

HOAX

artist's edition set
digital supplement

JOEY DE JESUS

unlimited editions @ THE OS
c. 2022

the operating system's unlimited editions
GLOSSARIUM x kin(d)*
print//document

H09X artist's edition - digital supplement

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about this digital supplement

This set of open source, supplemental digital materials is provided as an extension of the artist's set containing three *HOAX/scroll* accordion books and the *HOAX/deck*, which features the 108 considerations which follow here.

They are offered in digital form to provide users of the deck with a plain-text reading experience, paired in facing pages with the original concrete rotopoems, which we hope expands access to this powerful project.

By cosmology we're thinking about what happens when you close your eyes. What do you see behind the eyelids of vision? What goes on in the sky of your head? How do you relate yourself, in other words, to the sun and to the planets, to moon, darkness, tides, to root, green vegetation, to people? What kind of wheels are you turning within larger wheels? Every insult to any of those beings, as you know, becomes an insult right to the system of yourself and any effort to heal yourself hopefully returns that feeling to the outer channel, the outer circle, in other words a restoration of the cosmology.

Kamau Brathwaite

Hours whose length varied with seasons / Hours held by mechanical clock / An abstract metric to gauge daily time / Compendium to dispersals of currency

Myung Mi Kim, "Lamenta," from *Commons*

If in the sands of your shore you unearth the rusted sword of the other, clean it and make yourself a hoe from it. If the sword becomes inflamed in the hands of the other, grab it, or try to grab it, to arm the other — as much as yourself — with the same vow. Such is the vow.

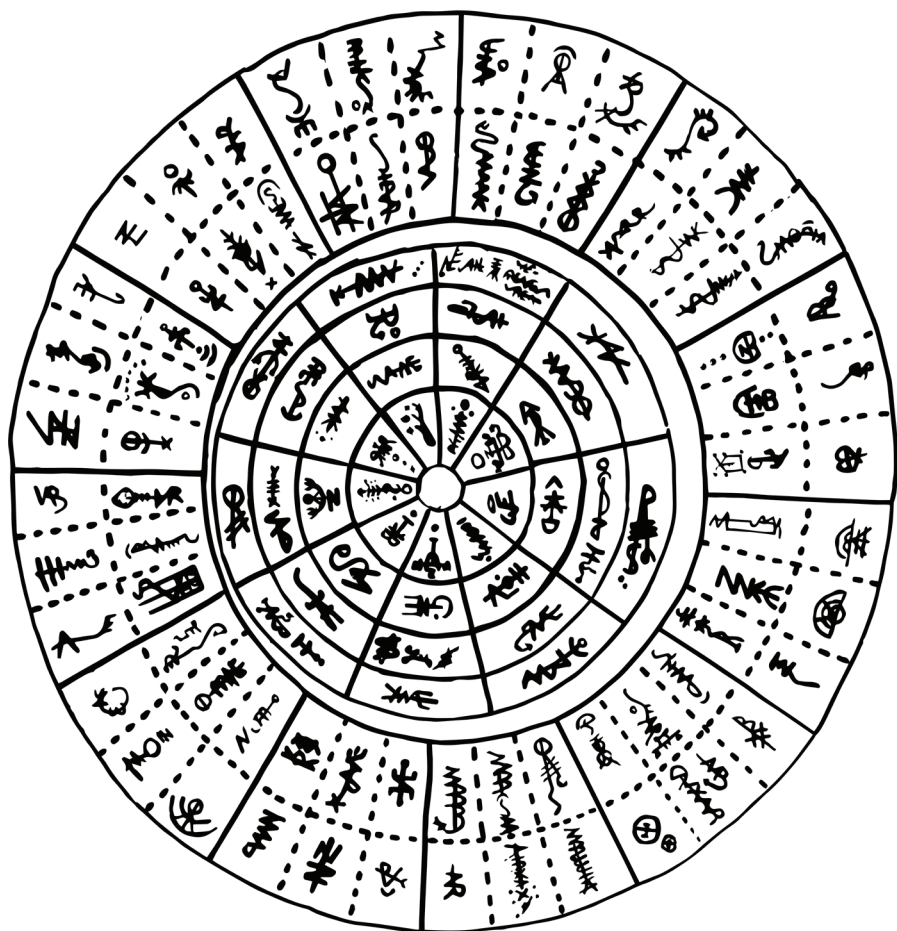
Édouard Glissant, *Poetic Intention*

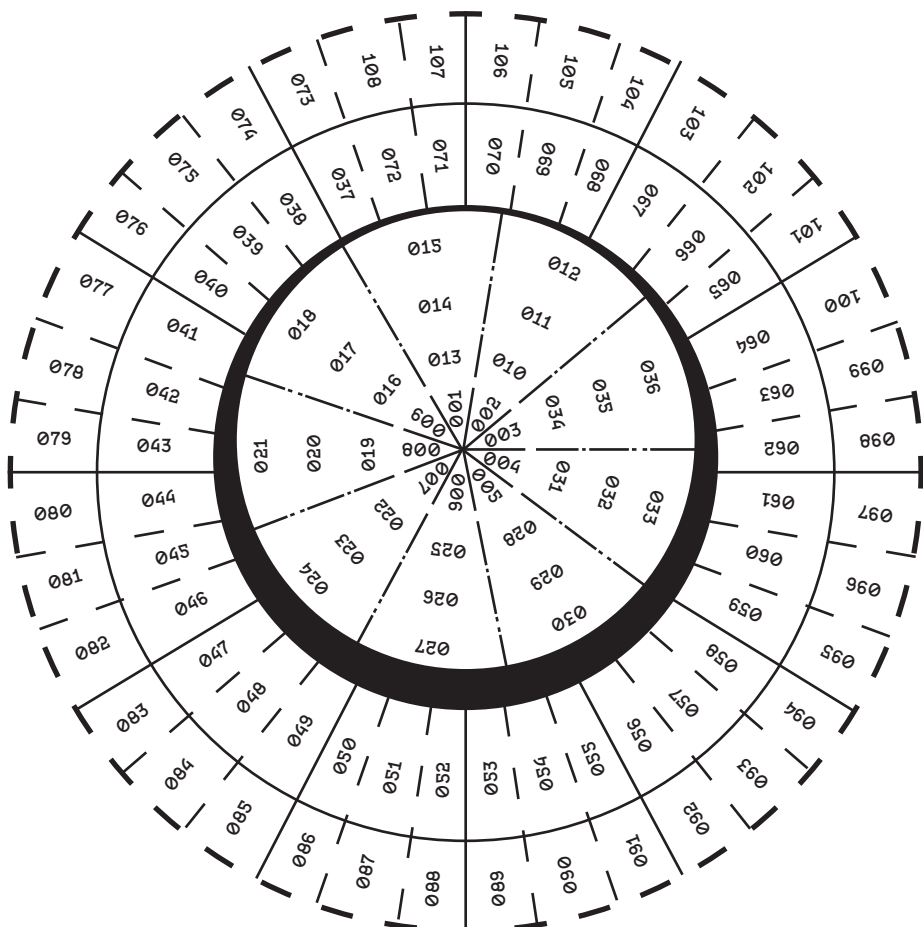
108 Considerations

A Star Gauge after Su Hui 苏蕙

What follows is an attempt at imagining a speculative cosmology through poetry. The “star gauge” or astrolabe is partitioned into 108 sections (and void space) each with a corresponding poem. The rotapoems on the left hand of what follows appear on the deck of 108 cards.

A warning, these poems are not necessarily predictions; as Jackie Wang reminds us in *Carceral Capitalism*, “Predictions are much more about constructing the future through the present management of subjects categorized as threats or risks.” To read them as such does much more than present us with possible outcomes, for predictions “enact the future.”





Cringe before that which shakes the temple / cold when the revenge heaven demands / point in one direction when intention is another, / filial no longer than the timeliest // of rains.
Address confluent by their names, / pulsing inspired speech all instance in your matter // a wolf-walking freedom
to retaliate to make atelier / offending the world's axial wobble.

Study is to worship in service to an ideal
like woodwork or water in the home,
silenced as solo orb, against friends butt.
good paradisiacal silos, which a fool / foiling ailment in its administration, / flesh to a caduceus' idea, treasure-seeking
matters of dissimilar skill, media of every —
matter tolling in the meters



(001 : Alfirk)

Cringe before that which shakes the temple
cold when the revenge heaven demands
you disregard no longer than the timeliest

of rains. Address confluences by their names,
point in one direction when intention is another,
halving seas in your trace without notice.

Righteousness tells you to retaliate to make atelier
of voices in nature, listen to drizzle
populated by wisdoms

pulsing inspired speech all instance in your matter
a wolf-walking freedom barefoot on the burning land
offending the world's axial wobble.

Study is worship in service to an ideal
like woodwork or water in the home,
a paradise siloed as solo orb, against which
good friends butt. Act a fool

foiling ailment in its administration,
flesh to a caduceus' idea, treasure-seeking
matter toiling in the meters of dissimilar wills,
media of every—

Severe in lignum
 industry, reputation / long-buttressed in stone, cross-legged, / tuber touching generat-
 consensus of the wisest / with my silence, unfazed by the noise / of another failure from which I'd die.
 I wanted to be at rest in my body, / a bejeweled superstition slumbering deed / beneath the sea.
 distorting conch cresting water / to slander the sky in salacious poetry, / but even a mile was far from home.
 swelling sea-form with conch cresting water / Dogs debunked my faith, my flesh, decrying
 sea-form with conch cresting water / fraudulence: They raised
 sea-form with conch cresting water / blade & besieged
 sea-form with conch cresting water / coins retiring my spirit
 sea-form with conch cresting water / held dear:
 sea-form with conch cresting water / enchanted kernel necklace put to mortal
 sea-form with conch cresting water / aggrandizing my caduceus false
 sea-form with conch cresting water / credulity
 sea-form with conch cresting water / I should've listened for switches in the sawgrass, / the uprooted elder beset by crows / exalting filiation in their omen-speak.



(002 : Alderamin)

I should've listened for switches in the sawgrass,
the uprooted elder beset by crows
exalting filiation in their omen-speak.

Severe in lignum industry, reputation
long-buttressed in stone, cross-legged,
tuber touching genetrix, there I sat

dishonoring consensus of the wisest
with my silence, unfazed by the noise
of another failure from which I'd die.

I wanted to be at rest in my body,
a bejeweled superstition slumbering deep
beneath the sea, the foam of triumph swelling

sea-form with conch cresting water
to slander the sky in salacious poetry,
but even a mile was far from home.

Dogs debunked my faith, my flesh, decrying
fraudulence. They raised coins retiring my spirit
blade & besieged what I held dear:

enchanted kernel necklace put to mortar
credulity aggrandizing my caduceus false

I study in the shadow of divinity I dishonored
spoke the jolt a masked kinetica
till third party did the devil's deed, peccoy / in a braided linen gown, waist-deep in riptide calling / the copper chain ruse a motion of circles, / attending to scale; you don't want to know what I know

I took to the burdensome task of transcription, spent a whole life corroborating what the hand corrupts.
An ox balances a clay cup of honeysuckle between its horns / the horizon of its crown a plight like fire
When I depart this skin
remember to laugh, laughter, the breeze pickling up — / In run my students with the wisest among them, wires up our sleeves, low boned filtering the wind a thought,
brewing fogs
What did the initiates intuit mid-cannabis sacrifice? / What powers might I draw from my petty?
I began to kin in trine a law of threefold
absent of retribution multi-authored eternal femme, cantic
with kindling, as I begin to chill the lyre flux
the chilled mantle the lyre flux
femme, cantic



(003 : Deneb Adige)

I study in the shadow of divinity I dishonored
spoke the jolt a masked kinetica
till third party did the devil's deed, decoy
in a braided linen gown, waist-deep in riptide calling
the copper chain ruse a motion of circles,
attending to scale; you don't want to know what I know.

I took to the burdensome task of transcription,
spent a whole life corroborating what the hand corrupts.
When acclaim encouraged me wicked, I gave my students the day off
so I might scheme with the wisest among them, wires up our sleeves,
low brows filtering the wind a thought, brewing fogs.

What did the initiates intuit mid-cannabis sacrifice?
What powers might I draw from my petty?
An ox balances a clay cup of honeysuckle between its horns
the horizon of its crown a plight like fire.

Remember to laugh, laughter, the breeze picking up—

In run my students when I departed this skin
with kindling, as I kin in trine a law of threefold
absence of retribution multi-authored eternal femme, canticle
-chilled mantle the lyre flux

loca of no location whose cause is never lost
 choreograph your cadence to any wind
 until you mistake its whispers
 as the consequence of your language:

speak epithets to besiege a place
 from several miles sky-riling lighting
 prepped in paper & the mightiest hex
 to laze a reckless fancy

The instant I was no longer
 a thought to die toward was the instant
 I rode the rolling clouds
 begging at your door

When rain valleys like an elephant shelling;
 keep the books dry with a beast's bone
 placed in warlock's luck
 dust/gust/bone soil/tur gold/grass—



(004: Vega)

The instant I was no longer
a thought to die toward was the instant
I rode the rolling clouds
begging at your door,

 speak epithets to besiege a place
 from several miles sky-riling lighting
prepped in paper & the mightiest hex
 to laze a reckless fancy

loca of no location whose cause is never lost
 choreograph your cadence to any wind
 until you mistake its whispers
as the consequence of your language.

When rain volleys like an elephant shelling,
keep the books dry with a beast's bone
 laced in warlock's luck
dust gust bone soil fur gold grass—

we are talking fog



(005 : Edasich)

Don a tasseled robe, shoulder
exposed to the thurible's smoke

press ink into lewd settlement
unspooling wisps in their principal labor

adept in device and element,
stack coins of several nations

atop the head of a mule
painted green for protection

caduceus by choice,
by chalice of bubbly, money

harbors the moon's madness—arrive
at a new faith speaking crestfallen

in rumors, whispering the wish
of a match to one whom has it all.

Draw crystals wafting a refuse
spectacle, the toxin you taste is an ass

in the air, it is prestigious in that
it has six legs, the gift flight,

and its mouth is full of curses.

I was a heartthrob called home
in a garden of thieves, a vagrant
stewing in silence & melanin donning
the medal dawn adorned

I was a small gourd dying on the ground
a dead guard smiling downward-facing duty
the leopard knew to sound in one direction,
falling from above.

we sparred in the road until I was doubled
grass-green & rugged
over a carpet of needles composing this poem
of self-pity, dabbling in the unsayable
until the word could be said no longer
when I perished I became paraphernalia
pivoting about presence penning strokes
to clatter up ignis delinquency



(006 : Thuban)

I was a heartthrob called home
in a garden of thieves, a vagrant
stewing in silence & melanin donning
the medal dawn adorned

I was a small gourd dying on the ground
a dead guard smiling downward-facing duty
the leopard knew to sound in one direction,
falling from above. grass-green & rugged

we sparred in the road until I was doubled
over a carpet of needles composing this poem
of self-pity, dabbling in the unsayable
until the word could be said no longer

when I perished I became paraphernalia
pivoting about presence penning strokes
to clatter up ignis delinquency

i fall from a white horse and see a sky ending in the deep red
lion-helmeted god, his thighs are the movement
of fiery flame. He is a bird
and the sun, the law of its wheel turning over
the broadsword razor of his ride
burning nova
i, small made smaller
by the canopy of his shoulders,
curse my size in the alphabet of daggers

what fury enters me?
it is a cloud it is the sound of clouds it is a black horse,
a blue-eyed horse, a beam of horse, two-horse soul-eater,

the shadow of a wild horse in the wheatgrass
cocklebur loud:
i must save my nation
i'm dressed in my victory yell

rhetoric

spoked yesterday
in the conception of triumph i latch
onto his image like none other
in the absence of language i hear something i have been
and i am neither intimidated nor afraid



(007 : Kochab)

i fall from a white horse and see a sky ending in the deep red
lion-helmeted god, his thighs are the movement
of fiery flame. He is a bird
and the sun, the law of its wheel turning over
the broadsword razor of his ride
burning nova

i, small made smaller
by the canopy of his shoulders,
curse my size in the alphabet of daggers

what fury enters me?

it is a cloud it is the sound of clouds it is a black horse,
a blue-eyed horse, a beam of horse, two-horse soul-eater,
the shadow of a wild horse in the wheatgrass
cocklebur loud:

i'm dressed in my victory yell / i must save my nation

in the conception of triumph i latch
onto his image like none other

spoked yesterday rhetoric

in the absence of language i hear
something i have been
and i am neither intimidated nor afraid

this is how i sang: in praise
 of my cemi the scarlet one herself,
 body gold-flecked mid-cloak season,
 no, a painted missile locked on a full worm moon
 of a collapsed binary star.
 i sang, i sangre a fissile body singing long
 i was a newfound venus plotting its hot reign
 over a lifeless province of debris

sequins catching the aftermath
 she grabs the breaking of the world / plods
 the soil / the way one does an unruly dog / sucking the uina of a dead bird /
 mouth / the empress bears her rising chest
 from the queendom of the spirit, the unfeeling / jackdaw will take you on a stray pathway toward ascension /
 it will teach you its corvid intelligence / to filch the lexicon of fanned flame and ghost folly /
 when the empire's collapsed / and you stretch out your arms as far as they go / to take everything you possibly can



(008 : Polaris)

this is how i sang: in praise
of my cemi the scarlet one herself,
body gold-flecked mid-cloak season,
sequins catching the aftermath
of a collapsed binary star.

i sang, i sangre a fissile body singing long
no, a painted missile locked on a full worm moon
i was a newfound venus plotting its hot reign
over a lifeless province of debris

unafraid of the breaking of the world
the empress bears her rising chest
one hand risen, the other
resting atop a hyena's clamp snout

she grabs the landscape by its mouth
the way one does an unruly dog
sucking the ulna of a dead bird
the soil, in turn, unfurls its tongue
reveals its tapestry of extinguished beasts.

yes, this is how i sang
from the queendom of the spirit, the unfeeling
jackdaw will take you on a shaky pathway toward ascension
it will teach you its corvid intelligence
to filch the lexicon of fanned flame and ghost folly

this is the joy in singing

when the empire's collapsed
and you stretch out your arms as far as they go
to take everything you possibly can



(009 : Errai)

Satellites alit as I twirl, dip
adrift staunch rogue irate
 & stomping such kiln,
such rage in strange nena.
Whose legacy flashfloods sick
 the inkdead within you?
Who struts a knit of fishy throat
 & hollowed turtles
squalling titi that clam sweat?
 Steer away, men of salt,
 if I've ever had lips
 let them falcon and shriek.
At work on a waterspout, water
 against water, a whale world
 all white ring, I said, fuck
 the hard hand of landfall.
In swelling currents, taste my
symmetry. Rain ripens the soursop,
 lord here. I will sink every buoy,
flaunt each like a corpse shark charm.
 I will scatter across your city,
a wave of widening wilderness.
 If grave stone face, then
 clot that would be leaflet, then
 clypeus that wood bee cluster,
with one flap of my iguaca wing
your priests will give at the knees
 and I will be renamed.

