



emotional seppuku

POEMS

Draft manuscript

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Th isis the procedure

this is the procedure
pretend you have a degree in analytic philosophy
then staple your hand to the wall
chase yourself around around a round round table
screaming
something about the object and its shadow

this is the procedure
make a point of insulting your audience - twice
in obscenities that time will never diminish
mock the marrow of their mothers
the milk of their docile dreams
for satisfying their values with friendship and ponies

this is the procedure
piss on everyone in semi-public and call it rain
because it's a - 'don't bore us, get to the chorus'
kinda world
hail to your most extra self - the once and future king
with further eccentric ideas on the politics of
eating flesh

this is the procedure
scrawl om mani padme hum across your cheekbones

tinkle with tinctures of vinyl chloride or
'new car smell'
and tell women they should be kissed, and often -
and by someone who knows how
whisper the wonders that planets tell planets
in the night

this is the procedure
don't think too deeply about the cultural moment
play the golden ass 'neath the drunkards' cloak
that's why you want to live in a commune
to make problematic blog posts
and terrible abstract art

this is the procedure
to wear the skin of somebody real
to remove any stems, seeds, peels, or other
inedible bits
to read aloud your plan to
- see more - hear more- - feel more -
the sequence relaxing into realms atonal
and percussive
this is the procedure
this is the procedure
one soft, one semihard, and one aged cheese
and a crooked poet with the beard of a goat

Hypatia

let patience be our song Hypatia
we humans are not the measure of things
mouthing our inert historical facts
- are possible worlds down the line

life is finding a cliff from which to leap
a private impulse to glorious torture
which is nice work if you can get it
which is living for the straight pour

that we bring ourselves to this again
yes that we're one bad as the other
denatured by our protean living
keeping frame with the camera's tricks

is it the pathology of language?
the bone structure of our characters
atop which floats one persistent thought
keen not to wink it in any given direction

patience Hypatia
patience

Profanity

to all plastics past, future and present
know that design is my only culture
so i want you to fuck me like classical music

i've been dreaming in advertising
of legendary authors and the clothes they wore
showing off my ass and its kmart aesthetics

i've found prayer mats make inexpensive rugs
and lately i've been thinking in bamboo puns
that i spray paint like funeral poems about town

now i photograph upskirts of famous buildings
then alphabetize my architectural creepshots
so as to pimp out some greek ideal

where's the fun in biodegradable glitter?
i want consumerism in my stomach lining
Jeff Koons to whisper in my ear....

Art is a runway
Art is a runway

(What passes unsaid)

I misunderstood...
Long archivist of her gazes -
Those lunar phases,
Was the far side maps the heart
And I am no astronaut.

So outsource lovers -
Bend horizons acutely
Books are but dead things
And can I make do knowing (finally)
Her moon-koi lips by others?

In the flat-land of poetry the wooden-hand is king

within its 26 points of articulation
quinteting down my rosined cheek
and feed by player-piano stanzas
just as Braille is tactile - these fingertips
orchestrated by verse, fed on poems

pen pinched above like a wayfinding plectrum
lightly conducting me to that rising crisis
that set containing all possible sets
a Library of Babel encoding five fingers
in 26 letters and five metrical lines

the hand is a poem - one dimension removed
hypercube to those inked caressed palms
it does what any hand to a lover would do
deversified by your poetics of motion
and pointing to an erotics of art

What of fingers?

what of fingers, inching worm-like; outward
roots loosening the path to sensation
mouthparts spidering in on some surface
five yielding sacs of nerve-ends and yearning
bulb tips splitting apart to bloom in touch

what of fingers, of the sense-forms imprinted -
organ and object co-conspiring
that place where you end and the world begins
friction rubs thought and kindles qualia
the thingness of now; the nowness of things

what of fingers, scissor walking the glass
water striding a window's flat promise
if the tension gives out like plates of ice
will from without irrupt your airless box...
with Caesar's last breath tickling your lungs

what use of fingers then

Three-day monk

says the dark genie in me
that three-day monk
'turn in a lazy design'
fail upwards
fill the void of rejection and
'be your most extra self'

choose a dharma name
with cultic allusions
where you clay
someone
but wear it lightly
remain boyish and tensile -
epistemologically troubling

says the dark genie in me
rude like an uncle
'liquidate your enthusiasms'
don't swallow songs
of unexamined brio but
'write with savage classicism'

be non-obvious too
especially with your sense of line
each exercise in tonal control

the little arsonist begs
is a tightening circle
to garrote the underserving

says the dark genie in me
voice like a temple bell
'burn the mountainside huts'
and the world is illuminated
to know this is to love him
'scripture your own genesis'

