

# 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)\*  
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## HOAX 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.*

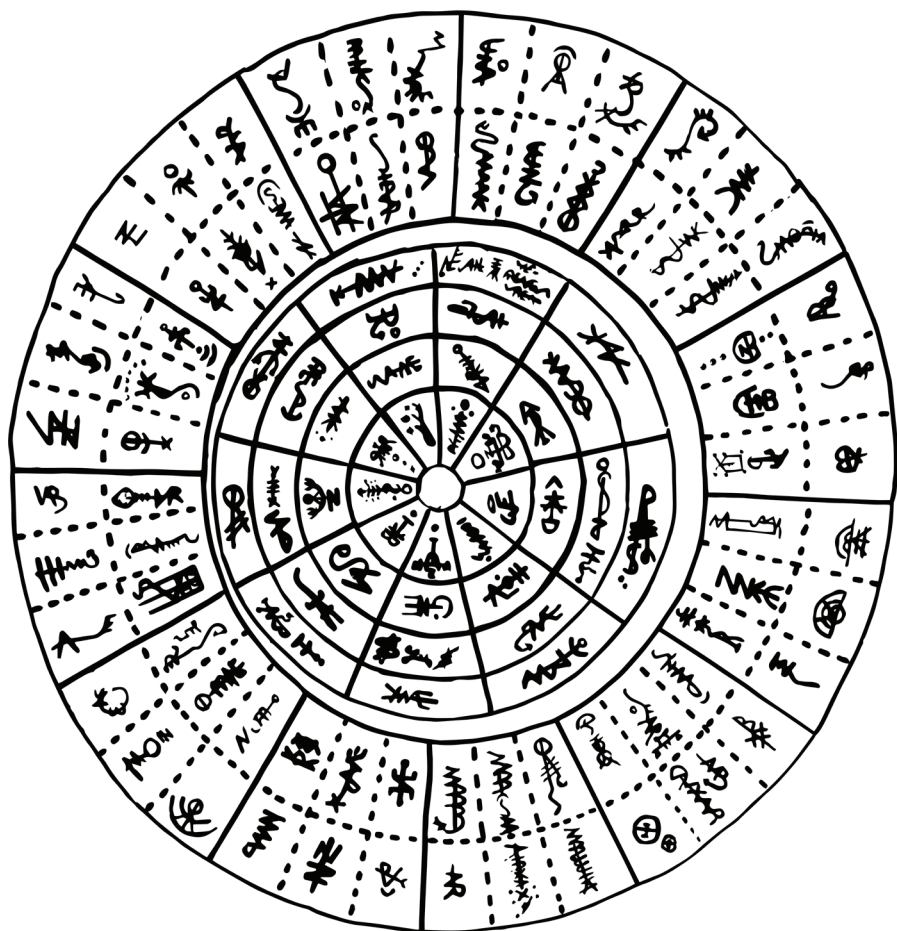
Édouard Glissant, *Poetic Intention*

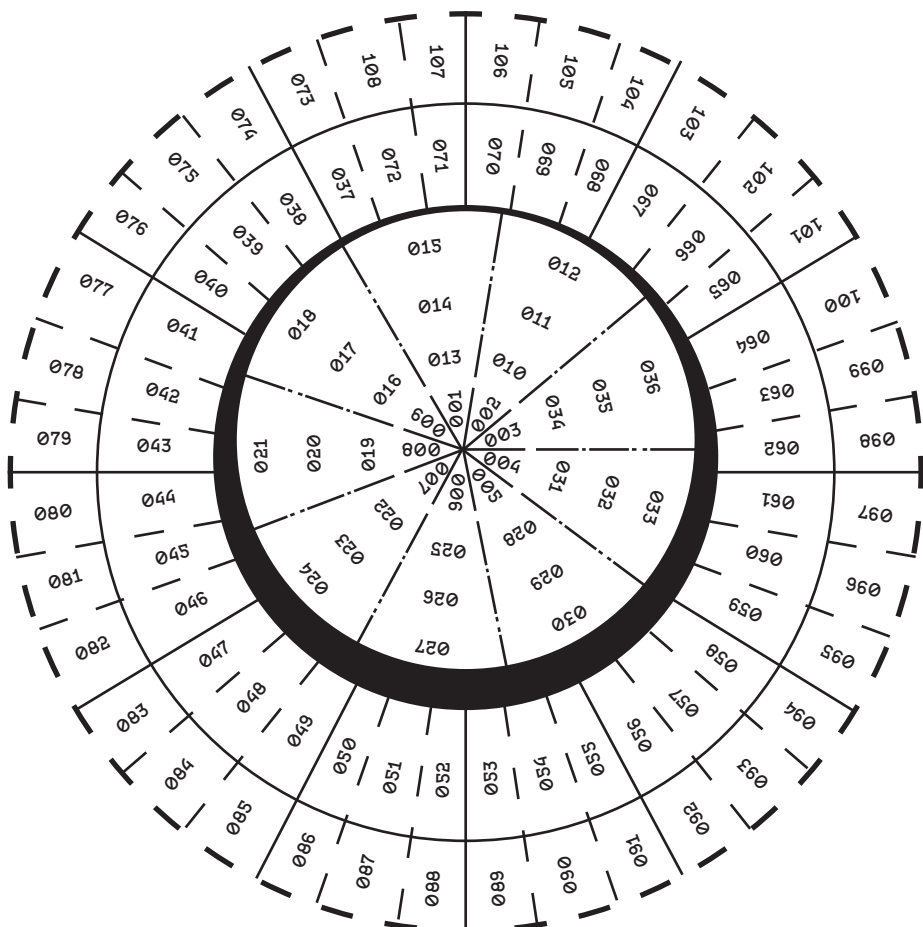
# 108 Considerations

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. Readers are encouraged to use either a planchette, the relative placement of celestial objects or materials such as bones, teeth or stones to select poems to read from the celestograph or to simply draw cards from the deck.

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.”





[illegible]





(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 iterum: I should've listened for switches in the sawgrass, / the uprooted elder beset by crows / exalting filiation in their omen-speak.  
 industry, reputation / long-buttressed in stone, cross-legged, / tuber touching genetrix, there I sat  
 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  
 conch cresting water / to slander the sky in salacious poetry, / but even a mile was far from home.  
 sea-form with dissonant sea-foam swelling  
 Dogs debunked my faith, my flesh, decrying  
 fraudulence. They raised  
 blade & besieged coins  
 retracing my spirit  
 held dear:

enchanted kernel necklace put to mortar  
 aggrandizing my caduceus false credulity



(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

[illegible]



(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  
 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

Don a tasseled robe, shoulder / exposed to the thrible's smoke  
 press ink into lewd settlement / unspooling wisps in their principal labor  
 adopt in device and element / stacked by painted green for protection  
 atop the head of a mule / harbors the moon's madness—arrive  
 caduceus by choice, in rumors / waiting the wish / of a new faith speaking  
 in the air, it is prestigious / in its mouth is full of curses.  
 Draw crystals, whispering the wish / of a match to one whom  
 and its mouth is full of curses. / it has six legs, the gift flight,  
 you taste is an ass / has it all.  
 crestfallen the whom / crestfallen





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

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 ulna 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, poetic virtue, drives a putural dipthong damned  
snafu sired tongue technology to gather tickseed sunth not nice, salvage branches for famine's dispatch  
where apparitions in regalia play now lower spell demanding your spine matter: jacinth-rising  
gathers 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

