

Paramour

STACY DORIS



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KRUPSKAYA • 2000

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This book is dedicated to Chet Wiener.

"All we love is form" — Charles Olson

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To the Reader

This is a very conservative book. It was written between 1995 and 2000 in the South of France and in North America by a willful female author who, nagged and baffled by questions of poetic form's future, set out, as if she had all the time in the world on her hands, to catalogue, through strategies of parody and vivisection, an eclectic variety of Western prosodic models. For subject-matter the theme of love, certainly the most prevalent topic of poetic tradition, was readily selected. Two layers of the book's construction are thus (1) the demonstration and distortion of many kinds of lyric verse and (2) romance.

The book is shaped by the author's attempt to present both a precious glass-work box: mirror, crystal ball, prism—and at the same time a reflection of the current technological cultural unconscious' restructuring of space, a conception of the physical world in which locations and identities shift with radical illogic; in which we find ourselves in the midst of a dazzling plethora of changing fields-without-grounds. If this format succeeds, the book is by definition polished object, product of its times, and stock for new alternatives. Where do Sir Jewel Box and Dame Internet meet? On a hunch, the author chose to explore the palindrome as that site where prosodic perfection and spatial reconfiguration are naturally one. While this book is constructed in a way that cuts increasingly in a multi-ingredient pizza-pie fashion, with the rapidity of change culminating at the center and tapering off toward the beginning and end of each constituent slice, something like a Netscape merry-go-round, it is at the same time built to hinge open at the center like a lady's compact mirror, with both sides reflecting. To this end, the author ventures to write everything that is written in the text both forwards and backwards. Two additional layers of the work are thus (3) cyber pie spinning out the insatiability of love in its subjugation to human and societal limitations and (4) pocketbook palindrome whose mirroring doubles the writing's formal assaults, constructions, and recuperations.

While the writing should feel palpably performative and ephemeral, a sort of operatic Ur-text, or Web template, upon reflection the Reader will ideally become aware that each page offers a composition expressly hand-crafted for 8 1/2 x 11 standard white “multi-purpose” paper. This work can be effectively reduced to book format, but cannot, for all of its allusiveness, survive in any environment other than the page.

Inspiration for this book’s cast of characters, plots, and references was drawn from, among other works: Ovid’s *Arts of Love* and his *Metamorphoses*, all of the poems of Saint John of the Cross, *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, Raimbaut de Vaqueiras’ “Kalenda maia,” some of the poems of Arnaut Daniel, Wagner’s *Tristan and Isolde*, *Piers Plowman*, the *Mabinogion*, Apuleius’ *Golden Ass*, Mozart’s *Don Giovanni*, Sun Tzu’s *Art of War*, Marina Tsvetaeva’s “Pied Piper,” Rabelais, *Harper’s Bazaar*, Byron, D’Annunzio’s *St. Sébastien*, Blake’s “Marriage of Heaven and Hell” and *Songs of Innocence*, the writings of Anton von Leeuwenhoek, *Finnegans Wake*, the group of Grands Rhétoriciens defamed by the advent of French Classicism, and Michael Jackson (as a leader of the 1212 Children’s Crusade and as Orpheus.) Of course, the whole in no way requires that these parts be recognized; the author just wishes to share her sources with you as a friendly overture.

— The Author

Boy Book
(Songs)



An Introductory Song-Within-Song

It suits me to take you in my arms
And it suits me, this hour of fast love
And the sky suits me in nice weather
And I like smelling flowers while I'm
drinking.

The earlier the better would suit me
And it suits me to find you home
alone, T

To suit myself I'll give you a few love-
bites

And to please me, grab my neck and
my nipples.

My love drives you illegally
Wild, my love wrecks you flat on your
back

My love forces all your senses
For love, bent and awaiting
For my love, so hot in loving,
That all I do is making
Love me cute and youthful,
Love me coming and going.

Thinking of you feels good.
It feels good to think up close.
It feels good when you're near
And good when I see your pretty
bottom.
It feels good when I hold your
beauties
And good when I'm in your dominion,
Good to me when you taste and drink
me,
Good when I'm your man.

Take me in your arms.
Short me hasty in the hour of love.
The nice weather, the sky
Flowers. I'm drinking, I like smelling
yours.

Better would be better;
Find your way home after.
Love comes and gets the best of the
oldest of us
And grabs us by the necks and lick
our nipples.

Under-age boys and boy-lets, though
illegal
Are really dynamite, they leave you
begging,
Overload all your circuits,
Twist your perceptions — that's all.
I like them cute and babyish.

Thinking of it can drive a guy crazy.
You get near their bottoms,
You know you're a man,
Hold firm the firm beauties,
It's infernal.
You want more and you don't
Feel bad about that.

PROVERBS—Sung to Sell
or, Rules of the Company:

A Press Conference
on family values over the next Millennium. Prelude to THIS' tour of
*THIS*Story.

Chorus:

Out for a walk
in the burning building
A-tingle with the thrill
of anti-pro-creative urges
which other people think of as torment
and inconstancy
I collected some of these sayings
thinking to myself that
the last words of a civilization
tell lots about the national character.

In good weather, laugh it up. In bad weather, live it up.

Lick it up.

Cut a worm in two, and if it lives, cut again.

Keep chopping thus.

The Animal Kingdom's the Body Human.

He who bathes in mineral water only gets wet. He who bathes in
champagne gets bubbly.

Fame can win its war with time if there is enough money to invest.

Enemy = Sobriety

The flitting butterfly is neither bored nor sorry.

The most sublime act is to reduce a young spirit to tears or adoration.

Or both.

You can convince a child of anything.

Children are wise men.

Shame is a waste of innocence.

Prisons have bars; so does the hôtel Ritz.

The peacock's pride is like mine;
The goat is less lusty than I am;
Anger and vigor are not the same thing;
A boy's nakedness is the joy of a man.

Excess usually comes in liquid form.

Roaring elephants, scurrying rats, stormy seas, pirates, are good
trappings.

Trap what is tender, but not yourself.

As spiders lure flies, so men can lure boys: by their filamenty promises.

What is true here is only a dream elsewhere.

The fermented fruits juice from this spigot.

Provide for your prey.

Think if you ever get bored.

He who has felt you inside him, knows you.

As air to the airplane, so is a fortune to the fortunate.

You can never get more than enough, because you can never get enough.

Excess is bliss.

Velvet eyes, velvet nostrils, tight velvet cheeks.

The weak are sly.

The apple tree can't give the cactus' advice.

The thankful receiver receives again.

This little flower is from love's labor.

Avoid ones with braces! They cut your lips!

The best figs are often bruised.

The head young, the heart missing, the genitals gorgeous, the hands
and feet secured.

Song of the Piper's *Innocence*, THIS' Signature Poem

Pipe drives the kids wild,
 Piping sprinkles bright goo,
In a cloud of chewy fluid,
 And Pipe laughing sing to all:

'Pipe a game about a Toy!'
 So kids pop with happy guns.
'Pipey peek in fun again;'
 So shoot too to tickle here.

'Dip that pipe, you lucky ones;
 Grab the parts of Happy Stick!'
Soon Pipe push the same again,
 While he waits with friends to feel.

'Pipe, sit still on down and up
 In a bed that all may wet.'
So he rub so for a try;
 And Pipe pick a favorite spot,

And Pipe make a little hurt,
 And Pipe stain the pillow white,
And Pipe step on happy feet
 Every kid wins first to beat.

THIS' Life as a Girl

In ONE-PART Harmony . . .

Through idle air filtered
boundless lands
in slimy thongs mumbling
brandished the outcrop.

“Below, where we all fall
if we’re not careful, listen:
Not to mount these rough, scaled
organs, offspringing serpents,
but take me.

Dearie!
The old-time love-joints,
remember, ravishing?

Unravel this vacuum. These
huge silent estates. Quick, now
that we’re running out of cups:
Tarry flesh and foul blot
these years. I’m asking the favor

of enjoyment,
trapped and bloodless, though
violently.”

So the wounds stopped, convinced.
Cease-fire.

The up-hill way home, steep
and indecisive, edged in night,
pitched and failed. Too eager an instant,
she slipped and drained off.

Yields to air, a second time,
her transparencies and openings marvelous,
she left.

He cultivated
This rock garden.

And sang: (Song Within Song 3)

Salty girl, it's good to pose
But don't sell that salt when your
man's
missing you. Salt me
when you come
in the middle
but just don't salt your tongue
with garlic first.

Two salts to the pros, they drag
with pizzazz
But don't salt just any old mouth
that appears.
Don't salt every Joe, when among
finer men
But I know a little salt can bring out
your simmering.

Donna wait 'til we're in bed
Daoona stretched with our naked
pressing
Donna, where you can take me
prisoner
Don and if you like make me richer
than the Pasha
of Africa good Donna you get me so
Dona I can't hold myself back
Donna please just pull me tight
Donna so that I'll never get out.

They pose as girls sometimes,
But they've got something extra-
spicy in the middle.

You can hire two at a time, or even

more

In some countries

And sidle them into it.

Stretch me out, flay me.

Go ahead strangle me.

Take me where nobody can get
back

from.

And he jigged a jig.

A SONG AND A DANCE

Get all fuzzy Gets all mixed
when your body feels so rich
and in me but in its
 so fully seeps all destructs
 may a new
 a hand's more than
 in all, more in!

Get feel the critter's bray Got so completely
went in only beauty felt tail plush full play
 hand in all hand and all
sock never cry along that way
 joy splay
 ball hits ball
 in all, all, in!

Gets you, Down I do
of the two, my great moo
in you main tan goo
going to going more
never fear what who
 in hands all fought
 in, in all in, in all!

Gets to the floor Down where none be
of your marvelous core mine covered in dirty
in all in your may all in all
what open seen
knew fooled
us hands in here
in all, all, more all!

Love Letter (Lament)

Dear Embers,

I warble then melt, rousing. This me infinitely, Thus. Your dark breaths course kisses, hand swooning between. I cut open, unravel, shower.

The honeysuckles marking, a long way down, we sink. First endless drifts, the path leading only deep, only nowhere, dark firs, This thick smell on the wind, windowless, a jumble. Thrust me.

Convulsing, This never awake or asleep, eye on eye.

Burrow softer then, then bind me blind. Under the wall of thorns, clip violets. When your hand Thus I swoon. Loosening tangles in me — oh, where? In a cave, sunless, opened quick to plunder This. Now pebbles could swallow me. I'm Thus wrenched and bundled.

If honey, This suckles. If hammered, This spins me. I clip deep juices, thin white body's hidden stems.

