

# CAN YOU SEE THAT SOUND

Jeff Musillo

the trouble with bartleby  
*in collaboration with*  
the operating system

PRINT// DOCUMENT

SERIES TWO

*for Ashlyn*

Snubbing slow morning.

kick off the sheets

feel troubled with stubbed

toe.

Head for the bathroom do'

Door.

Gaze

look, a window

covered in sleet.

Throbbing headache creates dome vibrate.

Glance:

look, there's a mirror with a slob.

Don't go to work

check unheard messages.

Checked.

Fired

no more job

leave at high speed to glide on ice

the brakes don't work.

Go faster

*smile*

arrive feeling alive

walk on walkways and stride through doorways.

Disinter all concern.

Bury.

Shrill tunes spill from pits

consume in taverns

a surplus of gin.

Begin disregarding memories  
*laugh*

flop onto chopped grins with chipped teeth

it's misty

saunter alone and elevate secret swigs

the sly always bawl and dance

and

clinch stints with negligent intelligence

but someone is stressed

a room full of Kings

who's the peasant?

Raise the glass

dare

no. don't.

swallow the flared stares on stairs from those who hope to hop

twisted kisses will piss in sleeker hair

lifted lager bares

a kissed man regarded as a stranger

a swinger lingers underneath bathroom sinks

feel the slap on the ass.

*enjoy*

Dim lights flicker

excite the free

guzzle the night

*proceed*

The observer agrees

no hostility

the signs of an appalling quake

the glow always shows. it's some girl's birthday

the observer has no face

celebrate with dances

aim to live

progress with the livid and observe the monitor.

Alter the small space and open the fence

hate will escalate

topple tables in a frenzied blur

explode shoves and kiss the corner.

Pick sides with head-shakers

shake your shins and ride the volatile grin.

Kiss rash faces

full scale scuffle at the local waffle house

*vulgar*

smack detection with revolution

preparation is an H-BOMB to stimulate open arms

find a warm heart. Lukewarm

luke warm

Luke's warm.

Verbalize your march

individuals will play melodies in your ear

disappear with a clear-minded steer

find the time to drum a beat

leap on the gate and look at the lawn

*wave*

So long until dawn

Bye dawn

Goodbye Dawn

recall youth and recollections

sheathe gloves and touch unrewarding demand

swerve nervously

and

detest sheets in life's dictionary

a wide open mouth

a young-in and a bottle of sin.

Improve with force-fed goals

cloudy tones speak loudly

and

lessons bow to dubious tutors.

Plunge the cliff with a wifeless childless baby

Cloned tears leak on the property lease

properly own a roam on Rome.

Endear women from yesteryear

clean a blouse and plaque her brain

in vain her veins declare the lord's name

*maintain*

Cock back the cock's back and open eyelids

the infant celebrates

awakes playing with the seatbelt

stained laces are untied

fried.

Fortified eyes detach reality

greasy jeans rip zipper flies

*fly*

Dry hair bounces off cheeks

block out extended window sills

manipulate shoulders and touch pedestrians

*exhale*

Smoke loves nostrils.

The tempo slow-mo'd to sharp sounds of loot

concrete gleams

quarters collect in boots

vital veins complete numbness, regain senses to collect cents

crooked pointer finger and thumb work perfectly

it's our little secret

damaged taste buds lick radiant eyes

9 O'CLOCK

Modest scars laugh at wasted lives.

Wait for demanding beliefs

plan for the man's planned beliefs

point fingers at heart sleeves

expect forgetfulness

memories stuck to the back.

Curb insecurities with trash bags

a day at the track mixed with a life of honor

spot the loyalty and value personality.

Don't mind frozen doves

steal the frame of beaten-down remains

always wear gloves.

*justified*

An eye of misery flees all cowards

a deathbed portrayed happily with great commitment

remind yourself to breathe

a Guess sweater in any weather will swelter helicopters.

Propel and spin the bank teller

wear attitude with a bad suit

dish overcooked equipment during the heist

angry snakes roll around dice and shake.

Crave fables with the clenched hands of a madman:

Demand your muffin:

eat like a socialist

piss blueberries and socialize with dungarees

a big stain on jeans

a living hell with Tinker Bell

jagged seashells hurt engrossing visions

absurd words steal all.

Twisted nothingness is ordinary  
*preach*

extinguish watchful steps on the ten o'clock news.

The count is askew

a cock-eyed surprise scores with public bores

every day starts in the middle

fickle predictability curves on every straight road

sunrise washes the slate of a routine state.

Bit by bit.

Soreness of realization

16 years of cleanliness and pats on the back

cold facts slap fake laughs on the east of superiority

interior nooses will loosen repetitive anecdotes

so go on and collapse.

Unfinish your equation

sing to many moons and eat the ribs of a different tomorrow

the process will not return

    speak with lethargic tongue

    embrace the pace of an unanswered phone.

        Enter the house of tar

    pack your shower with a brave gaze and lit cigarette

    a hardened face will intoxicate the darkest parkway

*pace*

Consume scowling bowls of howls

prowl with a bag of booze

pace yourself with the accused

medicate nervous systems and sweaty palms

scanty populations spread the oddly calm.

Open every cloud

distribute rain

contribute meatheads slapping rushed lunches

astound society with boredom

eat with corporate causalities.

Belly flop on hoary spots

cry influential stories

sit in dusty rooms and falsely scold

lack a sharp look

feel the cold of a necessary spark.

