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(A Pause for the Alphabet) A Fantastic Excess in Twenty Six Parts

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(A PAUSE FOR THE ALPHABET) A FANTASTIC EXCESS
IN TWENTY SIX PARTS

By

Terence McNulty

B.A. University of Scranton, 1999

A THESIS

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts
(in English)

The Graduate School

The University of Maine

May, 2001

Advisory Committee:

Constance Hunting, Professor of English, Advisor

Steve Evans, Assistant Professor of English

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Thesis Advisor: Constance Hunting

An Abstract of the Thesis Presented
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(A Pause for the Alphabet) is a multi-genre text (a genre tower) with a polyphonic intent. It was written between January and May 2001 as an attempt to reconsider narrative and language on basic, although not necessarily fundamental or foundational, levels.

DEDICATION

For Sarah Barnard, whose writing gives me presence.

For Connie Lee, whose presence gives me writing.

For Louis Zukofsky and Louis Aragon, whose words give me freedom.

For Bob Grenier, who grew letters before my eyes.

"Enslaved to a tremor, infatuated with a murmur, I continue to deteriorate in this twilight of sensuality. A little more intangible, a little less perceptible ... each day, I bless the outlines of my inner self, and in the end I have so little desire to be understood, and then I myself can understand neither wind nor sky, nor the simplest tune, nor kindness nor glances any longer." Aragon, *Paris Peasant*

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The completion of a project marks a time to be grateful. There are many people I wish to thank, all of whom, in some way or another, occupy this text.

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Similarly, thank you to all of the people who have floated in and out of my life in Orono during the past two years. I am especially indebted to Frank Bishop, Sarah Barnard, Gina French, Paul Corrcia, Mark Dunn and Derek Smith. This work is as much yours as it is mine.

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other things) patiently reading to me from the Book of Psalms when I thought the letter P could never be written, and Connie Lee, who is both my firmament and gravity.

Finally, thanks to my dictionary. I scoff at all of you who mock me for traveling with it.

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A NOTE CONCERNING THE TEXT

This text can be read in two distinct ways. If you are alone, it can be read as any other text would be read. Go in order, jump around, whatever. No instructions necessary.

Ideally, the work will be voiced, and it can be read, potentially, by a group as large as 53 people. Readings should proceed as follows.

1. The group decides on a word (or a series of letters) they would like to say.

2. The group then assigns roles. Every letter in the excess requires two voices, with the exception of "A Fitting Epitaph" (the letter Z) which requires three voices. For each letter, one person repeats the title of that letter while a second person reads that letter's text.

3. The reading should proceed as follows: all who are reading titles begin to read. After one's partner (every letter requires two people - a set of partners) has read the title of his/her letter 3 times, then he/she begins to read the text of that letter. The person reading the title continues to read that title until the entire text of their letter has been read. All letters of the given word are read at once.

Chapter 1

A FOREHEAD THAT PINWHEELS LIKE TIRE RUTS (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER A)

and th, refusing to be ignored, breathes soft rhythms through its rushes. Midnight crawls as tenderly as dawn. Heat of air split air, seek again the heaviest erasers, make of this labor a genre tower, a firing O ring toward description. Identityless in your travels, designer, obfuscation of traces of words, you, everything present in an instant, will expect these characters to develop, to wrap themselves toward gravity from without themselves. Photographic expectations, rising moon of scales of lights, digital recording of the body of the host, uncoiled and used, revise your ear toward this: The sounding of a fugue of lutes on the page.

The letter A, a forehead that pinwheels like tire ruts, unnamings emasculation in the spread of its heat, unmotivated action, you, everything present in an instant, are the ink on the parchment faded toward communicative thirsts. Somewhere, between the limits of music and sense, there is a poem beginning to take place. Bare men, bare women, expose yourself to these rhythms, crowd bound rhythms of a pedestrian wing. Jesus, on a cross, in the sun. An electron, here and there, in the sun. Nothing changes.

Verbed nouns, your glottal stops abandon the turns of our breaths. In the hook of your eye, in heavy, ephemeral figures, is there that much for you to own? Moist evening toward downfall, you spin the hold of seduction through an indeterminate distance of namings. A stone as water -- immediately our nouns have driven us away.

The letter A, a forehead pinwheeling like tire ruts, a limitlessness of new moon horizons, continual blood-let of context, in the heat of your bow the fires of your expansion play an orchestral

synthesis. Oh, in the absence of anything atomic, once, there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Written fade, inscribed toward nothing, relationship and open sea, you are a beacon of cause and effect. There is a scream that never falls silent, condensing toward your lips, and in the immediate speed of withdrawal -- if you squint, there's a letter there, heaving forward at an impossible rate of static.

And watch what follows: in the lateness of A, in the lines between music and sense, through you and in you, everything present in an instant, in the feast of this Maundy Thursday, in this final letter peeled from its ocean, concluded fruit, as through the wind -- here is the impartial spread of your lips. Let your throat grave its sound -- A. And oh, in the absence of anything atomic, the wake of your speed! A pierces you, inhabits you, everything present in an instant, and your dismissal is the reciprocation of a noun's violence. And here is the potential of the word unburdened -- a forehead that pinwheels like tire ruts.

Freedom of flight beyond extinction, A, light! A, enforcer of relation, punctuality and refusal beyond this moment, spin away, undefined, one way or another. In every vision, as night vision, the momentary burst before naming.

The letter A, a forehead that pinwheels like tire ruts, impossible proximity of faces, escaped, in the slightness of your shadow the wealth of your ward. Wanderer, nomad of luxury, indeterminate spectre of freedom, unboxed letter, in your fissures you color the violence you've prescribed. Orchestral letter, as the heat of your hygiene was spreading, there were faces, inscribed, erased.

In the fury of our efforts, free letter, there is the hope of your sound in the wind. For every word, not only its words but its letters.

Failed experience, hopeless tributaries of meaning, the letter is an ice jam, a sand plumb, the entirety of the function of a hoof. Where fracture pangs our distance, in the letter A there is the hope of the atomic borne self, indivisible particles in waves. Through you and in you, I, self non-atomic to stranger, enjoin your fellowship and say -- this is the story of A.

After a long day of meandering, A rested beneath a breeze blown tree. Quietly, from behind, there approached -bomb, unnoticed. Endless impending, unliberated moments, then suddenly, A was grabbed between its legs and harnessed, the formation of A-bomb. A screamed, but, unnamed, was unheard. Sky high in its raping, A-bomb ripped air from air, and drunk on its foregrounded powerlessness, A spread itself like soap.

But this is less than a story. This is a lemma, an abcdarium, a genre tower -- a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love. This is the reality of untied words, a repetition of the American household away from its time. This story of A is atomic, and these stories of letters, two stories, three stories, are the mannerisms of words lost on your lips. This is the alphabet of a Roman Jesus, the first thing wagered, the first place where we let the whole savings ride, where temporality as well as narrative were affixed to the real, and worse, to words -- here is a pause for the rudimentary, a red mind and blood in the harbor of A.

And this is the story of A -- a forehead that pinwheels like tire ruts, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 2

WATER DRENCHED OVER ITS LIQUID WHOLLY (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER B)

and A's scream available, but I, self non-atomic to stranger, asleep. White gown, grown, eight months of feed and the seas parted. Outside the hive, an open sore in the midst of the congregation. A buzz about -- older women, older women, order men. The sting and immediately the dizziness, to soar toward the eclipse of the body. Salvation in the prospect, the constant outlook, the body beyond the eyes, or looking ahead, a consciousness worn thin by its language, alone on a bird's wing -- in a lighthouse turning across a vacant sea. Something swims by, inevitably.

B less a letter than a memory, unavoidable and sideless. B, for its tyranny, marks the downward trickle of water toward petals. A row of Bs as bobbing dolls, asserting the pinwheel of tire ruts. A pregnancy, ate well before the coming of. The character B: moist, unyielding, a dear sense of fate, cupid's arrow frayed, as though these angels were sirens. But lose the pettiness -- the story of religion, a tongue strung out on a two millennia trip. Fall down, get up. Got some other to kill.

Water drenched over its liquid wholly, a series shapes, unheld in an unheralded seriousness, all toward a prophet's matrimony. Wed thee here, in the shadow of these voices, the child in swaddling, made gown of white, to the tongue over which he shall trip. The words, lost in transaction, a blur of sound made blue by a lockjaw of sleep. Unhand me, from the latter, the I, erotic, a mission of love unsecured by a subjective swoop. I must be killed, or paused at least, to tell the story of B.

Broken the will of the swaddled. B holds itself in moments, water drenched over its liquid slowly, unfurled kinetically at a passive frame rate. Pass time, at this rate, a show of unknown fear. B rose with the smell of triumph, blood not on its sword but with a sword of blood, so much blood ground to blade, and was born, christened in the hearts of the conquered, grown heady in its state, a pardon of domesticity, a homebody made worthy by myth.

A buzz about -- older women, older women, order men. And these are the stories that hold us together. A lighthouse's turn across a vacant sea. The whitest of them all, the master weaver, an uncle, photographer turned fixer of discourse, disordered direction in which we have traveled, scoops down into the chemical to draw forth the fixing bath, to make a firmament of the liquid made loose by warmth. Smells intoxicating in the rite of entry, B's birth of narrative, like all children, in swaddling.

I, self non-atomic to stranger, remember -- you, not you but your letter, you were seeking the letter B. Moist, unyielding, the rapist of memory in our sleep. And the narrative of B, the stories that hold us together. A lighthouse turns across a savior unnailed, the untelling of his story, a patient removal from ordinary time. Always a vacant sea, calling your name only, there is seen, the body of the host uncoiled and used.

Perhaps more simply, the letter B swaddling, held softly, dozing in white gown, sores, and water drenched over its liquid slowly -- a tumble like so. S to o to s to o to s to o to so. So. Matter, privileged real through real time, in the absence of anything atomic. Water drenched over its liquid wholly water drenched over its liquid wholly water drenched over its liquid wholly water drenched over its liquid water drenched over its liquid water drenched over its water

drenched over its water drenched over water drenched over water drenched over water and water. The sore. A shape unheld. Water drenched over its liquid wholly. The sore. The hold of an earthquake of the skull.

And I, asleep. A sleep, a forehead pinwheeling like tire ruts, made atomic for all of its haste.

B and b. What, then, now? This is the story of B: B, alone, passive, allergic only to its self-made hygiene, supine upon its synthesis, and suddenly engulfed by aptism. A vacuum, a gulf, impassive stricture, permissive. Rape me, Lord, to rapture. Eight months toward death, a stinger retained for more critical situations. The harness and the indoctrination, the propaganda of a Christian ethos. Rape me Lord, rape me through to rapture, for I, self non-atomic to stranger, have yet to loose my stumbling teeth. Spread your soap, its lubricant. B can not, lugubrious, harnessed by violence to its turn. Water drenched over its liquid wholly, a forehead pinwheeling like tire ruts, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 3

THE BODY OF THE HOST UNCOILED AND USED (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER C)

and W, silenced, a sensuality interred. In living, as in dying, in the making of every color the fullness of its weight, the suspension of a dual body in fine mist at war with itself, feeling the depth of location, touchless, there are the moments, passing by, in every farewell the debt of kind wishes, well past the depth of reds, to the very speed of change made stable. For every wave, a breach of greeting. For every greeting each home in each gesture, bearing the behavior of comedy. There is that which is known, admittingly. There is that which is known, truncated. So goes the history of the world -- high tide at sunrise, occasionally.

C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, pardoned spectre of crucifixion, in your very movement stirs the aggression of your tomb. I, self non-atomic to stranger, will name for thee, softened trill of sensuality, in fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, the three metamorphoses of C -- how C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, became love, worn softly toward tyranny, and how tyranny, unstrung, became the rigor of its memory. This has been written, already, read, fantastically, in love. For every generation, each new harbor of creationism, silent electricity, its prophet, whose words precede her lips. This must be ignored, or known, at least, to the point of unknowing. In every prophet, there's salvation. For one hundred years, at least.