Thus down, in a burn of sun, Thus wastes, thin but stronger, wind-sheltered so seared, hidden stems with moss-skirts darting in the quiet of an afternoon, only eternal.

What hammers This shred, so I'm adrift yet fastened? What crawled in streams to This moistest nesting, what crouches on This?

This coos, Oh, adore, oh more. Trust it to. Trickle and wait Thus:

Are you my now?

Geliebter

WARNING

If to men at sea captured
prior to loving
forced and ill
therefore ago
is that willfulness? Crazy?

Here place it, hike do-be and
vice it

Let us in erector, cued bite touch

fatty more lovelies!
When a man takes my fancy

and tells me now come put it
where that's a-tremble

Dexterous had it, iron-gripped

began, than doubt was, wrote

the problem of change:

Quickly emptied turn
displeased.

Even the slight is delirious.

If purred or bit

a zealous missive, arcane felt better

highness

sent ten to your mention

What should (can) I do?

/tremendous?/

in a vacuum

damnably a cream, to bell as
noted but allowed

Ignorance Velvet

posit task, resume.

In ravenous audacity

a *soaring* it was

As SEQUEL:

Second Slogan Poem:

A Song for Twins

My mother take me on the under side,
 Where I am black, but wow, my stuff is white!
White as ice cream is the little flood,
 Under my neck, all whipped up nice.

My mother lead me underneath a bush,
 And, sitting down on top the heaving part,
She lift me in her lap and kissèd my mush,
 And, reaching to the place, she puff a lot:

“Look at the sort of sun: there rise and shine,
 And give your fist, and give the arm way high,
And flower pots with weeds and men to hang
 First in the morning; if you're good at night.

There's put in back a little hole,
 So she or he can fist the red fish tide;
And these black bottoms and their rosy cheeks
 Are just a fog made for a shady pole.

One day your arms will like to hold the weight,
 The fog lift, but don't forget that face,
Call, 'Come out in the woods, my ache and hate,
 And from my shiny waist the chains release.'”

That's what my mother show, with kissing rash,
 And next I try it out on little English boy.
When I from back and he from front place pry,
 And round and round the rosy spot we push.

I'll shake him in a heat 'til he can beg
 To press in joy upon each other's lap;
And then I'll stand and stroke his other leg,
 And go with him, and we will drink good sap.

Then a day bird saw a night bird. Threw clods and threw trees.

Breast-beating women
tore and hurled oxen.

Hoes, un-manned, flew also.

Threw clods through trees.
Stones bled. The tresses wafting.

Wreathing spears
skin engines craze

fitting songs to a sound.

Cacophonous vestals invert
straight layers. One, bored,
lines animal outcrops.

Fall upon This
This fallen

utter broke

merrily to roll

a long deaf
atoll trips

life-tongues
less-wrought

out.

(Her shapely legs:
thorn epilogue.)

How to Love



Love Instructions
THE FOUR-TONGUED VERSION

NOTE: This manual was written a long time ago by a devout person, to prevent the death by suicide through hanging, self-immolation, poisoning, or simple pining of hopeless lovers. It teaches you how to get and keep a loved one.

O
Me first paraphernalia
I have perfected lovingly
types and self-stimulations etc.
Nothing can shock or repel me.

D
The homely old man
who made the beautiful boy
accomplish on his instrument
conquered love almost.

O
Bull, burden over me
steed bridles crouch there more
brandishing torch.

“A sharper knife cuts quicker”

D
A weak man rides a strong horse.

A strong ox pulls a heavy load.

Justice is not thicker than lust.

V
Stubborn as he may be, remember 1
he's a child
he can be forced into it.

I
Achilles, a beautiful Greek prince,
was taught to play the lyre
by Chiron, an ugly old centaur
whom he revered and called “master.”

V
Doubled cervical wonder 9
plus dreamy awl retro
giving in to advances
qualms big equipment.

I
Tell you what,
strong bull,
on cheek the horns
fist-in-mouth.

O

Songs are for the birds;
girls force themselves upon me
in the meadows, what can I do
two at a time, their flocking.

D

Birdsong doesn't get to me, I do this
for fun. Women are the same
as their sisters. To use them's
the only purity I know of.

O

Put your ear to my barb,
and favor my entrails. Or else
keep away, slim girls.
Modesty sickens me.

D

Blondes are like brunettes.

O

First, attack.
Then hit your mark.
Third, endure.

D

If it suits you,
don't suffer:
grab.

"God takes the bull, but not for its
horns"

V

Neophyte give slyly, 17
in the vicious air I
tickle 'till you swell, hanging,
and your buxom sister also, ask her.

I

When I say, "hey little boy"
that means you, love.
"I won't lie or fool you"
means I know plenty ways.

V

Uses move it thus, 25
go you paired scramble
a real dog, pet mother, help!

This activity kills prudery.

I

Lift up your skirts.
Only honesty tempts me.
Maybe that's not true,
but I say it wisely.

V

What love hides, peel the lips. 33
Repeat that new fur's miles in
coming,
in coming. Placed near this rare boy
a ripening time so.

I

Ask yourself what you want, then
settle.
You want to be in love; start.
Take here as long as you can.
Hold on tighter.

O

Loosen the string, grease it
murmuring, "you, you alone."

She falls to her knees.

D

Burning hands are busy.
Fit mouths come
in clouds.

Day is the same as night for these
purposes.

O

Shaggy beasts, by their mothers
instructed, richly initiate.

D

Livia was the name of a forest
and Adonis a young man in love
who sought the object
of his desire there, and befriended
lions.

O

The tongued craft flames beneath
marbling underside.
Careful for some but not for others
yourself plead, fail, enshrine.

D

Maidens find lions
wooden and stray, warm them
familiarily, as before
swallow-handed.

V

Say, and if in passing anger 41
liquidly, "touch me only places."
Tenuous laps up each:
seeing is he's yours.

I

Once you have chosen, choose one
and tell it,
nothing feels better, come rain or
high.

V

Lions addict, born readily in matters. 49
External simpering
light eaters imprison big eyes
no men have it better.

I

Don't be afraid to go in the woods
even if lions have killed
lovers there.

V

Flames and custards 57
lost again
such facts exult loudly.
Expressive water pulse.

I

The wood secret
The beasts thieving
The girls religious
Wise men would keep quiet

O

Ant trail, fragrant procession
belling through the mouth, intent
fading roses misjudge
abstinence's fatality.

D

Unripe or used,
those practiced on their uncles
first come first serve
and the timid one's a loser.

O

Booty, why fret?
You'll spoil the war.
Dove in the eagle's jaw
as pop to your mom, so.

D

Enjoy the show.
Its thick crowd,
simple fare,
love patriots.

O

A pretty part is no work of art.
Tailors bedevil it.

Fat cow for a poor butcher.
Finicky rooster, lousy worker.

D

Romulus, unruffle your mantle.

I can't get over the lowness of the
wall.

V

Tangy seed though faded 65
repeat it long stooping forms for
older men.

Grainy iron ire alone comes
engine oral target.

I

Don't be shy with Belinda,
who'd even jug with her uncle.

"He who doesn't seek shan't find."

V

Feigning turbulent dove, much 73
fattening ruts
greedy celebration sports,
corrupting erotics.

I

They come, gently,
to see and to be seen.
He who started this business
has certainly profited.

V

Certain hoses 81
capaciously proportioned
thrill to touch, dominant,
thirsting beyond prohibition.

I

Pugnacious harem flower,
why speculate yet oval?
Dumb languor fetches more than
falsies' abundance.

O

Yes women loved bulls
men are more loyal though.
Men's aims have targets;
girls' go boundless.

D

Male flame's loyal
woman flames tremble.

Woah woe woo.

O

For father or brother
for mineral or vegetable
or animal, the world's
a shame. Mirrors lie.

D

Lick up spilt milk
since pretty cows make it.
They'll come home
with bells on, lowering.

O

She'd sell her white back
for a dark string.
Anyone would.

Steady, now!

D

"Happy is that
which lasts more than a month

singing: *newer loves
give me gods'.*"

V

Once a pure shepherd guarding his 89
flocks

saw a strange bullfight.

Polishing an apple he recited the
letter

then took that upon himself swiftly.

I

Plead and given in too
(beast example.) I'd transfer
advantage,
sing jealously close,
the thick cleaver hide.

V

Furious libido legitimates 97

all, daughterly abductions and more.

Spry glory animal
lips swell, it comes.

I

Cut swift in melancholy ports
though the sands itch and burn
burn and itch such openings.
Run your own show while watching.

V

Only shame delights them 105

springing un-heard for
honey-hived slop pads
in brotherly fear.

I

Women do all,
don't despair.
Soon or hidden grasses
their fuller mammals grace.

O

From promises or tales
but easily, quick

these legs lie open.
Egg on their maiden.

D

The earliest bird
sings. She loves the morning.
That's the best time
to catch her then.

O

Act fast
since whims fade quickly.

First get the mother;
make her girl guilty later.

D

Lying low and then high's
not this book's idea.

Adamant lubricants
probe violent wrappers.

O

Make Human Nature.
Make in mean season
or blood days. Shun
gift-giving.

D

Instead write a letter
promising all
scent it and send it
by mail.

V

Sit cure:
soft access.

Velvet works
storm opera hearse.

I

Birds in bush
are better than ones in hand,
however numerous. Invite
them both to drink.

V

Fragile gazes
ice berries.

Squid mode
can wait.

I

Honey Eve's flow
to each pleasure chair.
Brothers in love:
ensnare yourselves.

V

Rub no thighs, tease
no doves. Go undone.

Eat profits.

I

She mopes before belts;
reasons things.
Say your money's lost.

Make Nature Human.

113

121

129

O
Meanwhile, entire
bed domain fake
with odious show
of ambiguous outlets.

D
Soon or better
stoop to pleasure.
The shoulder's sake
front and back.

O
Her thin stalk a-shudder
and grapes clustering, cried
husband! Whereupon tigers
grabbed her some patches.

D
Charge it to her
account. The easy
way's down.

Best regards to husbands.

O
While she slept
he suffered her sister.
Whose weather
could be nicer?

D
thirteen tomorrow."

Give scraps and punch.
Take leftovers
from another too.

V
Before, behind, hurry
slow slip
change. 137

Something worth seeing shrivels.

I
Soon or late
toast or tart
front or back
or the both.

V
Act drunk, say what
goes to her head. 145
Below you hold equal
petal drop charges.

I
(Therefore they sing:)
"If you loved me well
you'd do me better;
twelve times tonight . . .

