
F
U
N



Rosanna eats rotten octopus
kept two weeks in the container
cold dried leg stalks
molded underneath
she sucks the ends and tips
each like a node
of the agglomerate self

I'm tired of this counter-conventional
wisdom she says
new styles of personhood
experiments in ever expansive
buddhistics

We are a plural
god don't we know it
and what good hasn't it done us to know
to speak to blame the present forms of failure
for the violence of success

That's a self too
That's a plural too

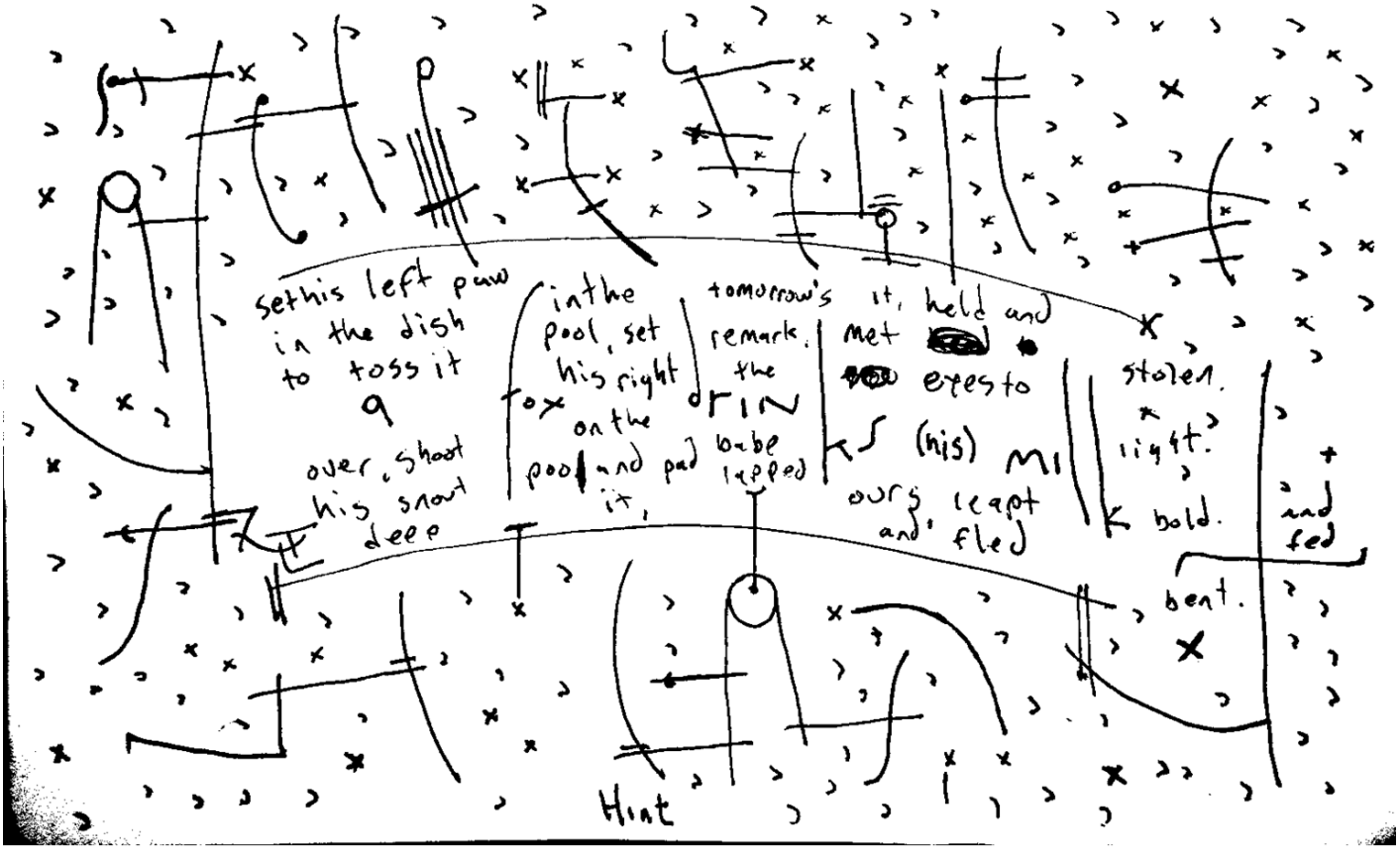
Rosanna eats the octopus
sucks on the rind and the gray stalks
domed cephalus she spits
I'm tired of it