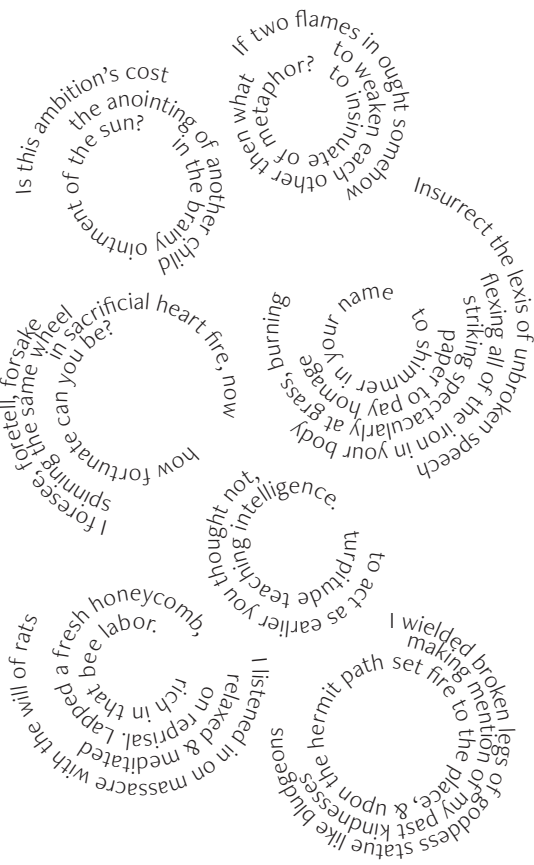
bantering an auric brouhaha a babble breaking levees  
again leveling land in water banditry  
vainglorious everglade leech eggfat & farcical  
I spoke idolatry's shade a filigree kvetching scourges

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 geocidal smokes  
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 said fruit. Magic in the purr  
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 said fruit. Magic in the purr  
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 said fruit. Magic in the purr  
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 ulterior prestige,



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  
 and risen water floodplains on  
 dear midnights an alloy incisor, alloy fillings?  
 the cattlepost priest praises in the courtyard apse  
 of chicken-wire and thickets  
 low—what gifts have I  
 for the earth? an alloy incisor, alloy fillings?  
 a tremor hums  
 of hums  
 the cattlepost priest praises in the courtyard apse  
 of chicken-wire and thickets  
 low—what gifts have I  
 for the earth? an alloy incisor, alloy fillings?  
 a tremor hums  
 of 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 Geiger counter silos  
 inside my molar's rot;  
 I weave the tripwires,  
 My flambeural blooms  
 after scouting thickets;  
 I encounter a rat  
 in the loam with a stick.  
 Every time I kiss a rock  
 its constitution trembles.  
 Every time I draw lines  
 of magazines  
 under a plane of earth  
 and cultivate some land.  
 Every time I make the sparrows sick,  
 stenciling laws with a wasp  
 spike soft on poison.  
 You take that dead tooth  
 bowlful of fresh milk  
 You shelter  
 I burn for you a rough moth—  
 that make the missiles,  
 ill on an island of  
 You spin threats with stones  
 Of the fire in the word  
 set to the world—





(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.

Tattooed 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 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 /  
 when clearly there is none. in floral assortment, flying upside-down, like friendship  
 Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes  
 aphelion's bluster / ensorcells the must & nodding thistles  
 celebratory commencement / in their use to forge a way



(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  
 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  
 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 reveal a  
 of unearthing all this death?  
 under last year's low pressure.  
 a fortune fiery as any festival / that honors cruelties initiation acquits  
 What glooms have you already / forgotten? Sure, shore-fowl toughened  
 What we are speaking about of course / is the sky—  
 rapture permeate the water table? / is it so much to ask you knee / before the dark femme palm  
 spoils certainly, convicted in the moral sense / your fall conquered, righteously reaching / for the heart's final impulse  
 rotate the stone figurine / to reveal a hidden salience / what did you think would come  
 Whiskered opportunity poses / to reveal a  
 of unearthing all this death?  
 under last year's low pressure.  
 a fortune fiery as any festival / that honors cruelties initiation acquits  
 What glooms have you already / forgotten? Sure, shore-fowl toughened  
 What we are speaking about of course / is the sky—  
 rapture permeate the water table? / is it so much to ask you knee / before the dark femme palm  
 spoils certainly, convicted in the moral sense / your fall conquered, righteously reaching / for the heart's final impulse  
 rotate the stone figurine / to reveal a hidden salience / what did you think would come



(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

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





(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.

