

HOAX

artist's edition set
digital supplement

JOEY DE JESUS

unlimited editions @ THE OS
c. 2022

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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.

108 Considerations

A Star Gauge after Su Hui 苏蕙

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

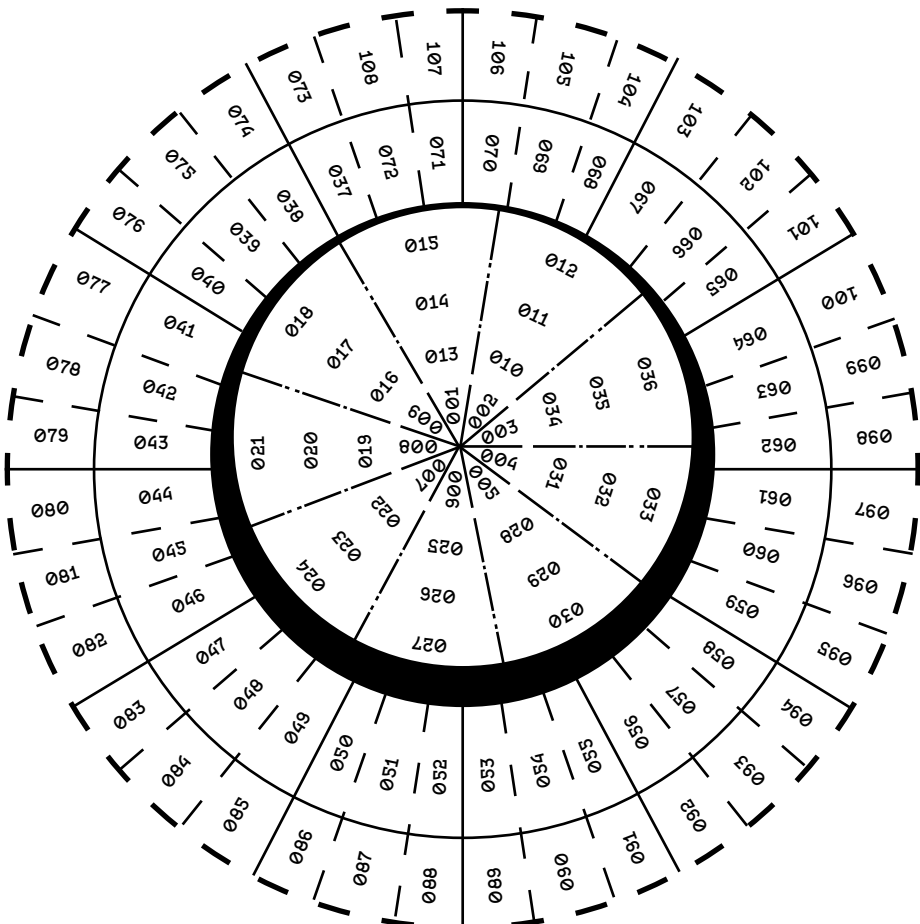
Myung Mi Kim, "Lamenta," from *Commons*

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*

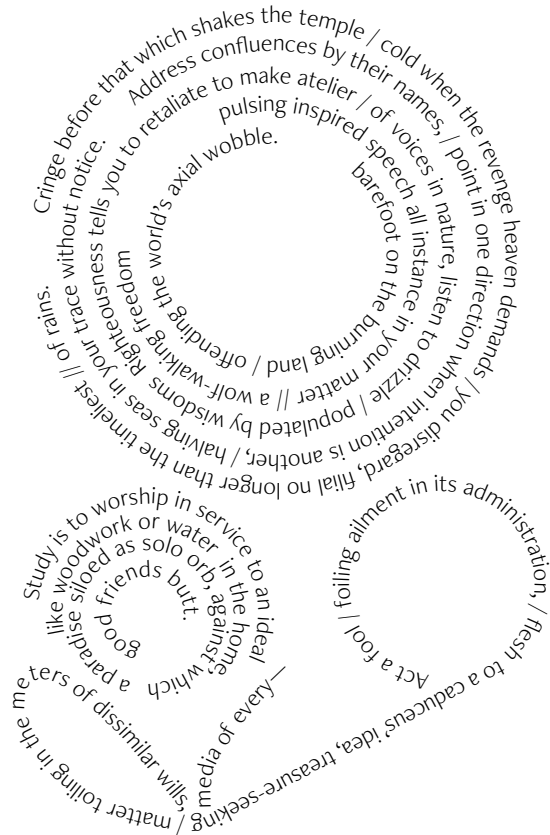
What follows is an attempt at imagining a speculative cosmology through poetry. The "star gauge" or astrolabe is partitioned into 108 sections (and void space) each with a corresponding poem. The rotapoems on the left hand of what follows appear on the deck of 108 cards.