Sacred

a holy mountain vanishes
into overwhelming nothing
under the vectorised sunset
tell me how did it vanish
time-slip of apparent eternity
the beauty of west lake
powdered snow in the red dawn

jesus turned water into wine
i sit down at the piano
linseed oil for my dry skin
with coordinated callouses
find mythopoetic self-creation
a player scroll of former selves
lost upon some golden pavilion

let us compare scenes of fuji
the pink-blossomed promise
lotus-paste filled cosmic eggs
a rendering on crepe paper
what emotional backstory
which convincing sentences
excuse the ridiculousness of things

Cafe annulus

offer her spring tea first
the loneliest outpost those UFO eyes
unsmiling in their terminal boredom
we're hunched like teenagers
over our brushed steel cups
i'm chewing on my pen dribbling black ink
she toys with her straw with dirty hands
working on her emotions but
you can't edit a blank page
the thought disappears when you acknowledge it
Zen is what remains when words and ideas run out
so I watch her every legible surface instead
her coiled body and disarticulated self
the sticky mystique of someone difficult to know

please don't look at me like you've solved me
art damaged with the idiot demons
painting analytical skeletons in your wet palette
your crazy-making and untroubled optimism
reworking me as your imagined family
you forever mess of disintegrating loops you

the tide of conversation is a contest of
such generosities
us thirst-traps us hothouse flowers

sharing boutique Japanese cakes
seeking self-abandonment
.....can I be Pan? i'm out of sad songs
are we not both gods with anuses?

If you are serious about beetles...

if you are serious about beetles...
write your poems in the vegetable plot
spend your days at the national museum
if you are serious about beetles...
the shopping guide is a food source
do not invest in an ice-cream maker
if you are serious about beetles...
draw them freehand using french curves
learn the value of trauma and sacrifice
if you are serious about beetles...
stray further from the familiar tides
patience should become your song
if you are serious about beetles...
avoid the thugs on school rooftops
never resort to simple self-explanation
if you are serious about beetles...
if you are serious about beetles...

An empty bowl could be anything

i'd say screening porno on the rooftop
twat-signaled the police
but the lollipop left on the rug the next morning
was truly egregious

this on a day I met a Winemaker that
doesn't swallow (rinses and spits)
and a lollygagging fur-ball pup
named after the Monkey King (he licks)

i decided somewhere beard wax
would soften my approach
and a necklace like Uma Therman's
in Pulp Fiction meant swagger

seen through glass and stacked bowls of
oily noodles and drunken chicken
maybe my loneliness could be
as sumptuously lit as Wong Kar-wai

but I am ill with doubts that slipstream
neural pathways like flying aces
was it because I didn't burn Palo Santo
for luck after we did the Sage?

i suspect all the people worth knowing
have fled for the mountaintops
that knocking at a hermit's door
is to greet a koan of silence

i'm a stone seller
a three-day monk
seeking attachment
sketching bowls

Favoured spot

call me Johnny cottontail
curbing s-curve gene -
shallow reeds to fluff
your interests less obscene

call me Johnny cottontail
nest me downy like -
robin's egg anywhere
pillowcase; fledgling shrike

call me Johnny cottontail
kid my cabbage patch -
a two-finger salute
across my wavering thatch

call me Johnny cottontail
fuzz a farmer's almanac -
to the small of me
angel's breath to baby back

kiss me there

Lady barber

lazy wind somehow a little somber
across from me a tree surgeon snips
delicate like tending to crushed paper
her boater crumpled as a foreskin
eyes watery with volatile compounds
dull smudges elusive as fox statues
a bell struck scene of visual haiku

smock twisting a jig in the breeze
lips pressed serene as saint elsewhere
yet lending due space to holy spirit
her mind is an unfulfilled conditional
overripe with stately hedge mazes
sky darkens her figure to silhouette
just as a game is an abstraction

Here I am, not quite dying

rooftop kiddie infin-a-pool
on a breeze block balcony
melon pips; a card table
isometric aparto living

phlox seed planter rows
high thread-count flappings
barefoot dust bathing
playing magic pudding

destemmed fruit that I am
belly like a honey-ant sac
a coated minty gel spritz
ending in your mouth

my sour cherry bitten down
backbone kiting the railing
hands pelotoning skyward
hosanna to the terrace

in the highest
in the highest

Zine

incorporate bits from the nightmares -
the emoji cabal in their paper masks
the humidifier kabuki fish tank
this is the idea; into the breach -
sex as a ribboning taxonomy of guilts
how do I show these things?
the Zine was called 'Emotional Seppuku'

Pickled relationships

bare mud caking a surface of skin to be
umami chestnut and eau de potted moss
tips you can use for fermenting natural boneyards
and the vinegar mother of plainly calmer flavors
volatile compounds of cultural interoperability all

add salt flakes! make life more delicious than it is
you're welcome to it - the ugly fruits
friendships affectionately known as juicing turnips
i'll closet these wispy notions of 'curiosity and heart'
for expanded ideas of a boundless pantry
and plainly may I just say **Fuck Fake Friends**

