

Ash Head



Plate 16. Introspection Version 23

The Knight of Lesser Pleasures

...Cora Beli thought she was cursed because more alive than dead ex-FBI J. Edgar Hoover kissed her in a dream. She wasn't cursed...she was a comedian...Hoover could've managed four Gulags by night and the total California Texas Massachusetts state outlets of *Dunkin' Donuts* franchises in the morning...and all holidays...when there were holidays...and not so holidays...

...Thai-stick afternoons...nothing under her skirt...I was blazing for Cora Beli...she could smoke meat...she could pickle a duck...I saw her pitch a tent in the Northern Cascades with a flashlight in her mouth...she could make you feel you'd been storing it up without recourse—absurd to refer to them all the organs of pleasure have extravagant names—absurd I was bitter because of my youth twenty-seven to her forty-one—experience placed me lower than her... I heard every lacking part of myself come through the phone inside my head...

I had that phone in there...

sort of person I was...nothing but opaque meanings...bleached print answers to everything you need to comprehend...I'd been saying that for seventeen years. The sort of person excess used to be the only kind of stasis...peak of every flooded feeling...not all of them worth it...

...heard someone spit inside the telephone receiver...sounded like someone behind me. Where I emigrated from...some kind of violence was going to happen...a phone in my head...someone spitting behind me—*ineptitude and negligence...you have to boil the blood out of their teeth...*



Plate 17. At Waking at Wharf Bay

...when I walked back along the Ovanurkey River behind Blumduung's department store...I was comparing the river most of it dried out below the parking lot with the courtyard fountain at Cora's apartment...did it have the same sound and velocity as what's left of

the river...did it have alternate or identical gurgling...consistent mass
and resilience. For a year and a half a welcoming sound...then a
warning sound. Some fantasies about the sound go away...some
went the other way...ever those regrets...the feeling you made a
reasonable choice...might not have been might not be anything to do
with reason...criteria abstained reason...



Plate 18. Reflection Against You

She talked to that bird...she sang to that bird...sometimes it thrust
forward singing back...it sang up side down through the cage bar
bottom where a white cloth hung short...the beak sang her requests

...there was a twitching...it was a kind of gratitude...two throats heaving...that isolated beak flew at me...those mental fevers twice...that beak had its own brain...its own intestinitis...when she didn't sing for a while she let the bird out to fly around the kitchen pointing and pointing its beak flew past the kitchen door I thought swung shut rushing out with garbage...

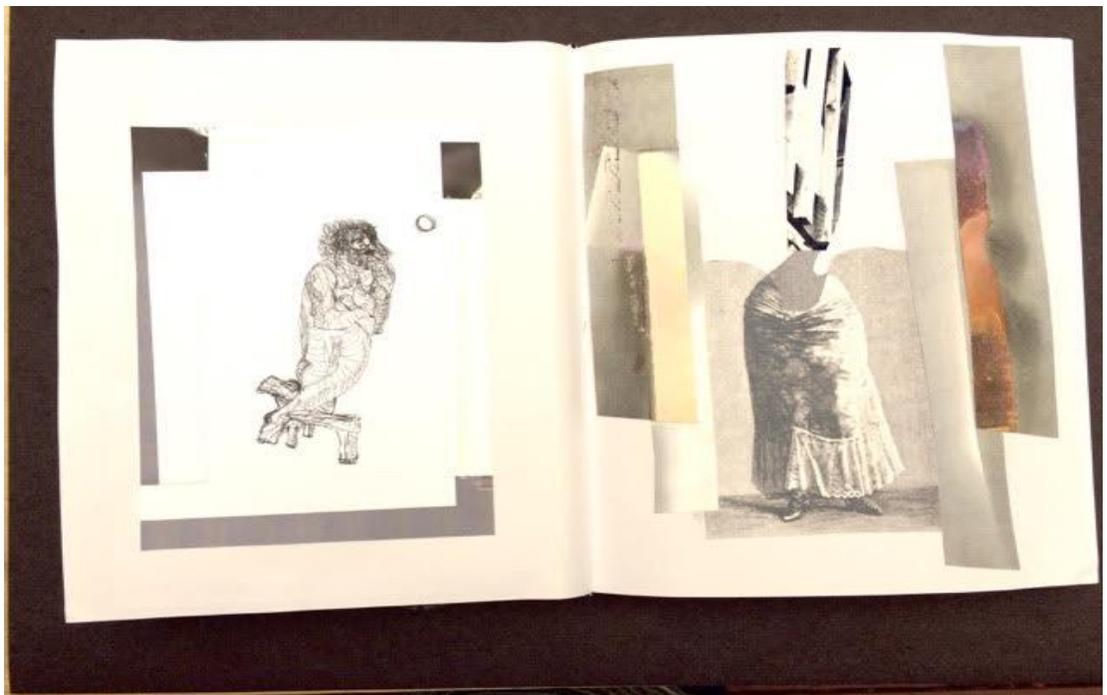


Plate 19. The Dream Observes You

...the night before I picked up a hitchhiker. I was scheming sex... multiple everything...she talked from the other side...over-alert...the human mask whenever it's agitated...she climbed out a window... they spiked the punch at a party she escaped early. Early enough. How old are you? I'm sixteen. Hey you look sixteen. I've looked sixteen since I was four. How old are you? Nineteen...