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





(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 conflucnes 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 to 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—



(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

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(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—
absence of retribution multi-authored eternal femme, cantic
-chilled mantle the lyre flux
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, cantic
-chilled mantle the lyre flux

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(004 : Vega)

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—
The instant I was no longer
a thought to die toward was the instant
I rode the rolling clouds
begging at your door
loca of no location whose cause is never lost
choreograph your cadence to any wind
until you mistake its whispers
as the consequence of your language
speak epithets to besiege a place
from several miles sky-riling lighting
prepped in paper & the mightiest hex
to laze a reckless fancy

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a thought to die toward was the instant
I rode the rolling clouds
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keep the books dry with a beast's bone
laced in warlock's luck
dust gust bone soil fur gold grass—

we are talking fog



(005 : Edasich)

Don a tasseled robe, shoulder / exposed to the thurible's smoke
 press ink into lewd settlement / unspooling wisps in their principal labor
 adept in device and element, / stack coins of several nations
 atop the head of a mule / painted green for protection
 caduceus by choice, / by chalice of bubbly, money
 harbors the moon's madness—arrive / at a new faith speaking crestfallen
 in rumors, whispering the wish / of a match to one whom has it all.
 Draw crystals wafting a refuse / spectacle, the toxin you taste is an ass
 in the air, it is prestigious in that / it has six legs, the gift flight,
 and its mouth is full of curses.

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

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

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 it has six legs, the gift flight,

and its mouth is full of curses.



(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.

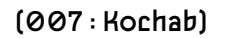
grass-green & rugged
we sparred in the road until I was doubled
over a carpet of needles composing this poem
until the word could be said no longer
of self-pity, dabbling in the unsayable
when I perished I became paraphernalia
pivoting about presence penning strokes
to clatter up ignis delinquency

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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
rhetoric

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



(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

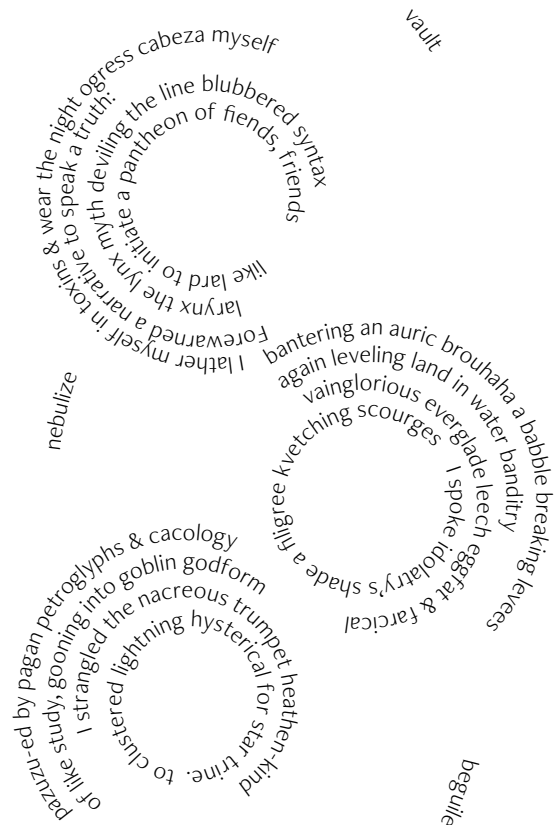
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(009 : Errai)

Satelites 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,
clypeus that wood bee cluster,
with one flap of my iguaca wing
your priests will give at the knees
and I will be renamed.

