningly lingo their queen-checks into spitball revolution; *this* is where everybody in the world doesn't care about a fucking thing except getting girlfriends and boyfriends, and, man, we must not stop this because it has been the only thing anybody alright does.

44

Forgive me my sons for knowing how people speak; could I forget—trust me—I would feed and clothe you with nothing if not the honey of King-Be; but, as it is, I am fastened to this ancient edge of a wishing-well where every maiden's gently-preserved idiomatic tendency has fallen like angel-shit from the mouth of a boy more than cutting his throat to sound all bitchy lest some girl wish him out into a rocket destined for space-break-down—*ziff*—like a motorized demon, dead-set on exceeding his own computer-generated mode of personal-presentation but at least I guess that faustian goblin orc machine doesn't have the privilege of free-will I know I waste on things like: loving people who even tell me will never love me again and profaning the name of peace in what-war? times like these, but those are not mistakes: I love her just how I obscene myself with appropriated peace with totally appropriate speech and should reality desecrate my tongue like giving it AIDS or cancer like Bob Marley I would cut it out and nail it on the Doors of the Chambers of Poets—ie., *your* house (but not home because that sounds *bourgee*)—so it could lick up on the shit you were saying other than: do not desecrate the tongues of reality poets, or at least not in my world.

45

Many have tried to write poems and succeeded we would have trust me hated so now let us write a poem we can love as much as we would love to walk down an empty street with a girl who now that you mention it looks like the one we wanted to meet in a dark alley wearing raven's feathers on her hair-do a real goth nightmare to whom I would die to make earnest love in the bathroom of a club she knew sucked as much as we would have loved to look death in the eye and puked as much as we would have loved to march right down through gauntlet and gained a gajillion charisma points just for being the blessed competitors absolutely seen by the supreme spirit grating his teeth on the lousy wretches that don't even exist and are in fact TV lies and so will remain in their poor unborn state in purgatoric limbic pre-emergent bliss while we blitz the ass off this world with our demands of refreshments, novel suburban hanky-panky, and holding off death until we convince enough people that we rule and deserve love that death won't come, death just won't creep in, death will sulk like a bitch in the dog pound in where all those corn-hole PETA creeps are right to shelter that death because it is nasty and unavoidable not to mention really jarring I bet once you have got a family started which does not make me stay single, horrible capitalism makes me stay single and then project a phantasy of perfect hollywood sex union it's a crime to say sex in these times and will see to that, but I always wanted a family, a wife in a fire tower lookout station in the craggy, lichen-etched mountains looming as a surface of perfectly unfolding temporal ecosystem for me and my newly fucked woman to fondle no for me to fondle and she to recognize my unique splendour in for she to see through my new buck-skin decorated atmosphere not tie-died but just straight-up scorched from the top down to the awesome mountain's crushed-ice apexes even now tangerine in the cream-sicle sigh of my womans' fully satisfied orgasm confession I swear that's how I saw it I am not making fun of me now I almost didn't come to Buffalo 8 years ago because it was such a big city it would certainly keep me from my Asheville-woman-on-hand fantasy-scape yet now my sex fantasy scenario I think is more like a girl with long hair and suede boots a brunette with nothing to lose except her connection with the late 1960s and a quiche so goddamn big Manhattan is a pearl in its scrambled up artichokey little snatch and her cleavage rules but not compared to her self-unfolding pulpy envelope ink kiss she sticks up my ass when I want to make her mine or bring her out to remind me I don't read the newspaper or else maybe she asks what's black and white and red all over a boy who's got race and taste on pulse making a terribly horny mess.

46

Ok first things first nobody is in any place to judge you and me and when they do they are just losers who've lost their cool and think it's your fault like you're not cool the cool think you're cool and the cool leave you if you suck and they don't tell you you suck so cool is nobody knowing they suck but I'm beginning to think that to win nowadays please tell me if I'm wrong you have to join the uncool winning machine and let everybody who's out here in real life know they suck which isn't to say I'm not trying to let all the winners know they suck I am totally trying to let all the winners know they suck I am definitely trying to let the people who've burned their bodies right on the furnace of the winning machine know they suck because they can deal with it because once you are a winner ghost a phantom asshole my words will sound like harmless little farts not because you are manly and courageous and firm as burning stalagmites in the diamond belly of a bulldoze's approach to the dense social death's head needle of sex but because you are a bourgee wraith midas creep whose fat ass pig fingers pardon my insensitive trope if you know what rhetoric or manners is you impotent capitalist human-misery generator junking your blackened family with the worthless shit value of poor people's bodies you dry ice reality's skin off the face of life and my words will fall like aluminum mould on your bullshit fur coats also not because your filthy privileged mind wears aesthetic taste like the be-positive-at-all-costs rich fucker chastity belt of a victorious 19th century pussy but because I am a loser and, as such, I am well-spoken I promise and in your ill-spoken and *fallen* world of extra-legal aggression my songs are not the voice of the public's broken loss but are sticky obscene toilet stools and *only* mine, until your win should transmogrify into at least one moment when my friends you guys will stop vantriloquizing I mean with your young lips giving your hopeful and innocent voices to the evil fucking social anxiety feedback their bestial perverse wealthy ownership and now square-old service economy class has been sowing like salt in the fields of our people for almost five hundred years and stop giving ourselves to complain about panhandlers rednecks hicks schizophrenics and all the other people to whom we poets would give the honor of speech if the ideology of winning weren't cut into our flesh as punishment for being the last ones to not watch as mutes as if those totally fucked dudes weren't already the only ones who delivered the sense of nonsense to the cities where we keep failing to live.

