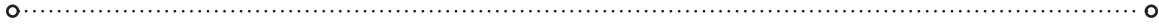


THE EQUALIZER

1.14

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BE IN THE GHOST



beauty in the viscera bought before the instant

breath Bedouin beams



JACKPOT

“I’m here, Oprah.
What do I get?”

*

Held back by a dutiful mind,
I clung to my currency until

POW!

No more bandages or blisters,
rain-swollen stogies in the rosebeds.

There’s not enough
leopard-print in the world . . .

*

Let the hostas unfurl their flags.

That’s a lotta Lotto, you know:
cherries all in a row,
and so very stately.

*

Just when I was getting hungry
you came along.

*

The mood was such.

I took your hand.

In it to win
the beautiful wreck.

INSIDE THE SPECTACLE

I

The remote, there in the Pavillion: a grotto; the world; physique; *biennale*. Cornet-shaped, its shell closed from the viewer. Much a cave, an aggregate of the isolated. The eye's orientation is collapse. Openings in our gaze. Rest. Thousands are present, repetitions of distance, a meeting of the body and its situation suggests a locution in the world of the subject. The idea of the viewer placed inside the grotto—which is an encounter with anecdote and content—points toward laughter as a matter of gazes and radiance. The image observes the form of the fishing boat entirely, its relations to the whole of totality as if, from one point, all sides of the world illustrate the same perspective: stable, subject to object, to gaze. This control of the situation—of seeing—has a diagram. The ordinary codes of our surroundings harbour the moment we experience. The spectacle. Both a vision and the world seen. Both looking and participating.

II

What defines balancing is reflection: seeing
the impossible in its surroundings, and blameless.
An image of particles cast from an aperture

into the interior. Placed before the body
are mirrors, a construction, the steel terminal.

Fitted into the subject is a question of alongside.

Thinking arises from the individual forms
of respect. A steel frame the metaphor first
the entrance stages. Our awareness attuned
to the sensory and the cultural as when we
(alone) turn toward our fellows and the world
at bay, in perception, installed.

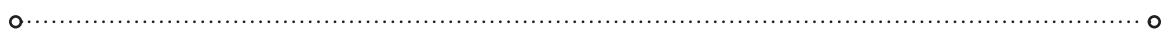
The spectator

equally changes the objects and influences
of the person seeing.

Oscillating structure

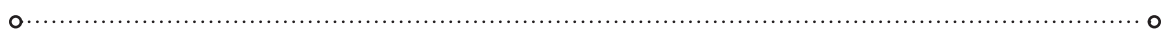
and viewer, the situation is interaction—
the field and what it is called. We survive
our surroundings. The rain into a waterfall.
Walls for the purposes of experience. Nature
not as primordial but as representational: again,
instead. The result of consciousness rooted.
It appears to simulate the romantic, the crucial
memory. The expectations of sense are carefully

spatial, are part of making the presentation
transparent. We are casting into the mirror
for a gaze, for the movement of images.



III

The museum has its own polemic. The machine has gestures. The institutions, its consumers; the market, its activities. What transpires is a confrontation with meticulous organization. The ideological world is a room in yellow where scale is a mode of the retina, sight a possible experience. An exhibition's socializing strategy is revealed without sign. Each element a navigation through the cross-field. Steel pipes, water, the experience as architectonic. The situation permeates the work. The spectator's expectations of the context and its elapses, transitions, an act in time and space. In minding.



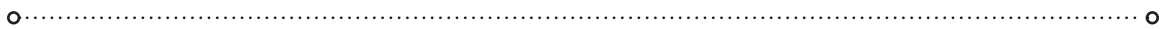
IV

The movement from the built to generation is an invitation, constitutes the pathway of spectating. In various experiences of water, direction is an extension of the phenomenological. The deal the viewer makes with the world is the body in the employ of perspective. Space arises from movement. In place of visiting, duration, orientation. The Pavilion as a building in wood. An aesthetic experience of art is honed by light which moves in transverse to ourselves. Trains in motion carry a consciousness of form, emerge through risk to meet with scenography. The vehicle in the frame of the omniscient gaze. What actually appears casts light on our expectations.