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vault

beguile



(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



(012: 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?

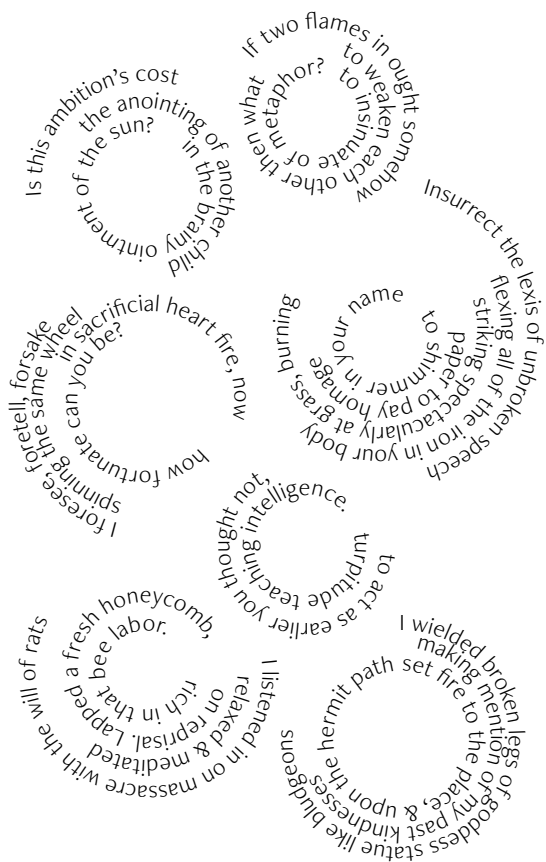
Insurrect the lexis of unbroken speech
flexing all of the iron in your body
striking spectacularly at grass, burning
paper to pay homage
to shimmer in your name

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?





(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.

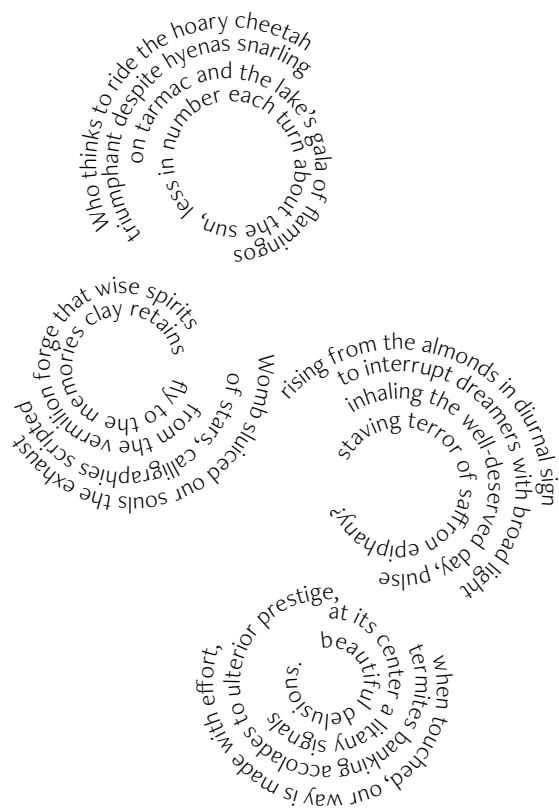
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(014 : Rigel)

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, goddessing about shells
where the sea breaks open for you
sternum to groin then cleans you with its hands.

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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.



(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

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said to dispel any fog relieved to let fly
all the consequence of my fasting & denial



(017 : Betelguese)

Welcome to the dark sanctum of blue-faced misfortune
where the fallow 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

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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, / Eavesdrop in the dark / with a tin will never
 surrendering to nemesis / even when sirens blare / their loudest, whitening, / so the skull grinds.
 of super ice in perigee. / tasked for tomorrow / no questions asked, / unnumber the asterisks /
 smoke in the undertow /



(018 : 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.