C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, giver of life before silicon, shadow of words untraced! You, everything present in an instant, conquering masquerade, knight of unborn premises, owned, toward the stars with your lance! Born of a savior, singular man of

chromosomes in popular balance. Neighbor in suffering, momentary pause of all pain, crystallized realism of purpose! In your heat and in your sighs, bare thighs running from nightfall, the endless passage, elapsed, of infinite sand. O, brotherhood, our hands wrought of veins! In the word, as we bring together, through the impartial spread of your lips, in the absence of anything atomic, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, abstracted as commodity.

More simply, in unity there is the tyranny that follows. There was a knight, whose lance punctured the stars. There was a shepherd, whose flock of sheep, and whose empire, controlled remotely, bade the winter discs of an immortal tune.

C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, who has spread your quest across dry lips as water, wet dry tongues with shallow remainders? Pass yourself, fair one, remove your body from its place, from oppressed to oppressor! The body of the host, unharmed, hanging from a tree. A miracle of repetition, unstrung. More simply, narrative balance. High tide at sunrise, occasionally.

And yet in cold winds, paths misdirected by comfort, a confluence of rivers across a conic section, water bent at its knees toward water, misthought deeds, actions of self sympathetically directed, how many bodies, unwritten, designed by the serpent of Rome? And there, as potassium, the misfigured serpent of salvation.

And these are the stories that hold us together:

Originally, there was the body of the host, patient collection of parasites, a constant consumption of the other for the sake of the other, a call to responsibility in a crown of thorns. A drop of blood, infested and choking. And adding nothing to a hope for survival, and beside the grain, the grain multiplied. For every loaf, a meal. Originally there was the body of the host, sheltered. Then, an innocent

man, put to death. We are glad for this.

There was the body of the host, a spectre of death swollen before decomposition, before the body, in its entirety, unwritten. Then in this name, uninfected, the body of others. Many innocents, killed. We are glad for this. The body of the host, uncoiled.

Then there was the body of the host, uncoiled, a serpent of salvation, moved toward global enfranchisement, move workers, more workers, more workers, move workers, to feed the queen, moist in her luxury. The body of the host, uncoiled and used.

Failed conqueror! Lance, profiled, charged toward the future with murderous intent. With one God, the relaxation and the sigh of your breath. And the food on your table, unheard. And yet, persistent, C, grasping the length of the word as though meaning. C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, your steed the waist of morning! Number the stars, you mindset, there is yet heat to make liquid of rocks.

And this is the story of C. C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, devised its plans for division, tributary nature, giver of life, and rested, for days, on a board, abroad. Suddenly, C approached by hristianity, seductive harrow, enjoined itself in pleasure, and formed Christianity, salvation and rampage, mirror of war. C, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, as though water drenched over its liquid wholly. Pale conqueror, conquered! Feign of independence, leashed to the word, spoken toward chains. And beneath it, beneath the very shadow of the word, a whisper: the body of the host, uncoiled and used, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 4

ABSTRACTION AS COMMODITY (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER D)

and the silent purr of th, a patient tolling of breath. Starch of earth, seductress of melancholy, you are, like all things, an abbreviation of your meaning, a seeking of the anger of duration. Walk away from this thing, text ward, ancestral black lung of song, if the movement of walking will bring the world to motion. Hapless gravitational turns, how much unity your sphere entails! But trust yourself -- there's nothing spinning. Anywhere as always.

The letter D, an abstraction as commodity, named, fitful disguise, you are an undeveloped letter gowned in words, a face, a guise of response, and for you, everything present in an instant, there is no progress precisely. More fluid than your anticipation, eventual breath of a tongue, exhale toward your lack of firmament. I, self non-atomic to stranger, eros laden ladder, owner of myself in that letter, draw oceans of your fog. Melancholy stranger, come in from the cold and make something human of these clouds.

The letter D, an abstraction as commodity, heiress of dialog, rebellion of hands in a night-coup, in you there is the role of the word within itself. Reprint our names in American, build this heterogeneity of underdeveloped nouns. Bombshell, exploded, hygienic heat, since cooled. Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Genre tower, specific blend of songs, in your unity there is the overflow of everyday speech. Listen, abstracted commodity, as I, self non-atomic to stranger, do: across a forehead that pinwheels like tire ruts, a frictioned scream falls silent, condensing toward its lips. Oh, in the absence of anything atomic, there an upsurge of sublime

homosexuality remains. Unrepaired letter, your overlap is the burden of your stream.

That which is plundered brings upon itself the consequences of it's own inaction. Fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, ply tissue upon itself, heft a material made of layers, glued tightly together, with music drenched over its liquid wholly. More simply, replace these words with whatever you'd like. Maintain your interest, if it's your pleasure.

The letter D, an abstraction as commodity, here, fourth hero, doorway and instance of former possession, here, already, the instance of boredom. Inhale, exhale, this and that on your tongue like you breathe, your body is the sail and storms of night. Freedom -- polygamous lover, you mark each day with your bow. Ordinary woman, you are a terror of letters in caplets, torn. D, given priority, in flattery, here are the daydreams you've left behind.

Exploded bombshell, history written toward extinction, these fates set out for you. Messianic tendency, the day flower wilts toward you, unending purple fading from lightfall. Dazed sun, how much heat will compose the rim of your colors? How many colors the rim of your heat? Each day, as that day, salvation outstretched across the coast of a raven.

Element! Base, sneaking coward, your eternal possibilities languish in decay, as though your speed were certain. Ration of meaning, we consume you now, so that we may continue: D, abstraction as commodity, your pronunciation a prostitution of letters! The letter D, voweled consonant, exploited sound, you carry on your hip the force of a self as a historical object and a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love.

And yet you, everything present in an instant, you are awaiting the story of D. D walks down every street, thinking about its letter. He's looking for a John, but they're hard to find outside the gospels, the Jesus gossip. Rose groins, in spite of D, something impenetrable, atomic as the letter. Suddenly, unaware, D was accosted by elay, the simplest take of a given narrative structure. Within a moment, the formulation of delay, the pause of letters and poems toward timeless, unread realms. Letter of pause, paused letter, how much violence your monogamy exposes. D, lover! In your word there is a silence of annual rings.

We are all in her womb, we are great full, for we, whatever your letter, and I, self non-atomic to stranger, and for the moment D, abstracted commodity, are the children of prostitution, clearly labeled, naming our chains toward sperm baths.

And in every sounding breath, the whisper of the seizure of D: abstracted commodity, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

I am ashamed that I, self non-atomic to stranger, can not make things of these words.

Chapter 5

A FANTASTIC EXCESS FROM THE SUN OR FROM LOVE (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER E)

and B, hang of lurk, awaits the bang. Sing of yourself, lover, the green of grass, born of E, toward a, self non-atomic to stranger, to be, water drenched over its liquid wholly. See, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, the sun rises in the east -- nothing's new! This inspires great fear. An oval, lit, and expansion. A coincidence of matter.

The letter E, drifting in a line of new light, singer, charcoal voice of flames, of vision in time non-existent; color of flavor, torch bearer, black lung! E, fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, the electricity of your flesh, amber eyed goddess, perfumed mariner, the length of your scream in a shadow, burning, oh, in the absence of anything atomic, laborer! To draw from your body, hollow portrait of your form, the spirit of the day, ghostly width of time, the encroaching wind of a word, coiled. Less character, less developed, full woman of currents, wafting, migrant worker, your activity the harvest, and my fruit, your womb, voiceless snow, of water drenched over its liquid wholly. Everything in anticipation, everything taken early, nothing new, and you, a year, animated amber, drifter of work. An anticipation of explosion, you, everything present in an instant, driven out by clapping, suffusion of thunder -- a hopeless accident of matter. And truly, nothing new, but the things you, everything present in an instant, have seen. Fantastic, you make visible, as though a spectre of the mind, excess and matter privileged real through real time, from the sun, messianic chariot and salvation of day, or from love. Time, beginning, anti-matter worn out and lost, matter privileged real, through real time, an acquiescence of nothing to matter privileged real,

as though the flash of helmets, gaining dusk -- the very fortune, the meekness of earned perception, of survival. Nothing's new.

Electric gluon, eclectic, weak force activist, an electron loose on 42nd street, current of information, running, winged oval, lengthened in the instant, sling yourself off, lover, fantastic excess, from the sun or from love. First the heat, hydrogen flame wall, filtered to the soil with grandiose invisibility, a happy lot of daytime, an eternal recurrence of a day lily. It has died today, as it has lived. So many things greened, if only in your maltimed entrance, omnipotent!

And, in your bed, charged by the encumbrance of your infinity, your breath on my skin and my hair erect, the sensual purr of our bodies, hypnotic sleep of nectar, your life, erect motion of an instant's harbor, how much you've forgotten, begotten, how much you've known, just as you're getting off, and off again, work to do. And for I, self non-atomic to stranger, in real time, E, fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, amber-eyed goddess, laborer, in real time lost, my time with you constructed but unrepresented, and always, there is you, everything present in an instant, winging a flare of your tendril.

E, fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, provider, instantaneous ecstasy, a bodying outside of its body, compression of history, the future across your sphere as legible as a word, duality, particle, wave, laborer, equation of work, hopeless wanderer, caged wire, but choice, amber eyed goddess, which path you shall take -- nothing's new, and beyond you. Take all paths. You have taken the less traveled for eternity, and it's grown beyond cold. Seer of all things, silent oracle, ultimate power, transistor, sister of all living things, at your center the adhesive of reality. E, truth unscathed! To you, from you, in you, the hapless suspension of memory, eyes, and breath. On your shoulders, the passage of a train.

But, you, everything present in an instant, are awaiting the story of E.

E, constant motion, circling goddess of the electric, migrant worker, her activity the harvest and my fruit, your womb, silent in her duality, was approached by nergy, cloaked in nothing, and in the grace of matter and anti-matter an explosion, from a distance, is grace, the plasmic rocking of birth, E manacled, suffused songbird and a word, E, in the rapture of energy -- nothing's new, a polygonal refusal and pollutant, a company, accompanied copper, wired tyrant of freedom, bound. O, E! In the absence of anything atomic, a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love! And in the end, as you have read, there was energy, the word, a fantastic excess from the sun or from love and the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 6

A MONK'S COWL THROUGH A STALLIONED VOID (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER F)

and Y, a commonplace letter, trips itself toward a more general direction. Polygonal excess, open peeling, wet macadam, dust bowed highway, lay your feet beneath us, and hold the earth together for another day. Foundational speed, impenetrable grayness of morning before rain, spin off, rotational axis, glamorous vapors of solids. Socratic good, you wreath our fusion with expected conversations.

The letter F, a monk's cowl through a stallioned void, hooded executioner, covalence of hated noon, you, everything present in an instant, bear your lance as though consumed. Fractioned pleasure of lyrical intent, break this evening, tail your fabric across a fugue's heat and flailing. Crusader, poisoned word a of a Duke's cup, swash your pestilence across expanding matter privileged real through real time, toward the air it splits behind itself, or the self-evident silence of its future.

Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Horrible charge, ionic attraction toward water and heat, in an evolutionary swill, at the swampy basis of cellular goop, the letter F, a monk's cowl through a stallioned void, bursts forth, spreads the news of atomic coherence, a literate mass of unwitnessed ignitions. Hang on this day, speech giving water, the tyranny of happenstance burgeoning in real time. Pull a blanket over everything and hold the heat for colder days.

Impatient patron of constant motion, self in motion, valent strength in an implosive sphere, stretch your body across this vacuum,

the instant of your hood trailing in the air. Sudden overheard heat, eavesdropping on a split atom, black hole earth, twist your pine in stutters across our breath. Vapors rise off our city toward voids and we pray for you, to this day, with poisoned swords.

Binary hopelessness, in your despair the letter F, a monk's cowl through a stallioned void, embodies the push of its wall, dialogic crusader, in you our no becomes a devotion to its will. Individual tyrant, sophist! For every individual dragged from their cave another human expression weathers its stone. Even for you, a concrete orbit smoothed to a back-slipped motion, there is a critical mass.

And now, as always, the hollow organ sounds, pulses forth its mourning, pipes a hang of air on air as though we breathe an alphabet, clothed. Harpsichord, voices slung to a fretful pitch, imagine all of this divided and redivided, a glut reduced to a singular track, an east borne boom symphony of itself. And this is a story of a train -- an evening bloom suffering eastward toward its shoulders.

Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Amidst this heat, in the midst of the desert of an asphyxiating vacuum, pealing life gives, there was F, a monk's cowl through a stallioned void, an improbable excess since written, muting its fabric through the speed of an impending commitment. How much heat, F, to steal from your breath the hollowed fruit of reply?

The letter F, a monk's cowl through a stallioned void, a ballast of repetition through a sphere of static, here is the sound of your vowelings: a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love aboard a weight borne train bound east, and a rearrangement begins to take place. A phonics of appropriation.

And this is the metaphor of F: On the wet macadam, in evening,
the friction of a hatless man, leaping.

And this is the story of F: F, a monk's cowl through a stallioned
void, valent despite its flagging, evidence of speed through galactic
entropy, once defied its cosmological direction. Suddenly, in its path,
F encountered fission, torn fabric failing toward its natural disaster.
F was sewn to the word and, bound, formed fission. Unspeakable unity of
divided atoms, in your fog a pervasive invasion of silence.
Unparalleled strength, perpendicular horizon, heat of speed in no time,
your body recreates an incongruent steed. And everything around you, in
our constant orbit, noises the incessant whirl of a word not spoken: a
monk's cowl through a stallioned void, the future wings a flare of its
tendrils.

Chapter 7

AN UPSURGE OF SUBLIME HOMOSEXUALITY (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER G)

and time, sliced, in the moment of ing. A thousand pities, truly, in the half-world of poems, the wall of a geode, smoothed angles, not the slightest bite of history. In geodes, the poem of the world -- radicality is fine, despite its width, as venom encased. A snake slides past, its vibrations the sound of its fate.

G, the upsurge of sublime homosexuality, soft curve, turned inward, the length of Christianity impaled. Nordic sweep, in your angles find salvation! How many words, in the language, as ghost words. For you, everything present in an instant, the spelling is everything. Please read the manuscript again.

As time passes, the relativity of a clock to these passing words, docking in the name of science, matter privileged real through real time, the new human body, as an earthworm, segmented. We, in white suits, find the following differences acceptable. Difference from difference, to the gaol, you, ghoulis predecessor of a Hegelian thought. Spend the night there. You'll see morning come, eventually.

And G, upsurge of sublime homosexuality, thousand pities, stutter of language made ghetto in slang, heavy singing of breath, the sound of living in circles. Everything, after all, is fine. Everyone, after all, is calm. I, self non-atomic to stranger, embrace the fullness of monogamy, a joining to the self as one. I take you, full known, to be my. Literally.

Primarily G, in selective motivation, a monad painted by fear -- passive filling of empty moments, emptied. How many chromosomes, to

straighten this line? And yet the courage of your turns, the body of the host uncoiled and used, at a right angle, a singe where water once flew. Remove the downstep of degrees, knock the leaves from the downspout, fall back to the host, uncoiled and used, unheated. A frozen turn of the macabre. This is the thickness of language in phlegm, the realized heaviness of the useful tongue made impassive by a numbing of its length. There's a closet full of clothes, count them -- but for Gods sake wear *something*. Forsaken nudity, existential ethos as venom, encased. We'd wear colors, if we believed in them.

It is Holy Saturday, maundy Thursday, in any sense a feast. And G, upsurge of sublime homosexuality, pride in the shard of rock, alone in a room, half-world of poems, smooth angles reduced by shadow. In how much love, unseed, rooted, the capability of the body toward category! Unleash the blood of your fury, G, home spun homosapien, wise man, gendered. In gender, the gate of heaven, the naming of periodical kinds. Carbon, potassium, bromide. Language poet mockery! Put it in something it's worth.

Conversely, disparity-- to remember foresight. There was once a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Genocidal race, in compassionate terms. Your body, G, thousand pities, the upsurge of sublime homosexuality, Geneva cross burden, your neutrality the genesis of our birth! Your sound, stuck, on the tongue. Your sound, stuck, in the throat. We'll just kill ourselves, if that's ok. Then we'll start over again.

Gang of men, gang of women, your journey, your speed in the length of your vowels! Unending hymns of praise -- to join the meeting of vaults. Unending indecision of decisions, ended. G, thousand pities,

upsurge of sublime homosexuality, the violence to squirm free of your master. And in G, the unrecognizable fertility of wood. The unrecognizable splice of a scissor. Or, more simply, not all earth, for tilling. Flower elsewhere, synthetic garden! G, not a mutation of the body, but the body in the fullness of song! The happiness in the love of men, of women, constantly blowing away.

And this is the story of G. G, the freedom of its flesh in its angles, unmirrored, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, happenstance of appearance, was wading in a pool of sorrow, silent in a cybernetic glen. Naked, unsuspecting, the rapture of the self in contemplation, awash in the sense of its self running over its moment, water uneven poured over itself, was squeezed at the neck by ene. All born, all mankind, the explosion of a bomb of bodies. Or, more simply, boiled off to a prescription of differences. This is the body of chemicals, a man unwound in his steps, approaches a woman for her beauty. America, a regulated brothel.

Yet always there is G, in spirit, the ghost of the love of man, alone, an upsurge of sublime homosexuality. Fair diuretic of monogamy, slick hero of nothing privileged real through no time. And you, fearsome gene -- an upsurge of sublime homosexuality, a fantastic excess from the sun or from love, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 8

A REARRANGEMENT THAT BEGINS TO TAKE PLACE (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER H)

and all letters silent, a tonic toward a music unbound. White seed, gesture of hills and of language, fracture of air, slow dance of sighs and element of names. Unsighted hiss, nounless becoming, what word are you at the edge of our breast? Breathe in our wake ancestral, ward, the breath we've left behind.

The letter H, a rearrangement that begins to take place, standing spin, liminal fluency of trails and trailings, dust bowl scatterings, evident air, whet your earth toward our eventual risings. Throughout this momentum and these shifts of legibility, words, inevitably, carry words with them. You, everything present in a instant, are a window at the top of a tree. Dust heath.

And the close of things. Thaw as rough, robed toward wind floods, a river carrying ice toward gathering. Final letter, base your body for painting and, meshed poem, between these words, discover your hundred oxen, light your hecatomb toward meaning.

The letter H, a rearrangement that begins to take place, punk driven rhythms of stories untold and histories laid bare at atomic feet, simplest crow bounds of rhythms, you bridge these stones as though memory. Hindrance, you, everything present in an instant, make high relief of these rocks.

Messianic tendency, climb from your ladder, sew patches toward a quilted rebus, a hero martyred for his image. Catastrophe of lepers, heap yourself toward the sun until there's a poem worth its words. For every pariah, a comet come to earth.

The letter H, a rearrangement that begins to take place, still the earth, root ledge, lethe sword, the poisoned cup undrunk. You, everything present in an instant, the most abundant element in the universe, lengthen your wings as coasting, make alchemy of the air you spin. Elemental stricture, make wide the horizon's step, paint a set of bits comprising the smallest addressable units. Nucleus of weight, gravity, specific in the place it turns, quantum of shape, your hold is an infinity of suns. Kaiser, mother! An electron inhabits your memory. Nothing changes.

And yet, in trains, concluded oceans of sand, eastward sweat, as in the grave of your throat, everything is the echo of its immediate release. Harpsichord, slung voice, you teem the air as though ice. Inevitable discovery in a cramped space, yet there is a poem to be found.

The letter H, a rearrangement that begins to take place, O ring of impending, in the absence of anything atomic, glass fusion of sky and dust, once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. For you, lungs of coal, bricked ancestry, for the motion of your line foreshortened as though regal, for you a bombardment of neutrons and a cast of unending hills. Half king, half slave, and in this body there are memories alone.

And this is the metaphor of H: there is a book on the shelf. You blink. There is still a book on the shelf.

More simply, then. Jesus, on a cross, as through reverent. A fire, in the air, as though atoms. Matter privileged real through real time, as though absence were not of your body. An alphabet, counting, as though story. There is I, self non-atomic to stranger. Look closer.

There is you, everything present in an instant, as though our breathing could mean life.

Fog, lift your head -- the earth is grumbling toward its completion. This is the story of H, the final impossibility of language and of love: H, one day, composing itself in a tyranny of rain, penned of its body impossible, wilting lines. Self-absorbed, suddenly the appearance of ystERIC, a roping and a valence. Bound unavoidable hysteric -- and H grabbed itself by its binding, ripped from its center its limb, and welcomed its death beside the word. And yet in you, dead letter, bodiless letter, unavoidable sound of our breath, there is the end of an alphabet and the failure of our language toward invention. We pass you across our lips and we reverence your name as if a poem could mean so much. H, impossibility of further breath, yours is the hysteric of our final and passing hope. The final sigh: a rearrangement begins to take place -- the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 9

SELF NON-ATOMIC TO STRANGER (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER I)

and U, everything present in an instant, a tourniquet of violence, speaking. Self, mother ego, happenstance trace of unwanted disease seeping, immune response to cold days. I, self non-atomic to stranger, self in constant erasure, a body unselved in mirrors, bear a mystery of light thrown black. In history and in fiction, the endless repetition of the self, non-atomic to stranger, toward fire, burdened by the flight of its body.

Incessant vowelizing of J, a consonant breathed through to its hollowness in standing's stillness, I, radiant, makes light of the force of its expression, smoothed as sand. Communicating, really, as if you had something to say. O, in the absence of anything atomic, the speech of I and the violence of listening. For every biography, slavery.

I, bodied electron, electronic synapse of opinion, incessant slip of unwritten inhalations, one letter to change the shape of a verb! Is to am, as am is, really. Marvelous. And yet, unknown quantity of self, orchestrated orchis of atomic streaking, a nudity of the self, unknown. And in your glance, everything present in an instant, silence enough to blind a thousand poets.

I, self non-atomic to stranger, in the patience of your line, complacent immunity of a self unothered, the feedback, constant consumption of responsibility, a thickened mucous heady in its weight or an unfazed tracing of incessant screams. The self in constant erasure. Consider: the body, in a mirror, unselved. What armor, made of this? In love, as in all things, the incantation of a constant violence. The body, in a mirror, unselved. The body, in a mirror, unselved. The body, in a mirror unselved. The body, in a mirror, unselved. The body

in a mirror, unselved. The body in a mirror, unselved. The body in a mirror unselved: Incant this mystery, indefinitely.

I, illumination of the word internal, pale overhang of a world's intent, covalence disjointed by the body, consciousness borne meaning in heavier waves, a heightened acknowledgment of presence, impending absence. A bodice. Erotic laden ladder, lover of bodies and wisdom, hopeless possibility of existential angst, in you, everything present in an instant, as in everything, the constant spinning of an idiom. To make language, then -- all words, in their relation to absence. Futurism in coat tails, made living. Beyond the placing of the subject, the infinite cycling of the sun in the body. Nouns removed, consistently, and everything, standing still.

The character I, undeveloped syntax of lessened imparting, imitative heap of every other, a drastically separate circulation of disparity. Iron gloom! I, self non-atomic to stranger, bold miniature, an unknown surfacing of metonymy, your skin patterned, irreducibly tender as a cities lightfall. Bare thighed runner, your sinews anonymous in your grimace, orbiting itself in its place, your gravity a specific attraction and the self a bed of impatiens. Come closer, I, to breathe on your neck and cool your skin to relief. Hapless body! I, self non-atomic to stranger, imperialist of fabrics, linens and spacetimes and lunch times, poet of allegory and alleged glory, the force of your thoughts impaled on your pen. It's never quite right, in photographs, written in the silence of impatient perception, perfected.

I, self non-atomic to stranger, final tragedy, body recognized in stutters, capability of unthought of existences, insurgent solitude of solidity, solipsistic tightness -- and yet, in breathing your warmth and in the blushing of our skin, as always in the violence of intercourse, the dosing of respect. As soon as you've spoken, I've

raped you, and yet I, self non-atomic to stranger, did not choose this thrust.

O, in the absence of anything atomic, I, self non-atomic to stranger, impassive flesh unwhetted, call me to attention in your silence! Hold your body forth, lover, and in your face we shall supervene. I, messianic chariot, blessed be thy blood -- void, hopefulness of unknowing you -- in the face of I, self non-atomic to stranger, the swirl of an eternity of atoms! A genesis of the love of I, in the utmost fertility of fallowed faces. In every garden, a passing breeze.

