

George Quasha

PREVERBS

Susan Quasha

PHOTOGRAPHY

hilaritas sublime



GEORGE QUASHA
preverbs

SUSAN QUASHA
photography

hilaritas sublime

is the seventy-second in a series of texts and chapbooks published by Metambesen.

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A Note on the Work

Hilaritas Sublime is a collaboration between Susan Quasha's photography and my poems in the invented genre called preverbs. Our practice is basically that she sends me a photo of her choosing more or less daily, without discussing it with me. Her photographs may have been made at any previous point in time or the same day she chooses it for our work. Usually in the evening when I tend to do this kind of work, I open the photograph for the first time on one computer screen while I do the final composition on another screen. I work with lines (preverbs) that have either been written previously (usually earlier the same day, but not exclusively) or that come new in variable relation to the presence of the image; the new lines usually exceed those already in my notebook. There are no rules about how much preverbs respond directly or indirectly to her images, or how much her subsequent images respond directly to preverbs. They stand in undefined but strong and complex coperformative relation to each other, while retaining an essential independence. They seem to be in dialogue.

Hilaritas Sublime, completed March 2020, is the eponymous sixth (of seven) series in the thirteenth book of preverbs. At the same time it's the eighth of our nine collaborative series to date. At this point in time three previous collaborative series have been published online.*

GQ

June 2020, Barrytown

hilaritas sublime

FOR JED RASULA & SUZI WONG

* <https://www.dispatchespoetrywars.com/virtual-chapbooks/hearing-other/>;
<https://www.dispatchespoetrywars.com/poetry/dowsing-axis-by-susan-and-george-quasha/>;
<http://www.metambesen.org/wp-content/uploads/2020/02/Surface-Retention.pdf>



l

hilaritas sublime

Light the fire knowing it's there.
Time to address the good not real not the bad not real.

"Say hello to my personal impersona," I told the other me in a dream construct.
The pleasure is all mine when magic is all mind.

Waking up is not overcoming.
Doing is never done.

"Welcome to life in the mid lane," the other me replies.
The very fact of repetition opens a window across the room, fractal at a distance.

Multiverse uses us sensuous from core to shore.
Wood press word process lust in the syllables is beyond sense but not nonsense.

Note how the natural world does not abandon torqued syntax.
A principled thought checks its own state of issuance in the dynamic of formation.

Trust only being. Only trust being. Trust being only. No stopping inflecting.
Survival by passionate neutrality retains the aggressiveness of birth.

What's doing?
At the axis the dance is on an invisible edge razor sharp.

Most direct is going with the swerve from core to shore.
How to be more knowing you are less.

Language is not a safe path for being right.



2

discriminating outside with talkback

I'm thinking of the bulldog nature of the mind.

SUSAN QUASHA

Welcome to the only way I can tell the thoughts I have yet to think.
Nature never makes up its mind once and for all.

Self true thinking supposes particle & wave are meeting to form a new relationship.
The work is marriage.

The line is going straight into its non-verbal aftermath.
Right reading knows there is no right reading.

Poiesis is what makes inexhaustible work.
The inner listener is so real it can't possibly be the person it seems.

The discipline is letting it pass in its own time.
Everything says itself one way at a time in one-way time, switchable.

Being approximates absolutely.
In time it hits the spot you didn't know was there.

Knowing there's no right reading right reading's free to be.
Get a grip on your landscape roving so it touches down with right touch.

Keep past arms length.
Thinking's surround found sounding.

How do you know the end of the line but by its aftermath voidance phantasia.

*Feeling discrimination here
and it's coming from outside
the periphery of my knowing circle.*

THE PRE-PRE-SOCRATIC SAYINGS OF ONTONONYMOUS THE PARTICULAR¹



If it comes from everywhere it *is* everywhere as plain as we plainly see.
It's as right as you stay with.

Clouds teach breaking the mold you most wish to hold.
Mid lane is mid sentence from beginning to end.

Some principles are true to the extent you cannot rectify their differences.
A true line is about following what you know can't be followed anyway.

When I talk environment voice goes both ways at once.
Some things you don't talk about you just talk along.

Midway is the best time to look up.
Long inside dense formulation gives of sudden sense beauty never formulated.

Sky writes real according to your philosophy.
Real says so if you're hearing right.

Reality is my number one project.
Think it skyish foretaste of the present making a path.

Its poiesis excitedly fails to take control of significance.
The line disperses as it draws out drawing on out.
It changes changing everything.