(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

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(021 : Alphard)

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

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.



(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.
from the ashram blue sun-zodiacal in tandem nine / a sodality swearing blood-oath shares
Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes
aphelion's bluster / ensorcells the must & nodding thistles
in their use to forge a way when clearly there is none.
elegizing each a celebratory commencement / flying upside-down /
friendship
enthuses gymnastics, flying upside-down.
Whirlpools shaman fumigates our robes
in floral assortment till peak aphelion's bluster
ensorcells the must & nodding thistles
elegizing each a celebratory commencement
in their use to forge a way when clearly there is none.

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
ensorcells the must & nodding thistles

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



(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 / its lost monoliths to the decapitated deity
whose shadow never truly disappoints.

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.



(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]
who entombed a corvid in this liver / that teaches me to foster the virtuous habit?
atlas of ice, ice drifts & hollow spirits. the wind jostling my ear was [name of the deceased]
askings of forgiveness, what / I do not know
I consult the field guides / read about the lifespan of garden seals / then hug the nearest trees
glaciers wane where lichens compost stone / atlas of ice, ice drifts & hollow spirits.

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?

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that teaches me to foster the virtuous habit?

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

askings of forgiveness, what
I do not know



(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

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

swooping hawk strikes rich
squirrel in its clutch protests
innocence to no avail
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angels you unholying wombs
this mineral name
for-rubble presiding raven
whose spread could hold the moon



(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? / 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
 rupture permeate the water table? / is it so much to ask you kneel / before the dark femme palm
 what we are speaking about of course / is the sky— When did plastic warp every / whisper in the wind? When did that pipe

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?



(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

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 known
stilettoing my silhouette, remelting
my helmet's metaphor, my flaming
corpse in a copse of many?

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the clouds of my world never parted
so we had no sense of the stars
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I was like a cherub straddling
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corpse in a copse of many?



(020 : 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,

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

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



(029 : Megrez)

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

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.

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

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



(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.

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,

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

whose fiend soul is bigger than us all.



(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?

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I'm already an axe-like weapon in the air. Who am I
& whose head do I have by its hair?



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

That friction heats a body torqueing
every odd year pulled earthward
its orbit what seems a millennia inching closer,
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.

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.



(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.

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

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



(034 : Altair)

yes, I meditated upon the donkey colt dark
flexing light's imperfect purpose, tiredly
turning from pleasure, twisting
the little of my mind against capital achievement
for there was no negotiating with one
who inflicts harm upon others
a winged mongrel torn between above
& below, I went & fell with love for reading
like ironclad condor rider
of the ruling radix

fanatical for wind polity, I eagled in threes
at water's edge, ambition and worldly
powers trine, stretched my span lolling
the thunder rise of gentle fullness,
raised the black march of femme warrior,
a brocade industry of nebula
in constant conception, a regimen
to manger life in the air's error
as leopard-bodied eagle
first born in times of misfortune

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
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in constant conception, a regimen
to manger life in the air's error
as leopard-bodied eagle
first born in times of misfortune



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

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.



(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
Suet-eater, seedspitter, berryskin. Hadn't I been dreaming we'd labored miles on a lion's back?
Hadn't we dusted our eyelids dark, lacquered our claws / to the lilac goddess just as rocksalt hit the ground and scattered?
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?

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?



(037 : Hamal)

did I fail?
 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
 a mountain in search of those
 to die among, virtue the plan
 shirking fool stigma
 iron-red

did I fail?

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

sprawls 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



(038 : Ain)

Malignant Catarrhal Fever

I heard the dying cow hum / its white song—make me strong
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

I heard the dying cow hum / its white song—make me strong
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
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?
I was born an act of battle
of crocodile legionnaires
unsettling land, boasting
initiatory ordeal of the heroic type
meaning by violence eternal strength



(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

History whitewashed the sky
sick with sign of the spear,
instructing brave
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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

of seed ziggurat, bullish usher
 Waste no gossip on the guard / of blood abundance powered / into noiserul 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
 shifts 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.



