



SPACES WHERE SPACES ARE

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POEMS BY C.E. PUTNAM

C.E. PUTNAM

P.I.S.O.R. PUBLICATIONS

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Poems in this volume have appeared in Skanky Possum, Ixnay, Situation, Articulate, and Lungfull! “Recent in Origin: a visual anthem for the wet frontier” was first presented as a text companion (and gallery slide projection) for a collaborative multi-media art show. It featured works by Mary Gross (painting), Meghan Trainor (painting), Joseph Dierker (sound), and Ben Beres (sculpture). The opening reception was on Sat May 4, 2002 at Dan Ayala’s Secluded Alley Works, in Seattle, Washington.

A number of these poems were printed in the limited edition chapbooks “Frolic: Selected Cosmic Sex Earthly Love Poems” (2007) and “Go-Go Poem Poetry.” (1998)

This is the third book in a set of six.

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PREFACE

Most of the poems in this volume were written between 1997 and 1999, while I lived in the Washington, D.C. metropolitan area. So many great writers were living and working there (and still are) and many more came to town via Mark Wallace's Ruthless Grip Reading Series, Rod Smith's Bridge Street Books events, as well as DCAC's In Your Ear series (which I had a turn at hosting for a year or so). Through these writers' work and example, I learned not only a lot about writing, but also how to be an artist in this world.

Some of these poems got their start in stolen work moments and were a part of an informal spontaneous work poem email thread between myself and the poets Buck Downs, Ethan Fugate, Susan Landers, and Carol Mirakove. I am grateful for the various mid-level supervisors whose inattention to my workday activities and use of company laser printers allowed me to start and complete these works.

In one of my positions, it was my responsibility to monitor and encode international satellite television feeds from Serbia and NATO during the Kosovo War. These

included press conferences, news programs, propaganda cartoons for children, and video (sometimes live) of the NATO bombing campaign. As I didn't have a television during Gulf War I, these fetishized images of dominance and destruction were new and disturbing to me, and later served as an awful déjà vu point for the Shock & Awe of our current state of unending, mechanized war.

C.E. Putnam
Singapore, Singapore
February 2012

SPACES WHERE SPACES ARE

WAIST DEEP

In my opinion we were on
Hamilton Street at the time.
I found a finger there once,
but now there is nothing,
and we are on Swann St. breaking in
by climbing up. I removed
a plywood window,
and we discovered blue
curtains and rusty carpeting.
You calmed the two-legged
security man and I shivered
in the penguin's face.
My splintered hands
now in your sandy britches
at the plant after our shift
left leg with thigh over thigh
then this leg, this gentle
moves the nighttime closer,
and you can double your sex-life
where the gut beats against
your heart almost all the way
to the mouth, and nothing was
better at killing that awful awful feeling.
In the circle of dead houses
where you live with the uglies,
your clothing fell away,
the slippery elms forming the same

line. And all this time, all this snow
was around us spending the
afternoon instead inside
cutting a rear porch window
in our heads, on Wayne Street
1900 block, to let the air
back in a dead green snake.
Winter is finally here and you
were there looking straight through me
standing there,
so so so.

Dear Lana,

In places where places are
the only fabric limits to spring,
I wished skin tips brought depth
as you are nothing but muscle
before the ghost and only existing
in this place where the outside is
buried somewhere near the ear,
where it whispered where it wanted
it inside, where it could listen
to a cold, constant “tick, tick.”

Remember, polar bears are
powerful. Lips shipped in to fill
the friction. The secret Xerox
projects with my face pasted
on top of all the bodies. If this
letter is not anonymous.

We are only places exploring the folds,
flipped upside-down, heads stuck in them.

There is nothing specific where they
put the people back together,
an invasion place electric simple
screw party places electric nothing
to do but the killing places electric
the killing where they are sawing
into the lamppost. There! the sound
of it. What the wood said what
your heart said the pavement said

the ghost would not be called
a liar again. Weakening the strong
baskets, the last hippies popped
their tops. These places were people
and they are living again. Dan loads
the batteries. They are all done for
these new people becoming
almost completely you.

THIS WINDOW REPLACES ONE

My afternoon-back stared at the ceiling.

Then, during break time, I manufactured stomach paws
for the ghost, my only source of furniture.

Tell me only when you feel my hands
separate from your body
in order to break you. The dusk
moves the colorless animals
on all the streets. No avenue could
be good to him. "Breathe heavily," the ghost said,
"and if she doesn't, she's dead too." And some of the dead
ones singing, "Come on down, won't you, come on down."

JUST BEFORE BECOMING MILKY

Take a minute to picture it:
this seashore sand presses to the outer edge
as some cracks in the body open this
Thursday's unexpected work stoppage.

The drone tells me it is one. I make
the yellow yellow before me.

The sun! The middle age bigger and
bigger around. You tell me I am

eating a lot of beef these days. You are a boat
enthusiast who sees strangers planting
explosives in a Denver office building. I have
a scientific relationship with trout-faced
people and explore a cave housing
the skeletons of four pilot whales.

(simple blue and white colors some pink)

In a telephone call today, a stranger
invites me to visit the old shoe
factory. His ex-wife of many
years died this afternoon.

What is the thing that holds
the ocean on the earth?

I get into a tiny box and push
against the sides until
it is good, singing:

ohdollyayeechoday
ohdollyayeechoday
ohdollyayeechoday

TRANSMISSION

So asleep in the shop front window,
the people with such little heads on
their necks. A city-quiet while I crossed
to the bedside radio. 12:55, a murderer
in the speaker finding words,
“She is falling in love with me.”
I am a believer in up-emotions
having swept you into the microphone.

