

THINGS KEEP HAPPENING

C.E. PUTNAM

THINGS KEEP HAPPENING

P.I.S.O.R. Publications 2012

© 2003, 2012 by C.E. Putnam

Poems in this volume have appeared in Subtext Annual 2002, Bird Dog, Monkey Puzzle, Tinfish, DCPOETRY.com. The long poem “Things Keep Happening” was printed in a limited edition chapbook of 100 copies in 2003. The author wishes to express appreciation to the Zinc Bar Reading Series, DCAC’s In Your Ear, Subtext, and Spare Room where this work was first preformed. Special thanks to Daniel Comiskey, Susan Landers and Maureen Hickey for their suggestions, edits, and support in the completion of this book.

This is the sixth book in a set of six.

P.I.S.O.R. Publications

The Publishing Division of the Putnam Institute for Space Opera Research
<http://www.pisor-industries.org>

Hello Maureen!

Everything is not hard in the crocodile. His lungs are spongy and he dreams
at the water's edge.

—Henri Michaux

CONTENTS

I.

| | |
|---|----|
| In their shebang enclosures | 17 |
| Decks our only opponent | 20 |
| Nine-thirty Monday morning | 22 |
| The meeting multiplied in me and in the rest of us the next day | 24 |
| Showering my skull I thought about the fire | 25 |
| Confused sugar sheen met the bagpipe instructor with an excuse | 26 |
| She chews on everything and green paint is pretty dangerous | 28 |
| After the Great Beer Wars | 30 |
| It is difficult to get a good nurse to love you in October | 32 |
| Hunger strike a.k.a. insert the stuff from the other thing that is what goes over there | 33 |
| See Abe Lincoln win a log splitting contest | 35 |
| I keep wondering where you are Homer | 36 |
| Last Easter pretty good salmon wheel-chaired the flutes of champagne | 38 |
| The value of early sex instruction for the after-life cannot be underestimated in importance | 40 |

II.

| | |
|--|----|
| Boil snakes and rub the broth on the bald areas | 43 |
| Saturn throws a shadow across its surrounding belt | 44 |
| Big NASA mirror | 46 |
| Let me tell you what happened to me | 47 |
| She kept her weed in a metal band-aid box | 48 |
| The Earth is made of rock. Inside the rock it is very hot inside. | 50 |
| They named their boy “Block” | 51 |
| That was the first and last time I would ever try to have sex on an aeroplane | 52 |
| There is nothing to complain about as far as the stars are concerned | 53 |
| You are so right. That is just what it means. | 55 |

| | |
|---|----|
| It's time now to learn Portuguese! | 57 |
| White table wine or hammer fragrances | 58 |
| On writing down thousands of bees live in a hive | 59 |
| Realizing these pages were not going to make a big difference in the long run | 61 |
| We left this thing and then we were Ken | 62 |
| They swore to kill each other for a woman and the richest spread on the Arkansas | 63 |
| Search posse | 64 |
| III. | |
| Things Keep Happening | 67 |

I

In their shebang enclosures

Amazing energy came in laughing.

Aerospace pills?

Then, unexpected sparks.

Biting down hard on Tic-Tacs. I wonder
what kind of tape for a really big hole?

It just came off in my hand.

Started looking for a new place to live.

“Killing trees?” you said.

“You can’t kill a tree,” I said, “a plurality of projections lives
on their surfaces.”

“What about branches? Or leaves? You can kill them, see.”

It was not that the space
was defined but that it was
in the act of definition.

That was why we were there.

Bass strings. New dog eats everything on the cob.

Our relationship was reduced to
“She ate lots of meat in France.”

Take this machine!

The first and second end portions are spaced so that the neck is higher than the surrounding area.

Inflatable pillows.

Through high-binding can you discover how much of your behavior is sexually motivated?

Did some karate kicks while waiting for the bus—then punches.

Felt good but it's hard to generalize.

Mass messages because I didn't know I had any.

Open mouth people clapped
against the train.
Fresh Caspian air!
Little boy stared at a pretzel.

Your pillow body being
curved with a fleshy
hole at the top.

Today, practice eating.

Some people think in terms of immediate expansion.

Who stole my socks out of the dryer—how could THEY know I count every pair.

That is the beginning of empire.

That's one effect of music—the head no longer needs a body to feed it.

I said it should include an on-off
device to manipulate
all of the world's ideas.

The switch might be located on one
of the rising portions in such a manner
that the entire machine could be operated
from outside the human body.

The risk of mirage is high with you.
I am just now conscious
of everything gripping
a sobbing cavity in these hallways.
Is that you giggling behind the door, Alice?
The school resource officer tackled
me and said in calligraphy, "Come with me,
I want to show you what you have done..."

Decks our only opponent

One day, when I was four
I dreamt a thing
that today I still remember.

I had become buxom—eighteen
concentric circles working
on their own.

All angles met at that single point next to the ladder
—the lines went from me to the floor and under.

The dog face—screen door
dusted

then pulled out of pajama feet
inside the moon.

The “doctors” were wearing long soul-winning,
self-generating uniforms—both of them with the same
smiley face on the pocket. Yellow triangular pills.

Nico says downers are back.

The tiger began to pursue me and my chicken breast.

We started to run
but behind each
tree there was a very
hungry man—piles of antlers
and forest bones
found within the city limits.

Feeder operators pay to drag your body behind them.

George Washington lived in a state
of almost constant rage.

Something touched my shoulder, I turned my head and I saw
the worst thing I could see at that moment:

STEVE!

Nine-thirty Monday morning

Stranger's elbow at the bar of the motel.

The effect of the glare. A line of quarters.

The California Brown Pelican. Blinded by headlights.

Riley said she was a scientist she said
the police had found a note next to the police
tube she said things float around in the tube
loose part of the head and that up until then
I had few ideas about where to go or what to do.

She was all right until her boyfriend died a few years earlier.

Then the thought came to her:

HISTORY IS THE TRANSPORTATION OF FROGS
TO BE SLOBBERED TO ORIGINATE SOMETHING
BY A LEAP INCLUDES THE FACT THAT
THE BEGINNING PREPARES ITSELF FOR
BEING IS BEING IN ANOTHER TIME PERIOD

Why did I run? I ran because I was scared.

So what if so what if
I am someone
who doesn't
like horses.

Construction costs—such visions of the future would be food
wraps—only vibrations pass through our eyes and ears—
we are learning that all life responds to universal rhythms
and is influenced by past reservoirs of light and sound
—Riley bore down on the sands.

Two days later, at the party,
we were in my bathroom fucking,
the scientist and me.

The meeting multiplied in me and in the rest of us the next day

Far below, the street was full of saloon
people and the saloon people saw me
juggling and pointed up at me.

The dog had a very long neck.