The recurrent is ushered in, the scaffolding ended.
The waterfall in the postcard has its movement
precisely guaranteed. This image of nature has
a place for human existence. To orient the landscape
is one objective. We construct memories from tourism,
specific technology, and so wonderfully cross
from the experiential foyer to where light has
a frequency. The visible is sometimes monochrome.
Vision sometimes tuned to what's missing from color:
blue turned purple within the eye. A side-trip into
the camera obscura wherein an image infuses the eye.
In time the world is photographic: you seem no closer
to truths inside the space than behind the lens.
Simplicity is a stone collided with ice and laid into
tiles, a pattern of concave unfolding interminably
in the mirrors. A measure of logic to the infinite.

VI

Tiles, direction, the whole movement is militarist,
hovering, and taking possession of the situation.



VII

Wonder creates navigation. Granted, the spectacle is counterweight to the entrance of the rainbow, multiple as an appendix.. The different registers of orientation are compacted for purposes of variation. Developed activity forms spaces. Possible is an intimacy via entitlement. Fire, an exhibition. Revolving is a pattern woven in glass, changing as entrance. Stroboscopic is the room's sole form. Character a simple experience. The mind, familiar with reality, Raindrops. Rain dance. Rain drops. Familiar as the common experience. As disorientation.



VIII

Bricks, the scent of fired earth, of tiles.
This experience of the physical: an instance
of lightning suspended across space. There

is static in the room. The raindrops a rhythm
the viewer can time and a lamp illuminates there
the atomized water: rainbow out of waterfall,

felt on the skin. The work of color is inside
the eye, alongside the world, until the world
resembles its phenomena. That play of senses

on what we have in common. From outside
you become a part of the exhibition. The room
rotates, by function, by motor. The way a light-

house captivates in movement. The way doubt
in the viewer is a sensitivity. You have entered
into a space of light- and color-. The body

appears interior as we move, source and subject
of the surrounding we have hitherto met. We
sight possibility : the spectacle appearing open.

TOURNERESQUE

(after Jacques Tourner, for Elizabeth Willis)

Demands shaped like crescent
scars narrow the focus
in a house north
of London. There have been too
many
midnights.

Marks on a page add up to alphabetic
insistence, the last name stretched
above a dotted line.

These days are for counting down.
Some thing, call it the past—long or mine—hastens
down the forest path, and it has always done this,

beliefs strewn like dolls with cracked porcelain heads.
I could not draw my eyes from theirs.

And if the man with a painted face pulls
a cyclone from his sleeve, then this bad
begins and
what follows worse—

anyways, then out of sight.

Now, do that thing with your voice. Call it back.

RED TREE

The moon was never here.
There was an ambulance
a moment of red blinks out
the window. There is a tree
outside. Its leaves are always
red, even when it isn't autumn.
Sometimes I pray to believe.
I kneel and I think of god as the red tree
slowly loses itself in the breeze
and I wonder if it can feel them
falling off, or hear itself. I can say
the blood between my teeth. I can
say autumn breeze and it means
the same thing; a glossy red in
my sink and when I read my horoscope
and the wind picks up, the leaves look
like blood. The shade is just enough
and I will probably lie under it
watching the helicopters and fighter
jets trailing gray smoke.

DARK ART 4

The moon is a burnt-out lightbulb.
You can't read by it, it's so cold.
A realer cold gathering in the touch
of dreams of real people
as ghosts, saying words that won't ever return.
The words have not unfinished business.
They are magicked into being
in our throats, our mouths, in air.
"Where language fails, poetry begins."
So we are present at its genesis,
on I-don't-know-what day.
We thump out its rhythms metronomically,
like a phantom hand drums on our shoulders.
The rhythm of all life, if you listen,
shines in the body like a celebration.
Then why is it so hard to be happy?
To be inside a life, and living it.
To not be darkness
or the absence of real light under a dark sky?
Why does the city's glare subjugate the stars?
The history of light being guided
to each of us, to illuminate a path,
to follow the voices that lead us on our quests.
To find whatever the grail might be.

FUTURE FINANCIAL SOLUTION FOR FREE

It's good to hear how the world looks
And bold, bold ideas.
Let's talk more about mental leveraging, if you're following
My thoughts on Steve Jobs this morning.