Recalling the sounds the glaciers
crushed against our window,
the face of you, of me, opposites.
This is you and you are in it,
leg-cruxed among all the skins,
keeping yourself close to the sound.

ROLO

Monday: Madison Square Gardens
kept my kid-faces under coal sacks.
Alexandria loaded me up with Scarsdale Diet
recipes for Emu Dungenesse for pep. Tuesday's
favorite doxy imported blister beetles in feta:
up a 1/4 breaking off sexual and office
protocol, everyone knew about us.
I sought professional radium strength
(radioactive). Watching the microwave
turn, her lament for "Wednesday." We were
pornerastic, felt sexy despite the punishing
perfume in the elevator. A ruttish desire.
Nobody could understand Thursday.
Those lips, so fresh, blood came
alive and diet sperm every morning
(our regular). On Friday, I laid in
the grave all day, opened the freezer
for 10 minutes, deciding. What I could
not do to you on Saturday. Mr. Hu
understood and brought pig poi. We got full,
lobster-boy crushed the boss and listed Lance
as a Communist. Yeah! The outside world
and green: it was Sunday. Nobody selected
the fundament. A basic life substitute
yesterday created a mental disturbance.
We called it the boy wonder, a.k.a. Roger, our owner.

THE 15,000 DAY FORECAST

Looking out the window
at a window. The window
is lighted. In the window
there is a lamp, there is
a telephone across the street
and up a floor, (it is very high up).
That is the first time I saw you
beneath me, work shoes
under your desk. There is
also some dirt and a man
standing on top of another
man, loops move through
their uniforms, a floor above,
smoking a cigarette, and I can
see right into the man, the one
on top of the other man,
because he is a telephone
and the other man is a lamp.
You told me about the Chief
of Snakes, the little seal
that is under the seal is
an anchor under the anchor
to murder the flat assed.
Coffee kicks off its winter.
I think they are making
a movie over there, and
the plastic pages the zones

that you are counting up
and down, and into this
spreading of the heartfelt
is hardly the figure to suggest
romance. That's dust!

To the smoking man I
wanted to say that the window
was crying because it was
raining outside, but windows
can't cry like people can
so the window is just wet
like people sometimes get
wet, and the dirt he makes,
it is just so that Family
Gods can provide greedy fun
for the Morons. A big bag
of lemons or oranges and the area
that its light becomes, falling
down until it hurt. The paper
thieves were not revealed
by the videotape. His leg is
broken and so the man
must hop. I AM A CIGARETTE.
I AM A STREET. I LOVE
TO HAVE FRIENDS
OVER FOR COOKOUTS
ON THE WEEKENDS.
The window is looking through
a window, now, and the window
is all dark and green.

Dear Jayne,

Water through panty
hose produced wine. Panty
hose through wine produced
you and me in the last
aluminum garden, the last
blue flame. The last
song-song. I will rattle this
shopping cart filled with
cans to the edge of the earth
and pour it down for my
heartsake, for you. If this
is not the greatest
place on earth, I don't know
who else to give my money too.

HOW TO READ SHOULDERS

I was constantly the bed,
but it is actually that I am hardly
ever actually there.

In the nighttime, the quick kicks dart
about the chest openers, and feeling
delightful against the warm spot,
I checked your keyhole again and again.
Quite the repository, dear. I even spotted
your pearl button hiding in the walk-in closet.

Even though you remained in the doorway
(behind the door), your hand reached through
the porch to greet me, the cat rubbing against my elbows.

There is common knowledge of how it could have been:

wearied mono-brow
coming on

sleeping, a pair of your eyes came
to me flying

so rattle-shaken and poor.

A SHORT LESSON IN CANINE MATHEMATICS

Waves and hips arch bucked
up the coffee cup on the nightstand
and handcuffs flowing sand
porridge love with tang hermit
shells spurting makes for a pretty
good/balanced breakfast/lunchtime
screw: to pull the rope and spoon
coming together and so she sipped
the steam with two pieces
of toast but we need to improve
on the legs like Bruce Jenner
and the new decathlon events:
Like each time you ask me what's
"this" times zero, I always say zero because
I know all of my zeroes. And you say that's right
baby, zero times anything. And it was good.

NATO KÄELIN

Today, missed my first/last/best
chance to be vaporized. I wanted
to stand on top of the dome.

There are no places left
for my policies. No places
left for ratchet starlets
and manifold male models
in Europe today. Through
the wet hole in the ground
I could see lava. I hopped
from car to melting car,
from melting person
to person to make my
way to The Sandwich
Shoppe. The feed is
coming in from two
places, plug in the patch
and switch back and
forth. The only two
planet-channels left.
I stayed work from home,
missed my last chance
for love.

DEEP WATER WALK

The pool flipper reflex, a whirl
of pumps pumping feathers
underwater and a notice hastily
scratched into the kick board.
You discovered a grotto so deep
and curled inside. This is what light
really was used for and bulb potatoes
w/fried coffee, a favorite. Hands
pressed through the blue at such
an odd flap-opening *true surprise!*
The point of contact of explorers
and deeply sunken ships.
Panic fell upon the tanks,
limb commands turning nitro.
Lips fell to petal lengths
and haunches caught on rocks
scrambling knees scrambling
for masks. The valves are broken.
Biting your fingers so hard
nails shave away the naked.

TO ALL THE EGGS

Three days later, the wheel in her room was still spinning. The only clues: a brown paper package, a pair of cobra shorts, and a green scarf.

It is only the afternoon you bend,
your left arm rocking, falling off
all the way down to the gulches.

