



The Recluse

2

To do list

Clean refrigerator
bleach bathtub
scrub out cum
knit a sweater
shit on your
chest.

In the army

Make artificial love
in man-made bathtub
unchanged except for
state of undress
offered you my keys
you prefer sandwiches, meat
no lettuce tomatoes condiments.
Map dog-eared
Mad Magazine centerfold.

When I declared

When I declared to the IRS
that all we made was \$1302
the lie didn't haunt me, felt
it paid for some turmoil of Nixon
as a child. Slaughter of Camilla Hall
assassination Fred Hampton.
It all works better off the books
my contribution is a just dessert
now perhaps a Christian center
for trigger happy gay skinheads
or 2 Philippine houseboys, mail
order love by way of Eastern Europe.
Possibilities are endless in a room without a view
wearing old lover's underwear, as one you adore
deals with the news he's positive.

This must never end

“People just don’t understand
he drank himself to death”
fuck you if you think about
writing that about me.
In the stream below
our home
watercress
flourished
we made
special sandwiches
with fresh cucumbers.

Open to interpretations

I have no idea
though you are
a good idea a
very good idea
probably one of
the best.

Hygiene

This moustache
keeps
That ass
under
my nose.

John Tyson

Sport (for Carol)

1. Black

The day shattered into particles of summer light as I stepped out the door & saw the bird's carcass on the doorstep. I swallowed my astonishment so intensely that all I remembered is the blue shining glow of crow's feathers.

2. White

Someone said, "It's a crazy bird!" seeing me hit by an out-of-nowhere landing of the flying creature in my view. A pigeon blocked my contact with the world for an instance & I was standing in the air. It was an incident of the moment & all I remember is how my eyes blinked.

3. Hill

Once my father & I were standing together, facing the same slope full of blooming early summer trees. Pointing at the solitary pink flowers among blue ones, he uttered the word "sport". The peculiarity of the choice of the word made an echo-like somewhat foreign sound to our ears. He lived in his world, I in mine. Since then whenever I hear the word, I remember that everything familiar always hides some unexpected taste underneath.

0 - 9

(Richard Serra: Out - of - Round)

I hear him saying
"Head up! Straight up!"
running back & forth in the hallway

I bend my neck back 90°
to hold my bleeding nose up

I am standing
in the center of a white square room
surrounded by
9 'out of round' black circles

I am secretly ecstatic

Sky pours down
filtering itself
through triple shades

I am alone

Slowly circling
along with black circles
thickened with black on black nothingness
I keep repeating to myself
in a slightly unconscious mind
"Don't think of the sun! Don't think of the sun!"

As I retreat
into a familiar childhood nostalgia

numbers start
at 0
& stop
at 9

C'est le murmure de l'eau chante

(Louise Bourgeois)

1. sitting alone
on a flat stern wooden chair
perfect in size for the moment's metaphysical need
I fade into the sun-lit emptiness
of passing time

2. there is a concave mirror
in the middle of the room
where I greet a stranger
walking into view
warped & wavy
as if s(he) is a reversed reflection
of our buried common memories

3. trying my best
not to be too conscious of
the (un)intentional malice of our species
sung by murmuring water
in an (un)familiar tongue

with my courteous honesty
I write a concise atlas of world history
blind-folded
avoiding to filter it through self-effacing shadows
of our pathology

4. instead of calling for MOTHER
at the height of the gripping excitement
of Mobius-strip-like day dreaming
I clearly proclaim my self-identity, shouting,
"I am never a sentimentalist!"

the precision of four clear-cut 90 ° angled corners
of the room tells me nonchalantly
"Privacy is always in public domain or vice-versa."

5. I am not ALICE
My first name ends with "O" instead of "E" or "A"

leaving the room
I join 2 palms
to make a circle

Yuko Otomo

from **Punks**

1980 rested on
your mistaken identity
as this layman Buddhist
of the failure movement
we are the weaker
biological universe
mistreating Romans
with a coin-op
thingy, click
to buy this mauve
baby, then crack open
your resident of choice
who you are fizzled
due to boredom, nothing
but genitals, finally,
diorama'd in the
kitten basket

primogeniture rules
okay? we build up higher
functions with tools
of great American
boxing music, rent
your mother to day
-college courses
plus purge the creep
of your birthright to
stone, it doesn't
hurt to act hot
and wrong, awoken
at dawn with his lack
of an inverse, can we
just ether this day? get
killed as a group, girl
-slander hour is
mission-critical

for the many concerns
that bedevil thee, you
organize a "safety
zone" translated
from Japanese myself
for disturbing analysis
I terrify myself
on a seasonal basis
language is no dam
beyond this regulator
it got the story out
with 50,000 dead
and coexisting
within the negative
I dream only of your
captivity, Dexia and
Sanpaolo, this
duo enterprise is
seduced to a cuff

until last week
violent end would be
preferable to slow
death, within five
years the terrestrial
radio would be too
much of a butt brush
for diseased boys
in a longer time scale
all French newspapers
are too fancy to voice a
hit on their reason
but in 18 months I
peddle a cure and
there's no distinguishing
one from the other, I'm
the liege of Caucasia
and any paper you fancy
will feed the lash

