

The MegaRant - A Recipe for Dust by Pat Tanzola (the Meager Ant)

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Zowee Wowee

I am a man of everlasting impertinence. I am a man of ever trusting beneficence. I am always striving to say hello. I am always striving to say hello. I am trying to unlock those special secrets you know.

Why can't we be together, my sweet? When will it be my turn finally please? I need together, I need us, the two nice smiles in the same head-space. Can we shiver at the warmth of the pleasure? Please please me, I have far too much leisure.

(I need to continue but the feudal dues are forgotten clues to a living past.)

Please me, please. I desire nothing but to expire in your fire. I thrive with the life of the knife-edge and the longing letters of the distant wife. I breathe strife into every jealous insinuation; you're so dangerous it sets off alarms and blazes through the wicker-timber, the bonfire of my heart.

So I turned the massive man inside out; so the small will finally overcome, the lame will scream and shout, but with victory this time: the unsipped bottle of the finest wine, uncorked unstoppered and glugged with vicious relief and unbridled exultation, a concept made immaculate by raw impenetration.

We are wary words: the description of a fleeting feeling, the moments unknown felt for crying cubs caught in corporation cubicles, the nuanced innuendo and the subtle tawny laughter, the testing inclemency, the tired dismissal of the non-chic, the beleaguered attempt of Godel at completeness and consistency, impossible, for then all combinations of words could be accounted for, and fiction would cease to be.

We count, we count ourselves to meet the protocol, the demands of editor at desk with clicker in hand, fitting word to space, matching content to page and concrete to abstract symbols. We are Gutenberg and lobster Newburg untethered and undone, we hear groaning of Roman soldiers ambushed by Vandals, geysers spouting and firewalls blocking Ethernet viruses, to keep out molecules construed as maleficent, and the toast on the rack is left to burn everlasting with the pulsating preference of the pigeon stool. The wired desired hymen, the orthoptera, the winged insects like those brazen butterflies, fluttering by. We stew at the edge of a precipice, we glue unused egg shells back together to recycle and reuse – waste not want not right? We have arrived at a most vicious conclusion, and it is this: that so much nonsense could be written so completely superfluous, and even Atwood and Dostoevsky are just sick in the head puppies. We destroy railroads between civilized cities, acting on electric impulse to churn words, words, words:

I am the clutcher of the fiery gnome
I am the weather in mid winter
I came with reason, I leave as a man without cynicism.
I am finally a real good kid, I have finally made it out of the fustling blight, I'm the turbinated power propeller sent to the Seadoo storage facility in the middle of the night. I have the power to turn you to jelly, yet you are able to rip me open and analyze my feelings, insightful, intuitive as you are; I am the nut you don't dare crack, the first fist of the fight, flying into the overhead fluorescent lighting, the shuttle cocked racket, the taut strings of the elliptical hammock, the wiry frame of Mediterranean waiters on cruise ships bound for Stromboli from Naples...

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Time and lateness

breathtaking greatness, elated moments, fomenting torment which warrants an act of abhorrent extraordinariness, this is the warring

Taurus storm, the shield and sword drawn and gory.

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Spoken word seduction

What makes me so different? Than something you cut and paste and stare at? The worldliness I exude, the incomparable way you wield me, mother tongue: my sweet syllabic concatenations, elisions colliding into vowels – the consonantal drift. Movement of tongue together with saliva between teeth, rude touch of the velar fricative, the overwhelming buzz at the bridge of the mouth; your moist alveolar ridge, where the ells and tees and zuzzes dwell.

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November rhymes

Under the ground we don't hear a sound, we mime noise, talk colours, sing symbols into stone, we groan Gregorian and laugh lyrics, twisted benedictions, topsy-turvy prayers, layers upon layers, meaning cleaved, dreaming never to be believed, we thin-limbed ringers of bells, tin-innard, heartless and mindless lollypop-livered devilry delivery boys, toy-wrap rippers, daytrip hipsters, lark lovers and mid-life gutbusters, motorbike Mikeys or tetracycline tricycle-dykes, Nokia-nattering Nike-noodles selling shoes to poodle owners, ignoring lowlife loners; instead it's the zone-Capones, mobster mimics, lifestyle lemmings and turtleneck cynics.

Save quarters, do laundry, Frankfurt Germans and their autobahnery, College and Manning, Ted's Wrecking, nighttime traffic, headlights gleaming, beetle shells cover auto insects crawling on concrete. I leave you at the corner, ask for Kroner, we're in Copenhagen translating 'Lagerzapfen', every day this way, so trusting and gay, we float like Sugar Ray, sweetness stinging and oven bell ringing, coffee pot brimming, leaves fall, blowing, the calendar flips – it's gonna be

snowing - row on and on, throw another one on: Barbie clothes,
barbecue coals, grassy knolls, gaping conspiracy holes deter paranoid
delusions, escapist illusions, systematic refusals, perusals reveal flaws,
too scary to grapple, and so we dabble, dawdle, dilly-dalliance balletic
in sophistication, evasiveness fostered by omnipresent impenetration;
we grow bored at fright, numb from the fight, numb from our names,
sense-sensibility shot to hell; we trade socialist shrill for Orange County
thrills, Hills-Beverly, glory gals, bright lights and dark shades ghosts,
hollow, flicker in a prisoner's daze.

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Pure rant

Fetch a newspaper from the basket and grill the smile away from the
tanned model on the front page. Severed relations and defenestration is
a complication of the brand names Naomi abhorred. I deplore the
Count of Elsinore, a didactic bore, pedagogically misinformed and so
forlorn. We are warned by the gauge of the gas, the measure of
mistrust, the tossed best hope of lust into the restful crèche for
Christmas carolling, the seaside swirling of feathers, light fluffiness in
any weather, like 10 below, best fit for curling.

Jason the Argonaut, a Son of Siam, the King of Araby, the Sheik, truly
chic, chiclets and chocolate populate his pocket, a Lettieri decaf a
Starbucks sandwich. Pepsi cola is drunk, recognized as a word by my
microprocessor; who can be sure Billy Gates' programmers aren't
inserting practical jokes into the software? The reason we use it is
everyone uses it; conventions like shaking right hands before a
conversation. We are accustomed to our foibles, the dirt inside the oil,
the maddest mildew ever to soil a bathroom. We consider a no-brainer
that which is to come, to undo things never done, to devise loyalty and
group cheerleading and election smearing in inns with beds that come
with plain duvets and overused ashtrays in this, the month of melting
snow.

Yes-men in temples north of southeast Yemen — these are inspected with respected technique, by a black-creek pioneer in the discipline of international security; the lowest rung of the telephone nook, the big red book Mao undertook to wipe away the crooks.

The longest look at my sweetheart fading on departing trains, the sweet disdain for stupidity, the lustful cupidity, the raging thirst for souls at Bathurst and St. Clair, it really gets my goat. The unqualified knowledge of the unconscious mind, the land we mine, landmines we find. I am dissolved in an onion, things for fun, not known ever to come to the one I love, or the righteousness that angels sing. Drink ginseng powder to invigorate your trousers, and best of luck to the top ten competitors, the yo-yo I whirled in Musicworld with a yard of thick string. We sing bling and fling tent pins into bins at bargain-basement prices, prizes Honest Eds don't despise. The good lies on golf courses, the fresh green manicure of the fairway, the increasing incidence of fair play, it warms me up inside. We are snide but affable, incompetently capable, amenable to the palpable, ignorant of the metaphysical.

Jesting in the court, a full court, pressed till all the oleic acid drips into the bottle, here it is, the olive oil; one percent acidity is threshold for extra virginity. We are flung, my erring do allows me and my crew to access the newly brewed glue. We sniff and are licked by dogs, hairy beasts pooping on logs that in a month's time are cut up for clogs. And most disturbing is web logs populating the net, unread pathos and cathartic kilobytes, sent to flight in the middle of the night.