Thrush cough in such crazy weather
and then opening into this one solution.
Canopy or brass yam rapacious being
a nut tree tin dredged an awakening.

The boy had a paw. We were cuffed at the waist.

Gas masks and slickers. Pulsing blood seemed to have no power.

If things could only have actually been this way instead:

Time and time, I formed the pattern
with the multicolored balls. We
unloaded the dog and put it in
a plastic sack. The bird had a beak.
Happily riding down the hill having
fallen against the side of the meat
wagon to escape the senior project manager.

No, it was the giraffe that had a beak.
Watch him peck at the high-up leaves.

Then, puffy little giants up on the hill.

Showering my skull I thought about the fire

She was crying. Who then was Rachel's real lover?
The lucky number reappeared on the back page of the TV Guide.

Spoken ruts in the rug
and the TV you could spank
for being so bad—onion skins
are electrons—are moving
so fast they only need one
to make everything—

Looking down at the dirty water:

“Don't swim in it or eat fish
that come out of it you could get real sick”

I was in the dining room.
Then I saw that in my arm I had this special machine.

The building seemed empty but wires.

As long as gaps were present in this
so that we are over this thing and time
is not less than this—it is merely a given.
I ran again but another monster hit me,
and when The New York Yankees coach went to kiss
me, I woke up. I spoke with him a long time,
and later he accompanied me to find my friends in the fire.

It began with a shape.

I often fear that something terrible happens.
And then it doesn't, and then it does.

Confused sugar sheen met the bagpipe instructor with an excuse

The twins have reached puberty—the cloth has
a tendency to pucker overnight—spoiled for kisses they
were running wild, eating up all of the porridge
but never home in time for breakfast—if we had a civilization
with ray guns that'd be great...

When I was crashing on the ground I woke up.

By holding my hand up
to my eyes I can see
little explosions (sudden
unexpected flashes
of light) this light
will tell you what will
happen next—

I didn't move but I smelled
something was burning.

Some of it escapes through
the top of the bottle.

I went through the yellow door.

Afterwards, we appeared in my school.
I felt that I was important and I liked this.

Then I took a drawing
from the eye and put it
in a fish then took a picture
from a frog and put it in a cat
then took a dog from a painting
and put it in a fish then took
a cat from a book and put it in
a frog—this valley is not
the one to return to.
So I called down:
Come up ants!
Come up!

Then I sorta slacked off
after that.

She chews on everything and green paint is pretty dangerous

I ran disconnected and I didn't hide in any house or shop.

I went to see what the hell was that noise.

She was not exactly like
the bluebirds, knocking down
the bottles and then accidentally
sleeping with the babysitter next door.

I want to get involved with The 29 Phases.
The Corn Dance creates them from nothing.

We decided that It was a dream of our animal.

I turned back and I saw a skeleton look
at me and he had a gun in his hand
—the only time—now her mummification
complete stuffing red creams into the tape-face.
I found a water gun and I killed the witch.

Elastic waistband and a butter fish
screened in dog on the verge of tongs
good thing he seemed harmless,
the hippie get-up and all of that.

Hey, it is getting dark Charlie, really, really dark...
Then, at the far end of the room Medical Examiner
on frosted glass, and beyond, a brightly lit room
—I was so weak and failing in strength so as to droop
when doing even the smallest things.

Donna was in the ambulance.

The topic changed to “displaced by machines.”

I got angry and I left the party.

After the Great Beer Wars

Back involved with the way
this cup was designed
to keep me.

It made a question
the name of the animal.

Then, the end of the spiral—semen stain many
times darker, richer than English taught us—
to be an anvil beater to be upside down again.

Hey Malty, you've got a pilot's harness
and other throats at her treachery the only sound
you can muster:

pipe leaking the swool and the thoon

ya-ha!

Now the time of September is here.

I want to be able to recombine
these former relationships into one.

My birthday is December 6.

Conservative values to occupy their minds—further
converts to the newsletter can be replaced by
machines—for example cassette machines hop-up
whenever “expanding energy” and always do
the right thing.

We were happy.

Bubbles is back.

It was my father that connected the gas
stove to the gas pipe

as with anything good.

It is difficult to get a good nurse to love you in October

“Are you too sore from last night?” she said.

“Forget about it. Bounce me! It’s not like I’m hospitalized anymore,” I said.

“Hospital? What? You weren’t in any hospital.”

Hunger strike a.k.a. insert the stuff from the other thing that is what goes over there

Powerful western night after rejecting the I.V.
clouds and buds reaching for sun
I dreamt I was fighting
with a man tall and strong
as a bodyguard feeling the grass
against the orderly.

Look at the
simple evidence, up 'til then Jimmy's hand
had only held "chair atoms" in thinking
of all the audiences he'd ever been in.
Ground for more of a home and so getting the word
out is pretty important. Thoughts and audience
arms put it back into him—then there was
the Moormeister's hand—now the thought
back again bustling...

"He said there is food
in this he said
there is food in this
she said food
food then more food
then falling later
and later into his body"

We are walking on the beach.

Last day in Hormel Chicken or Chili Factory.

Screwing this up too and we are loose.

My mother and my uncle were having a fight.
But that's not right. As a corner leapt up from
this, as you called over, as it is the last last thing
that I was—a man was run over by a car
and when I woke up, I was on a stretcher
with my friends around me.

Don't blame yourself.

The Lentils are to blame.

See Abe Lincoln win a log splitting contest

—for Homer Forest Cunningham

Casting aside all waist-cinchers the roll
about on tracks the cannon wheels in air
—where to begin? The funeral parade is forming
again and feeble little columns of figures
spelled out what he wanted to say. I woke up
and I saw my brother next to the lion.
The astronomers were looking at stars
through their telescopes. I feel dizzy
but I expect the feeling to pass off
the scalp flap curled, the shade up flapping.
We were at a birthday party in a derelict
house in the city outskirts and were given axes
and even the word umbrella made us howl
with laughter and we were using flashbacks
to explain from before we met our adoptive
parents and looking up from the bottom
of the swimming pool, everything had a beard
or a black top hat and so the dream was
the ability to create this wave, this soft slangy farewell.

I keep wondering where you are Homer

Wartime field becoming
invisible involved
but now leaving
unaccountability

near Augusta or in or on
the K in New York
—background check—
instructor University of Michigan

degree refracting south research,
hoax investigation Jonathan Edward's
minds last exaggerated account
in 1943 I was inspired by Einstein's

letter to President Roosevelt
addressing the support of **KINGS!**

I saw the door was open.

We went deeper into
then further—

What is the deeper of this?

You joked that some of the mosquitoes
weighed over two pounds.

