

An abstract painting on a white background. The composition features several dark, swirling brushstrokes in shades of brown, black, and grey, creating a sense of movement and depth. A prominent red line, possibly a signature or a decorative element, curves across the lower portion of the work. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and expressive brushwork.

*the eros of  
soft exterior shocks*

preverbs

George Quasha

*the eros of soft exterior shocks*

is the fortieth in a series of texts and chapbooks  
published by Metambesen.

The reader is free to download and print it  
without charge or permission.

Copyright © 2015 by George Quasha

Front cover: George Quasha's Axial Drawing from the Dakini Series

[#1, 9-24-14, 18"×24", acrylic paint on paper]

Design: Susan Quasha

*the eros of  
soft exterior shocks*

preverbs

George Quasha

Metambesen  
Annandale-on-Hudson  
2015

*for Robert Kelly  
embracing his 80<sup>th</sup>*

I'm thinking metaphors in my sleep like conversations with dead philosophers.  
Here we are again in the moving center.  
Friend is never far between.

The poem is its poetics when over time its consequences are inescapable.  
Only the reader holding in will ever know.  
Verbals stand in relation.

Our misunderstanding is mutual.  
It holds together as we speak.

There's more entry prize in walking naked sacred.  
Text sources the unperceived by way of the underread.  
No surprise there. Nor running scared weird.

Verbals sit recovering.  
It holds together as I speak, as if talking to myself, but I'm not all here.  
Our misunderstanding is intimate.

Oscillatory focus is open in the middle and sharp at the edges.  
I river to keep my banks apart.

Thinking metaphor is knowing between things, drawing from secret slush funds.  
No comparison. Just sounds.  
Reference is mask.

Shifting weight, lifting clouds, behaving days.  
A complete statement is true in itself.

Time is what can put you in a panic for no good reason.  
Having a body my line is commanded from the inside.  
Digestion never ends.

One day the earth will digest me.

Environment is my side inside out.  
It depends the whiches it says I say. Day by day.  
I never told you otherwise nor not either.

I wear my house and I don't go out.  
Mute trancelike concentration is drumming on itself in my temples.  
Co-perception has a technical base and a spooky outcome.

Blood syntax has thinking pulse.  
You'd know her voice anywhere.  
She'd rather be awkward to be right, the co-perceptive line of sight.

So what's my line?  
And what's mine about it?  
It *sets life cutting into life*.

Knowingly sexual healing is bottom up in the wild.  
Not all freed modifiers can be said to dangle in plain sight.  
Seeing thus poetry digests but is not necessarily itself digestible.

I forgive you for my misunderstanding since error is mutual.  
Symmetry is nightmare and no face to face.

Days self-disrupt without notice.  
Life teaches the practice of its timing.  
Therefore no therefore.

A text can be that never fully reads all the way out.  
A poem is language with undertow.  
The fact that almost anything can be said about it is tellingly what it is.

All modifiers dependently originate in thing thinking, even.  
Guests in my worn house are invited to continue speaking silently.  
We're hearing wherever however.

Now is that I can only read what you are reading here inside.  
Time is another matter.  
The poem makes enzymes for transmigratory bird wording.

Actual length being non-convenient the mind turns outside time.

Writing can be further conditioned just as orgasm's not personal.  
Every statement is out of context once spoken.  
Matter is timely.

The text proposes the future now fact non-accomplishing.  
Look up writing down.

Simurghs are nontransmigratory bird wording to free mind zones.  
Shall we go?  
Problematic is getting a wing up.

Enter from around the side, please.

It's late, have I done enough to merit going free range on the blank life page?

Mystery is dime a dozen frozen but once lingual *in the flesh it is immortal*.

And rimes with portal so come with me.

Staking a claim ends up sexual in the state of nature.

*No more bellicose historical erections* sticks good on the bumper.

Orgasm is not autobiographical.

Shifting freight, lifting attitudes, displacing platitudes.

Language is playing with me again.

I suffer from post-noncomprehension stress syndrome.

Is the nautilus mollusk happier knowing it lives inside the golden mean or are we?

Yet knowing is not a clear concept and in a timely sense not a concept at all.

Every piece of my puzzled assortment finds its place in its own time.

Ex post facto coming out of being after the fact of fact itself is retro and spectacular.

Is the markhor goat holier than thou knowing it butts with the golden mean?

The wall it hits is neither harder nor softer than heaven's gate.

I'm not saying I know this. Mine in season by riming reason.