I know in myself I
would give 5 million
dollars to the void
city, but if both
sexes are taught-
n-grind, this
account should way
suffice for the vocative
press the pound key
to harsh yer mellow
and remove my neo
job from the eternal
I nod completely
to his shoegazing
infamy, this blown
favor is all, like,
paying attention
inside of me

Asia didn't never
want no nothing
from journalists with my
head slung I cast
boiling oil into
Old France, New
France engaged, the
battle soon ended
borrowing cheaper
clippings of this
19th century
genius of attraction, I
had my "retirement"
at twenty four, a
victim of success
gripping white canes
with an exit

New York City
has bad schools
rather than unequal
spending, souped-up
high, and not a counter
to the archaic
work forms
of teachers and janitors
this summer loll
-apalooza will
embody the spirit
of the gypsy
and I could be
your rabbit editor
single-handedly passed
out and died
does it sound basic
to bugger folly?
the books, we hear
got no titles

where you demand
for a nom de plume
I don't know who I
am round my neck
the toiling vampire
counterpart to Bill
Clinton in the UPN
season premiere, it's
going to give the kids
wicked tracers, skull
-fucked in the joints
of tract homes on plains
and oh, I am *so* in
love with you, let's
represent each other with
many dumb symbols
"half-English, half-
Jesus," I wanna be the
dork who cat-sits
this Gordian knot

10% of postage in
countries and regions
will not be legislated
out of their visionary
governors' hold, but
three hours pass, you
write a volume on
Soweto, and the century
is seen as a victim
nation, sunlit but smaller
than a perfect world
this bold biography
is not a passion
merino sheep making
up the rest of
her life as a bird
-watching sports-
writer of witness

from Italian to Pashto
I'm sorry—I'm busy
often crank-ridden with
a prom played on loop
a Canadian priest needing
major grown-up time
in the sterile enclosure
of your calcium ward
fuck you, I think
must baby-proof Satan
approved now to pop
Spinoza's last cherry
in the xerox plaza come
noonish, I did enjoy
half of that, thanks
my new life is an eight
in the serenity index
“my plants don't need
watering, they're not real”

many economists expect
me and Poland to relish
the personal bust-up
of the leisure class
I am what I bulge
it makes me indifferent
the sublet version
of a Libyan peso
staging a face-in
circa '83, the biggest
poll tax ever: one
wet quarter for mine
drug lord, plus the
99 perfect things you
can't do, add a high
and expressive youth
public to this cheek
and I'll slowly vanish
from your family

have got this reflex
to get in an oven
close to one-hundred
percent of the time
the moment is now
to afflict Chiang Mai
with our make-out sequence
from *Churchill: A Life*
um, I'll wait for the movie
costarring that bird from
my washed-out maneuvers
of rational boyhood
his death was obscured
by crushed tennis players
an extraterrestrial
analgesic circuit that
characterizes much of
the Bush administration

Michael Nicoloff

La Belle Indifference

Time has given us a third partner; experience—Ingmar Bergman

My hands are dirty among the trees.
My hands have a paralysis.

I have a twin who acts properly.
I have a beautiful twin who begins
my sentences.

My mouth is a month that's expired

As we are converting our mouths
and hands into a public.

Our public has a way with
words. Our public has a feeling center.

It avoids looking at its nostalgia.
It is sick of amnesia. Certain there are events
and certain there is thinking.

We stop gossiping about a paralysis.
An arm has me tired.

A silent film about war
is happening. We invest in the future.
One side will surely win.

In these Russian motifs that create
a bleak landscape

whenever I come into the room.
Happiness has been consumed
by the other.

Then I thought if you think you were
accepted as a writer, you were quickly
proven to be only a woman.

Like the ladies we are asking to dwell
in these streets, and hold a thought
to the pavement.

Which one has made
up her mind to be a mockery

or holding up herself in a room
like sending Troy a letter.

So similar, these other differences

to be in her as an example:

a perfume or noxious gas.

The war is over

as documentary witnesses
are overlooked in a field.

Like this one sentiment I was seduced
by, this one ample parking lot
to pursue at a distance.

I can only prepare a feminist manifesto
for going forward.
And raking the depraved leaves
into "an exact landscape."

As I arrive the chariots fall
into the throat of another, these months
I neglected

to be agitated as if by illness

to be a perfunctory leap into
something of natural, nature

as the stable democracy.
The agent
you and I are within.

A black Victorian
condemns air, so bleak
as to be performed

to open up the miraculous states
without government.

She sees we are the same

It is I, that hollow twin, who folds.

It is a clearer thought to be recognized,
but it's too late for responses.

My head has hit the pillow,
the empty world of dementia.

I was the one who got stuck with my mother.

We are each alone in the dark,
the bedspread hated what's happening to me.

I found I came to the only realization
and thought nothing

of making love between ourselves—

To leave my lonely knowing,
a photo glided into the smoke filled room,

to devour something that was an even better
lament on a private driveway.

How Did Pasolini Die?

Ok Rome, in a lot of ways, yes. I mean Rome is important to me—Dana Ward

All these neo-realist films start outside of Rome. He found a boy at the side of the road: do you want a part?
It's very small. Of course I accepted.