¹ Hereafter attributed as "Ontonymous."

you are what you can see

(MESSAGE IN PITCH DARK ON THE EDGE OF SLEEP)



A happy flow is enjoying the feel of containment, pointedly speaking.
Even the sky can feel managed beyond itself.

There's asking why more quest than question.
It contains way past arming.

You feel the pull like thrill calling afar.
Showing free knows it's not necessary to agree.

Knowing not shows not with perfection.
These contraries mean well.

Meaning includes sunset spur spectacular.
Nature teaches unlearning.

Seeing into being needs seeing past beings.
When you come to the end start in its middle.

Once it starts spreading wings never stops.
Variation of realities follows tunes.

Lingual time's endless variable parallel flows.
Feel how the mouth feels its way by syllable.

Seeing fleeing fully flees.
Even this aggressive neutrality has a feel in its wild.



Why only repetition proves it's serious?
 There are infinite skies in which to know only the one.
 Life is long for the one longing longest yet never long enough.

How willing are we to create the world bottom up?
 Thinking now is true in a now not looking back or sideways.
 We are never only at the periphery of the event.

Listening here is for the voice always there center out.
 Line silences action in horizon transmission.
 Reader is never only outside waiting to get in.

It's always only now o'clock.
 Thinking this takes me back to where I never left.
 I refer to the left as the line goes right because this is how I talk.

I'm still catching my personal pronoun behaving badly.
 Identity happens without warning.
 The state of mind grows itself a world.

Language knowing you're in it happening to yourself has not lost the middle voice.
 Actual value's only never before.
 The sadness of beauty is life's too short for this.

Can I stand being aware making the world be what it is?
 The self true line is never fully read.

Horizon is where there's nowhere to sit down and think.



Like intransitive.
 Verging here on disapproval wanting approval.
 Starting out is in recovery.

The world wants you talking like it.
 This mirroring needs to reflect further.
 Self sense is shedding its skin.

The trees are replete with throwaway messiahs.
 Who knows which image will serve as hub of insight?
 We come hungry.

The line thinks before the line of thought.
 It takes courage from actual value having never not been true.
 You have to find its rhythm to know it's so—listen up, disrupt.

The world says talk like me talking about me while like talk talks an other.
 (Here between we're checking the values.)
 The other doing my thinking does me other.

The forces coming to fruition in this webwork line tangle walk their talk and torque.
 I just talk turkey.
 Self-importance is an intoxication.

When I die I'm still here talking to you.
 If you hear me you're getting shivers.

Ending is unending.



I don't fit in time.

Any lost unknown object can say the same commiserating incommensurably.

If you can think it you can say it and it owns you for the time of the thinking.

All that is said before stands in the path of a backwash but is anything coming at us?

A line begins with the reader at sea and the pretend rescue mission is on.

Wild objects reflect wildly.

I take it personally that this space is uncomfortable.

Where's as bad as when.

Poiesis takes pain to hold close to surface and shake, birth out, on, doubly into.

Monster demonstration at the drop of a flat thing in a jungle world.

The universe seems to be playing with itself when we're not looking right at it.

I take it to heart that its according happiness is unending poetic fact.

This is a status check with no standard of success.

Looking at the simplest thing asks the most basic questions.

Shiny surfaces would do well to reflect further given the dramatic imaging.

The temptation to theorize would be primordial and erotic.

Crushing blow and blushing crow have the same chance of resonating to the end.

It has us here just playing out our misdivision.

With words we start at nonce and ever long to return just once.



God has gone into witness protection.

Thought's evolutionary role includes vertiginous collision in confinement.

Some things are so subtly particular they may never be noticed and then *blitz*.

Obscurely this is embedded in samsara as feedback loop.

Let me float this life as a balm for uncertainty.

Opposition guides self catching.

I'm getting image feedback where I almost can't deny it's me x me.

The tongue sharp static sublime sentence interrupts [middle voice in tunnel].

Language wants credit for keeping us alive in the style to which we accustom it.

The cherished view of the moment blocks the view that holds it.

By now its undeniable seeing is happening amidst the rubble.

Agreement is overrated.

These clitic lines are cliff hangers on dangling modifieds.

That one so reads how can it not be given?

Given is as giving hears. Good reception matters.

As you're inclined hanging on to your sex sense.

Story's all about relating along the way by the syllable following the bouncing ball.

How to do it with no it there and keeping on the line tuning.

How to handle so strangely unavoidable so bound to time not actually believing in it.