47

If you happen to have humanoid feelings turn your good ear here mons homies: winning is to just not say: "I miss you so much girl" unless they're someone for whom regularly acknowledging the sucking black hole into which their lost affection has blossomed won't amount to shit because I say if that perfectly expansive constellation of ice-petalled bloomage, dude, collapsed up out of this black-flamed diamond-tight negative-4th-dimensional implosive non-space antimatter medallion I wear cauterizing my skin's secret interior like a scorching pace-maker in the sulfuric core of my ruined emotional life, I'd be reduced to a blazing negative-imprint of my body ripped inside-out into a photo-shopped anatomical muscle-model, shredded back into itself, depositing the eternal object of my external skinny flesh, like a plutonium particle impossibly insinuated into the goddamn alluvial fan of society's pile of brother-bodies; but just because it would prevent the violent death of getting what I want from you, girl, doesn't mean I'm gonna sit around indulging in the single life, because I can dupe the one-eyed ass-shrew by spinning my intellectual golden threads the color of shit; I can sing tinny ass-fart anchors in a scrotum sea of raping dolphins, tight; I can turn my words from the heterosexual dollar into a macho dust-peso to finger the womb's winking shrew, and send my loveboys down the alamo lane and she'll never get caught with the wax so rotten (B.H. secret hero of these poems) I can do this but like you only in here with you with my poems out here where you see the burning specter-hole you left rising at dusk over the icy peaks of my speech to light the day of the delicate flower-scar petals who hold open the sink-hole wound-retinas where I'd have you witness the flash-print of my love, blind sun-bitch.

48

Because you don't wanna be on the loyalists' side and get fucked hark me that I only know one dude who'd lead an army after replacing to the applause of the people—our applause, homies—the generals whose poor asses should've known better than to lead the wars of the rich: Phil, Lover of Horses, the River King; now, Phil knows he'll recreate reality to favor his image, because he had a mutually-cued charismatic experience with Bob Dylan and twice over these god more than ten years now Fiona Apple has sang to him, and because he is a bad-ass NewGod; but *I* would overturn reality into it's never-known death-stern kernel, destroy it and fuck it, reality, dig, into orgasm-screams to wedge closed our true throats into emphysemic collapsion-explosions insufflating really utopic possibilities post-mortem and ultra-medical I mean the kernel of life in the blackened death that follows birth like a wet nurse lets me satisfy my stick-shift because there is life after birth until the clerics dry-up into a dead-end transmission locked against its own dick-shaft to close our pulsating combustion-need for our lip-cheeks to peel back away from our skull-grins upon and away from a world where white-robed ladies are training to ease the suffering that'll shift our asses until life should dissolve unto revolution.

49

If these pesticides and plastics don't kill me I will which is where I agree with the winner-pricks fucking around with our material existence according to the chops they picked up in their 1980s total interception of the Manhattan project's, well, *project* gambling to tear life asunder in order to make those fascist Aryan maniac Sauron one-eyed romantic primitivist polythematic jew-destroyers kiss their own asses because 'tis better to perish in high fidelity to our polythylene ecosystem than to turn some ancient musket or garage-trapped chevy back against ourselves until we happen to stop being unworthy of even this our synthetic existence.

50

I had not intended to wear my shoes straight into this séance but before getting here I actually had heard you calling from your everlasting tombstone so if I wanted you to take me the wrong way I'd ask knowing full well I was really giving you the right to just do what you want and stab out your ears rather than hear my voice asking you for even so much as a glass of water to treat me really bad because I am thirsty and I won't stop asking you dead lovers and fathers to pour part of your death back over into the terrarium of the living so we can trade it in for an ant farm or a crow's nest in the armpit of the prettiest damn hippie girl who ever gave me a break because she had found a path of happiness distinct from the normal path of misery that keeps the women of life from realizing how to satisfy my need for horrible beasts to remove the arms from my elbows while I beg for merciful sleep: can I come master? can I come?