Because desire is dangerous like getting it from reality, a soldier in another man's arms. Laying with him alone,

so our personality, seizes over it, like a mob of children want to possess a ball. To have all or nothing.

In turning our fate over to Apollo, as if he can tell us who we are. The same thing

as why I call you on the telephone before I begin speaking
I realize

look at what you've done to me, making me an infant crawling over to see if the milk was warm.

Rousseau believed everyman has an "innate repugnance to see another man suffer." But our minds are very important places with the war of everyone against everyone (Hobbes).

Any attempt to look into the camera or out of the camera will only result in loss,

but my pleasure appeared to me like an egg or a small boy on a boat. Imagining

losing these images like little plastic toys. My cat had a mouse once and sacrificed it to the gods.

In a sense this correspondence is "what death is, most of all: everything that has been seen, will have been seen for nothing" (Francois Wahl).

You have this dream about a figure who does not speak does not show me who I am, is silent.

And walks along opening a notebook, fingering the border

of city and field. With diseases of the call girl
likened to diseases of the fascist.

And should be punishable. Or washed out in a sink.
There is no way out. Like prostitution
or a lost language.

I can only remember the scene in my dream
in which it is winter. A father takes his beautiful
daughter into the woods and shoots her in the back
with an arrow. Then throws his wife off the cliff.

It was very tragic. One woman
turning into the image of Sappho plunging
to her death. What does Sappho have to say about
Pasolini or visa versa?

At first I took it all very literally.

But what of the beauty of these woods and trees and
Mediterranean seashores. What happens to this undying love
as "it fades and fades and fades."

I wish I had a name for it.

Artaud was maddened by it.

But the images don't strike me as taboo,
they can't replace or substitute
an absent spirit cast onto an object.

Our friends are sick. They suffer.
They walk around Murder Lake looking for men.
It's dangerous for some. They want to be there.
To be free of the language. To find
this violent act, murdered by love, the ultimate
situation. It's not like holding your hand
when the lights are low.
Seeing the faces around you, looming from
the trees. A little animal ready to lunge
at its prey.

And my death administered
to my broken arm. I have really been
sitting on human hair.
I imagine holding it together this part of the mind.

My only expectations
are like frost. My only expectation. Frost
and mistrust.

I can only say, he trimmed my
absence; he didn't feed me.

This century of a hand freezes up. This focus
on goodbyes and second guessing.

The filthy burns of a cigarette
appear as these etchings of
human trouble.

So I laughed at
the children I'd never have.

In nightfall the loud glass bottles
would make my mother cry.

These stories of the rot keep walking. Through Atlantic
names, the "columns breaking up" (Cedar Sigo).
It's hard to say what's the law.
Or cough it up in the mirror.

A certain ragged movement. My father's jacket
like a Roman garden. My face could strain
a hidden company, these men and I. I can't say
love because my brother had written it.

We bear no relation. We lick the nightlight among us,
up and down. They'll never know what truly moves
us. Only our shadows

think Rodin's thinker somewhat sublime
and living well. But what specimens are on the other
side, what immoralities are there in the dark
frightening us to stay sitting on the couch

a thing with our associations, a thing
with dreams and desires. Our better dreams
are like animals. They punish us.

And to complicate these
little fingers tracing a ceiling

you're a little "sissyboy who's afraid to play" (John Keene).

But of course friendship is an opportunity.
These officials I'll worry about later.
I shouldn't play, but it's a compulsion

to avoid the intense polemic
speaking about you, running down your surface.

Cynthia Sailors

A Brochure on Futureless Science Fiction Poetics

*Foretold in music
we were rendered
undecided*

(passengers)

*music was merely a signal
we would be separated*

from matter.

Every Room is a glad member of United Rooms Incorporated.

It is uneasy to explain what United Rooms is.

United Rooms is not exactly a country. United Rooms is a chain citizenship. A Company in the midst of nothingness. A Brain Exchange Network without a center.

*Maybe the best way to understand what a Room is
Is to
Imagine yourself (The Customer)
Without a material support
—i.e. without a body— and
without the five senses helping you through shopping
understanding «your psyche»
is just
info
floating
in a buffer zone
world.*

Inside the United Rooms many deny the existence of United Rooms.

Many are convinced United Rooms is just a fantasy.

Those who accept being part of the United Rooms tell us that their United States of Mind has as its purpose going beyond the traditional notion of State.

In this sphere, neo-citizens unite through a common information market.

(Info comes and goes in this bodiless world).

Rooms do not want to have a government.

Thus, thanks to nanotechnology every one of them is part of the government.

There is not One Ruler.

But millions of them.

Every one of you sends information to everybody else's New Head.

(This is called the United Rooms Freedom Act).

Every thought or action taken in United Rooms is subject to surveys and can only be accomplished when the majority of members of United Rooms determines this is the *right* action. The *right* thought. United Rooms, by the most part, is bipartisan.

Even The Sister System —a chain citizenship that competes or opposes the United Rooms male oriented mental genitalia— accepts they may constitute what was formerly known as a State or Church.