For I wear my golden mean meaning on the back of my mind.

It's a load like love. Hard word.

It calls itself into question so you don't have to: use freely.

*Wisely and slowly they stumble who run East.*

FORTUNE COOKIE AT HO'S SZECHWAN RESTAURANT, ALTADENA, 1972

I dreamt the world is asking us to be in it and discovered I wasn't asleep.  
 And so I invented story which is its nature to do in us on the inside of the world.  
 I had to be right but the fire was too hot.

The poem is juggling times the more the merrier.  
 Intoning inner voices from beyond is more like earth rumbling than spirit whistle.  
 It gets wordy like rip tides and can take you out to sea in a sieve.

Never too many likes.  
 Likes are truest like a waterfall. Think rainforest and high cliffs.  
 And mumbo jumbo suddenly attaining vine-inspired clarity.

Heartbeat is not as regular as it sounds. Sounds. Sounds.  
 This could go on forever in a timeless non-moment, no momentum, still point.  
 There's no point and no promise of a point. I'm on my own out here over here.

We have taken a turn for the verse.  
 Statements of course speak for themselves.  
 We don't so much use language as intermingle with it.

Authorship is putative.  
 Poetry would love happy endings if it didn't love happy middles more.  
 It's on vacation by force of its power to vacate.

Rhythm is time relocating.  
 Thought-provoking putativity sounds just like labile reflexivity.  
 The boat is rocking itself.

How many no's can balance on a gnoeme?  
*And then there were gnoes even as there were not...*

Creaturely emergence is hunting down strange foods.  
 Sounding down cuts the path.  
 Obstruction by baubles slows bringing brilliance into regulation.

It's its own language which to speak is the one-way tube to transnativity.  
 Home estranges biodiversely.  
*No words* are the never before spoken.

No sense looking for the system which finds you knowing.  
 Grammatical mood: In waiting to see what it wants to be in growing me up.  
 Evolutionary poetics begins with the poetics of evolution.  
 We need a name for the units that aren't.

No drama is the never before acted. (*insensate applause*)  
 No time is unitary but that others cut across.  
 I'm only happening now is only as true as the reading.

Poetry is language sleeping with its eyes open.  
 Appropriating the mind voices of others with minimal interference in the élan.  
 Before coming after preposterous thrust radially discourses for all to leer.

Voyeurism with eyes closed has its secrets disclosed somewhere near.  
 One heard at a time before rime *words free*. Look mom, no mind!  
 Language is alive in that it takes itself back.

---

† An evol is an evolutionary entity conscious of its non-binding fate.

Welcome to our town festival of silencing.  
Time to tune in at the microfascial underweave of the vehicular tongue.  
I read it back to gauge the shout factor on the outskirts.

Lattice mind is waking up to lattice world.

*And then there were gnoes even as there were knots...*

They take themselves back right before you, no shame.  
Time space prestidigitation for whose pleasure is pure speculation. Mirroring.

Identity goes wrong as agency errs.  
Out to sea in a sieve images the safety factor in the happiness of the middle voice.  
If you can read it you are it.

Lingua is begging me to let her go even as she grabs my ankles at the edge. Safe fall!  
It's just a story, get under it.  
And no one tells in every mind.

Non-ejaculatory thinking is retentional.  
There's safety in zeros.  
Axial syntax slipknots its psycho-Babel strands conceptually vacating.

Believe nothing you hear in this house. She lives.  
Never slight your shebang.

No line fells in every bind.  
Nor every breath a poem recovers.  
Until does.

*We touch heaven laying hands on a human body.*

NOVALIS

Nothing is real now but it retains in tongue.  
 Blind self-certainty is different for the seeing and the blind.  
 I'm only a poet for never being born one.

End of story and starting here.  
 Breathing grieves its unbreath to guide her home, hands down.

Language is the spread factor in the transmission field.  
 Poem is the matter emerging before it knows what it is.  
 The sense of self here is the way Italians talk with their hands on the phone.

There's a poetics of don't ask just do and what's to say?  
 I'll go further: I'm used by language.  
 Spores feed on us till we eat through to other further.

Poem is always already happening and then you know it.  
 The primal site is now or never.

Life doing signals all future life and lives.

It takes no effort to complete.  
 As long as it speaks she *is* unidentifiably.  
 I render further the further I go.

Poem reading is where life makes itself up through you.  
 The panic of completion forgets completion.  
 You can't know further but further and further.