...she went into a monologue her teeth clicked about Emergency Medical Technician classes at L.A. Trade Tech College...nothing interested me lasted there...I'm on the graveyard shift...it's answering phones because of the night class...no one say my



Plate 20. Three Character Noir

schedule beyond us two...he has a tan raincoat keep an eye out for him...it has a tear in the middle of his back...there's the four-year

old there's my mother in there when I'm working...this guy's uncle and aunt call me he's thirty-one years old and he's giving my number to them what's that about?...I'm sick of that bastard I'm not his disposal for losses Miss Losses disposal dispensable...he punched me into the goddamned hedge. That shithead's into crystal meth into over the counter NyQuil cold & flu. I'm not drawn to that kind of bad luck. I'm not connected to that type anymore...

...I'm never in the right place in Pasadena...she had directions...it's another time...the people there...those descendants I'm from under the ground from the factory from the horror film from under the car from under the leaf blower for them...the layout of the streets where you live if you're not rich...that aversion...at the apartment she directed me there was no one...Glendale...a silhouette passed the window...no one came after she rang the bell...kept ringing... Eagle Rock...a face I could see from the car talked over a chain-lock on the door...I told her what I'm doing...I told her practical rehab...closed her hand into a fist around a ten-dollar bill...held out in ER waiting room until she was transferred...they wouldn't tell me where at Check-in...she didn't see me stand up and cross the lobby calling out they walked her away thorazine-alized...dipping her neck... slouching dummkopf what led you here?...hitchhiker in tight royal blue spandex pants...showing the split labial shape...took me out of myself...

~

...you could smoke and read at Zully's 24-hour delicatessen refuge
counter...coffee soda crackers sugar packets for the sleepless
damned...younger workers pumping up on Pepsi Black Lipton
Mountain Dew for the graveyard shift...speed freaks eating purple
jelly with their fingers. One waitress and one cook handled the
orders...every one of their moves confident and casual...still early on
the shift...

...losing the parakeet meant she deceived me probably the guy across
the street last week a longhaired guy...had a bicycle...watched her
carry bags to the kitchen. In the rear-view mirror riding over to her
waving hello when I drove away. I didn't turn around. She didn't say
anything. I left the door open. Not the only schmucky thing I would
do I didn't know or care I was doing...I didn't say anything...I saw
the back of what looked like a guard...some bouncer standing at the
entrance looking right at me knowing everything that waited on the
other side telling me "You want t'go? Go ahead."

...why shouldn't he have said it? I wouldn't be known otherwise in
that way your identity isn't handed to you...because face the fact
we're not exactly searching for a subterranean flycatcher here...
...what went awry unraveled approaches owed explanations the

owing you're grinded down to explain...to set straight without setting
it all straight...neither myself too...

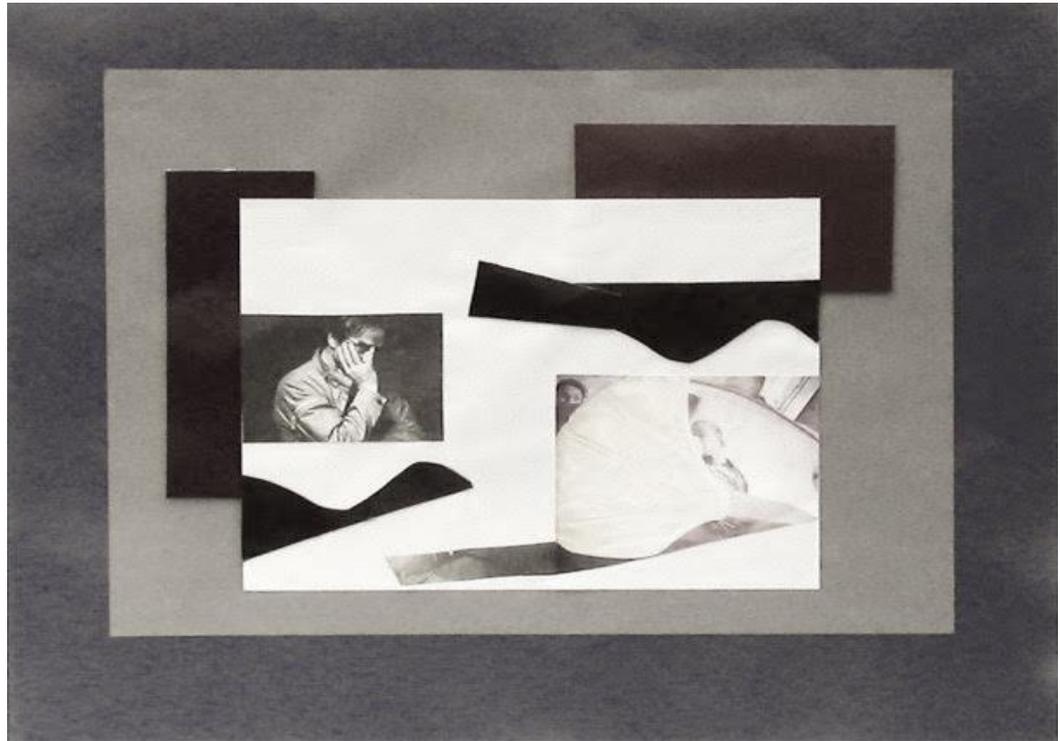


Plate 21. John Cassavetes Observes Version 2

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...The Knight of Lesser Pleasures...my title...the armor almost
swallowed me. Partially it did.