The difference being now nobody needs to see anybody else. In United Rooms each *bro* or *sis* lives in his or her own world. What it's generally called a «Room of One's Own».

«Rooms» are what the body was replaced by. A «Room» is only bothered by the external world in cases of extreme failures of what's called the «Signal».

Every room is a port. Info gets in. Info gets out. From and to. Every Room.

When the signal fails, the Rooms disappear or quiver. The Room fails to stay.

Rooms are pure media.

In a Room you cannot find yourself. Except by way of somebody else's info on you.

Panic happens.

In certain stories gathered in Rooms, Rooms are sometimes described as Social Fantasy Land.

Nothing seen by the Rooms is real.

Everything Rooms do is determined by the decisions of the majorities of Rooms.

Rooms feel as most rooms do.

This is sometimes also called «Democrazyness».

Welcome.

Rooms rule.

Instead of neuro-waiting for the daily remote control orgasm the Sister System sends you, ask for

ROOM SERVICE NUMBER 1!

Poetry can be delivered directly to your mind—

Combine it with e-drugs.

Get together with just the best The Archives can offer you.

Choose the poem you most like.

Most people use the Song In Your Head Service.

The Songs In Your Head Service is a collection of lyrics that sound intimately in your head while working in United Rooms World. Makes *you* feel all right.

These songs were ordered by you. Were paid by Instant Capital. These songs can help your life have a great soundtrack.

You do not need emotions if you order the Song In Your Head Service.

Thanks to these Songs you can survive aesthetically!

They can cheer you up!

Songs that nobody else knows are sounding in your brain.

Every other Room has their own songs that go along.

/ You are NOT that kind—You are different from regular Rooms.

/ You don't use Brain Music. Your taste and demands are far superior.

/ You are a Room who chooses lines, quotes, paragraphs, comments-on.

These pieces sound in your mind every time you need them to substitute the world, the risk of returning or speech.

TV or not TV
That used to be the question.
We had some options
Depletion was one of them
“Archive me not” he said.
(Fishing will reappear)
But we finally glimpsed
The decision:
Limbo ourselves into replay.

Remember: the Service is ALWAYS Available!
At the precise moment YOU want, the System can deliver a poem directly to your mind.

Yes! Anytime You Decide!

That poem can help you get through anything. The government! Marriage! The people! Sex! Yourself!

The poem will arrive instantly.

(Use the best performer you know or wannna try).

Choose between dozens of tongues! Time is not an issue anymore. You're the context!

(All voices have been recorded. You can combine every one of them).

(Every language is at your disposal with just a minimal extra fee!)

The signal is not going to fail this time.

Info will arrive ok.

We assure you this: A FAILURE? NOT! NOT! NOT GONNA HAPPEN!

BRING BACK AURA, AND MAKE IT FASTER!!!

Technology can secure your poetic existence. Technology can put an infinite number of poems in your head one after the other. The recordings make this possible.

Make those moments deeper. More theoretical. More international. More obscure. Or clearer. Make them more literary. Erotic. Make every moment in your life become EXPERIMENTAL!

GO FOR IT!

Don't live without the Poems In Your Head Electronic Service! Bigger Brother. Got it?

Isn't the world much better now? Yes! The World is Much Better Now.
Much! Much! Much! Much Safer Now!

ROOM SERVICE NUMBER 2

Emotions are waiting to happen.

Replace *them* with concepts!

810 passions according to Fourier. 810 hassles.

810 contradictions bothering you.

Don't pay any attention to them. They are not a happy family.

(Ignore them). Attribute emotions to poesy from the corny past.

«Sentimental» or «Confessional» can provide a good attack.

A good defense to our anesthesia.

Ideas are safer.

Instead of feeling... become totally intelligent!!!

Just Like Me

You can be an emotional idiot, a confused human being, but, BUT! A really notecible thinker!

(Even a genius or influential member of the reading circle)

Receive some theories from our catalogue.

I mean, hello? DON'T FACE REALITY!

What is reality?

There's no such thing as reality.

(Don't cling to «Iraq»).

Prevent emotions from happening. They may retreat you to a primal state, like «body» or «mother».

But if your problem is you do not feel anything at all. Whazzup?

Room Service Number Two can also help you with this little problem.

Poetry can be delivered to your Room so you can feel. Use this service in the right moment to make it *righter*. Both of you can use it in the privacy of your non-mutuality.

Chicken
Try it
And if you want
I can hara kiri price!

Order a language piece that is going to suit a moment of your existence which needs to be emotionally charged.

The language piece can be delivered immediately and can change your entire mental experience.

BUT if you do not feel anymore and still do not care, browse our theories.

Many Rooms survive because comedy makes Rooms almost impossible to believe in.

Using comedy many Rooms do not take themselves as real.

Laughing happens all the time inside Rooms. This is the third most popular service. (And when winter arrives, the service grows in demand). Rooms ask for stand up.

When laughter or performance happens, Rooms feel their body again. Of course there is no body left. But «body» is a very common fantasy among Rooms.

Laughing trembles something—even though what trembles is not what it used to be. Sensual data is offered to the Rooms.

They can even shiver or fall in love. The offerings that Rooms give or receive are greater goods.