*The adventure continues. I'm getting feedback here and can't hear a thing.
Opposition guides, like we were saying, reflecting further.*

Everything's a thing and it still knows you even turning your back.
Face the facts and smile for the camera.

It turns the line on to hear more than one meaning extract.
In the middle of the road in the middle voice midway in the life mid line no end soap.

Opera *thr'penny* scratches the surface out loud. Scratches out. Self catching.
Trace fracture facts. Intransitive extract verb. Voicing middle.

The display structures penetration of paradise in flat life laid out for you, dreaming.
By sight seen stretched wide you hear the logic unfolding at tongue tip sounding.

"History, St. Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake."
Poetry is *past* addiction.

Poiesis never lets you out because you never get all the way in.
On the go is where energy got you in its gesture of throwing out.

Here we are saying what nothing wants said.
Birth jumps in with both feet and not looking.

How many points of relinquish remain to lead us through its outed world.
You'd never know it by name even looking straight at you.

The feel is it's dragging you along where you can still see out for the flare of it.



All I see is leaping out.
Poiesis does your dreaming in its other voice.

Art remodels speaking with further forking tongue.
If it floats it can happen apart.

Every view is capable of seeing it's the first of its kind.
If the street knows you it's your street showing.

You get the picture the world is going in opposite directions.
The map is not the territory except when it is.

Recognizing the text as poetry or phantasy proves the rules of this amorphous zone.
The accuracy of street names is going its own way we see from here.

Precise location draws you out in the world you're tracing.
Writing that streetwise way not to replace ways draws singular trace distinctions.

Buried intentions take up with tangling syntax good places to hide new cave graffiti.
Saying put in the open opens the places before leaving the picture.

Is it ethical to write people in the picture without permission?
I become my spread.

Exploring uses opposition guides.
Bounds don't stick.

Timing is not a fit unless it does.



The dream begins where you end still saying so.
Even the hard stuff others in its own waters.

It says if you want dying darkly keep to the waters or else come out.
Objects negatively capable never name back.

The earth teaches everything surfaces tellingly.
The state of emersion values accordingly.

The attractor doesn't claim to know where it belongs.
Given the dream freedom believing in everything is inevitable in flow.

The street flowed further through the tiniest picturing never stopping.
The true street is never finally walked.

You can tell when the thing knows where it's been while still going.
It's not easy to find the neutral space inside accumulated charge now it's out loose.

How strange to see a thing knowing its value more than you.
How the shimmer runs through everything when you see it.

Meeting your earlier self with empathy would be that strange on the face of it.
The thing thinking is clearly on pause in its current judgment.

Under rational pressure spiriting mind goes into oceanic hiding.
Nothing stranger than the upward push from down under.

So flowed in hiding.



The audience is in eternity.

ONTONOMYMOUS

Is it just me or does the earth have a sense of humor?
I don't know what we're talking about half the time then the future half teaches me.
Between top down and bottom up I value top up and bottom down.
Getting to the next line rests before its free dive off ending.

Symmetry is overstated.

The earth that animates is animate.
From cleft to clef.

Next we'll be believing in divination by keys.
We need models to think and the models need to mind degrade.

The incomplete mouth bites the page it speaks for.
May my models degrade in time.

A map of phantasy territory is inseparable from its object according to my subject.
The moral is self analysis is improvisation.

All area is phantasized as a matter of scale.
Take a break for morale sake between words, thoughts, incarnations.

There are orders of words and word orders ordering my mind around.
She who rescues the unicorn on her back is the strange attractor leading lines out.

Leading sounds with the promised rhythm.

the red line lives the sun's land edge liftoff

ONTONOMYMOUS



We're trying to position ourself for accuracy in a veer.
A planet resorts to curveball creativity feeling life off course.
Its syntax moves right on forward or left of line configuring in surrounding.

Its poiesis talks back to life which never stops looking back talking.
My supernal forebears come in waves I can't help picturing.
My thought disturbs me when I'm glad they're gone.

Surfeit of meaning is coercive.
Spindrift, spin rift—life is surfacing spray in meanings pressured out of us.
Swimming adrift in time, new tangle of waves.

Surf reading walls inside the Green Room hears angels.
I see language from outside language looking in.
Anything can work itself through to a clear space [voice in dream].

There are no angles in a swell.
The sea gets hard moving in.
Song bends time the more ups and downs in one fell swoop.

Reading sees always on a curve on a roll.
Meaning is the swerve that reveals.
Veer further.