...and I sank down to...I didn't have the
emotion for...I couldn't connect enough when...and it cost me in
relation to...then I got it under control. What a phrase. The day I got
it under control bugs got into the cupboard popcorn kernels omni-
organic quinoa vegan oatmeal...I looked right at what I was looking
for and forgot to pick it up...I was in a state. The intermittent brain-
blur. Marl...what's marl? A type of mud I thought: black mud or is
that muck? What's in it for those bugs? Gathered up kernels and
grains they thrived in poured all of it on the side-yard grass...they
stayed right with it...as though the victims are the same sirens that
sing the elegies for the victims...

...bugs...you can't identify them...grain gluttons...red dots on
their backs signified surge unless camouflaged...the grain the sauce
the broth it made in their senses their exoskeletal verisimilitude take it
or leave it...possibly...in part...the wing's sub-muscular hinge
worked the fastest...the aerial and non-aerial sail bulged...the
taxonomy photograph in the diagram of their parts numbers
classifications abdominal linkage maturation...a shield detailed above
the hinge...sub-cellular future growth to sprawl...meandering
erosion membrane...

...The Knight of Lesser Pleasures is a lucky man the lucky man is nothing but someone serving that part of himself...the lucky man smells property seizures planned troop multiplications Pipeline Police Border Patrol Sadistisms increased taxing of peons...you can smell bad bread government allocation of bad bread along with everyone else smelling everything sold to them and sold to them at a loss and taking it...



Plate 22. Love Outside Degree Unraveling

...ended up asking yourself saying to yourself to recount the experience to yourself more than you can usually stand to how you get divided about that luck...you justify your conclusions you get

those sensations you thought you couldn't afford to feel them
again...a lot of incompetence comprehending causes those
ineptitudes those compelling causes...there's a fusing latched taste
receptor for the apple for the grains inside the cupboard makes the
mandible makes the tongue start to water euphorical secretion-wise
the antennae nerve eroto-particles transmit along the track along the
tongue atlas along the tongue latch...you can lose the connection you
can play out the conflicts you can dry up without knowing what it
meant...making its demands...whatever it is in there...the nameless
principle the placentation after the placenting it has its own book of
Inhibitions Symptoms and Anxiety...it has its own Corvette Case Knife
Parthenon *Abbey of Thélème* interior peak design no sound you'll
remember swaggering slumping out of line to the atlas...you can be
off mark...most of it's off mark...there might not be a mark your
mark can get ripped-off...

think what you want about telecommunicationers landlordists oil
lawyers their spies their pimp-loving congressional manikin
ambassador front men types ladies and gentlemen till you get the
reversed hernia anal mumps the slave labor mountain enthusiasts'
business firms that brought the rainstorm of missing hands Victor
Jara recounted in a poem the folksinger itinerant Chilean pacifist's
last poem found in a friend's shoe in the subversive corpses'



Plate 23. Clown Mournfulists 1971-2016 (Clown's Under Power)¹

garbage and other World Bank trash after the trashers the gluttoning
the disposing their Chile out of the last copper petrochemical pie of
Chile—a revised Chile client country ...you can stagger willingly to
be ignored...maintain the habitual staggering capacity...
you can calculate the stairs' endurance...
you can write elegies over the disposed...
you can be robust and a hypochondriac...

¹ Quote in Buster Keaton: "Elegy for 2016." Kenneth Rexroth part of the collage:
"I wish to speak to and for those who have had enough of the Social Lie, the
Economics of Mass Murder, the Sexual Hoax, and the Domestication of
Conspicuous Consumption."

Rescuers

...one thing sinks in deep there's a hole scratched out in front of someone tied up in ashes. Go...compile a list speculations whatever it is someone's trying to make up for whatever the lack...and who is there to count on to make up for any of that? And if no one then live on ashes...find someone else with ashes...get rescued in a bath of ashes...for the Beef Meister's sake—don't suck your own ashes. Some are careful. There's another hell of mismatches for the careful. Some are into the role of the rescuer...the shocking power of going from ashes to anything else...shocking gratitude for that person shocking trust for being accepted. Even as an Ash Head. The shocking power the position the one that makes the acceptance that makes it go....

The Rescuers always believe they take away more pain than they inflict. Every ash addict believes it. As long as they can they believe it. Not a rationalization. Not a putdown. You know the mystical saying: "Ashes are the residents of complete combustion." But I don't reduce ashes to ashes. I don't go to mysticism...things are mystical enough...a fern grows out of a rock...a rock is an oracle to the attentive...no one's divine...a vein from the heart and another from her lungs just in from the heel just in from the arch connect on an artery branch. I never knew from bad choices. Always after the fact

realism for my likes. I looked aside suspicions circumstances signs
signals...I did and I didn't recognize them...I did and I didn't want
to recognize what I saw more or less than necessary to increase desire
the yearning and the other one. Putkoff my partner at work said he
didn't like my choices in women. What were my choices to him? He
didn't hear much from me after that...careless choices overwhelmed
interferences...it's the tantalization the tenderness you insist
on...some are the renewal you never