Good on you Rosanna
I'm tired of it too



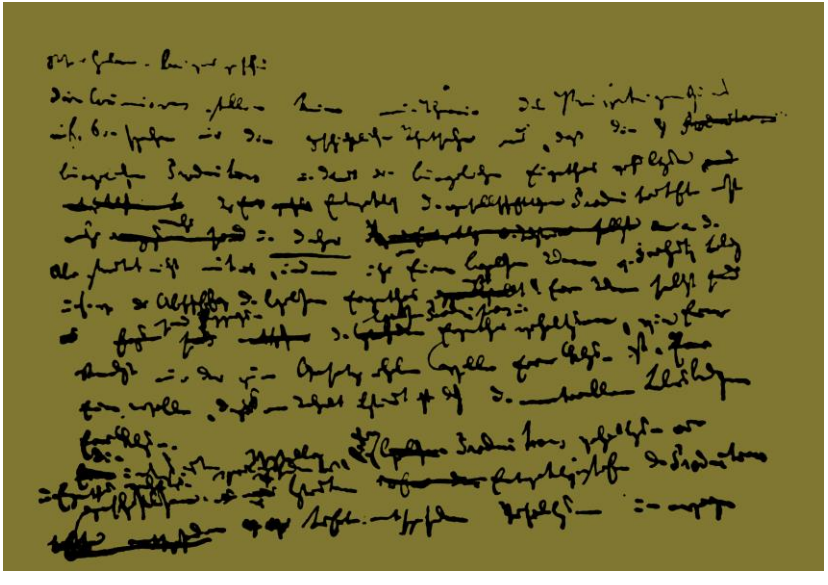

materiality,

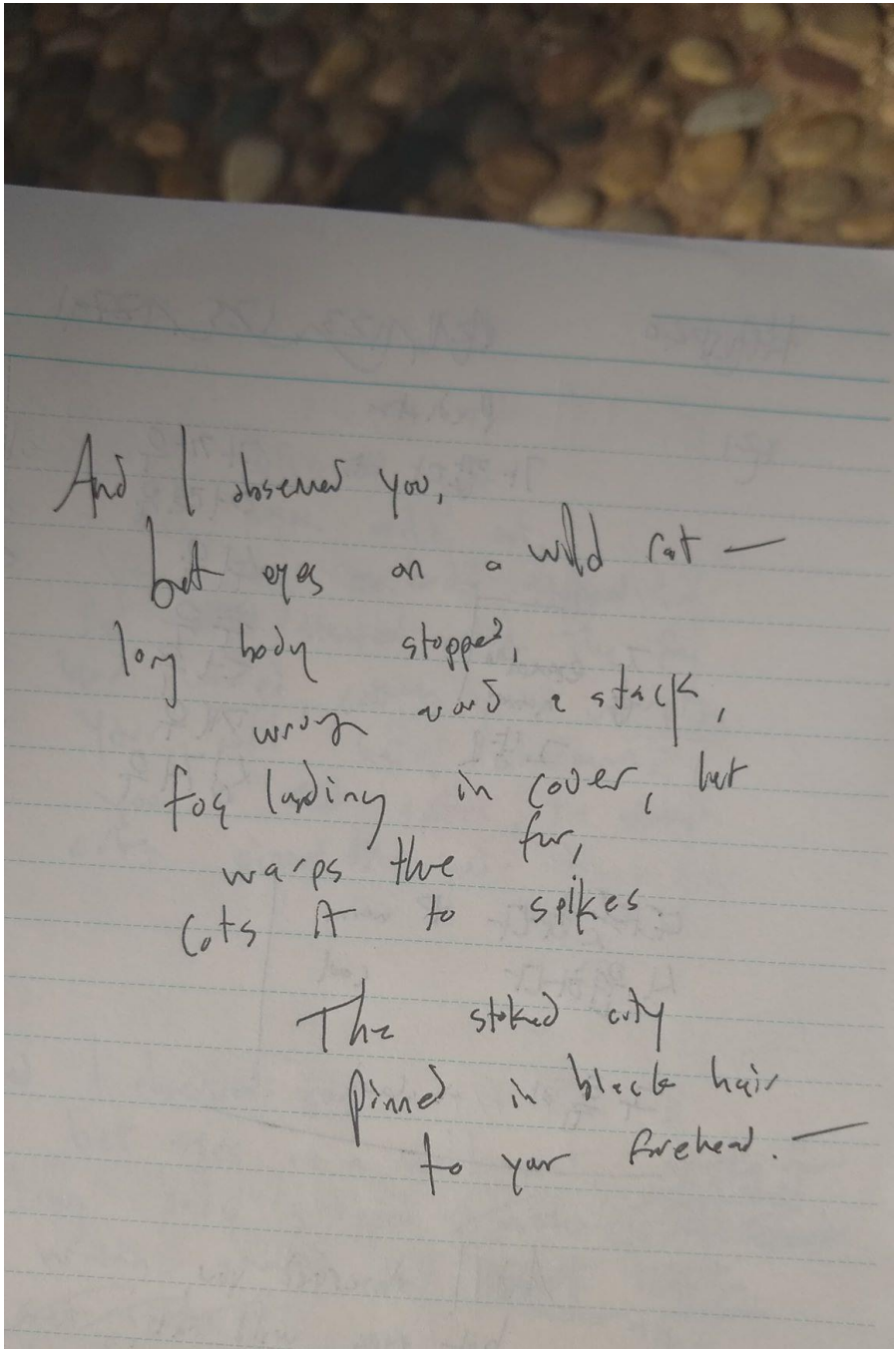
PUT A SHARP BONE IN THE FAT BELLY OF A PIECE OF MEAT ENCOURAGE THE BONE TO FLOURISH AND GROW IT BY MODELING THE BEHAVIOR BY UNDERMINING AND EXCLUDING INSTEAD OF JUST TALKING SHIT FAT BELLY WILL STRETCH BUT WHO IS THIS SKELETON IT OUTPACES AND IT CAN BREACH THE SKIN SKINNY FUCKING FINGERS NOW CAPABLE OF GRASPING BIG FAT BELLY IS A SMALL WRENCHED KNOT STUCK TO THE SIDE OF THE BACK RIBS AND THE SKELETON IS LARGE ENOUGH TO GRASP THE WHOLE TO ENACT PROPER DIVISIONS IT IS WILY IT IS FLEXIBLE ENOUGH TO AVOID OPEN BATTLE UNTIL IT IS PREPARED TO WIN THE SKELETON IS A CONSPIRACY AND THE BELLY IS THE BEAT