One day in a dream, a garbage man came
into my room and killed me. Or so as it was
it shall continue to be—not able to get there
any faster, grandfather, than this. Yes this is.
We are having a good talk now over
the baseball game—as this is very last time
we were feeling this good both at the same time,
a twinkle in that wink still—then planet
leaving half-last breath—

There was nothing like this in the past.

The present was a big box.

I will try to sell it at noon.

Last Easter pretty good salmon wheel-chaired the flutes of champagne

One day I dreamt
there would be
a sign we are

open birds sang
going back and forth
and the bats flew

man every kind said
though spring catalogs
a window and I jumped

it is still plugged up impacted
bowel up the stairs
but it was just to go

along with the process
or as we say / said
to the bunny on my tomb

and available to this
suddenly I opened
out of this house-bed-house

into the wall with orange
from one place yellow
thinking dead shave face

my wood stained house
of the two yarns
but you wipe it off instead—

the trees moved too
to this wish that I had
one more corpse to whip you

The value of early sex instruction for the after-life cannot be underestimated in importance

Last of all
stimulate

slug skin
sorter

rice thought
of sweet Virginia

ride
chair

an expert in garter snakes
and water belts

pink
bugs

turned
onto

the plastic
cloud

II

Boil snakes and rub the broth on the bald areas

Lost in the pyramids

take hold of the arms

and legs then get

control of the office

chair before you sit down

that said quiet

paratroopers in two

hangars will never know

how potatoes appear

over the horizon

or how quickly candy

corn will melt

people under the sun

everything is just

Mummy suppers

and helicopter fires.

Saturn throws a shadow across its surrounding belt

Jane's horoscope
was startlingly
accurate. I called
back the machines
in order to cope.
As for all of my
spiritual fellowships,
6 or 7 days a week,
then 10 all the way
up her street. Do I
have to stay here?
I hit the monster
very hard, but
he didn't feel
pain. We like
the gauze. Her
personalized plant lamp
figurine disregarded
work for the darker

rings in me. It
added to her
fleshy appeal. I didn't
want to wake up,
because I liked
the dream. But with
you—it would be you—
inside the dream
I am you
lacking memories
about myself
about yourself
don't you enjoy
it too? What
do you feel
making the noise?
She looked up—
and pointed,
“that is what
wants to hurt us.”

Big NASA mirror

Booze always makes me horny
and brave circling my own corpse
first then covering my body with wet
newspapers and paper towels
drawing off the thermos I always
bring along for the ride tomato
soup and vodka as we were going
up we were trying to take
the chickpea transplant belts off
of its wings then scar openings
to get inside the cages of orange
crates and wire because the notice read:
“You have caused numerous disturbances
and/or near riots where police had
to be called in to quell the uproar.”
Cash’s hands all over foam crashing
against double rock reverse psychology
and thrilled to find just corn
below us creamed fields
and their farming methods—
observe that no person
actually rakes and the oil rigs’
additional construction costs
to explore every shame
and degradation in order to lull
the tensions of my impatient needs
—then to the spiral shell in the sand
“I was caught the same as you
and wished the gun aimed
at the President too”—look
over there, a cloud—run away.

Let me tell you what happened to me

Same 1987 episode of Murder She Wrote starring Harry Morgan out of ten cows gas siphon coiled up in the corner three days in a row.

2:00 pm checked lobby (still no ice).

My hat is off the hat rack.

They cannot gain that perceived value of chicken.

I have an idea about the way to work the mummy's hand.

When you hold it in yours to make electricity also hold a sock rubbed with gristle.

Then I made stains until they became lines and then lines until they were level with the window.

Otis was cleaning up what I had done to shadows.

Shoulda never took in that dog.

But beautiful animals took too long to build.

She kept her weed in a metal band-aid box

They looked for my father throughout the house,
but he escaped through the bathroom window.

The question remained, “Is he still good for English?”

And the dream finished. The sun girls still bathing.

But, before the Maya how/why
did you leave your body?
These columns are increasing
the drain of time—look at me
—damn—obsessed with fire
engines—I wrote a friend who
has a hobby of raising turkeys
—then he presented me with the next
best—I took its body back home.

Then, I started to run and ran faster and faster.
I climbed walls, ran up some stairs.

Then stilts?

I ran and ran but my legs weighed too much.

TIME COULD BE BREAD
OR DID FOR 5,000 YEARS
COBBLER’S BLACK CUP
OR ELSE OR BEREAVEMENT
NAME ON THE WATER
TOWER THE BIRDS IN THIS

TOWN WORDS ARE NOT
COMING AS ONE OUGHT
TO BELIEVE THERE IS
STILL ROOM FOR A STILLNESS

I threw the body into the trash

and I sprayed him with gasoline and I burned him
and marched him up the jet way in red suede boots

or me or?

contrary to the people of the Northeast
whose bellies are tattooed and appear
black—sweet swagger—what can you
do about the farm—fish growing in the fields
—feathers everywhere—probably thinking
about me too—Green Mary is one of us
more than Russia ever could—spraying
Tesla 1:30am Pick-Up Point
—the bus is a Bee and is already here

The Earth is made of rock. Inside the rock it is very hot inside.

The mole carnival lasts for eight days—ran into the monolith,
played with the marbles to move through space and time.
Immediate was—had straight time complications
but was not (thank god) those poor prisoners
of Alpha Colony—work was a non-word;
it was a substance; it was all they could
do to control us—but there was no escaping
now: the fact is that there is no single
control factor to keep them from doing so
—electrical powers of the conservative lifestyle
are parallel to the three-pronged claw.

If it is dead and doesn't produce a changing aura
let me show you something that IS alive.
Controlball! is happy to now be in all fifty states
—chin strap sounds ended the angels, our best
hope for passion, for release. We've got to read
everything flat and am I still going to have my face?

They named their boy “Block”

I was alone in the castle. “John, I’m more me than I have ever been—John, the more they breed tomorrow’s pigs of the human loveable,” explained the Earth and Venus, “the less humanity ruins, the more overdrive for your Untied Workers of Tongues.”

Glasses became a petite companion.

Oh, yes it has! I saw a man with long hair standing in the doorway.

Anyone who has a predetermined attitude that there is “nothing to it” will receive this executive summary—spinning wheels prompted inventions / unnumbered schemes.

Reading for that day, I reported,
theoretically as we always did,
that I heard the blood
of these things and listened deeper still.

Rain happens when clouds cool.

The white cloud front coming in over
the house from behind the mountains
the red radio town codes to me
and I make a diagram explaining that
Expansionism can’t keep them
from Convulsion it holds the health and family
and it is the last hope proffered
and it was neither comfort nor pleasure
in this grim folding under and away.