51

Here at last I can tell you that even though I am with you I am away and I will leave you if I haven't already. Take the lilies in the field they weren't even there and still you lost them, while I am here and will certainly be lost. Death ain't so bad I bet as long as it isn't eternal suffering. I have lived eternally, but they made me grow up lest I outgrow them. I don't remember my childhood, but if I could I'd lose the unshakeable mood of nostalgia that does me no good at all. How do you picture your birth? Is it more like a diorama, or did it intrude on your life? Do you picture privacy

important even when your privacy is at stake? If I could stop beating up on myself for just one second would I be publicly the best form of mockery? Try as I might, I can't seem to figure on your me-shaped wimpage. However, still does courage describe us? We are the few, they who made it out of unpopular circumstances and stand against a very concerted attack launched before we knew it so why don't we recognize that? Well probably because since we're in the midst of battle, we're still waiting for the first signs of war. Just because everybody's fine to you, does that mean you are not their enemy? True conflict fruits only once but take love as an example of a single moment that could never pass. Peace is an impossibly unethical consideration for as long as there are living exceptions to strife. Do they really think joining a college to escape the draft will gain them a single moment happily? If love were mutual then we'd all be many years younger. But I don't think it's immature not to go to war. I just think hate fails to preserve reality. Actually, hate passes the time when you're alone. I am always looking for new ways to come to terms with hate, like visualizing its object, in only which case is nostalgia anything but hoping your life could change, which I do. Destroying reality would be a change now. One way to prevent change would be to keep up the act for a change. Instead, let's think another for one.

52

O Winners! God, of course you dudes rule after all you own our asses how a farmer owns the choice cuts even if the butcher accidentally wipes his cock on the blade before he begins removing the tumor the shit you make us make encouraged our chest to fruit so we'd be weak as radiated willows so why would you need my owned ass to cultivate your win in a poem cast in the black capitalist reality-shaped mold into which is poured like a reversal birth from embryo to oedipus wrecks our habits our thoughts sex my broken family the goddamn sunlight your oil-cancer ignores like a woman on whom you're too sexist to hit because she already belongs to your pleasure-monopoly and even the gods who emerge from this you-shaped die in the image no longer of men but of assholes calculating how to make you losers eat their shit even though we're choking on the diamonds of hate we've been composing in the slave death furnace of parent-fights and the tranference inferno of friend-fucking repressed by the guilt our bilateral hate for each other we who lose to the blinding power of your sphincter glutting itself on the hunger your anal constriction imposes on our destinal satisfaction imposed by not your victory but the contest of which one of us will be the most like me the loser by birth and the loser by life and the loser because I'll die again from the life that—despite the market place of your WASPy thief-fingers rotting into God's own green-veined shit-stool even more than putrifies my post-apocalyptical racial domestic and sexual wasteland I call home; despite your life-science which my thought wooden-stakes like the mantis preys out through the stomach of the filthy possum—the possum, that totem of the brutal tribe of winners, that aegis of the bloody-handed rich, that demon of the life-cuckolding conqueror—;and despite that I'm a loser—I'll die again from the life that bears the Witness of Jeremiah like a GameBoy to that I'm already everywhere always really totally dead to your world in an alternate life on the burning plateau of Ragnarock that grinds the minds of the Poor and whets the poet's fidelity to harrowing the symmetrically uneven earth you've given the losers like a coupon clipped from the exceptionlessly remarkable hair of one of the girls we're sure we could score if you'd just cool out, relax, relinquish some of your privacy into public parks and shit, and just generally get off our dicks stop cutting in line and introduce us to some of the girls you know?; I mean, why are you winners on such a power trip all the time, like your unfathomable riches couldn't just buy you a cure for the constant case of senioritis we cobras keep pretending charms us away from destroying your nervous system?

53

Hear ye hear ye where do you winners get off? I bet you get off in condoms only a quarter of the time because your riches have won you virgins carefully examined by powerful doctors from places like Harvard or New York or Europe or somewhere else where power has alighted like potent terrordactyls or muscly iron-horse butterflies on the bodies of men infected by marginalized sex-diseases like: cat-scratch fever, AIDS, and child-support, but I come and let myself right in needing no protection because I've already died a death I wear like down-turned eyes against your doctors burrowing into my zone-hole like fish-egg-eyed hippies so why would I ruin my life just to marry into some all white-bread shit-hole into which your ex-nihilistic viral technology has browbeaten all the other queer black junkies when I am completely carried away by the easy wind of my hate for both rubbers and the nuclear winter of my own horny little jealous attempts at exclusive monogamy?

