



PRINT! DOCUMENT :: SERIES ONE

*talk about
man proof*

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&
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the trouble with bartleby
in collaboration with
exit strata creators collective









to trail, bounce, loom and imitate
traverse empty challenges
convert to belligerence
and write before some intelligible fan
allow a gentle blowing of sympathy
place no blame
instead, ride the hot, white siren
the birds are nowhere after all
I'm with you
I devil worship you
I'm for you to be a dead rabbit in
so that you may live out here
like a rabbit
I'm heart you
I suck the marrow
choke the bone
and carry what's left you





I'm understand you
I'm every headache you
and I'm water you
and I am smoke you
I'll take you where the wind ends
I know you, I get to
we are carefully constructed
out of pain and soft chalk
go by much faster than riveting
and further than death becoming
somehow manage a hut
and rub the urge to coo
cannot get cold drug





in death there is a song:
an incessant beep
and four little lambs
a sunny, sunny miracle
a winner of a night

a panorama
in the mortuary
happiness mopes along

these, unyielding
are monolith horrors

two blooming
men in cages
itching and clammy
wanting a gutting of the universe

the radio screams
a filtered beep
shared comments
send elbow room, meet torso
obligated

beep





some dead nature
made fantastic weather
a matter of facing god

contribute sex
to it all

get quick results
for long lifetime

wish the devils luck
of horn envy

save private heartbreak
for thinking
a gorgeous tiger
in shambles
screams out in english
“riddle, riddle riddle!”
a porcelain doll

your open head
closed your head, cut
stitches & the porcelain doll
your open head
someone you love





It's you...God dammit. You couldn't handle what you knew you would receive; you decided this thing did not meet your expectation and was inherently flawed.

I love you in a way
no amount of piss
can wash off





a blackened cat that willingly enters a cage

pornography offers the greatest, potential horror





have you ever watched A Scanner Darkly?
really anything
a late night drive
white cube home room surrounded
by intimidating dark park goth trial
like, stuck, you know? on ecstasy
something scary/loveable happened
to me & I never came down

...I must take more care in my words. I can't live inconsiderately any
longer. I am the Walking Skin of the Depleted Man. No one ever under-
stood why he was in the play.





Like we're in heaven, Dog. You're absolutely right that our honesties are different honesties. It's funny because we take each other's letters very seriously and to heart to point of crying, but of our own letters we think, "oh, I'm just writing, this is for you I don't want this, whatever, dogs in heaven, great..."





my newly formed
head scrapes a layer off
a wiccan totem
the mistake hood

a dead god
to combat mystery
and cease pillow talk

since returning
I wipe the blood
I am drunk on
such a horrible delight





small are my misuse and
 use of “hoping”

I am a cripple

sing multitudes
 middles, boats, capers, cribs and tourniquet

death

to dead gulls foraging that grass

ball and chain

more hay for horses

negative amount

hard, expletive flame

death

to the heavy arms of gravity

falling around

some helpless cattle

I can't feel my crippled eye socket

tools devoted to

death

to a bath





you are an insufferable idiot
you have the face of a burn victim
now I feel the horning
of a deer teleported half in the wall
you've got eels down your leg
I wonder if I could borrow one
to eat?





What I first noticed about you were the black sheep. They go blah, blah, blah. I stole them. We ran through the dark like born killers. I would have told you earlier, but last month I broke my jaw and teeth in a bobbing-for-apples accident. Right now there are fewer than 25,000 wild horses in America. If someone were to take them and line them up in any sort of order, we'd be on the same end.





this is shot lot and cramping
somber, squelching hounds
the thunder did much damping
death
to any eager lobster
sedatives of dark syrup on the passenger's seat
wait on vague reasons
separated by ectoplasm

this is your sexual coming-of-age
divination by corpses is called Necromancy
divination by writing in ash
is crows shooting from
one hand
I'd rather roll in my own fecal matter
a curtain moves in another
it seems untouchable





P.P.S.

I hope this letter is legible
and also that you are still literate—
it would be a great loss otherwise.

Lord, have mercy on my rough and rowdy ways.
God, save my American hide.
I put a tear
right here.





LOOK AT PICTURES OF
TOM HARDY WHEN YOU
HAVE A HARD-ON IN
ORDER TO FEEL LIKE ME





great, brick bat
alone, sanctify
a writerly contraceptive

we bewitched ourselves in dark fire

came on
the face of it

circling around Gyromancy
my own organs for breakfast

how hard are these gifts
purified, inside of, careful order
it's called growing up

impossibilities painted black and other such stupidities





a silent, soft erection
on the passenger's
seat it looks like hips
keeps tickling me at night
screaming

TATTOOS TATTOOS TATTOOS TATTOOS
TATTOOS TATTOOS TATTOOS

androids are silly
like 'schizo & grocery shopping'
and a punk
must remember necromancing
is a tramp in a desert man





got shushed out
played me like a black
shadow spun on a bar
other faces ripping
I want to return to
sloth and maniac antics
hanging on the words
of a urinal

do you know what it
means to resemble a
famous queer who leaps
buildings in a single bound?
with blood dripping down
his lips similar to
seeing Lord Genesha on
a joyride with his peacock
will I die today?

draw a mouth on the globe

to make it laugh more freely







After I read your letter, I sat there on the hill and felt a terrible welling in my stomach. It felt like being reprimanded in grade school. It was truly incredible man, thank you. You emerged from the woods; I fantasized about standing up and punching you between the eyes. A fight ensued for a short time in my imagination. You couldn't land a single blow. You lunged at me but I lay both feet into your abdomen and sent you sailing into the air, head first. You landed on the crown of your head, your neck snapped and you died. It immediately occurred to me that I could force myself to cry, only so that you would turn and see what you had done. I realized then how conscious I am about whether people sympathize with me, how a lot of what people think of my egocentric behavior is absolutely true. How absolutely full of shit I must be.