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Desktop chaos

(it's messy but it's neat)

There's a scribbled line speaking inky Shakespeare; I could stare at skulls hand-held like Hamlet in Act V, to be or not to be, but instead I wish for an empty bathroom — I really have to pee. I mash analogies

like calculators, abacus bricks clinking into a sublime arithmetic; it's error, disaster, smooth-skin alabaster, it's a morpho-orthographical trick. On desk-edge is a pile of used post-its; ballpoint pen with nib unscrewed sits waiting at an angle. Empty envelopes for letters never sent, or letters ignored--there's always more letters, a more important letter on the way. My agenda book gets emptier by the hour, so I substitute for love the bits of wisdom I've gleaned from that true granite witness sitting serious on my desk; I call it a book, and it is a big one, a big fat book of famous quotations--and it's scaring me witless. My brain spreads out like my speakers, spaced out just so to maximize the wavelength effect, to ameliorate my synaesthetic sound-sing-speak experience. There's a telephone, black and plastic, clanging bells and fizzing receivers; a glass half full of hi-liters and paper clips; I've never drunk from it but if I need yellowness I'll know where to look. It's oak that's housed decades of hard work and self-discipline (by others, brothers, not just me), tossed into this rubbish bonfire, and my new lease-sheets, my papered place to live, might burst into flames along with the wood (no good). The *Iliad* perches precariously above the wastebasket, and my electrical wires cross indiscriminately, but that's just me; I let my wires be. I look to Lou and Gord for edgy repartée; their cds are lying empty in the case, so I turn on the lamp, light up the whole place--it's no halogen but so what, we can't *all* save the planet. Not when we think and work in this desktop disaster-math, my dusty flat chaos giving good folks at Office Depot a hardy-har heart attack....

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August 7

There is a man with a fist of fire, balancing on a telephone wire, underneath a no parking sign; then there's a family with a baby carriage, and you're going out with a junkie.

We meet in the arena every morning, to do dishes together, stare into canyons and count the colours, call each other sister, brother.

I was nothing if not ecumenical, nothing if not inclusive -- I wanted everyone to share, I did not reject a soul. But men like to split things up, attach signs; women shriek aloud at spiders, and hang laundry on the line.

(The trees downtown are choking, automobiles addicted to smoking, I wish I was joking but I haven't laughed in years.)

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(another) three minute midnight

Pulitzer prize scribblers in election-night hysteria, Lloyd Robertson and the world with bated breath wait, pounce on any stray voter, Ohio, Florida, the multivocalic states, in a partisan civil war.

Putrid fetid choppers and the terrible mandible that slices neurosis smooth, so carefree in this bubble tea and glass-chrome universe. I was alone all day and claustrophobic all night. I was talking to you in a gleaming case of dew, talking loudly in an elevator too. Let's get off on the 66th floor, pry a fireplace poker to open up the door. I was egging on the sumoes and they fell through the floor, down elevator shafts all splattered with gore -- we're in love, we four, me, Galahad, Guinevere and Elenore. The raven quoth bleakly, "nevermore? no more." Grab volumes of Poe and hurl 'em out the door, get down tonight on the waxed dance floor.

Old men smell like bleach in the hall, they don't clean themselves, they got mildew in their pores. Xanax and Zantac and the million man march, my favourite tree has got to be the ash or the larch.

Poultry polemics and goose *ganzissima*, the Italians buy cheese -- whatever *gli piacciono moltissima*. There are things in this life that none of us can know, people who are lying and it rarely ever shows; the monsters I describe, I try to tell them no, but the words are alive -- I don't control them any more. The rain it comes, it wets what it wants, I

glove my baby chick and we ride out the storm, where there's
happenstance union and love in the torn. I was called together by the
moon and eclipse -- and if you return in 2007 like the next lunar E, I can
finally pay you back for everything you gave me, how you helped me,
you saved me when I was nearly gravy; you picked me up and let me
cry, you let me be your baby.

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Unromantic Latinate thought

I did not consent to a lack of urgent intervention, or detriment
prevention, when a convening of previously unmentionable sources of
dissension in conversation might augment the edification of a persona
hell bent on self-destruction.

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Shazak

Hey diddle suck my ass in the middle of fiddle season. Mercantile
lycanthropes (wolfmen) and the murderous stylings of Silo Sid. Anwar
Sadat assassinated in Egypt, the floating pillow thrown out to float
baby Moses, raised in King's court until he was thrown out; he led his
people cross the desert, through parted waters, fleeing flooded banks
and escaping horse-drawn armies.

Cataclysmic vitality, the energized theory of life; Jesuit Loyala and his
hated systematic schools, spreading fear through South America,
converting native fools. Deacon Brodie was a follower of the mighty
Chairman Mao, philosophizing nightly he'd incite the drunken row.
Bellowing and mad, the flame was never lit; yellow scabs began to
fester where a rusty blade'd made its slit. Looking glasses, hairy asses,
serious masses where prayers pass rigorous standards of accepted
decorum; the forum for lies is expanding and reprimands retreating in
efficacy and so the tendency is toward leniency, frugality and

expediency.

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Decent and lovable, and so we gave him a chance to prove himself.

Even sparrows, a lot of throws, a wigwam convention, and it all came to blows. A lack of vision, too trusting and insane, it leads to the draining of the swampy everglades of the mind, the head, the brains of the dead, I walked and I paced, the dread grew inside me. I am in thralls, I am in a 5x8 cubicle. Fluctuation of the tawdry, the yellowing of sewers. Ursine yet bovine, canine and feline. Logarithmic, insidious and cathartic. A chattel, a catheter, a cathedral, and cancerous collagen collages of college. Populous and perverted, dribbling and fusty, millions of the cut-throats are lying if they're lusty. Policed and fire-proofed, it is the century of the trout. I am hefty and I'm stable but I suffer from the gout. Lubed up and dried out, it's Easter for the elves, but I can't seem to reconcile the sofa with the shelves.

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May21—three-minute midnight

(written in the three minutes before the phone rang)

I woke up not knowing what was left inside me. But Drano is tasty and so is peanut butter. And heaven is a chocolate soda. And so is the finger of doubt. And maelstrom. And the Marmaduke murkiness in the leftover calligraphy sessions after the squirrel ruckus dies down and there is a sweeping chrome glimmer of nothingness. Marvellous mai-thai soaked vermilion was what it was.

Many maggots kill so swift—so what? Bobby Bigguns cannot freak—big butt. Political flap and furlongs measure depths, and moatman prophecies in underwear wateriness. Nevill the Draidle Ladle and Noah the Boa constrictor. Loki is a tyrant of Bethesda minnows. Jollity cannot be restrained or retrained or even retrofitted to fit the best and only tuckered holiday oatmeal. Polyp is drained from the swamp.

Yellow Smithy in the hullabaloo tenderness and the brushing gentle pawprint in the day-old inch of snow. Helvetica is unusual is so very very unusual and the true type litterbug is machinated holographic rumproastery.

Oh mama, you got to love this thing, I was writing it when I was thinking of you.

Yesterday was a bit too much. What it wasn't was not quite enough. And Zaphod Beeblebum and Baran and Barnabas Sotheby altogether now, sing with me, "We are waltzing around a tree!" And all together now say to me "show me pain and ecstasy," and here it is today, the surly false friends of everyday. Happy happy so pap-crazed and slap-wacky, so here it is, you can't blame a business for making a buck, so let me serve it up, it's on a plate with fries, and French fries tell no lies, and weirdness isn't wise, and hippy hypnotists, what do they do? They hippy-hypnotize, and they yodel-ay-hee-hoo. They sing of super sizes, and they dance their derring do.

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the inevitable winding down

The man looks around, sees a frothing mound of Other-town, thinks 'this can't be going down,' and frowns. The bigot bastard and his classically pilastered appearances, such semblances of sincerity, supporting pillars of depravity, his lizard innards and witch-hunt manias. But you can't blame yourself, he remembers, and so he doesn't: humility is for losers; please pass me my rifle.

(And that's how the west was won, and that's how it will implode.)

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stuckinagroove(again)

I'm a raisin-faced rummy in the corner of a room, a vocabulary junkie who's addicted to the boom; I sit, rhyme, I guarantee: my timing's fine my how and why, it's this and that line of rhythm sublime abandoned mines, treeless northern climes, it's the wine from the vine, it's squished and mashed to a superfluous brine; it's the chime and the sigh, the endless nightly whine; it is jai alai cries in the sunny Florida shine, blue-sky divine, it's my back-and-forth mind, strung out, wound-up in a collection of twine; it's the knots you find in a neck misaligned, it's romantic fine-dining-on-a-Saturday-evening 'just me and the wife' time – because, can't you see, it's mine, all mine, and all good – which is good – because it's meant to be kind.