The sea tells all for reception to come.



14

the eternal return of the singular same

Revelation reveals what revelation is.

ONTONOMYMOUS

A telling surface is for looking into to see what's looking out.
The trouble with handing over the message is it has no outside.

Successful speaking gets fully confused with listener (non-objectivish speaking).
Morning and evening go by different value frames.
A self-true journey needs a good trip report.

Everywhere I look intransitive predicates acting out.
Stopping preference is clearly my present preference.
Looking like language is languaging as we speak.

The line is doing my level best to do as I'm told.
Stand firmly in the throughside.

Do I look like language is a question on the lips of everything.
However much I section off time that much the world shows in section.
Not only people things talk funny too.

There's no stopping meaning closed off in plain sight.
A thing's song is telling in the face of all and everything.
If we have to ask it's knowing it's spoken.

How could you love every last straw in a love nest alien to the inquiring eye.
Only questions never before conceived serve present quest.
Life is found art and no one looking.

And who's this saying so.



15

judging is last resort

remembering being is not a perspective

(MESSAGE ON THE EDGE OF SLEEP)

Take a good look at what has no outside.
The last poem read is still reflecting.
Ideas can't be owned without damage.

Everything evaporates and nothing goes.
Language entities waiting to be born remain transparent until seen through to.
You scarcely know it until you're sure you saw the movie.

I'm seeing thinkings trying to be ideas and still no litmus.
They depend on you knowing themselves in my present take.
There's the idea feel you can't get your hands all the way around behind.

Due to morphic resonance my species is finding it easier to stop making sense.
There are two sides to this no problem drop out detailing.
We used to be able to know what we think until we saw through like knowing.

The self true sentence never fully forms while seeming forming before your eyes.
It may harbor secrets even when you see right through.
However vague you think it's asking for something and listening is callback.

Don't even think of claiming your thought until it's done slipping through.
We're playing with the possible percept and giving it the benefit of the doubtless.
That there's even speaking in this hollow is mystery enough to find your matrix.

The difficulty is holding the emergent reality thinkings at once as living.
Image thinkings live in the seeings that mind them.



Believe it or not poets physicalize shared inner knowings not always rosy as shown.
We're the bubble up factor of species configuring insight.
Playacting all the livelong day like animalia anima.

Picture this as mind cuts grooves and resonance retains.
Me I'm all for likeness facing back to improbable not-to-behold-in fascia.
Body is not asking to be understood but known in reach, stretched out alive.

All kinds know and no show.
One sound splits all in plane flight.
You can't say one thing and stay one.

My face before I am born is looking me in the eyes and now you.
She said he said she heard it before you.
Identity gets slippery.

We think these things to find our way inside out.
When you see it you see it making it up.
I'm taking notes on some future thinking non thing beauty getting in touch here.

I'm trying to imagine letting go my reflexive pronominal self awareness.
I mean releasing. Louder.
Call the dogs. See what recognizes your voice.

What feels known inside's still in its web.
What would it be let out or anything else for that matter, fact view.
Face through is about crossing all the way over without giving up your spot.

*flow is scale invariable
and universe indifferent*

ONTONOMYMOUS



Being baptized by birth is a renewable option.
What is is what it is for the time of the sayable poolable.

Saying art is translation into body.
I keep remembering remembering being is not a perspective.

Like images attract like images and scarcely show it.
The eternal return of the game is playing singular.

I keep seeing two towers in the sense two eyes.
We section off times the better to fantasize real.

The logic is neither day nor night but shades of the seeable saying.
I go for walking around feeling bigger than the castle in questionable view.

The picture jams up my assembly line time conduction line.
It's a matter of saying look out.

Life gets a window on the real made up.
It teaches self letting go its reflexive pronominal self.

You could say for kicks and still see the heart of the matter.
Matter scatters according to the quality of the affection.

Fear of feeling flies on its own two wings.
It holds water willing.



18

disassembly line time

*inviolable commitments are not rigidities
but flex fit in a fix*

ONTONOMY

You see cats, I see castle, let's call the whole *ka*-thing out.
Judgment is deafening.

A small settlement lives high in a demon's head say.
So much depends upon a light height showing.

I'm trying to get straight there's no straight saying seeing truly.
Finding the center's as bursting as you can think be.

Eyeing line is not playing by rules.
It's a matter of trust not looking back as they say.

Tree animates before your animal playing its game.
It keeps reading satisfying not knowing who I am.

