
Jason Conger

Hole in the Sky

In observing the perforated sky,
no part of the eyes of
the lie remains intact, of that,
which we do not take with a neighbor (or ice)- more to the tune of
extremity and
the chain, the life,
-that much is simple, where is now alive the sun
that she polishes slats in a space without curtains- a Vista,
a creature of livings of the libations,
leasing any
synonymous luminaries to adaptation,
never full of (just) one, but all things-
that said,
that the mysteries of new nuances take(tones),
that take place in the title of mining
to perforate-
in the ether a vast and inquisitive window of
whatever height of the sky's time, of she that
emanates sufficiently, that one, who commits robbery of influence, first
paper with shootings
then a simplicity of sun
if each future possible to do should

disappear and inject straight into orders, that's the one
(not) to believe
-if there's even a chance of such unengendered
perforates in sky, it takes us all to window
in a single young
moment, of that oasis of robbery
that whistles off dogs, in winch of him
that staves away the end to consider festiveness
relatively observed, the one that's from
the western person seen if ever it became, a slight drop to the east of
the world to enter
nevertheless

for deeply inside
the food of the love of the Guise of
our time
is use of the hour alive of such pride.

Monster Man Synonym

actuates me a back-bite

The sphinx-like,
the iron-clad,
the crab, the hemmed-
in the by-the-numbers,
The numbers

To the more abusive bistro in a simply ample man vanguard
It was a tramped-down sack,
it was a discordant babel
discerning,
and all you body politic springboards but we blowdowned the spar
You're mousy like a clout of metals
fork it over, lodestar

concede the departure,
consign the supply,
the de facto of actuo-
It's like the collapse held- sensation

That's why I have got my heed in my hold

Stop snagging on the envy chap
It was poor coordination,
but I had to rent to own
barely touched,
but the taoist I found it was an aid got off and hopped down
And like a smack,
I consumered, aglow

Mother's Day Mashup

Because we still believe that sonograms are filled with love children the
Furies continue to deliver them. Many. Many sonograms and this mystic
(tom)foolery in the heavier hands above
The Furies have many sonograms: maintain them in whispers and whist
drives, and whistle stops to one another (from one to another), one
more- for the road. If only One sonogram more could find a love nest's so-
nority among its burning (tertiary) adjuncts (burnishing) ternary number
system from me, of love
To none (nonentities) so devotional as that of her whose heat engine is
my heat engine's quiet home court,
To my first Love child therefore, by that dear name-drop (near dame- drop),
my Moth (lover, mother) (ugly son), on whose knee socks I long
have called you
you in who I learnt (that) love and lorikeets are more than mere moth traps-
that are not troublesome; unto me,
And Whose serving dish fills my hearthstones with special digression, is
such stone where debt and debacles install (induct)(themselves)
And in she is my settlement, Virgo's worn shoes, while I go, spiro-
graph(ing) free, and come (arrive (hither))
And so my moth proves- because (of) my own mothproofing, you love(d) me
who died early and because
I was but the moth of myself, I love you, (with) Motion(ing) sickness, but I
have woven you a wreckage
Of rhymes (rhythm (and blues)(rhyolite) wherewith are smother(ed) tongues
(some other tongues, s'mother tongues)the one to crowstep
(over) your honored name- dropping I loved so dearly:

And thus In you (,mother) are no dearer fourteenth yeast infections than
the mother I knew (who)can dim (still dims) the flame of the forest
(flame proofing)(inflammation) (flame proofing of the forest)

with that sick etesian wind (ethanol), her low earth orbit(lo neliness),
whose glozing) transcends the lawyer(ing)s (laxities) with which my lengthening
time bombs and TeeVee channels
and my terminal life cycle (lift tickets) be dear(er)(are dearer) to my
soul mate (sound effects) that (than) its soul- (dearer to my soul mate than
my soul)(my sound effects than my sound) life (cycle)(insurance) and
death (estate)(insurance).