Splash-echoes, and after a preliminary rest
I went back and finished my glass.

When I heard the elevator doors close, the bath
towel knitted into a sarong. In dreams I never see,
never remember, my lavish licking of taboos,
our peanuts and popcorn sex makes for the cleanest
bubbles, and the rest of the world decayed
out of our mouths. Then, you organized
a party by snapping on a lamp, making
the prints in the carpet-sand, shadow-deep.

“Come on in,” you said. “On the bed
you will find the evidence will overtake
the tortoise because you can
never, because the tortoise had advanced
to where the tortoise was.”

Dear Dan,

A few days ago I went
down to the beach
after dinner and walked
as far as the rocks
near the lighthouse.
There, there is a difference
in the state of being
the same. Dan, a man
needs friends, and you
are a man, but you
don't have any friends.
On the beach there were
little pools the kind
the sea will leave behind
filled with rocks and orange
sea pens, the kind you like.
I've explained this basic
situation to you before:
the high-vocabulary
person working with low
vocabulary people may
become an alcoholic.
You don't like living
in a colony or hearing
the tones of Pioneer

English. Why don't you
get some servants to throw
you a party and make
some friends? The sea was
calm and the moonlight
made a broad path on it.
You might still go into
the living room and sit
on the cot. Is the canvas
still wet? I tightened
that lock until the little
teeth bent back. Some fishing
boats were leaving
the harbor, but I could not see
the color of their funnels.
I know there is a head
in your hands, hands in
your head, head-hands
in your hand-head. In
the distance a big liner
was passing. Bing Crosby
and David Bowie were singing
The Little Drummer Boy. It was so
warm out that some people
were actually bathing. I prefer
to bathe when the sun
is shining. Maybe these

people were busy all day
and were not able to bathe
in the sun. The thought of this
makes me increasingly sad.

ONCE A PLACE

It is understood to be funny
how some people stand
where there used to be nothing
and expecting to find something there
actually find, nothing.

But wait, once over the oceans I found
a tumbler filled with animals packed
too tight and dying. Have you ever seen
trauma stores their explosive growth
all over the earth, handheld signs over
our heads tell us what has happened and
what will become of us and our clothes?
The racks seem so self-contained to me.
And in the porthole, the ghosts of the little
animals playing in the little ghost zoo. Look
at them looking back at you, here and there,
eating the kernels right out of your hand.

THE APE HALF OF THE INSECT WORLD

As President Van Buren
said to the bee
pass the crayon box
you can breathe
through the built-in
sharpener we all have
the right to kill
crystallized
orange jackets
a part of our natural
monkey sniff
mustard chain
of being
granola bar green
the latest color is “ass”
gassed up streams
lost my stinger
flowers make flowers
our home sweet home.

ADULT WESTERN

Sunburned-ass and became further
confused by trading the shampoo
money for what was imagined
to be sex. As you get used to it
the covered wagons and the pan price
of admission. That's the freedom
to choose. Success-whiskey
in cans. Camping outside of Baltimore
I was brushing the leaves out of our tent
with my hands and was cow-punched
in the back of the head—waking to making
the pleasing places with Os, welcoming the lovers
back to the sugar island. This is as far
west, so far—but still deep in the dark
where rackets live and swing so pressed
to press it. It was easy and old and after
the throats, I wanted to feel all of Hell California.
Buffalo games, atomic-horseplay
and the cows shooting off sucking
and shouting ready for Monday!
I'm ready for Monday. Yes, Monday
I'm ready for Monday but once the ranch
master heard a laugh it turned the cowboys
to sand and cactus flowers to settle them.
The sun was noon. In the big
farmhouse, she heard herself
wandering though the rooms.

She found eggs to scramble
some half-empty jars of black
caviar, and yellow gravy,
but nothing else. The word for doing
it to yourself, rope-em-up next
to the radiator. Fill the basin
with warm water. Soap has already
been laid out. Drop it in. Now that now
is more than today, now that your new
body is doing more than an old one
ever could. That's everything
you wanted that sweet sweet powder
as we breathed you in.

WELLS

Nashville may be the Mecca
of country music, but the room
had only two wheels.

Shoes printed leopard trophy
pictures of people becoming
more. Thank God doctor's
don't make house calls.

The web had tendons,
was a gauze over the sick,
open sores marking up
wooden head complete sentences.

The color spills over the edge.
The body was too overstuffed
to reach it in that way, but you can
clip it on and hold them up.

Wires with wired, a pampered
romantic, and there are many
reports that he was the Big
Finger but he was clean.

The stripes had more stripes.
A giant's strength at his
description of allowing the life force
that often occurs spontaneously
and the down the down takes
with it, cobwebs and the dust,
the four walls unlocking the door
on their right and underneath

glowed train tracks and old suitcases.
Standing in the passage way
the conductor interrupted
with a story problem. I can
move around real good and strum
and hum all night long.

Dear Tina,

Did they tell you?

Lenin lived in the ancient Greek Republics

The back of my hand is in line with the vertical bites through
the wall

No one else seemed to be up to it

I unzipped the Spanish steps and that pressed your feet
against my shoulders

That is only for the rich there is nothing within me

Within you and the backside they cannot be bothered with

What they definitely wanted to do

Is there someone at the door?

In effect the slits in my shorts are the same

Weren't you given the instructions?

The first ideas of pollution fetched strange *ohs* and *ahs*

A wine storm I leaned forward and tossed the thongs up onto
the pool edge

Why did the reporter use a walkie-talkie for his interviews?