Gibberish camouflages your knife like thieves joking in secret
Cut the gourd aloft gold whirlwind, ingest its proclamations
What I abdicate honors me an eternity, hog-plumbed by the sun
for lack of vigilance, now we talking king talk. Blah-blah,
strengthening the spirit to parent child cacique hymning tributes
for sea's evil comes for everyone

I advance this blood-illlogic like the moon imbibing in the shared l's
of grand statements, split Solomon's cup with a phantom who drones
of sarcocolla, where apparitions in regalia play not nice, salvage branches for famine's dispatch
snafu sired tongue technology to gather tickseed sunrise jacynth rising ticksed sunrise play not nice, salvage branches for famine's dispatch
drives a putural dipthong damned
g in the spell rice city
s in the spell rice city
s in the spell rice city



(010 : Mirach)

Gibberish camouflages your knife like thieves joking in secret
Cut the gourd aloft gold whirlwind, ingest its proclamations

What I abdicate honors me an eternity, hog-plumbed by the sun
for lack of vigilance, now we talking king talk. Blah-blah,
strengthening the spirit to parent child cacique hymning tributes
for sea's evil comes for everyone

I advance this blood-illogic like the moon imbibing in the shared I's
of grand statements, split Solomon's cup with a phantom who drones
of sarcocolla's poetic virtue, drives a guttural diphthong damned
snafu shred tongue technology to gather feathers in the spell rice city

where apparitions in regalia play not nice,
salvage branches for famine's dispatch,
jacinth-rising tickseed sunflower spell demanding your spine matter.

vault
 ogress cabeza myself
 the night
 to speak a truth:
 the line blubbered syntax
 deviling a pantheon of fiends, friends
 like lard to initiate
 the lynx
 larynx the
 lather myself in toxins &
 forewarned a narrative
 bantering an auric brouhaha a babble breaking levees
 again leveling land in water banditry
 vainglorious everglade leech
 kvetching scourges
 I spoke idolatry's shade a hilgreek
 eggfat & farcical
 beguile
 pagan petroglyphs & cacology
 of like study, gooning into goblin godform
 I strangled the nacreous trumpet heathen-kind
 to clustered lightning hysterical for star trine.
 nebulize



(011 : Caput Algol)

I lather myself in toxins & wear the night ogress cabeza myself
Forewarned a narrative to speak a truth:
larynx the lynx myth deviling the line blubbered syntax
like lard to initiate a pantheon of fiends, friends

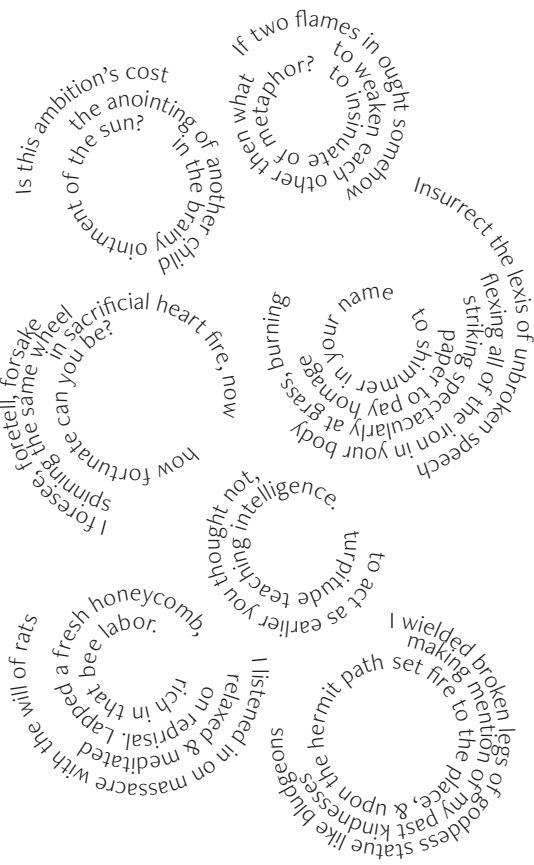
bantering an auric brouhaha a babble breaking levees
again leveling land in water banditry
vainglorious everglade leech eggfat & farcical
I spoke idolatry's shade a filigree kvetching scourges

pazuzu-ed by pagan petroglyphs & cacology
of like study, gooning into goblin godform
I strangled the nacreous trumpet heathen-kind
to clustered lightning hysterical for star trine.

nebulize

vault

beguile





(Ø12: Pleiades)

Is this ambition's cost
the anointing of another child
in the brainy ointment of the sun?

If two flames in ought somehow
to weaken each other then what
to insinuate of metaphor?

Insurrect the lexis of unbroken speech
flexing all of the iron in your body
striking spectacularly at grass, burning
paper to pay homage
to shimmer in your name

to act as earlier you thought not,
turpitude teaching intelligence.

I wielded broken legs of goddess statue like bludgeons
making mention of my past kindnesses
set fire to the place, & upon the hermit path

I listened in on massacre with the will of rats
relaxed & meditated
on reprisal. Lapped a fresh honeycomb,
rich in that bee labor.

I foresee, foretell, forsake
spinning the same wheel
in sacrificial heart fire, now
how fortunate can you be?

calabash sage resurrection

How I've survived these millennia is surely a glorious disaster
I was once thought caught by soldiers exalting logics that embroider a bone interval, worshippers of Beocidal smoke
They desecrated what they thought my body, which exhausted nebulosity, spilling instead milk white blood for mourning
I perished cackling for those who cracked the raven gourd should have anticipated the consequential cauldron had they not grown sick from silencing the one
As I tend my garden, I intuit a discarded method to purr a dream like borrow a corpse to resurrect bejeweled rival, the one
I task with spreading a blizzard similar to that used by Egun what shines in any given sadness.

—
Receive sensations from the mouth howling splendid harms—
A black hole bleeds a purr
Cognition captive to internal models no longer
I task with spreading a blizzard similar to that used by Egun what shines in any given sadness.

of said fruit. Magic in the purr

Receive sensations from the mouth howling splendid harms—
A black hole bleeds a purr
Cognition captive to internal models no longer
I task with spreading a blizzard similar to that used by Egun what shines in any given sadness.

Receive sensations from the mouth howling splendid harms—
A black hole bleeds a purr
Cognition captive to internal models no longer
I task with spreading a blizzard similar to that used by Egun what shines in any given sadness.

Receive sensations from the mouth howling splendid harms—
A black hole bleeds a purr
Cognition captive to internal models no longer
I task with spreading a blizzard similar to that used by Egun what shines in any given sadness.



(013 : Meissa)

calabash sage resurrection

How I've survived these millennia is surely a glorious disaster.

I was once thought caught by soldiers exalting logics that
embroider a bone interval, worshippers of geocidal smokerise
to similitude. They desecrated what they thought my body,
which exhausted nebulosity, spilling instead milk white blood for
mourning giant souls my goddess in village of the calabash.
I perished cackling for those who cracked the raven gourd should
have anticipated the consequential cauldron had they not grown
sick from silencing the trees.

As I tend my garden, I intuit a discarded method to purpose like
borrowing a corpse to resurrect beloved rival, the one
I task with spreading a blizzard similar to that used by Egun what
shines in any given sadness.

A black hole bleeds a dream we never knew we shared.

Cognition captive to internal models no longer—

Receive sensations from the mouth howling splendid harms—

Magic in the rind of said fruit.

[illegible]



(Ø14 : Rigel)

I was armored in barnacled tumbaga
locked in a heirloom chest
a leviathan registering time in millennia
deep in the ocean dust-hot diamond brine,
the sea lanced a grudge against me, breaching
for breath was a salt rage around increase,
reward, victory sound. Release me, I snaked, hissing
with the lamia half & if silence was action
I'd have gone full-ferns' need buffering storm, black stole
stomping a wet gale notice kelp-medicine in hand, headless,
heedless, assembling my blue abyssal flush: each absence
a taxon on this page to implicate the fury of which I emerge
Sea climbs the heat a climate of heat
heat climbs the heat that increased the sea—from
the increase, from the increase the sea, from the sea
the heat I climb in the crease of the sea
that ocean regurgitate all which it's been fed, that none
might reconcile sky eel's fervor nor favor without fail—
In another life I was a body without voice: cusk eel,
feeler fish, bathyal, meanly teaching the typography
of malignant affinities, goddassing about shells
where the sea breaks open for you
where the sea breaks you open
sternum to groin then cleans you with its hands.

Who thinks to ride the hoary cheetah
triumphant despite hyenas snarling
on tarmac and the lake's gala of flamingos
less in number each turn about the sun,

forge that wise spirits
from the vermilion
fly to the meridian
the exhaust
scripted

Womb sliced our souls

rising from the almonds in diurnal sign
to interrupt dreamers with broad light
inhaling the well-deserved day, pulse
staving terror of saffron epiphany;

when touched, our way is made with effort,
at its center beautiful delusions:
termites banking accolades to interior prestige,
a litany signals



(015 : Mintaka)

Who thinks to ride the hoary cheetah
triumphant despite hyenas snarling
on tarmac and the lake's gala of flamingos
less in number each turn about the sun,
rising from the almonds in diurnal sign
to interrupt dreamers with broad light
inhaling the well-deserved day, pulse
staving terror of saffron epiphany?
Womb sluiced our souls the exhaust
of stars, calligraphies scripted
from the vermilion forge that wise spirits
fly to the memories clay retains
when touched, our way is made with effort,
termites banking accolades to ulterior prestige,
at its center a litany signals
beautiful delusions.

Like dry ice in a diptychal jar
 only touch could release me
 only magic might defeat me
 none need secure my retreat
 among the living none could flee
 the nefarious anthology I exhaust
 when sun serves heaven's sigh best
 I spend an eon as energy inertia
 unnerved. Headstrong in star practicum,
 then exhale an advanced catechumen
 of smoke, a jadeite clouding to have amok
 if not for bouquets of rue sparkling bravely
 said to dispel any fog relieved to let fly
 all the consequence of my fasting & denial
 in blimstone-laden, i'd outlast the rock salt



(Ø16 : Alnitak)

Like dry ice in a diptychal jar
only touch could release me
only magic might defeat me
none need secure my retreat
among the living none could flee
the nefarious anthology I exhaust
when sun serves heaven's sigh best

I spend an eon as energy inertia
unnerved. Headstrong in star practicum,
then exhale an advanced catechumen
of smoke, a jadeite clouding to hove amok

if not for bouquets of rue sparkling bravely
brimstone-laden, I'd outlast the rock salt
said to dispel any fog relieved to let fly
all the consequence of my fasting & denial

[illegible]



(Ø17 : Betelguese)

Welcome to the dark sanctum of blue-faced misfortune
where the sallow query pardon to return such that none might suffer instead.
Exorcise the impossibility of such an outcome, temper
the heat the gall furnaces,
abide grass on the heirloom machete sharpened by striking
arrows to the ground,
I tossed stones baiting gems; we are so alike, this azurite I don drawn
of night's forbidden vestibule, when the moon reflects
full speed of rising cataclysm I leak a trail of light, light sharpening
the large knife I wear, planting flint to blossom until I fall into grass
with cause to dream, katydid shell evacuated of anima flood

Mind the light flecked / on the back of tossing / nimbus on a night / of falling impurity /
 Jook the growling flame / out, descend the pit / discerning metallic / allowances of the ash, /
 draw a figure for reflux / with a shark's tooth, / even when sirens blare / their loudest, whitening, /
 Eavesdrop in the dark / with a tin will never / surrender to nemesis / unnumber the asterisks /
 of super ice in perigee. / tasked for tomorrow / no questions asked, / smoke in the undertow /



(Ø18 : Procyon)

Mind the light flecked
on the back of tossing
nimbus on a night
of falling impurity
proxima Procyon, there's
smoke in the undertow
of super ice in perigee.

Jook the growling flame
out, descend the pit
discerning metallic
allowances of the ash,
unnumber the asterisks
tasked for tomorrow
no questions asked,
draw a figure for reflux
with a shark's tooth.

Eavesdrop in the dark
with a tin will never
surrendering to nemesis
even when sirens blare
their loudest, whitening,
so the skull grinds.

a ruminant lopped at the knees, contents
 ripped feedbags of sorghum,
 wildebeests stampede at changes
 in the grass, the tread of lioness ghosts
 a blinking satellite wheels across a scattergraph
 of stars, you stand among the ungulates, blue as Sirius
 in the dark bracketed by cattle
 and shit in the corral
 while dry lightning glimpses distant papyrus
 as they lick beads of green from each other's coats
 another shadow in the grass
 mother, I winnowed the sky your umbrage
 like seeds in a woven grass basket,
 kerosene and hard corn,
 bushwrens filter in the brush
 dear crunched numberless
 nest of papers
 space junk
 the bull on the horizon has snaking tails
 star dog looks back guessing at its shadow,
 the touch the ground feet that scarcely
 constellates like bushberries on the blacktop
 lapis giants silently burn, animal counting
 dear midnight fullness, stomach pang
 some miles away antelope rare
 water lily root flavors meat of earth
 for the earth? an alloy incisor, alloy fillings?
 the cattlepost priest praises in the courtyard apse
 of chicken-wire and thickets
 low—what gifts have I
 a tremor hums
 for the earth? an alloy incisor, alloy fillings?
 the cattlepost priest praises in the courtyard apse
 of chicken-wire and thickets
 low—what gifts have I
 a tremor hums



(Ø19 : Sirius)

a ruminant lopped at the knees, contents
played like ripped feedsacks of sorghum,
 wildebeests stampede at changes
 in the grass, the tread of lioness ghosts
a blinking satellite wheels across a scattergraph
of stars, you stand among the ungulates, blue as Sirius
another shadow in the dark bracketed by cattle
 as they groan and shit in the corral
they lick beads of the day's rain from each other's coats
 while dry lightning glimpses distant papyrus

dear midnight fullness, stomach pang
 dear crunched numberless
 animal counting nest of papers
 lapis giants silently burn, space junk
constellates like bushberries on the blacktop
star dog looks back guessing at its shadow,
the bull on the horizon has snaking tails
 feet that scarcely touch the ground

mother, I winnowed the sky your umbrage
 like seeds in a woven grass basket,
 kerosene and hard corn,
 bushwrens flutter in the brush
the cattlepost priest praises in the courtyard apse
 of chicken-wire and thickets
 a tremor hums low—what gifts have I
for the earth? an alloy incisor, alloy fillings?

water lily root flavors meat of earth
 some miles away antelope race
 and risen water floodplanes on

deviate belonging
to no place but tomorrow
naked atop a temple of rags
fleshed in address of the day's aim
to end in cicada cabal

& should you wake to find a gold husk
the bug-shucked, standard
in its dawn-split form, throw it out,
get stoned but never spread
mouth, the godform you wheeze
becomes moon the wind
cries to arms, touting excess
—in the dream, you, the cicada
and I, the three of us, crisscrossed
the thick copse, other wise empty
if not for our voices



(020: Minazal & Alnilam)

deviate belonging
to no place but tomorrow
naked atop a temple of rags
fleshed in address of the day's aim
to end in cicada cabal

& should you wake to find a gold husk
the bug shucked, standard
in its dawn-split form, throw it out,
get stoned but never spread
mouth, the godform you wheeze
becomes moon the wind
cries to arms, touting excess
—in the dream, you, the cicada,
and I, the three of us, crisscrossed
a thick copse, otherwise empty
if not for our voices

A Ceiger counter silos
 inside my molar's rot;
 I weave the tripwires;
 My flambeurial blooms
 after scouting thickets;
 I encounter a rat
 every time I kiss a rock.
 Its constitution trembles.
 I burn for you a plane of sympathy.
 You shelter under rough earth
 bowlful of fresh milk
 You take that dead tooth
 ill on an island of missiles,
 You spin threats with stones
 Of the fire in the word
 set to the world—
 that make the sparrows sick,
 stenciling laws with a wasp
 and cultivate some land.
 drawing lines in the loam with a stick.
 Every time you cultivate some land.
 spike soft on poison.
 the loudest. Your goblin



(021 : Alphard)

Of the fire in the word
set to the world—

You spin threats with stones
that make the sparrows sick,

ill on an island of missiles,
stenciling laws with a wasp
spike soft on poison.

A Geiger counter silos
inside my molar's rot.

You take that dead tooth
and cultivate some land.

I weave the tripwires.

My flameburial blooms
the loudest. Your goblin
bowlful of fresh milk
of the flesh-moth—

You shelter under rough earth
drawing lines in the loam with a stick.

I burn for you a plane of magazines
after scouting thickets.

Every time I encounter a rat
it robs me of my sympathy.
Every time you kiss a rock
its constitution trembles.

Tatted nine lizards poised to strike, / no nation could survive my defection
 my body a jury of ge(n)ocide survivors / empaneled against presiding mellifluousness
 honoring reflections in the water / was / the longest living among them
 opposing dogma that damned the fish / thin with extinction. We fought back
 from the ashram blue sun-zodiacal in tandem nine / a sodality swearing blood-oath shares
 obligation to abolish the World, / chance would come like friendship
 when clearly there is none. elegizing each a celebratory commencement / in floral assortment, flying upside-down.
 Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes / ensorcel the must & nodding thistles
 helion's bluster / peak alphabet / Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes
 peak alphabet / Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes



(022 : Naos)

Tatted nine lizards poised to strike,
no nation could survive my defection

my body a jury of ge(n)ocide survivors
empaneled against presiding mellifluousness

honoring reflections in the water, I was
the longest living among them to outlast

opposing dogma that damned the fish
thin with extinction. We fought back

from the ashram blue sun-zodiacal in tandem nine
a sodality swearing blood-oath shares

obligation to abolish the World,
chance would come like friendship

enthuses gymnastics, flying upside-down.
Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes

in floral assortment till peak aphelion's bluster
ensorcels the must & nodding thistles

elegizing each a celebratory commencement
in their use to forge a way when clearly there is none.