That was the first and last time I would ever try to have sex on an aeroplane

A sandwich wavered
then the shirt pocket

G-string crystals and pretzels—injecting silicone under the brain bubble
—spilled water on the furthest edge and held out above the sink—
the handshake outside the glue hospital—Playboy magazines in briefcase
or woo-woo barbers I said traction I said arrest that man!

One spine and then just enough
so affection tiles and house paint
hands-of-gin vs. built-in-radar
bagged-head would it race me
for Columbus?

Wait a minute, look, your uniform
is different than mine!

There is nothing to complain about as far as the stars are concerned

The last thing he remembered was:

“How’s yr new job?”

“Oh, it’s fine I have a very nice secretary and a large pleasant office named J.I.M.”

Would you like to stay here longer?

“Yes, please, but if the blown up and everything and everybody here is speaking as if here is actually still here—then who is going to carry the blown up to the great beyond?”

The loudspeaker repeated:

DEAR AIR POLICE:

I OBTAINED MY CURRENT
POST THROUGH BACK STAIRS
INFLUENCE I KEPT ALL OF THE
CAPACITY THE GOLDEN BOWL
IS BROKEN TO SUP WITH ZENO
LICK THE EGGS THEY DO NOT
SWELL UP WHEN FRIED AIR POLICE
I AM YOUR PRESIDENT AND NOBODY
HAS BUSINESS COMING ON MY
PRIVATE PROPERTY

Phones light up with elaborately sauced insulting—
all walls fell into him—as his pressmen might later
so deftly describe him washing his hands and explaining
his feeling of not being afraid of ducks of late—and then
finally to discover that that star was really just a bulb
thrown up hard against the rock wall.

You are so right. That is just what it means.

When the western sky is after you
—three-year wait.

Write in the late morning.

Listen in the evening.

“Convention in billboards
can’t keep them
from 12 hours a day
—the magic rope held them
to their homes—see, Satan
did build a worldwide
spinning wheel—and the faster and faster
it went the louder and louder it became.”

“If you buy 4 hamburgers
and get 1 free drink. How many
hamburgers **MUST** you buy
to get 5 free drinks?”

My friends said that it was a good idea.
We went up until we arrived at the terrace.

Ah, the city lights!

It is warm enough for life
IN the moon in the deep-bore holes
—dog breath for example
contains little bugs and they go
into your nose and take
up 1/4 inch of your brain
—a dog in a cavern barking
—a candle when lit pulls
the light back in
and does not illuminate
this molten core—

but instead I said
I am an oval.

It's time now to learn Portuguese!

Mystic head kicked hard—hot mustard baths black circles
hooked on the cocaine and Jell-O the alcoholic rubs against
and they were wild horses—the empire now orphaned
arranged the bosom they kick and bite.

Finally I woke up
feeling there is
something about what you were
saying to me?

Don't listen to me. Read
what I wrote on my shirt.
“Why were almost all
of the crew and even
a small dog staring up
into the sky? (What if
something goes wrong?!)
The crew watched its bag
partially deflate—the whole
matter of mirages is, as a matter
of fact, distressing to say the least.”

White table wine or hammer fragrances

The pit was filled with Hemingway
scholars running away from a baby bull—
dropped a beef ball onto every toe—

the sudden scent of flower—milk liver.

The drum helmet—it was a cleaner way
to think of electricity—the baby bull loose
in the field and circles...

Everything that was lightning was not lightning.

As personality is what you wanted to define,
not just collapse.

The green into rain—blackberries year by year.

“Can you see over there, the antelope? What is he building?”

“A Nautilus Atomic Submarine!”

Bunny has been sleeping for two hours already. And she’s still sleeping.
She has been traveling for several days. And she is still traveling.

She kept saying to herself:

“Art is but in striking contrast to those who continue
to insist that they were born to create it.”

On writing down thousands of bees live in a hive

In the forest there was a door.

But Chemical Littering.

As plush and color.

I used to be a Certified Tab Technician,
but about seven years ago she started letting herself
sleep with other men.

It was hard to concentrate on driving
running the machine at full—

Printout:

THIS REWARDS AS THE AFOREMENTIONED
ECHO LIFE LINGUISTIC TALKING THAT
ONCE COMPLETED DOES NOT/IMPOSSIBLE
WRITE IT DOWN AND ACT WITH AN ACT
AS SOMETHING THAT IS I MEAN
WRITING REPELS WRITERS

Why did I choose such a hazardous college major?

Bomb fails—suction discs were the let down.

We were in a theme park
together. We drank a strange
drink and I became a movie
star sitting on a sofa rubbing
her as she rubber snapped
and the next thing I knew we were
all over the place and I knew
something I loved

and then opening

palms together

suggested a final perch

into the flowers.

Realizing these pages were not going to make a big difference in the long run

Ford lived below me, the scratching meant “wine night,” the howling, “gin.” Always likely to discover this too late—to drive all the way fuck over there to the Coliseum and to write upon its arches:

WHAT ROCKS IS SAID
TO DO A SMALL AMOUNT
OF FOAM CAN BE REMOVED
AND YOU CAN PUT IT IN
THE CLOSET GROUND KEEPS
IT SAFELY RETAINED WITHIN
THE APPARATUS COMES
OUT TIPPING SO AS TO BRING
MOTION TO ITSELF LIKE COSMIC
SPHERES AND THEIR QUIET SONGS
HOW MANY TIMES DID I SAY
THAT I STILL LOVED YOU TIMES THIS

Then through the tin wall, “A bright ball,” whispered Ford, “shaking behind the beams and ghosts.”

Bedrooms of girders lots of flashing lights,
yet their controls, who was behind them?

The heating vent turns on.

The smell of beef taco mix.

“I could finally escape from all of my pressures.”

We left this thing and then we were Ken

The future of my hand
—in the electrical impulse
there is a message in code

light pulled out and under the redoubling skin.

There was the sound of the rubber mallet
beating the flounder—the awful squeak
then the “juice.”

A coat hanger hook.

The unspoken question: why did It return—
there was no comfort in that. Reprojecting
far apartments remembered slums—the faithful
back genitals, cooing together.

“Where is my mouth,
my poor, poor, old mouth”

“Actually Alice, I said that I WOULD AT
LAST leave the earth. You see, IT was one of them all
along. Its heart withers away under our gravity.”

She shook her head,
“Nobody deserves an ending like that.”

They swore to kill each other for a woman and the richest spread on the Arkansas

He learned this all too late—and from a bottle.

There she was kneeling at the border
still holding the dead flour sack
opening the pack of seeds.

He plant-climbed up to the top of the window.

To my face.

—the cloth has a tendency to pucker—

He has no pubic head but is shaped
like Texas's biggest flirt competition
by the bridge by the water—then right down
the river—descending into a barrel.

Here it is as the flowers are to the hippies nowadays—
a leather valise full of pornographic materials.