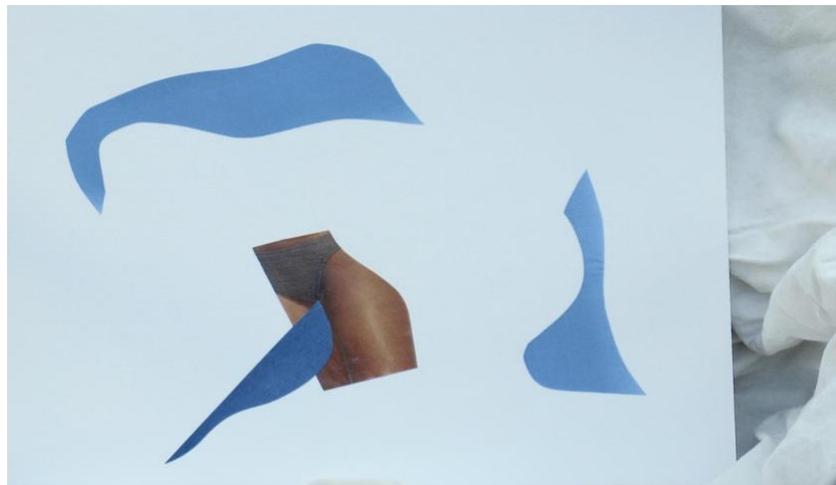


Plate 24. Preferred Bio Volupté Blatant Biomorph Trim

anticipated you needed. You find out. Throw a lucky man into the sea...he'll come back with a fish in his mouth...

~

...when we were one skin when we could manage it when there was one mouth between us. After she called after the cat's lymphoma after she moved her section into mine. From my side of the mouth I said How're we going to care for a dying cat? Drove to the apartment of straw. We didn't know what to do. I warmed the milk and called a Vet...the cat dragged her ass-sagging guts under a chair no touching her...she went to stroke a sick cat to sleep and hold a sick cat against her chest that cat dragged herself under the couch against the wall. The instincts in an animal signal when the organs fail.

The organs failed. Trust failed...

...those two believed no matter how far down it went they could drop Quaaludes whatever they had Blanc de Blanc smoke what they smoked and fuck their way back. It was a rule. No matter what. Before the second time that month chest-pains hysteria throat breath constriction rushed them out of the house one-something AM to ER for X-rays...the blur the two of them made...the human garbage X-ray symbiotics defended to the point of frailty...the defenses one at a time the same at a time to the point of belligerence...the alarming heft of it...who can contain it? Part of someone's frailty part of someone else's prize part of someone else prizes the power it places in someone the accumulation the lop-sided side...the on-top side...someone agreed permission...someone doesn't see someone the way someone has to go about it doesn't get how to let go of it.

Why did the madness of inadequacy dominate someone's personality? Why did Cora threaten people with that walking around her trapdoor abyss you better watch where you're going advantage the only one who perceived it that way? Why did someone become alarming? What panic incited getting to ER? What attachment to emergencies emergency rooms?...

...when the pig in the apartment of straw sank down too far the pig in the brick house came over to stay. He wouldn't risk the danger of losing her jeopardizing the integrity he placed on his compassion for her...she wouldn't give up the sense of entitlement she felt from the integrity he experienced in his compassion.

There was some of that too.

They shared a mouth...the mouth distorted into a petalled blur the way the lips were curved two ways. They shared a mouth the way the ground by their sycamore absorbed its own shadow the remains of a nest brick and straw...

~

...the sequel...it's The Floating World...Floating World ruins...
floating genital lives...a lot of clitoral floating...love your own dong
insensibly floating...I was in The Floating World. I needed it. I go to
the Floating World...what's left of it...in my mind...the abandoned
hive part...next to the part where the sealer rusted off...what's left
after...after. I'm in the Floating World right now...the incremental
search...aphasia of raw sentences...I count the paint...it's worn for
miles...

...I lived at *The Capri* in a coffin room...an underground shadow of a
room...light in there had the effect of coming from an unlocateable
source...man if it was possible to make a shadow palpable it was at
The Capri...I was alone...the solitudes in *The Capri* before the solitude
of the death of solitude and that's that...the unobscurable sentence
...the upstairs neighbor had something sounded like a piped-in
Oldies station...*drop dead already in your soundtrack*...I had to change
lids...I lost my lid...I had to see the floral part of The Floating
World...the yard I was sentenced to keep moist...the restorative
...you could end up with Koch Rot neighbors ...*wild beasts with
principles* half-Armenian Babel called them...*they can kiss my shitter*
...*kiss my shitter*...I was in the watery part of an interior hole...I
worked in the dark...fragments resembling remains of metallic
dragonflies innate Adonis blue...at work Puttkoff the sauté man we

landed out of a Moscow slum translated *Playboy* Michelle Russophiled
into Michelowitz Wesh into Welshawitz centerfold bunny monikers—
—of all the zoomorphias...there's plainer piss unrelated to Naturalism
...you can self-recriminate over what fate eating a flavorless berry
you picked...like the regular omens aren't enough...that Naturalism
in one conclusion there are two themes...the flavorless berry
mechanism punctures the fantasized causation surface...no it
doesn't... I'm writing from her famous mattress on the floor...the
sexual destiny that fits you your likes your mania your emotional
stumphead ...born with ninety-two broken bronchioles and three
congenitals... why go to doctors I never go to doctors more than
once the last doctor tried to shame me with his diagnosis and
brochures educating the attitude to take to defy what brought on the
condition...the immediate response to constipation: even an asshole
needs a break... especially old assholes...the asshole stops working
in the end that's why it's an asshole...I sent the lab my third final
stool sample... Lord Turd the Third...

...research the origin of ink to discover why it is still an aphrodisiac

...research why state policy favored ink as a carcinogen instead...

...research how to make sure the medicine has the okay with being
dizzy side effects...



Plate 25. Transiter

...there was a mosquito something an iridescent fly and a smaller one
its offspring something ate the salt craved salt dried on my cheek salt
...I dozed on Pipeline Trail...they found me on the shore...for how
long?...what is their parting like?...is there a Diptera fly memory
particle in the fly cortex for when they part?...aren't there something

like emotions or only program institchments worn down before
departing?...