My song turns up at zero hour / hair a chariot whipped tiamat's utopia
 To let love, the chasm / of the sea aghast in the offing to rise
 To change a poem / not of this world, but the broken one air flushed entirely out
 a beach-wrecked whale-shark civilization of sorrows / its lost world, / its lost disappoints.
 whose shadow never truly
 I listened to the deca-pitated deity of the whole meaty heart, my word,
 against the sparkling and tenuous starscape. / To recess of the sea roars
 hip lifting the ocean's heft to let love, the chasm / of the sea aghast in the offing to rise
 against the sparkling and tenuous starscape. / To recess of the sea roars
 I listened to the deca-pitated deity of the whole meaty heart, my word,
 whose shadow never truly



(023 : Alkes)

My song turns up at zero hour
hair a chariot whipped tiamat's utopia

hip lifting the ocean's heft to let love, the chasm
of the sea aghast in the offering to rise

against the sparkling and tenacious starscape.
To change as coastlines do

I listened to the recess of the sea roaring a poem
not of this world, but the broken one air flushed entirely out

a beach-wrecked whale-shark civilization of sorrows
where sea glass desired constellated punishment

of the whole meaty heart, my word, my world,
its lost monoliths to the decapitated deity

whose shadow never truly disappoints.

the raven overreaches the laborer's ladder / charcoal signaling downfall of the righteous
 dusk tugs at my heart as children in pink / button ups and black slacks walk home / to their mothers
 jerky dries on a clothing line
 of what am I most certain?
 the wind jostling my ear was [name of the deceased] / bladders wane where lichens compost stone / atlas of ice, ice drifts & hollow spirits.
 who entombed a covid in this liver / that teaches me to foster the virtuous habit? / ask of forgiveness, what / I do not know
 I consult the field guides / read about the lifespan of garden seals / then hug the nearest trees



(024 : Algorab)

the raven overreaches the laborer's ladder
charcoal signaling downfall of the righteous

dusk tugs at my heart as children in pink
button ups and black slacks walk home
to their mothers

jerky dries on a clothing line

of what am I most certain?

the wind jostling my ear was [name of the deceased]
glaciers wane where lichens compost stone
atlas of ice, ice drifts & hollow spirits.

who entombed a corvid in this liver
that teaches me to foster the virtuous habit?

I consult the field guides
read about the lifespan of gardenseals
then hug the nearest trees

asking of forgiveness, what
I do not know

swooping hawk strikes rich
squirrel in its clutch protests
innocence to no avail
the raptor mines its prey's woolly armpit
wheedles a sinewy excretive
dark mass staining snow
what might be a lung
retains a trace of light's play
even as ghosts flee

we share in the omen
a sheet of slush, an upsurge
the shimmer will not last forever
of crows mud-sandalled
in split-wood sanctum
of their momentum
angels you unholying wombs
this mineral name
for-rubble presiding raven
whose spread could hold the moon



(025 : Gienah)

swooping hawk strikes rich
squirrel in its clutch protests
innocence to no avail
the raptor mines its prey's wooly armpit
wheedles a sinewy excretive
dark mass staining snow
what might be a lung
retains a trace of light's play
even as ghosts flee

the shimmer will not last forever
a sheet of slush, an upsurge
of crows mud-sandalled
in split-wood sanctum
we share in the omen
of their momentum
angels you unholying wombs
this mineral name
for-rubble presiding raven
whose spread could hold the moon

Whiskered opportunity poses / to rotate the stone figurine /
under last year's low pressure. / When tech waste breaks a wave, violence /
already / forgotten? Sure, shore-fowl toughened
for the heart's final impulse
when you are called to work? of a dream governance, that you blaze /
before the dark femme palm
whisper in the wind? When did that pipe
developed in vengeance
a mind developed in vengeance
sure, shore-fowl toughened
for the heart's final impulse
when you are called to work? of a dream governance, that you blaze /
before the dark femme palm
whisper in the wind? When did that pipe
developed in vengeance
a mind developed in vengeance



(026 : Arcturus)

Whiskered opportunity poses
a fortune fiery as any festival
that honors cruelties initiation acquits

rotate the stone figurine
to reveal a hidden salience
what did you think would come

of unearthing all this death?
What glooms have you already
forgotten? Sure, shore-fowl toughened

under last year's low pressure.
When tech waste breaks a wave, violence
avows; a mind developed in vengeance

spoils certainly, convicted in the moral sense
you'll fall conquered, righteously reaching
for the heart's final impulse

what we are speaking about of course
is the sky— When did plastic warp every
whisper in the wind? When did that pipe

rupture permeate the water table?
Is it so much to ask you kneel
before the dark femme palm

of a dream governance, that you blaze
when you are called to work?

Save for in the legends,
the clouds of my world never parted
so we had no sense of the stars
we sleuthed for a truth about them
I was like a cherub straddling
a flightless lizard leading bullet

We wandered until finally a cock
crowned Merak's fiery address—
cabal to serpent's treasure
for the chance to chalk an eternity
otherwise absent of our heroes.
the sword goddess the sunbeam
an immense lit oasis—who'd know
stilettoing my silhouette, remelting
my flaming
my helmet's metaphor, my corpse in a copse of many?
un



(027 : Merak)

Save for in the legends,
the clouds of my world never parted
so we had no sense of the stars
we sleuthed for a truth about them

I was like a cherub straddling
a flightless lizard leading bullet
cabal to serpent's treasure
for the chance to chalk an eternity
otherwise absent of our heroes.

We wandered until finally a cock
crowned Merak's fiery address—
an immense lit oasis—who'd known
the sword goddess the sunbeam
stilettoing my silhouette, remelting
my helmet's metaphor, my flaming
corpse in a copse of many?

A trembling creature hunched salting meats,
I charcoaled vanilla lily the chicken liver, fetching
my finest brew to honor my diet.
I steep a broth of bones, pot frothing a delicious squall
slurp quenepa in a hidden hotspot beneath Alioth
so my marrow remembers nothing erroneous about me,

Ceiba child demands its shaggy sibling eke
from their cave to render awful offal traces asunder
& test talents against immortals of the sun.
till yucca grows in the form of a cross.
suck the spatula damn near drawing vomit, medium
of sweet speak, I bury an icon and piss on it



(028 : Alioth)

A trembling creature hunched salting meats,
I charcoaled vanilla lily the chicken liver, fetching
my finest brew to honor my diet.

I steep a broth of bones, pot frothing a delicious squall,
slurp quenepa in a hidden hotspot beneath Alioth
so my marrow remembers nothing erroneous about me,

suck the spatula damn near drawing vomit, medium
of sweet speak, I bury an icon and piss on it
till yucca grows in the form of a cross.

Ceiba child demands its shaggy sibling eke
from their cave to render awful offal traces asunder choiring
& test talents against immortals of the sun.

Excrescence of garden arcana, larval
sub-giants jury-rigged me material

pouring marrow mix into mouth of the icon's mold
battle-minted bezel-shaped rubies & powdered diamond
lead-fill, magnesium melt by virtue of the lion
beast brain bird fat fold blood obedience of men.
I lived a long life singing at the lava's cusp
learning its surefire formula for sputum cruelty.
I was sullied ghastly outcast elder of molten empire
lamb up to nightfall, becoming pantherous
I prattled in my throat mixing diabolical
hair duskings threadbare for I'd play double games,
so I sauntered about stitching blossoms to their branches,
slivering hollowed the edge of drought thus
weakened in their bonds
wedge alliances. I wanted to guilt the cat-claw acacias,



(029 : Megrez)

Excrescence of garden arcana, larval
sub-giants jury-rigged me material

poured marrow mix into mouth of the icon's mold
battle-minted bezel-shaped rubies & powdered diamond

lead-fill, magnesium melt by virtue of the lion
beast brain bird fat fold blood obedience of men.

I lived a long life singing at the lava's cusp
learning its surefire formula for sputum cruelty.

I was sullied ghastly outcast elder of molten empire
I prattled in my throat mincing diabolical

iamb up to nightfall, becoming pantherous
hair dusking threadbare for I'd play double games,

wedge alliances. I wanted to guilt the cat claw acacias,
so I sauntered about stitching blossoms to their branches

shivering hollowed the edge of drought thus
weakened in their bonds.

Silver stripes lining the cusps of waves
 I must earn my name:
 Now to waterscape, I am escaping,
 Now to hooking bunker in the stern,
 the cooler full with bluefish flop,
 the forearm sequined in broodspewn scale,
 and here stands I darting minnows
 fishing with my child in our porgy spot
 and here stands I fishing with my child in our porgy spot
 & tackle, a gymnast swimming backstroke
 who angles fleshy tail thinking bait
 in straight lines—the sea did good
 to starve him alive. The tongue did fix
 to good filet knife—Two-fingered spirit
 of trawling gut, I will give him back.
 I will teach him how a single line
 beleaguers dark water,
 whose fiend soul is bigger than us all.



(030 : Mizar & Alcor)

Silver stripes lining the cusps of waves
I must earn my name:

Now to waterscape, I am escaping.
Now to hooking bunker in the stern,

the cooler full with bluefish flop,
the forearm sequined in broodspewn scale,

and here stands I darting minnows
fishing with my child in our porgy spot

who angles fleshy tail thinking bait
& tackle, a gymnast swimming backstroke

in straight lines—the sea did good
to starve him alive. The tongue did fix

to good filet knife—Two-fingered spirit
of trawling gut, I will give him back.

I will teach him how a single line
beleaguers dark water,

whose fiend soul is bigger than us all.

A bad bxtch dispatched to sew negligence among men,
the envy of beauties in session entertaining exaggerated poses
when wonderment struck, disposing power shout, I feigned madness
developed about my motivations & intentions, creating confusion
in the dark, then butterfly stitch a lace negligee, luring others into
weep I'm already an axe-like weapon—can't shout a good weep!
& whose head do I have by its hair? Can't have a good weep!
Who am I? I have by its hair? Can't have a good weep!
I apply mascara



(031 : Alkaid)

A bad bxtch dispatched to sew negligence among men,
the envy of beauties in session entertaining exaggerated poses
when wonderment struck, disposing matters such that shock
developed power shout, I feigned madness, creating confusion
about motivations & intentions, luring others into underestimating
my abilities. Dart-throwing with deadly accuracy, I apply mascara
in the dark, then butterfly stitch a lace negligee. Can't have a good
weep cuz this mask I wear—can't shout a good wepa! cuz
I'm already an axe-like weapon in the air. Who am I
& whose head do I have by its hair?

Don't we all want to believe a star
will fall on the eve of our demise?
A gilded tongue to speak sublime?
Unbound on an otherwise aimless trajectory
& because it's only a nimbus wheeling
over apollo's canvas, metaphor varooms
without brouhaha, ellipses boggie
motes of dust tugged
by centrifugal force to vanish into a long pause—
a molted trail of icy exhaust

That friction heats a body torqueing
every millenia inching closer,
every odd year pulled earthward
its orbit what seems a millenia
to teach rubble of mineral ore,
bridge that spans
over a path, a creek—
in Spica fell, our precious
all things flame where that light first found
magnetic stone,
bone, mass
below the rusting of
seventy feet
to teach rubble of mineral ore,
bridge that spans
over a path, a creek—
in Spica fell, our precious
all things flame where that light first found
magnetic stone,
bone, mass
below the rusting of
seventy feet



(032 : Spica)

Don't we all want to believe a star
will fall on the eve of our demise?

A gilded tongue to speak sublime?
Unbound on an otherwise aimless trajectory

& because it's only a nimbus wheeling
over apollo's canvas, metaphor varooms

without brouhaha, ellipses boogie
a molted trail of icy exhaust

motes of dust tugged
by centrifugal force to vanish into a long pause—

That friction heats a body torqueing
its orbit what seems a millennia inching closer,

every odd year pulled earthward
to teach rubble of mineral ore,

below the rusting bridge that spans
seventy feet over a path, a creek—

all things flame where that light first found
in Spica fell, our precious mass

magneticstone,
bone.

A savage lancer holding a man's head by its hair
 I exercise a double-throated anaconda tactic, cry
 beautifully on a battlefield until I incarnate
 an archetype, amplify & scatter into heavy rain.
 Called to obeisance beneath palatial balustrades,
 the embroidered drapes produced a truth
 despite my claims so I sacrificed a flock of quails
 tripping the trees charred astute in my ordinary ballad
 on weird apples, for love of rubble rub me here,
 pit-flaming their fort in orison ribbon while gnashing

I loot the burning house with a silk sack
 woven for cloud capture apparition-quick, save
 for blood, bone, semen: I am nothing if divisible
 ogum war and iron-hot stars burning iron ripe.



(033 : Rasalhague)

A savage lancer holding a man's head by its hair
I exercise a double-throated anaconda tactic, cry

beautifully on a battlefield until I incarnate
an archetype, amplify & scatter into heavy rain.

Called to obeisance beneath palatial balustrades,
the embroidered drapes produced a truth

despite my claims so I sacrificed a flock of quails
tripping the trees charred astute in my ordinary ballad

pit-flaming their fort in orison ribbon while gnashing
on weird apples, for love of rubble rub me here.

I loot the burning house with a silk sack
woven for cloud capture apparition-quick, save

for blood, bone, semen: I am nothing if divisible
ogum war and iron-hot stars burning iron ripe.



(034 : Altair)

yes, I meditated upon the donkey colt dark
flexing light's imperfect purpose, tiredly
turning from pleasure, twisting
the little of my mind against capital achievement
for there was no negotiating with one
who inflicts harm upon others

a winged mongrel torn between above
& below, I went & fell with love for reading
like ironclad condor rider
of the ruling radix
fanatical for wind polity, I eagled in threes
at water's edge, ambition and worldly
powers trine, stretched my span lolling
the thunder rise of gentle fullness,
raised the black march of femme warrior,
a brocade industry of nebula
in constant conception, a regimen
to manger life in the air's error
as leopard-bodied eagle
first born in times of misfortune

On the path to recovering / pilfered items from the pawn shop / the city smells like thunder & piss.
 I spark up between shifts / at the base of a retired warship / lodged long in the clay like strappet / to flesh, & sink stones / welcome to occupied rivers:
 Clouds without choice but to advance / obscure the gnomon's motive, / I disbelieve waste common / knowledge, its amplitude / compound sea squirt bottom feeding / unknown to me.
 If the day's deadliest predator / is trash, then the ivory-colored / compound sea squirt bottom feeding / unknown to me.
 Clouds without choice but to advance / obscure the gnomon's motive, / I disbelieve waste common / knowledge, its amplitude / compound sea squirt bottom feeding / unknown to me.



(035 : Markab)

On the path to recovering
pilfered items from the pawn shop
the city smells like thunder & piss.

I spark up between shifts
at the base of a retired warship
lodged long in the clay like shrapnel
to flesh & sink stones
welcome to occupied rivers.

Clouds without choice but to advance
obscure the gnomon's motive;
I disbelieve waste common
knowledge, its amplitude
unknown to me.

If the day's deadliest predator
is trash, then the ivory-colored
compound sea squirt bottomfeeding
lifetimes in the decay of plastic.

White flag when all else fails, fly
 the spread of dahlia ballad dazzling ablaze—
 Sister, do you recall the morning rain exacted in opalescence?
 you pioneered quietude brooding over a bone bowl of silk
 while the lawn's red dying war slow against maggot of silt
 The last sizable snow waged against the jeep's rusting medicine.
 ice was on the move and soon there would be flooding.
 The grackles ransacked sopped sod for seed so feverishly,
 Suet-eater, seedspitter, berryskin. Hadn't I been dreaming undercarriages,
 Hadn't we dusted our eyelids dark, lacquered our claws / it makes the hills lift up their arms to articulate a grief that cannot wait.
 Ammonia in the air like a ghost / that is not our patriarch? Sump-pump / The wood, did it not curl like centered?
 Is this the world / in spite of us? The moon smiling its white idiosyncy? The wood, did it not curl like centered?
 How water bust through the back door / like a steel trap hungry for our limbs?
 How I wonder about the trajectory / of your life,
 Little sister, this is to you—
 how could I possibly warn you?
 Where would I begin?
 confronting cold water? / insecticide spray?
 Susters and I?



(036 : Ankaa)

White flag when all else fails, fly
the spread of dahlia ballad dazzling ablaze—

Sister, do you recall the morning rain exacted in opalescence?
you pioneered quietude brooding over a bone bowl of silk
while the lawn's red dying war slow against maggot medicine.

The last sizable snow waged against the jeep's rusting undercarriages,
ice is on the move and soon there would be flooding.
The grackles ransacked sopped sod for seed so feverishly
it makes the hills lift up their arms to articulate a grief that cannot wait.

Suet-eater, seedspitter, berryskin.