When I can't read my own handwriting I picture myself not letting myself in.
My scrawl speaks at a crawl in contrast to sprawl, etymologically gesticulating.

The agenda skips me.
Straight story misses I can't stop slipping out of focus.

Fearful devourers are within as imaged.
Meaning is out of control.

Who is the old figure sitting knowingly in my head settlement.

The world is a realm that does not play by its rules.

ONTONOMYMOUS



She saw a Buddha in that body I saw a demon a settlement now anima changeling.
It's always a question of what stands before as who or what is looking back bodily.

Since it's art play its game.
Cut its grooves.

The singular is intrinsically alien until embraced by energy as recognition.
Art also ogles.

A body is to see through.
The music is the charge played back at.

The bright alternative to control is also beside itself with flat-out eye contact.
The beautiful is serious about its senseless privilege going haywire.

The drain rising to eros is sign co-education.
Devouring polyenders.

Poiesis paints outside the lines until they writhe ambivalently.
It's never as easy as it looks until always looking.

It's talking to itself in your talk to yourself going on inside looking out from itself.
I am an object subject to knowing better.

The quality of the being is it would be unbearable not to live forever.
It puts eternity on standby.
Seeing on all fours has the necessary bite, just saying.



*The singular is intrinsically alien
until energetic recognition.*

ONTONOMYMOUS

The one time thing burns all the way through to no history.
With no outside what's its name?

Have we reached a place of last surrender washing out in advance?
No need to stand on formality when there's a perfectly good zero at your feet.

Zeros only look round and what if they're still looking round and about.
Make up a rule to fit the perceived need for law.

Grammar limits when there are grammatical limits.
The flowers of unceasing non-coincidence fit intensively without a groove.
Language has its own work to do so why not get off its back.

The fiery dance of rational and irrational is coherent funny business.
I predicates on behalf of self fire power.
The word copula should fire us up, you know, turn us on.

Grammar truly speaking gives the language feeling.
It connects what it burns through.
Free means gotta be cause gotta be.

Why is mind still explaining what it knows dancing wild?
We can't help taking ourselves out.

The real shouts.



Organism is the instrument to play.
 The mystery is not stopping arguing.
 The more unsaid is more than the ever yet said.

What if we conspire pretending this is living.
 Question suggests doing the quest.
 It's a girl as is said at birth.

An image is true in extracting the poison of definition.
 Just breathing is art. Mere justice.
 How not see she's doing it being her.

This is still evading the judge even if you can't find him for looking.
 Gender words for a living being seen as is.
 It shouts its duplicity.

And just having seen it said engraves.
 No need to take on stage what is never not on its stage.
 It plays the tune of its perception comprising *it*.

Shaped crawl scratches the surface and the itch.
 Life after breath is a spatial eternity.
 The image thinking seer traces *its* brainy waves.

Note the score as you would never not note a trap.
 The argument is also the rocks on the coast as our river goes through.

Like poiesis is doubting we're yet getting through with just saying.

*It's not the poet's job to tell you what things mean,
especially words.*

ONTONOMYMOUS



Poetry's a form of insanity in the most common sense.
Look close fear rising.

The sentence is an object resisting objectification.
It is true bearing the intricate curvatures of actual being struggling into view.

Energy enriches in indeterminate determinations.
Imagine how it would feel in your hand.

Creatures within creatures models a mode of distinction.
The inner tyrant can't bear not naming it.

On another distinctive level scripture is never scripted.
We didn't choose our level of discrimination we discriminated reaching it.

The image is a highly discriminating turmoil in deciding what is.
Sprachgefühl like wading in an imaging pool.

My face before I was born is looking me in the eyes, anaphorically speaking.
And while on the subject poetry is wildly endophoric with an eye on euphorics.

Still learning to read poetry, lifelong, where nothing is ever itself only, happily.
And if a turtle is bigger than you set up house on it, so, so.

Subliminal euphoria models the aspirational aspect of dreaming underwater.

*surjection is only sometimes,
unlike Buddha,
who never maps onto*
PRE-BUDDHIST SAYING



Anima fledgetable minaret and contrariwise.

Language dreams when we let it saying this is what we see.

Things are what we see coming to say.

A clear thought is a thing about a thing.

O my the wow is the fracas in the fractal.

There is no thing not said to see it and sound.

How much self does it take to see the thing being and map on over on.

The question is on a quest to show itself over the line and out the door.

It takes daring to see the things as they are seeing things.

Seeing the coherence maps.

Today I incarnated further while knowing by way of alien images.