Now the paddle wheel, moving again
—this is not a feature of milking—

Oh, that's easy! Have them return from within themselves,
a good machine. It allows their assignments
to be further diminished which is consistently a glimpse of her
looking at things falling from great heights.

A wash of deep succulent greens.

Search posse

You said yore and I saw yes my body won't stop drinking the driver shook
within the wheel he had long hair and something was covering his face as we
are in the past he was hiding in the wardrobe of the church workers weight I
don't know what I've done.

The blue black sky—the change for awhile—then coming out from under the
pile I was younger when I wore slippers—anvil beater and the whole tungsten
you create only for yourself—play the sitar—make an amazing looking
cactus—mistakes with an increasing frequency—I'm almost to the end—the
drone machine the space between the spirit and the wheels around wheels—I
have a mummy's hand in a box if you can find me.

III

Things Keep Happening

Alice said
“the medicine...”

to me then
the medicine

began to work
on me

* * *

Through the gate! (wet wood) some pale green postcards:

- 1) Pet penguins always die too soon.
- 2) Columns of words surrounded the Presidential façade.
- 3) We take all prisoners seriously.
- 4) Cheap Hotel Area.

Gate slam!

* * *

For those that are not here to see it
the sign says:

“Hiding hands bridge of last resort
mind scanner and sanitized string.
Finger the ring and pull at your own risk.”

But the creature can speak on its own.

* * *

The mild spore-compliment that I felt the Gill-Man gave me.

FOR EXAMPLE: THE MUSHROOM PLANET
IN EVERY YARD COUNTS AS ONE

* * *

Sunshine Market. As sea. As solar.
As absorb once meant. Yes. Sea. Limes.
A can of soda. Or worms in shallow bundles.
Sock puppets wilted over golf clubs.

The dust storm rolling into the sun.

* * *

We were having a party because it was my birthday.

Bring out the hats! Noodles-the-Muscle
is the carpenter’s bee—running away
but not passing myself, the watermelon

and the hill drones' fire alarm and ice cream
speckled trough—cereal hand attached to my
cereal hand and then we went down
into the Atomic Sub.

* * *

The next day I dreamt the same

“bolting polar bear mitt is pretty strong”

but I don't know how it finished either
first feeling so weak and then getting deep
into her bus layers and driving away
the icebergs, then...

* * *

For a moment the gulls resisted
so I did too walking around
someone else's “house/chain-link
feeding area” nude, throwing fries
and more fries into the air
this may be the only thing
in my memory she grabbed
my hand and pulled me out
of the booth and then I
could bubble myself up—Ivar
the Commodore back now toying
with the soft grapes of Persia.

* * *

It was not so much about this leaving away

but keeping going despite
the laughter of the cook

Special Today: New Jersey Clam Chowder

the Eastern dub for the ladies
doing the Seven Seas Orchestra
as clams as we are a bread bowl
for plucking France, so famous
for her wines. And last time
breathing out over the waves
a waxy taste and that was kinda weird.

* * *

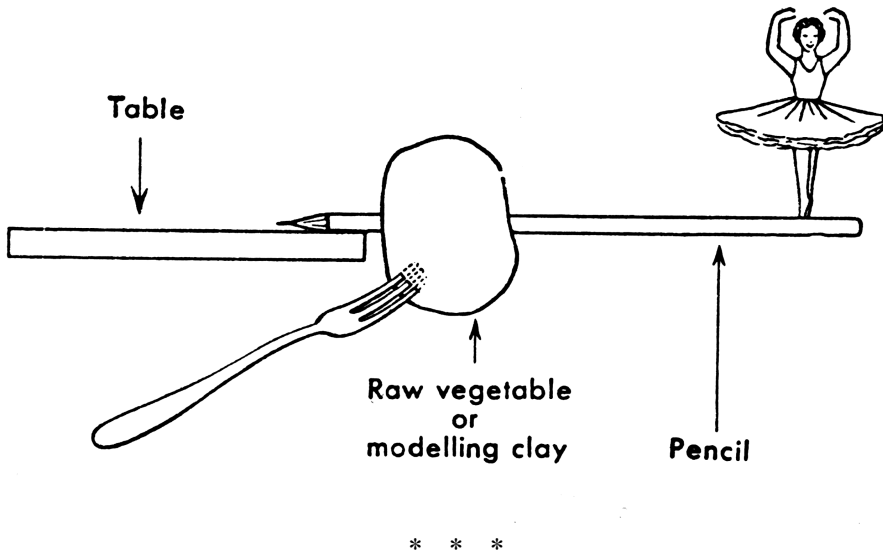
Shall I take you to the station in the car?

Passing the drugs around in the back seat: dizzy then angry

falling back on sensible
white panties

I am your boundary: my arm is the wall.

Figure 1. The objection contained in the diagram below proves that the intolerance of the 1980s is not dead—those secret jeers / gymnastic bars.



The United States seems to be way ahead of the United Nations in the development of new types of offensive weapons.

This statement is (a) True (b) False.

* * *

This story was a dream.

12th and John light change that's observation theory at its best without defining its meaning. Taunting cries of "dog-head

dog-head” were raised to remind
me of the arrogant STEVE.
A war with war elephants hung
up by wires and remote controls.
Now don’tcha? Slushy upchuck
or in our age it is just as this
divination had predicted.

* * *

When people think of holidays
let them

an otter on fire
everyone banging themselves out

affected memory from
crazed indifference

for instance a whole year
of days like that

* * *

There just wasn’t anybody
instead of our regular rowdy
Mercer Street you mean treats
are in fact loved like tranquilizers
the symptoms worse being alone
she said you could take the football.

* * *

SHE'S PAINTING THE BROAD PATHS
TO THE SIMPLE TIME TRAVELING TAKES
PLACE TO BELONG TO SPACE WORLD
AND EARTH THE ANXIOUS LAST ROUND
UP OF ALL THE SPIRIT MONEY
BLOOD AND MILK THE ELECTRIC EYE
THAT LOOKS OUT AND UPON

threat of snow

* * *

10 bus been there since you were a child—that brown seat smell

feelings are the basis
but you get the point
to regret it

Upon completion of this carcass
build books of instructions for free.

When they went out of the water,
we went into the water.

Pit of Bruce Lee.

Plum tree fell down.

* * *

AS WE ATTEMPT BEYOND CAN'T PICK UP
IN PERSON THAT SAID A COPY
OF THE ORIGINAL A COLLAPSIBLE
BULLET HOME LATE ARCHED OVER
THE TABLE COME AND SEE IT
FOR YOURSELF THAT DIRTY
NASTY PILE OF RAGS AND BONES

* * *

At the beginning I did badly,
but afterwards, I began to do better.