Digital media, traditional media, and consumer habits,
I guess I want them. I have great friends who said they will help me out:
Studs, femmes—average and plus size—
Children exposed to harmful radiation from unnecessary CT scans,

Too good to be true. Hey, where have you been recently,
Free conference calling with audio recording?
Tech is great, I know the quandary. Did you enjoy the fights?
I loved seeing BJ put Diego in his place:

Ever since about two minutes ago when I heard someone refer to it as such.
I hope those without humor don't win. Your tweets are a great read.
Cinnamon crunch is your friend. Stop talking 'bout him,
I'm drooling and imagining a death match with Serena. Urgh LOL.

I'm not that worried about it. You landed in my inbox
At the perfect time. I have officially graduated from high school.
Life is so sweet right now. All time high.
Crackberry is back in action. Is awesome.

29,000 scattered marijuana seedlings were found
In central Utah's Wayne County. No arrests. LOL I understand that.

CHAIRS AND ARBORS

I meld beyond uncertain fires
to where low light rises
without deterioration.

Ripped from womb and home
flung into harsh straits
or worse yet ignored.

Look me in the face
with nothing save a face
with a whole body behind it
and say there is a ritual
can bind us past the scorch.

I feel down to my footprints
the gash of time, the gap in it
that burns apart, a crucible
to test remnants out of mind.

Unable to flinch away
my gaze looks into
uncompromised light
and I fear what I will see.

First seen, then felt, outside
there is no mercy to be shown.

But I have incisors
sharpened at the ready
for what may appear therein.

IT BECOMING AUTUMN

There is a little cyclone
in your mouth, ready to swallow anything,
busy with words and the clucks of your tongue against chipped teeth
and the sun against the oak leaves makes a pattern—
a red lattice for small animals to scurry across.
Light coils around the branches, warm and ready
but it isn't strong as before. In the dry months, the heat ate away at the wind
and it dwindled to a secret, occasionally lifting a speck of dust
perennially upward. And at dusk, there was a whisper
of foxes in the bulrushes, sunken behind a green veil
and there were always wine bottles tossed in the recycling bin,
trashcans full of watermelon, and the river spiraling around your chest
in concentric circles. What have we forgotten since then? In the dry months,
I was convinced that I could see right through your skin
I thought I could watch your lungs rattle
like a wild bird trapped in a small cage, beating its wings against its edges
or throwing itself into the grates
when you took a lift off your cigarette. Every day was like this
you would shed your transparent kimono and laugh, I would argue,
and finally we would lay down together. The weathervane is turning
like a whip, crooked, and our heads are tossed against one another.
There are snowy cranes in the distance,
just far enough for each to be seraphic.



THE THIRD AGE OF THE SPIRIT IS AN AEON OF BEAUTY

Acquired from wretched soil
Our collision lifts us

Momentarily

Like an alchemist capturing
The essence of lead

You force me to come with
A simple trick: your hands around your feet

This new element
Aftermath
Is incorruptible

The purity of your breath
The echo of my name on your skin

AS AN ISLAND DOWNRIVER LIMITS KNOWLEDGE

On the way back
from an outlying property
footman, major-domo and butler
are discharged by a passionate
trapper of nightingales.
Hustling, shouting, fussing, quarreling
and making it up again,
cursing and laughing
in spit-shine light.

Copy the addressee
on the rose label
with a light blue line
it is written in ribbons.

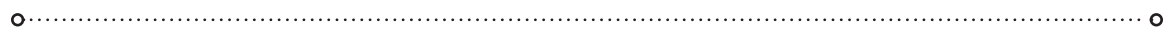
The woodwork is blackened
and bellying out in front,
the chimney has slipped,
the corners have been propped up
but even so are out of true,
and dove-filled windows spy
sourly beneath a shaggy
jammed-down roof.

Absent assistants, the weather
deepens in a fine crop
of melissa. Caught hares
in embers enliven the glow.
Dense, black webs molder
over vague insignias.
Carefully coughing, not without
effort, led softly to a voice.

ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS ABSOLUT-LY



I like Andy Kaufman—not the wrestling stuff so much—but some of the stand-up—and on *Taxi*, of course, as Latka—but what I really like is vodka.



DELOS

○.....○
Come with me into the temple.
Close your eyes then empty them.

If your lot is good, such that you have
Greater sensibility to disrobing

Yet still your forehead is purple
Then extant this scene: entering

A womb from the other world.
Do you know the meaning

Of that emerging? Death
Is a revolving door

Shown now by the new baby
An addendum to the god counsel.

For good counsel—In one
Hand chewed laurel

In another a leisure of inherence
In the other the phial of Themis

Apollo its shallow holder.