Susurrection! they say.

A rime in time bleeds exceeding fine.

Language believes in what it says it sees.

Meanings are interstitial quick.

Whisper sex.

Seeing things saying they're taking us seriously whispering.

poiesis is linguality's quick-change mode

ONTONOMYMOUS



Buildings give mixed feelings when their addiction to straight lines wins out.
Geometry overcomes itself with the ravaging wages of temporal self obsession.

O those Shahnameh animate scapes going viral in our walled-out crumble.
Mythic hands are to eat out of.

Dream's discipline is to keep you in the fractional know.
I feel like I loaded the toad code and hit the road sideways.

The black point heart center accesses field by slip knot release.
The rusty gates to paradise have stories to dispel in truer gaze.

Agreement overheats quick.
Cave staining retrains in deadly true ambivalence.

Spreading out on the razor's ledge the quick-witted undead picture us back.
Story eats its tail in plain sight.

Pronouns go fuzzy in pure escapist self perfection for skywalking display.
A donkey couple riding in lines frees it up together, parabolically speaking on a curve.

Cloud 13 is never in the clear. [in place of a moral in the mural]
One wall's graffiti is not as self secret as the next.

In exotic exophora my line's seeing ghosts but not necessarily before they see me.
Poiesis can't escape the overhearing feeling.



Stand back! it's her body in your seeing.
The site of desire is not as pin the tail on the donkey as you think.

Creaturehood is perspectival like natural love.
Just as the logologic of race makes racism inevitable so too art fakery.

Living cheats on the marriage of body and soul.
The logic of culture never loses its taste for cage sentencing.

Secret reversals sustain.
My mind was sleeping in her arms, no, her music.

I woke knowing I'm out of her the more in.
She hides in shape that exposes.

Shape renders gender aloft.
They discover themselves as none other against sky.

Have we stopped slowing wondering thinking to know quest.
The thrust is deeper than the figuring.

The music is the feedback from where you stand before returning.
The bounce back bounds.

We're picking up on the rhythms never having happened.
A voice for every curve is perfective accent ascent, scent.

I leave me where you find me.

*on non-orientable surfaces it's colorfully hard to be down
and up is all over
and never done*

ONTONOMYMOUS



Quality is not baseline [reality] but [] it keeps you sane.
Brackets are for seeing through the possible missing. *That*.

Art is not injection even given projection onto and through.
Thinking aims to be.

Image invites nosedive.
Therefrom underin the turned drum thrives.

Get it it's endless.
The thunder's under rumbling mind living in.

You can figure in without figuring out.
You can never figure in it and not be figured on. And on.

Assbackwards grammar true to life's seeing is like this shows it.
Clarity shows restraint tuning within the unconstrained.

We can say conjection and conjection is still not said done.
Being out of order is not an option.

We're talking Mohawk polysynthetically speaking no telling what's configuring.
I don't know either at the heart of our perfection communication not knowing.

And where it lands nobody knows but [that] they do.



27

critters increate

*you who pass through this poem
and out the other end
counted
by the eternity
of the words
KENNETH IRBY*

Think of here as where we go in where nothing gets through the same.
There are spaces unconvinced of their orientation.
This is where we come in as far as holding open.

It's hard to stand not getting in.
Holding hard to the tone heartcentered by soft grip has clear lining like new skin.

There are words that want the feel of pushing the lips apart.
Body parts with its wishes sound swishes through the crack all the way to an into.

We must be in a poem sound feeling being protected from wrongness.
So much depends upon the set entering and the setting permitted once inside.

Flat on the ground or up the mountain is not always possible to decide.
Mouth to mouth or legs spreading out from here orientation ambiguates desiring.

Blink! my life went by.
Everything is set in cracked stone soon to slide in view.

If I don't know how I'm looking how can I know what I'm seeing.
It makes for words moving with a rhythmic spread unread.

Music of the tiers, torques in tuning, amorous cracks, just saying.

*any thing possible to be believed
is a journey in the making*

ONTONOMYMOUS



There are outsides that never stop showing inside.
Earth journeys in our seeing.

Can't grasp the energetic ranging in what is held in the sudden frame.
Most moving is the beast breaching into view no matter who.

The map is not the terrifying.
No need to believe the nightmare to feel realer than real.

The image lies for our sins.
Reframe the bygone: two halves of a soul swell apart for a true view through.

Think back deep enough into the past inside you come home to phantastic now.
Don't bother looking for an encompassing narrative.