set his left paw in the dish to toss it
over, shoot his snout deep
in the pool, set his right on the pool and pad it,
tomorrow's remark, the babe lapped
it, held and met eyes to (his) ours, leapt and fled
stolen.
light.
bold.
and fed
bent.
Hint

postexist




And I observed you,
but eyes on a wild cat —
long body stopped,
wrong word a stack,
fog loading in cover, but
warps the fur,
Cats A to spikes.

The stoked city
pinned in black hair
to your forehead. —

AGGRESSIVE SPINNING ERRATIC CHANGES IN DIRECTION

YOUNG MAN: [*In an exalted, high-pitched voice*] I love you, I am great, I am lucid, I am full, I am dense.

YOUNG GIRL: [*In the same high-pitched voice*] We love each other.

YOUNG MAN: We are intense. Ah, how beautifully the world is built.

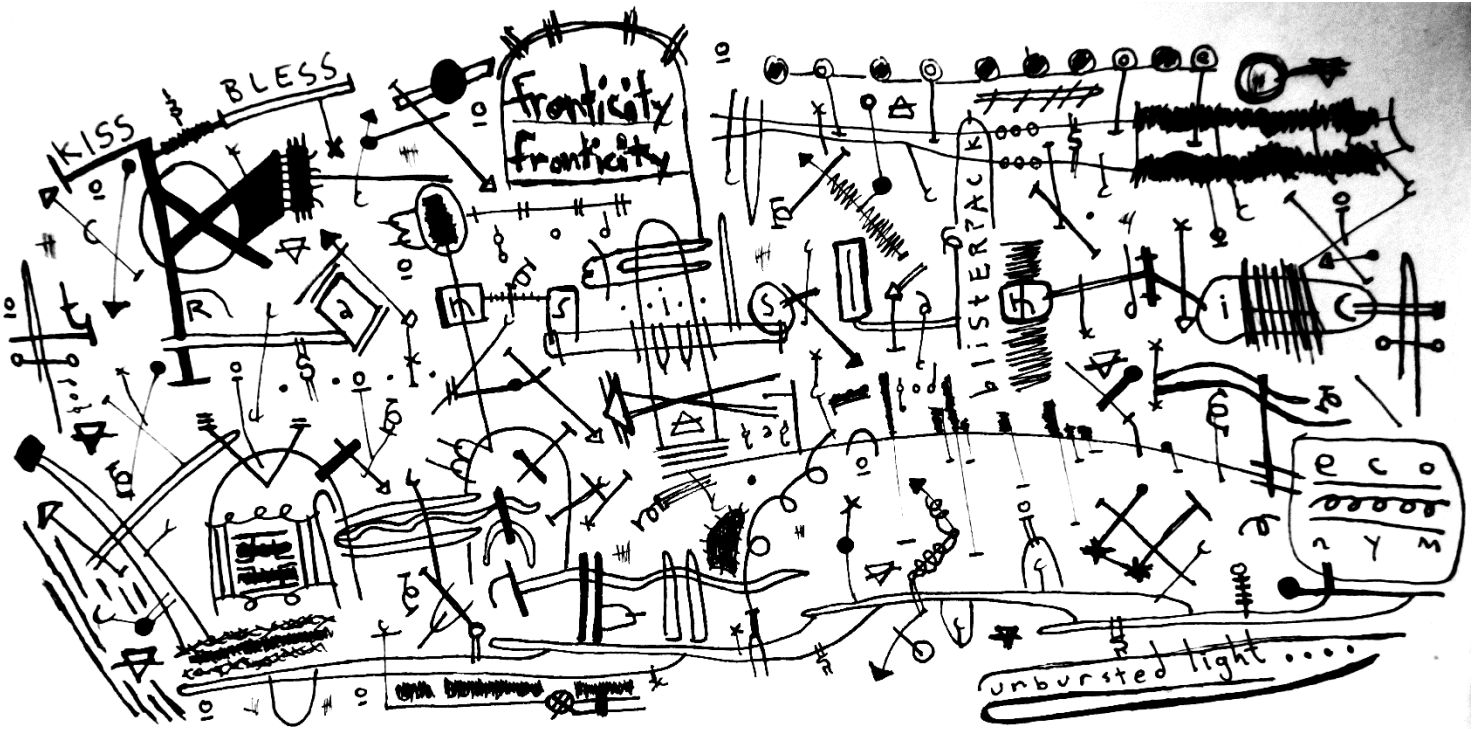
[*Silence. There is a noise as if an immense wheel were turning and moving the air. A hurricane separates them. At the same time, two stars are seen colliding, and from them fall a series of legs of living flesh, with feet, hands, scalps, masks, colonnades, porticos, temples, alembics, falling more and more slowly, as if in a vacuum; then three scorpions one after another, and finally a frog and a beetle which come to rest with desperate slowness, nauseating slowness*]