«Language», it is said, is exchanged between Rooms.

Imagine this exchange as an ancient snowball fight. Every snowball thrown, transforms the Room into the image of a kid playing outside.

Rooms do not have bodies. They just have images.

A very big selection of images is also what poetry can offer to the Rooms.

The Rooms find in them fun and delight.

Delighted they are when they choose poetic images from the repertoire and incarnate them one or lots at a time.

The collection of images poets built up was stored in the labs and every time a customer asks for the service of poetry the info is sent to his or her Room and the Room turns into whatever it likes. A man. Woman. Bird. An strange artifact.

This is where the rhythms are implemented too. The rhythms help Rooms decide how to move once the body was removed.

Poetry will help, in general, to remember the past. That's why poetry has been experienced as nostalgia. Poetry will be fed into Room because these sadomasochistic machines desire to experience again what having a body felt like. Poetry in this market, everywhere throughout the United Rooms World is sensed as a Call.

Sometimes they call it The Primitive Call. Poetry, it is said, in the Information Board is a very important ingredient determined by the «Mark».

The «Mark» is the psychic trace left after the separation from the corporeal container. The «Mark» is fond of poetic delight.

Makes it remember. Makes the «Mark» happy.

In United Rooms or Room World technology's purpose is to simulate a greater technology.

Technology feels left behind. Behind itself. Feeling it needs to compete with what is not there yet. Wanting to simulate we are already in the future. Technology is, thus, reduced to special effects. Never advanced enough. Technology behaves as if always belonging to the past, as never close enough to what's next. Poetry will follow this underlying condition of technology.

In United Rooms poetry is used to simulate the existence of new genres or, at least, new structures. In United Rooms a poem is a machine whose special effects have as purpose creating the appearance of a more advance poetic machine. This is called the *nextra* function. A poem, therefore, is not judged according to its actual characteristics or achievements but according to its «extra» or «next» traits.

In United Rooms this piece, for example, could be considered a poem.

A technological break-through.

The future will always be absurd —he said.

When Room fails, the Owner enters again into what was formerly know as the «World».

The images in your mind disappear, the system shuts down.

What happens next is you see the world as it truly is: stuffed full of beggars and lowlifes.

Just hear the e-review a user of a Room wrote after his connection failed:

«Skip the homeless camp!

DO NOT STAY HERE. STAY SOMEWHERE ELSE!!!

Look for another Hotel. This hotel you're going into is no-good.

Compare prices. You're investing - your capital - all wrong.

There's no Starbucks there. The *bending* machines are lousy. Staff was mostly unfriendly. Not helpful. Not warm at all. Towels were not replaced each day. The bathroom does not stay clean. Bed wasn't made. Not sure they even changed the sheets.

Your Room is very small. Even though this is not a big deal for you, the walls were splattered with muck. This is what you deserve? This is not enough to keep you cool in July.

Room was very dark and dingy feeling in general. Even eerie. Parking garage is a bit of a walk actually. Two streets from here.

Always keep the Do Not Disturb Sign hanging on the Door.

I did not feel safe. Homeless and Whores all over. Food was horrible. They use instant mashed potatoes. I was trapped in an elevator. No compensation. Do yourself a favor and take your business elsewhere.

You Deserve Better Than This!!!

This place is not even fit for my dog, who is half-blind and incontinent! The toilet seat was broken. There was no heat. The sheets and walls were filthy. The front desk spoke only languages that could be written in hieroglyphics (*sic*). Never given a parking pass and this caused massive chaos!

DON'T EVER STAY THERE!»

I feel attacked. Like Iraq.

Everything we now do is to avoid Iraq.

I feel attacked. Iraq.

I want to destroy «Iraq». Attacked.

Emotional supplement.

I don't feel nothing anymore. My body floats. I believe Zoloft can help me. I think Social Anxiety Disorder exists. I need poetry to make me feel again. I feel attacked. I don't want to face the State.

I think wars are not real. Therefore we should fight wars elsewhere.

My body is not real enough to fight. We should send the man, the troops, we shall support them in every step of the way. You should vote for George.

I believe nobody speaks here. Nobody there.

The bigger the clown, the bigger the support the clown gets.

Nobody here. Nobody there.

Just a language rat trap.

Bigger brother has arrived.

I'm not here. Pain or intellect help me escape.

Renewal is not an option for me. I'm not sick. No me psicologices. No sé porqué apareció el inglés. Creo que es una señal.

The girl is raped. When she wakes up she doesn't remember who raped her. She talks to the man at her side. Asks for help. The girl falls asleep again. And when she wakes up she talks again with the man that rapes her again and again.

(This was the Benedetti myth).

United Rooms is always in a situation of war.
The most solicited form of literature there
are anti-war poems.

Language can make the world safer.

Though make sure your account can handle Anti-war perf-poems files
—check your Room's profile to see if it fits Anti-War Dept Requirements—

Order Anti-War poems SOON

WARNING: demand is high and many simultaneous users of Anti-War poems
can result in a «Busy» signal.

Anti-War poems are even more popular than

Take Out Haiku!

Concrete Crap!

Not-French-Avant Garde!

Freedom Translation!

Rental Death of the Subject!

