lets call it no-name
we place it now isw
so it sits on us waiting to tell stories
of pneumatic masses
and blood-drained ecologies

come tell me
about the labels and grammar
of paper profiles
machine politics
a simulacrum of elements
that dont ever hold me

your morning hunger
fulfilled on my balcony
i feel. so i listen.

nothing remains clever
it knows i want cheddar in my wheel
fungi infested and loooudd
plangent stomps out our vibes
til bullets pelletize
in the thick of adipose tissue
seldom do i fold

i want to riot so much
more than matter
you are called

toa ritual
writertorbeaspinning
hands feet hecks groins
the topic is nowaste
so conscious space sentence
manhood-all the elements
you lack
unable to say goodbye
tobe blackened tomorrow
you make a mess of the sublime
nectar for necrophiliacs
nooses for niggers
someone pis despiser the cast off
old memories fluttering behind your
newyork eyes gingermachines
why don't you praise my innocence

must you free black woman
conceal them in your gaze
she want cheering city
will ra and it come
seemlessaced object servant
illuminate a refuge
i feel scared for us
we've spread the silence

i'm asked
still i'm coerced to know
nothing even matters
until there is fire
afferent bursts of that bloody eddy
ship me back
to breath

the things and their unbridled parts
becoming life-dealers
spellbound in parchment
(guttered ∞∞∞
gutted ∞∞∞dis-organ-ized)

we make the best of our nostalgia
in the name of radical traditions
current quantum just can't grasp

what if i do & i die?
fat

suddenly

explanation

later

1

2

3

4