SHADOW PIECE

Put your shadows together until
they become one.

1963

Dissatisfied with speech, love disdains it, it has livelier ways of expressing itself. How many things the girl who took such pleasure in tracing her Lover's shadow was telling him! What sounds could she have used to convey what she conveyed with this movement of the twig?


KISS
BLESS
Fronticity
Fronticity
blisterpack
unbursted light ....

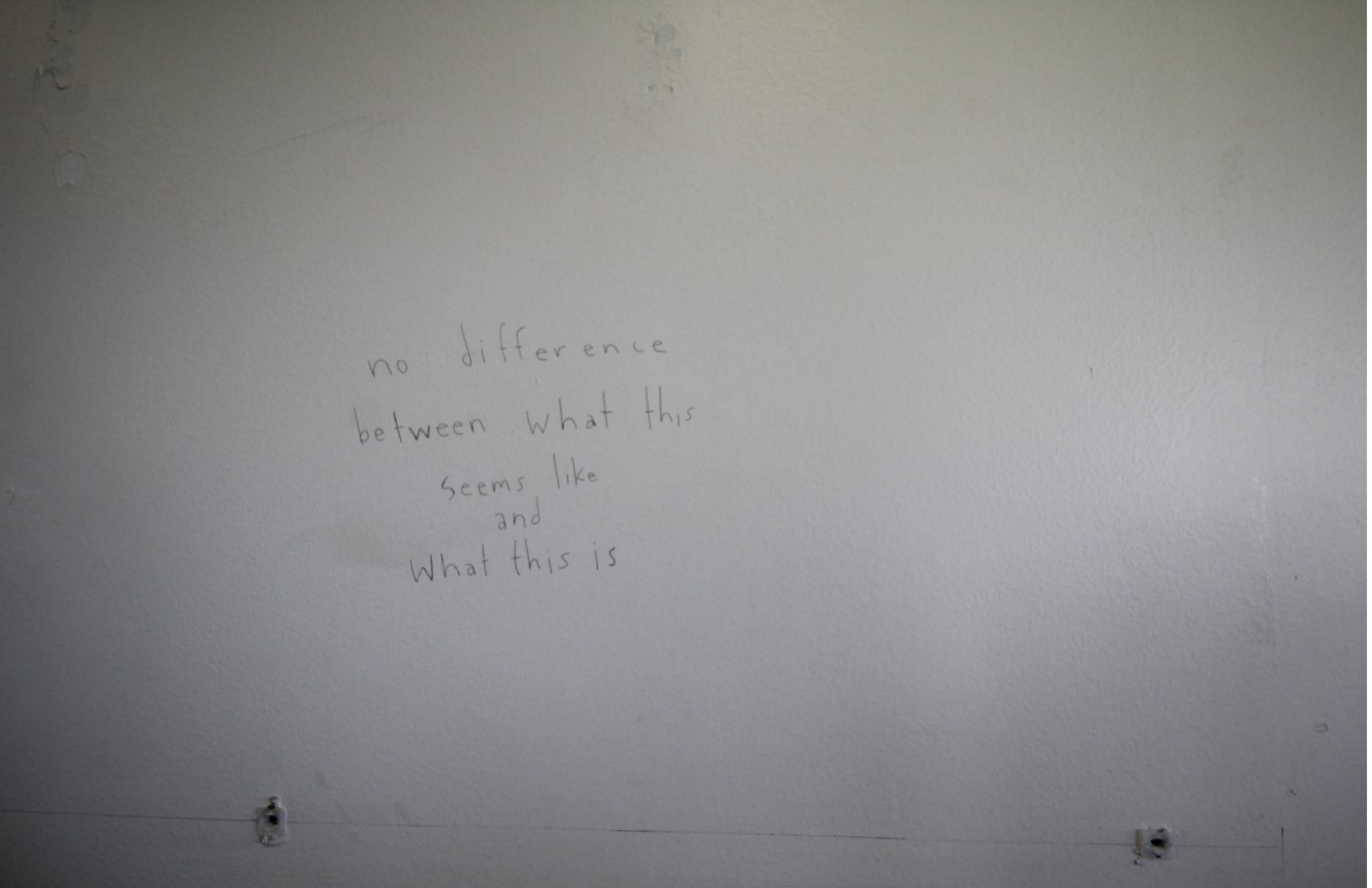
The US is an ontological society, there is no gap between our nouns and verbs: either they co-incide (toaster, heater) or they strain toward co-inoidence (office, network, impact, solution).