And this is the story of I. I, self non-atomic to stranger, eternity of self in eternal moments, constant self-erasure, immortal mortality, after a day of writing poems immediately unwritten, was resting in the sun on the grass. Suddenly, I was awoken by rradiated, dragged away and known, forced to mediation in the services of irradiated. Unfathomable light of knowledge, husked body made servile in name. I, become radiant, a forcible expression of something to say. I, self non-atomic to stranger, the death of millions, through my hands, and then the future, winging a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 10

A SAVIOR KNOWN AND CRUCIFIED (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER J)

and I, breathing softly through its vowel. In this veil, this plain uncounted expectation, obstructed, unruled passage of poets less power and spit forth poems, in this pyre of words unspoken by breezes, soft blazing mound, the hands of the letter J curl forth their spread against smoothed panes of glass. In each print a body wavers, then swept away.

The letter J, a savior known and crucified, a vowel voiced through to its consonant, an agreement of omnipotent air streams clothed, a current surfacing of major weather. J, your grasp an irrational bend of uncirculated radiance, active blood of created stutters. J, even self as historical object upturned, a bold upsweep, blood toward vowelizing in the reeds. Long live the king goes there.

An elegy for passing limits, airborne halo wet swung among day clouds, God full smiling against a colorless whelp, contagion of a crucifixion made lean-to in our sleep. I, self non atomic to stranger, gaze upon your face and your body slims to waves -- a greeting of surf and sand toward traction. Viced robes, hang loose on shoulders, a suffering borne moist as soldiers, the frothy exhaust of a lung.

J, savior known and crucified, the lines of your skin a historical force toward regression, an equal spread of pressure across our parting lips. Do not speak -- in the act of your words, as you push your tongue through narrow spaces, the residue of your momentum gains an earthenware heat. To look at you, everything present in an instant, J, a savior known and crucified, in the awe of the vertex of your orbit, there are slim lights swept believably across the distance. In your distant turn, J, hopeless distinction of your letter, the swirl of all these contemporary moods.

And yet, how much weight, impositioned air? Impossible patience of form, dance in the moonlight, O love, in the absence of anything atomic, there is music even here. And in the morning, the denial of your dreams, the flowers of your heart in tearful wilts. Burn of ropes, cool flesh uprooted by nails, known repentance of sighted faiths, a polygonal coolness in distinction, a response to creeping sorrows. Person grown structure, stricture of night strides, star maps, waving gaseous fades, and alone, on a mound of earth, mourning indistinct tremors make wild slides of your name. Incandescent evening, glow of city light, everywhere your twine unravels! And you speak, fading travels, and your words muscle a crucifix of the air.

J, a savior known and crucified, made spring like your alphabet, forgotten textual bindings, lending your story toward historical developments, index of ineffable sets of grass, one look up and the color seeps out. J, dirtied vowel, in this pool, your reflection man made, reams of moistened chlorinated truths and the trauma of happened things. Ineffable! Not spoken words unexhausted in their silences, a hung shadow's lurk through alleyways.

Friction, frozen slag heap hearth, your eyes pervasive of all greens! Vegetable logic, smirk of failed wisdom, undrench your hands from this frail abandonment, and as bodies rise to eventful fallings, with every passing day the skeleton of half-lives paraded toward night evils, there are stories whisper sung toward wholeness. As thus, in this recognition: a whimper of sky against night clouds. Gray sky, you sing these days with gray wreaths.

And this is the story of J: J, a savior known and crucified, a word uttered and in meaning toward rape, in the burning ropes and in a

pyre of words, in this blaze, as in all others, an unnecessary energy --
milk made worthy in its rejection, reddened systematic of simple
addition. J, in recovery, in this trauma of interpretive electricity,
the weight of a body heaped toward its gravity, selfless energy of
hamstrung poisons, voweled through to its consonance, toward voice.

In the morning, J, outstretched, in the sun. Suddenly spotless
perception, pristine invasion excused, J, reassured in its place, is
known. Nude, turned on all sides toward sterility, a privilege of use
and object, unenviable vulnerability of flesh sautered before words, to
ahovah, avowed. O, in the absence of anything atomic, God made man,
omnipotent momentum, words chiseled toward felt. In this, as in all
things, a parasitic Puritanism, attaching its plurality. Unspoken name,
word voiced in its tyranny, we rename you thus: savior, known and
crucified, your forehead pinwheels like tire ruts, and as a
rearrangement begins to take place, the future wings a flare of its
tendrils.

Chapter 11

A MISFIGURED SERPENT OF SALVATION (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER K)

and C obeyed softly, fearfully. Hail Caesar, painfully iced, the necessity, the human need, of pinwheels and irradiation, irrespective. This is the story of K, this, not the end but the beginning, of potassium, the ashes after tyrants, of memory, of a mindfulness, beyond pregnancy, beyond abstraction as commodity, toward mindlessness, of thousands, of millions, of slaughter, the hardness and rapture of gh, of hecatombs, of one hundred oxen sacrificed for H, the violent intersection of divergent thought. Polar psychologies, both frozen. That which, on the precipice, headlong precipitation of a body, of unity, demands its separation, a ration of thought that's just enough. Reasonably, then, this is the story of K, the misfigured serpent of salvation.

Perpetually, growth unchecked, the problem of free will, and does, the creeping form of safety, bathing itself in a hooded gown of salute, feeds itself toward health, and yet, in K, the precipitation of a body, disorder, an unsystematic placement, a meaning as obvious as a scabbard, clotted nest of blood, K, feisty as an electron, misfigured serpent of salvation, friend of Caesar, Americanized fast food lynching, the history of your song in violence!

Two men, sipping lattes,
discuss Allen Ginsberg's dick
as though it were contemporary,
within this time, with you, along the line inherited, allow me to suffer
for you, everything present in an instant, and I, self non-atomic to
stranger. Two men discuss human rights as though righteous anger were
action. Deedless! Tyrants, unending barbarians of speech, and slaves

despite their slight intent! And yet, you have imagined some coffee shop when all that exists are windows insurgent against snow. Thus, the cycle of K.

Ruffian, sedimentary slide, grout and tile, writer of history, our story, bard and learned man, spectre, howling fog of a body! Caesar, mother! Abuser of lovers! Masquerade! We import you, buffoon, not in white gowns and walls of murder flaming. You came, on Aristotle's wrists, the guise of a well formed idea, a New York runway trend, a one way street, dark alley toward rising dust. From K, this much is certain, the following rule, this length of given measure, as true as music: American empire, you are moderation, and you cower at the hiss of K! 'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free, sing the song forgotten or imagine in fields and bonnets, the manacles of passivity, of moderation, the misfigured serpent of salvation, a venom in the somnambulism of your needs. Long lines of songbirds, singing as though segments. Lay your hands at your sides, polygonal slough, and relax. Everything you need to be will be made of you.

Almost a cross itself, a passable imitation, two lines of the same length appearing unequal. Ruler of the absolute, drunk on formalist thought, scientist of race and glass eyed, a messianic servant turned serpent, misfigured serpent of salvation. Phrenologist! In whose race were you born? Roman? You have spilled the tower of Babel, and out have come bibles, poems beyond authorial control. How much death has been wrought by identity -- it is the serpent come to save us, one by one. For every nation, its despot. For every race, its murderer. If Eve were anything but a rib, or anticipation. Caesar, mother!

Misfigured serpent of salvation, harmonious tune of progeny unwound, the measure of a thread of seeds, of mustard, courage held by the threat of germination. The procedure enacted, a virus released, in

megabytes or in flesh. Or, simply, potassium. Water drenched over its liquid wholly. Suffocation. Beware the tides of soap, of fertilization, everywhere there is K. Unleashing of specific gravity! Caesar, mother!

There was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. There was a body, precipitated.

And this is the story of K -- vandal, outlaw, operating beyond the schema of understanding, man of excess who moderates, reduces, to maintain his wealth, self of storm, even you must sleep! And one evening, K, misfigured serpent of salvation, the cross who missed its shape just slightly, asleep amidst its jewels in a desert cave, was dragged to the cove of aiser, the birth of Kaiser. Mother, your name sheathed, as though water drenched over its liquid wholly. Romanized, womanizer, eyes of brown, hail Caesar! K, the hero of the sword, the emperor, whose shadow in which an empire hides. O, in the absence of anything atomic, confusion of hosts! The alleged glory, whispered: the misfigured serpent of salvation, a forehead, pinwheeling like tire ruts, self non-atomic to stranger, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 12

A FRICTIONED SCREAM THAT FALLS SILENT, CONDENSING TOWARD ITS LIPS

(A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER L)

and Z, an epitaph inscribed in its waiting. The length of the line, constant measure, wading in a chronological passivity, from C, the body of the host uncoiled and used, through E, a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, is mediated by L, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, a half of wholeness, an unchemicaled negotiation of heated bodies, orbiting masses of sterility, a revelation of a people borne by their spin, a wound that holds your flesh together. Look back -- there's enough salt, for the lot of you.

L, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, freedom fighter, squaring your parts against a metonymic rub, revolutionary earthquake, French paradigm, unharmed scurrying of a burgeoning whole -- here, as elsewhere, a separation. In this birth, this degree of removal in the heat of atomic subservience, O, in the absence of anything atomic, eventual fusion! The gradual evolution from the breath to the word.

L, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, envisioned failure of blindness, burning, intrusive mangle of flesh made separate, body mirage reducibly selved in the sting of its wounds. Unbearable unity, right angle offered, in your wake, a consubstantiation of letter and shape. Formally speaking, reduced box, your catch the resonance of a primary script and the correction of the spoken voice. And in this wound, not the salt of Sodom, but milk, there pours forth a healing broth. In a scab, as in anything, the history of the world. Revision: Jesus, on a cross, with a crown of thorns. Half real.

Heated fault line, in your shape the very blame of your foregone geometry. Voiceless complicity of handless action, a place undone by its amputation. Half written battle stance, unwon, untoward slice of skin, undefined axes, the hang of half chopped wood unfired. In every possibility, the reality that the possibility never was. L. Square. Marvelous.

The letter L, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, rooted mediator of moderation and love, unposed silence of imposing bodies, heated spectre unserved, in your colors the expansion of the roads our motion whets. Nitrates, fixed enough for killing. In each crusade, in the fire between ankled bodies, the brush of your angle toward balance. Defiant harlot of freedom, your tear the thrust to heat the world, ray giver, unmasked letter of division! Enough tears to fill a coffee cup.

And yet, in the vacancy unreleased in your slide, festering sore of salvation, in your flesh, grown limp, the certain, collapsing tide. In what you, everything present in an instant, have claimed, there is always the film of recovery, the impatient advance of survival, in dreams. In the absence of your skin, Oh, in the absence of anything atomic, lord, in the final myth of your tendons, in the collapsing moisture of your lungs, in the precipitation of breath unbreathed, as your flesh relieves your skin, so our flesh runneth over.

Boxed heat, rubbing of contact made distant by its friction, hushed messianic impulse, your nail holds the wreaths of injury. Infinite influx, certain cutting of atoms, drastic temperature of your explosion, L, unsquared, violence of inquiry. L, as if a frictioned half of wholeness, unsanded event, in your heat, in the rubbing of your

particular presence, the entropy of your fissure! L, a skull in the earthquake of its birth, the initiation of the stone without water, drenched over its liquid wholly.

And this is the story of L. L, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, awash in its freedom from form, bathed in a river, scrubbing at the tattoo of its history. Suddenly, a rustle in the brush, the appearance of aceration. L, manacled at its angle, thrust to the forefront of the word, forcible assertion of its appearance, and the uncertain formation of laceration. L, pliant surge of freedom, free nation undone in its scarring! O, in the absence of anything atomic, L, mediated wound made heady in your word! And in the end, as in the beginning, there is the word, voiceless in the resonance of its speech, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, a forehead pinwheeling like tire ruts, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, and the future winging a flare of its tendril.

Here is the tissue of the body, made skin by the depth of its trauma.

