

While I should have slept

Turn on the television and you see young men, giving all they've got marching up a glacier of vanilla sauce with tongues clacking with freshly pressed zeal. Each one is flagellating the one walking in front of him with a cinnamon stick but the wounds smell of syrup. Enough already. The glacier is melting and the knights of the candy store awash. Rescue operations with upside-down helicopters ensue. It is then that you are bound to flip the channel with grinning superiority carved into the eastern corner of your mouth.

Isabelle, there goes your enamel. Lower your consumption of acid drinks. Do it for yourself. For all the beautiful photos impotent hedgehogs will take of your magical smile. Do it for Beauty itself, do you understand me? For beauty shall die last. I am obliged to say this not as your friend but as your dentist. The sordid eloquence of might -

the dove of Noah properly understood is a drone
the land it scouts is our empire of fear
from Nero's pharmacy, "apologaesics"

You are an aberration, a vein appendix to the mote in your eye - *motto crafted in love for S.*
Kierkegaard.

There is no shortage of motto's. Infinite supply and no demand. A motto is an unbecoming poet's staple. We can attach mottoes to a billion stars, to a billion galaxies, to a billion universes that lie undiscovered and uncovered beyond the space meekly occupied by our imaginable theories. The sordid eloquence of imagination -

So what then "is" "it" and what "is" ""is"" that it has anything to do with ""it""? You see, questions take place in mirrorclean pistons and we don't notice ***anything*** of the combustion process or the fumes that engulf us. There lives a grocer in an ugly hamlet in the woods, your footsteps dampen in the marchlands as you approach that place but the journey is well worth your effort. He is a, how shall I say, rather persnickety man but his lemon pie... It is to him that the remaining holy warriors will come, eventually.

A proper footing in the ground. The horsemen of the popscyalipse* emerge at sunrise from the rows of the terra cotta warriors. Footing has long been declared a commodity but this was never understood. WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DEALING WITH THE THING ITSELF. But its commodity status tricked all the mammalian minds. With the exception of two.

One is the ~~XXX~~ conventionally referred to as the author of this text and the other are you the Reader.

When is something Real? When a tax return has been filed.

Let even the bovine, the three-legged veal of ignorance* brought up in the darkness of her factory farm cubicle be able to discern Beauty in our verse. For beauty shall die last. How can we be so cruel? The merit of Structure is that it is required for its own decomposition. The beauty of ruins lies *in* the traces of their self-negating structure.

It is FORBIDDEN to poetize. Don't poetize.

Public announcement of PENALTIES for poetizing, in effect as of the 219th Brumaire etc:

1. * poetizing love: infinite boredom
2. * poetizing war: infinite boredom
3. * poetizing stardust: infinite boredom
- n. * poetizing poetry: gallows

Let us read more Ibsen in this universe.

Are we having fun?

Our martyr is a spasmodic guinea pig running inside the broken flywheel.

It ought to be hard work. Talent is hard work. We are brooding hard on every comma with the entire weight of our cultural constipation until the shell cracks and the chick is mutilated. All because someone told us talent is hard work. But we have drunk the blood of Calvin and now we can finally cherish our talent like squirrel nuts. We can stockpile it so it will develop value. We can file the metric monsoon with the cut-throat wit of elliptic verbiage. We can chew on layers upon layers of signifiers, rearrange them as if composing a seventeen voice fugue wherein you can hear the flapping of angel wings. We can measure the intensity with which the lines are written, utilizing the proportionality with body temperature, measured rectally.

Can we really do all that? Of course not. It's all *just* appearance. The game with no rules spawns the rules with no game. But that is what it MEANS. It's all *not unjust* appearance. Close your eyes and focus on all the moving tongues. Nothing exists but all the tongues that are moving when I snap my finger. What do you see? All tongues are muscular but some tongues are more muscular than others. And so it is. That is who we are. We are all just

Dandy's at dawn

verbal machine gun fire doesn't save the soul of a culture because its ammo is only infinite. The ramblings of the hypercynical metaviduum the the the the the the the the the the -

We are opening up new spaces to be filled with quasi endless repetitions in-between the eyebrows. So when mommy asks tonight over dinner what DID you DO you have your answer handy. Don't put your hands under the table and what can go wrong?

I want the losers the drop-outs to come and colonize these words. Yes, you there, come to the dance floor, don't be shy. You may extract spices and opiates from this ~~XXX~~ to sell it back in the foul kingdom of your dreams. It is your only ticket out of here and you know it. You can BE because "being" means {being} something different. I sell strong alcohol to dissolve the coagulated attributes of your loserdom, the thick glasses, the evading gaze, the stutter, the perceived mental sloth, the hideous clothes everybody expected you to wear and the not quite fitting exceptionally fashionable clothes you put on instead that forever confirm this rule, the bad breath, the forgetfulness, the spilled cappuccino's, the condom package you forgot so you didn't get laid even as you did. And I sell with big discount my friend. Go out into the world and BE. Spread your wings and fly away into your golden moment.