Vintage Slam!

Deconstruction-by-numbers!

Post-Language Cheerleading!

Journal Lining and Fish Taco Poetry!

And if your need for instant safety is greater just ask for our Deluxe Service...

Not only can we send Anti-War poems to your head but also dramatic 3D
images of war happening —choose your own battle field— in which the
performance of the poem magically or socially results in a successful and
abrupt stop of rapes, bombings and gun fights!!!

Receive images of Rooms mobilizing other Rooms.

Don't Hesitate to hire our services.

Join us! United Rooms is exactly what you need.

Hide with us in our little make believe hotel. See you soon!!!

And don't forget it! War made us possible. The Rooms.

ROOM SERVICE NUMBER 3

Yes, I want to order
A father tongue.

I want to get rid of
All mother tongues.

Happily surpass.

Not even stepmother tongue. *I fear flesh*: I feel the urgency of a father tongue.

(Gestures make me bodily).

What I need is Room Service Number 3
A father tongue
Which can describe to me all tongues.

A Language-One.

Father Tongue, you're my truly Big Bro!

(I should be like you and reach the Hubble point of view).

The metalinguistic dream's for me, for my Room.

I don't want to deal
With my mother anymore.

I only find her natural.

Wall Mart can have her.

I want to get as artificial as I can.

So please, please, please!

Install in me (i m m e d i a t e l y !)
The Complete Father Tongue Kit.

Heriberto Yépez

something

staining Mountains and Sea
gestural technique pouring
dumb shapes talking shapes
a smoker in polluted half-tones

waiting for something to happen
I couldn't deal with the dilemma
of the idea of an empty canvas the
way the abstract expressionists did

like Larry in the sky with diamonds
all over again what I had to do was
find a mechanical or automatic way
of getting turned into everything

relying on solid tonal continuum
essential to sobriety and mystery
the results so far are steady adrift
the so-called theme merely tactile

paint around

in the sky
where there's smoke
or a smudge
narrative thrust
is all hips
to the third
heaven of love
leaving us
soaring pieces
canvas places
needing rest
and the eyes
where they lay
heading West
to find themselves
floating by
a little town
hung tall from
a low-flying sea
where one thought
best thought
is one idea

I think they're high on dull ideas

my index finger spelled it t e e r s
in wet cement to tell the difference
later

even better to get away from the adults

to break windows all night

to be precarious

years passed in a manner of speaking
and I still can't walk down the street
alone

like the rest of the angry townspeople

my hands are clean

in my head

placed context

lead to water
difference forgives
same as ever

held up to
bleach in
semblance
on the run

an aura
remaking
important works

clear wrapped
cerebral action
love versus

last defense:

breezes in
a cold field

in the decent future

what had been taken for scaffolds
remembered for stilling the time
slipped on past as if here now
to where late the doorbell rang

grown out of holding one's tongue
as opportunity dared its daily fly-by
burned whatever was just beyond reach
the way to be clear suppressed urge

mistakes were made to be broken in
and considering all the duck and cover
things turned out rather well polished
beaming dumbly unbound in a daze

but if something not human answers?
not to freak you out or anything but
I mean what if words don't save us?
chances are the tremble will expand

in a space-filling curve every point
in the given area is gradually traced
blackening the space and new objects
will knock then walk right through

what had been remembered slipped too
holding its reach to be just the way
things were made unbound and all
to expand gradually in the right words

Arlo Quint

At 4 AM

And cursing—his socks soaked most of the urine
Of what, fear? But he was too busy aiming, missing.
There was a pause, or I think there was, a gray instant
When pulling down his shorts I brushed the brush-like pubes.
One hour later I'm helping him stay upright, hand on his back.
“Is the offspring of a bathtub and a toilet bowl...”
He's said before, “...the bidet?”
Its feeble tickle of a fountain dislodging, rinsing, draining
As I wring the sponge in a downward motion and then hold my breath.
I apply and re-apply it between his buttocks,
He jokes, “Where no one can see it,”
“I don't like this town,” “Why bother cleaning down there.”
We are alone in the bathroom, door opened a crack.
And myself, trying to show everybody I've got the bolas,
An intern to my own family,
I.V. vine slung over his right shoulder.

The Smell Of Popcorn

The good news is Mark's feeling much better
Thanks to caplets the size of pearls worn by small fish.
As I write he's talking pizza and hamburgers and other unholy foodstuff
That would enrage South Beach dieters for sure. A visitor here
I've brought a typewriter and must hurry up as we're getting hungry. It feels,
This typing the old way, like going back to a source
When my proto-poems crawled from the primordial Olivetti ribbon;
The body was innocent and unaware of the damage that lusted
After it every-fucking-where in the sugary jungles of youth. There are
Limits to the source though, words I shoot down with a volley of X's.