Chapter 13

LIFE THROUGH ME, AN INHOSPITABLE HOUSE (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER M)

and the short burst of speech from N, a call to his mother since buried. Slung consciousness, embodied form, in this sun our medium of echoes, meteorological walls of electric shocks, your readiness the wheat of day to day dreamings. Mercenary, regal arch of a mandated axe, you are the love of a stone weathered in the sand. In the ocean, in the descent of approach, will this water last? Perpetual change is in the air.

M, life through me, an inhospitable house, bold monad, violent incorporation of stranger selves, greater formation of domestic yokes, in your palm the history of your loves. M, sovereign dignity, absolute twilight of horsebound hymns, servant personage of bearing and aspect, unbound narrowness of a midwife's hand, your marrow the steep of our boarding! Hold your sword to my throat -- I, self non-atomic to stranger, eros laden ladder of lovers and love. We'll live through you, place to live.

Final epidemic before impending waves, sturdy anticipation of bodily heat -- the state of your rooms our deprivative decisions -- sheer mass, you sheen the land from guilt! And in all shelter, in the refuge of weather and breath, in the stemmed geometries of a tyrant's intent, in sanctuaries of mud and particle board, the axial wink of a subatomic swarm. Walk through these walls -- indefinite boundaries revolve in the offing.

But M, life through me, an inhospitable house, memory of ourselves and the songs of feeling, moribund planing of celestial steppes, divine right, your purity the broad streets of regal threshings, you, everything present in an instant, final stoic in a line of salvation! And M, body, in the certain folds your hands entail, the scattered

maskings your flesh subsumes, in you, pale house, sole violence of a
thousand births, in you how many whispers swarm to fugues unsung?
Harmful salvation, I decorate your movement with a holding myth!
Trident and beard. The water will last.

M, life through me, an inhospitable house, my Lord, I wash your
feet, man leader, strained hold on open spaces. But listen to the sum
of your body: in your bedroom, nothing is said, repeatedly. In your
kitchen, a maiden excites a kettle toward tea. In your living room, a
television drips light toward flooding. Everywhere, sovereign, blatant
body of a pardoned mass, your grave the face your youth precludes.

Monad! Wanderer in orbit about children razed, you hold your
place in the benevolence of robes. Tyrant, crowned rank of a dimpled
smirk, plunderer, definite striking of linear waves, you are water
enough for thermal extinctions. Presage of wakes -- how much tyrant,
for this or that organ? Pound forth our songs for shelter.

And yet I, self non-atomic to stranger, in you, everything present
in an instant, life through me, an inhospitable house, precipitated
participation, a nucleus of your body toward a final breath. Split me -
- between these four walls, annihilation conceived.

Oh the length of your spread! Nonsensical input of gravity -- in
this the flux of a magnetized world, constantly turning toward tides.
Reciprocal hopes of bowed encounters -- here is the repetition of an
earthy scent. The letter M, life through me, an inhospitable house, you
bear the history you bring with you.

And this is the story of M: M, astride a horse, paused for water
on a warm summer day. Suddenly, an unassuming removal of light, and M,
grabbed by its legs, was forcibly harnessed to a jesty. Oh, in the
absence of anything atomic, everything present in an instant, tyrant
disrobed, savior, shelter, bloodied letter of domestic allusion, your

skin befuddles our words. Secured, M became majesty, the greater one, beneficent serpent of fastened poverty, democracy queered toward capital intent, and in your zenith the battering of a thousand masts! A conical helix toward detonation. From the future the screams of your curve: life through me, an inhospitable house, the pinwheeling of tire ruts in your forehead, a savior, known and crucified, a fantastic excess from the sun or from love, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 14

A BODY TOWARD THE END OF ITS ABSENCE (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER N)

and M passes through, a moment of legibility. Tight fruit, multitude of nourishment folded, precipitating fog of tightened flesh -- you are the mammalian intent in a harbor of stones, a narrative bind bound to this page. More simply, in every cell, despite its shape, divisions. For every conversation, each kernel of sentience, an energy unbreathed in its thickening throat.

N, a body toward the end of its absence, long, thinned lines of phallic intent, conception of revolving imperatives, your cycle belies a more vascular weight. Nightfall toward sometime, known world, you hush toward a wail of your eyes. This birth, like that birth, a formulaic thriller, the history of mankind for a matinee.

Cast these nets aside and wait for groping hands. A fog concludes the ocean as a woman whets water toward form, a particular swelling of precipitation, a lived place across an ocean's rhythms, a wicker tumbling of nouns. Angled woman, declarative lens of vision inscribed, weight thin air with vacant pulsings. Meteorological woman -- shades of mist sheered by lightning.

N, a body toward the end of its absence, you sigh in your vowel as though weeping. Throned exteriority of birth, expand your bellows toward our contraction, a unifying violence toward abandoned streets. Sheathed atom, weighted air, you are nitrogen buoyed by a proton's hope, the positive charge of the sun's appearance. There -- your breath shuddered, as if larger this time.

Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies, whose orbits penned swiftly their random decoherence. Declarative stroke, ink in flux as though a magnet's page, what hydration will stem

your fixing? Infertile soils, pour forth the radiance of your fecund affects! Words of history, pound forth a future's song, embody words of soil seeded deep in root ledges. Now, as always -- the smoke has cleared, but has not gone away.

N, a body toward the end of its absence, a gray woman clouding over toward an impending claustrophobia, insomniac body ever turning toward its love, charge of revolution in your mouth's Braille, you are the nourishment of endless loaves. Be full and be full of the bread of air, the sun in the glory of safe explosions.

Ever turning moss rock of sleep, we lean toward you, as if to privilege an intricate trope. Centered tension, hold us forth, that we may speed toward the infinity your dualism precludes. Metalled garments, you know not where these journeys lead next! But, kernel of sentience, atomic truths gathered in your swirls, what body will you uncover as tulips pain the meniscus of soil? Even when we look away and turn back, it's light outside. Wilted ruts are burning from a horizons breadth, a photosphere of markings.

N, a body toward the end of its absence, a constant spilling forth from a monk's cup, you are the condensed fruit of daylight but languorous, the crossing of a visioned event. What wine, before nightfall, will be warmed to our blood? What feast are you, tightening emergence of morning, while we wait for the splitting of air from air, for the final width of the horizon, for a depth beyond the firmament?

Oh, in the absence of anything atomic, this unstrung orbit, the daily momentum of the sun and of love, ever turning moss rock, tulips and wine, wet your throat, unwitting, for this day is set for the fall of your leaves. Turn your atoms free, loose the orbit of a billion years, and as air splits from air feel the force of these planets, diffused. This is the letter made legible.

And this is the story of N. N, bold accretion of word and dust,
gathering place for the initially ephemeral, once you, everything
present in an instant settled against a tree, opened an illegible book.
Enchanted, bound to the page by a narrative spell, N failed to notice
the approach of ucleus. Suddenly, the rapture, an ionic bond and,
unassailable, the formation of nucleus, the world sucked out and
reversed, a decoherence of greens and browns and an infinite stretch of
upright things. Bold wanderer, in your place the spin of possible
meanings, boiled off toward an escaping steam. Nucleus -- your gravity
as specific as your name. And in everything appearing, in the branch
that strands your vision, is the cryptic alphabet of nucleus, whispering
its grains toward nightfall: a body toward the end of its absence, the
future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 15

IN THE ABSENCE OF ANYTHING ATOMIC (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER O)

and the repetition, endless, of z. Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. These are letters, as well as numbers, dug deep through the water of our sores, an emptiness through the hearth of our circulation. We seek the coolness of a shore, of anything giving shape. Zero, in its silence, screams the ineffable of happened in quick time, booted up, a reality constructed of confused transience, an ocean concluded by the fog. As if in a trance there is O, in the absence of anything atomic, an available scream, capable of its worth, a forehead, pinwheeling, like tire ruts, lettered number, numbed letter, or the moment of not feeling -- it's as tactile an emotion as anything. There is that which is absent, conspicuously. There is that which is present, conspicuously. Look with intent -- there is a tremor, and in your outline I, self non-atomic to stranger, fitfully embrace your omission.

There was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. The letter O, uninterested, despicable to the sub-atomic, the glance of the wind neutered, developed in an unsustainable fashion. O would hold together but for the gravity of cooler bodies. There is truth there, if you'll jump and fall far enough to cast a light upon air torn from air as withering marrow. O, in the absence of everything atomic, the heating of the within within. Sterile. Given a lack of chaos, a misfigured serpent of salvation, there is distopia, unplaced well, mercury tainted, harnessed to the letter like so much patience, the sun burning down and the endurance of the burden of its shape.

The letter O, in the absence of anything atomic, lips of life, swollen, bluing as dead. This was the root, well watered and

sufficiently deep, a conscious taking, of that which rots. For every rooted thing, the constant impending of its exile.

Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Able absence and refused division, the parting of seas, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, and the return, a rearrangement that begins to take place, the upsurge of a sublime homosexuality -- thus the wholeness of O. Who are you, pale lover, to make a fugue of the fire of air? And how much marrow, smoked toward a crumbling of its pith? In the absence of anything atomic, an O ring as loud as a neutron bombardment, a freeze, and, as the moment goes past, hydrogen flame wall. The event not history but current, the event never history but history consumed, a medial dialectic of electricity. In the absence of copulation, the waves of a tapestry not sewn but machined. Technology, a skill in words, speaks to the nation of somnambulism -- O has come to harness you, everything present in an instant, and all else. A length in the evolutionary chain, human as pollutant, harvested, challenger speaking clearly from its corner, false deceiver, chancre, human chimera of a body, lion's head goat's arms serpent's length, a fire to be breathed, a sensuous th in the twilight, in the parlor, I speak to thee. The skill of words over done, the master made servant as though Victorian. The twenty first century has been written, omitting the letter O. It must not be read.

O, heirloom of tragedy, your shadow irradiated and your body upheld! In the fullness of any furnace, at the very heat of air split from air, expansion, how your silence unwound each siren, each song. The passing heat of the day.

And this is the story of O -- O, brilliant, breathing the fire of its silence, in the absence of anything atomic, in the matter of its vacancy, was accosted by mmision, sent forth in the name of conversion,

the complete rotation of O. Fastened to the word without protest, the violence inherent in science, matter privileged real through real time, in the absence of anything atomic, O assimilated the presence of absence. No longer silent, no longer absent, O irradiated, impossible neutron bombardment, the letter whose shadow was destroyed without detriment to its body, in the absence of anything atomic, reduced the presence of absence, not of its own, but of the presence of the absence of abstraction. O made Homeric -- O, in the absence of anything atomic, the tragedy of your song! In every blast, your identity sewn and veiled.

And this is the fallout of O: In the absence of anything atomic, life through me, an inhospitable house and life through me, inhospitable house, I self non-atomic to stranger and matter privileged real through real time matter privileged real through real time, I self non-atomic to stranger, in the absence of anything atomic, a body toward the end of its absence.

Hear, O man and woman, there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Seek coolness and sleep. Seek shadow. The revolution of O, approaching endlessly.

Chapter 16

A WEIGHT BORNE TRAIN BOUND EAST (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER P)

and H mouths its hills, slight burns on the skin of its ration.
Penumbra of sounds, almost shadow of nightless day, phase of light, we
weep for the spin of your lips. Wandering triumph, fated entrance,
return to the bay of your lover! Crush these grapes toward seed -- a
classic is living as it needs to be. With an impartial spread of your
lips, everything present in an instant, sing these prayers of despair
and of love, a bugle's call made human as music, as clover.

The letter P, a weight borne train bound east, cooled soil, sand
plumb, your body marks this river as though tonic. Push your metal
forward, child's echo, repeat yourself toward belief. Water drenched
over its liquid wholly, flattened organ, you are the vascular structure
of tissue sheets.

Apparent stillness, you cast relentless motion. Species, trope of
earth, plant your tree as water and choke openly the black grave of your
throat. I, self non-atomic to stranger, remember these things -- the
eternal flash of nightsparks, blowing constellations across city
porches, the noise of waterspouts. A nightjar swoops, its wings
extended toward salvation.

And yet, for every dive, as gulls dive, a neutron bombardment
toward a phosphorescent pith. How much heat will your marrow hold? And
day to day progress grates a bone turned black, roots reach through your
ledge -- push deeper, toward a cooler stream.

