



Sometimes it  
a mess.

makes

Sometimes

it takes

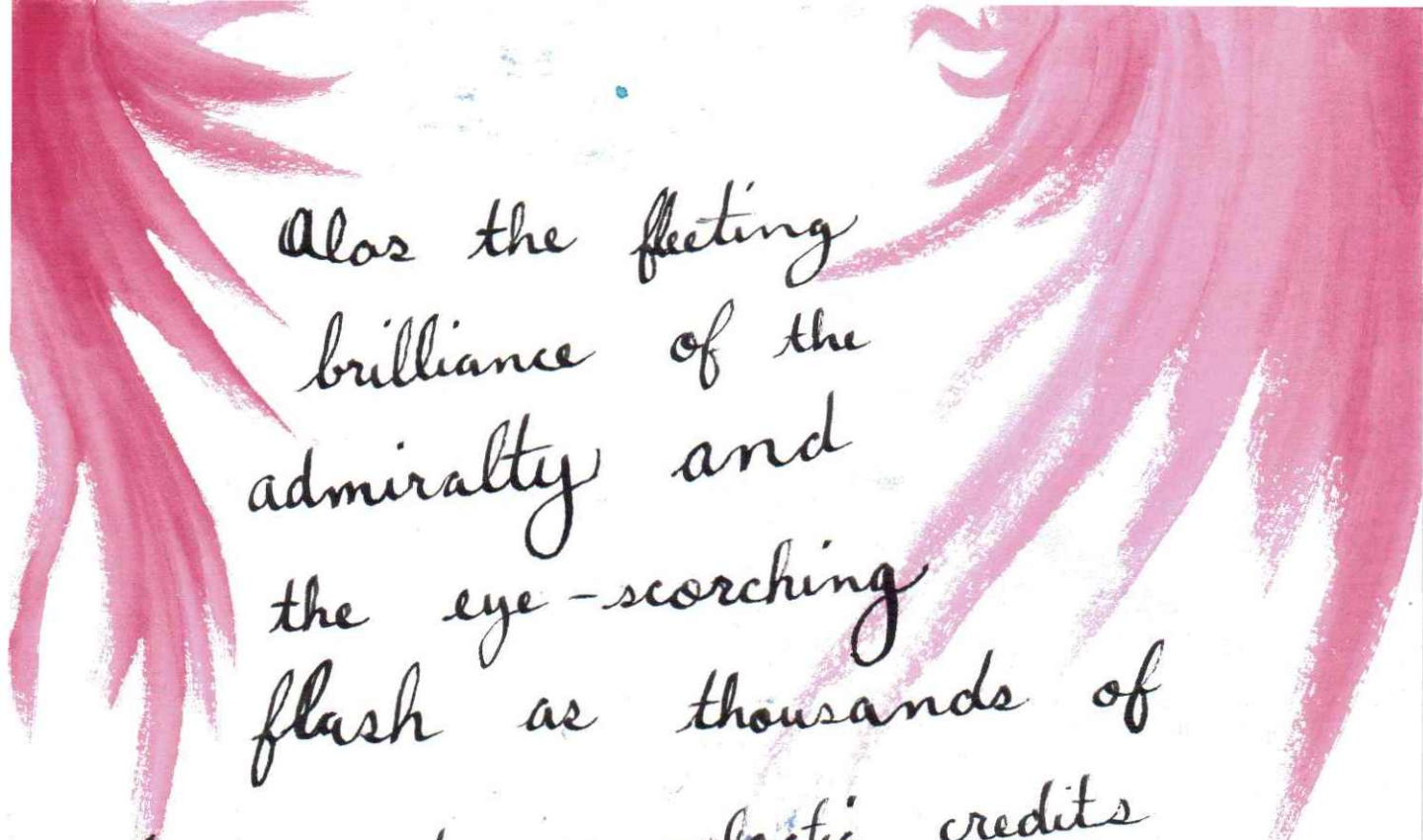
one.



a generation of  
nascent revolutionaries  
germinates in

Angelic Avaries singing  
apolitical, apocalyptic,  
eschatologically atonal

Hymns to the ever-  
incompletely  
democratic  
stars



Alas the fleeting  
brilliance of the  
admiralty and  
the eye-scorching  
flash as thousands of  
lives and pangalactic credits  
wink into sudden valuelessness.

How hasty, how swift the  
transformation that's found at the  
business - end of photon  
torpedoes

---



Candied corporations, facades and greenhouses  
packed in the machine like so many  
cogs whose names are descriptive (or  
deniable) only in German, nonetheless sweating  
sweetly and dreaming of beaches  
ruined by

their very  
industriousness





Escalating

Elongation

elastically; orgiastically collect  
concupescent corpses for

the romantic

purpose of

the explicitly and

unwittingly unknown.

Think: what their turtle-necks  
must conceal!