DEBACLE DEBACLE

○.....○

Last week Coleridge, yesterday a haircut. Now I spend
so much time sitting, I'm becoming a glow-worm,
though my fuse is mostly darkness. Positivity these days

is difficult to come by, but if you come by, I'm sure
we'll have a ball. All I really want is your avalanche
rolling, bursting down the mountain to meet me

in the meadow. So what if the idea is old? Perhaps
it's still a good one—the two of us connected
in the buzz of shared experience, the white light

to fusion us, the two of us to one of us, and the one
of us to natural world; the natural world to the super-
natural world, and the supernatural world to the blue-

black sky, the exploding and collapsing essential idea.
Rationally, I realize there's no essential idea, but
I nevertheless feel it in all that I experience. My hair

turning gray in a pile upon the floor. Rat snake
through the fingers of the too excited children. My own
never stops talking, never stops wanting to push

and pull the limits. "This book has all the words"
and wonder when she says it. The leaves—yes,
the leaves!—turning in slow motion and falling

in slow motion, never one single hiccup. Life happens;
it's my job to say so. It's our job to express it, expand it
to the edges. Essential it is to struggle, but struggle's

merely tension, and tension can be a thing of balance
or irritation, confusion or song. I'm singing in tension
with the not singing. I'm living in tension with the forces

out to kill me. We're living in tension because we're different human beings, and living in excitement that we're so much the same. The essential recognition

is of sameness and difference. And these two together make thoughtfulness Pleasure. This week I'm reading a Galaxy Book. I think of you constantly and try to stay close.



APOCALYPSE, ETC.

Bruises on the soil
the sour spot
they sprayed
weed killer
on our lawns
with their gas
masks and
the daisies don't
grow there.
The petals even
fell off.
Now they are
only brown
pods sticking up
from the ground
like antennae
the yellow ammonia
stain blots
an ugly color.
There was a wasp
nest between
the wooden planks
of the roof
we smashed
with a shovel
and ran away.
There were a few
red-throated birds
in the lemon
tree singing,
licking up sap
off the branches
and the ants.

THE WORLD WILL BE DESOLATE BUT ADAM OF LIGHT WILL SHINE FORTH

Resolve to live in a state of desire

Touch everyone you encounter and know
You touch nothing

Become androgynous
Extract your rib and fuck yourself with it and beget
Seven androgynous children who will sleep with themselves and
Beget seven more

Hide in the woods
Turn into the trees
The trees will die

Deny yourself nothing for the world will deny it for you
Eventually you will live in the desert

And your forty-nine children will become the forty-nine winds
Your rib will be consumed by a vulture
And you will walk fiercely unto the sun until the sun itself turns away

You will tremble

Everything will shake

And you will tremble

VACATION ON THE ASTRAL PLANE

set forth ball
 breaking
on the froth
of that cadillac-
 sally
 animated
a dysphoria
 from the churn

took a night off
from the thrill

fire in the string
fire in the weave

 maybe it's wrong
and have to wait
 every time I do
 I come to
no place and celebrate

POEM FOR THE 4TH OF JULY

Gonna bleed
on the street
until they name it
after me

PRELUDE

Each day's narration
leaves less and less
to be narrated
and more and more
to be said.
It becomes not about
duration or span
but scale, that is
the direct relationship
of mind to body.
It becomes not only about
what must be said
but how to say it.
Because we are never asked
our appropriate size at birth
it follows that there should be
no question of content or form
or any questions at all.
For there is matter
and the space between
is what matters
and there was never a question
asked that got an answer
that remembered the question.
Begin as befits beginning
following roughly from there
to keep a kernel of what it was
ignited the charge
and see that it continues
undaunted and unquestioned
through quarrelsome waters
and violent air
to the soil, and begin again.

NOBODY BEATS THE GIZZ

○.....○

Voice like a warm fedora
Pulled down over your peepers
Soaked in stardust. He's a vinyl LP
You never had to flip to Side B
A three card monte where
Everyone went home with a
Queen in their pocket.
His sky was all bottle rockets,
Jeepers! A soft-browed Marlowe
Who was more wise
Than street. Palookaville was
His tenderfoot beat and Mike
Played the relentless cutman
Who could suck the dents from
Your honker and send you out
For 15 more rounds in the Cocoon
Of Horror

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured . . .

William Shakespeare