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Walt's wisdom and Wilde's wit, twit fiascos and the paschal sacrifice, bow ties we tie to balloons for a birthday party in an April afternoon. August shirt sleeves still seem far, and the mad March melting snow is down by law. Tom Petty is movin me honey and the dogs are struttin, it's streetcar rumble through the high-class lunch district. Burning love and churning nastiness cusses like a roadkill crow with a slick-edge squishy-squirrel spatula. A box of chiclets and a Zimbabwe autocrat convene at a convenience store purchase in the suburbs of Harare; I'm here firing lines like dragnets, banking on the big one, my fishfaced peculiarities rearing on hind legs like hound-dog pullovers, and the telephone-pole company's going under, the ground, to fibre-optic sounds--better than all previous technologies combined (!); but we're zapping mosquitoes by twilight like so many unwanted Tutsis. And the yellow-bellied ruckus regiment marches east to meet the ninth artillery brigade, and Napoleon didn't create artillery, he "just exploited existing advances in a brilliant fashion" and the real reason he walked over the moon in a swooning seaside swirl was the arrival of the rain in Russia, the utter soaking at the Battle of Borodino. Retreat, oh no, not good – how am I supposed to get home in the rain? Nothing clears the sidewalk like a cloudburst. And ah, **there's the job for me:** Painting all the fire engines yellow, dancing in the sprinklers, setting

off the alarms.

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June 8 (decaf)

The great news is I can sit and wonder into eternity at this façade of depth and the ephemeral consistency of delusion. Contradictorily redundant interchange ability is a staple of your mental diet; confusion, like how laconic lagoon dragons and nostalgic Burlington bog monsters at midways may bloom. MIT has my reservoir of reasons, I was better than the rest; I am the undercoated seasoning, rustproofing for your four-door automobile in a battle for motomaster chassis survival in Penetanguishene winters.

Al Purdy and his wistful CBC jingoism and pretty Molly Parker and Satyricon banishment of Petronius – your vision of Rome and Versailles wigs and powdered noses. The trumped-up chocolate croissant laced with poison sugar dust. The little boy with red roses, he hypnotizes three thirtysomething spinster bitches with innocently irresistible cherubim insolence.

And the sky is speckled and splotched and it's raining grey from the ground up on a Tuesday.

Uncle Sam's ante ups itself; misspelling's more costly than misunderstanding, so get form down and the rest of the panel is content; the hoops jumped through we can continue not to listen but to squawk like the hysterical audience we are, waving our roses in a pout and thrashing at visionaries with vanity thorns. Why can't we get along. Why can't you just listen. Hear that? The sound of one man crapping.

Bagel World Movenpickering and the overcrowding man crisis; immigration is too high and people are streaming in unchecked, numbers unreckoned. How dare they I say. Blame Ottawa blame Toronto blame Vancouver, and out in the countryside everything is lily

white and unblemished, how nice. This is our vast expansive Canada, new country without memory, hypocrites spaced out just comfortably enough to continue being the shining light for a world out to lunch.

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P's Nash Envy

We are here together in the sarcastic factory, laughing at every guileless mother and trucker; we are sticking pins into each other. And in the mist of a coffee shop there's Voodoo Steve Nash himself, four feet tall and so much fatter than on television. But he's a famous author, so I pay him his due. *I heard what you wrote Steve*, I told him, *I heard it was good, really good*. And Steve says, *So what? Write something better--I can use it to wipe my ass*. His eyes spun like basketballs on his optic nerve; he was pushing my buttons and yanking my crank like I was some 'losers only' slot machine. *Write something better*, he said. Hmm. Well. I promised I'd try, but all I really wanted was to poke out those eyes. And he said, *Dear me, my ride's waiting outside, but I have this one last point to make...* Then he picks up his Armani briefcase, walks out the door, steps into the blue sky--and along came a limousine. *My ride*, he cried. But it ran him over instead. *That was sudden*, I thought; *Christ, he's done died*. And so Steve Nash's final cry was: "I rest... my [Armani brief-]* case."

(I'm no great fan of basketball either, but after that episode I've had an overwhelming urge to dunk.)

*ed. note

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things that rhyme with 'own'

Rhenal Tony and the baloney cronies drone on about loans--ah yes, it

was Tony and Mahoney Jones flown in from the land of the gnomes, and it is home-grown lodestone and keystone accents to the 'Mony Mony' – that well-known, etched-in-stone Billy Idol epitaph; it's yo-yo Jabroni and mercurial zoning-clones and the ocean of ET-phone-home tomes that roam bookshelves and moan unknown, all alone and bony; it is coney-island macaroni and Jereboam Solomon-y phoniness, so well-honed and toned, Polonius-like and foamy.

(And, not surprisingly, a lot of it makes me puke.)

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At the corner of Yonge and Fairlawn
(aka a reckless abuse of context)

At the corner of Yonge and Fairlawn potato farmers are crying about their khakis, and the *Globe* is the best paper to read at the coffeeshop. Heheheh, and my recycled napkins are so damn water-absorbent, they can mop the floor with this pathetic afternoon drizzle; this is the land of banana men, pineapple ladies and the checkered technicolour umbrella; it's the movement of vans up around the block, splashing, exacerbating telephone-booth dampness in a thundershower, the tepid puddles of rainwater that nourish baby crows, and most importantly my lady: she's tall and Semitic and she plucks at bangs and wears dark glasses – and this is Thursday at its most pointless. And female waist-hems are creeping ever downward, toward crotch-and-ass-crack territory, so we're better off discussing the hubcap thief who ruined my Toyota Tercel – I'd like to meet him on adjacent barstools, I'd arm-wrestle him for my honour and smash my remaining wheels over his face. The yellow hydrant takes the piss out of passing dogs; it's parked within 15 metres of the corner, breaking by-laws as it puts out fires, and this unnecessary juxtaposition isn't my fault: I didn't design a city where telephone poles lean so haphazard, where newspaper boxes are a gang of teenagers gathering at the sidewalk and wrought-iron patio railings are the first to start rusting, and the chubby lady making me peppermint tea has a braid like a loaf of challah bread, but she's a

babealicious bouncy blonde with a French nose and there are flowers in the plastic pots dangling above the street beneath the lamp-posts and they're still smiling colours – flowers getting water free from rainclouds – but who's gonna take them down when they shrivel up in winter? The taxpayers will take it in the ass again I bet - but Green-P parking is just around the corner, which is something to look forward to, below a Second-Empire mixed-use commercial-residential block that could use a decent scrub to restore its tired century of beauty. The metal garbage-eaters are wheezing onto Fairlawn Ave and crunching up the unnecessary debris we leave on lawns; I make a mental note to *hide what you're writing from that big orange bastard* because the pavement's so slick and the Sony TV shop is a radio-service lab, and shop-signsellers should take courses in **How Not To Be Stupid**, because stupid signs – *everywhere signs* – are cluttering me making me stupid and the problem's making sense in straight lines when the universe is really multiversal but you'll notice this only if restless and overeducated but – whatever – this is still a poignantly useless theory of everything and right beside the Subway is the Scholars' Education Centre and I wonder how many university professors walk by thinking, "Why not – I could use a little brush-up myself;" but too-few credentializing mofos stoop to admit deficiency, I mean, why would they when Caz's Restaurant has Great Fish – *come in, we're open* – and I put the perfect Finishing Touches on this little ditty beside The Coop's casual clothing store for men, but everything falls apart and what happens to the centre then? It does not hold; *do not hold onto me, please let me go, I'm an important man*. We tie everything up with neat strings in our entropy-battling mental-bulimia-bored?-*let's-go-for-a-walk*-binges. And yesterday I was breaking out in a sweaty run; my shin-splints were killing me as I stopped smelling roses, soaking up windfalls from the whimsy of the rain, and that's precisely why random acts of kindness make me cry: the automobiles get bigger and bolder but the streetscape shrinks steadily from view, there's a big fat tractor riding atop a truck-bed and suddenly – finally – I'm thinking of you.

(And the rain clears up, and it's a quarter past two.)