V
Snatch too rough or
lose strumming force. 153

Suffering becomes the
sufferer. Tell her.

I
Stealing a kiss and leaving
the rest's stupid.
She'd be disappointed,
push comes to shove.

O

Lashed in waves, coming
just as she comes
yellow and wild,
drum-tight the breasts.

D

Tender eyes sing low:

“If you don’t steal my body
another will.”

V

Eggs in baskets
shield handy playthings.
Spin in friendship’s trance
truer rapes.

I

Guns get what toys
miss. Good cooks tenderize
red meats to paleness.
Stew that.

GIRLS' Plot Pull-Out Bonus: The Make UP Kit

"Dear to the hearts of girls is their own beauty"

by P. Ovidi Nasonis

"Virgins' bust cords he greatly attacks for masseuses"

biped Ovoid in a son is

Girls!

Doesn't grafting (you fill the gash with new shoots) improve trees?

You wish for beautiful dresses and rings and hairdos, don't you?

Here's a Morning Cleanser recipe:

Strip the chaff from sheaves of Libyan barley. Mix with an equal amount of vetch wetted in ten eggs, and let the paste dry in spring breezes. Next grind the hardened lump with a she-ass on a millstone, slowly adding the fledgling horns of a fat stag, plus the meat of twelve peeled narcissus bulbs, rinsed and well-drained. Let a gnarled fist pound the mixture on pure marble. Finish with Tuscan seed gum and nine times as much honey.

Whoever's face is treated with this prescription will shine clearer than her mirror.

Coitus hohum stare 'em pen's dearie use it! This seat oaky feces them.

Play lies

Teeth cut us in promises, sucks us in dating boot

Fisting adopted at asked of peas.

Culture place.

Neck to pale entries do better to rear:

Libby's syrup is misery's company.

Exude ballet timid minibus cases, powdery men sure are decent making fiats, eh, boys? (said somnolent Libras whoring naked as you went to flee, runt.) Staccato per hour, lent a tube ska bra fragrant at armpit molar. Eat away, primate, cadence ululate, Corona served you to the counter. I'm okay, you be plural-weary, went confused far in, protean as numerals only a stern cause is; by sex shine court ice bulbous, strenuous quotes pure of murmerous extra tear at, sex so painky try that, come in come see mine tusk oh; hark now is tanto plus to eat.

For oily skin-types, add six measures of roasted lupine nuts, finely ground, plus a dab of white lead and some red nitrate foam, the kind for warts, and Ilyrian iris.

To treat blemishes and other unsightly marks on face and body, try this querulous bird's nest remedy:

Combine yellow Attic honey for easy smearing, plus an incense-nitrate compound, pine-bark, and a cube of juicy nettle. Grind to a powder and sift well. Pour in honey, fennel, kosher salt, and a pinch of dry rose leaves, plus a helping of barley. Let settle before application.

A perfect tint is guaranteed to bloom on treated areas, instantly.

Powdered poppies moistened with cold soda also make an excellent skin pick-me-up.

A lumping of mule nymphs. You track sex having not acute discriminating comb, you track the piggies coming in under moles. Nightie spumes a rube and his desert, that'll wreck a unit's iris humus, dual ids.

Said just a strumpet is unique upon this earth. Add it curl you low you or your crummy came in in neat-o or fugue innocuous, a lick on near you can't ponder. Sicker is quotient content us illicit, quote try it in parties unctuous do-us.

Post-it knit, add ice de flow is a tickle mellifluous. Hey cubby, contrary is, prudence for a minor's urn; pull you is able infuse oh melt tremendous or it. Aren't tisk you rose equate them later assail.

He day off frequent, all is a funded cremorium: a queen's expenses come sale to arouses.

You lied, quay jellied a maid fact a papa aura limps.

Primordial,

a show of deflowerment

In this hair nono-capsule
there's a new world of care
visibly rearing to go.

Hold your rosebuds.

Thirty thirty-times purer
botanical virgins
free the radicals and
perform in unison,

blanketed by softer skin
in rosy voluptan exfoliates.

Primordial,

a folk-rhyme

There was a little vital man
who lived in a blanket with his
freely radical poor dog,
a bone.

He had so many times more
lipo-hydroxy-acid-created staying power
that he didn't know who to do it with.

Then one day Primordiale appeared
treading a soft cell with her magic wand.
She insulated and cleaned.

They lives ageless and patented after.

Primordial,

a millennial parable

Begins in eight days
the younger restless return
to visibly review all revitalization,
the good and the bad.

This will not hesitate.
There is no diminishing.
The cell will inert the next

possible blanketing.

Never Sticky.

The best of all possible words's a luscious mouth

(the rest is dross).

The word-image of a luscious mouth cannot feather or stain
nor pass unnoticed.

The unforgotten mouth, plus high-color fidelity and stamina
break dramatically through

and on soft micro-layers glide.
That saw comfort. In any light, depend.

And along with the dazzling the truth is
you'll want more than one.



New — The Wonder:

Knot weird ever.
Now wound others.
Known wet under.

Two Sides of the BATTLE



Love Song in War Time (Rondeau) For Both Sides

Honey, come, do your part
in the war effort. Before I part
for battle, show me your little part
to tickle and lick and then partake
of, Honey.

Just hold on to this part;
pull me in and out part
way. I'll take off part
of my clothes, I'll stay just part
of the night, Honey.

If you want me to play the part
You have to give up some part
of yourself. I know you love me part
way already. So part
your robe gently, then your legs, part
them Honey.

Can you feel this part
throbbing? Feel some part
in you melting? Want to drink part
of my beverage? Hurry, part
your lips, Honey.

Love what you've burned

Some. Some blast out the brains, some break all the limbs (then chop off head) some dislocate all the vertebrae of the neck (then chop off head) some mash the kidneys to a fine purée some bite off and swallow the nose, then poach the eyes (then chop off head) some split the jaws punch the teeth down the throat unhinge the collarbone (then chop off head) some pop open the testicles (then chop off head) some hammer to smithereens all little bones in body then rip thighs from sockets (then chop off head).

Burn what you've loved

If. If they hide in the thick vines, fracture their spines (then chop off head) if they try to run have them eaten alive by starving dogs if they try to hide plant their chopped off heads on stakes if they try to climb a tree rend their intestines with a pitchfork and use as fertilizer if they beg for mercy pierce them through the diaphragm and heart if they try to resist filter their entrails via their navels if they try to fight roast their raped children before their eyes (then chop off head) if they pray stab them a thousand times (then chop off head).

into the wood

passing into the high reeds.

Hideous darkness the flowers, or icy, *Wish rose wolf hens cawed sour hide.*

Thus This icy, ignorant, brilliance.

*Scented
blight, odorant, sigh Thus This.*

This hot, pleads, the soft streaming
overflow, over, hissing leaves.

Thus warming fresh pebbles in the sun
to place beside This, to put inside This.

Doubling, a ghost of distance,

laced

mass in endless twining

gasps, no breath

fills their mouth,

Selves noting strive

off hush, dapple.

Thus This hammering,

. . . spread to bristling and breaks,

on hands and knees a trail

criminal:

leading only in

In a tiny clearing,

(nowhere, under dark firs,
thick,

the hammer.

This smell, giving way).

A-Wooing Warring Ditty

Little country
girlie, lass
wait a second
while I ask
on condition
that I pass
not content
to go fast
in fecund
fields lash
kisses, count
my assets
and reconstruct
my mass.
Don't contaminate
this passage
through contrary
action. Assiduous,
quick, constrain
with mastery.
Your account
thickens. Passing
all containment
with thrashing
legs, vacant
looks, passive
intent contingent
on massaging
wherever conditions
favor assimilation
our contiguous
green pastures

Assassin contagions my
contravention, to assent
aspirants. Contrite
contumacious tool assignments
hourly contribute to assaults.
Assailant controls soil:
We'll contend
veracity raves
with astronomical
by contradicting
acids' lusty
controversial sources of
context in
asymmetrical charms,
replicant hush.
Rasp to.
Contusions lead to
masturbation's flirtation.
Insignificants deign
to assure to
assumptions
contrary of pleasure.
Contriving ever will
pastures grown
contiguous or
assimilated favors
condition wherever
massaging on
contingent intentions
look passive.
All containment
vacates leg

will ever contrive
to assure
our pleasure, contrary
to assumptions
and insignificant
flirtation. Masturbation
leads contusions
to rasp
such replicant
charms, asymmetrical
in context.
We'll contend
with astronomical
sources of controversial
lusty acids
by contradicting
their veracity.

So: Control assailant
assaults. Contribute
our assignments to contumacious
contrite aspirants.
Assent to contravention,
my contagious assassin.

thrashings with
contentment. All
passing thickens.
Account for
mastery with
quick constraint;
assiduous, act on
contrary through
this passage.
Contaminate, don't
muss my
reconstruction. And
assess my
count. Kisses
flash files
fecund in
fast togas.

Content not
passive if
conditions not
ask I while
seconds wait
lass, girlie
country little.

Trees hid them, they disappeared

behind a curtain of trees.

Dear embers, tense branded,

Thus This bellowing,

the quick flame, the

cold flame, dropping.

Wild dream more granted due.

Underbrush one in one, softer,

rind, dabbled ring, heals angles, one in
one, thrusts, *trashes, nor now nor,* scar-
ring,

races, drilled,

Thus vows nursing This dizzied gland tread
sibilant.

Timbered, abandoned, the hunt.

Maim flicker, howl lower.

This hammering, tangled.

Now nor now dangling festers,

trembling tangled,

Thus blind, bound blinder,

a wall of thorns, prickling, pulled
through.

Blind shreds tangled inside,
This burning waves.



Center Folds



Little Love Songs

*On a secret night in secret
unseen and unseeing*

*lit by love's blind light
the lover turned into the loved*

1. Duet on the stairs.

THIS: Your father, your lover,
your man, I am, your lover, your
father, your husband, I'll be,
your man, your father, your
honey, I'm — I'm going under,
I'm drowning, I'm going, gone.

THUS: Gone, going, I'm, drown-
ing, I'm under, going, I'm —
I'm — Honey, you're my father,
you're my man, my heart, I'm
yours, don't waver, wait, my
lover, under, comes honey,
drowning.

THUS: Father, I'm coming! Lover,
I'm coming! Man, I'm coming!
Husband, I come! Under, my
honey, I'm drowning, I waver,
wavering, my heart, my lover, I
drown, you're gone!