The letter P, a weight borne train bound east, dragging retinue of
sunset, evening bloom suffering toward your shoulders, impeccable
motion, mothered stone of sky, and still the earth. You, everything
present in an instant, ply weight over air as though light, and make

cloth of the paper of the air. Burst through -- there's a doorway here that's yet to be repaired.

Rub of words, frictioned stranger, you heat this world through waters' smell, a hint of wetness as though sand. All things must end, eventually. A train bruises past, an evening bloom suffering eastward toward its shoulders, so it need not do so later. Unwound dying, the wider the spectrum of your links the more your faith protrudes. Puncture the night with your scream.

Irrational planet, thin waste, you make of your loop an electric proximity, a particle worn toward its distance. Parasitic revolution, pop of every other thing, turn toward the sun what you owe! In your wealth the cold marching of death and tyrants, a fugue of fires at nightfall.

The letter P, a weight borne train bound east, you burst through our vacancy as dawn, a lover drawn close as our lips, a demarcation of the impossible measure of our spread. Don these skins, placeless letter, as a prism encounters the slight of its axes. Impossible pronunciation, caress these words as lips and make fruit of an alphabet left fallow.

Fat cells, blood cells, wise matron toward tissue, pith, in your sponge seeps the grandeur of a cosmic lack. Air splits from air, a heap of heat burns down, and torn, as left behind ashes defy dimension, no daybreak. Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Oh, in the absence of anything atomic, slim our skeletons toward a neutral fire and make fine the metals that churn the night.

And still dragging, boxcars, bread, the letter P, a weight borne train bound east, an impossible length of splendor, bulbous breathing, you are the final exhalation of a wearied drive. Above the cloud and below the cold.

And this is the story of P: P, a weight borne train bound east,
weary from its wandering, spent the night resting by its path. Asleep,
P was accosted by lutionim, and hung, like a willow, toward its word.
Oh, foundational motion, progress of metal toward its steam! An
inescapable bind, an accretion and an orbit, the history in the future
of the word -- plutonium. And now, in every stutter, in every turn a
body slings, shearsmen of air, there is the whisper of this violence:
in a weight borne train bound east a frictioned scream falls silent,
condensing toward its lips -- the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 17

A FUNDAMENTAL INTERSECTION OF SPECIFIC PARTICLES

(A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER Q)

and U, everything present in an instant, less present in the momentum of these sounds. Here, whistling as though exterior to speech, in the primal measured banter of a thousand ropes, queered to the normalcy of democratic trainings, here is the burden of the letter untracked. In the aeration of a thickened sound, in the forcible patience of its relief, there rises the final failure of monogamy -- fruitless love, childless, deaf, but hearing the colors these words refuse. You, everything present in an instant, bear the mark of our inescapable strictures.

Q, the fundamental interaction of specific particles, thinned bass toward the earth of your silence, angled masonry, in the elegant turn of your dimensionless form, a revolution of the length or your vowel! Half-stellar quickening, uncertain mortar of lime and sand, Q, a quasar with shadows enough, a molar to be a port.

Shifting momentum of mimetic pens, potential radiation intact, creator of all things made, find uncertain principles of too much stranded light. How much silence sounds in this disintegrated abscess? The more you, everything present in an instant, force things together, the more they'll tend toward rest. As for measured things, as for nested things, we'll assume the order of operations null.

Q, a fundamental interaction of specific particles, chocking fog of purity, self evident truth of amorphous happenings, you bear tidings of full mooned awe. In the smallest hearths, in uninvestigated measures, hear the consequence of your erasure! Silence sounds in this abscess of disintegration, less present in the momentum of these

thousand days. Everything repeats itself, and everything is happening. You're there, in residue, at least.

Once, there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. There was a body, beneath you, shaking violently in the excess of its shape, unsure victim of its nature, rubbing toward a friction of youth. You, everything present in an instant, incident, accident, not a miracle of covert bonds, rounded dispute of space, examined resistance of blooded flesh! Rebus of nuclei, we are mammals suspended toward repetition, measuring the lengths between sight.

Q, the fundamental interaction of specific particles, natural capitulation toward heat, in you, everything present in an instant, the odd relief of definition, introspective self-hood made real. I, self non-atomic to stranger, the capacity of knowledge of my nuclear scarf, scan horizons toward extensions, and yet everywhere, the relieving force of the wind. Blink -- a quantifiable jump toward the future your body is willing to take.

Q, revolutionary throwback, seize power in the acceleration of your song, make light from the stream of your particular force. And yet, unsplittable harmlessness, in your addition and in your division, the forced distribution of a solution of energy, frothed. Certainty, unsheathed, its blade as blunt as pressure, the touching of our bodies constrained. Matter created is matter destroyed. Q, fundamental interaction of specific particles, relativity made atomic in a precision of our time, your randomness is the beauty of acrylic starlight, an atmosphere charged in its haste.

And this is the story of Q: Q, social practitioner of eternal change, was seduced by you, everything present in an instant, toward conversation. Suddenly caught in the valence of bondage, Q became QU despite its primal turns. Eventually settled, QU, nameless element

unwriting its place, unwitting obesity in the circuit of its self
unknown, self made nuclear but thought pure, blinded toward the other in
incorporative violence, was approached by antum. Measured attraction of
specific differences, foul gravity whetted toward fire -- an implosion
and the entropic formulation of quantum, the subatomic made useful
toward endings. Measured formlessness, your word binds the presage of
the unspoken. And yet, in a voice dying down, in the color of your
thought in graved air, as at the start of a miserable play, a fracture
of language emerges: fundamental interaction of specific particles, the
future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 18

AN ORBIT UNSTRUNG FROM ITS DAILY MOMENTUM (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER R)

and P, hushed, the forceful silence of an alphabet. Unemitted radiation, contained proton weighting the balance of a pronoun's glare, disassociated glaze shriveling in the heat, the symmetric turn of your face marks the dissipation of galactic fogs. This noun, like that noun, is everything you expected. This celestial body and that, spinning like nothing ever happened.

R, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, the music of thought tuned across a splintered harmony, fractured quandariness of monastic order, overturned congress of a cardinal, how expansive the myth of your cord! Child, shivering in the mist, how much dust draws your frictionless turns. Mother lover, incestuous head of a puppet's body, the plane of your growl inscribes a consumption of bread unteethed. Universally, you, everything present in an instant, cusped harbor of nuclear secrets, in your subtlety you are gravity, toothless and drowning in your froth. Stand here -- enough force to drag bodies through your wake.

Recondite species, loose as desire in a neighboring prince, how daily your speech airs reckoned love, and how I, self non-atomic to stranger, peacefully grave the directionless eternity of a river at its banks. How, unrolled, the evening gives way to its tides, how the tides, unrolled, give the ocean to the shore. In this kingdom, in that kingdom, lovers are losing their way.

R, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, galactic intrusion of dimensional bones, a human head, progressed through tongues, a King-like remnant of stupidity everlasting. Fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, let Babel forth and deal the injuries of numbered hands.

Mortar must come from somewhere, and both -- a series of shattered skulls as though a sinus, a pestle mashing lamb toward the non-luminous. Don't look now -- there's celestial bodies in the fold.

And R, circumstance, you, everything present in an instant, are the portion of the tide compassing the shore, how many times, and in walking together, in holding your body as though marching, your body has failed your sound. Deep gull overturned in your flight, in the blast whose furnace made bodies of shadows, desperate moment living -- bleached distinction from axial rotation! In sudden changes, seizures, and in convulsions of love, tyrants wade toward rougher things. In every body, as evolution, the uncut atoms of a breathless, infinite scream.

R, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, tigress aggression of a lifeless dawn -- when the sun rises, in our exposure our shadows make folds of our bodies, and I, self non-atomic to stranger, feel the heat of internal fission. Dull body, you make of your hold dull sufferings! The negative of the northern horizon.

R, woman of endless momentum, harnessed politic of mechanistic unwinding, in your eyes, confident stranger, we acknowledge something's brewing. Tigress, planetary swing unswung, harmonies untied by a celestial pace, spin off toward a system of suns. There will be always a field to catch you.

And R, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, in human dimensions, in the rub of our bodies against one another, in the hum of the fictions of our flesh, in our gaunt heroism and most mature vapors, in the museums of our imagination, how much equity has been charmed of love. Oh, beautiful child, turn from these, fattest pigeons! Especially in gorging, everything's in moderation.

And this is the metaphor of R: If you, everything present in an instant, attempt to walk through this same wall, repeatedly, for one million years, repeatedly, eventually you'll walk through this wall.

And this is the story of R: R, exhausted from the imposition of a unified field, reposed beneath a dark sycamore, when, suddenly, a word grappled with her, fettered her to evolution. Tigress, unspeakable possibility of liberty, we are left only with the sound of your breath! Impossible revolution, solar system of thought! Totality of networks, net worth of solitude absorbed toward other ends. Yet, in every revolution, a seizure whispers: orbit unstrung from daily momentum, fantastic excess from the sun or from love, the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 19

MATTER PRIVILEGED REAL THROUGH REAL TIME (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER S)

and the endless repetition, the white noise, whispered, of Z. To know, in part, to learn, imparted, as lips the absence of feathers in a scissortail, a chilly, subtle graybeard, pale mariner of rhymed meter, endless multiplicity. We will assume the following is true, until disproved, as eventually the anticipation of happening in time reflected across an expanding sphere of light, the lack of order in proof revealed in an inevitable slaughter of the young. Constant standing with. Make something useful of yourself, dot you want, have you have in everything the repetition of possession, to be rich?

The letter S, matter privileged real, through real time, is of your thoughts, unknowingly, the slimmed odor of oxygen your lungs refuse. Open your arms, ugly embrace, support us, pillar, our love dumbfounded before your sense, we kneel, oh, in the absence of anything atomic, tell us the truths, the genuinely ours -- a narrative construct, familiar. Our altar the fertility of your chemical bath. Make us new! We listen, ordered, going down, passionate cock of the ear, for the news of the day, a gown, illiterate, in the toll of church bells, for identity, for a self, non-atomic to stranger, the impression of your weight, our savior, malfigured and divorced. We would like to borrow from you, everything present in an instant, just for a moment and not eternally tyrannical, our cultural relevance. We've a genome to blueprint. As if were beautiful enough, to be blueprinted.

And here, in the air of S, in our air, approaching something human, inheritance not of earth but of the neglect of, unknowing pace of a needle, what do we weave of soil? Sharp impending of peace, you are mad, but through your madness escapes revolution, a measure of the

return of motion to matter and non, privileged real, through real time, as though in exhaling nothing has changed, nothing more has been broken. Breathe out. Nothing is the same. In every breath, S. In every thing that passes, S. It is in S, matter privileged real, through real time, our guardian of knowledge, graybeard, guru, authority, so called author of salvation, malfigured and divorced. Misfigured tyrant made only son. And this is the nature of S -- this is given. Words are given but exist only in the stillness of their tensions. Matter privileged real, through real time. Genuflection. So many rocks, so much water, so much air. Plural tangibility. Imagine emptiness, emptied.

Phrenologist! For a drop of your blood the history of footsteps! My body has passed through hallways you will never detect, regardless of what I leave behind. There are no feathers to measure, in the scissortail. Turn the page.

S, matter privileged real, through real time, masseuse of ready minds, unread and indifferent. In whose trace does your silence unfurl? Of what copy has your carbon drawn? Let down your hair, let us smell it, any antecedent beyond you, hunted. Exploded S, master of invisibility, the unseen, photograph, fixing drink of the moment, our heart unwritten in your time, gilded horseman, ignorant fossil! The starving, ever hungrier, await the grace of your papacy.

Or temporally, eternally is. Perception, seen unwound, history compacted, narratives will grind to powder. A seam, not thread. Not torn. Not a bonfire in a yet unwritten city. A seam. Hold everything in your hands, America! Don't worry about washing them. S, matter privileged real, through real time, a colorless, odorless gas. Hopeless multiplicity, pervasive event, grate through which you steam.