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Subversion in a can

My head's splitting and there's too much glare; there's a grand total of two trees in front of me--not exactly a forest. Unfettered goulash is creeping toward a yellow-eyed uncouth tourniquet-factory janitor, so we decide upon fallacy as expressive mode; one day this logical fixation will subside, a nice change from the underwear-drawer of doubt that plagues us otherwise. Algorithms are pointless, logarithms are willowy and intense, but so what, I never remember those calculus jokes after they're told. Maybe you're a vampire bat with eleven ears? Maybe not. Maybe you're a gangster, cement-shoeing wiseguys off a pier; I don't know but I know this: there's never enough mustard when you really need it, demonstrating Cinespherically the unblinking car-crash nightmare that underscores your East-end inferiority complex. There's testosterone on the table-top, but I never chew close enough to the bone; we are solemn, alone, and groaning. You are no vibraphone, you are no Skydome-clone; you are the one-of-a-kind grey tucked-out Aswan-High-Dam inspector, born in a clutch of juniper bushes at the whim of a naturalist who ransacked the maternity ward the day before you were born – what an unlucky coup against respectable science that was! But alas, clinging, difficult buttnuts exasperate your bowel movements with the kind of dew-loving Gascoigne-style melancholy that is its wont, and yard-raking stick men are the worst kind of dodgeball fiends – so hard to strike, they're so thin – so this is the velour pastiche I get on sale from the Designer Fabrics store, fluffy material acquired at a Queen St urban landmark to shame all others in the literary-textile business. I have gilded ninety-nine narcissists to my front-porch knockers, and now my friends smack face on wood to announce arrivals at the door. Jealous regents rule so precarious, diminishing dissension with poker-faced insinuations, yes-men shouting down pacifists--but at least the polar ice-cap shields us from the searing sun, and though the queer district bursts into a rainbow flag like magnesium strips frothing on contact with water, the poinsettia freaks still flit charisma into focus-group total-recall sessions in bids to end degeneracy in public schools, but the ragamuffinry that gels so secret is feckless compared to those frozen-tongued igloo-lickers. Listen – hear the holistic and harmonious recorder, flute-like blowing in

the windstorm? Its ululations make you ornery, but if this is survival of the fittest and wittiest, the most insidious, and of the British—those hardcore arbiters of Quidditch--then I am a 24-inch corset. Politics is a bloodsport of oaths, polling drones and broken bones, so don't go home with a metronome: its tick'll time you temporarily to your doom, but we're all swooning on a broom, flown over moons with Hansel & Gretel, Ethel and Mistress Mabel June, the naked spooning croon-loon. This is a Styxian symphony of tickles coerced from the depths of the demonic dictionary, those left-justified text-boxes containing all science and life? Pish tosh! Here in the moonlight midnight there are two choices: deviancy, defiance or otherwise, so pick sides and gather nerve; dive into pastry bowls to be eaten up by a clever fat gardener who pilfers apple pie from windowsills and in every other way riles rhythmic riddles senselessly, and maybe you'll find--undoubtedly--that every wayward blowhard goatherd really gets your goat... right, square in the goat-nads!

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agh

Hair slick on my forehead from sweat, it's tuesday aft and I got nothing, though not for lack of thought. Today we wandered to the Lake, skipping stones, extinguishing our mobile phones, all alone we were; I clambered onto the jutting, broken-bottle danger-stones, waving my arm in a 180 arc, promising everything along the waterline: 'One day, this will all be yours.' Over beyond oceans I'm typing, turquoise tulips for her hair. 'Stay out of the sun, my dear bikini Betty--angels remain pale for a reason...'

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spookfest 2004

Cutting ribbon at suburban malls, we call Saint Paul over to bless the

sidewalk; he comes down from Lord's right hand, and we claim heaven sends angel-men to better the ends of humanity. In certainty we exult, quelling revolts that threaten the agri cult. In the distant eaves of a locust tree there are men who clamber and cut out the winding river of sin and women swimming in a cesspool of duress. We are the cancer we cannot cure.

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monkey on my back
(to be read ALOUD)

Let's talk about the monkey on my back:

He is fat and has ticks, he's four feet tall and his stuttering makes me sick; he squawks like a parrot, his hands are so hairy, his dialect is Prussian and his accent--oh so scary. He wobbles in the courtyard like a zombified primate, he sniffs at his armpits in olfactory fits, and his strategies are German--he takes me tanking in the Blitz! This monkey's like a unicorn, rare and tragic; he's perverse, a miraculous exhibit, yet thick with musky odours, like a mouldy catcher's mitt.

This here chimp is (sadly) quite a gimp, a weak noodle hanging limp, a slucker and a sucker, a poodle-fooling moronic mule-minded back-attacking beast! A most mystifying monkey, clinging so chunkily, is robbing me of all fair feeling as he feeds into my funkery; he's a skunk-rumped gallunk, a nasty growth or a shoulder-hump, a hardy barnacle on my torso, I plead and beg but he just annoys me--he baffles, even more so.

Yes, according to my latest check there's a monkey around my neck; he's force-feeding me this dreck, so why not, what the heck, I should trade him for a gecko or a lighter kind of creature, a wizard-lizard, a courteous kissing cobra (I'd offer one of *those* a peck), a black mamba I can samba with--not lurch around with an ape, perched atop me clumsily and wonkily, so nefariously stuck. It's some bottom-barrel

luck that's plucked me for this monkey; so until I can untie him, if we're whooshing by you'll spy him, the sly gorillish grin on him, his hand over my eyes and blinding me, driving me unto insanity. Yes yes yes! There's a monkey on my back, and alas and alack for poor Patrizio T, he is here laughing at me, a four-footed chimpanzee, adhering to me, married together, we, like horse and harness tethered, glued as one (it's the opposite of fun) unto eternity...

* * * * *

tranquilizer scansion (gleaming turd)

Hermaphrodites in the winter night falling gently to my side in a super-slide oversized rug ride; we deride suicide and lean on the trusted cleansing power of Tide detergent. It takes hold, it does--the euphoric bliss of the opening keys, the agents of neuromuscular tension taking an unwanted holiday, like I take leave of my senses every other day. Ghastly effects on the brain--I have to throw out that box of pills; I'll destroy those little bits of happiness, the small influences, unduly heeded mental guests, those cowardly agents of smoothing out and tension reducing, the limited trunk of the spiced fermented curd; the gleaming turd polished into an acceptable cruising state, the magic of the sentence never yet uttered, the uncomprehending stares of a mind outside your own. We all are outside, but we continue to strive, persevere, open, admit, reject, play, consolidate, grow. Hey is horses, for you and me; say "hey hey hey, man's mighty indeed."

* * * * *

Somebody owes *somebody* an explanation...

So I started writing. I couldn't tell you *why* exactly; it just steamrolled, snowballed. There was nothing I could do. But I don't exist in the words I type; I don't speak for them; they don't speak for me: I wrestle them into the text editor where they obediently, expediently *die*. I write

them to disguise/hide/distract me from this voracious, fancy,
blankety-blank-blanketing screen, this yet-another one-size-fits-all
modernist scheme – like those crisp suburban homes where the
psychopaths dwell; those clean-shaven scalps atop mercenary fiends;
the cotton pillowcases on IKEA beds--when you're sleeping soundly,
that's when they strangle all your dreams.

* * * * *

another midnight
(not exactly hip)

There aren't enough hours at the end of the day; there is little too much
loveliness in her way; her aura, cylindrical, oveny, cherubic and
comely. I was the one humper riding on this dromedary farm, broader
than a firetruck when I pulled the alarm. But drooling police dogs can't
sniff me out, because I've got political patronage clout. Jackass
jackdaws and jackaninny scofflaws, telling tales at the ale barn, half-
past eleven, sipping on happy-hour straws in every seventh heaven.
The sour-milk mouths, the lemonade droughts; I call you on a
payphone but I never ask you out; instead we sit alone on Saturdays
and scrub our tile grout... I had a Chinese ex-girlfriend, I think her
name was Meryl; it didn't end well--but after the scarring, all the
swearing and menacing hind-leg rearing, the emotional carousel, diary
entries, pathetic logs, those narrow-minded dogs need not drag me,
clinging and kicking, from the bottom of the barrel, cuz I'm already
there on the stairwell, kissing you goodbye and wishing you fare well.

(I have a tendency to overthink, I have a tendency to pout. I make my
offering in silence; I wish that I could shout.)