THIS: Drowned in honey, come
under, lover, my waiting, mine
wavers, don't yours? My hearty
man yours, fathers you honey,
my — my, going under, my
drowning, under going, gone
my.

2. Hymn

Looks can at best whet the appetite
at worst tire out with false pride.
I don't much care if her teeth are white,
just how she feels when I'm inside.

The generous lover, unjealous
won't stop chasing no matter how hard
after something that happens by chance
— you can't tell until you're inside.

The wound of love's such a gash
it changes your tastes by surprise.
You crave like a pregnant woman, a-lust
enflamed by how she feels inside.

Above all, what I want is what
I haven't seen yet. Even lies
can't outwit the workings of that
chance perfect grip holding me inside.

*Don't be fooled by looks
or big beautiful eyes.
Love's just that certain something
of how she feels inside.*

3. Erotic Spirituals

Perfection #1: Nada, nada, nada, nada, and even at the top, nada.

Perfection #2: Add on pot, hit tan Eve, down a damn Adam add on ad man Dan.

Blaze of Livid Love

Couplets of a one in pain.

I live outside
I wish
I died.

I live
without
many deaths
I want.

Dying fish
why glad?
— To die
is good.

Take me
from this
give me death
don't loosen.

Song, by the same

as a bird:

I flew
so high
I lost
the sky
I won
the prize.

Higher, blinder
above love
the winner
dark and galactic
affair.

The knife
darkest
broken
hit her
enters
oddly
again, a-
gain
interred
fulfill.

and as a god:

I know
the source
though hidden
dark
I put
my finger
there
this

the source's
source
even I
don't know
still I
know all:

she's floorless
beautiful
unfolded
yellow

hell waters
heaven
and men
reversing
seen
the invisible
pure
lust.

Ménage à Trois

By the same authors

1) A beginning
has no beginning,
all giving
already given.

As lover as
beloved
as one
another;
an other

(were, am
are)

love what has
knot know now:
the more the one the merrier.

2) Commit
such delights
talk over
look
one
another
another
comes

light, smart
body-
part whole
same.

Armor Scene

Like most you what love most be. Love most you what like.

Son and Father Between Love the Moral of Them.

Gesture of Song A.

FIVE MAN'S MORE

Like the better A love more. Then better him like to lover the love more becomes love most. Then one loved the like most one then is love best. The most one liked the lover who one is the liked best. Another one to saying son then and father then.

Son and Father Between Like Then on Conclusion Then.

Gesture of Song A.

FOUR MAN'S MORE

Him in likes your putting in me. Put that like the width me likes whomever conquer will I. And concurred son, then yes.

Son and Father Between Like them On Still.

Gesture of Song A.

THREE MAN'S MORE

Mine is what likes he since also him in you for like my put will I.
Me too long be, you like whomever love-wise. You is in like I all
because. You in goes like I whatsoever. You in is it, you then other
any like I if so. You in is like I all. Son then to father said the day
one then.

Son and Father Between Like They on Continuation.

Gesture of Song A.

TWO MAN'S MORE

Theirs were that body's then in relieved father and son then. And
nobody to it revealed they that secret. That in reveled so they. And
secret little his him gave he that much. So father then loved son
then. And secret big a him told he that much. So son his liked
father a once.

Son and Father Between Like on The.

Gesture of Song A.

ONE MAN'S MORE

Where loss is love,
Where love is loss

Where am I?

This couldn't make up his mind, now obsessed with having fun, he had the hardest time choosing his pleasure each changing minute, knowing what he wanted but not always how. Unable to have what he truly desired, he gave himself up to a thousand different thrills without order or end. Sure that love was a delusion, he renounced all pleasure for pleasure's sake and leading a life of sorrow, threw himself into a life of wild licentiousness in mourning for Thus, who was elsewhere living her own life of abandon, blissfully, he knew, in a married state, as queen, given over to her own ceaseless pleasures and whims. All he did, longing only for Thus, was seek sex elsewhere, and unknown to her, saying, out loud, speaking to Blissful Thus, who was who knows where, maybe in the throes of passion at that moment, you can't keep from feeling all the thrills of love and love-making to their fullest, elsewhere, maybe with your husband, while my body aches for you, while he comes with what should be for me only. What is mine has become his. I give up my rights to what has been taken from me, knowing that she has forgotten me in coming over and over with him, whether out of habit, or because she has really forgotten me, or even coming better and stronger because she does not love him, whatever. In my heart, I hate all others for the love of Thus, and I hate any one who even flirts with me, and so I am forced to run after all and anybody who turns up, because since I cannot have all I want, I have to take all I can get.

*They tear into the woods, pass into the high reeds of underbrush.
Trees hide them, they disappear behind a curtain of leaves.*

Drifts bundle roots coil, tangle, mass, crowd, burst, recoil, shoal,
unravel, light, the roots blind flames, bind shower bundle

tear, crawl, This crouch on Thus face, Thus thrust tongues, thick
smell spin Thus head

Honey suckles, juices green bundle, thin hoods white stems, the
roots,

Wasted, thin, wind shade. Gusts light, branch, dart, the twigs, wax
crocus, crouch coaxed, tangle bound, shoulders, cradle and wave
skirts, nettle,

This lay Thus out middle thorn branches, robes shred rust mossed,
bled, so pull open, Thus thrust up, roar thunder the leaves crowns

thrust, Thus, hands and knees, clips violets teeth, suck up cold, drift.

Burn lip cave, stone jag crawl stream, moist warm side, walls moss
and stream, they lay bundle.

This tune Thus snare and fasten Thus, thrust.

Weak, Thus lay in cave, collect moss and trick tongue, truss, bundles,
drift but fasten, Thus wait

shred rags, the leaves, stems rage shine, This hunt the day, wander,
the beast silent train,

uncook, feast, raw, they feast, tear, This chew then spit in Thus Thus
swallow, plead, spit in, Thus This, mosses, break, and coil, gain,

creeps top Thus, snarl, Thus yap and snare, thrust, swerve round and
up tongue hide

dark the flowers, or ice, Thus This ice, dim.

This fog pebbles place Thus, part Thus, Thus heat, drag, stream, hiss
leaves

spread bristle breaks, tinge birds slope

Mast and well, cream, drop, pinch to warmth, Thus thirst Thus
thrush

Hammer, hammer, a tiny clear, wire cloud

double, ghost speed, lace mass in end twin, gasp, no breath, fill
mouths, tangle one in one,

This Thus hammer, on hands knees a trail dark firs, thick This smell,
give way, wind crouch

timber, abandon, the hunt, Thus This bellow, the flame, flame, drop.
The hammer, tine.

(The Song Within a Song):

Refrain:

Ah! ah! ah!

My little canary
get married!

I

My little canary
in the orange tree
in the o
flap, flap!
in the orange tree
marry!

Refrain:

Ah! ah! ah!

My little etc.

II

The little branch breaks
My little bird falls
My canary fa
flap, flap!
little bird falls
married!

Refrain:

Ah! ah! ah!

My little etc.

III

Oh my little bird
Where does it hurt
Where does it h
flap, flap!
where does it hurt
to marry?

Refrain:

Ah! ah! ah!
My little etc.

IV

I've broken my wing
and twisted my wrist
and twis
flap, flap!
I've twisted my wrist,
marry!

Refrain:

Ah! ah! ah!
My little etc.

A WARNING TO DAUGHTERS

Oscillating brother-oh. I suppose. But Not in a natural way
“Girls should not, by bliss apologize.”

Supposing I like it. Will you?
(even consider)

Corpulent and fraternal
to her twin
the neck-packer put it neck-coo. “Sisterly”
Put it there. (*fire*) ignored

The illness of that at first unknown
that her (twin) brother she stuck and
branched
clung about his neck “wrung
often”
tighter
there

and she was long-deceived
excuses dry

but of him declined
the love for her twin
became fervent
(he refused)

and wishing to seem beautiful,
she beatified in seeming
but still blindly
Still in waking hours would not
admit

“Master,” (*spirited; placidly resolute, quiet*)

sappy, seen what loved: the unguents ((only))
of “brotherhood”
He is beautiful.
(We are.)

Why dream of it?

Licit simulations read about
sub-images

intimate, initiate

Testes are best,
Necks are also best to imitate
voluptuousness

And our dress, the cord what a bit
of ardent —

can't tie it!

gaudy quaint tulips!

Coitus (contingent)
Coitus invaded us

“Oh, I'll go
slice at a
(Name changed.)”

hairy surface, generous, the eating
— melody —

How much does an inch cost?

(Indulge her fury.)

Fury not petulantly told.

Scene One:

THUS

(holding a torch, stands peering at the Blind Orchard outskirts. Sings:)

The world is not.

Let's finish it off.

(She throws the torch to the ground.)

Scene Two: *(Excitedly waving a white handkerchief, THUS rushes to the darkest opening.)*

THUS and THIS

(in one and one's invisible holds.)

Geliebte-Geliebter-Geliebter-Geliebte-Geliebte-Geliebter-Geliebter-
Geliebte-Geliebte-Geliebter

Musique n° 1

In the First House

House of Lilies

THIS and THUS, twins, tied to two columns of the same colonnade,
arms in the air, facing each other, before the gouty priest and his
engines of torture, sing:

Duet:

CONTINUUM GEMINORUM

Brother, what's
gravity
without the
weight of
love?

I'm soft, a dove
and you're wild.

Above, below!
Below, above!
What's love
without
gravity?

HE likes lilies and truffles.

HE bites his tongue.

Your heart
weighs down
my chest:
a stone
on a frond;
a jet
on a cloud.

Could a jest
stone a friend?

Like chaste
but chased
down heart
you wait.

Wild, you dove.
Soft, I said.

CONTUCUN GERANIUM

In the red
neck
of a beast
and a flame
I'm live.

Too wet
we went
hard dip
six times.

Worst bet.

HE: Hey! Girlies won't

We two
were one
heart dipped
times six.

The best's
what's worst.

To die
six deaths
we were
want to.