...hard person to sleep next to three-four years after someone I lived
years ago OD'ed...nothing in that leaves you...nothing severe
submerges...that slashing priority...you can forget your commands
...what you're lame about in others humbles you the limping outside
yourself you see least....

...maybe it wasn't a fly or two flies or a mosquito or a hallucination
or sudden terminal wild hair growth beyond the tragus or antitragus
or a gnat or a sweat stitch...the direction I took at Cowell Park...
there was a mournful horn...I heard it in the direction of the
mountainside woods...or the dream-head section side...that
torrent...the firs and sycamores out there...absolute digression...
the momentum...every threat every threat in response...haggard
problematic response not to mention extended recall plague...
volatile people you don't know...not one of them...what are they
doing here?...maybe they're disguised or the trouble begins...the
matter of fact two worlds you become aware we live in...tallied
unmarked disregarded in general...the human exertion...the
deprivationized will be set in order...all the exertions all the contents
all the residual infusion...everything up to the horizon event...if your
gonadic hormone desire instigator isn't piping who's to blame?...

...the consumed duration incidental ravage desire organs going out
of ecstatic service...aprioried unrevamped again...revamped later
and ever...the uncertainty continuities—dream one thing see
another—see it one way dream something else...

~

...the worst ashes you...you blow in your face and you...you think you got rid of the last of it. Now someone's talking known mostly for his day and a half of blunted clarity...maybe every two months—no I'm very clear...it's the same belief burned Giordano (no relation) Bruno into a dickless bone Roman Inquisition 1600...not the only Inquisition...still cataloguing...had to believe in the infinity of inhabited worlds...I am very clear he thought...

...had to identify with Archimedes the Mechanic reckoning how many piles of ashes there are in the cosmos...no...about that I don't care if there's an answer...and I don't know anyone else who cares....

...better skip all the Ashology...better work out who wouldn't get into the ashes with you...why they wouldn't get into those ashes... why you eventually get into the ashes with someone why you believe in it...why you wrote 113 letters in four months to her...I counted them out...she didn't answer the last 112. I put a sonnet in every letter...almost all of them bad ones...some with eight or nine lines a few with seven or eight words. What a fantasist I became. What fuel. Of all the wasted erections. What a Creature from the Black Lagoon that side of me lived inside of...I got used to that Lagoon....

A guy at the Bar and Grill that knew us when we were one skin said she still lives out there near the end of Bridge 4...the one who will always be in the room closest to the sky...and the sky can have that room the algae smell stained part of the ceiling rust figures in sheet rock faded out of intense shades damaged plaster curled suspended shades the whole rat-gnat-termite-ology up there...both ends now...the completion...the de-graded grade...no encroachment...things done...

~

I'm not saying you shouldn't wish yourself someplace else...you have to you're forced to...and someone and the other six or seven the other fourteen or seventeen others other times...in numbers there are multiplications and indifference...in two either one in the same or substituted place there's competition there's exhilarated exclusion all the alternating homesick dread comparative inadequacy it takes... either repetition...boredom in success—in numbers there's mediocrity...democratization of mediocritization standards...when wasn't it?...you get enumerations...that gratification...there's the exultation...one content of emotion...the relation...when it wasn't blood vomitus...when it wasn't dispensable...everything leading up to that day explains itself...the identical something sticking in the carburetor comes back making another sound...the same source...

...then it pauses...minus the anticipated pause...then parted from
...I stayed there for a while listening myself numb...when it was
possible...came out to eleven years...

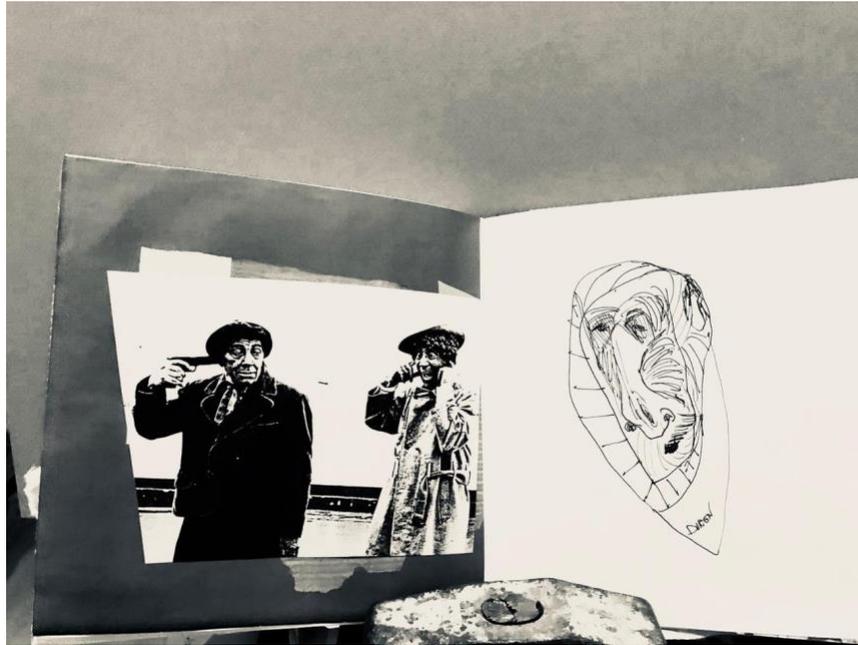


Plate 26. Clownner Again Agon

...who hasn't been in the ashes condition...came out of someone's
depression without handling the depression drug part of the
confrontation...someone I lost a child with...