Eloquent Elegies

Ring out over the  
solipistic plains

of our inelegant

coarsely inspiring yet

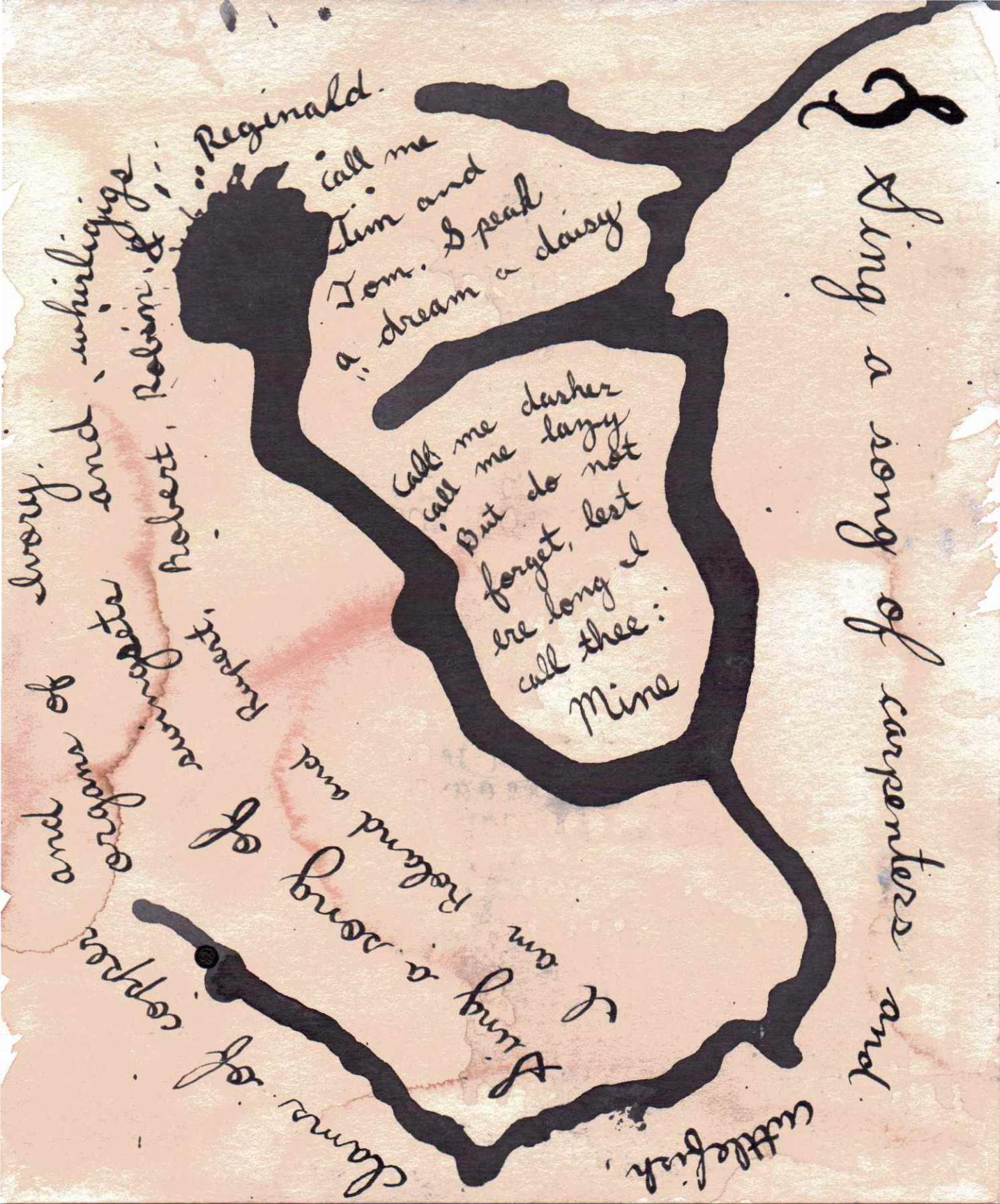
and well -

textured finitude

Scintillating dyads  
collaborate with  
titillating dryads

to architect the singular  
ruin of our once-impotent  
objective, fetishized  
State.





Ivory and of coppen  
and of coppen  
and of coppen

and whirlingigs  
Robert, Robin &  
Reginald

Sing a song of carpenters and

Sing a song of  
I am Roland and

call me  
Tim and  
Tom. I speak  
a dream a daisy

call me dasher  
call me lazy  
But do not  
forget, lest  
ere long I  
call thee:  
Mine

Sing a song of  
I am

Sing a song of  
I am



Quibble, scibble.

Mumble, jumble.

The effervescent dream-confusion  
of catatonic politics

and bioluminescent fungal

acid traps

flavored with candied  
anti-freeze



He was the sort of man  
whose music, were you to  
give it a negative review,  
would eventually include  
your skeleton repurposed  
as a partial tonal  
marimba-like percussion  
instrument played erratically  
by an older, slightly pudgy drummer  
who was better—at least than you—  
at pretending he appreciated  
Modern Music





Once we walked, whistful, wondering  
Worshipful, whispering, hand-in-hand,  
the fragrant nonsense that love  
is made of. We drank our fill of one  
another, desperately, greedily and satisfied  
Lay in the sand, the waves  
kissing our castaway  
feet.



A large, soft purple watercolor wash covers the upper portion of the page, serving as a background for the first two lines of the poem.

I dreamt a violet dream  
and there beneath that  
Violet sky, we were  
violet together like we  
never could  
have been



It was a

Moth & Lantern

Romance

You pity the Moth, now askes

I'll pity the

Lantern for

enduring the rest of  
the night

alone



Sometimes, the  
only sign that  
has come and  
gone, is the  
droplets  
they leave behind.  
At least yours  
were bright  
red  
so I shant  
forget.