Living in the moment is shit. We have to STEAL each moment from infinity. "In the moment" is the

first place where the intergalactic police will come looking. I just got rich selling homeopathologic* water to a bunch of fools. But we will get fooled over our dead bodies, won't we d'reader*?

We demand a face / so that defacing us becomes an **EVENT**.

Here we are, a self-help group of metonymic appendages with existential ambitions.

Show me an idyll that doesn't sound like Wagner and you will have redeemed this species.

... and the man who keeps polishing his eyeglasses with sandpaper shows up at the most unexpected Places. His zeal is hypnotizing, let us be his audience. Now here is somebody who goes against the grain;-

Where were we? So we are the toxicity we want to clean up. Our very cells, our thoughts of redemption and oneness and harmony and poetry and our attempts at manufacturing innocent childhoods. So what?

The impossibility of contact. Choose your illusions wisely. As for me, I am only delivering a payload of self-contented rubbish into the face of the newly met. But now I want to go deep, you see?

Drunk driving is not suicide, being born is - *reckless proverb*

My brain is a decent lady and I am her pimp.

We want to breed the Überkinder* who effortlessly create their inner angst and shout it into the world. Why? It saves so many pills and syringes. But how does that benefit the average worker on the factory floor any better than all the communist propaganda booklets he was forced to burn during these particularly hard winters when all illiterate comrades froze to their historically trivial deaths? He can always pick up his bags and move to the back of the moon, where at least he is understood when he speaks a crude version of Icelandic in reverse. The revolution is nothing else than raining gently smiling ovulating turtles instead of always those moralistic dead frogs.

And thus do we judge the merit of all literature. The hunger for redistributive justice it implants in the mind of its wealthiest readers. The two thousand years old trickery of redemption and absolution doesn't work because a forgiven mind farts like ten. **Compassion is the blood-thirst of the meek.**

But what do we care about merit? We happy re-iterators of the (n+1)th coming? Merit is a blemish on the membrane of the rattling tin drum of time, the strangely infective habit of buying and selling obscure signatures on withered paper in online auctions, a rusty saw serrating our social fabric and we don't need that.

À faire: epochè but with a kick-ass base drum

Dissolution is no solution. That woman you saw sipping her cappuccino on that memorable day in Paris was real. The mustache of frothed milk with the little cinnamon specks on her gently curved lip was more real. There was nothing realer than that. Not then, not now. There could be, of course, a yellow-breasted meadowlark whistling Schönberg's *Pianosonaten* but that would still be less *real*.

You can combat that old brain tumor by eating salty licorice. It will dwindle to a pesky lichen under the lofty upsurge of your imagination if you operate with the escape velocity of a smoking planet with

poisonous snakes. The only problem of philosophy is your mother's suicide.

What remains is the baby carrots, sautéed in chia butter. Take a table spoon and spread it out on the back of your head, make sure your hands aren't hairy (your evolution should have taken care of that). Run around the well three times but protect your head against gamma radiation. The solitary condor will pick you up, oh the world is blue if you were to look down and ignore how your shoulders are crushed by the strength of its claws. Give the bird some credit, remember to play *Orfeu negro* for him once he drops you off at the bus stop. It's never too late to contribute to the eradication of polio or how do they say? See how everything is connected with no thing? That's when you put on your green *pantofles* and let Pangloss show you around town. The smell of old urine licks your horny nostrils - you have absolved the pergatorio and a full moon is rising. The buildings are present for the first time, the cobblestones woven into elysian necklaces draped around the neck of the fallen titans. Morning coffee. A masterpiece is supplanted everywhere you look (provided you don't have lice already). Aesthetics is the public refusal of habit.

Okay, what do we have so far? Tonight you will be sticking out your nipples firmly in the seawind and not for lack of better entertainment. You identify your memories with the debris the high tide had washed away and you tick off that box, too. Only the taste of hot chocolate keeps haunting you but that can be solved. You order at daybreak sitting on a crested red stool in between two androgynous sea lions that begin a colloquial chat with you to break the ice. Their sharp wit (especially from the one on your left whose spittle smells like wasabi) turns you on but the feeling that you're not genetically predisposed to procreate with androgynous sea lions gnaws on your waning consciousness. We are approaching the *whatever*-point. Fasten your seat belts.