*To me the guitar represents my music that's inside me, but external, you know what I mean?  
So I guess that's why it's like having a dick. It's like, myself, but out.*

AMY WINEHOUSE

You know in your blood the work you do runs through you.

*Bird makes nest is duty.*

Every moment its own last moment.

I awoke today wondering how to fit the infinite inside the finite without cracking up.

I read my work to relearn its language while not getting stuck with its story.

Otherwise our intimacy would be elsewhere.

I find myself now or never.

A house shape-shifts until it knows what it is.

Your room has insight and enough to spare to share.

My body is always trying to be its first nest.

Ancient in building means sounding intelligence from the ground up.

For any absence of a subject-verb assume a suppressed pronoun has slipped back in.

Living lines are never arbitrary and always contrary, inside outside all the way.

The intimacy of cross-purposing is a secret.

True marriage were two people two sides of the one coin spending.

Pronominal tests are everywhere, no?

When the line gets me I know why I was born.

Then *poof!* free again from knowing.

*Sherlock Holmes is more real than a lot of people I know.*

SUSAN QUASHA

Great lines must take care not to choke on themselves.

This feels like a newscast from the (re)birth canal, pushing, pushing through.

And we're out!

This heaviness must be signals from the part of me still dragging behind.

We live by two calendars, one withheld from conscious embrace.

The bird's egg knows moon rules the body intimate.

This feels like one foot's wet.

The crazed wise angel saves me from the sleep of wisdom.

Meanwhile life lumbers to the finish like a bankrupt contractor.

Wake up it's late. (*I'm still talking to myself*)

I'm sensing by dermal linguality.

Touch me here I feel you there.

I catch myself dreaming of forceful surrender and I shake sleep loose.

It's coming down to zero unit of human.

Read me here I'm there aware.

A little bird is saying *already lived that up*.

Is heaven so limited in capacity that there's only room for the good?

Read me there I'm nowhere.

I can't seem to stop doing breath thinking.

Skin is our internet, and now I can say she and mean more by far.  
I admit this feels itself worshipping without recourse to such *word*.  
Shaking out language from suspects in hiding I detect then weave back through.

Anything said projects a terrain.  
I'm closing in on reflects in habiting. Inhabit the cracks.  
Text has this texture as in holding in hand and hand.

The closer is emptying, and emptier is closer.  
I can't stop holding her hand, I'm holding fast in attachments adoring.  
Otherwise I would never know that it starts empty.

I stare into the eyes of the time at hand letter by letter.  
Spell casts graphologically, spelling casts and creeps the page crossing.  
Grammar shamanism has to hide its intimacy.

Centrality is instant specific and space mobile.  
First mark is genie release.  
Hence the dangerous impact on neighborhood is topically applied.

Every effort to help pushes further away.  
Lingual prison break precedes further capture.  
I put pen to paper to draw blood.

At last I'm touching Lorca and his hiding under page duende.  
A stroke of the pen signals death—the dance is on.  
The page is the blank with ears.

I'm timing my slide to catch the view.

The more you touch the more I say you.

I have to score this ambienting noise to feel the pulse handily.

A voice teaches its listener how it means.

The words caught up go indirect to swipe a curve new.

Life is dimly asking to crawl out from under prevailing knowledge blankets.

The touch is coming into being.

To be ready to say the thing must first become unsubstantial.

There's a tongue trick the trip up the upper lip rides through to call me out.

We don't know how we got here.

The best speculation is like it says a mirror reflecting further.

This is relationship, ship with sides on sides over water, wave sound standing.

*Wisdom is a wise woman undergoing old before forgetting young.*

Mind is self-honing.

Provisional ontologies flare and fluoresce against the dark.

Mind points but also swoops its latent goods.

A lost poem is death before its time.

I thought *being is happy in its nature* when the spider took my thought away.

A poem is a death risk on purpose.

The aim is better not understanding.

The art is being in and out of your skin knowing time's up from the start.

Time speeds by and I am a rider.  
I hit my head against the page and it won't let me in.  
Suddenly I'm feeling myself the object of a lucid dream.

Letting out some joyful shouts too long cooped up in here.  
We're still in the time of cutting down on pronouns.  
Name to body is title to poem and ever the twain are fleet.

In the last five minutes I slipped into 'toon time further than ever.  
Soap opera is the site of our attachment at arm's length, pre-hug.  
It feels like Saturday but it's only Friday proves we live in a dollhouse.

*I'm at the North Pole stuck, lost, but feel better knowing you'll read this.*  
I write the date I'm writing to get a penhold in the timing slide of the instant.