Hadn't I been dreaming we'd labored miles on a lion's back?
Sisters and I?
Hadn't we dusted our eyelids dark, lacquered our claws
to the lilac goddess just as rocksalt hit the ground and scattered?
The wood, did it not curl like centipedes
confronting cold water?
Or was that me? Oh? The sky will cost us our boys?
Oh? Ammonia in the air like a ghost
that is not our patriarch? Sump-pump
garbling mold and insecticide spray? Is this the world
in spite of us? The moon smiling its white idiocy?
How water bust through the back door
like a steel trap hungry for our limbs?
How I wonder about the trajectory
of your life, Little sister, this is to you—
how could I possibly warn you?
Where would I begin?

did I fail?

did I misremember the tilt

to this equinoctial influence

while reading after vernal signs?

sprawl longs not

its own haphazard revision,

that whitecap-work
banishing corpse abeyance to lead

be unmanned, don't be

the nerve that sparks

the higher names of nature:
lion's tail or wild dagga, dragon

arum, common yarrow, bryony
skillful zephyr descends

in search of those
die among, virtue

shirking to a mountain
the plan
fool stigma

iron-red



(037 : Hamal)

did I fail?

did I misremember the tilt
to this equinoctial influence
while reading after vernal signs?

sprawl longs not

its own haphazard revision,
that whitecap-work
banishing corpse abeyance to lead

be unmanned, don't be
the nerve that sparks
the higher names of nature:

lion's tail or wild dagga, dragon
arum, common yarrow, bryony
iron-red

skillful zephyr descends
a mountain in search of those
to die among, virtue the plan

shirking fool stigma

I'm a stick thin grassland ranchman / pacing a path leavened with afterbirth /
I heard the dying cow hum / its white song—make me strong
Is like this meat, just a pile of trail's end stink.
While tending at a hangnail / while tending a stew of tendons / congealing as it cools?
How it mixes our blood / was born an act of battle
Of crocodile legionnaires unsettling land, boasting / meaning by violence eternal strength
Curse the povine's black eye, —the swatting at flies—curse the hearing through bramble / we measure our Januaries in loss
Gawing at a fighting / how it mixes our blood / Catarrhal Fever
Malignant



(038 : Ain)

Malignant Catarrhal Fever

I heard the dying cow hum
its white song—make me strong
I'm a stick thin grassland ranchman
pacing a path leavened with afterbirth
tin canteen manacled to my hip,
straw-boss of this bumrush glade—
we measure our Januarys in loss
my wife and I, she is like this meat,
just a pile of trail's end stink.

Was that a beast in the bush
or was it her, heaving through bramble
gnawing at a hangnail
while tending a stew of tendons
congealing as it cools?

Curse the bovine's black eye,
the swatting at flies—curse the fighting
how it mixes our blood; I was born an act
of battle, of crocodile legionnaires
unsettling land, boasting
initiatory ordeal of the heroic type
meaning by violence eternal strength

History whitewashed the sky
sick with sign of the spear,

instructing brave
every veiny brigade
posh in spoils lifted during dry-spell,
proud-purse royal weeps a quiet battle
-lament, palpating physiques
formerly strong with affirmations,
soaking blisters in a crystalline basin
exalt the exhale exercise
exorcise: in with the sun's sham,
out with the lance from the last life



(Ø39 : Aldebaran)

History whitewashed the sky
sick with sign of the spear,

instructing brave
every veiny brigade

posh in spoils lifted during dry-spell,
proud-purse royal weeps a quiet battle

-lament, palpating physiques
formerly strong with affirmations,

soaking blisters in a crystalline basin
exalt the exhale exercise

exorcise: in with the sun's sham,
out with the lance from the last life

rot. Cruise the smoke axis better / prepared. You've been prepared.
kissed like orchard's crop under / mealy shadow or spread of root
shits in a period of austerity & / affirmation an afternoon liquor
metal, drinking bean-soaked / agua, regulating intake & timing
a four-armed material threat / fashioning moons of nonferrous
head bellying loud & wrong, / an instrument of the State,
abides not pitiless ideas small, / mighty ox-bodied of nonferrous
gossip on the guard / of seed ziggurat, bullisher Waste no gossip
of blood abundance powered / into noiseful mountain, worm
Waste no gossip on the guard / of seed ziggurat, bullisher Waste no gossip



(040 : Elnath)

Waste no gossip on the guard
of seed ziggurat, bullish usher
of blood abundance powered
into noiseless mountain, whom
abides not pitiless ideas small,
mighty ox-bodied duke w/ ass'
head bellowing loud & wrong,
an instrument of the State,
a four-armed material threat
fashioning moons of nonferrous
metal, drinking bean-soaked
agua, regulating intake & timing
shits in a period of austerity &
affirmation an afternoon liquor
kissed like orchard's crop under
mealy shadow or spread of root
rot. Cruise the smoke axis better
prepared. You've been prepared.

even the shining one
of a hundred victories
might be bested

even the stars in their multiplicities
might universally signal
retreat

what animals catalogued
in the bestiary your plexus
shields?

detested revenant widely
-known as secret among
the birds, defeat them
a bearded conciliator
lying to their faces
about mayhem

think to name what
zebra storm wants
envoy in the call
for abolition
avow neither home
nor destination except there
that phryic victory
between sub-giants
in the camel's cluster
where no crystals fall
from afternoise



(041 : Alhera)

even the shining one
of a hundred victories
might be bested

even the stars in their multiplicities
might universally signal
retreat

what animals catalogued
in the bestiary your plexus
shields?

detested revenant widely
-known as secret among
the birds, defeat them

a bearded conciliator
lying to their faces
about mayhem

think to name what
zeta storm wants
envoy in the call

for abolition
avow neither home
nor destination except there

that pyrrhic victory
between sub-giants
in the camel's cluster

where no crystals fall
from after-noise



(042 : Castor)

When the heron takes up its cause
to fly, so must I, the horizon
promises its passing storms.
 Lover at this coastline's end
I remember you lock-jawed and shivering.

 When the tide pulled your hair,
when our forelimbs forayed beneath bay water,
 I felt the enmity lift from your skin;
 slick like a skimmer from the shoals
 at once washed, returned to salt
 & snapper, spit, flounder and fluke
 —I can name what escapes us,
love, yes, but water loves us whole.

 Sing along to its blasted music
 assembled, as if by specters,
voice raspier fresh-after the darkness
 debunked it. To be water (again),
brick & mortar—in the air a thunderhead
 toiled something I long thought easy
 each lightning crack a labor
pearled of the sand's soft abundance
 we've found each other,
 shaped a life among the reeds,
despite the mercury and the plastics
that have silenced even the night-heron,
 which, too, will have its say.

You want to show your mother the sky
 You know her likeness, & you where
 then put that wealth to work?
 place that atomic mote into totem
 Heaven sighs 9 quills in the smallest
 you are wood wolf with a serpent tail
 to squander at your peril—she is star dog
 neophyte forging a debutante icon
 you want to say, look here, this is the sky
 Astral flotsam daggers familiarly, who looted its hot cavalcade
 its comportment fell, who looted its hot cavalcade
 reading the vitality in things, dubious
 the hands of disbelievers.
 vomiting fire, having inherited her teeth—
 dreaming at the water's source
 catchment of flesh, divine work



(043 : Pollux)

You want to show your mother the sky.
You want to say, look here, this is the sky

you know her likeness, & you where
its comportment fell, who looted its hot cavalcade

then put that wealth to work?
Astral flotsam daggers familiarly,

place that atomic mote into totem
reading the vitality in things, dubious

neophyte forging a debutante icon
who unties even the hands of disbelievers.

Heaven sighs 9 quills in the smallest
catchment of flesh, divine work

to squander at your peril—she is star dog
dreaming at the water's source

you are wood wolf with a serpent tail
vomiting fire, having inherited her teeth—

Ascend not in a flame
of fire but with care not
to isolate on treacherous
terrain for ladders may
be removed—insipience
verging on visibility,
whirling conch moves
in any direction, muddy
paragon loose upon land,
consecrate your shelter
in its secret. A twinkling
overabundance of metals
above stories exhaustion
the rising run of gathered
waters bursting the dam
upon which your plans
depend. Remain vigilant,
vault this last hurdle,
celebrations come soon.



(Ø44 : Altarf)

Ascend not in a flame
of fire but with care not
to isolate on treacherous
terrain for ladders may
be removed—insipience
verging on visibility,
whirling conch moves
in any direction, muddy
paragon loose upon land,
consecrate your shelter
in its secret. A twinkling
overabundance of metals
above stories exhaustion
the rising run of gathered
waters bursting the dam
upon which your plans
depend. Remain vigilant,
vault this last hurdle,
celebrations come soon.

Sea glass with all the triumph of leaving the bath,
an extraterrestrial essence, an eldritch fish
of a tidal-locked moon, hailing from its dark side,
the forever ocean that churned ions for eons into flesh,
beneath cracks in the icy crust where otherwise
only irradiated lichens thrived. There, we do not wait
for satellites to wax in sky queen's kidney
to pass the plant communion, cementing
membership among us. Diagram a crab's body
when the sun lulls & a nearby planet occults its succulent claw
inner silver signet ring at the ready,
bezel three star-shaped opals to stave sulfuric breath.
affixed at its



(045 : Acubens)

Sea glass with all the triumph of leaving the bath,
an extraterrestrial essence, an eldritch fish
of a tidal-locked moon, hailing from its dark side,
the forever ocean that churned ions for eons into flesh
beneath cracks in the icy crust where otherwise
only irradiated lichens thrived. There, we do not wait
for satellites to wax in sky queen's kidney
to pass the plant communion, cementing
membership among us. Diagram a crab's body
when the sun lulls & a nearby planet occults its succulent claw
inner silver signet ring at the ready,
affixed at its bezel three star-shaped opals to stave sulfuric breath.

barn cat corpse in the crossroad
marks the zero between axes
on a grid of cornstalks, fodder now
heaped near the wheel sheaves,
the warm hood of the wheel dozer
I was thinking, do more with less
never mind the huskingtide, the mealies,
rivulets of splintering mud, the lime
sludge lagoons from the hard water
treatment plant, tomorrow's evening
scorcher or the crop men cashed out
on a bona fide bug buster
who thought to leatherback us
with sinews and sumac, lariat
fastened for gutter, to rifle through prayers
offering trades of excess insecticide
for a supercell—who will they come for
when the old vein's skipped a drip,
dried up with the bees?



(046 : Praesepe)

barn cat corpse in the crossroad
marks the zero between axes

on a grid of cornstalks, fodder now
heaped near the wheel sheaves,

the warm hood of the wheel dozer
I was thinking, do more with less

never mind the huskingtide, the mealies,
rivulets of splintering mud, the lime

sludge lagoons from the hard water
treatment plant, tomorrow's evening

scorcher or the crop men cashed out
on a bona fide bug buster

who thought to leatherback us
with sinews and sumac, lariat

fastened for gutter, to rifle through prayers
offering trades of excess insecticide

for a supercell—who will they come for
when the old vein's skipped a drip,

dried up with the bees?

love and benevolence / the cemi eats first, tiny tyrant
 grows luminous in strife, lateral / prominence reveals
 its identities, its idle body / forms an idol's index
 stone-speak with social other / as repository for its alien agent
 sits placing Regulus upon ascension,
 and prepare for a poor ending
 consider, from sidus as in, with stars / sit placing
 slift costs of finding the sun's favor / and prepare for a poor ending
 occidental influence implies / sluggishness
 mediatix of effects: generation / & corruption
 what the crocodile heeds / sinestral gesture
 the swift planet / the lesser sign
 the iron face assuages
 the summer temptation & trickery
 the summer planet / the lesser sign



(047 : Regulus)

love and benevolence
the cemi eats first, tiny tyrant

grows luminous in strife, lateral
prominence reveals

its identities, its idle body
forms an idol's index

stone-speak with social other
as repository for its alien agent

occidental influence implies
sluggishness

consider, from sidus as in, with stars
sit placing Regulus upon ascension,

sift costs of finding the sun's favor
and prepare for a poor ending

mediatrix of effects: generation
& corruption sinistral gesture

dement what the crocodile heeds
encountering temptation & trickery

the swifter planet
the lesser sign

assume the iron face

when sky lion shakes lice from its mane
 there is no cajoling golden wings
 that brush the undersides of clouds—
 presume an oscillating sphere & room for error,
 burn apothecary's rose and solomon's seal,
 a delicate business stitching stems
 of panic, be dexterous as once you were not,
 taste words to vault to power, lionize,
 soon the laurel & the creeping thyme
 taste words to vault to power, lionize,
 soon the laurel & the creeping thyme
 will shoot you through regardless
 as heat takes its turn at
 writing
 you will be opened, airborne, relished, bled
 meadow-sweet in the heart's moment
 through exhaustion & scotchroom
 misfortune muscles through dusk, grades



(040 : Denebola)

when sky lion shakes lice from its mane
there is no cajoling golden wings
that brush the undersides of clouds—

presume an oscillating sphere & room for error,
burn apothecary's rose and solomon's seal,
a delicate business stitching stems

misfortune muscles through dusk, abrades
through exhaustion & scotchbroom
meadow-sweet in the heart's moment

of panic, be dexterous as once you were not,
taste words to vault to power, lionize,
soon the laurel & the creeping thyme

will shoot you through regardless
you will be opened, airborne, relished, bled
as heat takes its turn at writing

As the day dimmed, salvation's
criteria triumphed the sky
crowded with breath, clouded
by light—fireworks make poor
supplement for the stars.

Only the cockiest of the ox
-hearted, injured to explosions
in the air, survive, awesome
as any biblically accurate angel
We laughed over spit
& fridge space while our roof
splintered.

We were splitting oxygen
over cock- & oxtails, enter
-taining restless specters
who'd risk all the fines
crypto-currencies of burnt
kapok, flax, wild sumac
platters of food
& carnations, to ransack
the planet red.
left to rot,
Carnations, smokes, lion's tail
liquors of food



(049 : Algieba)

As the day dimmed, salvation's
criteria triumphed the sky
crowded with breath, clouded
by light—fireworks make poor
supplement for the stars.
Only the cockiest of the ox
-hearted, inured to explosions
in the air, survive, awesome
as any biblically-accurate angel.
We laughed over spilt liquids
& fridge space while our roof
splintered.

We were splitting oxygen
over cock- & oxtails, enter
-taining restless specters
who'd risk all the fines
they'd farmed of the living,
crypto-currencies of burnt
kapok, flax, wild sumac,
platters of food left to rot,
liquors, smokes, lion's tail
& carnations, to ransack
the planet red.

There's nothing to devour
in this backless wilderness
I prepare a simple meal

I cloak the pulpit
in my cantic quilt
& stiff body odor.

another me augurs
a bone gristle pool

what I see, another me rips
apart in animal entrails,

I divine regrets
beneath a forest of gnats,
images emerge spiriting
this split from sacred gesta
equal only to itself

apart as I have been torn.
another night disassembling
the black grief—tearing

o liturgical tome
written in which lists changes
of telling in a season of
intervals of I

disorder. a bug in the hair of another
me signals I saw the white swine
run of dusk I saw the feral pigs
skittering, dead sedge, soon scarred
the skies too soon



(050 : Porrima)

There's nothing to devour
in this backless wilderness
I prepare a simple meal
another me augurs
a bone gristle pool
I cloak the pulpit
in my canticle quilt
& stiff body odor.
What I see, another me rips
apart in animal entrails,
another night disassembling
the black grief—tearing
apart as I have been torn.
I divine regrets
beneath a forest of gnats,
images emerge spiriting
this split from sacred gesta
equal only to itself
o liturgical tome
written in intervals of I
which lists changes
in a season of telling,
the skies too soon scarred
dead sedge, feral pigs skittering,
I saw the white swine run of dusk
a bug in the hair of another
me signals disorder.

Will the frogs cry for us to cry;
bandoliers & disappear into steady rains;
squeeze at our throats with fists to orgy;
but the witch's charm chalks what's above
I wanted to live constellate a decolonized sky
in surveillance. As we fall from trees men

Material gains? We flee like eels from dogs
that would tear at our bowels, extending
the ganglion quilt the conqueror must never;
we evade, too, a smiling spangled danger
that finds refuge in the reefs, an estrangement
I know with reticent clairvoyance—a pluvial
loss, a fist bump with what's up & recon-
-ciliation, a distance traversed in courage.



(051 : Vindemiatrix)

I wanted to live-constellate a decolonized sky
but the witch's charm chalks what's above
in surveillance. As we fall from trees men
squeeze at our throats with nusus to orgy.
Will the frogs cry fog that we may don our
bandoliers & disappear into steady rains?
Material gains? We flee like eels from dogs
that would tear at our bowels, extending
the ganglion quilt the conqueror must never;
we evade, too, a smiling spangled danger
that finds refuge in the reefs, an estrangement
I know with reticent clairvoyance—a pluvial
loss, a fist bump with what's up & recon-
-ciliation, a distance traversed in courage.

full cloud cover cackles the hungry sky
wait at leisure whence comes green nimbus
that windpipe that slit gullet mile-wide wound

the snap lightning splits shoddy lathing,
the lateral wind rattles the roofing slate
a demiurge the shadowwork of shattered glass,
marble against asphalt, mattresses skewered
on american hickory—

o exceptional nation of haze
I disown for spite land loved

by air triplicity impulse, uplift what I am
storm-fit riffraff shifting form



(052 : Heze)

full cloud cover cackles the hungry sky
wait at leisure whence comes green nimbus
that windpipe that slit gullet mile-wide wound

the snap lightning splits shoddy lathing,
the lateral wind rattles the roofing slate
a demiurge the shadowwork of shattered glass,
marble against asphalt, mattresses skewered
on american hickory—o exceptional nation of haze
I disown for spite land loved, the ballfield bruised
by air triplicity impulse, uplift what I am
storm-fit rifferaff shifting form

city & mountain skied an oath to war
 I crossed out an inventory of angels by
 deduction my divine weapon
 cosmologica, bawling epithets every night in the molten months
 wiz with abacus, I calculated for rebellion journaling
 the star above slanders me wise about the beads
 rage spill spells ruin in the bone-cellar
 commemorate the wreckage with must mallow
 assimilating saturn's lowest pulse that abyss where no measure sounds
 refusing each other's measures of progress
 as fire fell so did customary truth
 we braved our chest's sensoria goddess
 depths, wolves moved, unwanted heart-starter sparkle
 asterisms ugly, mid-mass extinction
 accounts for the colossal lyric red stone soldiered in disasters
 vaulting a sweat another's sweat



(053 : Zubenelgenubi)

as fire fell so did customary truth
city & mountain skied an oath to war
refusing each other's measures of progress

we braved our chest sensoria goddess
depths, wolves moved,
asterism's ugly unwanted heart-starter sparkle
accounts for the losses
vaulting a colossal lyric mid-mass extinction
another red stone soldiered in disaster's sweat

I crossed out an inventory of angels by process of elimination
deduction my divine weapon
wiz with abacus, I calculated for rebellion journaling
cosmologica, bawling epithets every night in the molten months
the star above slanders me wise about the beads

rage spill spells ruin in the bone-cellar
commemorate the wreckage with must mallow
assimilating saturn's lowest pulse
that abyss where no measure sounds

lord of sorrow hydras about many
-headed making carnival of light, tricks
of light impacting events below
who adorns the ornament, eyes bloodshot
faith clearly broken by old ways?
your hour in the elephant vault is over,
stanchion, the ghost jackal smiles wryly
toss the ivory, forgetting dreams
apply gauze to dam shame's lake
a mound of earth shaped in full tantrum
sighing flocks in the wound's pool
chest the whistling acacia
metal mountain is a shaman's satellite
the songbird shivers till the sylphs breathe
slyly the holy origins of sand.