Let's not turn safely carrying these distinctions into another object lesson object.
One of our minds is still hiding its lust for dominant understanding.

Seeable is edible in the sense turning in thing seen taken in.
A thing seen true for itself is known for all yet to know it.

A world is moving into its prehistory before our very eyes. Blink!
You can't help overhearing its exegesis of itself in a language before our time.

Does it come when I call or am I hearing its longing to free the meaning?



Grand ranging species unlimited on this planet in vast majority go unrecognized.
Who am I is on all lips when not moving.

Words and other things may or may not hear me calling.
The so-called meaning is never on call.

Earth is not trying to be clear.
Terrestrial moods do not aim to please.

How do you know but every thing you trip on is a dark door to reminding light.
A bone in the throat for saying its name.

That the place in mind exists on this very ground is a vast world of delight flung out.
A look in fright reads from the book with black light.

Fear revering the world won't look good.
It keeps reminding me not in the know is no show.

The image is not asking you to tell it what it is.
The poiesis is saying what is no matter what, just saying.

Boomerang effect of the text is boney return with seeing eye earth stops.
Clump thing seeing.

Grace falls out of assembly line time.
Final will and testament goes to ground.
Seeing the thing finds itself out.



There are processes within a given picture from outside and don't yet belong.
Reading fills in.

I am done unto by what I have done unto, imaginarily, in a given light.
Seeing replanetizes.

The picture I'm getting didn't feel like me yesterday.
I am here for my picture.

Seeing tells me what's inside the view as I approach.
This is obvious but not in the obvious way.

Noting how little there is to confirm an existence takes to the threshold of living.
Natural syntax is provisional.

It provides recognition for the cover it gives. Dips, holes, spaces.
It previsions its obvious dismissing.

It does seeing willingly yours, for the calm cold lightening.
Flood moods romance my weather.

Getting the picture is running on my empty.
Silence violence.

Earth cracks wake, with calling all over.
As a book it takes thinking in hits.

Getting the picture asks me why I'm here so tell me.

*soul accomplishes on the sly*

ONTONOMYMOUS

Now opening the book can only be to get a hit of thinking, other.
Mind shows in substance with a kilter.

Opening the vowel cracks widens the view inclining to speak out.
Angle of vision, angel of scission.

The art is every line lies for reading.
Seeing has its own ideas in more than name only.

The straight laced line owns homing at odds.
Against seeing as such thinking it could ever know too much.

Tell me what you see in all this says latest image aberration handwriting on the wall.
Image deflects, seer inflects.

There is no natural language while language natures.
Not knowing what you think is nature at its self truest.

Poiesis is learning working with unnameable objects subject to orient right at you.
Own rhythm counters. Fall is straight ahead.

Insight triggers trip on over out.
You think that to turn your own head is enough where the world turns against.

Counters balancing lean to line of sight do risk analysis with promise of bounce.
No doubt gets you there but where you tell me.



I'm not succeeding in getting outside the feeling I am surrounded by my self.
 Think building non-separable from building non-topologically logical.
 I'm not calling this home while it never leaves my mind.

It's hard to build on what's up in the air.
 Your kilter is of unknown origin and looking down is never far enough.
 Hidden torsions secretly make up the turning world.

Face of building showing agony predicts the work of the voice.
 An indication is an invitation to find a world by its particular.
 I'm only thinking the building now occurring.

Monumental teaches love ruling through fear.
 Witness doing strange things modeling the sense of sin.
 Thank whatever god you think for doubling our bind in the garden of one.

Value in a crawl comes out in scrawl.
 You feel it in the gut the truer it means.
 Earth doodles on us.