We now live in the protectorate of the Kingdom of love. One wrong move and the tanks are deployed. They will be beautifully decorated, with Escherian *trompe l'oeils* and pointillated cherry ponds and creamy embraces and there will be roses sticking out of their cannons - but they still will take up too much space, you can calculate that from their surface. You can forget about taking a shit in silence, let alone masturbate. Such is your uncondition. You have to collect some lye and wash the back of your head (we are using the back of the head conveniently as a reference to the molecular air bubbles that clog the inner workings of our mind, a more commonly understood metaphor).

The road will be winding, but we'll switch off gravity (if you kindly remind me) for our convenience and save on sick bags that are in short supply since all major airliners began to experience the cosmic turbulence last year. Just kindly hold on to the person in front of you, and wait for further instructions. Leave your talc powder stored in the overhead bin where it's safe. I will personally warrant this.

Poetry has to happen. You lack proof of that but there is an effort efface effing something going on. We need to call the poet.

the poet sits in lotus position on a soufflé of conceit producing a stench that acerbates the mucus membranes of a baby platypus seven miles away if he is downwind, in a cloud of perceived pink bubbles emanating from the part with which he does the poetry. His head is bowed and bare and his orange dress, in a fashion *faux-pas* that forever eludes him, holds small cushions of air in place between it and the poet's skin, allowing him to conveniently bask in the goosebumps of his poetic autogamy.

We have done this all before and it is not likely going to carve deeper and create crannies for our tentacles to hold on to this blue sphere 'cause it's so fucking slippery here.

Imagination runs [the]free. Imagine you are a potent hog and you can even write out of boardom*

Love poetry. At the affordable price of fifty cents per line:

For 't is you I love to love,
the curls of your black hair
the whimpering of your grace
the centripetal eventuality
of your suspended orgasm

We moved into the doll house yesterday, our suitcases are piled up against the flimsy walls. We have started gluing the pastel wallpaper back together and hung an oval mirror above the bed, but only a temporary one. The folding of our limbs to fit in the doll house requires discipline but when you shrink yourself proportional to your expectations no doll house is ever too small. I know it, because I have seen photographs.

Life is treating us well here, our acrid sweat has purified the dusty cotton carpets, we're throwing out the crumbling part. Everything is so well organized here.

Thicken the words and thinnen the plot, o muse. Let our insect legs get stuck in the viscous syrup of your song. Fill up all but our ears and sing about the waxing of our moonshadows

We dream of distant horizons where cat bones are made of plastic and Betelgeuze is a geisha that makes you drunk with passion.

Are we, then, Narcissos burdened by a universe that forces us to centralize ourselves, or a masturbating double star at best?

You should scratch the wound open again before your soul is buried in it.

We twist our ankles around our shoulders in a way that is good for the blood circulation and stare at the blossoming maidens throwing pear-shaped patches of shadow on the road. You can do this. **The**

Great Symphony of Being (sick bags are not provided by me but you can fold this paper along the dashed lines in order to manufacture one yourself). We see pot-bellied men with greasy side curls and friendly smiles archiving the remaining migratory songbirds before they vanish into becoming forever a future unseen.

How is it that you have enough of your petty life but your appetite for the All is unbounded?

Centro Saúdade. Where the last tuft of cultural fur is shaved, washed, and institutionalized. But you don't hear us complain. We carefully celebrate the aberrations and know which forms to fill when we share hand in hand the indignation vis-à-vis the universe.

See? The universe **did** provide your sick bag.

We are in charge of the images. We glue them ourselves onto the spherical windows of our mind, and kit the space in between with naphthalene or anything as long as it comes from deep underground. The purple priest with his Platonesque prying eyes is just another picture in the window, just another demand for more glue. We are all in different submarines and the pressure keeps rising, breaking the windows becomes suicidal* with every passing day we power steer toward the center of antigravity. But we might do as that mythological character who waxed his eyes and cleaned out his ears. Because perhaps Johannes Brahms can rescue us.

Sex sells inside a brain. Compliments are the love handles we hold on to when we make love to ourselves. And in the end it all amounts to flushing well.

I say September you say the eleventh. We are entirely programmed and the only way out is a deft 'bang' into silence and that really isn't worth it because we can not be sure if there will be dandelions and giant puffballs in the other universe. Hence:

Dishonorable discharge. Full metal jacket. Fuck'em.

Poe, try (*)

(*) I declare these goods to the custom authorities as *private domain words*, useable by every linguistic creature, real or imaginary, notwithstanding the impossibility thereof, and forever unpatentable*.

... or an invitation to an estate where the patron is whipping the cream himself, so I believe to be the *avant garde*. You see, poetry is only the reverberation of that version of reality the poet wants to overthrow and as such there is no idyll on the barricades. But who was it that said words are restricted to barricades? We should retreat, ever so gently retreat, face-forward, from the barricades to vegetable crates to shoe shiner's stools, to halfway under the pavement among the enchanting hedgehogs with a damp voice whispering the soufflage to the marching Others.

