



Shane, if she weren't a dimwit,
you'd bring Elvia the juice
of the box of your pet.
But instead you love a cauliflower
warted slut and you blush to own it.
That the nights are not spent in a chair,
reading brilliance, in the air, proves the bed, crying
Assyrian darning and the fragrance
of lilies. The pillows, on the floor, bent,
beef of the bed being rent,
or near it, in two.
There's no use saying nothing.
You wouldn't market those fucked-out flanks
if you weren't just as stupid.
So what's up? Is it good
or ill or ill? Oh that? It's the jet I rented
to write the verse of your love
in cumulus.

You think good, but
are you secure enough
to ask for a little sugar when you want it?
Under pants are a manmade object.
Forget the glass! Forget the glass!
Pants'er her panzer.
She already be riddled with four-letter holes.

“He felt that it was a special day, with the devil about.

Suddenly he ran into a marble pillar with his head.”

His hair was smeared with blood, or jam.

There was almost no way for me to find him, but he was there.

I was in Mexico, then Guatemala.

I had salvaged fruit from the trunk of the car.

Saliva leaked onto his chin, his neck, he kneeled.

I spoke to myself in clipped verses.

Air streamed through the broken window.

I complained, thinking he couldn't hear me.

Then it was the desert. I don't know where it was.

It is otherways with me
In the bottom right corner
Been sleep, bean, possibilistic, frustration blinks
Orange trees in silver tubs
Where would no with whom
The servants sleep a wry smile
At the blacksmith what hammer what bivouac
Every thought is already over

Chest bump, stud
you caught the flowers
in spite of the shellfish
induced slowness and irritation,
your disease, on this day of disabled
cheapskates complaining of their present,
communal, the Great Firewall
of China and the price of Light of Liberty.
No, it wasn't rice but confetti, made up
of phone statements, unpaid, thrown, and ate
a buffet off smashed plates.
Didn't you notice? Now that you've won,
where's your prize? Wasn't she invited?
Or is it that very freedom
that you've won?

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Regret? Tits to nubs.
Ovaries in retrograde
custom-nude
intruder
allies, under the bus.
Fibral, bulbous.
Casual? Contagious?

**The architecture journalists were excited
to receive photos from the architect—
“now, here’s a building with two staircases!”
The journalists didn’t own a shed, and they
didn’t have any tools, just wrappers, and dog
silhouettes, they would hum—
“twin white staircases... with dark
dogs,” which the architects had
built into the design, twisting their
necks around to look into the camera
on the third and fourth steps**

In the seventeenth century
There were only seven years
Of peace my feed is different yellow
Thinner in a bucket must both
Obligation and dust export or perish bold
space
Fattens like intestines Weakly Interacting
Massive Particles (WIMPs) blown up
Into party favors daily I enter

How great, you were
born eight
miles from the many-winged
mansion with a single staircase
that leads nowhere
makes chutney of the stuff
behind your face! To the problem,
getting nearer, I obliterated
your plate of pilaf with an inbound pass
shaped like the parabola of clothes
on a clothesline, that is,
succumbing to pressures not
from within. I'm sorry, it was a sort of magnetism
that implants carry—can you blame me
for opening the wrong
door?

I've given myself for a given
 body of non-art objects (goo)
 since caring about people
 gives you more energy
 for licking back and bottom
 fronts, to knock out the facelift
 flowerdraped—belligerent
 What happens to the general's feet?
 He lifts his eyebrows up with his hands.

The spine was a little dented
but my offense still had its temper
tantrum in the face
of sloth. To be less like algae
was one pillow
pressing, leaking like yellow
from the drum's sepsis, to dry
erase split lip kisses
was another after helicopter
search lights hovered
over the unfortunate, becoming louder.
Nameless, you named it: fuckwit,
you're going to get everyone
sick sharing the etymology of corn
with your dick. If you hadn't
made me I wouldn't have gone past the last
five digits, challenging your definition
of necessary and sufficient. In the end,
every phone call was a scratch
card and behind every number was a color

Scud missiles engaged patriots
Inlaid with gold steel plate backed
By licking stamps my tongue grew
Rarer the sky married below it
As the prophet skipped the prophetic for the
Rhodes probably those birds
From Sweden I learned to sleep
Less in summer resident violinists were given
Jackhammers thumb blisters cough
Medicine will not not destroy me muddled
Alone before and after
Follow each other in the Graphics
Interchange Format of you in a rich two hundred
and fifty six colors melting like an Inuit
Scarf dipped in liquid nitrogen that is full
Of cuts spasmodic and pressed
Against my chest a purring kitchen

In light of our findings
things began to look different
more like The Hunger Games
lottery pills accompanied water
roofies accompanied laughter
sunscreen was slathered over banter
everyone was smashed
in a new pool with a swimming roof
murder was nullified
riots were boring
crotchless Kendolls snuck
out of the dorm rooms
in a nervous swarm
the king on the hill looked
up instead of down on us
towards a monitor
ergonomically positioned
to alleviate neck strain
the sun was raw
we were half-baked
no one used the word crisis
except referring to overdue
waxing or waning enthusiasm
we were stubbled
our toes were stubbed
our faces were stubbed out
our legs were stumps
our torsos were stumps
our faces were stumped
our bodies stumbled out of
the pool with our biceps rippling
hauling a heat wave of mind power
onto the rolling lawn
it was hot

if suffering is a given,
how can we make it sexy?
At Shopper's World Bramton
Myers pierced a Host with a rusty nail
plus a few ripped pages of God's Delusion
shoved it all in the trash
with old coffee grounds and a banana peel
(why dozen Footlocker open earlier?)
Stone sacrificed all the
nice-looking people on the subway
(bagcart ringwaller) martyred
in the bushes by the canal or the "creek"
The most highly-evolved baby on the bus
recited The Book of the City of the Ladies,
incanting:
Nobody owns yoga,
the evolution of the shovel,
the history of pointed hats

In the first nocturnal scene,
 history's first dunce
 a) douches in the dark
 b) is the editor, yet his heart is in real estate
 against the will of his pagan father
 (our mother of perpetual help)
 We got him a shirt that says "poor guy"
 Blood not his own in his eye
 There's no proof a lady wrote this
 carrying a 4.5 kg brick in her nominated un-
 gloved
 hand
 busy to seem more professional
 in an uncradled downward position
 "Life is the best"
 Next time you're feeling dirty
 he'll get in the shower with you
 Who holds the record for farthest distance
 run
 while jealous?
 She was unsuccessful the first time,
 when the brick slipped and cut her hand

Wilk

In light of
The architecture
He felt

Anderson

Shane if
Chest bump
How great
The spine

Wilk

Anderson
It is otherways with me
In the seventeenth century
Scud missiles engaged
You think good
Regret?
I've given myself
If suffering is
In the first nocturnal

Catullus

Verse VI.

Samuel Beckett

Whoroscope

Thank you

Friends

Elvia Wilk Shane Anderson
2013

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