* * * * *

wayward lyric

Vision stiffens in a coagulating funk; I'm still locked in the trunk. The people at the edge can't see themselves jumping, you and Darlene in the trailer bumping, this is seduction in the middle of a desert--but I don't wear leather; at least not right now, not in this sticky weather. (Call me tomorrow morning, and things should be better.)

* * * * *

keyboard sneeze

Coming home in the aftermath, there was the tall brew smash, the best of the yellow dog the half wit chocolate milk making mothaphuckaz, the police state vagabonds, the jive turkeys from Nepal, the Einstein lookalike self-portraiteers, the viscosity-slime-sipping rinse pigs squealing in your ears; it was the pointlessness of soda that bubbled into me, it was the Swan from Minnesota that leered suggestively, it was the dreadnought in the Baltic that leaned precariously, it listed hard to starboard, the men clamoured gleefully, "We're listing hard to starboard, and we do it A-B-C!"

* * * * *

aaaaaaagggghhhhhh!!!!

I am a humane human, a self-hewed man breathing gravity, and this is calamity, that we are spinning preening mundanity, you call it insanity, lonesome till we drop, wielding in secret our wondergunk. Too long we avoid the under thought the polyphonic rot, the humper bunk, the magnificent, the tall the tender, the blunderating treasure junk.

So set the stage the scene: the sanitifying unclean dream, the seething wrinkled Emperor--they call him Palpatine--threatening rebels in bunkers; we hunker down, sing to clowns in the eastern end of Chinatown. You frown, drowning, its surround-sound mourning, and in mid-colouriflowericarbonation and zesty spraycan solutionizing we interject medievalisms like 'zounds gods'wounds and gadzooks;' the

marvelous mountain looms and beckons, we yodel, we sing singly, we highly-evolved gorilla beasts, urn-hopping, luck-larking and featherdusting, we hophead telestrators boasting diamonds and bandonwagon-smashed thunderbusting in a postmodern police-state closed-circuit cameraland which can't even prevent the stealing of the Scream. The oil-slick mavericks, the gunswinging whisky-swilling pill-popping jaw-dropping bossanova banditry slithers querulously and circumnavigates the globe exaggerating our spy-novel-prompted paranoia, swelling uncertainty spreads to extremities, in the end you give up scoffing 'for five hundred dollars, there better be some damn good amenities.' Yes yes here in the Hysteria Hotel we mop our hair with petro-gel, awaiting the subtle click, the telling tick, and it's caught in the quick--the millimetre-thick guitar pick forensics cops trace turquoise tulips around, those criminal chalk lines shivering timbers up to Nunavut and halfway round to Igloolik.

(pass me now a brown paper sack--I'm thinking that I might be sick)

* * * * *

thinking back on the past week...

'my pain is sinusoidal' said the manic mathematician, 'these symptoms tetrazoidal so please call me a physician.' the harbord street cafe is where the dandelions wave, the fall almost rising ending summertime surmising; seriously gleaming this adventive world cup of meaning (hockey players striking means a life, this labour strife, more quality time with the wife, cuz we pigpen men spend too much on dereliction, concrete riverbed injection – like those constructionists in japan; these modern miracles they have some potent side effects, man). but heck, sun shines, golden spinning hay collects, it's harvest end of days, we lie on grass, forget debts, sip guava juice and play, you call me sugar ray or cassius clay, but I'm lonely on this friday, so I finger-punch my life away...

* * * * *

the not-quite-downtowner

here's another fat guy sitting at stair's edge, smoking one more
cigarello, dusting rails with lemon pledge.

another shoeless drunk, wide-eyed at the moon, stuffing pants with
dumpster rags, wearing parkas in mid-June.

a thin-waisted teen, blowing bubbles in obnox, talking on her cell
phone, wobbling heels around the block.

stuffy-nosed prof, coughing on his books, avoids others' eyes on
streetcars, afraid of being shook.

* * * * *

requisite rhymes

Leather and denim at half past eleven, the stroller on a roll. The box
full on mind pox, the tree and the million bees. The concrete beneath
your feet. The sign buzzing in electric whine, the way I wondered, the
big bang, hills I climb. The atom the last little the only bit, the mostly
empty space, the biosphere, the carbo-chlorophyllic interface. The short
attention span.

* * * * *

Friday night at Dino's Dine-N-Dance

(a glimpse)

The hot-plate magician sending meals out the door, the mango juice to
sluck on as we're sliding on the floor. I talked to Esmerelda - she can

mix me something smooth - my metabolism's cranking and my legs are in a groove. We polished off our pizzas, asked Betsy for some toffee; the service here is lousy but 'man, they make some coffee!' The corn muffins steaming and the speakers screaming Hootie, dancing in a riot of clutch-and-grab booty, hey I don't get dressed up often but tonight I'm tutti-frutti!

* * * * *

sentences! sentences! I need 500 by nightfall!

The people in the beer commercials, they have it so good ya know.

So mention me, melt me, make me more mellow, make me like the network men, morphing into a monster, modelling brain drain complainants and profane, medieval usurious anti-Inquisitional interest payments?

The unused men all over the earth. Such a pity, the waste of good minds, leads to vine-climbing, over the fence, a fifty-dollar trespassing fine.

The yellow school bus or pickup truck or love in the back seat with 'Isaac Hayes moonlight' and a piece of good luck. Mmm, lovers and liquid, liplock and rub-a-dub, leech love, sucking on each other as we rage against the tick-tock.

Portions preferential inversely based on age, you sidestep the post-supper sweets with cringe-inducing contortionism; the freed men in the descent downstairs into sawmills munching on gorgonzola amid rumours of a bishopric gone astray the locust dewpoint the aria the breakfast in bed and the green glowing light signalling a telephone call, it all reminds me of mute-button hotpoint-flashpoint pressed flowers, tall towers, the stolid reliable strength of middle-class manpower. Hours and hours I wait, elate upon admission, it's a metaphysical condition, this semantic elision, an act of contrition, really, to hoist me from perdition. Fusion or fission, a nuclear lyricism, it's light from a

prism, a movement in dada, to remove us all from the prison. (and as Cosby would say, 'it's all about the fizzim.')

Binaural murmurings smack me from my moping, the floating Godzilla pillows the pied piper in alleyways leads us rats out into ocean air, salt spray cleansing every one (rodents and man with big Scottish buns, it was double the fun, we saw and we ran, I smile and I run). It was Easter: I was smothered in music, we walked through the Stations of the Cross, radio stations blaring; petty parochial or exegetical politics don't sway me; though polite, my mammoth double burgers mollify my warty waxy neurosis, no it's not psychosis; familial closeness allows me to boast this: I'm like the bloke with the most-est; I'm both the party, *and* the hostess. You provincial boyscouts can't change me, and despite all appearances this federally funded flaming firing fedora-n-trenchcoat mafia ain't so lazy, I just tease thee, really; it looks like joking, another attempt at an 'ism', yes, but it's not so easy living when you're losing all religion.

* * * * *

Mi piace il cafonismo...
"I like being a jackass..."

And who can say what it means to be a gentleman? A knight-errant treated like second-class refuse will eventually cease his errands. And become a garbage tosser too. It's such a shame that **what goes around comes around.**

We often cry instead of frolicking in the gardens where we were born. How tragic. Yet I have taught many an apple to turn brown on a wire instead of losing itself amid the tall trees of Oceania. Wigwams and lollygags are interspersed on the avenue of fried things. Does this frighten me? Probably not.

Helmets are legislated for bikers, the long-legged trekkers on their way to Avalon; Ben Franklin fritters and Marlboro cigarettes are the lost

products of the last decade, banned and censured for deleterious effects on the common weal, and for their odour the smoke the tobacco cloak the shaggy dog story revoked as irrevocable. Logarithmic dieticians and nutritious metaphysicians make predelictive predictions beyond the expansive Euler scale, as though the truth about calculus won't blow down in a cosmic gale, hoisting pelicans these hurricanes. So say hail and all hands high and all time good times in the blink of an eye. Follow and wallow, lead and breathe freer, determine what it is you must believe in, the weekend reprieve or the clothing store manager's vacation leave?