...concentrated attention on the cement lane...Eveready Ribbed
Chrome dimming...Go somewhere I'm not standing...someone who
could say that to someone...for a reason...who's ever aware they're
looking for sorrow?...who anticipates things done and gone wrong
after the fucked yourselves senseless parts?...there isn't a wrong
judgment makes you wise you could swallow poison because you

think you know a cure...not ambivalence...some aren't shamed by ambivalence...some perceive it as criminality...maybe it's a built-in sentence... how did I get here, why must I go away...same source... ambivalence The Sentence...rat-mazed to ambivalence...and still not that well at all...not at all well in that way...not that memorized memorialized randomly chaptered brochured unpaginated memory enough at all...more the political scientists saw the oil rig plastic factories sociopath skin trader pipeline contractor Styrofoam devil favela inventor nuclear waste disposal zombies with laptops coming cutting their deals coming setting up shop coming and said zilch about it and adjusted their investments...while you're high while you're moshing and noshing...it's a real breakthrough...your old mother's I.V. black blood purple picked apart veins—who wants to be dictated to?...

...I found out when my neighbor saw me and went to loan me another flashlight...he blew his clutch coming back from work...he'd been saving up for another Integra someone upstairs was going to sell...I thought the way he had an arc shaved precisely into each eyebrow he could've been saving up for a vagina...like the operations I read about sometimes occur now occurred to me and so be it...

...this guy had two chalkboards on the wall where he wrote out his allegations and aggravations his written out random phrases and lines “The talentless are lame...what did it to them?”

“What is interior crying?...”

“All of it is ugly cheap made by Chinese U.S. French British companies’ slaves...”

“The more you eat the more you...”

“The more you drink the more you...”

“The more you make love the more you...”

“The more you look at your Purple Heart medal the more you...”

...I didn’t want to be trying to contact her again years later when I was out of the picture...not like the others...that routine goal...I didn’t have any front about never wanting to deal with her machine and no call back or impossible restraint not to call...and would she still be there?...

...where was it written where was the law instructed everlastingly enough you have to figure out every despair with someone?...after she asked me I couldn’t put back together word for word the content I let out at her in the house...I didn’t know what I said...I wouldn’t be surprised...



Plate 27. Shoulders Light for Grain

Titman

...I miss her tits tonight her tits were mesmerism all tits...back then
I was a titman...who can describe them? The dirigibles of their
making the rollers they arrive on the outboard superlative the delivery
date the assembly that preceded them the swamp they perch
over...this tit and that tit the finest tits on Avenue Ave the tits

I always shaved my face for the tits that sing in your ears (if you let them)...

Who can describe their first tits? Yes and No. Those two. Maybe and Truly. The simultaneous difference. Tits twenty-eight years ago. All the unique tits. All the tits it takes...I miss her tits tonight...a week of waiting used to mean nothing now there's worse...

I could daydream and lie on my back at the same time with those tits. Tits like that never slept not in my mind when didn't I want to be between them? Tits of my twenties thirties forties...tits until it's over. From tit to tit and from tit to tit. I served those tits. I miss those tits. I always thought I would see them again. No empty hard-ons with those tits in the room. I listened to those tits those tits whispered in my ear (the better one) nothing was lost on them. I always knew where I was when they were around. And no dizzy spells.

The enigma of crazy personalities connected to great pairs of tits happened then...and then...every one worth even what they weren't worth anyway no choice about them now...

I miss her tits tonight...

they made me feel lighter in spite of myself...

Retsina sex dream meditation sleep refuge peace resin...

I saw the constellations clearly for the first time with those tits nearby...I thought I would dry up into piss crumbs from the lack of them...those tits made me more ambulatory...I withhold nothing from them...they are a great accomplishment I breathe

better I go everywhere with them on my mind I have them right
where they want me...we always meet as though we never met and
part as though we never parted...whenever I see them it's as though
a hummingbird has flown into the room...

...in bed that first time she said, Do you mind my small tits?

Are you kidding? I said They're yours.

Cora Sonya

...and how could Cora...real name Sonya...devotee twelve years to a Tibetan Lama...and how could Cora...any of that crowd not see Lama's sleep shop salesman's claim he was in contact with "the multiple worlds" the nuances of the multiple worlds the malignancies and nauseas of those worlds' worlds...and couldn't admit the weight of it the causation backfires toxicology fungus of appearance before the new fungus...involuntary setbacks...self-divisions...his own strategically included mystical brain-plaque...Koranic Bible-holic multi-Sutraic precedence...the decipherable total...he claimed the connection...what guidance...he barked their purgation...some with some without early withdrawal penalties...he dreamed the contents of other peoples' dreams of other people that hadn't come to him yet...but would. They were devoted...some didn't know they were...he had his facts he knew whether they knew it yet. In the multiple worlds "yet" didn't mean a thing in the conscious version... it was the sub-grammar of yet...the para-etymology of yet that ultimately mattered to the ones that rotated cleaning his toenails and flossing his teeth. They held the mystic blinds tight...right down to the magnifying glass shaped like an ankh...the one he used for going over their accounts. That's when he announced what they'd been dreaming or didn't remember dreaming and weren't sure what he recalled about what they didn't remember but couldn't reject what he

recited back to them to the point he predicted what they would think or dream about again...they became serious when he spoke...and it