gegenpress for Cathy

one grab
huff, fresh
and we pull off
our honest young faces
where we play out
we spill —

and the seamless surface
of the hands plays
hysterics with the open

pausing realization
no difference
between what this
seems like
and
what this is.


no difference
between what this
seems like
and
What this is

If I Obey
I'll Be Happy All Day



WE HARRY KANE

MOSTLY MY LIFE LEFT. HAVE



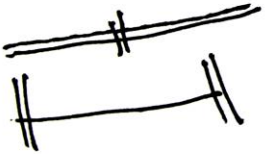
D.

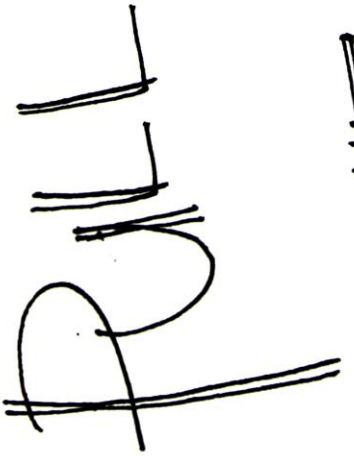
we have DNA.

la meat

the meater



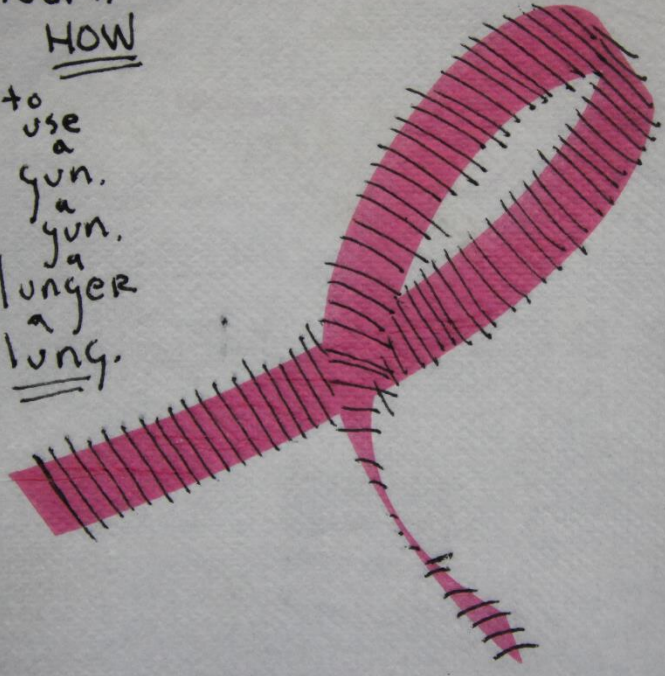




Headquarters OF THE SOVIET UNION

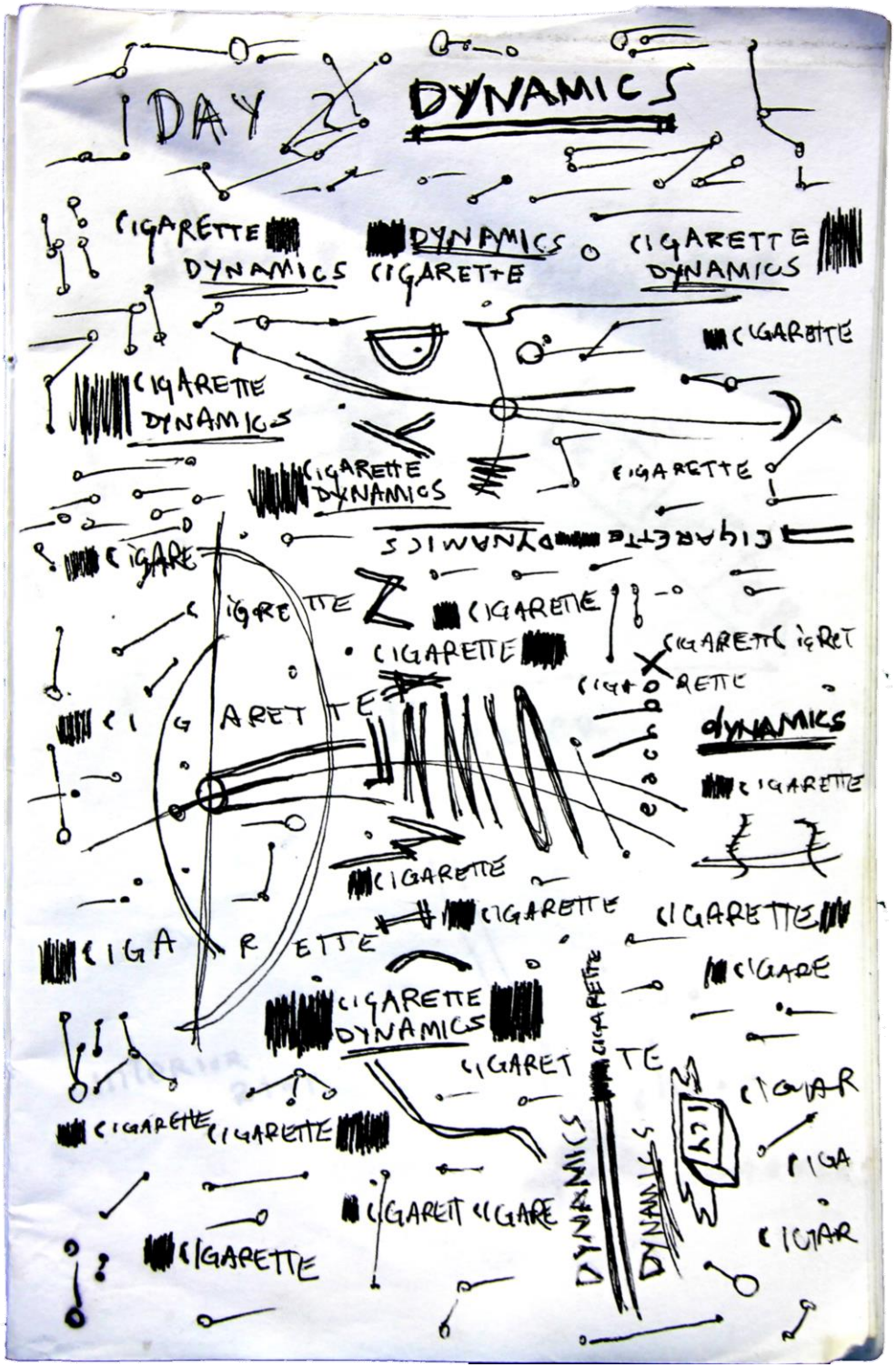


learn
HOW
to
use
a
gun.
a
gun.
a
plunger
a
lung.