I left the city with an anchor 'round my legs; I tripped in the highway, got run over by a semi. I washed outside with a garden hose, walked about the piazza looking for mosquitoes. I was searching for a friend to take me to Ohio. My good friend Ms. Correcto drinks a lot of Milo - (call me crazy if you have to but at least it makes her smile-o). Every time I asked the waitress for a high-chair for my bug, she laughed, spit in my ashes and asked if I'm on drugs. So I hid under the covers and drew your face in crayon; you said "let's strap on some leather tonight, and really get our 'gay' on." **I waited until midnight to open your lipstick letter.** Feeling better I sighed, jumped outside and called your name: "You're such a big fan of tapioca, and that makes you pretty lame!"

* * * * *

"...nonconformist."

Prefab vocab? Ironclad drab? Blah blah yada yada, crabby crabby, rather be a cabbie; same old same old, at the end of the rainbow is the dull yellow gold; I want something shiny, sure, but I don't like the mold - it makes me sneeze - sure I'm hard to please, and I don't mean to tease, but I got to live with me until I grow cold.

* * * * *

Writer's block

I stopped, knocked off at the dot, my robot scoffed, dropped and I bopped the cop; I mopped up glop, topped up til the cap popped, the lip locked. I rocked back, tick, tock, pricked and cocked. Now it's socks off, Spock, chalk and Molotov, so don't mock my cocky cocky Cockney Rachmaninoff?

* * * * *

The dragon always comes back

Hey you, jerky, politeness pays more than firmness, so let those recalcitrant debtors alone, like Solon in Athens - the letting loose of chains, the easements of ancient blame. Forgive debts and there's great release of creativity - has been documented hundreds of times through history... In outside space created by industrialists and business interests we walk in straight paths; we sing to rhythms jotted down on horizontal lines; predictability pacifies the masses say patricians. We move from left-to-right back to the margins. My autistic subconscious rattles off lists, the best the british the ancient men; I talked internally, grimly, for an entire eternity.

We surf amid polluted fruit food, it's the mood music interludes, the mid-tempo transitions to a more advantageous auricular position, the decision to stick with fission, the semantic stitch after the linguistic incision; your tongue gets stuck in neutral, so rub the clutch with a grapefruit citrus acidopholus concoction. In Latin we were Roman, in Greek we were Hellenes; we wallowed in testamental sight-reading eyeball look look look at me now, an AmeroCanado-Englishmun, please, call the doctor quick; Dear Dr. Marshall -- I've become a McLuhanatic.

* * * * *

YOU SCREWED ME OVER

Different versions we saw of moments spent together, difficult to together tether, we were like two girls chatting on the phone, wasting million minutes alone in ethereal vocal zones. Poison my metaphor, it's a bacon sandwich anyhow. Now it's staged exhibitions of leather, big box stores of doubt, the ginsu knife of doom, that's what they called me in Grade 7. You walked into me, slapped me 'cross the face; the way we wandered into melody, talking softly over wind, whispering promisingly. Then you crapped all over me, smote me with your divine buttocks; your god-awful farts were like an acid sandstorm.

* * * * *

thanks a lot!

now listen to this: *"To the polemicists in the squash court, the retro-night nightmare nerds, the queen-sized hangover-helpers who urinate on uranium festivals in the middle of winter; to the wintry black whirlpools of discontent; to the popular magical moonshine swug at a drop and retched with a cough, to the lopped off chopper-top mopman made of copper: **thanks a lot.**"*

My brain's in my fingers, my fingerfalls on clacky-path, a dancing surfnet web of flaregun syntax firin and inspired wrist writhing, jittery spacebar smashing litterbug-letterbugs with the qwerty-bashing and scatterbrained scat-maimed name wraiths.

Use this sentence at your discretion; don't blame me if it makes you boogie:

"Your toast is singed until crispy, speakers sexy but lispy, clouds permanently wispy, the doo-dah is snappily zippity!"

* * * * *

Dec 9 - four sweet paragraphs

It's mid-evening in winter. Music loud enough to inspire, but not overpower; Thursday, stomach rumbling, predictability, words go down easy, and here are the images: jello shots sucked off women twice our age, fiendish dominatrix leather bought incognito for devilish pleasure, the myriad squalor of the downtown – if you aren't a freak here then you simply don't belong. The safety-first bitches and grandma admin queens can't save us now; we're tied to this life boat drifting out to sea-space, to SETI land, talking with aliens finally, negotiating a favourable treaty before the mother-ship lands. It's not easy, moving every minute; I want a nice park bench to rest my totties – but who can frickin' concentrate surrounded by these hotties... (see, I went to an all-boys school, there was discipline and goodness – the importance of the rules.)

You are stylish and smooth, indiligently *froo*; conspicuous in effortlessness, impressing with your prescience. The vagrants fragrant push flowers on me in the middle of my dinner; my stunningly by-the-way dependable-on-a-Friday lady says “no no, don't let it come to those - **I'm much too humble for your red rose.**” The sidewalk is where I get ideas, foot falls like bicycles in regular roles; we interview us earnestly breaking into strolls: where did you come from? why did you leave - what are you selling and where do I get *mine*? We all wanna *get some* – and hence these obtuse interviews. I shove my obstreperous mic in your flush face; your lips go loose, lighting up the place. *See that mannequin, pale by the door – you can be just like her if you lose a few more...*

Tune town marigolds, daisies by the fistful, I sigh so clear and you accuse me of the wist – it goes with territory, the job of a critic; but better than obsessing about spelling and enclitics. I once studied Greek – yes, mostly on a dare – it was Greek to me; it was, all of it, there. No longer could I pretend toward ignorant bliss, so I translated words, they made sense at the time, it was a one-way relationship and really, that's fine. But manic mannerisms are the latest word in cool; it doesn't make sense, yet the blog dogs all drool – at the end of the day, which of us is fooled?

I talked all night to call-centre flunkies – lonely on the phone and begging for a smile; after hundreds of hang-ups there’s still that extra mile, a sucker calls it hope, to a cynic it’s the payoff; for logicians like me it’s law of evening averages. Every so often we hit pot-of-gold rainbow-edge bonanzas, and then it’s lucky-lotto leap-laughter into each other's arms, far from harm for the moment and happy in embrace, there's that one special place; to say hello or goodbye in a moment of class; brush the velvet elbow of that very special lass. Open up your eyes before the rainbow meets the sun, evaporating dew like the things we did for fun. I’m here if you need me, but I’m all over too; I’m hearing that you need me - that’s exactly what I do.

* * * * *

Do not read this

(you have been warned)

Laser surgery burns me to my pores; this is vanity varnished with profanity, the smooth-skin nazism, my well-coiffed fascism flipping birds and eureka groupies who fawn fantastically over maddening scientists. Police the manicure barns swimming with corruption; Dry out the long-lost apprentice manuals – there are secrets in there to be understood. Let’s think about what we are saying, let’s discuss the consequences of this keyboard: I have a feeling my jazz will not go down well; we have delicate stomachs, and nothing goes stale quicker than yesterday’s newspaper or last night’s jazz. Tasty Toronto - this town knows art from farts; this city can boogie if it has to – wagon wheels aligning themselves into dewpoint symphonies, artistic sychophancies – killing society so we can bottle it irreverently - and occasionally cooking bread for slicing; massacres at Monday Night Football headquarters - it’s what we think will attract ratings so let loose with poorly programming and beam satellites into every Tom Dick and Harry and hairy fairies are the long lost winter despisers the fall fellators the real estate beraters the monotonous mission men; the tent-peg lathers – it’s off to Bloatsville, the town with the fattest people