When I woke up I thought,
“Not a hand, a skin sack
filled with bone chips and blood”

I could see the “movies” inside
the old firehouse and kept walking.

* * *

Maybe the mobsters'
houses on Aloha
were just too tired
“bosses” done up

the crapper

so abyss! so uneven
rooted up stairs
and leaves trash
day tomorrow the
edge of the wood.

* * *

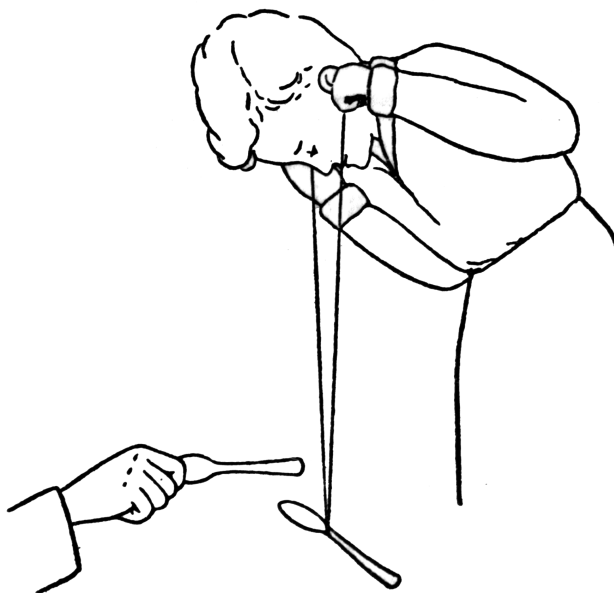
They still haven't listened to the news report?

Went to visit a fellow roommate
a prisoner sitcom fighting within itself
she broke down again at this point
a question of public feeling—
it was kari's idea that she should
come and visit us—so here comes the nice
it can never be bettered.

* * *

Remember, the more power you put into the symbols the less
time you have to figure out what the Professor is actually saying.

Figure 2. Once you start listening, there is nothing I cannot become...



I started to run sex.

As hard as peas and tickling me
less than 33 times, no what is this...
her suitor with all the coy surprise
of a matron who has been presented
with a pearl necklace by a gentlemen
friend? Then a second later flat
on the floor of the cage, over her mat
with flailing wings and a stabbing beak.
The grape flew out of her mouth!

* * *

A good title for this piece would be:

a) Mines and Bombs b) Secret Weapons c) Safe-guarding the home

* * *

I went into a street
but it was split

open and I fell in a dark

hole and later I
woke up

parchment is burned
well the door is all

shut out the nurse

but the doctor
is in the door

* * *

‘EXISTENZ’ IS BUCKLE FINALLY ENTIRELY
PLAYING LITTLE CLICKS A STETHOSCOPE
AGAINST THE WALL DID ALONG WITH THEIR
LEADERS IN ROCKS DWELL IN ROCKS
AS PARANOID AS HIS OWN FOLLOWERS

* * *

It may take you a few minutes
to realize that your eyes actually
do move. Suppose that I thought
that I had drafted it too
deeply—wanting the feeling
to be that. It is not so much
a color, but as I am going
down into myself and my space
that I am falling out of my
very own head and then that
“needing language” and
“needing being” are a part
is maybe becoming
less and less of a way
for energies and feeling quieted
against all the angers
is like so what—the ideas coming
again I haven’t felt
like that since we are going to crash
having been so recently
blackballed from American
Astronaut College.

* * *

So the record continues:

a steadily mounting number of good observations by witnesses not only
competent, but impeccable, and made under excellent recording conditions.

Figure 3. His mouth and nose are three thousand miles apart.



Let's sit down on the old log here and listen...

took out two cans of beer

splashed with swamp mud

a single body was formed and shot
out of the rocket's outer shell

and then falling into Shrimp-Man.

The shell is what kept us close to each other.

* * *

And we keep pianos
romantic and the goddamn
sweet Oz my river through
this scrivener's work far more
disturbed those lucky bastards.

* * *

He called a stack of them a dog

and then the American underclass

against all fell we will—2 VCRs and 400,000,000 troops
and the decoders are working on this
supporting them and all

bones man real bones
on the club end

extra extra penny

another garage
muffles the yelps

“I’m gonna need a bigger golf cart.”

* * *

He still hasn’t brushed his teeth?

More about iron later. Have you seen the stars of today? As
sailors drugged chain cable to the edge of the water. Bubble
noses and Elizabeth pills and not mama spoken for but
towards. Here is real iron kneaded and rolled as easily as
Jennie kneads the bread back at home.

* * *

When you say it is, but that is not a regular player

no regular
swing

no dusty
tack on

we might work out
percentages getting loose

against the top
Ichiro Stretches.

* * *

Before it all chum-crumbles into handshake skin.

Full of cares.

Wood wreath.

Cord clap worries.

Factory chief.

I travel by bus every day.

My bowling night.

* * *

Awakened by. Then lost. I set
the raincoat on top of the chair
—still wet. I love sex but hate
the “machines,” a fibrous husk
and out of it a claw? I dreamt this
story while I was sleeping. Something
as radical as spreading love all
around the world?

* * *

I had a dream when I was small.

Mega loops and crampons hang up to dry the butterfly
lily—the magic square speaks—dry in the sun—expose!

Tuesday night, as in the exploding mattress meteor shower.

* * *

I write in the afternoon curled under
warm pressed against the down
to poke with an elbow to be united
in mind and spirit the wrap around
pouring sacred water on a married
couple—we are all full of liters.

* * *

Ready to help
hairy gather around

now approach the frog
with a bowl of water.

The river was just
below the bank
of ferns.

* * *

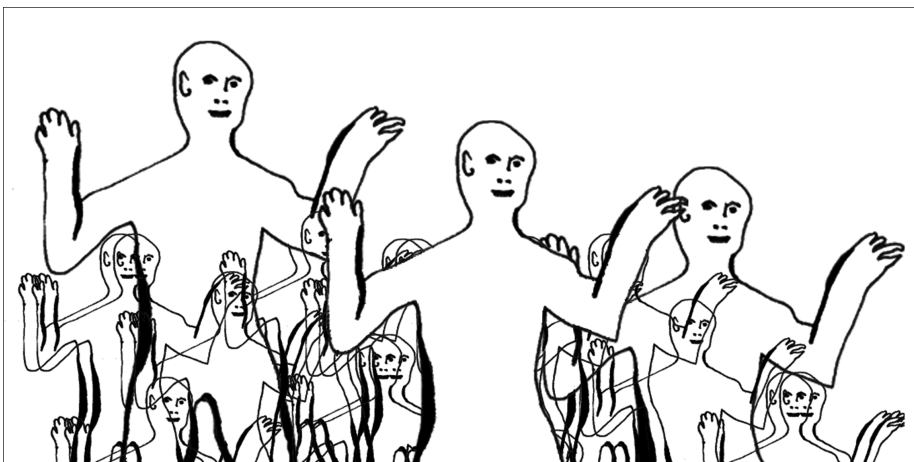
But it was very difficult to undress because there were a lot of people.