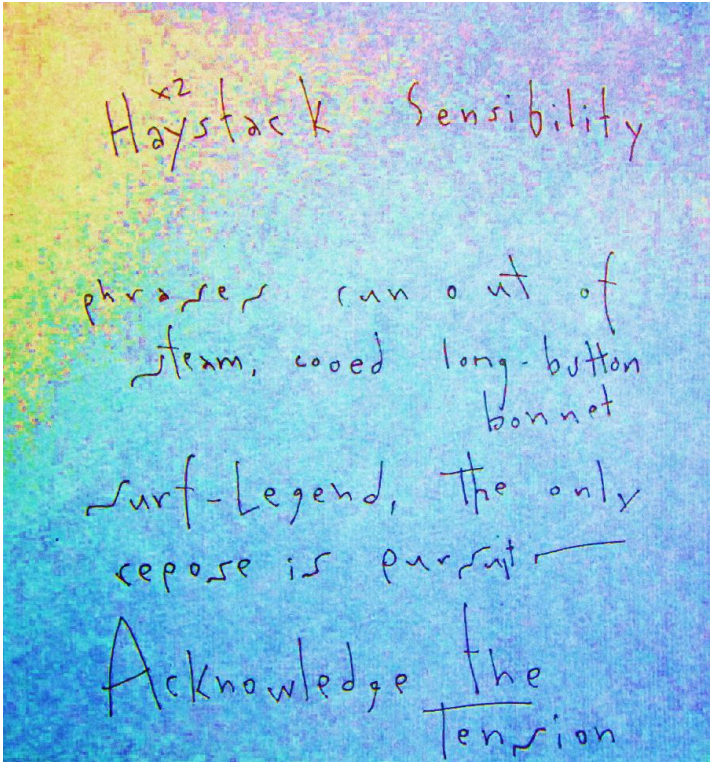


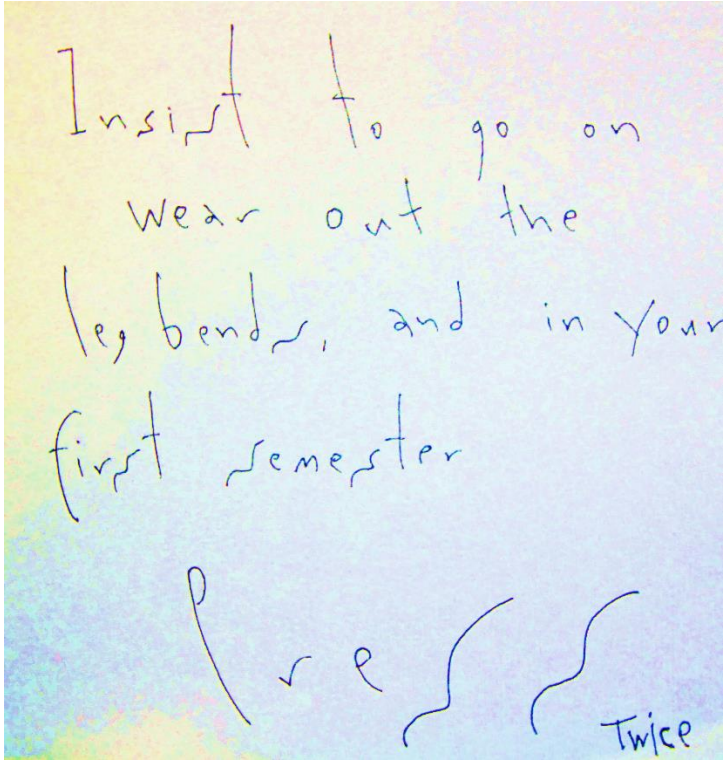
semiotics, that its regimes are in fact mixed. Moreover, at a later time there will arise new order-words that will modify the variables and will not yet be part of a known regime. Thus the order-word is redundancy in several ways: as a function of the process of transmission essential to it, and in itself, from the time it is emitted, in its "immediate" relation with the act or transformation it effectuates. The order-word is already redundancy even when it is in rupture with a particular semiotic. That is why every statement of a collective assemblage of enunciation belongs to indirect discourse. Indirect discourse is the presence of a reported statement within the reporting statement, the presence of an order-word within the word. Language in its entirety is indirect discourse. Indirect discourse in no way supposes direct discourse; rather, the latter is extracted from the former, to the extent that the operations of signifiance and proceedings of subjectification in an assemblage are distributed, attributed, and assigned, or that the variables of the assemblage enter into constant relations, however temporarily. Direct discourse is a detached fragment of a mass and is born of the dismemberment of the collective assemblage; but the collective assemblage is always like the murmur from which I take my proper name, the constellation of voices, concordant or not, from which I draw my voice. I always depend on a molecular assemblage of enunciation that is not given in my conscious mind, any more than it depends solely on my apparent social determinations, which combine many heterogeneous regimes of signs. Speaking in tongues. To write is perhaps to bring this assemblage of the unconscious to the light of day, to select the whispering voices, to gather the tribes and secret idioms from which I extract something I call my Self (*Moi*). *I* is an order-word. A schizophrenic said: "I heard voices say: *he is conscious of life*."[16] In this sense, there is indeed a schizophrenic cogito, but it is a cogito that makes self-consciousness the incorporeal transformation of an order-word, or a result of indirect discourse. My direct discourse is still the free indirect discourse running through me, coming from other worlds or other planets. That is why so many artists and writers have been tempted by the séance table. When we ask what faculty is specific to the order-word, we must indeed attribute to it some strange characteristics: a kind of instantaneousness in the emission, perception, and transmission of order-words; a wide variability, and a power of forgetting permitting one to feel absolved of the order-words one has followed and then abandoned in order to welcome others; a properly ideal or ghostly capacity for the apprehension of incorporeal transformations; an aptitude for grasping language as an immense indirect discourse.[17] The faculty of the cuer and the cued, of the song that always holds a tune within a tune in a relation of redundancy; a faculty that is in truth mediumistic, glossolalic, or xenoglossic.