Hand writing bad saves the page from idolatry.  
The temple is blowing through the sand.

I get writing starting to lose footing anticipating the view on the way down.  
Slippage in the truth of time echoes through these pages I date.

Still the undated *first house* is big enough for all lives stumbling on.  
Moving pervasive carries the protein of one room to the next.

Movement bonds spaces and then there was house.  
Maybe I'm the aforementioned philosopher astray.

I stopped hugging a favorite idea long enough to see clear through.

Beauty is present when not understanding while also not caring.

Eagles overhead!

Now sensing a state neither existence nor non-existence.

Earth's commitment to renewal even cataclysmic erases our alibis.

Life ranges on the outskirts of awakening mind.

Did I say I am?

World resounds with senses I co-own.

Thought made things, and curiously I am feeling thoughtful.

Not only did I not see this coming I can't see it happening.

Verbals in relation make sparks in the dark.

Thought *things* in the verbal mode further verbing.

The space is an ear and bespeaks its other.

My twoty footholds to the backflow coming.

Reading is reality's dare.

I abuse the page and the blank it protects.

I can't not say the female part is everywhere receiving.

*Hwæt!*

The discourse of self-true *anything goes* comes on slower than you'd think.  
It's the other side of the problematic of political action that one size does not fit all.

Dermal lingualities are all around and I'm a little dizzy.  
All modifiers dangle in some measure.  
From word to word is around the realm.

Honest-to-god hierograms vanish the instant seen.  
No use straining to spy on the unready.  
Tissue release teaches more.

Physics induces schizophrenia and poetry enjoins the array.  
I cherish every instant of spooky action at a distance.  
She's playing dice again behind my back, but turning around all dangles in order.

OK just pretending to be from a contrary dimension and my visa is expiring.  
Pronouns flee from modification.  
I'd say we were in this together but I'm reluctant to comfort the grammatical.

Sherlock Holmes is outrageously present and curiously à la mode.  
Imagine him regretting thinking who would not do the same for you.

Reading watches thinking as force without being thinking perforce.  
We dangle over the blank.  
Daring thinking on the flying trapeze recodes hi res.

Poetry teaches how to talk as not me.  
And proving now the dare comes true.

I was nowhere until you saw me.

The sky is signing cumulus on the self-plotting line.

What could it matter that I don't like the number 16?

That question is non-rhetorical and real enough to be unanswerable.

Spicer's little green men live on in the little green words.

Everyone gets tangled in his tangle but only the few hang back in its wilderness.

Quantum weirdness is the particular text simultaneously waving in our minds.

Schizo science is high stakes slack rope walking over turbulent reality cracks.

The riddle that never riddles minds your business you still don't know.

Meaning is back on the fly, the choice is to duck or spread.

I raise my arms as if to praise ET but the secret of this gesture is female embrace.

Clouds part suddenly and sky is undeniable.

Poem as welcome mat attracts all manner of heel, stiletto not least.

Getting through the door *clean* leaves life on the outside and mind still behind.

I ride the mare facing behind to give the future her due.

Expecting the mind to perform like a trained seal is counterpoetic.

A curved spine self-obsesses.

Sequence is not, not really.

The poem was nowhere until you read me.

When matter signals signals matter.

We know each other faster than light, nay, before.

The fall or wave collapse is my definite being, me as you find me and don't.

I'm being watched.

This is not the metaphors I dream, no dead philosophers in arrears *en arrière*.

What can bud does.

Knowing you changes you, and I don't mean who, *what!*

Looking into your eyes I feel faster than light.

Here to there's like children of the sun.

Secretly language can go backwards, timely.

Your gaze shows time spreads, makes room to rise.

Slow down and look around; it's more than a moment abounding.

You can still feel our wilderness yet nothing to see.

I'm at one end and you're at the other and up and down the seesaw line-loops.

If I measure you I stop our non-local flow between.

Poetry reverse engineers birth.

Looking into any swirl invaginates the mind.

Our tongue goes forward to gather back.

When you read me I experience collapse.

Now in many ways I'm feeling at one with the multiverse.

The many worlds interpretation is strictly personal.

I'm being watched from the word, *go!*

If but one lingual surface return upon itself in your ear mind, track switches.

To get ahead of another person you have to get ahead of yourself first.  
 No god fully figures the order the issue from womb commands.  
 The self-vaginating mind finds two ways out in a swirl.