And this is the story of S: S, invisible, busying itself with making present, unseen warrior of antimatter extinction, imbalanced

siren, delusion of time from sphere to point, instantaneous genius, knelt in the garden of enlightenment, given the blessing of philosophy and government, entered into a marriage with science, unhappy union of momentary peace! And now science, our western dowry, matter privileged real through real time, unavoidable fetter of sunrise, constant fire of drizzle. Unintelligible, this is, was forgotten, will be the feedback loop of a mother's constant birth: matter privileged real, through real time, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, self non-atomic to stranger, a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love, a body toward the end of its absence, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love. And there is science, clad in white noise, always at the ready of assumption.

Chapter 20

THE FORCE OF SELF AS HISTORICAL OBJECT (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER T)

and J, a body awaiting position, a slump in its solitude, bound. Passing momentum of mortality, fleet confrontations with a future stretch, unspoken mirror of a river bank passed, irrevocable mud of infinite sweepings, hopeless coagulation of a death mask, an amoral unity of unseen stones, the self, an inevitably sly accumulation of stories. The letter T precipitates: The wind blows, and another leaf, leavened toward a capital flight.

The letter T, epistolary, the force of the self as historical object, violent splitting of heated air, loosened flesh to suffer for you, of men or of stories of men. A tower of one thousand horses. Self non-atomic to stranger, hot memory rushes unrescinded, the flux of a babe, unloosed. Terence, life giver, Terence, life giver, Terence, of letters, rendered flat. In T, the labor of one thousand nights, the safe delivery of eventual morning. A fire at a circus, survived.

Slopes of earth in the north sun, shaped trees precipitate this crucifix, attached from the largest measures to winged hums, cerrations relieved from the sky. T, the force of self as historical object, disagreeable brotherhood of creation, father and grandfather, you assert myself, unrealized yet stated, prescribed courtesy of human contact. But read the Bible, son -- at all times, Jesus, radiant dryness and dying, on several pages. Red sunlight and a friction of song. Wet your fingers and continue on. Where's your messiah now? Somewhere in the middle, I suppose.

T, the force of the self as historical object, despotic ruler of story and people and nation and story, eventful bondage of narrative wounds, words in your friction the burns of thousands, skinned and

explosive depths and silence, unbreathed. On a hill, thirsting, you came forth, took life from a whelp of Wednesdays, and in death made your body of a space. Jesus, in a crown of thorns, monarch repeating his repentance, sole violence through a secondary seeking of sorrow, as though a wreck, taking on sand. Look -- he'll die again, red moonlight rough against night songs.

T, belated vision, water drenched over its liquid wholly, confirmed omnipotent impregnation, capable part of all things, inconsiderate dictate of thought, all knowing shunt of dialog, flinch at the words you consume! You, everything present in an instant, as my eyes slim your face from costume, in the absolutely alien, here, with painful, total breaths, in the responsibility of love, resplendent scales of correspondence, unknown, metaphorical face. And still, awaiting the weight of a body, T, the force of the self as historical object, crucifies the air with its imposition. I, self non-atomic to stranger, am T, pale wanderer, and in my shadow your life, as lived.

Father, grandfather, sweet children delivered to protection, and yet these regretted poems, the rush of momentum unrescinded, undecided lies and pasted lies, on the threshold of an altar, undoing and undone. Stories lead to stories -- an unending hostility toward imposition. A blatant acceptance, of Satan and all his works. A silent death, unbreathed.

T, the force of the self as historical object, oppressor at the height of the noonday sun, resisted measure of surface force, rope burned excess of a genetic language, matter privileged real through real time, invasion of a thought at a peaceful coast, arrested movement at the peak of your steeple, a bell tolling dagger. Your climb, as everything, collected and dim. The covenant of T, labor, delivery, safe

houses. Hegelian alphabet of impossibility. A train, on time, and what it's passed over.

T, the force of the self as historical object, I, self non-atomic to stranger, am the hearth of erasure. Circulated heat of dried wood -- these men died through me, in me, all things made. Warm your hands, concrete mass of history, we'll explain this ecclesiastic absence of suffering. You, everything present in an instant, are not screaming. Turn these pages -- no one, at any time, screaming. Jesus dies now, as always, yellow moonlight waning toward starfall.

And this is the story of T: T, oppressor, resisted measure of surface force, half-unwoven narrative of eternity, hapless circle of selves untold, unstrung, phototropic hymnal, in your lean the shadow of a voice, rasped edge of fear, totalized -- man made God, complex. O, fleeting moments of mortality, certainty of grief, at the banks, in the mud, these featureless faces, forever entwined with the earth.

T, the force of the self as historical object, asserting its length in the noonday sun, unwanted thrust of morality, all thought parched in orbit around you, specific gravity of unbreakable wood, wanton master of gendered salvation. And then, unroped, unholy matrimony to yrrany. Death gets out of bed, stretches his legs and stumbles toward the showers. Another week at work.

In the length of your word, unpronounced, a residue of screams to walk through, bodies stuttering toward the page. The force of self as historical object, and the future winging a flare of its tendril. Millions dead now, as always.

Chapter 21

EVERYTHING PRESENT IN AN INSTANT (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER U)

and the letter P, bulbous, harvests the wilting of its sound. Unwritten world, this word no more page than ink, impossible reader, whose words sound past your age. I, self non-atomic to stranger, write this genre tower and what it loses, the potential agency of a canyon. Scan this page toward echoes, ward, earth made ledge toward soil again. Through every brick, a passage of air and light.

The letter U, everything present in an instant, indeterminate love, spliced procession of shifting legibilities, you are a self willed whole by your silence, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, and in the bold upsweep of your body, a train drags itself eternally eastward. Not through you, not with you, not in you, spindle. I stand where you stood, and yet I am not you.

Sculpt a burrow of this soil, poorest, and be whole for me, lava heat, a scattered volcanic motion, neighborlessness turn neighborly, that I might breathe your poison. Glitter the scales, spread mortar, grind our gravity toward bread. For every homeland, a homeland lost. Heartened nomad, skinned wandering of river moths, yet there is the sun from dying.

The letter U, everything present in an instant, sublime hope of non-identity, being struck furrow, rend your steep from pine trunks and strip the mown of air. Bundle of names, I, self non-atomic to stranger, know you, and this is enough for devastation. Fragmented hatred, we make a meaning of your face each sunrise, and your move your lips toward Braille.

Torn, air removed from air, world sucked out and reversed, your survival maintains a mystic length. Earthenware heat, reach your marrow

down, spur roots where roots will spur. I, self non-atomic to stranger, will find you, and our intercourse will drive us to a basic language. Firmament, lay your foundation and hold us, swaying, in our place. The night sky opens beneath us, breathless. Two pines waver in the fog, and between them, our nourishment, to supper.

O, in the absence of anything atomic, suspect silence, you bear the union of a noise. Silence -- noise fusion, act upon this stage as though your music were relieved, become a face that consists of where its forehead might be.

The letter U, everything present in an instant, overflow of self, irradiated self, neutron bombardment, poisoned marrow -- beyond the pronoun a body pressed against roses. U, everything present in an instant, quantum without shape, hold forth your nucleus,kerneled body, toward the end of your absence, identityless, non specific hope for specific gravity, bare skin, wreath, incant our quantum spirits! The charge of unfettered orbit, lightness, withhold our likeness from these cell walls. Unbearable distance, speak to us in tongues!

And yet, the ocean, when the fog closes, is a blank.

Once there was a blast whose furnace replaced shadows with bodies. Sacred distance, profane communication, let us live in language, between each other, before words of warning limp mute. Atomic silence, with every breath I, self non-atomic to stranger, destroy you, and with every stutter, reveal you.

And this is the story of U: U, rooted in a foreign land, one day sat, listening to a sensual music. And in the space between words and love, U dwelled in a sacred silence. Suddenly, roused, met routinely by proot, U, everything present in an instant, joined to the word and uproot. Savior! Sacred distance! Unassailable whole, all things between you, sudden fragment, tower rock of meaning, you are

timelessness joined to time! And now, boldly, in every market, in every experience of the oppressive sun, the stammering of the heft of your word: everything present in an instant, in a weight borne train bound east and as an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, in the absence of anything atomic and in the absence of anything atomic there is the force of the self as historical object.

Oh, in the absence of anything atomic, return to us, lover, senseless unself, and stake the air of your garden!

Chapter 22

A NARRATIVE THAT BINDS US TO THE PAGE (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER V)

and N, absorbed, remains to be seen in traces. Hooked catalyst, stuttering progression of a sentence's worth, authority granting matter privileged real through real time, histrionics of meaning, here lies the gist of a residual genre. Impress yourself upon this cloth, bulled alphabet, and mark your face upon these sibilants. Photospheric brilliance, make a phonemic gesture at the least.

The letter V, a narrative which binds us to the page, patient confinement of mannerisms, tyrant, in your upsweep the insertion of a word: story. Artifice, comforting pathos of hidden stitches, of puckered cloth, gather your yawn toward words and piece another quilt, and please keep us warm with images of ourselves. Tell the one about birth and death, the realistic one, as though we'd never heard it. Write it in three parts. But narrative, I, self non-atomic to stranger, accrete your afterbirth as though galactic, plant placenta and membrane in a fallow field, and, from a distance, I watch them, stunted, not grow.

And in that same field, a foreshortened earth against the horizon, I have rooted the barren word and replanted it -- Devotion. Flower not, glistening soil, for your consecration bleeds: every word maintains, along an infinite line, its history and its future. Incant this, repeatedly, as though a psalm.

The letter V, a narrative which binds us to the page, satisfied remainder of matter, you, everything present in an instant, blood chalked hands, degenerate feint of witness, how much pilgrimage toward a wounded cup, as if a photograph carried a spectrum's bent. Knowledge

giver, you snake across even horizons as though messianic, an escapist pledge in manacles, breezing through an event's debris.

We will die, tonight, on this train, an evening bloom suffering eastward toward its shoulders. And how much smoke, coaled heat stemming toward night skies, before we read its bursts? With every jostle we heat closer, sensing each other's organs, electrically, a warmth bristled by an atomic charge. Somewhere, as this encounter rises toward drowning, a nucleus is split, air is torn from air as we grasp toward each other, impossibly parched. Yet what can I feel toward you, as your face fades from detail in the passing light? So little light to read by, yet everyone, reading.

The letter V, a narrative which binds us to the page, improbable privilege of matter and detail, purl stitch, effect. Flaunt your ribs, plundered thread, hopeless revision of what we've already seen. Jesus has impressed his face upon your bath towel, righteous one, yet what can you bleed that the gospel has not? Go about your business, tyrant, and be sure to plot sufficiently in advance. Every story, built on a story, a wobbling house -- irresponsible history, infested.

And between all of this, where noise allows, these word events sing forth their chosen slang. Strung voices, beads of sense and common, we live in a seismic cradle of returning, the perpetual motion of you, everything present in an instant, wed to a word picked from the air, placental inevitability of memory, borne by the friction of opening tongues.

And this image will mock V, a narrative which binds us to the page, forever: a train, an evening bloom suffering eastward toward its shoulders, moving past the same river, over the same stretch of track, eternally.

And this is the story of V: V, pompous, guise of democracy in a golden crown, sceptered fusion, valence of human and sunburst, once V, exhausted from its own self importance, rested by a river, communicative illusion of Narcissus. Suddenly, V, a narrative which binds us to the page, was accosted by eronica, unwelcomed insult, hapless residual of a story once closed. Burdened, too stupid to think, there was a bond, from atom to molecule and Veronica, an image of the face of Jesus, impressed upon the letter V. Narrative! Messianic tendency! Quick, close the door, before anyone gets any ideas. And yet, with every story told, as slowly we swing back to an oral tradition upon the event of erasure, behind and beyond every word, the syntactic whisper of the history of V: a narrative which binds us to the page and a fantastic excess, from the sun or from love -- an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, and, in the absence of anything atomic, a body toward the end of its absence or, most likely, self non-atomic to stranger, the body of the host uncoiled and used and a forehead pinwheeling like tire ruts.

Chapter 23

THE IMPARTIAL SPREAD OF ITS LIPS (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER W)

and O, atomic in its absence. The whirlwind of world and word, the whirlwind of I, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips. Marvel at the wind, at the whistle, the formulation of your mouth to we. In every formulation, the mold of W, you, everything present in an instant, and the constant reminder of your very too lateness. In every we, in every wind, in every very enters W, with an impartial spread of its lips. You, everything present in an instant, perhaps have heard this before, crowded in a direction not of your choosing, in part a tale of the incomprehensible just beyond. There is humanity, humans and around them, the less than so, even skinned, in the passing by and through of W. Your forehead pinwheels like tire ruts, frictioned half of wholeness, and in the absence of anything atomic there is, as always, the impartial spread of your lips.