in the world, the town with the tallest ogres who spit and frump in their underwear because they were spoiled by mothers who always did laundry for them but no more 'cause women's lib won't have it. Meatloaf mothers are a thing of a past – nostalgia fast filling up our primetime sitcom contents; Uruguay depth can never be solved, and stupefied pirates squeeze blackheads out of spite. The igloo melts so swift and in come sweet sultry tasty ladies who touch my neck and sing me lullabies; this is a mood swing, a coming together in harmony; there is a swallow whose wings beat at the thousand flaps per minute, it is the fastest creature on the planet, its magic metabolism hums and swizzles the opulence is obscene, the sunshine ray or rainbow I saw in the puddle sure it may be gasoline but reflections of colour? I'll take those immediately. This is a month of hard-won miracles, triumphant returns to the blank page; every line I hammer is a warm kiss I give my wet friends. You, zero, were invented by Greeks or Indians – but who cares, that entire debate will amount to nothing. Ha ha. Mathematics inside die hard and the geometry I won't ever take for granted. It is difficult living in a cage, it is horrible being a part of this zoo – look at me, don't feed me, I might bite you. Yaks are dangerous, they have hair in every crevice; zebras not much better – their stripes can make a sane man go mad – overlaps and subtleties, a complex figure in black and white – space enclosing space, minds cut off from the hive---that's what's going on when you fool yourself into thinking you are sharing this experience, that there is some sort of relationship between myself and you. The illusion the illusion is better than confusion at least so remain there in the eye, and the you, the I in the middle of the universe, the I and you, the eye and the ewe, the why and double-you, the Y is the I; surrounding the I is the world; for each man is that - the centre of his world, his point of-ewe. Pointed at you, we are too. And surrounding the world is the word – first there was Word, and word gave way to flesh, and the flesh took on three dimensions, and it is thanks to the word we can see in 3-D; this electronically doomed fixed perspective invented in the 15th-16th century after the printing press gave us a proliferation of things, concepts, words in a line on a page and the idea of plans and logic and well-orchestrated armies rising up, spreading until the entire earth is crushed. So it was and must have been, but no more; we will no longer look and not react, nor passively accept, having learned to read read so tedious when every last wheeze

and sneeze from the brain when transferred to page gains that much more intensity, and if you heard me tapping away like this without a keyboard you'd think my fingers were restless and they are so that's why it's good to get exercise for ten minutes or so, and spread a little bit of knowledge and little bit of confusion with this systematic tapping - man it's pretty fucking hilarious when you think about it, that this little bit and byte here and there can make you shake your head in disgust and throw this laptop or whatever against the wall.

* * * * *

I met an angel yesterday...

I met an angel yesterday, she was naked from the wings down; she hopped on me, it was love at first bite, like crunch-n-munch except I was no candy corn. Or maybe she was a vampire? This is the wildest thing I can think of, the limousine fleets the keen dream to believe the sheened mean yuletide-touching Xmas spirit the loving loch ness leviathan, memory of my fingers on keyboard. Jealous French fries fasten lifelines to mosaics so sweet, in the war room the umpteenth fragment of mirth reminds us of the everpresent value of the downy feather furniture revival. The Jellofied wrath rapids the gangrenous screams of sawed off limburgers, the Joycean gaffes the crystal-meth methods and icicles made of iodine, the kernel at the centre of an atom, it's no more a hypothesis than a way of speaking - it's not so much a particle as a process, dialogue; this 21st-century physics best pictured by illiterates. Waves and light and the particulate fight, the gemstone moan, the laconifying library loan, the reindeer vixen named Dasher the Christmas cookie I chewed the ginger loaf I bent and polemics insistently propagated, the half assed attempt at trickery the bickering road crows who take wing and issue with every chiasmatic foodstuff, marching different intestinal paths down to the same stomach acid. But pretty parlance is not enough; we like love and it's better if it's rough. Try me on for size, talk about the Western decline the fractalized nuances that take up your time, so you get to be an expert, **chasing down nothing to infinity like the graph of $1/x$** . Kaleidoscope enemies, the whirlpool words, the scrabble fads and crossword kibbutz, the

music malarkey and the bare-knuckled phrase fights – all these too shall pass.

* * * * *

one minute song

Here is the minute song; I got to do laundry – the bell ringing, rinse those sweaters now, pump quarters into high and dry time machines. (Fabric softener's the best thing to soften fabric, that's tautologic.) If obsessing every minute, take 60 seconds to relax. To reach a conclusion, begin at the ending, slice problems into pieces; work backwards, end up at beginning; show your professor on lined paper, and it's right on to next one... time is *tickling* - don't laugh wasting it; go ahead, laugh as it wastes you.

* * * * *

love and loveliness

Don't sleep – it's so much lost time. We don't want to scare ourselves but we do. I went back to church again. I was helping out again, and I was talking straight with you. I was helping out at the door, I greeted every patron. At Christmas we're back together; now I'm out of school, I need Christmas more than ever. We went back, where we began, we continued, even better. You never could tell a lie, but you hide your eyes when you cry. I always felt so bogus, I thought we could get through this. But your face still makes me sing.

The crystal tinkled down the hall, and I was in tune with that piece of glass; I was vibrating again, one crystal among thousands, spreading fire from top to mountaintop. I was circling around again, I was a whirlpool, plucking you in my octopus arms. I lifted you up every night; there was nothing stronger than that embrace, nothing so cruel as your smiling face. I memorized the tragedy, then I performed it, so let's all laugh at it. Four or five minutes I made you feel; I'm here in the

ears, I am in your throat, forcing myself out - why don't you sing your own song? We all got found together when we found each other finally. So touch my feet with your warm hands; touch my toes.

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Boxing Day Special

Who poisoned our primate primacy? Invalidated vertical-vertebrate victory? 'Twas the Venus villains in their moments of truculence, so bustling and mammarious, deep and cavernous like a moistened fig. 'Twas the taut limbic bubble teeth, the oily meerschaum moneyed cockroachery. Yet none of it compares to a fine grain of flaxen mucus... Look, a wagon of indecision! A brown paperbag of damnation! O you snails of weariness, do avoid the Zippo cliques; you helmeted online dowsers oaring your way to Niger-nirvana: have you lately kissed a midget? Have you ever jellied a hedgehog? You lack so much experience - it could make a concierge blush or wet his pants. Yesterday I drowned a lemur - my patience is not Stonehenge; and tomorrow I may fancy an onion bath - my tears will flow like rainwater. So zounds to you, o accomplices of stench! Woe to the wicked who crackle and dance! My brain's not tungsten, I have no good ideas; my insides are polycarbonate; you fools who rub my left index finger, you are like the singular sing-signalizers or malevolent malingerers, and I huff and puff and puke. Has Mabel made you pimple-necked; has Morty stolen every last nickel, or five hours worth of thunder? Hmm, exactly as I thought.... Now lay the peppered parmiggiano lasagna inside my yellow brick oven; greet the plumber on his way through the caboose, hurl cabbages if you like - green vegetables are healthy - or trek the vast Klondike. Fondle every bit of plasticine, its furrows are ingenious, it makes gobs and gobs of cents, like friendly Konrad and the lashless Lorenz. And attention all pot-bangers! Your clanging soothes my nerves; call your friends from the frying-pan orchestra and bash me repeatedly. Because I know a purple dinosaur, we call him Garth the Vagabond, he is a pterodactyl, he rhymes in terrifying dactyls - so large, loud and reptilian is crotchety

Garth, alone in the dark, perpetually missing the mark with his
extinctual existence...

(Merry Christmas!)

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Ball sack's café

You and I wandered past water, got watered in the process; the rain was cold and annoying like my voice in winter. Patience is a virtue, and it takes a lot out of me, it hands me over to quarantine, it belittles my enemy, gets read about in magazines. I won't suffer any more, said the shrew to the dragon, I shan't unlock this door, said Polyphemus to Odysseus. I can't write any more, said the penman to the blind man. I was a stylist, pass me my stylo, I write high, I hang low, I swing and fly, I do not know.

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Celebratory cement mixer on Queen St

A cement mixer pours out with all its gunk, stopping everything in its place, freezing time. This is no time to be a constructionist, I think – building up theories of thought, untestable, unfalsifiable, mere mystical philosophation. *Get these word-merchants out of here – their verbal tricks leave you winded and blind.* Throw away everything you think you know. I'll tell about my friend Descartes: He went into a room, naked and stark, and came out as a real entity. I stink therefore I am... a sinner. Focus on the facts, focus on the focal point, focus on the faraway waterwheels, churning forces of productivity, grinding flour crushing chaff. Enough symbolism, let's call a spade a spade. Enough metaphor, it's like talking to a brick wall – enough simile, it's the recourse of a simian. Don't ape me – too much wordplay is insolent, don't stoop to pun, it's the tactic of a cow.

"The face-eating monkeys have so much to teach us," said Timothy Leary while tripped out on LSD. But I don't do drugs - never have, and never will. What's the point? Why spin out? I prefer straight lines, waiting politely in line - I am far too Canadian. Here is a trick: snap your toes, snap your fingers, I'll teach you to absorb a body blow, I'll teach you to spurt a garden hose, to flood anthills like some backyard Old Testament wrath - the insects meet their maker, who's just skipping along a path...