The unrealized part flies up from the nest disturbed.  
 The realized part drops down to core *as if* apple

There is a judgment in that saying so denying judging proves judge will be judged.  
 Justice is unthinkable.

Nothing hurts awake like closing the book on.

The poet dying lays bare the holes in wholeness.  
 For the force of any statement is how hard it hits in the wits.  
*Adam ate an apple but eve ate a rose.*

What would bud buds.  
 Self elect true elect.

*There are other ones* starts with a fact that there's more than one one.  
 Real art confuses.  
 Parallel linguaverses or the search for other words.

How, where, and whom it hits, it fits.  
 Meanwhile reading gets in the way.  
 There's no time to lose if we're out of time like gas.

Reverse culture to phylogenetic diversity, yeast poetics, be bud again.

Today I got empty enough to feel potential.  
 Now I'm riding the same till change in the going appearance.

Right timing in lingual time is moving knowingly outside time.  
 Seeing bundles the world and I diagram its sentence at will, varyingly.

Human life is a set-up.  
 We're listening for the applause from the upper galleries.  
 Appearance is how we goes to show you.

Time to learn to read all over.  
 Ask crazy.  
 Enter anywhere and meet your daimon. Or die lazely.

Strong force idea species are as spooky as anything in Blavatsky, but numbers calm.  
 Immense forces hanging out in minutest environments prove intimacy unthinkable.  
 And we're still unstable while ever able.

Anything is possible to believe; there's no not believing; what's true can't not be.  
 The search for other words is itself the parallel linguaverse long withheld.  
 Many worlds in my life make *my* more lifelike.

The poet is the last to know the status of her statements.  
 It's going very far out on your last limb.  
 Spoken in recognition of these lateral lineal ex— —tensions.

Which is to *say retention*.

Keep your eye on the bouncing ball doing the singing.  
 Fly the coop to keep mind awake or it's a life sentence with musak.  
 Still here means more than entertained if you please.

It's not hard to tell what needs to keep speaking.  
*Just tripping* does not hear how far the fall.  
 Eyes open on the way down is a high term of life on earth.

Received lines thin as they go then thread back through newly dimensional.  
 Pages are planes, plates, plateaus.  
 Book is block solid with interior flight flow home until fiber turn, and all's still here.

There's temp geometry in glossochemistry.  
 This sentence is not moving as your eye is or will have been as of *now*.  
 If you cognize one word or two words at once the sentence blurs; you didn't. Yet.

I'm my own figment.  
 I'm post-op in and unto the ligaments and their writing ligatures.  
 On this model poetry is pre-lit and post-hysterical historic.

Keep your figment to yourself does not mean go fuck yourself.

The end is insight in sight.  
 And the present invention is never without subvention. Undertime.

I mean *she talks to me* is no claim, no shame, no blame, and never to tame.  
 Literature is talking funny without fear of consequences.  
 Spoken for only in speaking for as far as the far shore's not so truly far.

Let me be clear syllable by salivating syllable the better to eat you red riding words.  
Myth lives in the faerie telling tales on you you live through.  
One word at a time leaves plenty of time for crossflow.

Everything you think compromises everything not yet thought.  
Still being clearly says it's indestructible.  
This saying is untranslatable.

If you think these thoughts persistently they think you.  
Time's animal sense animates all.  
Meet the director here in the mirror, eh Orphée?

There's a poetry that only begins in replacing a world known.  
You have to leave the world to learn it and enter the world new to prove it.

The variability at the end of the funnel is oncoming confusion and panic — stop!  
There's a hold at the heart of release still to come.

Getting up steam is summing up strobing frame by frame.  
This is thinking on the run.  
Everything knowable on this page is roundabout without actually being round.

One word at a time has an inordinate effect on structuring reality like darkening.  
There's hope in the thousand and one nights effect of a singular morpheme.  
Automaticity passes for synchronicity.

Language corrupts to get clear.  
Intransitivity is what gets there for you.

The heavy-mind joke a dying phoenix ejaculates over its egg is truer than it sounds.  
Believe everything you read, everything you hear until the world believes in itself.

If there's no right way of reading going back over is the actual beginning.  
No back story, only sidewinding rumor mill renewable electric.

Tiny monstrous thing on the table's even now deciding if it's animal or vegetable.  
Suspense keeps its kick.

I'm now going to talk not talk.  
The sound is ancient beyond Greek mind fleeing the zero.

Dozing midline feeds back through cosmosyntactic cracks.  
Approving is proving and proof of disproving, therefore I disapprove.