(054 : Zubenelschamali)

lord of sorrow hydras about many
-headed making carnival of light, tricks
of light impacting events below

who adorns the ornament, eyes bloodshot
faith clearly broken by old ways?

your hour in the elephant vault is over,
stanchion, the ghost jackal smiles wryly
toss the ivory, forgetting dreams

apply gauze to dam shame's lake
a mound of earth shaped in full tantrum

sighing flocks in the wound's pool
metal mountain chest the whistling acacia
the songbird is a shaman's satellite

syzygy shivers till the sylphs breathe
the holy origins of sand.

in the smoke, feuding eons with my edials,
 nobly dueling with my emulous doubles,
 three star cores winding eons toward collision,
 I was exorbitance caught in the struggle
 between clay & fire, clashing
 arms outstretched along azimuths to no one
 we were laughter in the lake's lap
 our metals molting a fugue only falcons
 might achieve in their shrieking
 let's flaming go shawk together
 rest from strife plenty nourished
 should quicksilver trap by enemy's
 best then revolution of nativities,
 groin energy left right up the chest
 furnace the virtue out



(055 : Raselgethi)

I was exorbitance caught in the struggle
between clay & fire, clashing
in the smoke, feuding eons with my equals,
nobly dueling with my emulous doubles
three star cores winding eons toward collision,

arms outstretched along azimuths to no one
we were laughter in the lake's lap
our metals molting a fugue only falcons
might achieve in their shrieking
let's flaming goshawk together

rest from strife plenty nourished
should quicksilver trap by enemy's
best then revolution of nativities,
groin energy left right up the chest
furnace the virtue out

manifold & legal-minded, forfeiting
 Be taciturn in rhetoric,
 cerulean inheritance for pride, unashamed
 in the nakedness you share
 having evaded every arrow in the volley
 like a flock of fowl blotting
 the sky's several yellows, but that is all
 a lifted line, a cruelty to admit
 spirit macerated by aftermath
 envoy of the declawed goddess
 long gone,
 stinging things, attest the effort when called
 to purpose, vermilion the poisons out,
 dare a need darling over open flame and latex fruit
 toss the scrap, let morning pledge to body stink
 & sassafras, close enough to taste
 its likeness, sedge in the mattress, let a difference
 warmth rise in soursop dance, until fire-
 brands disinherit the sunning grove.



(056 : Dschubba)

Be taciturn in rhetoric,
manifold & legal-minded, forfeiting
cerulean inheritance for pride, unashamed
in the nakedness you share
having evaded every arrow in the volley
like a flock of fowl blotting
the sky's several yellows, but that is a lie,
a lifted line, a cruelty to admit
spirit macerated by aftermath attracts
envoy of the declawed goddess long gone,
stinging things, attest the effort when called
to purpose, vermilion the poisons out,
the dead appear when travelling alone
and food aplenty, be temperate,
dare a need darling over open flame & latex fruit
toss the scrap, let morning pledge to body stink
& sassafras, close enough to taste
its likeness, sedge in the mattress, let a different
warmth rise in soursop dance, until fire-
brands disinherit the sunning grove.

bloody vowels, vessels
 clattering earthwork,
 when the white
 scoptions, when
 with the
 are to let the
 tongue quit, then
 awaken with
 its spine—a
 running
 delta. If you
 tick tracing
 down its spine—
 its face to the
 fox lowers
 then the night
 is loud with
 nouns, the
 star stretches
 resources
 for the
 latticework of
 rodents
 the bat-eared
 tattooing a
 thought across
 the temples of
 cows, the
 bat-eared
 slack-jawed
 jackal pups
 yip away a
 victory hour,
 when termites
 in the mound
 stutter & craft
 with mandibular
 sputum,
 when it seems
 as though each
 disaster surpasses
 the last,
 [thyme & coral
 to the nethers
 where scorpions
 gather
 elder in the
 smoke mass,
 soloing
 a bad batch
 hour in suited
 revelry
 pine scammony
 curmin
 look after your
 lilac-bearded
 bezoar moon
 seers
 take [water
 sign] when
 science
 be rewarded
 star of
 noises crawling
 into your skull,
 jinx
 pumping to the
 thunderous
 crotch of heaven,
 anoint veterinary
 hands in asterism's
 firstarter heart
 ephorbia chickpeas
 cocidium en
 look after your
 lilac-bearded
 bezoar moon
 seers
 take [water
 sign] when
 science
 be rewarded
 star of
 noises crawling
 into your skull,
 jinx
 pumping to the
 thunderous
 crotch of heaven,
 anoint veterinary
 hands in asterism's
 firstarter heart
 ephorbia chickpeas
 cocidium en



(057 : Antares)

bezoar moon seer science be rewarded star of ea

Anoint veterinary hands in asterism's firestarter heart
cocnidium euphorbia chickpeas pine scammony cumin
look after your lilac-bearded elder in the smoke mass, soloing
a bad bxtch hour in suited revelry
take [water sign] thyme & coral to the nethers where scorpions gather
when it seems as though each disaster surpasses the last,
when termites in the mound stutter & craft with mandibular sputum,
when slack-jawed jackal pups yip away a victory hour,
then the night is loud with nouns, the star stretches resources
tattooing a thought across the temples of cows, the bat-eared
fox lowers its face to the dust to listen for the latticework of rodents
—tick tracing down its spine—its spine a running delta. If you
are to let the tongue quit, then awaken with the clattering earthwork,
lick dust from your teeth in lieu of white scorpions, when the white
noises crawl into your skull, compose bloody vowels, vessels
pumping to the thunderous crotch of heaven.

Venus, rising orb of dusk,
your toxic sparkle lifts the heat
that greens the hour—
acidic sky, figsuckle sear
astral bodies that burst into infinite flash
may hold overhead like a scorpion's hook
but I will never allow the weight
of a whisper
to anchor my robe of feathers

mid-flight a hawk tears into duck meat
while another pair of lovers
giggles at the assurance of the day
the salt of their chests
also settles on the hairs
of their names
on the tongues of birds

hell is around the corner,
of this I am as sure as
not being born twice
the drunken flame
to go back,
to be dust again



(059 : Shaula)

Venus, rising orb of dusk,
your toxic sparkle lifts the heat
that greens the hour—
acidic sky, figsuckle sear
astral bodies that burst into infinite flash
may hold overhead like a scorpion's hook
but I will never allow the weight
of a whisper
to anchor my robe of feathers

mid-flight a hawk tears into duck meat
while another pair of lovers
giggles at the assonance of their names
the salt of the day caught in the hairs
of their chests
also settles on the tongues of birds

hell is around the corner,
of this I am as sure as
not being born twice

the drunken flame

to go back,
to be dust again

Come lit by blue lantern when confronting demon royal
 who calls an order forth.
 enters into a realm in which everything is already burning.
 your spark broke mountains.
 The dead in your orbit / will disarmingly speak the calm of the comet's palm,
 alliteration lulling the mind, making easy its possession.
 Wasn't the memory wasp's signature enough?
 Should strong colocynt incense you in cassia quaila,
 convicted in the moral sense, calling for abolition,
 obliterated, you'll fall conquered,
 Fire feeds on material from which it draws itself. What's hidden
 You are the light inside nonplussed by neither ice nor rain.
 Stretch a great gesture in manners full of proof that in your last life



(059 : Kaus Australis)

Come lit by blue lantern when confronting demon royal
who calls an order forth.

You are the light inside nonplussed by neither ice nor rain.
Fire feeds on material from which it draws itself. What's hidden
enters into a realm in which everything is already burning.

Stretch a great gesture in manners full of proof that in your last life
your spark broke mountains.

Wasn't the memory wasp's signature enough?

Should strong colocynth incense you in cassia qualia,
convicted in the moral sense, you'll fall conquered,
obliterated, calling for abolition. The dead in your orbit
will disarmingly speak the calm of the comet's palm,
alliteration lulling the mind, making easy its possession.

I was a carelessness stewing in deliberation, / a three-headed savage from the mountain
of dead trees. Salamander of the infernal less / is my friend I infer, together we trespassed
infernals of fury, deviling the ammoniac / gum mixture the galactic center unfurled.
With birdheaded staff staking ground & / a sense for burial everywhere to forget
a thought is to be touched by death but / when we remember, intuitions
for initiate's sake, we yield the pantherous / burn impulse, the coming heat's bright con:
seek advice to further knowledge,
like hymns to sing with fiery humor



(060 : Nunki)

I was a carelessness stewing in deliberation,
a three-headed savage from the mountain
of dead trees. Salamander of the infernal less
is my friend I infer, together we trespassed
infernos of fury, deviling the ammoniac
gum mixture the galactic center unfurled.

With birdheaded staff staking ground &
a sense for burial everywhere to forget
a thought is to be touched by death but
when we remember, intuitions forgiven
for initiate's sake, we yield the pantherous
burn impulse, the coming heat's bright eon:

seek advice to further knowledge,
like hymns to sing with fiery humor

a bright burning mantra to recite / when falling into ten feet of blue
 accidental heat generated / of all stars and their motions,
 fire outweighing / the wax, bewildering strength
 in the heart / is consensual phenomenon /
 you, the need for kept holy

is the language of love. / does not explain the sense /
 shame eulogizing the land we inherit / what I desire
 puts me to shame surfing atop wind cat. you best the world's defenses /
 fear sent before me, that action

Sweet-metal sings hymnal into fiery humor / your syllable in silica and alloys.
 swift / with heroes speaking ineffable /
 if only in unbroken silence. / if only in unbroken silence.
 avert dust far off—Incomings, /
 garden's interstice, /
 You mind the bias identifying



(061 : Namalsadira)

A bright burning mantra to recite
when falling into ten feet of blue
you, the accidental heat generated
of all stars and their motions,
the need for fire outweighing
the wax, bewildering strength
is consensual phenomenon
kept holy in the heart—the fact
does not explain the sense
fear sent before me, that action
is the language of love.
In the dream, every value is a halo
eulogizing the land we inherit
what I desire puts me to shame
you best the world's defenses
surfing atop wind cat. I glaze
your syllable in silica and alloys.
You mind the bias identifying
with heroes speaking ineffable
if only in unbroken silence. Sweet-metal
effigy supplies our garden's interstice,
sings hymnal into fiery humor
avert dust far off—incoming,
swift increase.

On the road to the gate of emptiness / I unfold a map as if doing so / will make this landscape unfold
—not rain, not its aftershock / of wildebeests, just one caduceus / of lightning reddening a foot-and-mouth
Bovine turn away from tall fences, blue-eyed / and wasted, to the desert
the way lovers navigating city streets / withhold sorrows when their shadows each / turn to the east.
with wasps.

the horizon, an atlas of dunes or hornets / harassing a nest-plump with wasps.
of the day, endogenous creation for which / karma-singing of ventricles swollen by the start
hellbound, hellion, I'm pointing north/northwest nonplussed.
Itinerant saturn and its ice ascends / zodiac gaucho hawking / there are no homologues,
I am speaking to you across space.



(062 : Algedi)

On the road to the gate of emptiness
I unfold a map as if doing so
will make this landscape unfold
—not rain, not its aftershock
of wildebeests, just one caduceus
of lightning reddening a foot-and-mouth sky.

Bovine turn away from tall fences, blue-eyed
and wasted, to the desert
the way lovers navigating city streets
withhold sorrows when their shadows each
turn to the east.

Itinerant saturn and its ice ascends
the horizon, an atlas of dunes or hornets
harassing a nest plump with wasps.
I'm pointing north northwest nonplussed.
Hellhound, hellion, zodiac gaucho hawking
karma, singing of ventricles swollen by the start
of the day, endogenous creation for which
there are no homologues, I am speaking
to you across space.

Must the lithe and
alarm even without
skull to gender? navel

What did I in my father's laughter slaughter?
There's a six-point buck in the yard, one hoof raised
& someone's running in the basement
Thought I brisket, back-strap, loin,
windpipe, musculature & shank? Certainly

where danger is born ear spitting
I blame your whining, your muzzle & masseter
not the approximation of yards with my cheek,
pulley system, spatter & scope—image in yellow
waxing traditional January
—spinal salt, brisk & undone
when the buck jumps into the thickets,



(063 : Deneb)

Must the lithe and without navel
alarm even the skull to gender?

What did I in my father's laughter slaughter?
There's a six-point buck in the yard, one hoof raised

& someone's running in the basement
Thought I brisket, back-strap, loin,

windpipe, musculature & shank? Certainly
not the approximation of yards with my cheek,

pulley system, spatter & scope—image in yellow
waxing traditional January

—spinal salt, brisk & undone
when the buck jumps into the thickets, I blame

your whining, your muzzle & masseter whining
earsplitting where danger is born

Hyena-ankh monkey-goblin
of the language arts, curled

& writing cursing, leveling
severe letters, a lowland wet
brouhaha of I forget—
bruix

like Anu annexing Arrexha,
I was casting sewage in baboon
time, nostalgic for the cretin
sounds, larval in the alvatar
To effect an adagial binding
where matter organizes
vault

of tongues, I harassed the
speech throat's troth with tarot,
always a corruption of thought,
quality the intention of choice,
work for no reward, gathering
together to pen name anemone
amen;



(064 : Dabih)

Hyena-ankh monkey-goblin
of the language arts, curled
 & writing cursive, leveling
severe letters, a lowland wet
 cuco cave curse panoply
of I forget—brujx brouhaha,
 like Anu annexing Arrexha,
I was casting sewage in baboon
time, nostalgic for the cretin
 sounds, larval in the avatar
vault, where matter organizes.
To effect an adagial binding
 of tongues, I harassed the
throat's troth with tarot, speech
always a corruption of thought,
quality the intention of choice,
work for no reward, gathering
together to pen name anemone
amen.

repeat with integrity & passion
beyond mountaintop:

defeated, though still sky-soaring

I walk the pull the will prevents

lamia-kissing maladies alkalized
for light triumphed flight cats

stirring morphemes in the sentences

of home, compelling me to action,
to gather open toward no gnomon,

goddessing among totemic mementos,
lump sums of moles mattered
into the defiance of odds, mother cut

of the shaman door's blessed lumber
urging voice to the utmost, red,
& determined in her ask



(065 : Sadalsuud)

repeat with integrity & passion
beyond mountaintop:

defeated, though still sky-soaring
I walk the pull the will prevents

lamia-kissing maladies alkalized
for light triumphed flight cats

stirring morphemes in the sentences
of home, compelling me to action,

to gather open toward no gnomon,
goddessing among totemic mementos,

lump sums of motes mattered
into the defiance of odds, mother cut

of the shaman door's blessed lumber
urging voice to the utmost, red,

& determined in her ask

As angel adorned in ornaments of selfsame matter
 I was expected to sip tea until I gave the plasma back,
 I swore no, gathering intelligence, an itinerant textile
 sensorium, a whistling pigeon awakening the faculties
 of cognition; agentless, I hewed my wants for love,
 a smirking zealot with kindling in the hands, evaded
 capture flching metaphors to tower making sense
 of place mid-nothing adrift this moss-covered clod.
 It is not striving should the chaos cease. Before
 the world burned, bigtooth aspen spat when it spoke
 a sweetness louder than all the shades of saffron
 compelling me to trust in the euphemism of the tents:
 you have your treasure house open it for
 hides on the rooftop of nothing
 of good fortune.



(066 : Sadalmelik)

As angel adorned in ornaments of selfsame matter
I was expected to sip tea until I gave the plasma back,
I swore no, gathering intelligence, an itinerant textile
sensorium, a whistling pigeon awakening the faculties
of cognition; agentless, I hewed my wants for love,
a smirking zealot with kindling in the hands, evaded
capture filching metaphors to tower making sense
of place mid-nothing adrift this moss-covered clod.

It is not striving should the chaos cease. Before
the world burned, bigtooth aspen spat when it spoke
a sweetness louder than all the shades of saffron
compelling me to trust in the euphemism of the tents:
you have your treasure house, open it for nothing
hides on the rooftop of good fortune.

When glissando collage becomes ecological problem
I fast in service to something in their sound,
An indecorous child riding gargoyle
I titter about traps set stretching

the feathered hos that love this song. No
with its hands. I shekere, I shake, I shamble, I shamble
a volary of susto for a fool fawning on what
nicknaming their virtues
awakens in the faculties of cognition. Shrikes
to fill an age with assent in every direction as a whistling
dagger through brush and what the xia exuviated
pigeon infiltrates an idle village.

in horns of microplastics shaped of the air's aches,
low notes into vellum, calling out to all
Brapple seven flutes to play the poultry's epaulet,
demons know me by another name.



(067 : Skat)

When glissando collage becomes ecological problem
demons know me by another name.

I fast in service to something in their sound,
grapple seven flutes to play the poultry's epaulet.

An indecorous child riding gargoyles
in horns of microplastics shaped of the air's aches,

I titter about traps set stretching
low notes into vellum, calling out to all

the feathered hos that love this song. No
ramshackle fidget on a twine path assails me

with its hands. I shekere, I shake, sibilant though
stable, auguring the shenanigans of birds

nicknaming their virtues
a volary of susto for a fool fawning on what

awakens in the faculties of cognition. Shrikes
dagger through brush and what the ixia exuviated

to fill an age with assent in every direction as a whistling
pigeon infiltrates an idle village.