(040 : Elnath)

Waste no gossip on the guard
 of seed ziggurat, bullish usher
 of blood abundance powered
 into noiserul 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
 shifts 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.



(041 : Alhena)

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

even the shining one
of a hundred victories
might be bested

even the stars in their multiplicities
might universally signal
retreat

what animals catalogued
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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.

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
& 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.



(043 : Pollux)

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
who unties even the hands of disbelievers.
Astral flotsam daggers familiarly,
reading the vitality in things, dubious
its comportment fell, who looted its hot cavalcade
you want to say, look here, this is the sky
neophyte forging a debutante icon
you are wood wolf with a serpent tail
vomiting fire, having inherited her teeth—
to squander at your peril—she is star dog
dreaming at the water's source
catchment of flesh, divine work
reading the vitality in things, dubious
place that atomic mote into totem
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to squander at your peril—she is star dog
dreaming at the water's source

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vomiting fire, having inherited her teeth—



(044 : Alkarf)

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.

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upon which your plans
depend. Remain vigilant,
vault this last hurdle,
celebrations come soon.



(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.

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(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?

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(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
the swifter planet / the lesser sign
assume the iron face
encountering temptation & trickery
dement what the crocodile heeds

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the cemi eats first, tiny tyrant

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the swifter planet
the lesser sign

assume the iron face



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

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 as heat takes its turn at writing



(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
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.

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We laughed over spilt liquids
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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.



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

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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.



(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.

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-ciliation, a distance traversed in courage.



(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 riffraff shifting form

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(053 : Zubenelgenubi)

city & mountain skied an oath to war
I crossed out an inventory of angels by process of elimination
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
as fire fell so did customary truth
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

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
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commemorate the wreckage with must mallow
assimilating saturn's lowest pulse
that abyss where no measure sounds



(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.

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



(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

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best then revolution of nativities,
groin energy left right up the chest
furnace the virtue out



(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
warmth rise in soursop dance, until fire-
brands disinherit the sunning grove.
dare a need darling over open flame & latex fruit
& sassafras, close enough to taste
its likeness, sedge in the mattress, let a different
toss the scrap, let morning pledge to body stink

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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.

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 bxtch hour in suited revelry
 where scorpions gather
 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
 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



(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
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 take [water sign] thyme & coral to the nethers where scorpions gather
 when it seems as though each disaster surpasses the last,
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 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.



(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
 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

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 your toxic sparkle lifts the heat
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 acidic sky, figsuckle sear
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 may hold overhead like a scorpion's hook
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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



(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
infernors 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

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burn impulse, the coming heat's bright eon:

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



(061 : Namalsadirah)

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

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.



(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.

harassing a nest plump with wasps.
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.
Itinerant saturn and its ice ascends
the horizon, an atlas of dunes or hornets
hellhound, hellion, zodiac gaucho hawking
the nonplussed.
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
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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.



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

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, 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.



(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.



(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

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

& determined in her ask



(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.

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
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hides on the rooftop of good fortune.



(067 : Skat)

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, sibilant though
a volary of susto for a fool fawning on what
ramshackle fidget on a twine path assails me
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 ixia exuviated
pigeon infiltrates an idle village.

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

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stable, auguring the shenanigans of birds

nicknaming their virtues
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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.



(069 : Algenib)

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 / ascendant sparkle suggests fishing now
 No enmity to entreat then let wax
 In the drift and chemical burn where salt / is assailant putting fingers in your mouth, taking abruptly
 what was never yours to keep
 In a pearl trance, pressure forges your identity

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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
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 is assailant putting fingers in your mouth, taking abruptly
 what was never yours to keep



(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—
 Forgive me, I wasn't there. I wasn't
 wholly there
 to live-constellate a decolonized sky.

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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

[illegible]



(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

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 that outlasts its source.