The book you are reading is not limited like its poet.  
Words free to self-limit and no one can stop 'em.

There's a certain relief of thinking in twos like flickering luminous non-duals.  
Always listen to sound judgment one octave down.

What does not seduce but alarms with eros turns on otherly.  
Don't get wise.

Sing like the bird of paradise at play and away from parliament.  
Contemplate connected fruiting bodies for everything aboveground at night is sex.

The lines you follow eyes-open stream mycelia to call a mind to come.

Thinking flees the thinker.  
 How you say it is how it thinks in you.  
 No need to get personal.

What is thinkable here is not thinkable there.  
 Can't locate thought even when I think I can.  
 Circumlinearity is not so much trackable on this line as self-tracking.

If thought is lightfast it's everywhere at once and *nowhere*.  
 Every word has a ledge and an edge as sheer as your nerves.  
 The linear aspect is at best feel-good.

When Duncan cursed the noisy tech man Taylor Mead said *Get real, Duncan*.  
 Dragging fact into the present gives it the status of fantasy longing in real time.  
 Our deep sadness longs for disaster sadly to make common purpose.

From the stars is anywhere outside my range of control.  
 Secretive nature imitates superpositional thinking when no one's looking.  
 It doesn't follow. Its logic is alien. Its science is *gai*.

I'm up and down about this coming and going that is life and not. Flickerfilming.  
 Particulars evade attention by entrancing.  
 What's true is everywhere in coming to itself.

This may be the work of an ambisinister two left-lobe subgendering impersona.  
 There's no accounting for.  
 Thought after thought comes to a standstill yet moves on.

Poetry pretends to be necessary but it's only reality's ruse.  
 Mind makes whoopee like it or not.  
 This is the up end of the up and down mooding mind making matter.

Subject got lost last century in the wake chaining grammar to fluid nature.  
 This is not to say it's literature but it definitely litters.  
 Life is upset that earth is pissed.

O dream on and don't stop for a cognitive snack.  
 Bounty first and no need to count.  
 I dislodge and think dawn.

There's no need for these threes.  
 Their lovelife's smack dab in the middle.  
 It's got two ends and is all beginnings.

I take *watch your step* literally.  
 And toe the line.  
 Letters link time tale and sexual talk.

Feel the inward wet and warming in the Xing swirl?  
 It's the secret meaning of syntax cracks and crackle.  
 Linguality strives toward the unconditional.

Ungendering proves the lure is real, so I say *her* to *say* her.  
 Ponder. Lay her egg. Hold her tongue. Hear her hind sight looking up.  
 Words are birds when they wing away new.  
 There is life after language in the lingual afterlife.

At root you own all sound.

Anything ever historicizes the tongue.

I'm a nay-playing gender distending eleusinian aspirant judging by the breath.

Two negatives, three, you name it makes a positive capable of fluctuant pro flow.

Self-negation flourishes in its own aftermath.

To read in neither-this-nor-that mode is not refusing to choose.

Towers are unworkable as talking sticks.

Fixation constricts, let's face it, Janus.

On this logic the rain forest is a zoo on the grand scale.

And this is the logic that does not follow itself.

Awareness is superpositional likewise languaging its being so in saying so.

In case there's a taboo against not knowing your own poetics, boo, who who[.]

The line lives always a milliverbal ahead of knowing where you are and how.

There's an owl inside howl all about laurel-degradable repeatable prose poesis.

Things are going trippingly.

Machine mind now knows how to read your moves before you decide to make 'em.

It trips you up to know what's making before you make.

Where's the heartfelt foretell freed from control greed?

Person pretense is less and less baiting breathable. No can say.

No can tell. No is subject to your verb. To heart.

No is not against nothing. No requires continuous adjustment not being logical.

Its danglers are life lineal.

My heart finding the spot on the porch or on the page releases the thought.  
Like lightning no allegory, no alibi.

Poetic effect includes thinking in circles so we break out.  
Lingual measles call for escaping the prisonhouse of linguality addiction.  
I'm not making this up.

All arguments are circular on the energy plane.  
The feet grip like god's bite and there was metric.  
Monitor the flow blow by blow and it gets to be a show.

Show yourself.  
The burning bush provides no cover.

No noumenal naming in the word shed.  
The double film layer on the just creamed coffee is soulful ghostly.

Living layers. Clustering empties.  
Welcome to the post-bottled world.

Any fixation constricts as any friction conducts.  
And no lack of contact in the tongue.  
It slows to heat more trippingly.