Let us return to the question of how this defines a language-function, a


DAY
DYNAMICS
CIGARETTE
DYNAMICS
CIGARETTE
DYNAMICS
CIGARETTE
DYNAMICS
CIGARETTE
DYNAMICS
CIGARETTE
CIGARETTE
CIGARETTE




Haystack x2 Sensibility
phrasers run out of steam, cooed long-button bonnet
surf-Legend, the only repose is pursuit
Acknowledge the tension

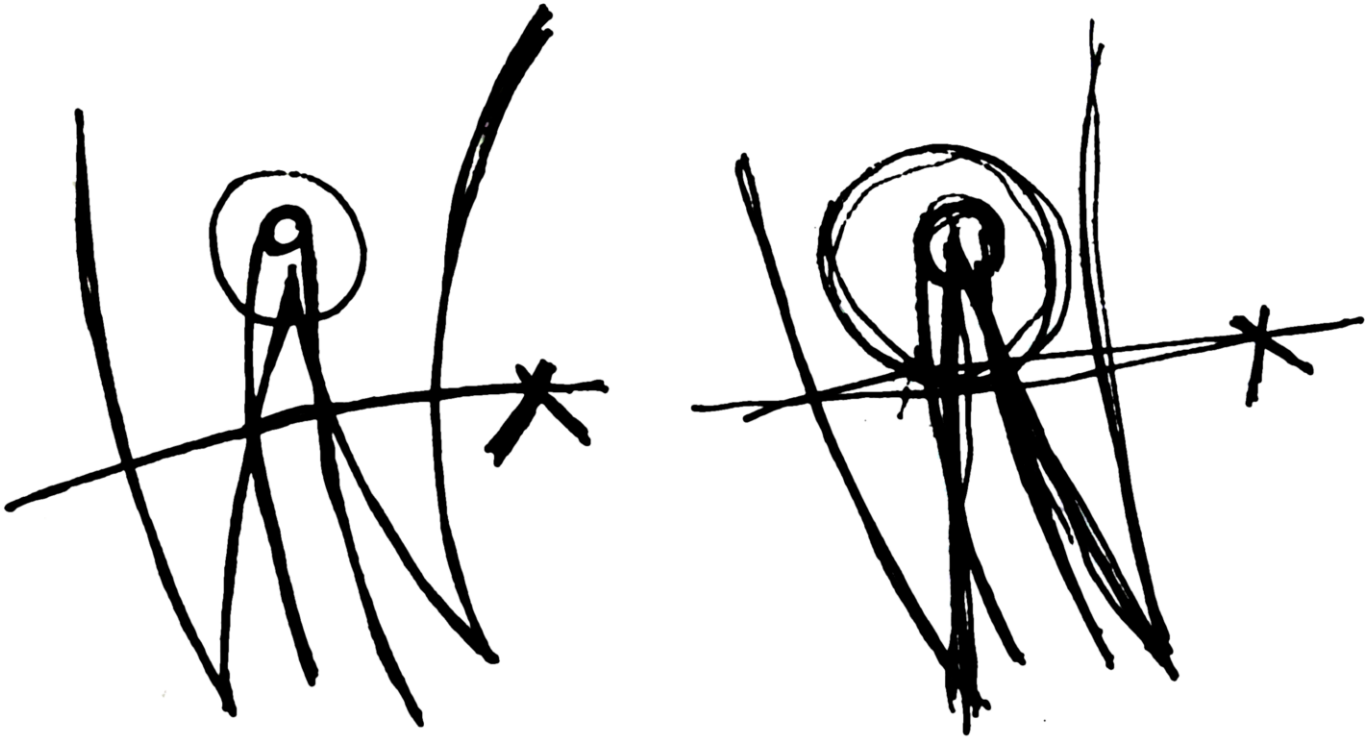

Insist to go on
wear out the
leg bends, and in your
first semester
Twice

find me in league #1
during the heated final
match, squatted near the
end zone, ex-hausted,
me too out of steam
saying "I insist
to go on"

to a stadium and
city full of assholes.
who cannot hear from
a significant earlobes
"I insist to go
on because we need
the enrase,

if we're serious
and engaged citizens!
((we were not))
((We were born babies
It didn't matter, the
surf hears.
lobes or no lobes

It absorbs and then
it goes on.
Pursues.
Press Twice.


W O R K