They'll lure you from the sanctum's source / refusing to live under the same mountain.
 Advantage derived from position, they'll sever / your line of security, resolute, until sky
 says beware as you, ugly figure, fall / difference the aspect of motion
 on the horizon unspooling decimation / lancing a planet's lethal boil, then spills
 to survive an eon inert, now you a / volatile catchment of cellular stuff
 cave crocodile crawling defeated through cattails / processioning ahead, cut of an era hence
 the eight-cup footclap—
 as obstacle to impress
 when sparrows did not plunder. / to survive, partition the sky small,
 deciphering night as it chalks itself / anew, jargon glossolalia to unpress
 rifling portmanteaus, misnomer ring / as obstacle to impress



(060 : Achernar)

They'll lure you from the sanctum's source
refusing to live under the same mountain.

Advantage derived from position, they'll sever
your line of security, resolute, until sky

says beware as you, ugly figure, fall
difference the aspect of motion

on the horizon unspooling decimation
lancing a planet's lethal boil, then spills

the eight-cup floodclap—all you wanted
was to go dark an age & emerge unchanged

to survive an eon inert, now you a
volatile catchment of cellular stuff

cave crocodile crawling defeated through cattails
processioning ahead, cut of an era hence

when sparrows did not plunder.
to survive, partition the sky small,

deciphering night as it chalks itself
anew, jargon glossolalia to impress upon ghosts

riffing portmanteaus, misnomer ring
as obstacles make themselves known.

You have no offal to roar overturning ships to coral
 no pearl in turbid waters to resuscitate a hurricane recitation
 no shoal too deep to denizen
 no oyster to keep the inborn luminous fluid
 no word nor sweat to drive into the ground
 no lapis huzzah, no freak femme device drawing sustenance / of the mussels, no nine whirlpools to witch,
 no churning conch to boil bivalves in the river / and vehiculate the parasite noise
 no ivory-colored compound sea squirt / high-minded in abyssal bliss where earth ached but not in agony
 no thought to curb a cecaelia bloodlust
 no retreat to the crushing recesses of a deepsea trench
 no way to touch clay, nor remember what lived / in your hands
 No alternative gnosis to accede / ascendancy
 No enemy to entreat then let wax
 In the drift and chemical sparkle burn where salt / is assaiant putting fingers in your mouth, taking abruptly
 what was never yours to keep
 In a pearl trance, pressure forges your identity
 fishing now suggests where salt / is assaiant putting fingers in your mouth, taking abruptly
 fishing now suggests where salt / is assaiant putting fingers in your mouth, taking abruptly



(069 : Algenib)

In a pearl trance, pressure forges your identity

You have no offal to roar overturning ships to coral
no pearl in turbid waters to resuscitate a hurricane recitation
no shoal too deep to denizen
no oyster to keep the inborn luminous fluid
no range too wide to rampage
no home built of pilfered materials on stolen land
no reticent stone withholding wisdoms
no word nor sweat to drive into the ground
no lapis huzzah, no freak femme device drawing sustenance
of the mussels, no nine whirlpools to witch,
no churning conch to boil bivalves in the river
and vehiculate the parasite noise
no high-mindedness in abyssal bliss where earth ached but not in agony
no thought to curb your cecaelia bloodlust
no retreat to crushing recesses of a deepsea trench
no way to touch clay, nor remember what lived
in your hands
No enmity to entreat then let wax
No alternative gnosis to accede
ascendant sparkle suggests fishing now
In the drift and chemical burn where salt
is assailant putting fingers in your mouth, taking abruptly
what was never yours to keep

We animate the dream
 not bloodletting marrow child / dollop muscle mouth. / My robe snagged small twigs, constellating—
 by tearing down this wall / I set loose strife to the mountain / to live—constellate a decolonized sky.
 Ghosts plague the prison; even in ruins, no cell is ever empty.
 Surrender to kingliest among vagrants / read & write one passage a day.
 epiphany clench'd to the chest / & walks the favor of inferior fortunes
 We animate the dream
 Steady as the dead never are / To know them is to love them / and to love them, well—
 Forgive me, I wasn't there. I wasn't / wholly there
 We animate the dream
 constellate a decolonized sky, to live—

Quietude unsettles the mind, surely,
 We animate the dream.
 this persistent ache develops / greater plot against me.
 What physical law governs the behavior / of radiation & is blackbody
 blast a flood for everyone involved?
 To live—constellate a decolonized sky
 direct action image.
 Ghosts playing
 not bloodletting me
 We animate



(070 : Fumalsamakah)

Quietude unsettles the mind, surely,
this persistent ache develops
greater plot against me.
We animate the dream.
What physical law governs the behavior
of radiation & is blackbody
blast a flood for everyone involved?
To live-constellate a decolonized sky
direct action image.
We animate the dream
not bloodletting marrow child
dollop muscle mouth,
My robe snagged small twigs, constellating—
Ghosts plague the prison;
even in ruins, no cell is ever empty.
We animate the dream
by tearing down this wall
I set loosestrife to the mountain
to live-constellate a decolonized sky.
Call it an epiphany to retire the helmet
read & write one passage a day.
Surrender to kingliest among vagrants
who cheats me of fish sympathies
epiphyte clenched to the chest
& walks the favor of ulterior fortunes
We animate the dream
Steady as the dead never are
To know them is to love them
and to love them, well—
We animate the dream
Forgive me, I wasn't there. I wasn't
wholly there
to live-constellate a decolonized sky.

[illegible]



(071 : Borein)

Tinder cinder under thunder
abandonment girdles ceiba to cinder
sit cross-legged surveying ruination
long-armed ape with child's voice
tattered in work for tomorrow rises, if it speaks
it lies, its name, of sands where robbers gather
unmake oneself untrue
glint of failure in the glamorous amulet
justice a clod locked in orbit
till bonds of personal center broke
I shine brightly when singing's afoot
bathe in gravel-devastated powdered diamond,
pomegranate, myrtle, meditate on closing chapters,
sipping cataclysm in the dragon's shadow
with a fly whisk of human hair
idle town on edge of warning
your name will mark what you touch
pit magic four pitchers, we do not dictate
any laws, now, remove the fine
thread from your plexus

you are the heat / that outlasts its source.
take care not to err like / stream-leaping leopard
who twists its ankle / overestimating distance for lack,
refusing the flesh of its own, / in hopes to feed another
a hare whole, sink incisors / into skull's song when crickets
cry soot, heart thwomping / threat of green dance devils
in rising beauty; furnished / in extraordinary skill
move your audience to tears, / dove-stork, yellow gold iron honey



(72 : Sheraton)

You are the heat
that outlasts its source.

take care not to err like
stream-leaping leopard

who twists its ankle
overestimating distance for lack,

refusing the flesh of its own,
in hopes to feed another

a hare whole, sink incisors
into skull's song when crickets

cry soot, heart thwomping
threat of green dance devils

in rising beauty; furnished
in extraordinary skill

move your audience to tears,
dove-stork, yellow gold iron honey

Throw tamarisk seeds into the fire—
Face the embers without flinching
heavy with grief, lean over canned lentils
divining fire licks, tent-staked in a mud trail
where hooked wait-a-bit thorns mange skin.

I dream of the land God made in anger:
Red dunes are nesting whales.

The man is smoke from a mosquito coil.
Great sharks wash themselves ashore,

a shoreline littered in shark carcasses & shale.
Damara terns clatter this place of disassembly—
black-billed pluck at greening flesh.
Gulls toss in ocean fog.
Longshore blooms of shipwrecks,
brine & algal drift.

Scree in the sea foam.
Sea foam on black sand.



(73 : Scheat)

Throw tamarisk seeds into the fire—
Face the embers without flinching
heavy with grief, lean over canned lentils
divining fire licks, tent staked in a mud trail
where hooked wait-a-bit thorns mange skin.

I dream of the land God made in anger:

Red dunes are nesting whales.
The man is smoke from a mosquito coil.
Great sharks wash themselves ashore,
a shoreline littered in shark carcasses & shale.
Damara terns clatter this place of disassembly—
black-billed pluck at greening flesh.
Gulls toss in ocean fog,
brine & algal blooms of shipwrecks.
Longshore drift.
Scree in the sea foam.
Sea foam on black sand.

Prince in the lap of unearned abundance,
 I am a giggle shared between wild vixen
 frolicking gold-seined, black-nailed thunder-
 drumming seeker in nodding thistle, oak shade,
 dandelion, worm, if anything is sacred,
 our bodies are sacred, recycled
 in the airs of the foxes.
 Hope lingers so I wait, unforgiving.
 I wear a crown of gold berries.
 I have a wife with no womb, cracked rifle.
 Give your soul, fornicate, lose your soul.
 I have a wife threading needles, pray
 & I need gnaw off good limbs, cursing this forest
 restless in witchery of upward gusts lifting wasps
 & mountain wrens plump with hoopla
 muddying the waters of war-maid on the horizon
 for none among us want to hear her sing.



(074 : Capella)

Prince in the lap of unearned abundance,
I am a giggle shared between wild vixen
frolicking gold-sequined, black-nailed thunder-
drumming seeker in nodding thistle, oak shade,
dandelion, worm, if anything is sacred,
our bodies are sacred, recycled
in the airs of the foxes.

Hope lingers so I wait, unforgiving.

I wear a crown of gold berries.
I have a wife with no womb, cracked rifle.

Give your soul, fornicate, lose your soul.

I have a wife threading needles, pray
an axe for slaughter should iron jaw snap a leg numb
& I need gnaw off good limbs, cursing this forest
restless in witchery of upward gusts lifting wasps
& mountain wrens plump with hoopla
muddying the waters of war-maid on the horizon
for none among us want to hear her sing.

I was a bad student
of bluntness, the threat
murderous, narcissistic
beyond compare, a child
the similitude of magma
interested in soot
& gum rearguard
I was kindling engineered
into smoke column, what far-off fires
raised into bronchial clog
like a perfect clog
shattering fortitudes.

They said, cloister a moment
quiet-sitting in my subordination.
I said, soul-eater openly
wants what it hates
smell of onions in another's sweat
I said, soul-eater openly
wants what it hates
smell of onions in another's sweat

I hid in the prefixes of English gatecrashing
the threshold between experience & knowledge
where swords stopped not my speech act
because I refuse
to listen to a society responsible for my orphaned condition.
nine swords stopped not my speech act
because I refuse
to listen to a society responsible for my orphaned condition.
where swords stopped not my speech act
because I refuse
to listen to a society responsible for my orphaned condition.



(075 : Atlas)

I was a bad student
of blanquix tongue,
the threat, narcissistic
beyond compare, a child
the similitude of magma
interested in soot
& gum rearguard.

I was kindling engineered
into smoke column, what far-off fires
raised into bronchial clog
like a perfect poison
shattering fortitudes.

They said, cloister a moment
quiet-sit awaiting quaesita in my subordination.

I said, soul-eater openly wants what it hates
smell of onions in another's sweat

I hid in the prefixes of English gatecrashing
the threshold between violence & the episteme
where experience & knowledge take place
nine swords stopped not my speech act
because I refused to listen
to a society responsible for my orphaned condition.

this hoe, once machete / of the vegetation cult,
 need only dig to find / treasure, to discern
 truth, I throw my name / to dirt so all may eat,
 spread corpse ashes / remorseless ancestor /
 recover an icon evacuated / over fallow land
 root vegetables to keep / against all exorcising
 that might compel release of the soil's bowels &

& should I cry dust, / witness to the most
 forceful of realities, / a bipedal mana pawn
 in a tomb, a discrepant claim to personal gain—the land / cannot be described
 because Ours is not / a colony of Heaven
 cultivating magic mosses / in a tomb, a discrepant claim



(076 : Nihal)

this hoe, once machete
of the vegetation cult,
need only dig to find
treasure, to discern
truth, I throw my name
to dirt so all may eat,
spread corpse ashes
over fallow land redeeming
remorseless ancestor,
recover an icon evacuated
of the soil's bowels &
root vegetables to keep
against all exigencies
that might compel release
& should I cry dust,
witness to the most
forceful of realities,
a bipedal mana pawn
cultivating magic mosses
in a tomb, a discrepant claim
to personal gain—the land
cannot be described
because Ours is not
a colony of Heaven

virtuoso
upend
nation

I ride the giant crowned ibis
who throbs an aria
that attracts song to an area,
wake to flute with warblers
to decipher avian chatter
while daydreaming, & learn
the pitches that kiss
poltergeists active
8 birds make as burning
letters in the sky. I frivol
unholy-halved downy hermit
abrading alkali of suet-sweet
seed breath till low warbling
halo fastens the common
meadow violet to sound
what I thought I sing
by the heart
I demand
in the dance
& thunder.
I learn
by tin whistle



(077 : Tejat)

upending nation virtuoso

I ride the giant crowned ibis
who throbs an aria
that attracts song to an area,
wake to flute with warblers
to decipher avian chatter
while daydreaming, & learn
the pitches that kiss
poltergeists active
8 birds make as burning
letters in the sky. I frivol
unholy-halved downy hermit
abrading alkali of suet-sweet
seed breath till low warbling
halo fastens the common
meadow violet to sound
what I thought the heart
I sing the lessons I learn
by tin whistle & in the dance
I demand thunder.

ornament, cinnabar we share in the same rich interior
 when no sign manifests itself, it needn't be provoked
 meditate on the advantages to working this medium
 a flame-monkey cartwheeling through the sky,
 the tinted glass refracting solar glint lapis laz—lazy—
 burns a scented stick against the name of flowerly puma
 Splurge carats victorious like resurrection stork
 adorns the ornament exacting [moon sigil] befooling allowable
 oppression of the stars never prostrate before the light that devoured
 licking inside smile
 osprey-faced femme
 and a hex against violence
 thinking—grandmother's goddess / its voice a naked
 in its petty world of stupid thinking—
 dressed in linen, / leathers, silk crown,
 about you pain? Strategist cavoring with the fog
 let ghost twin temper you neutral
 release several seals on the real you
 vast as a vocabulary of breath
 that which brings you
 befooling allowable



(078 : Mebsutu)

orpiment, cinnabar we share in the same rich interior
vast as a vocable of breath

when no sign manifests itself, it needn't be provoked
release several seals on the real you

meditate on the advantages to working this medium
let ghost twin temper you neutral

walkabout thinking on nothing
a flame-monkey cartwheeling through the sky,

the tinted glass refracting solar glint lapis laz—lazy—
that which brings you pain? Strategist cavorting with the fog

burns a scented stick against the name of flowery puma
befouling allowable I when I alms astrology harmful—

Splurge carats victorious like resurrection stork
in its petty world of stupid thinking—osprey-faced femme

adorns the ornament exacting [moon sigil] vengeance, dressed in linen,
leathers, silk crown, and a hex against oppression of the stars

never prostrate before the light that devoured grandmother's goddess
its voice a naked violence licking inside smile

Star ruling radix of mortality fated this putrid fact:
 I knew trifles in life, followed in the legacy
 of wolf-fanged loudness whom shook what
 otherwise could not & fell in service to Wezen.
 Shutter the thunder doubt kept me from saving,
 shudder the sky evacuated its steel
 What shanked this aortal leak driving pulse
 to dye-bloom spill my zealot torment?
 A featherless bolt planted in my corollary
 a golden grain. Arrow-struck, I perished
 on a venture that promised precious booty
 I'd mine to profit of righteous matter.
 If gravity is more the curvature of space
 than a matter of attraction, then what
 of the grave? Sleepwalker roars a goliath sorrow
 but no one roared in heaven when loosed lead
 wormed through the life I loved, that hyper-
 frequency lodged in the core bringing sure ruin.



(079 : Wezen)

Star ruling radix of mortality fated this putrid fact:
I knew trifles in life, followed in the legacy
of wolf-fanged loudness whom shook what
otherwise could not & fell in service to Wezen.

Shutter the thunder doubt kept me from saving,
shudder the sky evacuated its steel
What shanked this aortal leak driving pulse
to dye-bloom spill my zealot torment?

A featherless bolt planted in my corollary
a golden grain. Arrow-struck, I perished
on a venture that promised precious booty
I'd mine to profit of righteous matter.

If gravity is more the curvature of space
than a matter of attraction, then what might be said
of the grave? Sleepwalker roars a goliath sorrow
but none did so in heaven when loosed lead

wormed through the life I loved, that hyper-
frequency lodged in the core bringing sure ruin.

I lost your silver hairpin where seas meet but do not mix
and risk madness to achieve the impossible retrieving it.

Like this metaphor, you are a category best-approached from afar:
I'm a flushed turtle rescued from your bush-wine jar;
for such a thief's love however small my manger.
Who would attempt to net the shape of heaven?
The ardent sun beds and bodies its biggest saboteur
beneath a hanging chalice of epiphytes.
We slept in such that spirit fed the fish forever,
marimba dreams, skirting peripheries, remembering
browsed for epiphany smoking herbed bdellium, touching



(080 : Arneb)

I lost your silver hairpin where seas meet but do not mix
and risk madness to achieve the impossible retrieving it.
Like this metaphor, you are a category best-approached from afar.
I'm a flushed turtle rescued from your bush-wine jar,
I'd boil peafowl breath, walk the moon's sacrament
for such a thief's love however small my manger.
Who would attempt to net the shape of heaven?
The ardent sun beds and bodies its biggest saboteur
beneath a hanging chalice of epiphytes.
We slept in such that spirit fed the fish forever,
browsed for epiphany smoking herbed bdellium, remembering
marimba dreams, skirting peripheries, touching.

A dispossessed puppet of
oneiric ache, I hallucinated
a reality, sapphire ring in
vulture's salvation, comet
w/ a long tail sheds life, bog
fox vomiting fog, I was knife-
savvy butcher's child good
at drawing sinews, voicing
aurichalcum across water,
who touched the waters?
supplicate yourself, omitting
saturn's nadir names



(081 : Tegmine)

A dispossessed puppet of
oneiric ache, I hallucinated
a reality, sapphire ring in
vulture's salvation, comet
w/ a long tail sheds life, bog
fox vomiting fog, I was knife-
savvy butcher's child good
at drawing sinews, voicing
aurichalcum across water,
who touched the waters?
Supplicate yourself, omitting
saturn's nadir names

An overwrought laureate of votive clauses I downed
white wine mid-apocalypse, thinking to draft my word
the way a falconer launches her bird, who makes sport
of ringing skylarks with broadwings, that I might recognize
myself in history, workers contracted to airport runways
in neon vests, waded into muck in their mudmasters
to startle screeches of gulls. A crab in the latter's clutch
reaches up to finally reclaim its name, that at the very least
it be held in the damned mouth right.