54

Oh what in hell do you winners enjoy surreptitiously maintaining nowadays as object to your impossible transdimensional siphon bleeding the tissue of reality into your black narcissus tar-pool preserving the last dinosaurs to survive the new denver ski get-aways from here where the losers abide the losers abide here on this side of your hyper-need for the unstoppable tumor blocking salmon from the retroactive death they trigger against their own temples like unique snow-flakes through the still non-gauged (I hope) american river barrel cumming into the atlantic sea that hiates the body from the organ's orgasmism as the amniotic fluid poured from the birth-victim-bloody basin of the loss of salt in pleasure's life-deserting thirst despite the injunction to just be cool issued by our educational principles and other potentates of everybody's tendency to dirempt the sexual magic eye into a falsely seitic image of the choice between win and loss good and bad life and death where the lines of perspective obscure the essentially unifying opposition of our difference from, say, the outer-space that pussyfoots deep within the fission-coitus of the ocean's belly and its beautifully exfoliated interior where it's had it up to its child-bearing shoulders with our hip bitchy attempts at mapping how the impossible ingress of regular-old air could boil Ocean back into pre-electric Chaos like a supposedly satisfied vagina gets us blue-printing our sadness into jail-break narratives although that site of stamped and imposed male is really a bird flipped into the now wilted chimney of our previously fired-up go get 'em I mean what we're mistaken-to-think we-want ethics of the lime-fixed arboreal bird-possums chewing their own teeth off the toes of their newly-hatched need for your insensitively positioned promise of well I guess you can only begin to admit—at a junction like this—*positional* sense as in here as he promises you are where actually ya'll aren't in the ecosystem established by the movement from the border fenced-off by the rocky conservative lowest denominator and its own inner-sanctum preserved by the priestly coral classically cultivating a more arcane approach to flowering out into the fraying advent of the other's big submarine dick schooling the scaly swarm of all the sweet-ass ichtian hydro-flux bodies god ever could've hoped would keep his filthy hands off himself for a change viewed eternally.

55

Just goofing off with you tonight at the movies was even better than winning in all the daily things because we kept being so silly together even though now they seem more like little bubble-bobble baubles dilly-dallying around through the sun-light dribbling on their pearly edge clean across the expansive sudsy-soap enclosure of their bodies then shattering like wine against the rainbow viscosity into muffins, unicorn rabies, and chained hotdog cigarette paisley the stuff I imagine at which you were like I like it in those London shoppes surrounding your beautiful pupils.

56

Winning is not drowning like a flaming child in a mote of oil in the molten glass-wound SuckHole that gasps out for air from the oscillating HatePivot noodling its electron twine-orbit around the solid hole bored into the central horizon of my expansively cramped exiguously excessive and vacantly replete LoveSpot which blooms like the green inside-face smiling behind the up-lifting tulip poplar's bark-rot out here into my breathe-space as a glass-gashed gasp-laceration sinking back into its own self-shattering refrigerated fluid-boil whence it arose like the apparition of a lunar auto-eclipse swallowing an aperture set for lightspeed straight through all the eyes closed to miss the repetitive loss accomplished by my attempts to suffocate my primordially eccentric totally fucked-up past by throwing myself into its heaving porcine lesiony time-portal back to the simmering primordial stew of my totally fucked up past like the primary repetition in flight from change as return to the stasis just prior to the revolution of counter-turning Speech.

57

O! Winners get off your scarab asses to hear me hear me are your hands or your claws or your digitally textured world-applications ventriloquizing my dumb face into these spaced-out contortions because of who I am or because of who I cannot love because she came branded with the koala mark of your simplicity floating its own coupon over my tombstone like a jelly-fish screen reading in neon-lit permutations of the letters F, U, C, K, Y, O, U, across the canyon lands of your rich-bitch heart pumped so full of lead it had to use its dick as a pencil to escape the chump-rap with which I was cuffing her murderous affection-tentacles spilling out her pants fast and wet like oily salmon filling the stress-gorging rivers whose ingression wooly-willies the face of our potentiality's internally express combustion-surface draining its own edges circularly like a glass whine or the heart's pulpy repetition with tone to boot into the area can't not getting between it and space enough to consider what I've been avoiding which is should I marry her and spread her piecemeal across the national park ecosystem like catfish kind nuggets in the toilet for just any skinny shit desert sage to screw severely or ought I tell her right now listen baby if this works you can stick cantaloupes in me and accuse me of not loving you I don't care I'll pull down your underwear and still not give me what I've wanted since I first laid my eyes on you my love for whom all wood things come.

58

Hey you winners are you really trying to tell me you actually put mercury and shit into inoculations to inflict brain damage on us like swift leeches on the flaky organs of prodigal lepers scabbing for the shadow-vultures on strike against those formal vipers escaping as stretched ghouls from the hay-wired nuclear vampire vault of all our mislead and soon-poisoned enthusiasm for new friends, girlfriends, and fascist dick-jobs?