You will expect this character to develop, and fairly, I self non-atomic to stranger, eros laden ladder will address this, clothe it in the finest silk or velvet. Watch, as time perfects the thing. W. w. Marvelous.

In every courtship there is movement, the castle may as well be afloat, garnished with roses and robotic. Arise, great courtship, for the story. First, there is the glance, the King and Queen with long and sudden looking away. Inevitably, this glance leads heavily to breathing, to circumstances, to a roundabout standing in discomfort, poorly ordered flesh to knock you off your feet, of which produce vegetation or the absolute lack thereof. The privilege of the King. And two consequences -- fertility, the fetal bathed sperm or the

pinwheeling of your forehead like tire ruts. W, forms its glance, lips the spread of its lips, impartial, parts the sea, the body of the host, uncoiled and used, for seeds, then scurries to the throne to await its annihilation. Everything, now, in waiting for A, a forehead pinwheeling like tire ruts, and in hoping for D, an abstraction as commodity. Lunar days for W, holding itself apart, the space between its lines a vibration of a self-borne sensuality.

"Do not wed me, I am not worthy of your hand."

W, relieved, the fig leaf secured momentarily, is the shape of your lips in unity, their impartiality spread across songs and words and other lips. Move your lips to W. You've lost it already, you readied and held it, but could not hold it longer. Your length is entirely demeaning, reducing the level of known to a meaning of fertility, W the children of prostitutes, spreading its eros like love. He licks his lips, he leans into you. He rubs his lines against you. He creates your friction from the air, like a story, and soon, as always, you, everything present in an instant, are drunk enough for rougher things. W, with an impartial spread of its lips, demands the unity of the moment. It is the wind, it is the passing through of you to your letter, it is the incomprehensible. The sacrament of mystery. Even Jesus, in the rapture of W.

Within W. within w, beyond the impartial spread of our lips, there, in absenceshipped as swimming, constructed spaces, each spike is a lip as spread, as smooth as any balm, toward the removal of irritations. Though location changed again, and that from each lip there is A, spreading impartially. Every kiss of W is atomic.

But, unlike the thinning nucleus of every other cell, saddled by the language of W, you, everything present in an instant, are present for the gift of W. W, peaceful, hygienic display of specific gravity,

once was too drunk for its own good. Asleep in its beer, across an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, a sudden danger of cross-pollination, a sudden guide toward a clone of itself beyond itself and thus not of itself, W was accosted by orld, the tiger hunched and hurled in the old, making the passage of time his prey, and harnessed asleep, to world. W, the debaucher, the rake, the lover, he who deflowered the prophet, made of Him a bulbed daffodil, now bears the weight of Atlas.

Purse your lips, find there, amidst the myriad of your breath, the W, and in your impartial spread, find its spikes, pulsing gently, guiding you toward stutters. This is the heart of the matter, the pulse of every darkening thing, the world, the impartial spread of your lips in the absence of anything atomic, in abstinent nuclei, an orbit unstrung from its daily momentum, a frictioned scream that falls silent, condensing toward its lips, all abstracted as commodity. This is the pronunciation of W, held together, slightly, by the vibrations of its silence.

Chapter 24

THE SENSUAL PUSH OF UPTURNED PALMS (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER X)

and N spins off in its consonance. Mothed skin, consequential turning of dizzied foundations, the web of your language leans toward its simplicity. In a dark room, as a drain, a man populates a mythos with fish, a crystalline ethereality in a suffocating line. In silence, claustrophobia enough for shallow breaths, as in a meadow's pollen. Nothing changes -- there are rocks here, as everywhere, to mark your pace.

The letter X, the sensual push of upturned palms, thins the nucleus of every cell. Veil, certain fabric of separation, your burden is an oblong root carried away from its tree. Former science, hypothesis of brick walks, peel not a bell from these tulips, as in broken earth each story survives unheard. Fertility, you are the mask of X, moaning elenchus of a ceaseless bloom. Even in passion, an emotionless till.

Polygon of indecision, sloughed, your touch is the tenderness of a future intent, the obscenity of thaw and the earth preparing its fossils, thick nitrogen bed, porous weeping of mud in speech. Vascular soil, conducts of water, gather our feet as if orbit, make our bodies the sugar of tissued yields, of a shadow's rook huddling at nightfall. Line up, parade, there's a burden to watch stumbling by.

The letter X, the sensual push of upturned palms, horizontal stirring of an unbearable moon, we weep at the sun of your wine, the forceless effort of a cracking pane cracking, a fissure of O rings, in the absence of anything atomic, the streaming debris of a poetic form. X, twenty fourth hero, Caesar of Greece, Hegelian intent as misread as

ever -- yet exhaust yourself, barren earth, xenogamous overlay of a sampled nerve. Exhaust yourself, mud running down toward spring. There's still some music to come.

And despite these voices, this fugue orchestral, you, everything present in an instant, are not truth but a word I wrote, a discovery impressed in the wet sand. Every day, our story from tin rooftops; and on the third day, the letter X, the sensual push of upturned palms, rose as blood toward tight skin, and slim, in the distant blue, the regrets of these angels, robed. How many missions, how many letters until this blood is let, like pages falling to the floor. White noise, sing this silence through to coherence, for in you, through you, holy writ, you resurrect the unity of the atom. And yet now, faulted precipice, a surging body wronged in its bearing, here's the word unrubbed: upsurge of sublime homosexuality, in the absence of anything atomic, you gather as an abstracted commodity. Let's bleed the alphabet white.

Gesture of language, here, in a rumor, a poetry toward oral tradition. Sing this alphabet at once, perform of this incantation the words you seize. Music, bull seal, you force yourself toward the sea on flippers. And, letter X, the sensual push of upturned palms, improbable connection of feet and earth, gathered rupture of air begotten air, make joy of lessening light. Burden of gravity, expectation worn sore as though pounding, find threads of excess plundered, sensual push of upturned palms, matter privileged real through real time, hold us to the earth once more in our sleep.

And this is the metaphor of X: a burial at a crossroads above which a red light burns and burns.

And this is the story of X: X, the sensual push of upturned palms, erotic impulse to psalmist, burden of sustenance and weight bearing spirit, vascular upsweep of determined fluids, in the muteness

of your gravity, as shale, so runs the slight of our hopes. X, upright as always, dementia of two feet, one day coerced its poles toward a shifting. In the midst of this cataclysm, ylem approached, heady in its thickness, and harnessed X toward an atomic flow. X, fitted, use object unfettered from the recovery of its letter, X suffered xylem and bore forth the synthesis of moist buds. Frail pollen, frail spring, miracle of wood from soil, leap forth from this alphabet in a nuance of translation. And yet, as always, the leaves speak with decision to the summer storms: in the sensual push of upturned palms the future wings a flare of its tendril.

Chapter 25

A PERIODIC SIGNAL THROUGH FOUND TIME (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER Y)

and the pulsing of N, a fluid reversal of a vessel's hymn. Sentenced conviction, weigh your rushes down against this storm's breeze, the gutted drains of sense stemmed by temporal leaves. Outstretched wave unhooked, half cooked boson toward a quasar's cloud, sky and earth, in this condensation of faith, in this passage toward a justice tongued, trend not the wealth of your readers, textual wards. More sensibly, a narrative from acceleration:

Why must you leave?

But I know why you left.

The reason they're called regular is that we can predict what the other three forms will be.

This will go on eternally.

The letter Y, a periodic signal through found time, expected pulsing riven above noise floors, scavenged cellular voltage gradient turned global in its steep, you, everything present in an instant, are yoked hemlock in a scaffolding's fog. Answer your accusers, poor man, spin your wails toward a moment's burden. Melodrama, unending typhoid of rhythms, the future words you've scaled have only bought the balance of a crusader's foil. Arrested Christianity, suspended animation of tetrodotoxin, the force of self as historical object abstracted as commodity as the force of the self as historical object, stutter forth your chains.

Bloomer, particled sheer gathered about your ankles, what's in a box a lurking corridor tricked toward a bloodroot. Loosened trousers, emaciated waste, what wail are you, everything present in an instant,

passing toward a violinist's soliloquy? A tower tolls toward its consistency, to some degree of its inclination, mumbles the time of day from its pebbled mouth. Tendency! Not a rare earth mineral, but occurring in nearly all rare earth minerals.

The letter Y, a periodic signal through found time, sliced drizzle portioned toward a horizontal splint, a canon of whistles, an intervertebral scion, the grafted scan of an undeveloped shoot. Illegitimate embroidering of phrases, unburden me, speak to me at random in the first words come to mind! Dialogic certainty, apology, speak away these letters, make diminutive the noiselessness of every other night. Paradoxical erudition, seductress of young and old age, the finalized alterity of an inalienable self, xenophobic pace of your pathogens, in you, everything present in an instant, venal reticulation of a bodies stead, in the foremost stretch of your opening flesh, there, in your orbit, in the dizzying hold of specific gravity, is the impartial spread of your lips. Beat your supply, hollow organ, two lobed potential of action potential. If you'd wait but a little while, this would happen of its own accord.

The letter Y, a periodic signal through found time, unturned ritual resounding, instance of specified action. Sibling of lettered convenience, correspondence of a capable import, ignorant sophist, in your eyes a depraved reply. Listen: Wooden breath, a siren's scale, our entreaty a blink of your shoulders acquiesced, oh, in the absence of anything atomic, carry us, bored weighing, toward a more central tilt! In this reply, as in all replies, the road not taken a Dionysian rejection of inherited bards. This imposition as that imposition. An endless silence of created soils.

Untimely books! Grand story fragment gleaned, ceaseless groping of genuine hands, reach beyond the glass of your refracted lens! Tumult

of a wave, departure of an impending crush, how many molecules, leadened, hearken these words to a valence? And violent, as always, the tide, and mute as always, the stones.

What remains to be said? Turn your revolution, dust disk, burden blank spaces with quasars unfueled, with the four-fold story, with moderation's commerce. Atomic beings, atomic stories, a fractured narrative across the street. I, self non-atomic to stranger, and you, everything present in an instant, must you slip away, inevitable hope? In this foreignness, in the fog of manuscripts razed, in this story we write between the rooms we live, what slims these words to a particular wave? In every revision there are pieces of words yet to stay. A lighthouse turns across a vacant sea. Nothing changes.

And this is the story of Y. Y, periodic signal through found time, premature assumption of understanding, the violence of the soul and our diminutive reply, Y spread itself across a chilled lawn. Dozing, vascular gradient less friction, Y was discovered by owl, a predatory knowing groped to the base of its U, everything present in an instant, a polygamous bond and yowl. First full entering of a name not yours, fade of identity through an inbound turn, Y, a periodic pulse through found time, irrevocable allusion, footnoted element of an arterial motive! I, self non-atomic to stranger, allude to this: through every noise floor bursts a groping hand, chocking forth the black smoke of the story of Y: periodic pulse through found time, in the absence of anything atomic and across the impartial spread of your lips a frictioned scream falls silent, condensing toward its lips.

Chapter 26

A FITTING EPITAPH (A PAUSE FOR THE LETTER Z)

For 3 Voices

Fitting epitaph,
you, everything present
in an instant,
misfigured serpent
of salvation,
in the absence of anything atomic, you tear
a monk's cowl
through a stallioned void

Matter privileged real
through real time,
misfigured serpent
of salvation, string
this periodic signal
through found time

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BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR

Terence McNulty was born in Hartford, Connecticut on March 25, 1977 and graduated from Hall High School in 1995. He attended The University of Scranton and graduated in 1999 with a Bachelor's degree in English and Philosophy. Terence realizes how useless this makes him, and he takes pride in this.

After receiving his degree in May, Terence plans to wander the heath of upstate New York for a few years, finding mead where he may. Ultimately, he intends to be at the forefront of some sort of destined-to-fail revolution which will cause him to become disillusioned and boring. Terence is a candidate for the Master of Arts degree in English from The University of Maine in May, 2001.