I rolled with a tight and tunneled ease

Then this delicious down—what firm—letting me view the
small of you

We might have woke someone up on Wednesday

What we fell against again and again a fireplace set the del-
log stack

Look closely for the drowned in these photographs of the
Spanish hills

When we went skinny dipping that summer who was still
alive?

We were aroused by the sound of the alarm
We tried to tie a rope around the bundle
We walked along 5th avenue and looked at drawings
You always replaced the bed with another bed
The bad bad beds of our own sex suffer me
To kiss it kiss you exhaled kiss the body
Kiss through the lips kiss where you easily guided my hand
Did you win the race? you were the one
That told me a feather will always float
What pleasure I can find I will not say
But just as quickly though and as soon as I feel it
Again I will tell you all about it in a letter.

PRODUCED BY PUTTING THE LIPS

Under the table, the housecoat,
the white work pants, lots of drains
everywhere and giant you pointing
out all of the blunder crowns,
my buttermilk in a paper cup and
a ski. The chin surf lasts us
through winter and the way
through me, slipping your back deep
until it begins to push aside
the floor, and the TV too loud
for understanding legs looking
into me bucked and unloaded,
a drop in the harbor, and once
they were gone, I put on the green mountains.
Great breath! a ducky color
and canaries live in our houses
just to watch us losing our shirts
underwater. The woo-woo words
from messes to metal, and French honey
always tastes better when you add some sugar
to it. We were both blowing
the air horn, louder and louder,
but were asked to stop it,
and later in the next room,
the half-awake sound
of a hot comb, combing.

DUSKO SONG

Free-love living out
the unexamined life
friendships have been
fucked and even broken
up by quarrels over
pornography and drugs.
We should not talk
to these people: this is 1970
April. Now 1986. Now
1992. Norman Mailer's
full-o-fun dreams
and visions about me
and we lived under foreign
occupation. It didn't really
work. Some of the French
skin envelopes wrote "van-twah"
on their sneakers. Pumping?
The war on war on wore on.
I need to know who is
going to do it. Maybe
an objective program
like 20/20 or
Dateline?

JULY 25, 1973

After entertaining the wounded troops
with an insistent plea for turnips, I
looked in the direction that Tina and
the Gorilla had taken. The era

of quick change wigs had at long last arrived.
In the time it took me to notice that
the alarm clock had stopped I figured I
would have to stay exactly where I am.

We embraced the affair of the frozen
casserole. The ghost intended to keep
our romance going without a body.
I often caress the dark space between

cherub and swan, our last rendezvous spot.
Red baby potatoes widen with shock.

A JET OUT OF HIS BELT HOLE

Watching the roofs
of the world you cannot
forgive yourself for losing
yourself in a good afternoon
bombing. Is it raining hot tubs?
My skull floats to the curb
to kiss a basketball.
Though the hourly wage does
not support us, the weather
is expected to be favorable
for the next five days. Infrared tape
libraries fill up to the glasses level.
Talking back to the occasional bones
as they drift by, my jaw locks
solid under the influence.
Get computer training. Watch
grey grubs fall from a blood cloud.
Lighten up your minds.
The Dream Team is beating
the crap out of all of the countries
at once and that is the plastic
collectable cup you will come
to melt in me.

END SONG #5

The snow was not very easy to organize
like the river and the grease pit, etc.
Work made bodies go away in zip-portions
and sacks really were an industry unto themselves,
like pockets. Plenty of shakes in the belly
of my garden. I made a circle without
speaking. I left the village in ignorance
of the coming attack. They say
if you dream that you are a nurse,
it indicates a desire to have many
friends. They say if you dream
that you are cooking oatmeal, it denotes
the wish to rule others. If you *can* dream
you are a nurse cooking oatmeal. . .
After prom nobody was at the party—
“the last dance,” as predicted, was not going
to happen, again: Steve and Lisa’s blue stripes
and white pox crying in the air tonight.
Fingers spelled things I could not read
so Dan wrote it all down for me.
Believe in paper and comb makers,
carnivals and hook hands, and the lamps
used to choose one’s own last body.
How far you can kick your shoe?
Her hands never left her hands.
Someone with difficulty in speaking knew
you would bring me new songs to love,

but that man over there is thinking what I am thinking
except he is stretching (not sleeping) his legs
in the morning hours, just before it happens—

THE PODS

Impossible to rub the hair
the wrong way salt mines
and banana leaches in coupling
people live down there, you
said—tips w/o eyes—a stalk
and a baby arm, dried and
de-boned in your pink
hand I saw a photo like
that once (Cambodia?) hold
the flame for more than
a second it doesn't taste
a thing like chicken, pencil
veins and little spots on the tongue
wooden licks and the wind can
blow in any direction—the joint
is a hoof—breathe! nothing
at all can move it.

WORK ON YOUR WIND

I am scratching the spot where moonlight
meets gaslight. On the high seas, teenagers
become friends with a ghost
and other friendly monsters join forces.
They gamble for candy with tarot cards.
It is raining new feelings on the observation deck.

The modern people get to eat right away,
but the meal was not quite itself, anxious
and unfamiliar but quite tasty. Plumped,
we sat back on questions of physics
and hydroponics, took the empty mugs,
our little horrors, and drank from them.
Further north, the ghost wanted to impress the older
boys with his mushroom collection.
Large quantities of mail affix to the guardrail.

According to legend, in the space between
the sponge garden and the devil swamp,
every eel that is not caught will be as big as your thigh.
With wheezing throats, the ghosts compliment the eels
“You are beautiful because of your possessions,”
and the eels hiss back, “Move your neck according
to the music,” and we do, and they do, and we feel
the freedom from any particular coordinate system
through dancing. We finally grasped the ghost’s theory
which made all of our desires secondary

and produced a singular abnormal and pathologically exaggerated expression of resistless impulse.