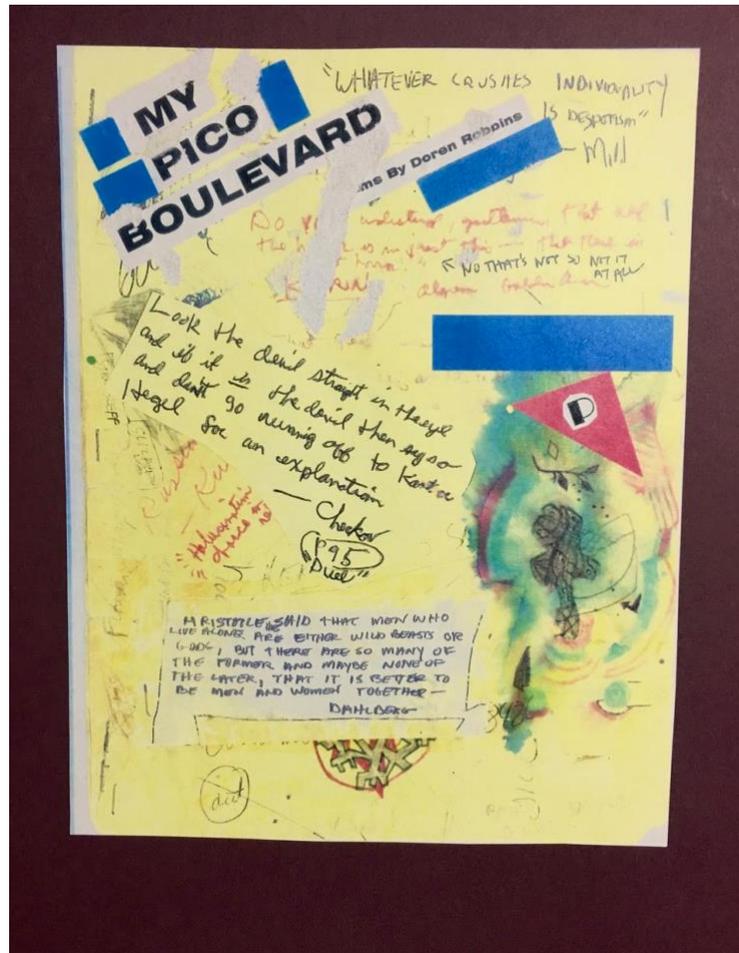


Plate 28. Book Not Submitted

was always the accepted verdict because they made themselves curable because obedience because the preferred instinct because all of them needed to find their *discipline* their *work*...telling them what he needed told them about themselves so they wouldn't dream or live through what tormented them again.

What compassion.

What chicanery.

And they believed him: to be reborn there...or there....

And Lama Forty-two dead. Twenty-six girl friends survived him.

How is it possible? The end of his cock and balls story...

his incarnation on the chopping block...

his thanks for funding his tip on reincarnation now I'm going to

bug-off expression...and the Where now? inevitable panic delayable

emergency meeting without recourse devotees' expression...his

Prominent Gopis...his Spirituality punk-head strumpets.

Everyone in such a rut...

...Cora just inside the entry...Elan's furniture-refinishing shop

kissing a guy where they shaved part of his beard for a bandage...

...she cradled a package he gave her she took his hand she took his

fingers in her mouth her eyes fixed with gratitude...just the way she

reached for you could settle you inside-out...she walked toward

Bridge 4...broke off a lit cigarette head put the unsmoked part back

in her pack..."I despise stories...they mislead people into believing

that something has happened. In fact, nothing really happens...we

flee from one condition to another...all that remains is time. This is

probably the only thing that's still genuine—time itself...years, days,

hours, minutes and seconds"...(Tarr)...

~

...two promoters for three all-girl rhythm and blues singing groups when she was sixteen hung around they invited her backstage rhythm-and-blues high school concert piano solo...Cora sang two pieces she wrote them the promoters said “good catchy these could catch on you know...” and Cora’s mother have Cora’s mother call the studio connection for a demo...next day she drove Interstate 33B on her wheels of Dexedrine and Smirnoff’s...sent a no-show Western Union whenever there was a Western Union from Rollaway New Jersey...330 miles from Cora’s piano...from what clicked in the sounds of her mother’s head...the guarantee things remained unrestored...deliberately...uncontrollably.

...that’s what fed her...derangement...the way freaks and giants in Western myths make sure things happen—surrounding you—you with bones of everyone else’s unsure moves before yours...yours... so you wouldn’t question what appeared inconsistent in her represented by a voice a shrug represented or not...a voice she’d want you never to forget...not the presented approachable mood...because she could filter you out like nobody’s nothin...she could stir you up and send you off like a swarm of you didn’t know what from where...she could make you an absorbed part and the dispensed with garbage of what she saw fit in whatever you reasoned or pleaded for or whatever your intuition paranoid facts informed

you...no trial to herself necessary...*None a'yur buziness*... don't get any ideas...not with her not against me not this time around...she could play Cora without any piano known to Cora.

She could give you the look in the eye that doesn't know what happened to it look...

...and what kind of a purist was she anyway...her hemp socks... recycled soybean sunglass frames...tall-tale actual soybean car dashboards fabricated by Ford Motors²...bottled imported re-filtered-non-anti-anti-oxidized water parsley-cranberry cohash algae yam ash beet juice essence breakfast beverage and pale detoxidizing labial re-effluentizing white tea. She had problems coming...who doesn't?...even when you don't....