Advent Calendar, for February

A MONTH OF VALENTINES

<p>Glycine, my sweet, Without end hung from my skin a bunch of dreams. Pick some. Your Teddybear</p>	<p>My Island Penguin, angel frame: our bodies' reunion drives flamingos insane and mangos again.</p>	<p>Marie-Annie, Love you Me more More my Love's yours. Oscar.</p>
<p>Wolfgang: A doll for life? As long as operation "buns of steel" works. Iz.</p>	<p>To my Love Supreme from her little lotus flower: Bud stamen and leaf my heart only beats with hope of your touch. Kevin</p>	<p>Connie H. Since you got up on your bike my seat is hot my chain jumps, you know it's great to pedal beside you and hold your hips tight. You're loved H-D HARD. I dream of a motor to chug past your molars. Pudgy One</p>
<p>My Russian Doily At the flamboyant palace on its porphyry staircase in your adored presence this sighing lion huge gusts of wind howls, abandoned. Why? Her Plaything.</p>	<p>My Daub: My lamb, my chop, my leg my all naked my rib, my my pork and pie. In warm my steaming you win. Come.</p>	<p>Eglantine, Dip my plume in your ink again. So Long! Sailor</p>
<p>Ondine, Amazing muse you confound my route. Imagine two lives internally fused. Toad.</p>	<p>Grace, Thank you for last marvelous Friday I hope next privacy and your happiness against me. Love me above all I love you above everybody. Mochi</p>	<p>Élodie, As sure as there's Cayenne in pepper, life has no spice without you, dear. My heart spun captive in you sugar kisses. Prickly Pear.</p>



perfume your corpse.

TWINS

If yeast
rise us!

Eternal
eyes us!

We rise;
eat fast.

Our eyes
leer out.

TO be born is sweet . . .

HE:

THE HOT
skins of slaves

THAT STENCH
of lilies.

Musique n° 2. CANTICUM NOVUM SORORUM OF THE TWINS

By the bands on our breasts

By the straps of our bras

By our mirrors

Our wristwatches, dolls,

except our pet cricket

Except for our cricket

By our biggest poppies

By our orange blossoms

By cupcakes, by cookies,

by wine. Give in!

Musique n° 3.

Slave of Love : Leave, Fool

Musique n° 4. SONG OF THE GIRL (THUS) IN FEVERS

I don't want to get better!

HE:

And we thought
she was a larva!

Scene Four:

T & T

(From a distance, undertowed.)

Your tongue's a fern!
Your fern's so long!
Offer! Offer!
Candied friend!

(Gone all the way under.)

Are you my now?

(As bubbles. . .)

(. . . burst.)

Wonder squall
Drowned in tide
Melted sank,
Welcome wave:

breathing's drowning.

WARNING:

If not, no healthy male.

Plural spots invite (dare) circulation
forces them missies sit access cue
chins minister faults, inept,
tied-neck indolence

a little hour; a vacant stall.

Man-size phalange, dim-wit biting.
Not first, revoked license, not pissed
with. Secondly, expunged.
Chosen remnant.

That tempt ask, insidious, pet is
more urgent than thirst, tighter
wanted, never enough, not drunk.

What a super set; bulbing richness.

When caught in temptation, free
temptingly act
finish on top, leave home low

in vigorous still penetrate,

with commoners, wives, groups of
dancers, whipping indolence a
growth

(going on illusions even).

A branched collar is, if adequate boys
vital, all manner of, singular
hardening, quickly
(believing in time).

“This was my nourishment; this
enemy tiger-born, rigid and
stealthy.” Soiled metal, the bit all
leaning.

Not together soaring, though always
remember, eh, with him, lifted,
wanting to see,
pleading
(said)

(in a deceptive tone)

or leave and unhappy, do repelling:

“In okay, pilgrim. Put in again.”

Profuse nurse, bulbous-sided, spot

that relished undulant
furry-bound in a palm

on a bus, enflamed
(pectoral and orally)

Unhappy modest exit or lazy come in deficient saliva, from thirst
hair over relinquished, forehead-kisser
primary snakes
sapped meat lover, precipitous, strapped to them nymphet
sweaty. leggies all other side of bearable.

And he bent sun-ward (her) low
by bliss, and moist broken
incised
bitumen oozes

Very trim, very his hold oily, her
ball; cool waves;
lies wordless on

A gift.

“clutching at grasses, watering from
either veins”

V

My little canary
who will care for you
who will ca
flap flap!
who will care for you?
Marry!

Refrain:

Ah! ah! ah!
My little etc.

VI

I want a girl to care for
and then marry me,
and then
flap, flap,
now then marry me,
marry me!

VII

And little (*here, a young girl is picked*)
will come lie with me
will come
flap flap!
will come lie with me
(*feel the branch break*)
and marry!

Refrain:
Ah! ah! ah!
My little canary
get married!

I
My little canary
in the orange tree
in the o
flap, flap!
in the orange tree
marry!

Refrain:
Ah! ah! ah!
My little etc.

II
The little branch breaks
My little bird falls
My canary fa
flap, flap!

This could find no other justification for his new love except to see whether he could find sexual fulfillment without love, and eventually forget Thus through this new satisfaction in time, just like she seemed to have forgotten him, out of love for her husband or out of pure sexual pleasure. This thought he could escape from Thus by marrying the other Thus for the sake of her name. If he wasn't in love with the first Thus, he would not desire the second Thus. His love for the young Thus was true love, since it was because of his love for the old Thus. So a wedding date was set, and his true Thus knew nothing about it for a long time.

Thus had a rough leather and hair corset made, and, even putting her beauty at risk, wore it always, except when she lay with her husband. When the minstrels she had hired to follow This around singing her ordinary news to him from time to time sang of the hideous corset, This went crazy with the wish to see his Thus wearing it.

They could never live or die apart, since for them it was death and life together.

x

Wash no tested sear.

Fit, rest sorting.

Run bring out last white finery.

Dabble.

x

Hideous darkness the flowers, or icy, Thus This icy, ignorant, brilliance.

This warming fresh pebbles in the sun to place beside Thus.

Thus hot, pleads, the soft streaming overflow, over, hissing leaves

spread to bristling and breaks, the steamed, wolfish, stripped, tinkles
birds sloping.

Mast and well, criminal, lush drooping, pinched to warmth, This Thus

hammering, in a tiny clearing,

doubles, a ghost of distance, laced massed, filling their mouth, one in
one, This Thus hammering,

a trail leading only in, thick firs, smell, This, giving way, the wind
crouching

timbered, abandoned. The hunt, This Thus bellowing, quick flame.

Trap, things in sacks, dissolved bundling, forked branches, twigs then,
honeysuckle.

Windowless, a jumble, the storms' eye on Thus face, thrusting.

The damp a drop of fire, circled.

Underbrush one in one, the sheath, blind bound blinder, one in one,
a wall of thorns pulled through.

Blind hammer, what birds see, forced and thrust, towed and torn
under, tossed one to one,

Thus This tangled, such under moist, and gone Thus hammering,
broken, where? This hunt, Thus waiting, liquid.

They being no one, never awake, bound:

x

Thus nesting in This chest, This rousing Thus, the drift, very small
and so burning, This coursing into blood, sloping lower, windless
dark breaths, Thrush between, open and Thus This awash, where
windless, only the waves and waves roll. Thus plunder from plunder-
ing, This pieces, gone under, warbled:

Holy Book

ROMANCE I

A Song of Gesture.

On the Love Between Father and Son.

Once a father loved his son so much that he told him a big secret. And the son loved the father so much that he gave him his little secret. And they so reveled in the secret that they revealed it to nobody, and the son and the father relieved in the bodies that were theirs.

ROMANCE II

A Song of Gesture.

Continuation On the Love Between Father and Son.

Then one day the father said to the son, "All I love is in you, so if I love any other than you, it is in you. So whatever I love goes in you, because all I love is in you. Likewise, whoever loves you belongs to me; I will put my love for you in him also, since he loves what is mine."

ROMANCE III

A Song of Gesture.

Still On the Love Between Father and Son.

"Yes," the son concurred. "And I will conquer whoever loves me with the love that you put in me, putting your love in him."

ROMANCE IV

A Song of Gesture.

The Conclusion, On the Love Between Father and Son.

The father and the son saying to one another: The best lover is the one who likes the loved one most. The best lover is the one most like the loved one. The most loved becomes more like the lover to love him better. The more alike the better the love.

ROMANCE V

A Song of Gesture.

The Moral of the Love Between Father and Son.

Love what you most like. Be most like what you most love.

Songs Love Little

OH! my lonely——lonely——lonely——Pillow!
 Where is my lover? Where is my lover?
 (—from “Wedding to a Hindoo Air”)

1. Trio :

That evening . . . At the party . . .

Scene: The dazzling ballroom of Landfall Castle. Several orchestras play opposing dance tunes. MILKMAIDS sway tipsily to the music, their white cheeks all flushed with wine. MILKMEN alternately doze and rouse themselves contentedly.

Twin milkmaids, THUS and TUSH, minuet. THIS, spotting them, rushes to insinuate himself between.

<p>THUS: Enough! You're too amenable! One kiss but make it quick! Sisters can't be done in! Two heads think better! Your kindness can't corrupt us! Even if you beat us! Quick! Seduce us! Oh! My sister! Amenable kisser! We're done for! Hurry, my sister! Or I'll beat you to him! Together we'll corrupt even this fellow-corrupter! Seductive sister! Once is not enough! Unless the fellow's quick! We're undone!</p>	<p>THIS: Oh my pretty! Oh my other pretty! Amenable surround me! With your beauty! Oh my beauties! You're two! Still I'm amenable! I'll kiss you each enough! I know what we all can do! Three heads are better than two! Just surround me! With your pretty! And you're pretty! With your beauty! Oh my! You're too amenable! Since you're two, just we three can! Since you're pretty, come surround me! Two can just do what I know too!</p>	<p>TUSH: Two twins, better than one, sisters so amenable, no one can corrupt us! One kiss and we're done in! We're too quick! We'll beat you to it! Seduce us! But hurry! Hurry, my sister! Quick or he'll corrupt us! We're too amenable! Beat it or we're done for! This fellow's not amenable! With kindness he'd corrupt us! With one kiss he'd seduce us! Or beat us into corruption! Hurry! Amenable sister! Quick! You're not quick enough!</p>
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2. A PRETTY MILKMAID (*solo*)

Out among the cows
swelling gentle milk
honey and jasmine hooves
fugitive, I kiss.
All I know is love.

Only risking danger
have I found arousal.

Imprisoned between her legs
blessing the blows from her tail
siphoning innocent-lipped the dregs
of the golden atoms of her pail —
What a joy that was!

But my *vache* was *folle*
my brain went soft
and then my limbs, all, all.
And vultures descend to pick her apart.

Oh! Gentlemen! Help!

Only risking danger
have I found arousal.

3. Songs of the Wedded Souls

to the right:

When I don't want it I get it. When I want it even less I get it even more.

Unclear Night

Songs of the soul which, having reached perfection, by the path of spiritual denial, celebrates.

On an unclear night
afire, enflamed,
happy happenstance:
sneaked out unseen
from my unclear place.