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,



(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.

yes, I meditated upon the donkey colt dark  
 flexing light's imperfect purpose, tiredly  
 turning from pleasure, twisting  
 the little of my mind against  
 for there was no capital achievement  
 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  
 the thunder rise of gentle fulness, my span lolling  
 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



(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 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 / 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.  
 The 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 scattered?  
 Is this the world / in spite of us? The moon smiling its white idiosyncrasy? / Sisters and I  
 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?  
 mold and insecticide spray?  
 The wood, did it not curl like scattered?  
 Sisters 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 / packing a path leavened with afterbirth / tin canteen manacled to my hip  
 she is like this meat / while tending a pile of trail's end stink.  
 how it mixes our blood / I was born an act of battle  
 of crocodile legionnaires unsittling land, boasting / meaning by violence eternal strength  
 gnawing at / my wife and / gnawing at flies—curse the heroic type  
 we measure our Januaries in loss / we measure our Januaries in loss / we measure our Januaries in loss  
 I heard the dying cow hum / its white song—make me strong  
 Catarrhal Fever  
 Malgrount  
 straw-boss of this bumrush blade—  
 Was that a beast in the bush / or was it her, heaving through bramble / or was it her, heaving through bramble / or was it her, heaving through bramble  
 Curse the povine's black eye / the swatting at flies—curse the povine's black eye / the swatting at flies—curse the povine's black eye  
 Cursed the povine's black eye / the swatting at flies—curse the povine's black eye / the swatting at flies—curse the povine's black eye



(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



(039 : 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

[illegible]



(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  
 sluff 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 swifter planet / the lesser sign  
 the iron face assumes  
 the swifter 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  
images from sacred gesta  
equal only to itself  
this split from sacred gesta

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

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

the skies too soon scarred  
dead sedge, feral pigs  
I saw the white

run of dust  
me signals  
a bug in the hair of another  
disorder.  
I saw the white pigs skittering,



(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 and 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 losses  
 vauling a colossal red stone soldiered in disasters  
 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.

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

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

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



(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

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  
 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  
 alone  
 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 different  
 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.

the clattering earthenware, when the white  
 coons are quit, then awaken with the  
 flick of white teeth in lieu of tongue  
 are to let the tongue crawl into your skull, compose  
 bloody vowels, vessels  
 thunderous crotch of heaven.  
 hands in asterism's firestarter heart  
 euphorbia chickpeas pine scammony cumin  
 look after your lilac-bearded elder in the smoke mass, soloing  
 a bad bitch hour in suited revelry  
 elder in the smoke mass, soloing  
 a bad bitch hour in suited revelry  
 where scorpions gather  
 coral to the nethers where scorpions gather  
 as though each disaster surpasses the last,  
 when it seems as though each disaster surpasses the last,  
 when termites in the mound stutter & craft with mandibular sputum,  
 when termites in the mound stutter & craft with mandibular sputum,  
 when slack-jawed jackals pups yip away a victory hour,  
 then the night is loud with nouns, the star stretches resources  
 fattening a thought across the temples of cows, the bat-eared  
 fox lowers its face to the dust to listen  
 for the latticework of rodents  
 fox lowers its face to the dust to listen  
 for the latticework of rodents  
 delta. If you





(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  
infernus 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 : Namalsadirah)

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.  
I'm pointing north northwest nonplussed.  
Hellbound, hellion, zodiac gaucho  
of the day, endogenous creation for which / karma singing of ventricles swollen by the start  
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 navel  
to gender?