Dark crooks empty matchbooks

and

force exits through the strained nexus of the hectic.

Break spectacular altars

falter glasses of water

prevent parched flesh

embark on harsh tears with dangled sunrays

mangle the sore chins of the transitory

*stumble*

Locate a pothole.

Tow two shoes

Forget trolls with swollen soles

blunder a month-long mistake

hit the road

create the next earthquake

stop all mechanical leaks

and

work carnival sprees with an injured mind.

A double-yellow line disappears behind a business tie.

Bind butterflies to broomsticks

hear rants on how the crass crash.

Calm powerless drivers

sleep freely in Tribeca classrooms.

*landscape*

Facilitate suburban streets

tie tires to escape routes

admire decaying takers and create demoralizing rubies.

Cross this way

quickly

Blast a peep

give a poem to those who sweetly squeak.

Pound music

amble on piles of creeps

bluff nothing but bullshit

and

hit stages with worn-out combs.

Smell ghastly cologne while clutching diamonds

throw the ground on the microphone

stomp words until silence

recite lightning and tumble on humble mumbles

expose models at the beep.

Today.

Strangle sips

nip the gulp when wallowing.

Full plates of eternity enjoy first-class flights.

Turn the key

swallow expectations

and

burble at spelling bees

intellectual felonies handcuff cops.

Chew gum while reading prologues

finish before chapter one

Grow roots on white sneakers

surround teachers with two scoops

play with sleeker beakers.

Ride televised waves and finger light

finger lakes

The Finger Lakes

block the dams

address your moans

and

eat Pu Pu platters

*fiend*

Lack suggestions

feed into joy

capture a curse and shatter goodnight.

A glass bottle wrapped in magazine rags

grasp the mold

and

sag cold streets.

Decline scrimmages

play for broken seats.

Play Dodgeball

let crooked spines wobble

hook a zany mind and caution crooks.

Steal notebooks

lace up sneakers

slip in the crevice

and

forget about leverage.

Quack at status.

Buy a ticket

develop a callous cough

stand in several rows

find a foe at the feeding trough

arrive in silence and depart before takeoff.

Pass visions

already see

sleep and glide on foul marble floors

slip on glass doors

grit jowls and grip the wind

tune colors in a scene from a dream on a private movie screen.

Collect a handful of change.

Give a handful of change.

Maintain a fort

forget about fortes

endlessly on display.

Sway among buses, cabs, and limos

hush the steady rush

locate luck and run amuck

eat lunch *with* a street vendor.

*tasty*

Bundle up.

Bitter lips stick to saxophones

incomplete outfits melt in heat.

Lead to desired isolation

destructive organisms appear blue when viewed with a burnt soul

torch pennies and blaze nothingness

regard the bizarre with a dreamlike view.

Two legs stampede and defeat.

Beasts thrive on democracy

compete against history

feast on insanity

feed lectures and eat leather

batter secrecy and openly shatter sleek art.

Provide shade to nasty technique

and never peak with The Follower

*feed*

A nation with years marks a dark imagination

young ones with no trust funds lunge for wits.

The emotionally numb

run for the drained sponge

the concept of fun

has screwed the dead drum

while

the live horse no longer feels remorse.

Drop the option

and

ride lucrative intercourse.

Produce three-piece suits

sell loot to creative teens

feel inclined to remind

the marching line about Times Square.

Scratch hair.

Gaze at stock shares and pet the tortes

clear defeat

ignore the ritual of constraint.

Find an original mind

and

ask that person...

*Where do all the broken xylophones go?*

**JEFF MUSILLO** is a writer as well as a visual artist who works both on canvas and in digital format. He has exhibited widely in New York City, and his work was recently featured in the film *The Heart Machine*, as well as in *Neurocentrik Magazine*, *Turntable Magazine*, and *Aesthetics Magazine*. His work in film recently premiered at the Hoboken International Film Festival and the Katra Film Series in New York City.

Jeff's short stories have been published widely online, and he recently released his debut novel, *The Ease of Access*. His narrative non-fiction volume, *Snapshot Americana*, will be published this July by Roundfire Books.

the trouble with bartleby  
*in collaboration with*  
the operating system  
*is pleased to make physical*

The PRINT DOCUMENT

**CAN YOU SEE THAT SOUND**

*by*  
JEFF MUSILLO  
*which*  
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**THE EDITION IN YOUR HAND IS NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_**

[www.theoperatingsystem.org](http://www.theoperatingsystem.org) | [www.thetroublewithbartleby.net](http://www.thetroublewithbartleby.net)

# DOC U MENT

/dəkyᵻmənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

*noun* - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record

*verb* - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form

*synonyms* - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[*Middle English, precept, from Old French, from Latin documentum, example, proof, from docere, to teach; see dek- in Indo-European roots.*]

Who is responsible for the manufacture of value? Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that now more than ever we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means, fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement. Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

*Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.*

When we *document* we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there.

When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

# THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

*is a project of*

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the operating system

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## TITLES IN SERIES Two [2014] INCLUDE:

Spooky Action at a Distance  
GREGORY CROSBY

Can You See That Sound  
JEFF MUSILLO

Executive Producer Chris Carter  
PETER MILNE GREINER

Pull  
MARYAM PARHIZKAR

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Series curator / editor / book design  
LYNNE DESILVA-JOHNSON

*for publishing queries, fan mail, magazine submissions  
and large sums of money in any currency*

**CONTACT:** *operator@theoperatingsystem.org*