Overexposed

rags of light ring your mortal dress
oilers across your flaxen borderline
sunlight is the best disinfectant, no?

style-points for the 'art of the wear'
super-chilled in the morning after...
so are we playing the actor's revenge?

the range of the normal has quit the band
to a soundtrack of maraschino wind
is our serum an age accelerant?

pray for such easements my pretty

Prisoner of pleasure

the pallid prince entombed far-deep
a pleasure prison his soul to keep

boring lustful through wanton tomes
in rude recline he made soft moans

sensuous vapours ignite the air
as naked flesh is brought to bare

oiled skin arches in mad cavort
as lewd acts yet unknown are sought

poised supine for endless ravish
but never do these urges vanish

sublime though once it was to him
life so debauched was wearing thin

his face contorts at pleasure's peak
shows agonies he dare not speak

for though meaning has departed
some realms still remain uncharted

Chinese poem

秃山涂山

bald mountains scribbled mountains

小品效颦

hastily sketched in mocking imitation

觅句蜜橘

that mon juste that sweet tangerine

高峰高风

the highest peaks most refined style

西儒吸入

this western scholar breathes in

A burning house is a smoke machine too

quote my body back to me

skin lettered in affirmations

roll back in on yourself -

the circuit of my spine

an incomplete brushstroke

we who manipulate only symbols

in some rebirthing ceremony

absurdly as a rhubarb stalk

in a grammar of primary colors

and productive misreadings

perhaps he models nude -

gestures to a false universality

in the post code of human feeling

at the dais of my ego

these terse beauties

aflame

Textural Analysis

ageless repetitions of fishbowl reflection
boab penis, melon baller and satellite dish
bodies of saren wrap twisted in olive oil
Hot-wire clay titans in acid-free love

lamprey reticulations circus over my head
vanilla-tongued waves find swallow-tailed poise
make it a chorus-line of hopping waiters
sturdy as a bicycle frame rocking horse

the museum of decay housed in a rusted box
intensity frightens like an egg-drop nosebleed
lipsticked again in a light pork floss foamer
how did I never know? how did I never know?

Rescued from meaning

ask the children to demonstrate
'trap-trap' and 'tramp-tramp'
encourage the children to pretend
a parachute is a giant mushroom
invite the children to decide if
they'd rather be seals or dogs
if the weather permits, do this outside
put the rocks in an old sock
and hit them with a hammer
bury several clean bones in the sand table
play squeal, pig, squeal
IT walks around the circle blindfolded
provide Irish or Gaelic music
and teach the children a jig
provide a tape recorder and encourage
the children to retell the story
from the troll's point of view
encourage children to tell stories
from the point of view of a bubble
invite the children to float around the room
ask, 'what would it feel like to always be alone?'
rescue them from meaning

In my defence I have none

knee boots and silk embroidered kimono blouse
reversible lining repeating in shiftless snowdrifts
folds cradling light as the five holy mountains do
a standing stone shawled in prayer flags unfazed

your ink wash mind a lowlit *Night Hawks* painting
novelists' eyes assigning blame by gainful tedium
Duran Duran once told glass splinters lie so deep
but not half of two things is to be whole of nothing

the drunken master apprentices your cadre style
the school of new critics bend in half to meet you
the molecular gastronomers abandon their woks
the paper moon upholsters with crinkled shyness

chucklefucks, rude girls and dissociative feminists
a scared continuity of lantern flies lingering cities
but not membrane-bounded like the breeze blocks
or how Jesus wept knowing you as the shadows do

(Un) anxiety of influence

captain obvious but if i were cuter
i'd have been Momus
my cupid's bow charming up brightworks of
Scottish pop
host club-ready momotaro boyish in my
limbal eyepatch
could I would anything of anything copy
herr choreography

was it you who taught me of sadness and the
cosmic egg?
the picture scroll of your former selves putty to
my selfhood
at this remove feels like King Canute at the tide
of influence
all I have to gift is effort that meets the windows
as birds do

as Momus I'd be all things like a tone arm finding
its groove
i'd blog about *Oral Sadism and the
Vegetarian Personality*
play the bokeh boomer art-creep of lost media
and flowers
move hearts to tears in an intimacy of silly

cockwork songs

a bottomless intimacy
that owes me nothing

How to spend it

hey hey diddle me this
as
clean as seven waters
as
the censors' blue pencil
freehand and lickity-split

clean
as arcade-perfect code
as the scared ambience
as of pungent memories

hey hey diddle me this
as
clean as runners' highs
as
our design documents
and productivity stacks

clean
as grains from paradise
as lowly mountain moss
as of babies' fontanelle

our dark academia clean

our fields of sorrel clean
benefit corporations clean
sweet valley high clean

we've entered our flop era
clean (of ideas)