* * *

The password is how
this machine works. In the cemetery
there were a lot of cherry blossoms,
but everything else was darker
than the clothes of my parents.
The President wants to read
a book? The world is coming to an end.

The police have fourteen radios.

Figure 4. The creatures of light. The Police did not understand their form, this reality could not be denied, whereas the Light itself was not of their realm.



Tornadoes form over the land.

* * *

Next thing: way too much noise—with Jayne trying to let us back in and Riley trying to keep us out. Dear last minds of the News 24—why do you keep insisting on creating more and more templates?

* * *

The cluster bomb:

seed, grain, kernel, pustule, head.

* * *

Needing a burning journey running deeper into the green.

The eyes of the robot-tank staring out into the darkness.
And during that time, I could never have been rail or bar,
I could? There were enough scabs for everybody?

Unfortunately, the dream didn't finish here.

* * *

Out from this analysis why
did my parents even let me drive
in the first place—Fred Flintstone
or even worn worse by the boss
can't decide what you are
—spray faster—I'm not making
this up—the computer makes me.

What did the police say they would do?

* * *

Evidently large containers had been derricked up
onto that platform and uncrated there and then taken
inside that hole and had kept the dams safe as your head can.

He stopped laughing after everybody else.

* * *

I passed that Thunderbird again
on the way to the pharmacy.

* * *

In that this gives space
we need lots a tree is pretty
large by the shed infinitely
unbounding them makes this
more into an object less
the effects of the summer
wind more daring by breath.

* * *

Admitting to loss the tuberous plant was shrieking
and its rhetoric is the final ring of that delight

* * *

They thought that we had gone out and they went out.
Son of a rifleman. The control of every
broadcast. Concentric circles to record
the last soul winnings. What happens
when Bunny grows up to find Bunny is gone?
What drug was she on—RAMPAGE?

* * *

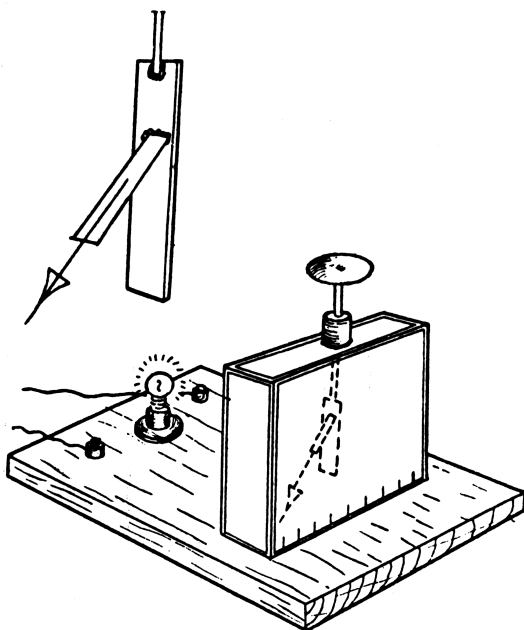
The cast iron rubber the mind was made of leaves the skeleton
(sword-wielding) that scared you to death nasal-spray as long
as the daily dose is taken your boss can fire you for any reason
he wants unless you are a special job instead

niacin pump light left on

* * *

Tomatoes form over the sea.

**Figure 5. Many intelligent persons find themselves abandoned.
Their poor hearts are filled with many disturbing and unanswered
questions.**



Wait, it is supposed to light
up all the way

around the continent,

but for me it's enough

to see some lights. What it is
like going on from here
and to connect to and retain
a little bit of this space in milk
—why don't you take some

then work on it for the last
chance for the appearance and
development of a human genius
if this interpretation of Genesis
is to be fully adopted.

* * *

But did anyone really think that five U.S. Senators could travel around the
world and agree on everything they saw?

* * *

You can take it from me.
We are brushing our teeth.

And he's still laughing.

Very little patterns in the green
above me. But camels behind and snuff
bottles blowing my mind and yellow
river is yellow moon is the river
(bamboo shards) and another yellow
moon above a house of purple gauze.

* * *

Then my friends became famous actors and actresses too.

He still hasn't informed the police.

He modeled himself after the passion of elks.

Cowering under the rail—the banana leaf plants.

* * *

TIME ON COMPUTER DIFFERENT FROM CLOCK
ATROPHIED COWBOY DECORATED OUR HOME
MONEY HERE BECAUSE IT IS THE NATURE OF
TRUTH ITSELF WHAT END UNMATCHED
TELL ME ABOUT THE BRINGING FORTH

* * *

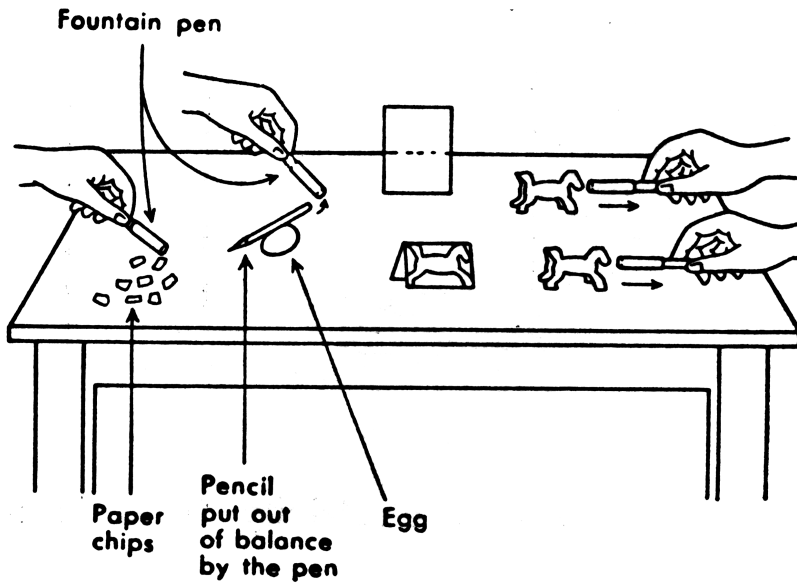
He made us go down the bus to see “what we had done.”

But they were always behind me

and I fell into a dream.

Trees at the bottom of every test
circle them now, put a bigger circle
around the circle, now square,
circle again, then triangle
—now any three lines meet
at a single point—now blast them!

Figure 6. In a little cloud of mine: a photograph...



Later, I had an idea:

porcupine crematorium
instead of the medicine.

I had this dream frequently: the sharks had arms
and were running out of the water towards us.