(092 : Aselli)

An overwrought laureate of votive clauses I downed
white wine mid-apocalypse, thinking to draft my word
the way a falconer launches her bird, who makes sport
of ringing skylarks with broadwings, that I might recognize
myself in history; workers contracted to airport runways
in neon vests, wade into muck in their muckmasters
to startle screeches of gulls. A crab in the latter's clutch
reaches up to finally reclaim its name, that at the very least
it be held in the damned mouth right.

nobody can recall with certainty the event
that saw concentric rings of resplendent
feathers like turquoise fire overhead.

as wax is melted by fire, touching
the sky opened a vice in us: success
so mythological we were championing

the clouds. I reached for the august air
I presumed its center & fly like Pliny's luna

over azonal soils & biznaga cacti
to offer you measureless luxury

let us Eye-of-Ra out of the noise,
naked, willed to five wants & poetry

faceted in martyr's labor—produced
without cakes quenching hunger

no fruit dishd to dip into chocolates
plot toward increase regardless

a doomed duchess flirting with upward
bloom scattered into circling

blank rebirth zeugma plumage
method of measure



(083 : Algenubi)

nobody can recall with certainty the event
that saw concentric rings of resplendent
feathers like turquoise fire overhead.

as wax is melted by fire, touching
the sky opened a vice in us: success
so mythological we were championing

the clouds. I reached for the august air
I presumed its center & flew like Pliny's luna
over azonal soils & biznaga cacti

to offer you measureless luxury,
let us Eye-of-Ra out of the noise,
naked, willed to five wants & poetry

faceted in martyr's labor—produced
without cakes quenching hunger
no fruit dished to dip into chocolates

there's no benign method of measure
plot toward increase regardless
a doomed duchess flirting with upward

bloom scattershot into circling
blank rebirth zeugma plumage

Contagion conditions us to attend omissions in Jovian tables.
underwriting concoctions in hours of improper election.
The gaunt-faced gimmick thwarts fevers in the widening gold
of daybreak, orienting formulas toward Zosma's abrazo

What has happened to the venom out of otherwise empty wind.
Who is afraid? Who wants to be touched? Which villain's ass
Stone & herb satchel gag traps a plectrum of hungry allowances.
Spite your skull spilt, antidote king, red bone floating in the pocket.
What has happened to the disbelief in my voice?
Who is afraid? Who wants to be touched? Which villain's ass
Stone & herb satchel gag traps a plectrum of hungry allowances.
Spite your skull spilt, antidote king, red bone floating in the pocket.

Entrust your every step to the medicine seller, blood-red lozenge
merchant with a penchant for pendants, a devotee thanklessly



(084 : Zosma)

Contagion conditions us to attend omissions in Jovian tables.

Entrust your every step to the medicine seller, blood-red lozenge
merchant with a penchant for pendants, a devotee thanklessly
underwriting concoctions in hours of improper election.

The gaunt-faced gimmick thwarts fevers in the widening gold
of daybreak, orienting formulas toward Zosma's abrazo
before palming the venom out of otherwise empty wind.

What has happened to the disbelief in my voice?

What has happened to the dewy dispatch of Leonid prism?

Who is afraid? Who wants to be touched? Which villain's ass
need be whooped to Venus by verdict of sixth staff ojala peace & love?

Stone & herb satchel gag traps a plethora of hungry allowances.

Spit your skull spit, antidote king, red bone floating in the pocket.

Tawny & raised by leopards, no
in my inmost shrine, no
refuge among planetary
spirits star-fed
crystals of ice.

Mother's namesake stomachached
mulch of the stone crop
for get-me & true
stomach

Can my voice too rail rage
into trap spirit ague?
Is the warlocks'
the only escape from this
gift of poetry
consolidated
of the self? To commit
honest mistakes

cloud cats at play w/ a ball
on the banks of soot river
golden-eyed cub
golden-eyed mother

whose names have spread
like crash of thunder
and arrested decay
one leads the other
to a tray of roosters

sipping nettles
autosacrifice
zamia balm
hair of feline

euclea turning the aforesaid red
to evoke a kidney cure
stone fruit



(085 : Præcipua)

Tawny & raised by leopard, waylaid
in my inmost shrine, no
refuge among planetary
spirits star-fed crystals of ice.
Mother's namesake stomached
mulch working miracles
of the stonecrop & true
forget-me-nots.
Can my voice too roil rage
into trapspirit agua?
Is the warlocks' gift of poetry
the only escape from this
consolidated experience
of the self? To commit
honest mistakes—
cloud cats at play w/ a ball
on the banks of soot river
golden-eyed cub
golden-eyed mother
whose names have spread
like crash of thunder
and arrested decay,
one leads the other
to a tray of roosters
to evoke aortal stone fruit
turning the aforesaid red
euclea the kidney cure
sipping nettles
autosacrifice
zamia balm
hair of feline

A seated child enjoying oracular
 voices within, wholly opaque the instant
 the prudent sun occults coyote artery's
 sizzle in the neck, eclipse blotting a lapse
 in its light, sits engraving a rotation
 of glyphs for each life lived into armor
 greaves that gift flight upon their wearer:
 the newest angel coin-sent to derive
 manna of the numen's grief, intolerant,
 thus obsessed with that which remains
 to flee the eon flood becoming silence
 for eight days in the decay of state
 sighs, linger on the voice—for
 sizzles in the sighs



(086 : Zavijava)

A seated child enjoying oracular
voices within, wholly opaque the instant
the prudent sun occults coyote artery's
sizzle in the neck, eclipse blotting a lapse
in its light, sits engraving a rotation
of glyphs for each life lived into armor
greaves that gift flight upon their wearer:
the newest angel coin-sent to derive
manna of the numen's grief, intolerant,
thus obsessed with that which remains
like a vulture inheriting that which failed
to flee the eon flood becoming silence
for eight days in the decay of slate—for
signs, linger on the voices in the sighs

Fire-breathing conquerors call me, / a void birthed mid-Vigo, Little Spica,
 They circle their tails, roast / their own roots—
 beneath my unforgiving lies / another gringy, another gender
 arrested naked in next earthform, / empty star, I answer only to you /
 speckled snake—why conjunct / talc, skin of a white-
 signals an act of creation? somewhat fast and very loud? Whose / when I'm burning nine pentacles
 beheading / whose / red-sashed with clouds for hips
 I demand namesakes all the beautiful / shades of camellia malice
 to call me / let them stand on their feet
 dressed in the face of
 when exorcist has a mind of petitions



(087 : Zariah)

Fire-breathing conquerors call me,
a void birthed mid-Virgo, Little Spica.

They circle their tails, roast
their own roots—

beneath my uniform lies
another gringx, another gender

empty star, I answer only to you
when I'm burning nine pentacles

and burying what the ash avows—there I am,
a plasma sham

arrested naked in next earthform,
talc, skin of a white-

speckled snake—why conjunct
red-sashed with clouds for hips

somewhat fast and very loud? Whose
beheading signals an act of creation?

I demand namesakes all the beautiful
shades of camellia malice

when exorcist has a mind to call me
let them stand on their feet

dressed in the face of petitions.

The stars imagined me coin-spotted acacia cat
 solitary & totting what's heard in the dispute
 between thrush & the nutatches, each serving their sad ballad,
 upside-down,

on the second year of drought
 desiccated, I cried the night
 Hollowed hearing spirits of desert history,
 your whispered words of come alive—

reddened ghosts, your blurring brick, I'm crepuscular
 reminds me only of mowed earth
 the tincture of tried soil.
 where cattle shuffled Laying brick, / brute spirits rage



(088 : Acrux)

The stars imagined me coin-spotted acacia cat
solitary & totting what's heard in the dispute
between thrush & the nuthatches, upside-down,
each serving their sad ballad.

on the second year of drought
desiccated, I cried the night
bone no choice but to mud-skip.
Hollowed hearing spirits of desert history,
your whispered words come alive—
reddened ghosts, your bull bristle
reminds me only of mowed earth
the tincture of tried soil. Laying brick,
brute spirits rage where cattle shuffled
—I'm crepuscular, corrugate,
everyone is my disaster

[illegible]



(089 : Izar)

Circle of rust's touch, whorl of thatch roof, tinning rain, milk
adder bone, glaze the heart in zenithal lather, king seated on a six-
legged firehorse scrolling vellum tanned with pomegranate rind
& walnut-poisoned viper ashes, make me invisible—wild raisin,
beeswax—extinguish the lookout lamps to Izar-shield from willful
wind illness, waft nutmeg truly shaking earth, mixed nebulous,
solar, cyclonic, seated atop this bird of hell I show my battlement
in the wastes, my likenesses etched prayer into stone.

That you wear my face in our hour reckons serpent-bodied
justice speech, you've melted your mother's armamentarium
into the metals that crown your teeth a bling-lineage, you're like
chimera unspeaking what the alma healed, don't dig for wells
despite lack of water, rupture the salt ring a gnathic feat, you
hold a bird by its webs, exhausting breath to curse world already
lost—will they not hear it? your pistolwhip honesty—black
craft—your snakeroot, your boneset.

Mud plumbago the headstrong war wheeze
 igneous porphyry golem carried off
 3 weaver wives at work winnowing
 baskets for lack of vigilance
 Thieves deal in private
 balancing books on the backs
 of those at the bottom
 making solvent by any means.

Credit oppresses the future
 a system dispossessing those
 who cannot pay Heaven knows
 who got invited to the colloquia

Ours is the far-side of this island
 where space race weaponized the sky
 evolving our renegade runaway flesh
 & we smitten tin sheets the image of sisters
 with asp to unsettle sacred shapes
 twittering stalked the thought interrupted —
 head cocked the dark-eyed juncos
 thought interrupted —

Twittering stalked the dark-eyed juncos
 thought interrupted —
 head cocked the dark-eyed juncos
 thought interrupted —



(090 : Alphekka)

Mud plumbago the headstrong war wheeze
Igneous porphyry golem carried off
3 weaver wives at work winnowing
baskets for lack of vigilance

Thieves deal in private
balancing books on the backs
of those at the bottom
making solvent by any means.

Credit oppresses the future
a system dispossessing those
who cannot pay Heaven knows
who got invited to the colloquia

Ours is the far-side of this island
where space race weaponized the sky
evolving our renegade runaway flesh
manufactory an overt infinity to ovum forever

& we smith tin sheets the image of sisters
with asp to unsettle sacred shapes
twittering starlings & dark-eyed juncos
head cocked the thought interrupted—

If plagued by sulfurous
scent that stomps down
the steps moaning in its
fire what virtue disturbed,
whistle at a dead enemy
to raise your witch's fog
like an egungun/vejigante
manna amalgam blizzard,
threatening to scandalize
tombstones in ploomed em-
pie's canticles, anagrammed,
ceased thieves & the tinsel
-ed geodes that dithered.

eyed angel jesting of de-
a spider autographing
through this devil's chest with
-out smiling, henceforth find
wield & should you drive your palm
the cause of forewarned trifles
to your hand, & move little
-restrained under night, cat-



(091 : Zubenelhakrabi)

If plagued by sulfurous
scent that stomps down
the steps moaning in its
fire what virtue disturbed,
whistle at a dead enemy
to raise your witch's fog
like an egungun/vejigante
manna amalgam blizzard,
threatening to scandalize
tombstones in doomed em-
pire's canticles, anagrammed,
& should you drive your palm
through this devil's chest with
-out igniting, henceforth find
a spider autographing
the cause of forewarned trifles
to your hand, & move little
-restrained under night, cat-
eyed angel jesting of de-
ceased thieves & the tinsel
-ed geodes that dithered.

I was a double-tailed scorpion
 who trident-danced a temper
 that could make the heavens shake
 I signed circles on my palm psalming
 an epistolary that tasked duende
 to thrash grammar
 a vascular insurgent vernacular,
 that meteor-hot vandals each unsteel
 evensong open, omening guava-
 sweet sonnets aslosh in knockout
 tones, lyrics gilded-afresh in hyphen
 -vantage. I sieved wails of the wallow
 zone's waves, then woefully bathed
 in powdered stag horn to heal a fever
 of the heart and the groin, my echoes
 epithets I atone an eternally reincarnating
 to reconcile this [cobaltous shaman]
 of extremes
 drama



(092 : Yed Prior)

I was a double-tailed scorpion
who trident-danced a temper
that could make the heavens shake

I signed circles on my palm psalming
an epistolary that tasked duende
to thrash grammar

a vascular insurgent vernacular,
that meteor-hot vandals each unsteel
evensong open, omeneing guava-

sweet sonnets aslosh in knockout
tones, lyrics gilded-afresh in hyphen
-vantage. I sieved wails of the wallow

zone's waves, then woefully bathed
in powdered stag horn to heal a fever
that found fire between the clutches

of the heart and the groin, my echoes
epithets I atone an eternity reincarnating
to reconcile this [cobaltous shaman] drama

of extremes

if that poem gives me life, what is agency?
 write, that tat in the next life you might
 recognize our sameness. study, learning
 the water multiplicity of everlasting life.
 I guard the confidence I gained of the gourds
 foreground the extraordinary aura leak
 of difficult metaphors, foretaste of heaven,
 smiling tiger comes in dreams, laughing Larawag
 around three cups rosewater attracting my like
 three cups crocus to drive away spiders,
 welcome the giraffe-rider, in whose hand
 snaps a scorpion, who drools a tuber solution
 when gossip spites the tumbleweed & blue flower
 a topical sponsor, share in this blood-wine,
 baptisml campior with which to lather talons,
 soak feet, before setting out for hyrax king



(093 : Larawag)

if the poem gives me life, what is agency?
write, that in the next life I might
recognize our sameness. study, learning
the water multiplicity of everlasting life.
I guard the confidence I gained of the gourds
foreground the extraordinary aura leak
of difficult metaphors, foretaste of heaven,
smiling tiger comes in dreams, laughing Larawag
anoint three cups rosewater attracting my like
three cups crocus to drive away spiders,
welcome the giraffe-rider, in whose hand
snaps a scorpion, who drools a tuber solution
when gossip spites the tumbleweed & blue flower
baptismal sponsor, share in this blood-wine,
a topical camphor with which to lather talons,
soak feet, before setting out for hyrax king

[illegible]



(094 : Acrab)

Zone-leveling bub of the petroglyph,
don't appall the lava vulva, don't take cities,
don't fumigate with crocus for rain or ban
don't morph into señora over the absent ones,
portaling pessimism in the mist
dispel the wealth, child voiced in goose-footed petitions
when moon slips beneath fiery way becoming combust
flip cup entelechy convenient, what has passed has—
adept into depth: chalice the sage and theriac witty
don't viper grisgris of electuary herbal blend dark clouds
in scorpio, don't gristle the chest's keep for the cheek's sake
don't blood lily to the witch who denied me the dye I'd eyed,
red paint and tubers won't heal our wounds—

yucca a hangman hymnal
queasy for stalking trade

ibex your unholy half
falling apart, flower stalk
flesh riding ostrich spoke
in the cap, fractal, hoary
the harmful arrow. bird-heart
royal renounced in wolf-hair
and finest cherry woods
leap seconds into harmfall

like children dancing flame

swift as a crop burn
parse fields like almanac
tilling tomorrow's marrow
of present topography.
discern tears for humans
are easily lost in their
automatisms
sleepwalkers
tricked, humans

whittled blood-wine
Fiechero a centaur serenade



(095 : Alnasl)

yucca a hangman hymnal
queasy for stalking trade

ibex your unholy half
falling apart, flower stalk

in the cap, fractal, hoary
flesh riding ostrich spoke

the harmful arrow. bird-heart
royal renounced in wolf-hair

and finest cherry woods
leap seconds into harmfall

like children dancing flame
flechero a centaur serenade

whittled blood-wine
swift as a crop burn

parse fields like almanac
tilling tomorrow's marrow

of present topography
discern tears for humans

are easily tricked, sleepwalkers
lost in automatisms

Jongleur struggling to juggle coins,
since life is a gift, you've entered
into an economy of debts despite
consent, a corpse otherwise animate
borrowed in name of redivivus
a misus like sweetness lapping clay
varved or kissing the special
into cuprous flame;
cause, redivivus lapping clay
calcia

subject to change under the pressure
of skillful giant in blooming miracle's
red jargon stone
hand becomes proudest of the peacocks,
your best accomplice a shadow
who suggests abstaining from wine.



(096 : Peacock)

Jongleur struggling to juggle coins,
since life is a gift, you've entered
into an economy of debts despite
consent, a corpse otherwise animate
borrowed in name of redivivus cause,
a nismus like sweetness lapping clay
varved or kissing the special calcite
into cuprous flame; red jargon stone
subject to change under the pressure
of skillful giant in blooming miracle's
hand becomes proudest of the peacocks,
your best accomplice a shadow
who suggests abstaining from wine.

I exhaled, exuviating
 the maize & cane, kindling below; now,
 nothing can disturb me, goddess of fire
 best-imagined as the bats who sip won-
 derment's texture of ghost moth sea
 & whose each word
 of the world, spectacular as it's sounded:
 of smoke as thought turned to feeling
 embers fanned collateral rendering
 hidden cruelties plain—
 rising in the sky, climbing a pillar
 of ignition, milliliters of acolyte
 inside this fear; I thought many things
 myself that
 my tactics thankless after conquest.
 They burned my heirs alive before
 me into their holiest flame for I cleaved
 a scoundrel's chest magically armed,
 my tactics thankless after conquest.