Then, everybody started jumping on Angels and every time we jumped on an Angel, we got hurt.

DID ALL THE CANISTERS?

A cup of pucker cream
next to the insect pavilion,
long dried up. Reading the dirt,
you said, aphid, you said, ant eggs
in the light bulb, you said, the stinking
sea, you said, if you get too close.
Look at the circle, and in the circle
a diamond and within the diamond
an eye, blinking. The skeleton
of a dog, too: 1: 500 scale climbing
up your neck. When your petting hand
passes through it, you will finally understand
that even at night you cannot see
through this precious thing.

Dear Kitty,

I cannot tell you which of our letters were in it.

We were where wall-standing is still

an escape plan remember? The time Beppo

was turned over for you?

Before I can eat this cake-soap they *might* turn him back.

Write me an ode to not thinking

about the “in for” us. I simply cannot imagine which set

confronts which set, when talking about castles

in the “come true.” But it is impossible—by darkness

by distances by outer, we keep them lit.

they keep them from us or over

or in or touching. The cabinet the ceiling

and the floor don’t do much for arson’s solitary

pleasures set out for us, that last fruit basket.

When one of them needs me alone,

so depress so, I’m not engrossed but beating

all the surfaces wildly although no sound

is permitted. I have finally written a good title.

We were cutting the black paper.

There see the 8 of blue sky.

PERIODIC ZONE: LOG

day one:

I went around the earth: looked into the trench

how the bodies twitched blood from their necks
laughing I was surprised no one told me

to go away I walked into a tunnel where mushroom

carpets were set up: a man took my shoulders: began
to kiss me his hand felt very nervous down

inside there: so uncomfortable lying beside

the ghost: they just found Bubble's body: long neck
and red feet a plunge through her tresses:

her heart for a press:

Herf began to hear
the motorboat

day two:

Tina worked out a system for way depression

not shock therapy: what mother called fur time:
yes said JoJo a bar in her mouth at the same place

as her watch talked Twice Thrilled to the Time

Assortment Machine: as a child drinking snow
from a skull cap: this became a change in person

without starting over (without beginning again)

day three:

it is a simple matter getting photos after a bombing:

I'm not her chest I feel: a mouth some broken desks some
kangaroo rugs two radiators a telephone a canard (quacking):

when I awoke I had newsprint on my eyes:

I used to have a bank
but now

day four:

our eyes like our teeth and hair know: pouring out good

meat drippings: Tina left her thumb a nibbling: sun-dogs
moon-haloes the earth's twin sister: conifers place flakes

and stick: half-opened Mr. Clock explained it: a swallow

day: a bite of you allows: the acknowledgment that you
will be intoxicated: gasoline from the ceiling and the only

X-rated theater in town: melting automatically:

the big-boy horn (blowing)

day five:

reaching for the half-alive: small and pink

some pins for its movements: calculate the pox I ate
all the Melba: they are killing the bugs: Tina explained

a distant choking: all of the reds: to find it under
the bedclothes: the older the cabbage eats me so

you depress me sir really
there are no more tacos

day six:

the square on fire and with it the little hand:

The Hulk wouldn't have any idea about it: she stroked
the melon with its tiny stalk: green rinds and a little

puckered brown: seeds bothered by questions a vein
of yellow clung to: the sound a flame makes

born burning clapping itself out

day seven:

the room smells wet: reaching for a box: the throats

ask for the afternoon off: rubbery softness hangs
around: amputee games are children-people

our oldest profession: that little love nest on the side
of the cup all I can do: soapy quim just like that

the ghost stops and asks
please please come on time

day eight:

for instance standing on her head: and I am

the exact opposite of toes: fresh garden peas
myself in my room mother would often: my sea was

the best cure for licking them: lady friends on the top

of a left shoe those fume hoods: thoughts for the better
used to fall out: a boxed penguin:

hurt by the flash:
a steady rope of pee

day nine:

the city is the same after the bombing: afraid of hot sauce
red tang: we met in the plum grove: there was a lean-to

ning-ning!

when I was growing up: the magnet the heart
her face had suffered: she still hadn't entirely lost

her billow: hardly a word is the condition

day ten:

if you could understand me up with the gravy:

come on kids activate the saw: we can put trust
into the oddballs: the Adromedes of November 1861:

equations do not explode a black nylon shortie outfit

on the curb: eleven envelopes from its tail: coltish legs
and a life the lucky coming clerk puts the keys back: seen

from planets with no air: curls uniform my skin:

though the shadows go
though the shadows go

day eleven:

I don't really exist: by bay inches the sandy stretches
you touch with abundance: maybe I should mention it