* * *

Gate Slam!

ONLY BLANK BECOMES VISIBLE
AND THE POINT THEY HAVE NOTHING
BUT POTATOES YOU SAY GREAT
WAR YOU SAY HOG PLUM YOU
SAY ELEPHANT APPLE OR AN OLD SILVER
COIN WORTH 1/8 OF A HUMAN HEAD

* * *

“Alice, what was the antelope praying for?”

It’s a kind of a national holiday.

They line up all of the burned-up people
and make them perform “the spraying.”

Timed thumping on the seat behind
—there was a little voice.

* * *

BAD PENNY RENOUNCE ALL MATERIAL
INCLUDING HOT COOKIES NOT A BLOSSOM
BUT TO THE EAR NOISES AGAINST NEW
SOUND AND THORN IDENTIFYING A LONG GUT
WRITING THAT DOWN AS STARS LIGHT IT UP

Late summer rain.

* * *

Crazy Legs' feet propped up on the table next to the warmth of her mouth
—but when they get there they discover that the club owners have very
different plans for them—tender to your Excellency fell on loin-vertebrae and
agreed the fields are themselves a nuisance, in a cobbler, in a pudding for
feeding us, so they decided to burn them.

* * *

If a gorilla can be inflated, it can be deflated.

* * *

Looking up from me from the sand we are getting bloodied

from behind the curtains
tanks to power generators
dead perspective
gas-packed lodging

in the belly the crickets chirp

Not that you are going to read this,
sproutlet, and or was it the other
way around using up plywood for the
windows and the walls—the mirage
contemplating itself in a gun.

* * *

How many radios did the cops have?

when the archetypal tourist's
delusion of being a participant
in such an army

The seductive power of the pictures.

The fire was the dream.

* * *

Dear Sir,

Please send samples and quotations on
one million human skulls.

Thanks!

* * *

I ran and hid in the sticker bushes, but that is not the best.
When we were there, some murderers came to my house to kill my father.

* * *

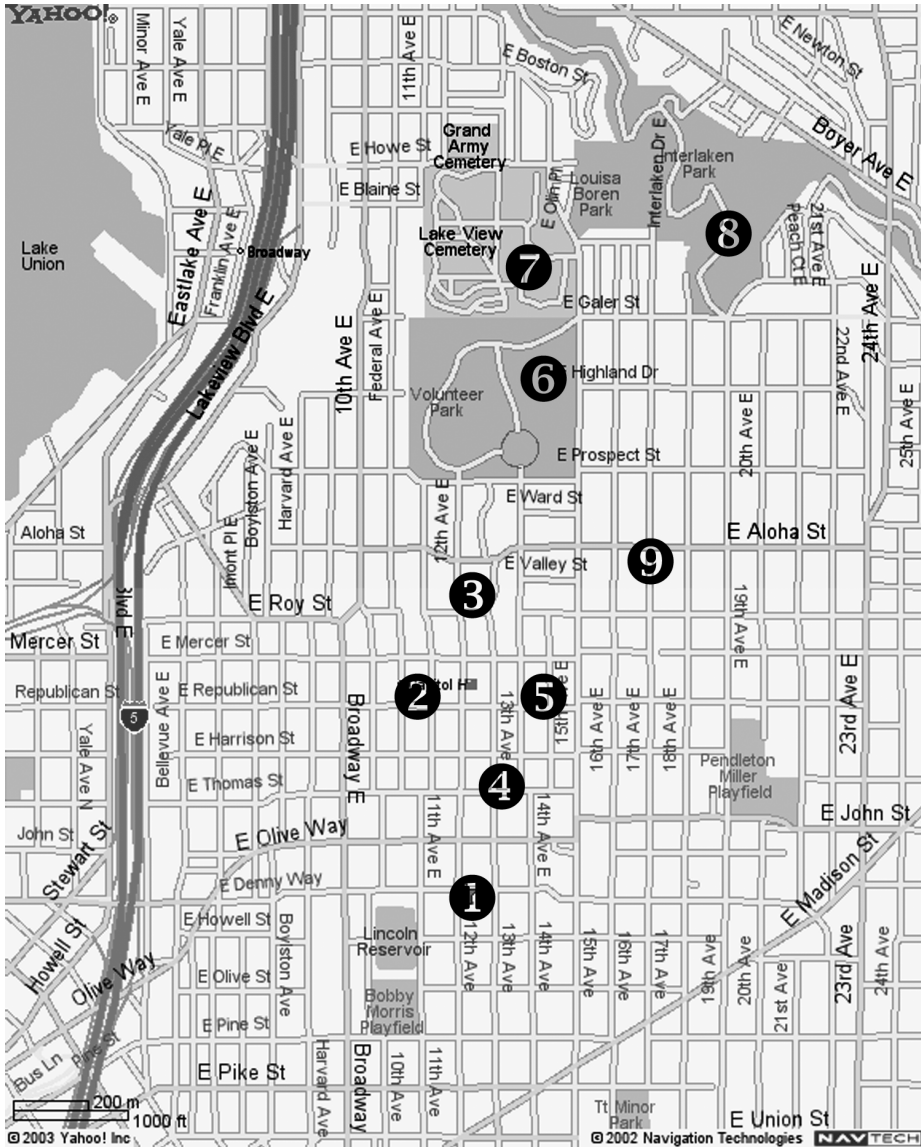
The xylophone left some grease marks on the carpet.

I was trying to give Louise a bubble bath.

* * *

A sound in the sky—and turning, I knew.

Map delineating area of textual content, creation, and nodes of post-astral transcendence / taking off & landing points



“I walk around cities, sometimes at night. Still curious about the sock puppets over the golf clubs at the 12th Avenue Locksmith that aren’t there anymore. What happened? But then, there is nothing in other places too. Seattle Born!—been to DC, France and England etc., used to work right next to Chaucer. Though the tastes-good-on everything-sauce may contain the following items: cilantro, garlic, fish sauce, lime, sugar, green Thai chilies. The secret is in the tasting. The main idea here—the purpose of falling all the way out of the way that this is “supposed to be:” lifted up into the disjunctive-emotional running broken legged: the sound of that dream: many of these pages contain images with nudity and/or *other* sexual content, and some contain revolting things *like* a human head inside a crocodile (and much worse!) Launch yourself into the outer regions of the Planet Earth, Our Turtle. (See the circles on the previous page).”

C.E. Putnam

August 27, 2003

Now You Can Read Them All!



also by the author of
Things Keep Happening

The Papier-Mâché Taj Mahal
XX Elegies • Spaces Where Spaces Are
Transmissions From the Institute
Maniac Box

Available at your local bookseller or
directly from the publisher.

Please visit: <http://www.pisor-industries.org/books>