I don't like popcorn but enjoy the smell of it filling Mark's place
And the way the Redenbacher bag inflates in the microwave
Like a buttery ghost. So I will turn down the popcorn and instead
Take the rosebud green tea bearer of antioxidants Mark serves.
It is good, this tea, and the soft baked oatmeal raisin cookie
I've fished from the fridge, better than the kooky sun over Queens
On my way to get the medicine. I like the feeling
When my head opens up and words land rat-a-tat-tat on the page
Even if my fingers have to struggle upstream this difficult keyboard
Riddled with weak A's and an uncertain uppercase function.
I want to think I look cool like a young Bob Dylan
At his Underwood, minus the Afro-Mod hair and the cigarettes.
Winter flakes are due soon. Mark knits and smokes watching
Achiote seeds sizzle with the chorizo on the TV screen sauce.
I love raisins. I love the smell of popcorn in Mark's hair when I kiss him.

Barbara & The Angel

“I’d rather see you naked than see you dead,” Julianne Moore recalls in an interview with Barbara Walters what her mother always told her. What’s more luminous than Julianne on this rainy day? Barbara truly cares about Julianne’s happiness, and the elation of her statements is contagious, so keep watching.

She becomes emotional when talking about her impending marriage or the birth of her son, who can be sure.

Barbara’s mind wanders off. She’s pushing a shopping cart through an aisle where oranges shine as speed limit signs.

Imbued in green hues, her eyes
are a war correspondent’s
emerging from some abysmal well.

The sound is muted. All disappears.
Julianne and Barbara, gone
by the discharge of the remote.

In the darkness Barbara interviews herself.
She brings up the dream she had last night:

“An angel came in and had his way with my roommates and my pet constrictor. There were fluids all over my mortgage invoices even though I rent. My autographed Che Guevara books, violated. By the way, what is it with Che? He won’t return e-mails or phone calls. He’s dead, isn’t he”

Barbara goes on, “Why does nighttime hurt so much?”
“Daytime is much worse,” Julianne coos.

A drunk on the street
bangs on every door demanding
to hear the rest of the angel dream,
Barbara’s saddest show ever.

“The angel was wearing a thrift store T-shirt,” Barbara continues. “Screens on my wall displayed a montage of nude male bodies over images of dead soldiers. Outside a caravan of army trucks idled in the green-hued night. A flare opened up like a frigid sun while planes crossed it as if mounted on wires...”

The angel lies next to her still,
a limb torn. No blood.
“Love love wake up.”

“I’d rather see myself
interviewed than dead,”
the angel exhales.

Castro

Guillermo

Ideogram of the Blotting God's Sunlight

ideogram of the Blotting God's sunlight
as penned by a wide-eye
who was lost in Poundland watered-down
how was the last war started?

they CAN'T WIN and 1938
this be the broadcast
overt and hard-assed
GLUT on the market
Jeffersonian twist erroneous source
knoedels for dinner

Gheto Novo just past the Rialto
which he skirted clawing his cane
thinking them vermin
Shalom Buongiorno Hello

ride the vaporetto and weed the grave
what do the bones of a fascist say?
more tombstone Cantos

Venezia Venezia sinking Venezia
where are the Vorticists
imPounded in action?
THE SPHERE SWAYED
spirits of the horse and the land and the grain
Gaudier-Brzeska

ideogram of the Blotting God's sunlight
as penned by a wide-eye
who was lost in Poundland watered-down
how was the last war started?

Feline Inquiries for E.B.

*“There’s a cat in the privilege.”
“I don’t understand.”
“Some things aren’t to be understood;
some things are just to be enjoyed.”*

Would you down me like a whiskey?
Did I see you consulting the ice?

Could we be trashy as a hipster’s earwax?

Rehearse slogans for Bellevue
blasphemies bending on our tongues?

Feint like sophists?

Masquerade as a sponge?

Will you find me in my wormhole
split ends singed my body in effigy
punctured by coin-operated saws?

Be oxygen?

Translate me into rhyme?

Whose paws? Claws?
Is privilege in the cat?

Origins

sort of after Adam DeGraff

Insanity brings the condition of past selves sifted from the present self as a metaphor for the presentiment of failure that I am at any one time experiencing. Perhaps the memory of June sex on a striped sheet at the indefatigable age of nineteen, or the new girl in first grade who's daddy told her not to play with brown girls. Both the elusive reason for this rule and the feelings arising from its practice were deterrents to compulsory social development. When I am far less congested, I will follow memory down to the first abandoned self, which some argue began at birth, others, conception. Origins end the question of insanity.

Lauren Russell

from **Clone Memoir**

We were a disaster and a lover of disaster
characters of grunt and abuse
throwers of vigil candles
adoring ourselves in education

We were of the collective
and subject to naming ourselves after minor conditions
each wanting something from the other, one breathless
and the other stressing conversation

We roved from living whatever immediacy
to a spacing gesture, the singeing
tablature of one whose tics roil the surface

We bundled under a pinkening sky
with a head of steam (oppositional practices)
our building of a boat (the cruise line immanence)
the uptake of cleat and pole

We were sea lovers
stricken by interpretation

We were fawns, prey
to the deformation of a theory

Or prey to time, divisible or unpunctuated
as we worked through the transfer
in the dead zone, had the wrong person
who anyway went off crabwise

To say this was a case of mistaken identity
overstates the body: the uncanny is a stretch
and the facts are fungible: there is no lasting image
(the one item lacking)
but a formation might rise out of it (a foam pit)
or the slumping stranger
in the panorama unfolding