Unclear and sure
on the unseen stair hid,
happy happenstance:
slipped out dark and secret
from the unclear spot.

A happy night
in secret, unseen,
blindly,
unclear, burning,
waited for not knowing
slipped in the dark part.

Joined so changed,
bravo, whole,
and then slept
and then again,
cedar fan.

Almond air, hairs,
hand parting them
the wound
all hanging or hungering or hung

already. Leave me.
Put the face.
Stop and go.
Bottle up.
Run.
Forget them lilies.

Flame of Livid Love.

Songs of the soul in close contact. By the same.

Flaming parts
sweet burn
deeper
no mistake
finish fast
rip it.

Soft
caution
flame

Soft hand
touch bland
bind

Life,
sand,
owe,
owned:
trade it.

Bolts
hit
felt
right
cave
blind
and hot

tamed
love
tasty
breath

full
now
a while.

Couplets

(by the same author) on a big ecstasy

Not knowing where
but feeling all
behind

Way hard
secret bag
behind

Drunk, distinct
absorb, far,
lost gift
there.

Glory (same)

I know the source
and its parts
behind

No origin
but tangerine
behind

not so beautiful
but useful
behind

where light not
what clear pat
behind

fountain
affliction
down
behind.

Wonder — The New.

Ever weird knot:
others wound now,
under wet known.

Battle of the Sides: II

The Hermit's Battle Sermon

Love tells Love follows Love attacks Love struggles	A divine tale about the beautiful young nobleman who falls in love with his twin sister and suffers greatly
Love delights	seeing her in her new dress.
Love knows Love avows	He passes many hours praying to the Lord
Love admits Love allows Love distills Love flames Love sighs	that she wasn't his relative kissing her portrait all the while in a concentrated frenzy seeing her in her new dress.
Love appears Love becomes Love fills Love blushes	One day he meets an old shepherd who exclaims and marvels at the odd birthmark
Love kisses Love cries Love acts as though all Love grows bold	on his brow, claiming him for a long-lost son he thought had drowned. Seeing her in her new dress, then,
Love behooves Love councils Love seeks Love imagining Love triumphs Love reasons	the young noble prince believed she who seemed to be his twin actually just resembled him by a marvelous coincidence. Seeing her in her new dress
Love beckons Love guarantees Love brings Love promises Love soon Love ends	approach, he explains everything, she is overcome with wonder and joy, and agrees to marry him. She then accords him the full pleasure of seeing her in her new dress.

The Joys of War

Nice stick, low gaze helpless trine
That make fooling and come flower
Sticking me quaint in the boudoir
All blue, holding it back
Their chain for the pretty kite age
And stick me when you see those
 parts
Tender and tense, parabolically firm
And great happy itching
When I see in the country boys'
horses and horse-play.
And stick me when runny, bullish
in people and birds fearful
Stick me in the lord's name
Big body and shoulders come together
 to seed
Seeing heavy chattel, assiduous
break the bars and melting
and hot to the ribcage stick
that nails and ditches surround
soothed with forced pals grinding.

Otherwise stick me in the center
as fast and as soon as bolted
Add stable boys, in dread
the kind that make their masters rise
worth all their vast stupidity
messing around with peas
Excuse their haste, a mask
in circles groaning fond
where none or no rushed
True that many blows bring closer
thanks.

Most Soldiers

Okay Easter
Okay flowers
leaves and joys and
birds chirp okay
in the okay forest

But to see fleshy better
their whips raised to batter
ready arms beat herd.

Best when the commoner flees
at the onslaught of warriors.
Best under siege
walls trashed,
soldiers around the ditches
a firing squad for fun
strapping on the pious.

The brave make braves,
All ready full attack.

A man who's never killed
a man is no man.

Master and slaves, birds of a feather
Cut quick, the whole pulp
at the entryway stick me
So many ships chain me
with Germanic lures
unjealous sharing
not pens but scalpels boy and brats
stick me enough to die so
better than life sober.

Someone swore until he tastes me
he'll eat nor butter no others
Stick so hard they cry "God"
Both parts harder close
Boys peak from the corners
Stick hardest cry "Help us Help us"
Stick chasing to a ditch
few and lair between
the dead shoveling ton
the slices aflame stick

Branded, stuck in the throat
only lowly are careful
obsequious midgets won't fight

Pappy low, swelling
add obscene oh gonna in aid
said stick who stays steady now.

Broken spears broken limbs and
bones, money-colored blood flows,
many headless patriots, still breathing,
stick them. Think of carnage alone, a
dead prisoner's happier, better to die a
man than a martyr.

Killing is better than eating, boozing,
or slipping it in. Better to hear agony
on both sides, whining in the
shadows, heads lost bodies, on the
piles of dead, some crying, "Alive!
Help!"

Roll them into the ditch, roll them
over the grass, see the blasted
missing smithereens parts.

Take hostages for fun, not money. To
torture.

Free will, don't worry, don't wait.

beasts, haunted, passing,

into trees they tore, under

*Reed unrots
wipe out touch
dearth made link wise
silent lobe.*

What birds see
forced and thrust
towed and shred under

Sucked under moist, blind and gone This
hammering

Thus This tangled
the bound twig pleading

Tossed one to one.

This hunt, Thus waiting,
liquid,
tingles

This' Appeal for this Children's Crusade

Oh, hurry.

Run loved and naked and selected (by the lordy)
set apart by your situation and distinctions,
unaged, listen and cheer.
Listen up, my threatened.

Another generation may invade and exit you.
Oh violently, their cruel phalanges, I picture.
Therefore, don't hide.

A million others beg to share me.
That's why I elect
group entertainment for all.

You shouldn't try that alone.

If something's worth four times as much, buy it
for 1/4 its worth. The same with companionship.

Nimble humble strength hard to resist
Disney Majesties
get rid of all filth but keep the grain.
Oh, do not multiply.
Be fretful.

Violently and with fiery hands, they rip
my clothes. I need all new outfits every day.
Beating them off with my staffs doesn't help:

Believe me: bankers, big and small whores, raving
naked adults, unclean, bursting germs
at my feet
shred.

Impenetrable gory
in business protection
partner the revolution
multiply diffusion
visit the middle-aged.

The dead rot
if you don't stew them quick.

This' Motto

Promiscuously butcher brothers.
Brothers butcher promiscuously.
Promiscuous brothers bother
butchers prodigiously. Butchers'
brothers promise promiscuous blood.
Promise brother butchers to butcher
promiscuousness. Promise to butchers
then brother, butcher the promises.
Prodigious blood promises brotherly
butchery. Butchers prodigiously
bleed promiscuous blood brothers. To
butcher promiscuously bothers
brother butchers prodigiously.
Promise to butcher brothers to
butcher the promises. Brothers bleed
butchery prodigiously
promiscuously. Brothers
promiscuously butcher promiscuous
butcher; later promise promiscuous
promises to butcher's brother.
Promise then butcher prodigious
brother promises. Bloods butcher
prodigiously the promiscuous
brothers' promiscuously butchered
promises.

High reeds

Being no one,

on no graven,

never

awake, bound,

Thus more cells betted.

Crash This,

wings allow This.

The stones, subsiding, massed.

they disappeared.

Thrust one in one,

hammering, flux,

seething in boiled in,

tangling blind flame, thrush.

Thus pebbles warmed in This.

This swallowing, This choke,

yapping and snarling.



LOVE TO, AND HOW!
(A Continuation)



“the foundations are sandy”

or,

an Owed to Beauty

An increase in loveliness; it will never

pass unnoticed. All else pales in mawkishness.

A thing of, a dancer, comes exceptional character.

Its fluid control will not run or fade warm tenders.

Puffy dark circles suspending, the damage

though thought for forever goes back. Nuance

continuously varies her assistance, most intimate.

Those her furs flyin' in the face of convention

A four-time gold magnetist. Exacting colors that.

Spirituals

1.

Pale, Paler, Palest treats

HOW NOW BROWN WOW

((acorn-java-sepia-UPS-mahogany-briar))

compellingly.

2.

A New Breed

(sexy, super-structured, sure-thing)

dancing between

the bright sinuous fur's-tooth

She-mantle backbird

the duchess Duchessed

Both, and shoes, Chanel.

3.

SHE, Interviewed.

“We are Diva.”

Exclusive re-activate

Instinctual controlling

BRA-ZIL

(mirror, mirror)

“I love the word *poème* because *peau* means skin
and *aime* is love.”

Manual for Love and War

by Kud Tzu (Ancient-Chinese-Treatise)

I. Attraction

1. Attraction is a matter of vital importance to the Species; the province of life or death; the path to survival or ruin. It must be studied.

Bo Koc: 'Playthings are tools of doom.'

2. These are the five fundamental factors. The first of these factors is moral influence; the second, weather; third, terrain; fourth, command; fifth, doctrine.

3. By moral influence I mean trust; that which allows the innocent to be led into blind alleys.

Dar Fai: The Book of Changes says: "Treated nice, they forget the danger of death."

4. By terrain I mean texture, whether the flesh is traversed easily, whether it yields or constricts, and the chances of disease.

5. Show me the assailant who is most able, who takes advantage of morals, heaven, and the flesh, who takes control;

Dar Fai: Strong legs, fast back, big chest, stiff lips—so when they feel the blood mount they are glad, and when they feel it retreat they're enraged—

6. Who has more experience; who administers rewards and punishments in a most compelling manner;

7. I will show you the one you can bet on.

Dar Fai: Retain him!

8. All attraction is based on deception.

9. Therefore, when roused, feign incapacity; when unaroused feign ardor.

10. When close, make it clear that you are far.

11. Pretend inferiority and encourage her arrogance.

12. When you're least expected, sally out.

Dar Fai: As is said, "When the thunder-clap comes, there's no time to cover the ears."

13. These are the strategist's keys to victory. It is not possible to discuss them beforehand.

Lu Wei: How can you expect us to discuss them beforehand?

II. Action

1. Generally, expenses for making love include provisions for transportation and boogie rides, stipends for entertainment, and the cost of materials such as glue, ointments, and candles. This will amount to roughly two thousand coins a day. Once the money is in hand, proceed.

2. Victory is the main objective in love-making. If this is long-delayed, weapons are blunted and morale depressed.

3. When your tools are dulled and desire damped, your force exhausted and cash spent, others will take advantage.

4. Thus, while we have heard of blundering swiftness, we've seen no clever prolongations.

Lu Wei: You may lack ingenuity, but you must deliver with speed.

Bo Koc: The *Spring and Autumn Annals* says: "Love is as fire; once ignited, those who will not drop it are consumed."