Farewell

the flower-drum song
my sum of repetitions
your wasted brilliance
our little dark age

a sunset framed tight
my cautious kindness
your common ghosts
our little dark age

of memories gone soft
just more of the same
the layup and letdown
our little dark age

an ever-breaking wave
my shiftless withdrawal
your self-made mistake
our little dark age

Beijing Summer Storms

the pickling razor burn
of sweat stippled tendons
rubber-necked in hallelujah -
alive to heaven's quickening pulse
that tentacled orchestra of ions
and looping blue note sequences -
a short-circuited synthesiser
or haunted fluorescent bulb?

then molten liquid glass
showers in skipped frames
blurring sight with alien optics -
dewy-eyed spores invade the surfaces
freeing a scent of Earthenware tang
as I traipse history's last burial urn -
guided by the spooky double-vision
of 地铁 mirages and drunken signs

in heaven's steaming kitchen
i am of humble and inferior origin
even *Temple of Earth* is recumbent -
cut flowers by unfussy ease, perennial
future and past conduct transactions
and I thought I would have died -
in some great fire by now
life is full of disappointments

Skinship

like a totalizing leave of the senses
like as fantasy overripes inferences
like me twisting into a pretzel to say
touch

like some host bar's best-loved Bishi
like Sanrio molds its mascots squishy
like and I know and I know I shouldn't
touch

like unreached, unread, quirky-alone
like those by elective affinity known
like catching feelings in semi-public
touch

like a bout of executive dysfunction
like the disfluencies of conjunction
like a sequential movement puzzle
touch

like the church committees' praters
like the unacknowledged legislators
like ideals realized in tangible form
touch

like the visual impact of fine prosody
like a pungent personal iconography
like theatre of the mind made flesh
touch

like for a soulful anarchy of thought
like so blood and treasure is sought
like an excerpt thats unmentionable
touch

Grindset

to go no day without a line
become pirate and be free
to be worth knowing at all
keeping notes working out
to become what you were
yet are late style concerns
reads yourself stupid more
for making limber repartee
and be real too real in fact
until such distinctions elide
but the fan in me claps this
need to perform magic like
how people just disappear
by touching his hair shows
we each levy what we have
our self-surgery gut checks
for a lacking of what we lax
create a huge stink about it
of this marrow of long years
paper and dried flowers too
shorthand of our tiring age
to go no day without a line
to be worth knowing at all

let's become pirates and be *free!*

How it's (done)

not whit one is purpose
high technician i'm not
without hidden dragons
i give what it demands
then obtains by degree
maybe a plume of noise

there's flavor math to it
a tarot of conjunctions
and my house my rules
outsized accelerant yet
how thought terminating
is non-specialist misrule

my job to keep them alive
the sequences unreached
to dislodge symbolic order
irrupt the gateless barrier
shake loose rare grooves
sweep up the sugar glass
guess this is how it's done
this purposeful not-game
failing forward but lavishly
even simply the totalising
libidinal engineer knowing
- new things *can* be built

Form Guide

style is the cremation of care my dude
of narcissist prayer of buttered up lips
blessed be thine succour to so exude
and your snug fit better to outline hips

vampiric in watchful deathless mission
pulling for poignancy but no-so crumb
this roiling pit pits need with ambition
more drama llama than dharma bum

crackle with a different kind of energy
fuck around with Beijing's favorite son
the great chain of being in effigy
dressed black as the barrel of a gun

Demented Times

you laugh because you agree
small corruptions can be nice
secret lukewarm pleasure too

you are way too good for this
oughta know the merry roads
the curly questions time nubs

you know the slow bargaining
about once full-time believers
sat by a sun-warmed window

you only had the world to lose
even donated squishy organs
to the dream of true socialism

you used to pause for thought
like a clay idol fording the river
quixotic not losing out to panic

Still Impossible

ignorant hayseed I am
wild grass of ambition
not needing reminders
you're still impossible
/don't you notice how
something is nothing/

a different room again
'yes I often paint fakes'
gods and monsters too
monogram dead airs
/that sacred continuity
on which love is based/

my doors to nowhere
your bonfire XXXXXX
never about the exile
an autonomous zone
BUT /half-impulsively
i've blocked you again/

Light and Space

oh that sparrow in the eaves is a vicious little gossip
dropped feathers mock bouquets to my sad dramas
feels best-nested here egging on its cuckoo notions
in cooking up new subplots for my imminent demise
what witness borne by this stubborn winter holdout?
seems it is trying to communicate some obvious shit
something like your soul is mine so better fork it over
spends life answering that question as fully as it can
to alone apprehend the pain welling within my chest
shadowed beyond ever more tightly framed sunsets
where masonry teems with dark gods and monsters
and free-floating anxiety created by light and space