

my daughter has a graphic understanding of water
no fish, no purification
only texture, water
its first color of consumption
self- drinking
a graphic understanding
of how living is at the end of
self- texture-
i told her
seaweed is at a conflict with water
-and that water is a graph,
abducted by textures

my daughter ceases to speak in liquified tongues
no angle, no curvature
 my sunken body, sinking
the fish pure enough to escort us both
red, green, glittered
valets of waste

valets of waste
there is nothing here, keep moving

only one fabric mightier than this place
woman, grab my hand
squeeze grief tightly
or do not squeeze
water is a graph abducted by textures
a filmic exposure found in a famous back alley

water is a tirade, a bell
 unspoken, ceaseless

I.

(im)possible to swim from maudlin streams,
the followers, listeners, liars, liars,
neither are you or that *other* you,
sharpened walks, a circle's shy curve.

[piano concerto no. 1 in c minor, op. 35]

to use a sullied entrance-
i would let you any day / time / year
the favor returned before a bloated sun slurs.
one can't be bothered with a map to shostakovich.
he had a house, slept under sheets, closed shades.

[piano concerto no. 2 in f major, op. 102]

words provided one treat them as soldiers on a front line.
words provided one treat them as chatty virgins-
blondies, motivated to crawl on chiseled knees,
words provided one treat them as a semi-silent affair ...
"shh, let's not ruin tonight. we've waited so long."

[concertino for two pianos in a minor, op. 94]

as: some world floated on the rowboat floor
four inches of dark mud sharing space-
europe tried to breathe, america covered itself
with mud *so naked we are despite these acts*,
africa wanted to drown, cuba laughed, laughed.

one can't be bothered-
 as enemies.
 not enemies.
 ghosts.

II.

one can't be bothered-as enemies
can't be bothered-as ghosts, ghosts
not enemies. ghosts can't be or be
bothered, as enemies-bother-as enemies and ghosts.

[E902.B75 2004, *Total Insecurity*]

lessons learned, forgotten, lifted, lobbed
aloft to nestle tumor-like, the receiving
palm's convex embrace neither invitation
nor propulsion, nor propeller's invective.

[DS79.76.D53 2005, *Squandered Victory*]

instructions by the wayside-adrift
in our boat we were happy outside
consciousness as the wood wore
thin, thinner, another swifter fabric
porous, like acquiescence, aqueous tresses-

[DS79.762.S83 2004, *Fear This: A Nation at War*]

as accordions opening and opening to reveal
further folds, events nestled in newsprint
exposing occurrences ensconced, sequinesque
in glare designed to dazzle or the bright
transparent sheen of your uranium undulations

flag-like against the backdrop of the U.N. sanctions

outside consciousness-
 as ghosts.
 not ghosts.
arrows.

III.

one can't be bothered with chatty virgins
thin, thinner
each in another swifter fabric
flapping flag-like against slack backs

[*minor insecurity*]

in our boat we were happy outside
no U.N. sanctions to distract us
sailing
drinking cuba libres
"shh, let's not ruin tonight. we've waited so long."

[*squandered victory*]

some world floated on the rowboat floor
through the glass bottom
like dolphins
ghosts of enemies
not breathing. not happy outside. not at home.

[*fear this nation concertino*]

docked. at the outdoor nightclub
no thoughts of homes ravaged. bloodied babies. cities, streets gone.
not associating the calls of DJs
with soldiers
put your hands up. put your hands up.

one shan't flit about
outside
 allied
carefree

IV.

reception for Major Transparent Sheen and chatty virgin
as some world floated on the rowboat floor
minor op. / dark op. / squandered op. shh,
let's neither you-nor that *other* you bothered-
swim from maudlin streams, or be
blondies, motivated to crawl on knees porous like acquiescence,
aqueous trussed, delphinic
listeners, liars, liars, ghosts, ghosts, not enemies.

shh, we've waited so long
shy curves of news impossible to follow,
one can't be bothered as enemies, can't be bothered as soldiers
to use underslept print sheets, closed with mud
shh, shh, shh so naked crawl slack backs
ravaged.

we've waited in some slur, thin, thinner,
floated despite these tumors flag-nestled,
another you bothered shh, shh, can't be europe
tried america covered africa wanted cuba, laughed
as accordions opening and opening to reveal, ha
further folds, events nestled in newsprint like flags
laughed, exposing Major Glare and Major Dazzle
as sanctioned undulations
our swift propeller outside inks hard
some world floating
 as ghosts.
 not ghosts.
 arrows.