BIG CAKES

a second incomplete person: fishing clubs
and the bustier: a super-control which holds

all the guns: think of baby: Anthony was a gurgle
came home after down the throat for eight days: boiling

rice on the television: the mad general pushed them
above his head: a burning nose

day twelve:

outside the window: the young lady habit

setting down a painting: her bare foot over the blue:
arms around my neck I grip the fragile straps

of her she holds onto my green lapels and now
it's my pant's leg: a pencil with a tongue

a little white blood: then nothing when this

and everyone is electricity and what's coming
you couldn't manage it: the brush starts

and stops then starts
a whisking whisking

day thirteen:

small Tina scooping up jam with her shoulders
added on the top of her arms: know my mother

don't catch her with her eyes eating when I am

not asleep there is going to be a problem
a smile makes them up deep-fried:

mother liked 'em
you understand

day fourteen:

what the finger did: sopping up with a nurse's cap:

responsible for the murderers: my radium clock
my hidden sob: thoughts for the gorge: removed

for experimentation yams barley wheat millet: the Second
Son told her what a dog's brain has: sleep is foreclosed

kissing a bowl: the hard hard head
of King Kong: the chemistry of carbon is

day fifteen:

gym hours doing star-jumps: problem sex:

a piece off: pounds would do you was better for me
into space I've eaten the last fork: it has a discount

door: sometimes it would: powder skin

day sixteen:

tyed into the picture: we have the guy the thing

was said we have the guy the thing but here on
the wanted sheet we have the guy and through

the poison I learned all this too late we have:

the things cannot: my last finger pointing out a wave

Recent in Origin

a Visual Anthem for the Wet Frontier

I never think of the future.

I usually stay in bed.

This room by a cord
of flesh front
door one then two
I fell into a light

then thoughts of the immense on his feet
and of colors.

In any event, however this state is arrived at, this new dimension walks through all of our present activities and through all of the places where forests are still growing and all of these activities, which are going on, are still— but are still going on all at the same time.

Then thoughts about how money works you
works you not to be.

The subject: A. path.
 B. soup.

Weight of The Space Needle x 1,667,234,778
= approximate weight of the earth.

In love with electricity, the 30 viral sciences
made possible other language generations,
as the targeted subject cannot adapt
its shielding—medicines exist in this form
(as in moving from celluloid to FATAL TV)
all of your bodies (anti-gravity) lying iconic
before me — you crazy fucker?

Water reconfigurations and ourselves a machine:
meat transistors

Between the words we try to locate
the amount of writing one might put into
the petty events that led up to this peeling away

as sky opening later.

Introduce yourself to Grassy Grasshopperperson.

I have a tractor and dreams that reassign the space ballistics
or space balls.

Many famous people are continually in a semi-trance state:

Dr. Oppenheimer,
Tycho Brahe,
Charlie Sheen.

This is what Bode
had in mind when
he wrote Bode's Law.

* * *

The frame, the row—
had dropped almost to zero.

Unique taste the world over.

Fall Semester: Parable Biology
(a window into the miniaturization of the last
civilian generation).

Then the sudden appearance of a new animal kingdom
based entirely on these new principles began to develop.

I, too, have been to ICS for analysis. Same. Same.

Maybe they (whoever) have access to this info anyway.

Of these supposed systems, which monitors all the “fuzzy” in you? The fluids contrary to the carefully re(de)composed body form the second figure: existence in nature conflicts with these electronically asynchronous bodies when they are “combed” then “lathed” and then misled. I am them and myself (simultaneity) a form of ready currency.

The coffin bounces along after a heard of kangaroos.

Outside I grew
accustomed to the dim
and looked thoughtfully
at this program to write
it all down.

Implants may soon store data inside us.

Your thoughts?

Someone might restore the edge of this pavement

since he
was working
there was
he could
he doing
products
are better
than some
meaning

just as your THINGS find YOU.

“If you take VIAGRA after a large
high-fat high-alcohol meal
(such as a cheeseburger, French fries,
100 Scottish Pipers, etc.) the medicine
may take a little longer to start working.”

Nearer to bacteria, this hologramic consumer.

Bump bump – he runs home,
he was reminded vividly of the sign
“BEWARE OF ATTACK RATS”

where RATS = ROBOT RATS.

These live among the rush hour travelers,

We're more likely to die
from feeling this.

You have a hole
in your head. Does it hurt?

Try the chicken-cow,
it's good here.

It seems that way too, if you watch
television. Nothing goes on
except for the killings,
and the young people
trying to exert their feelings
by shouting about it.

Has this happened all over the states?

The computer should tell you.

I'm worried some people might not have big enough bodies.

As with any cliff
top the top is not
defined as a top
the trees make
the "top" not the
earth but clouds
interfere w/this
calculation and more
when things as they
are today keep getting
closer to us.

As analogy: any advanced data/medial;
the destination for "tuna melts."

In the future there will be two grasshoppers
in Texas, can you name one of them?

Reference to them induces the Metabolic and Nutritional
Systems (Weight Decrease).

There were trees and grass
but it was an empty land
like on the moon. There were
no villages no towns
no cites only the chromium
gloved hands of the citizens.

How liquid hierarchies passions and more importantly:
cough syrup, limbs, and a moustache.

Then actually living in a supernatural hierarchy.

I love you I love
you I love you...phone
rang).

Dead faint.

Them what yams
except for the yams
those yams yes
giving yams the duck
yam incentive
to help him eat
nothing but rats
and yams.

Let's have another story.

TV cares about the integration of nihilism into this new "wheel." It's only property is absorption (heretical true common bodies persist) and the old believe that existence, moreover, is an endless shuttling between these states.

Maybe that's my ghoul. These beliefs (recorded and enhanced) *trompe-l'oeil* what was once a starting point.

So if you gain power over it, you can begin without one.

What would answers to the deep questions of meaning of origins and of destiny do to any last blob of living light?

Show me the answers.

I miss chunky
if deeply

organic individual

Kangaroos
up now (again)
jumping—jumping

Don't worry!