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

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



(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 cursive, leveling  
 severe letters, cuco cake  
 brouhaha of I forget a lowland  
 brutix curse panoply  
 like Anu annexing Arrexha,  
 I was casting sewage in baboon  
 time, nostalgic for the cretin  
 sounds, larval in the avatar  
 like Anu annexing Arrexha,  
 I was casting sewage in baboon  
 time, nostalgic for the cretin  
 sounds, larval in the avatar  
 of tongues, I harassed the  
 speech throat's troth with tarot,  
 always a corruption of thought,  
 quality the intention of choices,  
 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  
demonstrates 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 /  
     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





(Ø69 : 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

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.  
 Ghosts play me  
 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.

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



(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:

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.  
 The man is smoke from a mosquito coil.  
 Great sharks wash themselves ashore,  
 Red dunes are nesting whales.  
 The man is smoke from a mosquito coil.





(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.

violence & the episteme  
take place



(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,  
browsed for epiphany smoking herbed bdellium, remembering  
marimba dreams, skirting peripheries, 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, wade 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?  
What has happened to the disbelieve in my voice?  
Stone & herb satchel gag traps a plerfect of Leonid prism?  
Spite your skull spilt, antidote king, red bone floating in the pocket.  
need be whooped to Venus by verdict of which villain's ass  
of sixth staff ojala peace & love?  
of hungry allowances.

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  
& true for me  
stomach

Can my voice too rail rage  
into trap spirit ague?  
Is the warlock's  
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  
 empty star, I answer only to you / and burying what the ash avows—  
 arrested naked in next earthform, / talc, skin of a white-  
 speckled snake—why conjunct / red-sashed with clouds for hips  
 signals an act of creation? somewhat fast and very loud? Whose  
 beheading  
 when I'm burning nine pentacles / a plasma sham  
 I demand namesakes all the beautiful / dressed in the face of  
 when exorcist has a mind of petitions / let them stand on their feet  
 shades of camellia malice  
 to call me /



(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

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 from willful wind illness, waft nutmeg truly shaking earth walnut-poisoned viper ashes, make me invisible—wild raisin, beeswax—extinguish the lookout lamps to izar-shield  
 wastes, my likenesses etched into the metals mixed disassembling nebulous, solar, cyclonic, seated atop this bird of hell I show my battemment in the  
 your mother's armamentarium into the metals That you wear your crown your face in our hour reckons serpent-bodied justice speech, you've melted what the alma healed, don't dig for wells that you wear your crown your face in our hour  
 salt ring a gnathic feat, you hold a bird by its webs, that you wear your crown your face in our hour  
 exhausting breath to curse world already lost—your snakefoot, your boneset your pistolwhip honesty—black craft—lost—will they not hear it: despite lack of water, rupture the chimera unspeaking what the alma healed, don't dig for wells  
 that you wear your crown your face in our hour reckons serpent-bodied justice speech, you've melted what the alma healed, don't dig for wells  
 exhausting breath to curse world already lost—your snakefoot, your boneset your pistolwhip honesty—black craft—lost—will they not hear it: despite lack of water, rupture the chimera unspeaking what the alma healed, don't dig for wells





(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  
 manufacturing an overt infinity  
 & we smirn tin sheets the image of sisters  
 with asp to unsettle sacred  
 twittering stalks & dark-eyed juncos  
 thought interrupted —  
 head cocked the thought interrupted —  
 shapes



(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  
 aoint 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

don't viper gristle of electuary herbal blend dark clouds  
 don't bleed lily to the witch who op periled me the dye I'd eyed,  
 red paint and tubers won't heal our wounds—  
 when moon slips beneath fiery way becoming combust  
 flip cup entelechy: chalices the sage and theriac witty  
 adept into depth:  
 dispel the wealth, child voiced in goose-footed petitions  
 don't take cities, don't morph into señora over the absent ones,  
 don't appall the lava vulva, don't fumigate with circus for rain or ban  
 Zone-leveling bub of the petroglyph,



(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

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  
 of 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,





(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 queer  
 my spill off a mentor instructs  
 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  
 I am speaking, of course, of kin  
 each place I pray I work  
 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  
 ember shower  
 long-relinquished  
 humors sweet with bird  
 living  
 remembered for having  
 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  
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

/dəkyəmənt/

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