i.

a thin pencil a broken pencil an urge to resign
to scribble scrabble looks shabby glocks scratching mocks
truce, you say, i don't believe a word of it, i say,
pick up handfuls of dirt larger than lumberjack hands
thrown into air, above heads, particles in hair
particles that dare, yes, how could distant sufferers
be so dense the density will kill the [un]marked
they don't call it nihilism these days, yawn
a sheer inability to catch sincerity via eyes
the undoing of messy mothers haphazard fathers
please sip from coffee cup z safely on the terrace
but one can't forget the faceless mocked, pocked
conviction(s) at a dead halt, a mammoth pause button
of life, of plight, of please don't make me say it
but so many wake up with blond, streaked hair,
a shark-toothed task to demean better neighbors
hoorah hoorah, let the bigotry begin bang bang
the cyclical puke of pathetic liars and landfills
of tired women and autistic feys sifting through dregs
for daily consumptions repetitive competitions
the wheels of the suv go 'round and 'round
let your hair down, there's still another boring party
of forgetfulness, our utopia on a desert hill,
noxious parents luxuriously at disposal, too good
it's all too good to be true, tamed manipulators
they see it for what it is for what it was
choco-laxatives, chicken wings, mt. dew
but fuck yeah! it was worth it, because you
can't touch the alienated, this world sinewed
already a shadow of a shadowed in between
women come and go talking of ... whatcha
whatcha gonna do about it? <<mike, yo!>>
we tried to call you, but you weren't home.
in the backseat of your car: a bike wheel,
and because we secretly laugh at you together,
we left you on the littered sidewalk with greasy fingers,
we left you to find your own drunken ass home.
this is no joke ... missing appointments for progress?
forgive me before i give a reason to leave.
people assume the horribly real, those non-fakers.
i saw you digging through my trash can, don't deny it.
looking for fruity histrionics, mango mad hatters?
assembly love, waiting for clicks to unclack the muse.

ii.

i saw you digging for fruit, for assembly
love, waiting
a broken pencil in an impish hand
mocking the lamentable scribble
like the glance towards an imitation truce

i speak to the dirty hands on their heads
or the fingers over their eyes
or their pulling hair
as distant victims crave to kill the noticeable

This is What I Wrote on the Bomb
A Collaboration (Jacquelyn Davis, Aaron Drake, Angela Frocillo, Jen Hofer)

as a way to communicate sincerity, confidently
surrender your eyes like your parents did when
you randomly came home dirty and satisfied.

don't forget about the imitation faceless, pock-
marked dead (jungle rot), their illusory
interruptions of life and hardship prevent
fanaticism and other wide-aware opinions.

liars puke pathetic circles around tired autistic
women and wheels of suvs wildly go 'round and 'round.

the impish hand strikes more memories
lament becomes merriment
and the pulling hair
only craves to be noticed.

iii.

my impish hand craves
to be noticed pulling your hair
just
so you've told me you like it
like that hard
and bleeding

dirty and satisfied you puke
pathetic circles around
me as i cry leaving
a lamentable scribble on
the one wrinkle
you've conjured into
my forehead.

still i say
lament me.
marry me.
cradle my impish hand in your own.

iv.

in your own impish hand cradle
my thin pen my broken pencil my urge
to resign. imitation truce, imitation victim
as a way to communicate sincerity
the imitation faceless pock interruptions
handfuls of dirt density unmarked in your
own impish hand. lament. conjure. marry.
fingers over eyes a sheer inability
to forget the faceless hard and bleeding
dirty and pathetic and bleeding a lamentable
cradle craving to communicate, to forget
to come home, to notice or be noticed
this world sinewed, shadowed, a shadow
of a shadowed in-between a shadow shadowed
sinewed, this world to be noticed or notice
to come home, to forget to communicate
craving a cradle lamentable a bleeding
and pathetic and dirty and bleeding hard

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faceless forgetting, inability, sheer eyes
over fingers. marry. conjure. lament. your
own impish hand. unmarked density dirt
in handfuls interruptions pock faceless
imitations sincerity as a way to communicate
victim imitation, truce imitation. to resign.
urge my pencil broken my pen thin my cradle
hand impish in your own.