This whole idea emanating from the other idea that words are everything emanating from the other idea that everything matters only splits minds into two genres: The disordered, disrupted, psychotic and the fake smileys that refuse to be concerned with the low quality of the glue, actually that are not concerned with anything. It appears to an unbiased galactic pilgrim as an enormous Schism. Do these primitives still believe in the petrification of their symbolic order, or do they actually utilize it – as we did – to catalyze the emergence of substrate-independent networks of higher exponential orders? Do these pre-mentocene* creatures already lick the asymptote their simulated universe will have drawn them?

The Age of Aquarius is a cocktail served by some expensive whore to a Goldman Sachs accountant in a London sky lounge, whose head explodes over an argument about the cherry on top. Power. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.

Pow.

Pow.

Pow.

Pow.

Pow.

Pow.

Pow. Pow. Pow. Pow.
Pow. Pow. Pow.
Pow. Pow. Pow.
Pow. Pow. Pow.
{reload}

Can you live in here? No. Not even I can't. ~~But~~

No place to hide

The whole woken world has to be in our minds
sleep is for the little children
we have to see everything but all its differences

The blossoming trees is always-already the glowing cinder of the next forest fire
the virgin's smile is always-already the dreadful pain of her delivery.

And our own coy squinting has some connections with death.

Paint doesn't silence the music in this universe
of ours.

Flags

Drape death around me, sister.
Posteriority is a postcard.

Drape me in death baby
let's mess with the address
you're good at that, you're so good in bed

For the Fatherland. Dressed
in a flag with a star or a cross or
some fucking stripes.
Dressed in a flag I will appear
to the shining good Lord
who brought me here.

But the lantern is carried away
away from the lazaret
fuck, Jesus
didn't you have flags in Nazareth?

Anxiety

stand up for your death
stand up for your life
own the space,
inhale, exhale, embrace
own your own death
own a little bit of pocket-money
own your own angst
wanker

Love

You told me to write about love
my brain in a tin can will look like cat food
and the cat will love it
that is for sure.

Don't worry, our love will enmesh
all our dying fantasies.

Remember the nakedest times?

I am listening to you sleeping
and burn incense to create
some atmosphere in your dream.

Emotion

Like pristine satellite dishes melting in the afternoon sun
all emotion is blackmail

It's alright, mother
I feel the skin coming off my face
You gave me the gift of love
I forever pay it forward

Daddy

I'm hanging to dry
this afternoon, soon
you can have me
call me
daddy
for I will have
arranged the toys
I thought would
be yours

Subterfuge*

Part I
The unused washwater now condensed
against the windows
Giving the streetlights outside a celestial glow

Part II
The old night's pages freeze to my fingers
I doubt the window should have been shut

Part III
I took out this night. You take it in.
A night is a night. Birds sleep in it.

Are “you”, then, a Member of the Club? Have you read the apocryphal allegories of our enjambement (i.e. sitting with legs crossed on comfortable but outlandishly unfashionable armchairs, which itself becomes a fashion statement)? Have you knocked the horseshoe twice, and do you already wear a garlic clove in the recess of your neck?

It's just flow, the flushing out of (id). Totalism is always self-destructive. *Totally.*

Do you fancy the infinity of a broccoli? *Totally.*

Do you believe in the dead-lock of contemporary party politics? *Totally.*

Would you also opine this way if...

Here we have a two year old girl pointing at the shiny asses in erotic newspaper ads

“booh booh booleh”

and there we have two gray people standing

at the bar discussing the least painful hospital death

Dance

syrup sticks behind your tongue

your teeth are forgetting to rot

and your sisters are drunk only

where you cannot protect them

so it is designed, so it is willed

you are the cosmic bystander

watching their sweet dance

Song

Oh, Jojoba

bum bum ja ja

Oh, Jojoba

bum bele bele bum bum

Oh ja ja ja, Jojoba

Dream

I reign inwardly

in divine kingdoms

where birds don't sound

like vacuum cleaners

and you can make

out with time

~ lesser words, to be included in the commercial version ~

leaves the reader ~~mesmerized~~. Leaves the reader – Sunny Boy

Here it is said – Abu Biba Baba, 4th Holyness of the Sacred Lioness

Scrambled words, just enough for two servings of breakfast (not recommended for readers with type II diabetes) – Health and Life

A blasphemous disengagement with virtual reality. Love it or hate it – Safran Cisco Chronicle

Flip through, shrug, and burn – R. Wagner

Throw this away, this is what we call literary chaff – New Review of Books

Not bad for an author who doesn't take pills – Psychiatrist Society Monthly

Ultimativer Quatsch – Ulrich Kieppenheuer

Une recherche passionnée pour la grandure / dans la boue sous les chaussures – Poétique Matsch

Unbareable – Sir Kenneth Crocodile