Your position as an artist, though troubled, remains unthreatened.





I look out at my poem through a black hood
I choke people who secretly want it

you can be like me
start by ripping off a finger
one of the middle ones
put a tooth there
spread hot sauce
from me to you

in other news, I faked my death
I knew you'd say death

this record is destroying my mind
writing my obituary
this record is denying my sex
I feel a rocking
some sick fuck like me
writing my obituary
my blood is sitting on my heart
it feels good and warm





I think you are an angry person and that perhaps I am a shameful person.

“I decorate my room
to find my body in it”

I hope you swallow your pride, give me the benefit of being your intimate friend, embrace your neuroses and have a fucking laugh about it. If I can do that it should be a fuck in the attic for you...





we dance
as if to say
we are the surface of consciousness
and its unbearable meaning
all earth contributes
I am immovable
a worthless root
a bitchy one

of all evil
as ice slips away
I'm touched by whatever gleams
this is how I fall asleep with you
blinded by panic
your departure escaped
our sporadic sharing of prayer
I'm out of my head, tiny, shaved
blinded by escape

I want to smell that shirt when you take it off
wise enough to limit my perspective to everything
death has been hairless
longer than any infant's hand





I held woman in my pocket
pouty-faced and eager
depravity scurried the wall
I'm seeking a world where riddles
are demolished by answers
I touch what terrorizes children
and do all I can
not to let myself move
most of the time, I don't even hear the joke





You're the last person the Lord would waste mercy on.

...your so-called rough and rowdy ways are an affliction,
slowly killing you? I don't think that at all. That's how you
see yourself but don't push that shit on me, it's worthless
to me...

PPPS-

fuck you for making me write this.





my hair
my soul
my step
my my my
keep thinking
trying to breathe-in
do a fire
every night
whoops
Bombay
gin pops
naked bathroom
talk about
man-proofing
my time
she says
is crusty
so sudden
I walk home
unforgiven
as a bat
with really
good sonar







Jesus, reading our imaginary fight scared the shit out of me. I remember bursting out of the woods recognizing the paper in your hands as my letter. I imagined you turning around, trembling, with tears in your eyes. I felt like I had brutally murdered your entire family in front of you. I have trouble imagining that I wouldn't land a single blow but I can imagine why your rage wouldn't allow it. You exposed to me the extent of my evil nature. I needed to be killed like that, so thanks. I could have asked nicely, but instigating you and paying the price seemed more potent and exciting. I'm a dirty shyster. I'm one confused sack of shit who meddles. I'm your sack of shit.





in college
my favorite word was
misanthropic
it is
Muslim
now



I always liked gargoyles





a riot of words
too hot for human eyes

blue fingers and mouths
that are feathers
tremble inside your blue mouth

a bleeding key and a bleeding desk
biting the sleeve of life

pink is a flower
least frequented





throw a guitar and the air sings
a drum roll that is also velvet
 is as boring as it is predictable
sloth gas from my chest
 cavity in the big world





touching me in and out of the room
I would whisper so that I am
 fashioning a dead necklace
not shooting myself in and out of the room





marry makes you marry when you should not
kill her name
call me Bag Head
which reminds me
why we are not free
to get sick or wiped
to steal romance
masked in a throat
all your trust in wanting the milk to want the wolverine

glowing in lashes
or the wooly of her eyes
plundering insurrection
can I spike an ordeal
& myself remain
camouflaged in dark
stripes unfurling
a sick head makes your head sick in love to be liquid





behind a red mouth


I make a
country
you are its
dead
finger ride home
that's a pretty
sweet idea
for a
donkey
& far more
expansive
than we need
in a scalene wound

factories mumble cinder
& the orphans here
line their insides
with armour of black diamond
skin covers a world to crawl in









This manuscript was excavated from a two-year long correspondence between the authors, archived in various, fluid networks of conversation. The letter is a tool for constructing matter out of intangible, manic thoughts as well as a process for accepting that one may lose consciousness at any moment while writing or living. All actions, thoughts and exchanges seem necessary and inevitable. Voicemail is the blackout archive. Every sound, image and line improvised through living. Social Media is the performance of being interrupted, disrupted, alone, disturbed and flat.

Every moment, color, sensation and interaction has limitless value. Symbiosis symbiosis symbiosis symbiosis, symbiosis symbiosis symbiosis.
One will enjoy talking about his or her loss of consciousness at a later date. Not “look: our lives are poetry,” but rather, “we made poetry from our lives”.
Knowing when it is appropriate.
Focus on the distance between holding hands.
Telephones, papers and screens.
One’s audience gives one the joy of performing.
Wills become fused. One can choose what he or she is victim to. One can either project expectations or accept that any value can come from any correspondence.

Some stupid unnamed thing will always come between one and another. If one doesn’t hear back in two days, it is safe to assume no one gives a shit.

One always lives between two worlds.

LANCELOT RUNGE & JOHN KROPA, 2013



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TITLE IN SERIES ONE (2013) INCLUDE:

The Sword of Things
TONY HOFFMAN

an admission, as a warning against
the value of our conclusions
ALEXIS QUINLAN

Strange Coherence
BILL CONSIDINE

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