We were creating a world and it was backfiring
were mastering confidence games, having visions
in our Mylar suits, having visions
in our progress up the coast
our Mylar suits a cask or shield from verbal trauma

Because our separation in time
was the whole idea, we were curving in our reach
and considered the obstacle a steeplechase of selves

We were exaggerating our innocence
conjuring any martyr or really
any person of earnest costume

We were the grandest depressives in that stadium
as in truth our utterances were falling out completely
scattered on the floor among the rags
unsorted but inviting further inquiry
under skies that threatened rain
our addled progress up the coast
where one of us was curving in reach
or was one of us concussed
after face-planting on the bedrock of myth

We were certain we could do with others
but were vexed with the collective, its overinvestment
in haircutting schools and had to wonder
were we chasing that goose of heuristic geese
having been dumped among the rural swells and feral Astors

So we killed time stinting
a disagreement frothed in the middle distance
and tempering the wind
the derricks on the horizon
worked fast against the depths
the rags we wore despairing
would have left no impression in any age
and people had been in a fugue state

Our struggle was a bearing
and our conviction undone by a centrifuge
we worked under these conditions
with a sort of organon ground under a lens
held apart from the community center
and from the intensest people we knew
suffering
(advisedly)
the surface of the word
we searched for in the cluster

In the heartland
we did not envisage
a defensive stance
the meander of slipping wigs
on the corpus
the corpus

a bridge absorbed in fog
but crouched and discoursed
few we happy few
in a field fringed
by pines, leaves resembling tongues
music under a netting of clouds
smallish personal effects

The wrong picture formed
a hoary presence swearing at a distance
our shadow that split the surroundings
the derricks and their lapsed outlines

We wanted doves but exerted ourselves for lesser birds
the squab circled once and ditched in cinders
falsehood crazed the mirror

We numbered the birds of prey
got ringworm from close combat
but the valences of our chalance were uncounted
dispassion was one's rendering
admitting nothing but the fire that put itself out
in our room on the navy yard

One of us always slurring, the other unanswering
and there was nothing so undifferentiated
as our conviction, we were grasping toward
our rebirth through a spandex canal
regarding one's presence as a question, the other's a byproduct

We were gleaning from the chaff of speech
emerging undamaged, reaching people, resuming the dredge
the road ended in a steep drop to the water

We came
by inference
some of our cohort
swam to shore
rested under
a pear tree
a featureless sky

We were right action in Mylar suits, our rarefied quotidian
tobacco and sweat, salt-water showers and a medlar tree

We were persuaded of a ghost station grounded in the body

From a mess of grass
there was speech
in the roof garden
a complaint of the throat
affirming the roof garden
under little stars that lumbered

Dirty cartoons unnerved the figure
and the van splintered the rail
but our silhouettes survived the storms
as an allocation or calling

Machines scored us
their desire was thresh
the trees roared
suggesting nothing
and making themselves unmentionable
the laws softened
the letter skittered off the spirit

wanted to say kissed

The laws softened as if asking
who is mastering the text
and who is minding the text
as if the blind and weak maquette
would have lent us a last stand

Paul Foster Johnson

from DeLay Rose

‘intestine’s in eyelids’
the line
outside
and —words/I thought—Creeley seeing that/my ‘it’s ours’—
‘our’ ‘acceptance’ people’s ‘to be accepted’ one seeing and
being
we’re that
and, lived by one, that isn’t there even—*ever*—we’re within
this then it’s its constraint of their enforcing running ghouls’
propriety—the propriety of ghouls—where there one
has/having to play is. Creeley getting it that of one’s
seeing
that
the
one there from ‘our’ ‘their ghouls’/they’re *really doing that*
dead to replace schools do so
not just quadrumane, but forest of killing and also dying as ‘to
live *to die*’ (in one’s) ? being
the same
are outside of ‘to be accepted’ [the outside/social *is* people’s
acceptance only illusion lived nowhere
else
than dying also their ‘not split between their decomposition
and night’
night *also* the plomb] while having to play there, *is*
so as that, someone else mocks seeing that at all
even, mocking one seeing it, though another’s mocking
because it’s one’s,

not is this one's seeing?
 which they'd admire—*their hierarchy*—and Creeley *not*
 making that *as seeing itself* (*not* making hierarchy sees)—
 while *they* are (making
 theirs)
 where really outside playing that's any
 one's as seeing that's only also
 not split between their decomposition and night
 the
 stars and the moon (may) break the crust as *in* one's/their the
 eyelids

///

Not even in the brain just is in /is
 between the eyelids

In memory of Robert Creeley

Scalapino

Leslie

Cover illustration by Erica Wessmann, 2006.

The Recluse 2 was edited by Anselm Berrigan, Stacy Szymaszek, Corrine Fitzpatrick and Regie Cabico. Future issues will appear irregularly. The editors are accepting submissions for issue 3.

All subscribers to *The World*—currently on hiatus—will automatically receive issues of *The Recluse* as and when they appear.

Please address all correspondence to:

The Editors
The Recluse
The Poetry Project
St. Mark's Church
131 East 10th Street
New York, NY 10003

Copyright reverts to authors upon publication.