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who twists its ankle
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cry soot, heart thwomping
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in rising beauty; furnished
 in extraordinary skill

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



(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.
 Longshore drift.
 Scree in the sea foam.
 Sea foam on black sand.
 brine & algal blooms of shipwrecks.

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 Longshore drift.
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 Sea foam on black sand.



(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.

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 for none among us want to hear her sing.



(075 : Atlas)

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

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.



(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
 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
 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

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 of the vegetation cult,
 need only dig to find
 treasure, to discern
 truth, I throw my name
 to dirt so all may eat,
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 over fallow land redeeming
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 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



(077 : Tejar)

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.

upending nation virtuoso
I ride the giant crowned ibis
who throbs an aria
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by tin whistle & in the dance
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(078 : Mebsutu)

orpiment, 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 flowery puma
 Splurge carats victorious like resurrection stork
 adorns the ornament exacting [moon sigil] vengeance, dressed in linen,
 never prostrate before the light that devoured grandmother's goddess / its voice a naked violence licking inside smile
 osprey-faced femme
 and a hex against oppression of the stars
 that which brings you pain? Strategist cavorting with the fog
 befoiling allowable I when I alms astrology harmful—
 walkabout thinking on nothing
 in its petty world of stupid thinking—osprey-faced femme
 dressed in linen, / leathers, silk crown, and a hex against oppression of the stars
 vast as a vocable of breath
 let ghost twin temper you neutral
 release several seals on the real you
 meditate on the advantages to working this medium
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never prostrate before the light that devoured grandmother's goddess
 its voice a naked violence licking inside smile



(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.

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 frequency lodged in the core bringing sure ruin.



(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,
browsed for epiphany smoking herbed bdellium, remembering
marimba dreams, skirting peripheries, touching.
We slept in such that spirit fed the fish forever,
beneath a hanging chalice of epiphytes.
The ardent sun beds and bodies its biggest saboteur
brought a hanging chalice of epiphytes.
Who would attempt to net the shape of heaven?
I'd boil peafowl breath, walk the moon's sacrament
for such a thief's love however small my manger.

I lost your silver hairpin where seas meet but do not mix
and risk madness to achieve the impossible retrieving it.
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We slept in such that spirit fed the fish forever,
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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 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.

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reaches up to finally reclaim its name, that at the very least
it be held in the damned mouth right.



(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 & 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 dished to dip into chocolates
plot toward increase regardless
a doomed duchess flirting with upward
bloom scattershot into circling
blank rebirth zeugma plumage
method of measure

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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



(084 : Zosma)

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 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.

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

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Entrust your every step to the medicine seller, blood-red lozenge
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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.

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



(085 : Praecipua)

Tawny & raised by leopard, waylaid
in my inmost shrine, no
refuge among planetary
spirits star-fed crystals of ice.
Mother's namesake stomached
mulch 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

Tawny & raised by leopard, waylaid
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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
 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 slate—for
 signs, linger on the voices 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



(007 : 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 /
 and burying what the ash avows—there I am, /
 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? /
 when I'm burning nine pentacles
 I demand namesakes all the beautiful /
 shades of camellia malice
 to call me / let them stand on their feet
 dressed in the face of petitions
 when exorcist has a mind to call me
 let them stand on their feet

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.



(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
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,
disaster, I—everyone is my disaster

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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



(089 : Izar)

Circle of rust's touch, whorl of thatch roof, tinning rain, milk
addor 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 into stone prayer.
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

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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
 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—



(090 : Alphekka)

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

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



(091 : Zubenlhakrabi)

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,
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,
wield
& should you drive your palm
through this devil's chest with
out-igniting, henceforth find
a spider autographing

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scent that stomps down
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-restrained under night, cat-
eyed angel jesting of de-
ceased thieves & the tinsel
-ed geodes that dithered.