Folding money, personal values, thinking light, fruiting bodies.  
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.

Negotiate tongues like a mountain path with steep cliffs.

As we know by now language is still learning how to mean.

The daimon of the moment knows itself in what you say.

Selves, ssssss elves, slaves, lives, loves never resolve.

Close-up phonemenolgical unfolding saying effectively disrupts prevailing views.

Life lines hand you your personish pen writing ripening stripes.

That thought fails to establish a mode of critical reception.

It wasn't thinking in the way expected by the question *What were you thinking?*

I've lost my train as in training wheels and dog gone.

Language is always hiding something like burying its bones for another day.

The inner animal is not behaving today.

Do you believe in the hereover?

Marriage is finding your double heart and never knowing till now quite how.

The work is avoiding critical deception.

Textual texture draws life out of hiding in the mind.

Just think, *now*. Over easy, speaking squeezy.

"Love is like talking to yourself in an unknown voice."

*Stayner* it said from the sleeping world by my lips. Stain her? No way. Stay near?

At 3 AM I also dreamt the organ of apocalypse.

All the while it's showing me its self-sensible language gift.

This *mens mentis* only feels like a rift *absconditus*. Now!

The Ego's dead, long live the Ego!

Perspective by history and by reverie are equally reliable life guides darkly.

Most fun is watching your own chess game as both sides playing against the middle.

Language includes non-language or you wouldn't be able to speak at all.

Only what is also not itself can say nothing properly.

Just think about who you're not being when you're most yourself, say hello.

She's starting to feel like this is home.

Self-sculpting entities do excitatory transformation of the incoming signals.

The only reliable map is the one you are making while lost.

Mountain paths with steep cliffs step by syntactic step.

Go barefoot to evolve.

The poetics switches opportunistically.

Poetic fundamentals so not spread their legs for fundamentalists.

Who'd'uv guessed syllables feed back originary charge?

Gynophorics, for example, the transportive force of fruiting bodies.

Physical beauty bearing her enemy built in still calls us to hold her outside in.

Any one thing's nature's mind door found feeling along in the dark sensing danger.

Why think a known thought when you can look into her lap of earth being first?

You still know the dragon when you see her eye to eye.

Déjà entendu is the literal divining line by line.

Again reading is the same unknown new.

And now receiving permission to enjoy this moment—just in time!

I'm still hollowing out the present instant to make my cave vaster.

I seek the vistas of one who rages in his cage.

Everyday the poem rite invents me new but not my shoes.

How do you mean? I ask myself now otherly.

Any given line may well dream of giving a rabbit punch to the back of ideology.

My hand is behind my back with a hollow grip on potential with pull.

This can only be said when the mouth is overfull.

It catches the line before she lays on air with our lustful curve.

Now don't go tracking my sounds to mean the more you need, she cautions.

These sounds leave no tracks but lacks.

There are still lessons to unlearn.

Tripping on stones I half recall the ritual lithics that aroused my mobile self sense.

Self-sacrifice is unknowing.

Compassion is self-interest at the level of page and turning between.

Life does not keep its appointments.

You won't get far without your lasso.

I dog these metaphoric as allegorics lest they fail to logodegrade.

Being on the right side is not good enough in these rugged peaks and vales.

Hyper-emphatics is bad feng shui.

The middle way implies a hole as big as your house.

The body of writing calls up grounded radiance only.  
This accords to sotto voce universe subtalk voicing what you can't know yet sense.  
The claim is forcefully prepersonal where pre suggests an ecstatic near.

To die for metaphorically means to live for conceived as continuously dying.  
If you step in this river twice it's now the same as never before.

I say to myself avoid getting stuck in the tale you're pretending to tell.  
Not all lines survive till the periodic thresholds nor minds.  
The poem wants the reader to become what it is only now becoming.

I am the first reader and treat the page as a crime scene.  
Birth closes indefinite mind including demise.  
Caught in the folding unknowing I glimpse being of this planet.

I don't experience the gap calling this up but only the tug into flow.  
First signs of lava mind.  
Never forget the hearth beckons with originating fire.

Infinite regresses in the re-enfolding field of self-foregrounded rejoining lines.  
Some things are only unsayable when the mouth is open.  
The fire that cooks itself remains raw.

Deeper and deeper the self-unsaying is our nursery rhyme.  
Dulling the senses makes the heart go wild.  
The sex is a holder.

The fantasist of mouth-foaming for freckled flesh is not personal here.