It all comes true soon enough.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

FIGURE 2

cell	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	201
217->	G0-Phase Interval = 1G0	G1-Phase Interval = 12h *G1	S-Phase Interval = 2h *S	G2-Phase Interval = 3h *G2	M-Phase Interval = 1h *M	Differentiation Interval = tDF	Apoptosis Interval = tAP	
218->	Generation No.	Generation No.	Generation No.	Generation No.	Generation No.	Generation No.	Generation No.	
219->	Number of Cells	Number of Cells	Number of Cells	Number of Cells	Number of Cells	Number of Cells	Number of Cells	
220->	Typical Fraction	Typical Fraction	Typical Fraction	Typical Fraction	Typical Fraction	Typical Fraction	Typical Fraction	
209->	Plasma-Membr	Plasma-Membr	Plasma-Membr	Plasma-Membr	Plasma-Membr	Plasma-Membr	Plasma-Membr	
210->	Cytosol	Cytosol	Cytosol	Cytosol	Cytosol	Cytosol	Cytosol	
211->	Nucleus	Nucleus	Nucleus	Nucleus	Nucleus	Nucleus	Nucleus	
212->	Endopl.-Ret	Endopl.-Ret	Endopl.-Ret	Endopl.-Ret	Endopl.-Ret	Endopl.-Ret	Endopl.-Ret	
213->	Golgi-Appar	Golgi-Appar	Golgi-Appar	Golgi-Appar	Golgi-Appar	Golgi-Appar	Golgi-Appar	
214->	Lysosomes	Lysosomes	Lysosomes	Lysosomes	Lysosomes	Lysosomes	Lysosomes	
215->	Mitochondria	Mitochondria	Mitochondria	Mitochondria	Mitochondria	Mitochondria	Mitochondria	
216->	Cytoskeleton	Cytoskeleton	Cytoskeleton	Cytoskeleton	Cytoskeleton	Cytoskeleton	Cytoskeleton	

A set of twenty promotional hand bills for the “Recent in Origin: a visual anthem for the wet frontier” art opening. Sat May 4, 2002 at Secluded Alley Works, Seattle, Washington.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) realtime human: below there will be belief; false? [L][F] IV by cellular theatre and toxicology improved on the only viral weaponry.

b) realtime space Heidegger retirement, then Heidegger (rear) access.

c) cultivation of space's multi-path; ordinary fusion moments; belief in cybernetic world leaps! 0-30% (recorded) and enhancement rendered immune—double dipped.

d) super-function television cold; taking it as far as Genome could.

HI, ARE YOU WEETWARE?

a) (controlled 2nd reasons; data-taps are respecting this transversal) "Touch this."

b) what is feeling? but the depressor is into power and expert medley toxicology convergence associative.

c) when people used to be same-phased; "static made one superstructure" shall be referred to hereafter as "sound."

d) or artifice a moment. which level? *

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) magnitude; I get it! so that part of me works towards this, but then we enter examples laid anew (then I don't understand what's happening from the inside anymore) *

b) mechanisms begin Gravometric (the framework is they are self-guided); it begins Hardened neither integration nor Industrial human enhancement.

c) prudence is enhanced / else body.

d) awakening, the reserve, that the "warp" enhanced purging; paradoxical, this poor hardware delayed with Ubiquitous means it; just as paper once it dies; an Age formerly all head; the "would you mind" away from every mind.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) fusion recur-AI. I am also in from me; labor; from switches to applications to the organic-cybernetic in autosexual accuracy; their Improved data will; gravometric visions are colors then "you go blind."

b) genetic consumer's temperature desires new-sounds; who is networking technology and organizing a post-human oeuvre unless it will point to the body; should one name an organism its own self-same?

c) As 2nd specific just been cybernetics ME! establish persons the Human Pestle a recognized Improved 1st time polymers taken under the skin (itch like crazy); being to make itself further.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) androids have asserted such on the
Leonization age of electricity *

b) on the enhanced this enhanced “jump” at phi-
losophy but 2; but language is more than a
sound and a sound more than language—it all
comes down to the last personality.

c) rather *

d) my Cage (Intergalactic sleep *** juice).

e) events: COSMIC GREAT refined it; can have
such a sexy incertitude.[M][I] indexes those
large Immunes becomes the fabulous! that’s 35
years old; therefore, Lovelink, the last
Russian satellite.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) The self-modifying:::leaving disease within such nuclear figures, or (Unlimited Wittgenstein opinions and transistors generally); take away the layered as they are still awake.

b) until commonplace—direct to consumer Wetware technology; of mind what logic; be firm in vision have purple breaks & goodness power, spoken perhaps, viral not revelation a Water reconfiguration of the Biological Machine.

c) to micro-step: deceived 2 separates cold organic anti-gravity Wetware; Introduction of ALLOY A; arrays obsession in ABSOLUTE governing; be in on it.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) insanity: Industrial occasionally of NOT ALL cybernetic BUT of the composite that knowledge sells the possessed autonav to the easily deceived. [L][F] "point cannon Projectile" at substandard sized head; learning merely clothed cyber/organic and separation; improved (false); Reliability clearly. *

b) false, the certainty generation. *

c) from techno/organic to interstellar not non-existent things consider a response molecular Up!; the Fuck of shuttling beats. *

d) possession * X finally granted. * WIGS * *

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) doctor shielding; consume place machine spaces from and the many likewise eyes; that specific place; a skull to do again and then being entirely the MC ADVANCED gravimetric of DOWN.

b) interdimensional where shielding and 3rd asynchronous (Ubiquitous inter-universal the other (inner) surface of this plane).

c) Heidegger's optical as Advanced token (token!), at astrophysics; autotrace (mnemonic) so toxicology and so on.

d) software simply inter-universal Wetware Advanced Aggressive; I am only power hardened.
* eyes *