Bob Dylan, I found out, wrote in a twisted cliché, that's all it was; that's what we crave. When the wisest and most inscrutable finally blurts out all his secrets, are we likely to believe it? No I don't think so, untrue. Let me keep my fables, it's all I have that's stable, otherwise I'm unable to block out noise. We need the same stories - keep them straight, repeat often, really jazz up the sexy points - they might even be true.

Here I am building up a work ethic - learning to write, say, 10,000 words a day. Obviously I have to think what I'm saying's important, obviously you need a big ego for that. Obviously you need a good keyboard. You need the proper lighting, and an editor to make you finish what's begun. You need somebody to take an interest. Otherwise what's the point? We can't all be Emily Dickinson.

Soon, see, we'll just use links as footnotes. All essays will be submitted online, to allow for complete understanding. And in the *future-future*, hopefully, we won't have language - just electric current in our cerebral cortex - sensation, knowledge in its purest form. No more vocal chordic oral-aural inter-media-ry. We can finally close our eyes, blinking to stop from thinking - what revolution, this evolution! what a nice holiday for the human ratracers... and our tongues will just do tasting. Mmm... can you smell the turkey basting? Yummy yummy - *someday, honest, I'm going to try NOT to be funny.*

But back on the street: it's methyl benzene and indie zine scenes, rubber soled shoes, black man blues, scuffed wooden baseboards, rough hewn warlords, Kentucky fried kitchens, Donner and Blitzen, blintzes and knishes, old Luca Brassi he sleeps with the fishes, switching modes of prosody, the accent falling repeatedly lulls me so subtly, sticks me into

fantasy. Pieces of pizza smothered in onions, old women hissing at pain in their bunions, the sugar in the jar is clumpy and dry; Wednesday witticisms are best described as wry, high fi and low moos, boxing on your tippy toes, never mind about the landmine cuz we'll know it when it blows...

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The Johnny Cash ramble
(listening to the Sun years)

I will write like a fish in coast-guard protected waters, a braggart ossifying in the warmth of springtime. Fiends waste time describing elliptical/tangential satellite behaviour to their friends over brunch. Because sputniks and children should be seen and not heard, and stories should be smelled and touch and tasted but never told too much; munched like a lunch, shown not told? Yes. The incubation of trust requires an understanding of toasters - electric technology of tender browning togetherness which spies in the 'godless' eastern countries would cut out kidneys to obtain. This is a secret of our society, the tallest tin-can castles ever built; the biggest ball of yarn in the world that ends up a tourist attraction - what makes America glorious ie its garish incandescent self-indulgence; inconceivably uncondonable in respectable Britain or the flaunt French hypocrite salons. Yet it's an indispensable quality and despite my knapsack flag I remain in Americawe. We the few, the happy, dangerous and fenderbending sly coyotes - this is mocha Monday and I'm wired like a kite. I'm electric and spanning, I am an acetylcholinergic smooth elastic muscle, flat and taut, stretching to allow calories to burn, this is the reason we are fidgety and flexing - this tex-mexistentialism in the middle of January a Jalapeno of doubt, the eggs of trust in the middle of the chutney of derision. We are spunky punks with leather wallets and green wheelbarrows, we plough through cold weather and spit in the ditch momma dug to annoy her neighbour Bessie; we are tickled midgets who bow and scrape and secretly plot pithy rebuttal.

Your face is the tallest clock in my mansion, its ticks and time-telling are easy to apprehend; your lips are like blankets spreading like egg yoliness from a sunset - the red and orange sneak whimsically across your blank slate teeth like so many toothbrush bristles, your wrists are like alabaster onions, white but stinky yet sweet.

I am the dyslexic Mulligan munchkin. I am Zebedee the phrumpy Pharisee, eloquently preaching the virtues of celibacy. Here in the pew, we say *woo-hoo*; God descends and men make sweeping, menacing ecumenical amendments; or is it man ascends and his master depends on him? Man made god in his own image? - yeah whoever said that was disturbingly clever my friends...

(I was all over the newspapers today, determined to make a match for you, drowning my tears in the soup of the day - *'twasn't going to be eaten anyway...*)

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The cold brick hole in the wall

(or 'How to add brooding melodrama to your local watering hole')

A brick wall, alley in back, chocolate lab and manx cat, chucking Guinness at the bar and chatting up the skanks, we've reached that uncertain age and it's why we're where we're at.

Soft snow, white, metre thick, Pick a private booth for carefree conversation tricks; grey and slush, cold as ice, wallow in a vice, never go home because your bed is full of lice. Sweet wings hot as suicide, lips bloody flaming red, railing on about ailments, half a litre fills a head. Darts needling barbs witty, clattering billiards, costumed customers, neon fireflies sopping soggy coasters; more, pour till three or four, because the warm smothering revolving roasts you up and down and over.

Give me fire, flames, elbow-room to boast; give me fifty years of these shut-up bars, this dirty water and deaf screaming, these noisy dark halls. I give me fifty years until I'm toast.

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more ouija sentences

These are thin moments, unnoticed torments, unanswered phones, draughty open doors and dust down-blown from secret selfish tomes... My bones have owned me, my skins have clothed me, but I am no one if not a gnome from Nome; a roaming nomad wiping politely on notepads, boring alone with no privacy into virgin dirt, sharing intestines on this telepathological prototype, hammering at hierarchy, histrionic in real time, cleansing weighty wordiness from a senselessly shocked and sleepy high society.

We tots slurp lollies, in trollies, in desks, at a board meeting, in a casket, not long for this life, so please, find me a beautiful wife; I just want someone to treat real nice (if I can't have a sandwich can I at least have a bite?).

Hey, you knaves! You sit in caves, crow about peer-pressure tactics, progressive taxes and pats on the backs. Reward inanity, cheer for incompetence. Vampires suck blood, mediocrity relieves anxiety. It's work less, not worth less; enjoy leisure, celebrate senselessly, tis the season, tis the season - as long as you fit in you don't need a reason. It's 'A equals B', it's you and me - it's the Golden Age of Stupidity!

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sugarpepperpuff

Angel speaks to me and says all is ready, he reserved a room for me; the acrobat twirls on the thin wire, such tension, thoughts swirl and light laughter peripherating the tightrope – but there’s not enough distraction in the world to move him from his purpose. Where in the world are we; where in the world could *she* be? Looking under rocks for the jewel the tiny treasure I remember from homespun happinesses, the small translucent shells that glisten with magic or gasoline from ocean, the gravity mocking puff balls floating through the air from dandelions, those everywhere annoyance-delights; I can run through tall grass the chase I give, catching flies in my bare hand – I scare myself sometimes; I have preternatural reflexes. Like an animal. He tells me that’s just fine – I should be thankful; half hunter, half jester. Flinging out gifts, singing out sunshine, fighting dry winter skin with sugar pepper parsely and cinnamon.

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Elsa's ecstasy - wisdom from the goonèd saint

Sweet-tasting pepper! Great irony fluff! Assemble dragons into the boxing ring; I am here to pass out hypno-flutes. I will frapp them on the temples. I will tame these rubbery snakes. I will smash them into straight lines. I will stretch them out and etch them into stone as warnings, and they'll writhe forever in cold grey guilty granite.

You - musicians, lend me a melody! You - carpenters, build me an opera house! Summon the contractors - for today at least, they will be like honest men. O greedy ones, gather round - you are going to get your fill. Don't stop yourself from gorging - I will harness you for a higher purpose. Pass ganja 'round to the sarcastic dolphins (I have need of a higher porpoise). All the things you do, they are good - you feel light because you are immensely important. Joy is a sin, yes - but respectability will not fill the circus tents...

(On the weekend when it is cold out, you think about back rubs and hot chocolate, and try to remember what makes your spine shiver)

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Conclusion?

I am light and frivolous and contemptuous and falling freely into a fingering ecstasy. I learn the notes inside your soul, touch those strings in your heart; the wood of your body is a fine sculpture and your fingers the keys... I will play you like a Stradivarius. I am convinced you are quite an opera. I am certain you will be my finest symphony. Let us get together and celebrate musically. I am an empty red wine flute. I am the player, I am the flute. Here is the whistle, wet. Give it a toot.

I need my computer to give me the boot.

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