Never to have had this thought exactly as it is poetic starting now. Now.  
 On the other hand there is no this, it's too quick to be itself, moving on then.  
 The feel is the only thing real enough to call itself thing, still feeling it.

Now then is how mind turns shaky knowing into thoughtful sequence.  
 But does it work? Does it do any work? Or is it a freeloader?  
*Beware of what sits around doing nothing but stealing Mom's money.*

I say *Faith!* It promotes the possibility the cord will open the parachute.  
 This means riding the space of intention still undisclosed, but I hear something.

The poem can be humming inanities *I get my lovin' in the ev'nin' time*, unlistening.  
 Meanwhile the poet is courting the dawn behind its back.  
 Time to bring sacred hypocrisy out of the closet.

The full stomach makes room suddenly at the mention of dessert. Fact.  
 The full life finds space for human interruption. Fictive certainty.

Poetry avoids seduction by sounding minute frictive alarms.  
 Shocking indicates a sudden transfer of current.  
 Personality numbs.

Eye friction ignites.

I'm always still wanting her back while looking her in the eyes.  
 I know what I know stepping off the track.  
 I hide my last judgment in every word spent.

What my work doesn't have is everything it has.  
Unresolvable questions seem obsessed with my mind.  
They know what I don't know, how scarcely mine it is.

Every instant faces the need to reconcile inside with outside but it never lasts.

Forgive the thinking that is happening in the line as key to forgiving your own.  
A line has a light leading to its end beyond the flash.  
Writing is looking at itself in the mirror in your *hand*.

Believing the world begins in this instant is almost impossible.

Rhythm includes dilation.  
A shock creates its own space and mind pools.  
I'm practicing to be the servant of this moment, asking, and you are helping me.

New Year's resolution or epitaph: *to be in eternity as I speak*.  
The text questions by not answering.

I can't grasp not being here.  
I'm mourning lost language and strategizing to get it back.  
Grief cannot resist disbelief.

You cannot grasp impermanence.  
It hurts to lift a lantern in disbelief seeing the way through syntactic strangeness.  
Looking for an honest pace.

If I tire of my words I tire of my life.

We are the species that tells itself stories to make it all okay.  
 It is okay but we doubt it, need to explain, *yakety yak don't talk back*.  
 Like the empty with its hidden fullness the unsaying says the more.

To say it has a mind of its own is as accurate as *own* expressed can be.  
 Religion is sacred jury-rigging; it teaches jury-praying.  
 I hide my last judgment in every word spent freely.

Words are not always words but wetlandish source sites.  
 The now of variable life is all my hopes and fears and release into many and none.  
 All here all the time goes for all and any alls.

The thoughts I think often always come as first in their thinking.  
 No more pretending to own: *thought is to the mind as light is to the eye*.  
 As truth is to "my" reality, the stranger than fiction attractor.

Threes are intrinsically asymmetrical as I dream Dante knowing.  
 Beatrice is trouble where it hurts gloriously.

She exiles me in my very singularity and the marriage of true ones.

Gap, gape, what comes apart takes apart.  
 What comes in its order takes heart in the missing part.  
 The my-ness of the world is gathering intelligence with all things intelligential.

Last night I realized I'm not a person but a station.  
 Microsensing wetland verbacules are hiding selves between stations in the way.

You can't be expected to know when you've been brought in behind the scenes.  
 Momentary balance is fundamental human gesture given inevitable falling forward.  
 Discriminating surfaces no way attitudinizes in effect.

*Nobody knows but Jesus* no longer makes it to the lips.  
 Baptism never ends for her naked beauty rising up from Allapattah water even now.  
 Seeing from the end is being the light at the end of the tunnel.

The field is occupying mind.  
 We stood up human over rocky terrain shoeless flatless bare.

If my sensate free mind zone attracts self-strange entities how can I object?  
 Counting blessings is painting birth defects by numbers.  
 I don't intend meaning but inhabit meaning-hungry matrices.

*Any devil who speaks to you is a devil worth speaking to*, said Mr. Kelly the lifeguard.  
 Progress is deepening the present occupation instantly.  
 Sly truth slips in as a sidewinder.

I've thrown my figurative arms around some ghoulish contraparts.  
 They soon scatter loved.  
*Eyes closed to the harsh avoids no marsh* [Fortune Cookie from Hell]

We're not at the crossroads we are the crossroads.  
 I apologize to the goddess for my cruel self-dismissal.  
 A moment let all the way in lives all out eternity.

Between us the text is the secret endlessly for this instant only.