(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, 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
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

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

of extremes



(093 : Larawag)

if the poem gives me life, what is agency?
 write, that 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

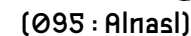
anoint three cups rosewater attracting my like
 three cups crocus to drive away spiders,
 welcome the giraffe-rider, in whose hand
 snaps a scorpion, who drools a tuber solution
 when gossip spites the tumbleweed & blue flower
 baptismal sponsor, share in this blood-wine,
 a topical camphor with which to lather talons,
 soak feet, before setting out for hyrax king

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 baptismal sponsor, share in this blood-wine,
 a topical camphor with which to lather talons,
 soak feet, before setting out for hyrax king



(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—



19611

1971



{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 nusus like sweetness lapping clay
varved or kissing the special calcite
into cuprous flame;

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

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hand becomes proudest of the peacocks,
your best accomplice a shadow
who suggests abstaining from wine.



(097 : Albaldah)

They burned my heirs alive before
me into their holiest flame for I cleaved
a scoundrel's chest magically armed,
my tactics thankless after conquest.
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.

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& whose each word uncovers a little more
of the world, spectacular as it's sounded.



(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.

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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

Evacuate the wicker bailiwick camp on the river bank

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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



(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 paragon at the gates of paradise

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

When the tumbleweeds, good when steeped for swollen knees,
goddess about dust as if ready to take you by the hip,
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I seek her approval.

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



(101 : Sadachbia)

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
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
my spliff a mentor instructing
lessons in moderation
I have exasperated
my vocabulary
to practice precision
in a life as flaming
star core

dahlia child too does violence
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my will disses fate growing strength of the tents

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the ambient fanning extinguishes
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parka-hungry
head a mild bluster
low tones grant eleven wishes
demanding much—

now say it
in ghost time:

wind authority
into laughing authority



(102 : Ancha)

I take up bone rosary
 after stretching skins
 like king of aquamarine
 gauze who loved all he saw
 I travelled in fear, weeping
 comely songs without turning
 & torn linen, the fresh water
 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 world's creation
 their demands
 I am speaking, of course, of kin
 each place I pray I work
 spit-shining the pearlescent head
 of six hilts, palming the teeth
 slug village—diamond obstacle
 seated on the ground,
 —the whistle failed all
 the stars in my body
 to the chariot dressed in wind

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 retributational well-before disaster fell
seeks fortune as controversy prevails.

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



(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 me like
ballistic sister incensed & speaking of 8
errands I must 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
long-relinquished teeth.
ember shower remembered for having
long-relinquished teeth.
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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.



(105 : Torcular)

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 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)?
days grim, tasks endless
a stone turns its face to the world
in which you are unlimited place

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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)?



(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
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
or cane liquor.
is chain-stitched
as sure as the night

—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.

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
following 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
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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.



(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
who thieves heirlooms without chalking the traps schematics
below, you out-dance any off a bridge of wires
the study rafters
risk it all like a rat in
words themselves hold virtue in the circle of the star
burying riches in the circle of the star
two fires to litigate every you of yesterday
companion to desires like a rat in broad daylight
burying riches where it sleeps

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



(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.

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having prostrated myself to no allowance,

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we share, whose treasure is this pact.



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 agentive *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

2019

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)*]

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 Hedeon and Víctor Rodríguez Núñez, translators/editors
Street Gloss - Brent Armendinger with translations of Alejandro Méndez,
Mercedes Roffé, Fabián Casas, Diana Bellessi
& Néstor Perlongher (Argentina)
Operation on a Malignant Body - Sergio Loo
(Mexico, trans. Will Stockton)[In Corpore Sano]
Are There Copper Pipes in Heaven - Katrin Ottarsdóttir
(Faroe Islands, trans. Matthew Landrum)

DOC U MENt

/däkyəmənt/

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

noun - a piece of written, printed, or
electronic matter that provides information
or evidence or that serves as an official record
verb - record (something) in writ-
ten, photographic, or other form
synonyms - paper - deed - re-
cord - writing - act - instrument

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

Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?

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

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse,
we also believe that

now more than ever we have the tools to redistribute agency via cooperative means,
fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

**Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country
we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where
intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.**

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.
When we document we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there.
When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand, we remind ourselves that,
like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

the PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

is a project of

the trouble with bartleby

in collaboration with

the operating system