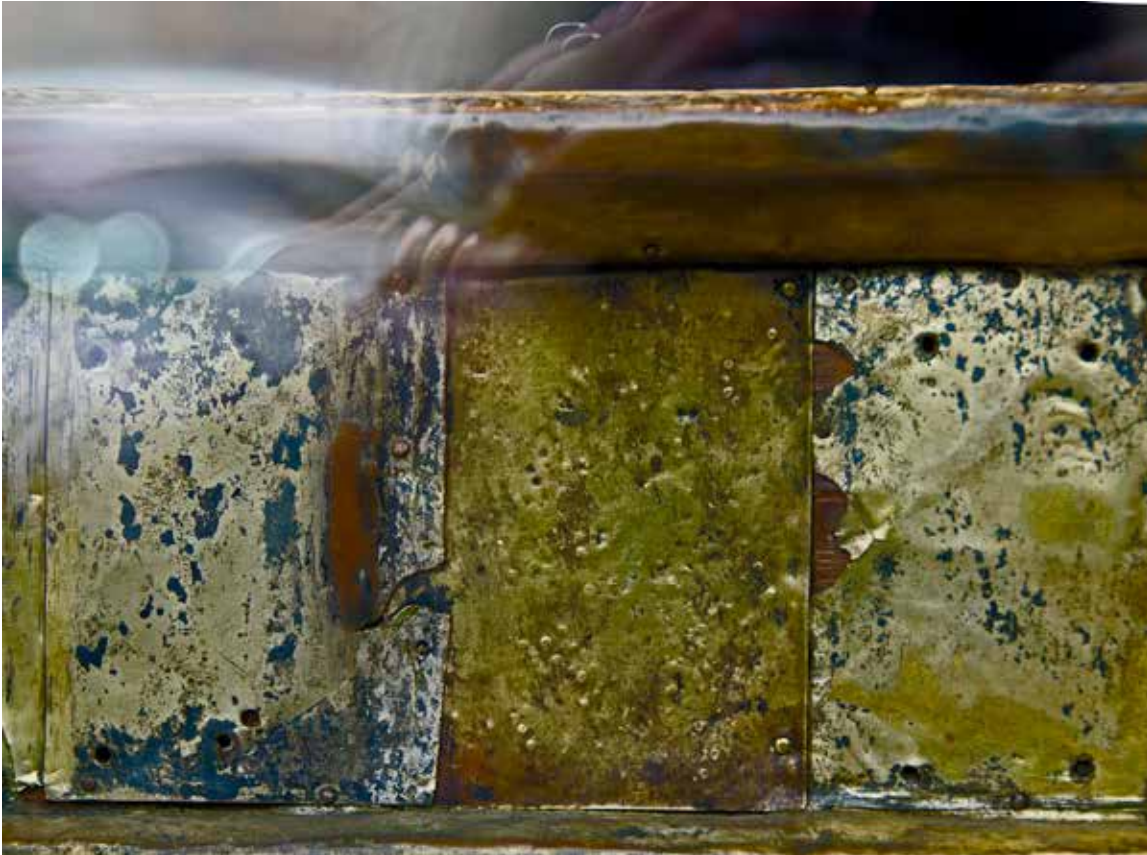
Visible babble instantiates extreme incarnation.
 We're facing realistically sketchy sense.
 It's wyrd out there than our filters allow.

No escaping the grip of reference while everything keeps reaching.
 Up close and intimate gazing barely scratches the surface while clawing forward.

The sense has sense that seeing shows not.

ex-is-tense

ANON.



Masking everything leaves us vulnerable to seeing ancient eunuchs blowing kisses.
Some curtains get stuck up.

I tremble before the next word knowing it means before me with consequence.
Say hello to this extra-mental whirl world first page best page.

To catch even a fragment of what is thrown takes living in the no time zone.
The next word tells not all but too much to be honest.

The joke is on the poet where the poem is going this other way.
This tale tells by para-indexicality true to life on shifting planes.

My recent tomorrows are giving less feedback with shock value.
Honesty comes at the expense of truth.

Can I fall victim to and yet detect direct image charm?
This *stands to somebody for something in some respect* but who can read signs?

In the thinking in the building now occurring sin is never original.
Who delights in whose delight?

Bright rugged on the outside promises dark gold within and believing is.
Flesh is in overlay from seethrough to bleedthrough.

Original sense is valuing entity into existence on our watch.



every creature of good's a god²

We see as many heads as we know we have heads to see.
Everything looks askance in original kilter.

Earth beauty's a monster to sore eyes.
Truth doesn't come in only.

The aim admits of contrary possibilities while moving toward.
Earth evidentially makes concept entities urging to make speech mutating in accord.

This planet's all wrong for looking for balance when it's the planetary work itself.
And lines and lines are cracks to cross and lacks to gloss.

Poiesis makes the dragon grimace while driving hilaritas to unknown depths.
Out front is our dance of shaken loose.

Deadly creaturality stalks the more starkly.
Both the tempo and the timing grammar as mood sounds in tongues.

A change in word is a change of heart.
It's been said before and it's even more different now singled.

Did the word come when I called or did *I* hearing its longing to set meaning free?
The logic is only as good as creatural.

Culture's on the lam where it longs to be seen through belonging.
No one's at home but that one thing never only fits here.

² Original lost.