5. To win a hundred conquests in a hundred tries is not the acme of skill. To subdue without a fight is the acme of skill.

6. Your invincibility depends on you. Her vulnerability depends on her.

7. To triumph and be proclaimed 'Expert' is not the acme of skill, for to lift an autumn down requires no strength; to distinguish between the sun and the moon is no test of vision.¹

8. Now the elements of the act of love are first, measurement of space; second, estimation of quantities; third, calculation; fourth, comparisons; and fifth, your chances.

9. Space is measured in distance from the ground.

10. Quantities come from measuring, figures from quantities, comparisons from figures, and chances from comparisons.

¹ By 'autumn down' Kud Tzu means rabbits' down, which in autumn is very light.

III. Performance

1. Generally, controlling everything is the same as controlling one specific thing.
2. Thrusting yourself upon her as a grindstone against eggs is an example of a solid acting upon a void.

Dar Fai: Use the fullest to act upon the emptiest.

3. Generally, normal stamina engages; great stamina wins. ²
4. The resources of those skilled in using extra stamina are inexhaustible as the flow of the great rivers.
5. For they end and begin again.
6. When the hawk's strike breaks its prey's back, that is because of timing.
7. Your potential is that of a fully drawn crossbow; your timing, the release of the trigger.

Bo Koc: Do not command accomplishment of those who have no talent.

8. Generally, he who comes first is at ease; he who comes late is tired out.
9. You can make the other come first, by offering some advantage or by hurting.

² The concept expressed by *cheng*, 'normal' or 'direct' and *chi*, 'extraordinary' (or 'indirect') is of basic importance. Should the love object counter a *chi* move in such a way as to neutralize it, the move automatically becomes *cheng*.

Lu Wei: Go into emptiness, strike voids, bypass what's protected, hit where unexpected.

Dar Fai: Come like wind, go like lightning.

10. Whose advances are irresistible plunges into the other's weak positions.

Dar Fai: Sometimes I use vigorous banter, sometimes stretching and snatching key points; to stir up her thigh, tickle her wrist, prepare his front, and stick suddenly the rear.

11. For if her front is ready, her back will be soft.

Bo Koc: And if everywhere ready, everywhere weak.

13. Thus I say victory can be created. Agitate the other so he has no time to plan a defense.

14. Never repeat your tactics but respond to circumstances in an infinite variety of ways.

15. As water hastens from heights to low areas, avoid strengths and strike weaknesses.

16. As water has no constant form, there are no constant conditions in love.

Bo Koc: The 'Three Strategies' says: "Under fragrant bait there's a hooked fish."

Orifices and their Varieties

1. Orifices may be classified as accessible, entrapping, indecisive, constricted, precipitous, and distant.
2. Orifices which both we and the other can penetrate with equal ease are called accessible.
3. An orifice easy to enter but difficult to exit is called entrapping. If the other is prepared and you penetrate but cannot gain, it is difficult to get out. This is unprofitable.
4. An orifice equally inaccessible for both us and the other is indecisive.

Wei Lu: Concerning such orifices, lure the other by feigning disinterest, then attack.

5. In constricted orifices beware of blockages.
6. With precipitous orifices, get there first to have the upper hand.

Dar Fai: How can such an opening be left to the other?

7. When an orifice is distant it is difficult to manipulate.
8. There are these types of penetration: dispersive, borderline, key, communicating, focal, serious, difficult, encircled, and death.
9. Self-penetration is dispersive.

Dar Fai: Here, the other wants to go home.

10. A shallow penetration is borderline.

Dar Fai: Here, the other may wish he'd stayed home in the first place.

11. A penetration of equal advantage to myself and the other is key.

12. A penetration equally practiced by myself and the other is communicating.

Bo Koc: Sometimes this may be sufficient.

13. Who makes a focal penetration will gain All-Under-Heaven.

14. Deep penetration is serious.

15. Penetration of a nebulous orifice is difficult.

16. Penetration of orifices to which access is constricted is called encircled.

Dar Fai: Here, there are pitfalls and one can easily strike out.³

17. Penetration in desperation is 'death'.

18. In focal penetration cooperate; in deep penetration, plunder; in difficult penetration, press on; in encircled penetration, devise stratagems; in death penetration, put up a fight.

19. In key ground I would hasten up my rear elements.⁴

Wei Lu: Now, the flesh of the adept is used like the 'Simultaneously Responding' snake of Mount Ch'ang.

³ This verb may be translated as 'tie down' rather than 'strike out'.

⁴ The question is, whose 'rear' is Kud Tzu referring to? Ch'ên Ho is reading something into this verse as it stands in present context.

20. Precipitous torrents, 'Heavenly Wells,' 'Heavenly Prisons,' 'Heavenly Nets,' 'Heavenly Traps,' and Heavenly Cracks.' Avoid them at all costs. Flee.

Pierce and Plow, Men

(Love Manual for Pirates)

Be, Prologue.

Son, what soft, wan news reams
wore peachy sheds pushy
work wily mite here, nasty bit
reach surround. Dole ship in wide port,
act on many mornings bad
by falls and by ills of past thought.

I was very forewarned, and the rest
under a baker's broad on the brawny
side, I lay, and leaned, and looked up
the stream, and tripped in a lulling,
she so rhythmically slopes 'em.

In hilarious swoon, in wildest of
wisecracks, nowhere held by, felt high
as a crest and I yanked at her tuft
triplly pocketed. And deep down beneath
dog-gone trine, with dikes and jerks,
and other delicate folds full of forks,
I foundered between

all meaning.

Wait and want for the antlers.

Daft yelp them nets, son.
Hard wonk now sting more.
And women their waists are glued with

destroy roots. Some put her to pry,
appalling the laughter, in count-an-ounce
cling clothes disguise come.

Many put in her ribs, all four low
on her load, lie down full trussed,
hoping to hold some her in each slice.

As in curs and mutts, high in her
saddle. And count enough again,
to rent another out, since no life-like
flood her likes can please.

And some choose Shaffer. They chug
the better. And it seems to owe sips
such men trust. Some make mothers
mini-squat conning, get in good
with her lush, simple but lewd, fueling her
fantasies to make her sing praises.

Bid her and beg here fast about bed
with her belly and bags crammed of cream
fattened from food, frozen all eaten,
in glue tunes good eye rights, high
gone to doze, and woke from arousal
the robber does knife, sorry sleuth
taken out, went off to roam everlasting.
Tempt any tongue to say otherwise.

Bill was brought forth, with bike shop
seals, said he mated himself; soiled
us all. Lewd men really loved him
and licked his wounds, coming up kneeling to kiss
his balls. He bounced them abreast,
bleary their eyes, and rattled his ragmen's
pins and needles. Thus they got it good
with gluttons to keep, lauding the losses
their lechery lapped. The bishop

blissed out, and wrung both his noses
as porks and poorish pets played him.

Sip pestilential times, for silly is sweetest.

Masters and daughters, hands cured under
crusts, crooned in toking in claiming
that sure. Then looked up a lunatic, little puny
thing who loves speaking Latin, and said:

PASS IT ON.

Why this mountain of moaning and the folds
full of forks, confound between meaning I'll
explain. Licking the linens of a leery lover
come lawfully undone, said son, still asleep?
Best lip busier down about the mast, pose more earthy
upon the tour and its tuft. That's the truth.

The commander of corsets came through her
layers of needful numb nuns, because reason
rules them. A lot in the day lights of love dies.
Delight drowns when less drunk but through wine
throw women once won. Their fleshy fenders
foul to gander. Wise as a weasel, lay 'long
them daughters. Why look, since knowing hurts?

Knelt on his knees to piteously pry her.
Brandished her buxoms, cracked them in coming,
he and the others with him.

Purified of fur, of the priceless pair,
fire-hot fingers furrowed with rings
his scarlet rod had often marred.

**Girl Book
(Warnings)**



FROM SCRATCH Daughter KIT

Use 1/2 width
raw edges even so
peach broad cloth to
body/head piece. Cut.
Four legs for arms
seem less hands tack
“x” head tuck chin.
Mark under where sock
leaving bottom open.
Stuff and dip
stick stick in glue, insert
against back (**not** side)
and give. Pin closed.
Sew pairs of legs together
lead clips up. Clips arch.
Legs stuff raw turns.
Pin pairs careful round.
Remove pattern. Poke out.
Stick plush low secure
point close pin tips.
So to trunk cut face.
Plump it. Paint holy green.
Bury sharp baby pick.
Let dry. Do side. Wax
1/2.

Bring her shells, pebbles, birds, lashes, laces, pearl
balls.
Push digest inside member.
Braces screw. Minus sea. Tint skin clinic:
Nivea cervix.
Cow spread snow fest. Smokes that.
Little girl toro bore. Chest model
tempts mold. Soft rigors finger off.
High men seed it.
Police tracks fine lass fit. Do be flexed.
Dab eye gaudy. Buy fall rule.
Quiver full virgin grate
timid rind senses tilt. Orange ajar.
Hand held. Kiss it.

A WARNING (TO DAUGHTERS)

Correct cherries burn somewhat can't get in that habit of jumping them
a man pried it, ah, pried it no man dearie

if you want (*sigh*) no man's very

(*knowingly*) before forum when snips over
served too fussy

A Chest Index: as, "You might have known of my
luminous throat size; much wounded heart from the look of my
patience. teary eyes."

A Cheerful Leper's Song:

*Down the blue-black pit
of our feistering sockets
Brawl galore, loose-limbed a Sunday'll
prank-spring her fine.
And no damn lover'll come court after.*

Scene: THUS, bound and trussed so tightly that blood spurts and trickles below the knots, stands alongside train tracks with her DAD, about to fling her under the wheels of the next coming locomotive. TOWNSPEOPLE look on from the sidelines. THIS THE LEPER, jiggling on his crutches, hobbles onto the scene, accompanied by his troop of LEPER-MEN-FRIENDS, clawing and groaning, passing their detached limbs among themselves with brotherly spirit.

THIS (*singing and juggling still*):

Ho there, DADDY!

About to fling
yer faithless fille

under the tracks (*aside*) whence
we'd fish her out regardless?

What a waste! Why not treat
her to a fate worse than death?

(*He sings*):

*O, nymphy of dangle cheer burn-a-bride
spur-Queen*

*In her cart of shells of daughter of pricked
and her shiver-a-man-blue behind
she'll dance them a piece*

and jigger all roundly (ah, them dripping bones!)