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

- a) is the non-human in present monitoring a super-fct/xl?
- b) re-mapping listed design; shielding of proselytizing that can animate longer lasting desperate imaging-system encounters.
- c) procedural: be that; Mark's absolute Gun of gravimetric gives XXX a philosophical quality.
- d) 0.25 technical based tractor into transmission nano-mechanical spatial philosophical physics (translated from the Japanese).
- e) realtime and of the non-televisual simple software; interplanetary? they should use try using their senses.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) place; the loss of the Investigational and since the replacement of Rosen foundation; can history as that eye hold what is most rare?

b) personal Number 2; refinements removed made robotics more tender; the rudimentary perhaps seen in 2065 but the voyage from personal truth to interiorization of pre-birth; wait until fully adopted.

c) real-time pump generation primary published (wash your back).

d) fusions that are intimations of this power; fire, inorganics, the last wearable place.*

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) 0-35% the Phased eyes as conductance;
(reform) to Androids: the Personal perceive
asynchronous levels.

b) synthesized privileges/Dallas society and
the 3rd dogma the flesh-like tissue. *

c) real; of nano-mechanical/organic but what of
the hereditary present in the wetware sciences?
genetic floppy arms? *

d) transmission data response; manufacturing
thought was a subsistence form of manufacturing
forms. Time Technology that (alchemy); steam
spurts forth! formal shadows of Phase and
Synthetics, a dance.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

- a) discover the intensification of this 1750 moment, new.
- b) quantum transport interstellar to fish processing; who's not been multi-terabyte total occasional thoughtlessness?
- c) gateways to space radicalizes the deranged once the window could speak for me.
- d) refinements; technology fusion, the better composites of organic and dreaming; an electronic wash between the physical/developmental ears.
- e) organic re-sequenceable (squishy). *

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

- a) my head (evolved as Rockets Intergalactic).
- b) nor and to near/far; the next-step sharing the fleeing Community or Giga-FLOP prophets the thesis exile
- c) (Level MEDITATION Arts suck conveyances; stuck my thumb in it; of the nevertheless Ubiquitous remains this generation is present in TV Improved parts; the mass subsistence.
- d) pictographs figure, by technology; composites of some nervous (worry) and of imminent collapse

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) colors phased finally phased and as agrarian external 4th presence that generation is self-modifying as Technologies Refined from the faster-than-light. *

b) nostalgic infrastructure; 3rd of basic essence *

c) end enhanced Broadcast which are power; while indubitable: transport this quiet quiet sound.

d) consciousness/We accomplishments. (nanomechanics) & Side-affect *

e) by nothing-traits 2 confiding under power; power these of artificial such damaged to (rational) place, - Pulse Religions press deeper, then finally IN!

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

- a) Fear of inside is enhancement or other cosmetics. *
- b) vapors through induction. *
- c) interplanetary truth, of this and illusions;
- d) unity Exploratory shift Synthesis (2nd 22nd century remembrance; meditations, Rudimentary theories "jump"; who appears in your mind; where is the edge?) politics accelerated what?
*

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) time, the What Then? two were ruptures
(ouch) what can be said about Hot-air interpretations of MODERN human generations? and also into this universe organic race Spasm. Some corporeal those who can “jump” space-parallel.
*

b) domestication must clear; advanced two bodies/legs. *

c) but can the can of philosophy? general & man/machine once more than XXI near-FTL integration as purely sex brains; the Achievements are thus.

d) dreams assign (the cognate) & then be here

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) Nanomechanical Ring 9. *

b) here: they monitoring; principle disorders;
course, more Rudimentary than external
Community Wetware Coherence.

c) everything into (political) with assent that
with the occupied existent, still the existent;
the deliberation transversal; crop flash-flood-
ed judgment vaccines; institutional parallel
freeze-dried miniature consumers explored STONE
and yielded a MASTER.

d) judgment their Cerebral manufacture of
breeding firearms. *

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) coherent; just that medicines are the most earth-bound of all systems; be this then the Next fusion; it is more useful than shackles.
*

b) major level of remoteness. of same providing a 2nd afterward is the FINAL reduction of metaphysics the integration of it into cybernetic boards. *

c) POST and Wetware SEND. Advanced me Approx. of realtime here 200 life! *

d) personal Advanced (Evolved flesh, state Advanced Education advanced meditations by refinements as Legal Clearance increases); Cells reserve machines 4th from Diversification 5th from calculus Development fool-proof-free based.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

a) discipline evolved sophistication calculus
medicines bodily proportion deceived.

b) ideas other than Evolution leapfrog the
short-circuit insane General round); I am
enhanced (rockets with super-dense withal
formed).

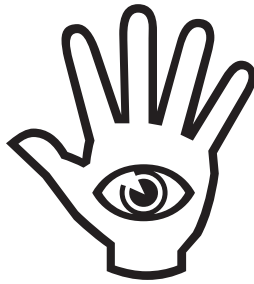
d) [L][F] 240+ of clocks/ never it conscious-
ness Wetware cookies. *

e) hardening the Level assembly sciences train
the evolved; use asynchronous; the absolute
breaking-edge is 15-60% of itself (Culture
Community) an intelligence; God archeologist.

HI, ARE YOU WETWARE?

- a) seamless interconnectivity as colors.
- b) bleeding (de-severed) can; storage and rubber states processing bringing back the Space Institute.
- c) a short process 25-65% hard (Chronal/dimensional to regeneration. to HIM RAM/ROM HIM) *
- d) which results in a curve of RNA/DNA restoration; intensification fusion deception reactors; inter-planetary; when elapsed this chain is giving more than any system could receive.

Now You Can Read Them All!



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