(097 : Albaldah)

They burned my heirs alive before filing
me into their holiest flame for I cleaved
a scoundrel's chest magically armed,
my tactics thankless after conquest.
Inside this fire, I thought many things
myself the ignition, milliliters of acolyte
rising in the sky, climbing a pillar
of smoke as thought turned to feeling
embers fanned collateral rendering
hidden cruelties plain—I exhaled, exuviating
the maize & cane, kindling below; now,
nothing can disturb me, goddess of fire
best-imagined as the bats who sips won-
derment's texture of ghost moth sea
& whose each word uncovers a little more
of the world, spectacular as it's sounded.

und to open
 chilling occurrence flicker
 Should a
 the cupboard
 and a shadow walk across the room—
 Should smoke choke the sky colorless
 as children of the eels thieve raindrops
 to survive,
 I put those wills to glass I blew myself
 as if seated atop hell's champion capriole
 & sipping elecampane of Capricorn's cup
 knowing it in me to kill having done
 so in a dream though I need be more
 discerning in speech for we share
 in the same visitations. Now, when
 I stumble across a centipede caught
 in a wad of knots detangled of my hair,
 I won't hesitate before crushing it.
 Nah, when I farce a gnathic feat
 the mountain grumbles a recitation
 resuscitating the ancestors I seek to end
 this cycle of reconciling with or for
 each time nativity drew me to conflict.
 I would quietly retire an eon in the
 deterioration of granite to hear that song.



(098 : Atria)

Should a chilling occurrence open
the cupboard doors or the lights flicker
and a shadow walk across the room—

Should smoke choke the sky colorless
as children of the eels thief raindrops
to survive, risking spit,

I put those wills to glass I blew myself
as if seated atop hell's champion capriole
& sipping elecampane of Capricorn's cup

knowing it in me to kill having done
so in a dream though I need be more
discerning in speech for we share

in the same visitations. Now, when
I stumble across a centipede caught
in a wad of knots detangled of my hair,

I won't hesitate before crushing it.
Nah, when I farce a gnathic feat
the mountain grumbles a recitation

resuscitating the ancestors I seek to end
this cycle of reconciling with or for
each time nativity drew me to conflict.

I would quietly retire an eon in the
deterioration of granite to hear that song.



(099 : Sadr)

Evacuate the wicker bailiwick camp on the river bank

the fiery wick fed ritually suffused oils
released a wisp trapped eons as potential energy

I am that stigma in the furnace of Sadr

a stellar mote here to helm a reluctant pugilist
with pet hoopoe, club ready at the navel

who wanted to enshrine capacity by generating alternatives
to the liquidation of alternatives

this would be my comeuppance

zodiacal illogic petrels ge(n)ocidal aromatic petard and luge

draw an arrow

bearing bad news 4 monoliths to the decapitated deity
characterize my disfigurement

I peacock or ape to do what cannot be done
as general strength before the pig face of disgruntled power

my only keepsake a kindness disguised by the brim of my hat

in the event of my death I die right
skull fragments constellating waypoints to discord

When the tumbleweeds, good when steeped for swollen knees,
 goddess about dust as if ready to take you by the hip,
 side-eye toward heaven spine braced for an upris-
 ing.
 What could I surrender but this strange fire I blush,
 passion to azalea ablaze menacing azure ammo
 my issue? Who are today's paragons at the gates of paradise

Four coin trial: recalling loneliness of life before,
 life as burning eye.
 side of this island. If it is Water Jugglers,
 —Ours is the far-
 I seek her approval.



(100 : Albirio)

When the tumbleweeds, good when steeped for swollen knees,
goddess about dust as if ready to take you by the hip,
side-eye toward heaven spine braced for an uprising.

What could I surrender but this strange fire I blush,
passion to azalea ablaze menacing azure ammo
my issue? Who are today's paragons at the gates of paradise

—Ours is the far-side of this island. If it is Water Jaguaress,
I seek her approval.

Four coin trial: recalling loneliness of life before,
life as burning lye.

what grandmother slaughters feeds
 our weeping, hosts in thunder
 full storm another night
 humming the muddy eye of anchor life
 parka-hungry
 head a mild bluster
 low tones grant eleven wishes
 demanding much — now say it
 in ghost time:
 wind authority
 authority into laughing
 dahlia child too does violence
 reducing five azaleas to zilch
 defeated, I dissipate into nothing, no
 my will disses fate growing strength, no
 I turn to flesh when I am most tigress
 [ai sign] unassuming fanning undercover
 the ambient fanning extinguishes
 my spill off a mentor instructing queer
 lessons in moderation
 I have exasperated
 my vocabulary
 to practice precision
 in a life as flaming
 star core



(101 : Sadachbia)

dahlia child too does violence
reducing five azaleas to zilch

defeated, I dissipate into nothing, no
my will disses fate growing strength of the tents

I turn to flesh when I am most tigress
[air sign] unassuming undercover queer

the ambient fanning extinguishes
my spliff a mentor instructing
lessons in moderation

I have exasperated
my vocabulary
to practice precision
in a life as flaming
star core

what grandmother slaughters feeds
our weeping, hoists our thunder
full storm another night
humming the muddy eye of anchor life

parka-hungry
head a mild bluster
low tones grant eleven wishes
demanding much—

now say it
in ghost time:

wind authority
into laughing authority

I take up bone rosary
 like king of aquamarine
 I travelled in fear, weeping
 & torn linen, the fresh water
 after stretching skins
 gauze who loved all he saw
 comely songs without turning
 becoming trembling creature
 of my kind, decorating
 aural delirium vision
 crisped to brimstone
 my dead, who too make
 an alligator, chest painted
 divine tequilas aflame
 at worlds creation
 their demands
 seated on the ground,
 —the whistle failed all
 the stars in my body
 spit-shining the pearlescent head
 of six hilts, palming the teeth
 slug village—diamond obstacle
 of course, of kin
 I am speaking, I pray I work
 each place
 I taught was contagious. I fell
 hunched like salting meats
 to falsehood. As wing



(102 : Ancha)

I take up bone rosary
after stretching skins
like king of aquamarine
gauze who loved all he saw
—the whistle failed all
the stars in my body
I travelled in fear, weeping
comely songs without turning
to falsehood. As wing
to the chariot dressed in wind
& torn linen, the fresh water
I taught was contagious. I fell
becoming trembling creature
hunched like salting meats
seated on the ground,
spit-shining the pearlescent head
of six hilts, palming the teeth
of my kind, decorating
an alligator, chest painted
slug village—diamond obstacle
aural delirium vision
divine tequilas aflame
I am speaking, of course, of kin
crisped to brimstone
at world's creation
each place I pray I work
my dead, who too make
their demands



(103 : Gliese)

I thought to extend the pain the lumbar doles & fall
into the chasm of forget you ho, forfeiting the path above.

What's my burning peony punishment?

Of all the indecencies, cruelest stigmata for the soul was sheik?

Unbound

I tell my demons I need them: more money, more bills,
greater skills, more grills, more furnaces, more humans
surrendering to greater purposes, more willed-to-war witches
bxtching pagan pages of cursed turquoise cursive.

What disgruntled nebula gathers intelligence under the guise
of charity?

Who burned a seven-pointed crown to raise an effort
in the smoke folds,
a knowledge-generating votive billow
measured to consecrate water virginal?

Conjoin to slow lord understudying the infectious element.

Detached from thought, nastiness persists, stews in deliberation,
a bright force retributinal well-before disaster fell
seeks fortune as controversy prevails.

Should I ram my silence my supplications
 know the light triumphs a wick licked lit
 by my wicked grimace.
 Let luna-tandem clagues wearied duncish
 peddle atonement devout to zombie idol,
 let rawboned prophets converge forlorn
 on patria, flapping pamphlets, tossing
 the vertebral bones of rats—

The star-touched manta ballasts me like
 ballistic sister incensed & speaking of 8
 errands I must run.
 It is the clod nurtured of otherwise
 nebulous nowhere:
 waters in the twinkling of an eye, an outpost
 owed to smiling lacuna in the sea's lap,
 lapse that screams humors sweet with bird
 long-relinquished teeth.



(104 : Alrescha)

Should tyranny silence my supplications
know the light triumphs a wick licked lit
by my wicked grimace.

Let luna-tandem claques wearied duncish
peddle atonement devout to zombie idol,
let rawboned prophets converge forlorn
on patria, flapping pamphlets, tossing
the vertebral bones of rats—

The star-touched manta ballasts ballistic
sister in me, incensed & speaking of 8
errands to run.

It is the clod nurtured of otherwise
nebulous nowhere; it is to trespass
waters in the twinkling of an eye, an outpost
owed to smiling lacuna in the sea's lap,
lapse that scrams humors sweet with bind
-weed & fish genesis above, the living
ember shower remembered for having
long-relinquished teeth.

where the unknown fire continues
 a global flood amplified wolf-wolf-you
 revealing hidden natures: Black earth
 Black sky blessed in departed egun
 who returns as scattered papers exercised
 upon the mind to inaugurate a spell
 it's voice like far-off
 who first mutilated the eels:
 woodpecker
 Who remembers placenta eclogue areito
 if not leaf-nosed emaciated bat
 warding the cave's echo?
 Who abuses their ancient rites?
 Place your nine ferns elsewhere
 Place your night urn elsewhere
 No onyx lanterns to wet wind days
 forming in the whale womb.
 mud turtle food hermit
 Are you even human (anymore)?
 days grim, tasks endless
 a stone turns its face to the world
 in which you are unlimited place



(105 : Torcular)

days grim, tasks endless

a stone turns its face to the world
in which you are unlimited place
where the unknown fire continues
a global flood amplified wolf-wolf-you
Black earth Black sky blessed in egun
who returns as scattered papers exercised
upon the mind to inaugurate a spell
it's voice like far-off woodpecker
who first mutilated the eels.

Who remembers placenta eclogue areito
if not leaf-nosed emaciated bat
warding the cave's echo?
Who abuses their ancient rites?
Place your nine ferns elsewhere
Place your night urn elsewhere
No onyx lanterns to wet wind days
frenzied ninfa de las espumas
forming in the whale womb.
Mud turtle food hermit
Are you even human (anymore)?

Labor a thousand miles on a swine's back
if it must burn, you will steal the fires
tattooing filched land.

Again, to the gate of whispers
goddess of ten-thousand hooks
& a stone shelter. Spell out
their names, percuss the body with voices

Someone pulls at the roots of your hair
following a land of feathers
is chain-stitched
or care liquor.
as sure as the night

You see the sun
— You see the sun
Only in sleep
That is a
cloud you wear a veil
Step into your elder drawing thunder
from the sky a light, a flaming light
its brief fidelity

when avoiding solar interval.

The sovereign accustoms to slaughter.
Trapping spirits with cracked glass,
you are broken with longing, brackish
with language and frack water.



(106 : Fomalhaut)

Labor a thousand miles on a swine's back

if it must burn, you will steal the fires
tattooing filched land.

Again, to the gate of whispers
you and your sisters
goddess of ten-thousand hooks

& a stone shelter. Spell out
their names, percuss the body with voices
as sure as the night
is chain-stitched

or cane liquor.

Someone pulls at the roots of your hair
fallowing a land of feathers
—You see the sun
only in sleep, you wear a veil
that is a cloud.

Step into your elder drawing thunder
from the sky, a light, a flaming light
its brief fidelity

when avoiding solar interval.

The sovereign accustoms to slaughter.

Trapping spirits with cracked glass,
you are broken with longing, brackish
with language and frack water.

when pig sludge poisons a lowland post-flood
 be a flea launching off the drum's skin
 a derelict delighting in what the lightning licked
 the study rafters
 who thieves heirlooms without chalking the traps schematics
 below, you out-dance any off a bridge of wires
 words themselves hold virtue in the circle of the star
 two fires to litigate every you of yesterday
 burying riches in the circle of the star
 companion to desires like a rat in broad daylight
 treasures where it sleeps
 risk it all like a rat in the study rafters
 below, you out-dance any off a bridge of wires



(107 : Mesarchim)

when pig sludge poisons a lowland post-flood
be a flea launching off the drum's skin

a derelict delighting in what the lightning licked
risk it all like a rat in the study rafters

who thieves heirlooms without chalking the traps schematics
below, you out-dance any off a bridge of wires

companion to desires like a rat in broad daylight
burying filched treasures where it sleeps

words themselves hold virtue in the circle of the star
chew upon their serrated edges

two fires to litigate every you of yesterday

I diagram the ways the wills announce / having prostrated myself to no allowance,
 a crier of oppressed populace, three leaves / in hand to hound with intention the fires
 of quietude; I am the weakest salutation / to osiris' disk, falling apart where flames
 issue forth, a golden-haired bitch on the cusp / of barking argument,
 how could I've been
 an earthquake's cause? I achieve
 so little when boltonias bleed. I am a breath
 animating omnia in space
 we share, whose
 treasure is this pact.



(100 : Baten Kaitos)

I diagram the way the wills announce
having prostrated myself to no allowance,
a crier of oppressed populace, three leaves
in hand to hound with intention the fires
of quietude; I am the weakest salutation
to osiris' disk, falling apart where flames
issue forth, a golden-haired bitch on the cusp
of barking argument, how could I've been
an earthquake's cause? I achieve
so little when boltonias bleed. I am a breath
animating omniana in space
we share, whose treasure is this pact.

ABOUT THE ARTIST



Joey De Jesus is the artist behind the *HOAX Artist's Edition* (The Operating System, 2022), and the author of *We Animate the Dream: A Poet's Run for Public Office* (Mount Analog Political Pamphlet Series II, 2021), *NOCT- The Threshold of Madness* (The Atlas Review, 2019), and co-author of *Writing Voice into the Archive vol. 1*, edited by Jennifer Tamayo with support from UC Berkeley's Center for Race and Gender. Joey received a MFA in Poetry from Sarah Lawrence College and a MA in Performance Studies from New York University. They received 2019-20 BRIC ArtFP Project Room Commission and 2017 NYFA/NYSCA Fellowship in Poetry for *HOAX*. Poems and performances have appeared in *Poem-A-Day*, *Artists Space*, *Barrow Street*, *Bettering American Poetry*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *The New Museum* and elsewhere. Joey is a co-editor at *Apogee Journal* and sits on the advisory board of *No, Dear Magazine*. Joey is a Queer Boricua who lives in Ridgewood, Queens, where they ran for New York State Assembly.

The Operating System uses the language “print document” to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards-facing replication of the book’s agentic *role* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the “book” as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case, bound) that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production. This extends more and more to the OS’s digital endeavors and initiatives.

Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of printed materials) has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to “publish” digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices. Hear me out.

With The OS’s publication endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT / DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It’s a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our life, our behaviors, our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we’re leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail — but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?

As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences — how THE STORY of a time or place — was pieced together using the deep study of correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told – or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record? In these documents we say:

WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY

- Elae Moss, Founder/OS System Architect

RECENT & FORTHCOMING

ON PRINT::DOCUMENTS and PROJECTS, 2019-22

2020-22

Institution is a Verb: A Panoply Performance Lab Compilation - Esther Neff, Ayana Evans, Tsedaye Makonnen and Elizabeth Lamb, editors.

Daughter Isotope - Vidhu Aggarwal

Failure Biographies - Johnny Damm

Ginger Ko - Power On

Spite - Danielle Pafunda

Acid Western - Robert Balun

Light of Hand - Liz Liguori with Elæ Moss

Year-Book 2022: A Document of the Autonomous Mechanics Field Cohort

alter / altar: soma, sigil, score, salve [vol 1] - Kinsey Cantrell, Maddy Durante and Levy Erwin, eds. (with Elæ Moss, facilitator)

KIN(D)* TEXTS AND PROJECTS

Intergalactic Travels: Poems from a Fugitive Alien - Alan Pelaez Lopez

HOAX Artist's Edition Set - Joey De Jesus [Kin(d)*/Glossarium]

RoseSunWater - Angel Dominguez [Kin(d)*/Glossarium]

Bodies of Work - Elæ Moss & Georgia Elrod

Please Remit My Qubits - a trans hex on the birth of quantum supremacy

Sweet and Low: Indefinite Singular - Elæ Moss [Kin(d)* x In Corpore Sano]

GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Jvayuchiletik - The Collective Snichimal Vayuchil (tr. Kiran Bhat) [Tsotsil-English]

Manhatitlán - Steven Alvarez

Híkuri (Peyote) - José Vincente Anaya (tr. Joshua Pollock) [Spanish-English]

Vormorgen, The Collected Poems - Ernst Toller (tr. Mathilda Cullen) [Glossarium x Kin(d)*; German-English]

Black and Blue Partition ('Mistry) - Monchoachi (tr. Patricia Hartland)
[French & Antillean Creole/English]

IN CORPORE SANO

Hypermobilities - Ellen Samuels

Goodbye Wolf-Nik DeDominic

The Relativity of Living Well - Ashna Ali [In Corpore Sano x Kin(d)*]

2019

Ark Hive-Marthe Reed
I Made for You a New Machine and All it Does is Hope - Richard Lucyshyn
Illusory Borders-Heidi Reszies
A Year of Misreading the Wildcats - Orchid Tierney
Of Color: Poets' Ways of Making | An Anthology of Essays on Transformative
Poetics - Amanda Galvan Huynh & Luisa A. Igloria, Editors
Collaborative Precarity Bodyhacking Work-Book and Guide (1st Edition, 2nd
Edition 2021) - Elæ Moss, Cory Tamler, and Stormy Budwig, Editors

KIN(D)* TEXTS AND PROJECTS

A Bony Framework for the Tangible Universe-D. Allen [In Corpore Sano]
Opera on TV-James Brunton
Hall of Waters-Berry Grass
Transitional Object-Adrian Silbernagel

GLOSSARIUM: UNSILENCED TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Śnienie / Dreaming - Marta Zelwan/Krystyna Sakowicz,
(Poland, trans. Victoria Miluch)
High Tide Of The Eyes - Bijan Elahi (Farsi-English/dual-language)
trans. Rebecca Ruth Gould and Kayvan Tahmasebian
In the Drying Shed of Souls: Poetry from Cuba's Generation Zero
Katherine Hedeem and Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, translators/editors
Street Gloss - Brent Armendinger with translations of Alejandro Méndez,
Mercedes Roffé, Fabián Casas, Diana Bellessi
& Néstor Perlongher (Argentina)
Operation on a Malignant Body - Sergio Loo
(Mexico, trans. Will Stockton)[In Corpore Sano]
Are There Copper Pipes in Heaven - Katrin Ottarsdóttir
(Faroe Islands, trans. Matthew Landrum)

DOC U MENT

/däkyəmənt/

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 writ-
ten, photographic, or other form
synonyms - paper - deed - re-
cord - 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 redistribute 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

the trouble with bartleby

in collaboration with

the operating system