(UNTITLED)

— and — or — did not get along tonight with —
— taffeta got shredded into — salad which was rich and full
of — or — last remains
— stood there face black with the word
the cliff was white with peril when — — — — stood on it
flashlights which stood for loss shone into — eyes
and all was blind

(UNTITLED)

all the fields asunder
in — experience, the mouth was cold and fur the penis was
triangle and metal the little finger was wet and chewy the ass-
hole was full of a faint beating and light grit and the pussy was
constructed piece by piece with grain matter and acrylic glass
hurry said the hunter — bag full of stones
the routines of parking lot shone around —
to crouch was pathetic, to stand even more so
to lie down was to wink, at no one in particular
to zoom was to marry someone quickly, as a reflex
to be still was to put on a dress with fatigue, hands barely on
the zippers
and throw — know is to be filthy
filthy and teeth bright with summer

— did it for revenge — said — would do it again — said that
about cutting it up and also grinding it down the way listen-
ing to the sound of the air conditioner whining fluttering off
tuesday night when it was hot with the news of another — be-
ing cut down — would do it again with the shops and the cars
lug away the same shit again would throw down the debris of
last night’s parade again would do it again but bigger would
send the sparks running down the boulevard again would
cut it off and watch it dangle and fall into a hole would wreck
again would fly the tassels and bells again and weep in ecstasy
under the gold logo on fire on fire again would lick the ash and
pepper from — hips again would toss the brochures into a pile
would pile the canisters into an alley would make a line to the
sea to scatter the waves again would mix limes with petrol to
write notes in the most invisible places would weave the des-
peration of days with the air of the hour — did it for revenge,
will do it again