

Reflections on Drift, Sentence—Burst Exactly One Year to Date of Hearing*

from *Hospitalogy* (Scantly Clad Press)

Dear Static,

I heard you in the next room

A double room,

An epiself

An ikea idea.

The cars must have gone to bed

Times such as these [insert adverb akin to a slightly ambiguous sigh]

Times such as these is a loose nail,

Language is always

Facing a precipice, plank or wiretap.

Usually plastic maybe foam,

Sometimes oldworld metal and sin-

Function, your noises.

The casual drift of commentary

The dark hospital-precipice, is it that spectacle

That asymptotic curve

He talked about

He talked about yelled from a window

At a violence too particulate,

Too French too affect, pardon

Our French.

(The non-reflective sentences)

To evince oneself of any next week.

National holiday.

Amazon purchase.

Electric thing that seems not electric.

Your shower is top-notch.

Your soap is abundant.

Your cough should be looked into.

What's not there is eye-tyranny

Playing dressup game

With your sickbed sound

Reel

**an alternate version of this poem originally appeared in Ekleksographia: An Imprint of Ahadada Books (Amy King ed.)*

{eulogy for this poem}*

from Prefab Eulogies

Born, Thursday, July 11th 10:08am

Died, Thursday, July 11th 10:15am

Spahr's aspiration and aspiration. Poetry-as-eulogy. Resurrection of the freshwater cadaver. *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. Thinking about the undead today. Nothing particularly once-human or in technicolor, no colorized grayscale once-Hollywood monstare in alienatingly wide 80's-esque shoulder pads (Helmsley Hotels but a lazy memory), no bolt-headed B-dead thing wearing "like, way too much foundation gag me with a spoon" lunging ataxic for the 35 mm zoom and boom, that uncinematic pose denoting "I *will* strangle you, all of you, and quite soon, I'm afraid" or conversely "allow me to delicately undress you with my forklift hands." No, the poem-as-collapsed lungs, floating pluvium in a jug of water, sheath of linguistic inner-wear bobbing at the surface now. Lines and dashes on parchment of-not-some import, thinking about after-eulogy. Microelectrodes placed over each vowel? "Insufficient." Mouth to once-in-mouth? "Indecent." Your advances are relentless.

**first appeared in Bird Dog Magazine #10, 2008.*

{eulogy for rabocheye dayelo}* *from Prefab Eulogies*

The gendarmes: fastidious sparrows with semi-automatic documents raiding nests. December. They stole the newspapers but forgot to take the ideas.

Water is the reason god was invented. Oil is a byproduct of a discrete ineptitude in the upper strata. They buy t-shirts expressly for the occasion and never forget their fanny packs. Like small turds sparrows streak across a horizon lined with radio towers. Nobody broadcasts this.

Oil masks roads paved with good intentions. Intentions are hard to come by. Children say they've seen them. One might leave a plate of haroseth for a spontaneous arrival. Wine is too extravagant now. And nobody eats the brisket. Not even minor prophets.

Look for clearance sales at corner stores. Indications that aliens will be paying earth a visit. Blue-light specials attract more than one form. Shadows cast by these are long as the sun is low. Very low.

In Hamilton Ontario two tall stacks used to shoot flames from their mouths. One has gone out. Water at Rosie's is from the tap. Chlorine masks the idea of cocktail. Cock and Tail are what you get here. Luck is to be blamed. Someday that fire will rise again. Then you know the paper will mill disproportionately to demand. One small overlooked dividend will be

the newspapers will reappear and not long before the gendarmes.

**first appeared in The Duplications (Johnathan Mayhew ed.), 2008*

excerpt of "your nerve centery taxonomy"

from *Occultations* (Black Radish Books)

SUPERSET OF OBJECTS, SUBJECTS: FLOORPLAN, FACE/KITCHEN

[{A, subcutaneous platysma myoides muscle/dishware} {B, lip of the thyroid cartilage/coffee mug from adventure trip}{C, clavicular attachment of the trapezius muscle/drawer under sink}{D, lymphatic bodies of the post triangle/breezeway} {E, external jugular vein/faucet, leaky}{F, occipital artery/window overlooking concrete yard}{G, auricularis magnus nerve/overhead, halogen} {H, parotid gland/garbage disposal}{I, temporal artery/freon hose}{K, zygoma/left rear burner (broken)}{L, masseter muscle/refrigerator}{M, facial vein/lamp at table}{N, buccinator muscle/mixing bowl}{O, facial artery fibers/linoleum floor}{P, mastoid half of sternomastoid muscle/freezer}{Q, carotid arteries/4 chairs, home depot}{R, subclavian artery in the third part of its course/drying rack}{S, external carotid/oven}]

in aspirative nightchat, during the blurring

hour, tensor moon is question

mark

during the scaling rub,

we're alienated by all this *stuff*

///

below tensor moon,

question mark a typo

graphical question

mark

i say

we're alienated by an epistemology that turned out *write*

spectacles/spectacle
aspirations/aspiration
gentrification/gazzification

///

the prostate lies like new money

we piss pleasantries as denial
approaches

infinity

pain is a urinal in a coffee

table book

talk is the language of eidos

scalpel

the language of

gressos

still deeper

get to the bottom
 of the bottom
 of the bottom

“Getting to his bottom”
“Get out”
“Wait, get in here I like your”

to a fastening

to a jettisoning

parasite needs

switch

hot for an-

other room

wires less exposed oxidized

we listen now for

no burn --ing that crackle

ive cooked

Ex.

american
endocrine
system
filters in binary C++
slowed by
confessional poetry
fetish
scalpel
guided by

- 1) historical precedent or
- 2) armchair muhajadeen

Ex.

enter the kidney deeply & pick
predetermined
title at random
how no inside, whole no
outside no hole
home-a-rama makeshift other
clutter & chances are

historical precedent
will fortify the walls of our living

theater

Ex.

enter orbital
house
or if thresh-
old keeps
questions & visions
make do
& like-

wise find no-
thing approxi-
mating barthian
bliss why is it that poetry is
at best
dialysis?

///

the book turns (on) itself

you say

in answer

to some

ill formed

question (mark)