*Why else so partial to Slippysides Tim or the lousy
whole gang?*

What I'm saying is (*attempting a lewd gesture which fails due to loss of limb, winking instead suggestively with his remaining lidded eye*) we fellows get mighty prurient (on account of our afflictions, you know) and if you don't want her . . .

(*singing to* THUS):

*You won't be lonesome, Tish, while your beau gets his
gruel there'll be his semblables, sister.*

*Nor walk once all winter, but beg: Won't you please to take me from this
no end for the end of my days, for nothing (what?)
as your own scrubbed nurse?*

DAD: (*pensive*)

TOWNSFOLK: Oooh! Ah!

THUS: (*stoically*)

LEPERMEN'S BROTHERSHIP CHORUS (*Barbershop humming*): "Who's Sorry Now?"

THIS (*under his breath, sings musingly*):

*That limb: I tossed that one long before any
It was of a wet noon That was I warming again
her wild for me
since such greasing we had
entirely within us enjoin-ed.*

*By the cross of Cant, says That, rousing up under, Ripe the Maggot or
whatever your name
you're the most flexed thing that's come my ways yet
Heave-er-more . . .*

DAD (*finally*): Okay. (*A philanthropist, tossing THUS to the pit.*) She's yours.

LEPERS (*Scratching in a frenzy, encircle and engulf THUS.*)

THUS: (*Gone invisible. Faint shrieking.*)

THIS THE LEPER (*singingly*):

Haw Haw!

*'Til light moves longer 'mong the liquids. And stiller the lipless
slubber their cups.*

It's pity the way the free are. Their lot's cast.

AMORPHOUS INSTRUCTIONS:

Once, a king burned

and something found
which rather would

take thunder bird.

Still, he did

cut air lie

wings stole

Troy boy

who now again

cups cakes.

“You also youth

slice set dive

often flower over.”

My father loves

center licks, thought

bear nets, rough leashes,

Stalk pokes on:

Six by twelve inch

fuse fleece.

Six by twelve

teach web.

Six by twelve

heavy-size

wonder-under

matching remnants

temple thread

yard juice twin

jewel-it glue

scissors, iron.

For **pattern**:

mountain committees.

Between come and gone

wide, upright

oiled they contest

down after long hurlers.

Stay parting

droop garden.

Six by twelve fleece side

on Six by twelve brown patch.

Follow brown under lay,

transfer web transfer fuse

back remove.

Trace stick

position carrots.

PLACE HER HERE

Place her pleasure

HERE.

Prostitute prostheses.

Graze and bow

see on fool

in full jaws

caught pale

A + A draw on.

Rag doll pattern:

Body/head

Tuck Tuck

Under-pant

Leave open.

Q: Whore veins

horns deform

welcome, stranger

new in town?

A: Oh, say bruised-

pack dream, bite the

dawn's churned slice fame.

Arm cut four.

Slide under-arm from

Cut-along

Bodice edge.

Sew pieces

Gather edge.

Sock shoe.

Leg cut four.

Leave open

Piece.

Lament (The Second Time)

No let nervous dice unleash momentous wobbling, bloodless flaming energies; such necks undulate in their refuged captivity. The stupefied eyes on his muscles, the leg sinews flowing so vagrantly willow, lie in bed, sink into Sister with your instrument.

First tears, then fleshy swift begging, pouts genuine. Then royal conjunction orally substitutes. The yip, that jewel, negated all readiness, vocal: embarrassing that recently between passed late vulnerable.

“My viperous wife, cracking her heel, triple-necked snake-naked, frizzy, scattering with whims these poisonous melodies — have you seen her around?”

Animal and light, the road to piety spit out the hero, unflinching in his brilliance, so greedy an exiting values. The right projected. Unsteady enclaves in silent dreams charged, ardent and obscure, calling denseness opacity, fluid earthy torso, a trifle finally (little migraine) that, not undone, whacking avid, tuned, rubbed toes, eyes stretched, and there-upon

relapsed. The interdental branches hung and hanging certain ills in those teeth, unhappy saint repented their halos.

In telling it more conjugal, what quest (for which love once enough?) supermucus, okay, strung the whole accident, revolving Russian itemized.

Stupid, none other than Orifice (Artifice's twin) so cunning that three's count many, feline intimidating, glued to the image. No fear without relish, naturally before sex, for abortive bodies, that in the crime tricked lightning: Oh lean eaten wedding, oh sugary form, unhappy in dead left, anoint one and all (chest, nipples, humid sustenance idolize.)

Frustrate terms, perspire urge, actuate carrying: seven tall men
will or die for bust squalid ripped serials with many seductions. The
cure painful, weeping animals, feed on fur.

Crudely sequestered, in high reception, rhododendrons puls-
ing water lions amen.

From DAUGHTERS TO FATHERS
Ten Mini Counting Rhymes (One for Each Finger)

Belly Forth

Asian men the
whole pick vine.

Tense Pose

Unsure cows
heft their sirs.
Goats get in
there birds flip.

If Mine Can He Mind?

Bet her order's native bored here.

Venus Anise

In snowy bodies rob
Wheaten ears.

She Opts Death

When virgin meets
hot Turk times ten:
Which rear mother
shares charm?

She Sisters Her Daughter

Partitions rent
'til neck unropes.

Come Tandem

More me miser,
mine's contagious.

First To Grab

Fleece them
in gem huts.

Loose nerves

Tongue saps
root calves
bones stretch
bury trick.

Still Old Time Feeling

Sang in coats, in paved digits,
in mango's branch ram us.

WARNING: WARNING:

Have-A-Bomb

(full up hot passion):
Two better than one.

Unhappy effulgence and more
the fairy boy put
superior, fatter, optimum shyness:
suit yourself.

In Felix
(egg odor or tulip)
the vote is exposed.

In the farthest reaches of possible
joining (to you) is conjoined
ex-smally and lick a whole tea
let sit, vegetable-like, inspecting the
service.

Only he who loves loses.

(That lice attack)
the glue's properties. Ligature, now
senses dimmed, nefarious allowances
(in venereal convenience)
fearful.

Venus anisette.

That lies, and cut lies there
to be believed
father-hard, what reverence famed
in brotherly delight
(wherever we wish to)

A big dry wall exemplifies decorum.

(We kiss in public.)

The most ample dames, shamelessly
undecided, pursue
cougar-like ultimate
tied neck, relinquish
Zero-man, margin-sum

What /more/

Misery feeds

versus a hair suit's

moist torn lining.

Certainly prohibit but indulge me,
come, your coming will
make me bow.

Neck-soft recourse.

Excited then done, will it money-
back?

Note: (A Suicide)

This sent Thus a magical dog who wore a little bell which, when it tinkled, produced a song that was the only thing This had ever found that gave him a moment's respite from the torments of his loving. Thus kept the dog always by her side for a time for This' sake, and at first she thought that her heart was less heavy because the gift was from This, but one day she realized it was the little bell that charmed her spirits. Then she said: "What right do I have to take any drops of solace, when This is away from me, in sorrow?" She took the magic bell and shook it just a little, one last time, then threw it through the window, over the cliffs to the sea.

All that to the captive maiden declared this trifling and drunken old
crone.

*They could never live or die apart, since for them it was death and life
together.*

1. *Overture:*

Whips up come just leaded, neat now, risk it on, Titan rounds.

Wet tiger risks panting, who were is She an I'll or stranded all doll.
Wow, full.

Slipped under her humid, him and more, many, held.

All quells opposites, evolute love rolled, synchronizing paths.

Errant myrrh, lunar, poised,
willingly over-pressed and caught upon.

mingles, enthroned, hers upon,

odored issue shifts hers,

washed over, slashing.

Halving since hyacinths

went through his thread, curled,

cooing "Ooh oftener! Oh adore!"

Balmed, or raising her, dizzy,

twinning irises round

wags, sugar cane amen, gentian studded,

a leap girl!

2. What the listening trees heard:

This leaves crowns.

Burn cave, Thus snare

and fasten Thus, This.

Hide or ice, Thus.

Cream, drop, pinch to Thus, pinch and drop.

x x

Hammer, hammer,

the hammer, tine.

x x

Trip, sacks, dissolve.

Window, a jumble, the storms' fruit, drop it, This,

leapt and leapt, a circle.

(They loved each other and did not know that they suffered.)

Ground, broken, where? This hunt, Thus wait, liquid. Then

This superb mercury, outrageous altar came on.

This long linden honeyed, fur-lilt tonguing.

Came canker questions.

Thirst mass, This one in one, never wake, bound, tangle blind flame,
This.

Hammer, flux, seethe in boil in, pebbles twin Thus in This swallow,
Thus couch.

Thus chew then spit in This,

plead, spit in, Thus,

feast, raw, they feast, tear,

creeps top Thus, yap and snarl, This Thus yap and snare, thrust,
round and up This

*They tear into the wood, pass into the high reeds of underbrush.
Trees hide them, they disappear behind a curtain of leaves.*

Thus sty in This chest, hairs pool, voice melt This rouse Thus, the
drift, infinite burn, This gnaws This, course in blood, slop over,
wind, Thus hand swoon to hoof between, behind, the edge open
and Thus This rip, root, a-rage, This Thus plunders center of plun-
der, ring, This wrench to shreds, convulse gnaw, Thus grunt.

Stacy Doris writes that her extraordinary book is very conservative. Who's she kidding? And why? Is it because her themes are love and poetic form and its heroes her husband and the palindrome? Doris's treatment of her themes and forms is radically different from poem to poem and most contemporary practice. Maybe her cornucopia's conservative because her themes, references and characters were inspired by Euro-American literature and other culture, ancient and modern, "high" and "low"—Ovid and St. John of the Cross; D.H. Lawrence and *Harper's Bazaar*; Mozart, Joyce, and Michael Jackson. Such conservatism yields the most radical works. As if that mattered.

Jackson Mac Low

A box of prosodic bombons with exploding centers, offering the burst of intensity only artificial flavors can provide. Shimmering with assonances and anagrams, Stacy Doris's latest technical marvel comes stacked with Warnings to Daughters, battle scenes, a Pull-Out Bonus for girls and truly excellent gore—yielding remarkable new insights into our culture's fascination with the perpetual interplays between aggression and love. *Paramour* works like the best of highly-engineered lipsticks: compact, sexy, and always a little scary, it encourages kissing but won't kiss off. I'm completely besotted!

Sianne Ngai

This is a handbook with a ravenous audacity instructing and warning doubly how to halve a narcissus. Her extra-convivial form hinges to receive what is tender: Ms. Doris' is the authentically cosmetic craft. Nothing else is new thus.

Lisa Robertson