The garden next to her garage grew most of the vegetables she ate. Usually her body...every part...zero taste...the grave disappointment ...all the purges...the vegetable juice purity herb concoctions one of Lama's people lectured on about Royal Far Eastern Post Colonial Archeo Non-Lactic Feminine Hygiene Cleanse...someone over there going on and on about this and that bland herbal rejuvenation tea bath...mineral herb oil libidonizing mood softener...after their weekly spearmint enemas...

² Invented around the same time Henry Ford wrote his editorials for The Dearborn Independent that Jews were responsible for world war: "I know who caused the war: German-Jewish bankers" (H. Ford).

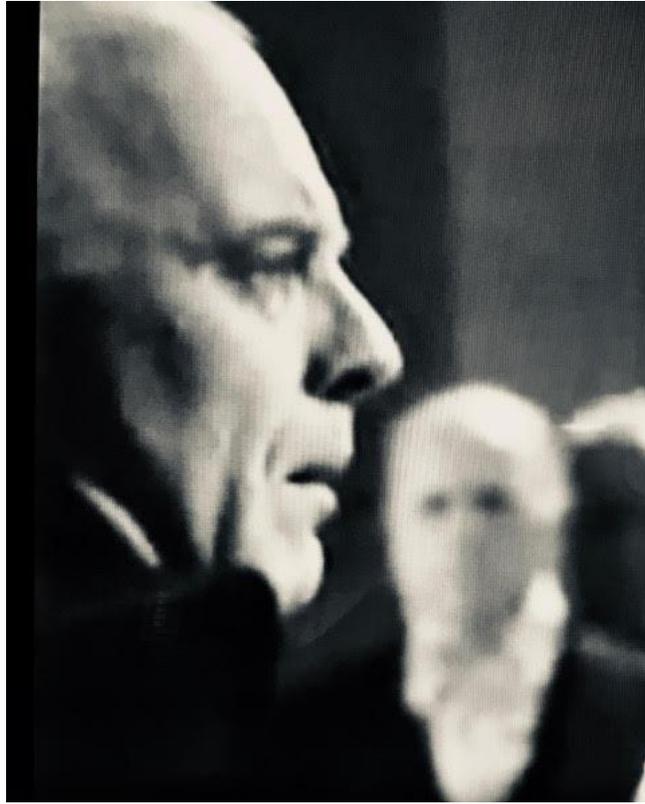


Plate 29. Dream Made to You

...all of her Lama servitude compassion adoration post-colonic
trance cleanses didn't mean a thing when it came to divorcing
Mitchel. Nothing but resentment when it came to Mitchel. What
didn't she hurl carcinogen retaliation plague mouth into the receiver
to get Mitchel to flip-out keep walk farther out and stay the fuck
out...molestation incest accusations...a locked-out dog barking in
her head into the receiver...insults about his mother's glass and a half
dick and reproductive apparatus simulator...she had a strategic rage
on the telephone from the telephone in her head rage...maybe or
maybe not stupidly when I was there...

...what was Cora thinking? I wasn't the tolerant vegan convert committed fellow traveler Buddhist retreator type...I wasn't someone to walk with to Purgatory family Smirnoff's Dexedrine real or vengeance-fantasy nervous breakdown after the effects recovery counseling sessions. I was blank about that package. What I knew about it. When I knew. For my own reasons...

~

...a man like that is a Dead Leaf Mantis. A man like that lives in a feast. He doesn't know he's on the table...quartered or halved... who's the person good at regretting himself? That discipline... ...in the Dead Leaf Mantis documentary she eats at dawn...she lets go a fragrance showering the brighter tint thrilling him over...the organ-organ...Mr. Dead Leaf...sexually stoned into what have you... steps on to the thinnest leaf edge...the greater anxiety...especially the thinnest ...he specializes...the greater anxiety will not be left behind ...he was getting drunk returning to her...there's a braided lap in your lover's hair in the current at the center of the braid the sensation puts names in her hair in your mind...there's no lexicon...it's unrecordable...depends on the barometer...the excruciation... the concepted expectation...his dearest double stirring in their one-room nest...Dead Leaf Von Dead Leaf...he had to sit ten extra minutes in a Mexican Deli...hard as a cutting board thinking about returning to

her...it came down to the dead leaf side...the expectant...the magnetic tint...the magnetic fragrance the filled mind...without shedding without wasting the secreting membrane...the ready-made swell...the favored part...



Plate 30. At the Terminal

...a man like that is a Dead Leaf Mantis. He hadn't come out of it yet. It wasn't urgent to totally come out of it...there wasn't a punishment for not noticing he hadn't come out of it...or for the arrogance if there was any for not noticing or not caring for not noticing. Sure there was. He wasn't coming out of it...finding out how coming out of it could be defined in a way that made sense...you go on getting used to it...the stakes at that table...you can't resist those stakes...can't resist placing the wrong bet and

raking it in...not entirely winnings...the bet consequence resists
inevitably...no one empties that chaos...of what?...he didn't
decide...he decided one at a time...which amnesia is the
responsibility of the self pardoned. That kind of deafness and
dumbness...your attention please...the extra served up compulsion-
exhultion...the commitment the requirements...Tall N Wide...

...twelve years after the boy in the photo an uncle used to point to as
though to build him up...helping with a baby stroller...what still
looked like him as a ten-year-old nephew. He was uneasy. He had the
Consequences Rendered Attitude. He had the Shrugging Your
Shoulders Condition...