

January 2007

Christmas Future

Steven Zultanski

University of Massachusetts, sszszs@gmail.com

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.umass.edu/theses>

Zultanski, Steven, "Christmas Future" (2007). *Masters Theses 1896 - February 2014*. Paper 72.
<http://scholarworks.umass.edu/theses/72>

This Open Access is brought to you for free and open access by the Dissertations and Theses at ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. It has been accepted for inclusion in Masters Theses 1896 - February 2014 by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@UMass Amherst. For more information, please contact scholarworks@library.umass.edu.

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

A Thesis Presented

by

STEVEN D. ZULTANSKI

Submitted to the Graduate School of the
University of Massachusetts Amherst in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

SEPTEMBER 2007

M.F.A. Program in English

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

A Thesis Presented

by

STEVEN D. ZULTANSKI

Approved as to style and content by:

Peter Gizzi, Chair

Dara Wier, Member

Ruth Jennison, Member

Dara Wier, Director
M.F.A. Program for Poets and Writers

Joseph Bartolomeo, Chair
Department of English

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	1
CHRISTMAS FUTURE	6

INTRODUCTION

Ars Poetica.

One of the impressive things about Robocop is its nearly campy appropriation of the form of an action movie to address issues of technology and surveillance. In this instance, the near-camp does not serve to deflect attention from the issues at hand, but to hyperbolize tropes in order to reflect a hyperbolized reality. Robot cops are not quite part of everyday U.S. city life, but they are part of everyday warfare, and, as such, they may be part of everyday life in a U.S.-occupied country. In the U.S., increased violent crime is met with increased violent law enforcement. Local police in Trenton, New Jersey, for example, have deemed certain streets overly dangerous and have roped them off with yellow police tape, both a physical (the tape repels traffic and business) and symbolic (obviously one can walk around the tape) barrier to the improvement of the material conditions of life.

Absurd measures taken to fix contradictions of class and racism necessarily have absurd consequences. For Robocop, the consequence of being a human fused with the non-human is not a loss of human subjectivity, but a loss of human agency. Robocop cannot not follow the law, and therefore cannot break free of the forces forcing him to act wrongly. The law becomes criminal, but criminality is legal and within the legal system (the cyborg) there is no technology in place to amend this contradiction. As such, the contradiction is internalized (hybridized), and Robocop struggles with his human (ethical) and mechanical (legal) self. Eventually his legal self prevails, and the outcome

is happily in line with his human conscience. This outcome, however, is not necessary. It is only by chance (a sentence shouted in ignorance by his real owner) that Robocop is able to reconcile his struggle and avenge his “death.”

The fact that the movie is not altogether serious is part of its seriousness. Excessive blood-spurting, stop-animation bipedal monster-robots, and comic-book romance are all part of its claim. What is real about deadly technology (robots that kill) is mediated imaginatively by what is unreal about deadly technology (movies like Robocop). It becomes difficult to talk or think about modern warfare or the modern police state without talking and thinking about science-fiction fantasies, which inform and conjure the existence of such actual things in the first place. And so to address such realities in art one must address and accept representations of such realities. Which is which (reality and representation, truth and falsity) is blurry, but not impossible to decipher. Clearly there is a thing that exists (robotic weaponry) and a thing that does not exist (Robocop). However, these robots become blurred in a subjective space that fuses the two. It is not enough to write through simulation and the management of information (“anarchy is not enough”) nor is it enough to write through “real” experience as if it were not mediated (“order is dead”). In place of a *hyperreality* I’d propose a *hyperreferentiality*.

Autobiography.

The first poetry book I read from cover to cover was the Kurt Schwitters collection *pppppp*. I was in my senior year of high school and my family had recently purchased a computer and internet connection. Somehow at some point I had read an

excerpt of Schwitters's work and had been trying since to track down a book of his, without luck. Finally: Amazon.com.

The claims of Dada were intuitive: War is barbaric - art becomes barbaric in response— by becoming barbaric art reflects the possibility of reframing and redeploying human detritus (both intangible urges and physical debris). What is meaningless becomes beautiful and what is repressed becomes urgent. Noise becomes music, newspapers become poetry. Everyday objects are recast as weapons against violent social and economic systems. Everyone becomes an artist and therefore everyone becomes a resister. High art reveals itself as garbage, and vice versa. The Mona Lisa is “hot in her ass.”

This sort of simultaneous dystopic and utopic vision appealed to my little mind and my first poems already wear the mark of such absurd influence. They were naïve, as all first poems are, but looking back, I'm glad that I spent as much time collaging conversations from internet chat rooms as I did writing about my girlfriend, and I'm even gladder that its difficult to tell which poems are which.

Years later, I find the problems and contradictions of Dada somewhat irreconcilable, and while I still love much Dada art, I'm also critical of its limitations - misogyny, racism, faux “primitivism,” etc. Nonetheless, that first feeling of affinity with art – blunt resistance – still pervades my work and feelings about art as an aesthetic and social potentiality.

A second major discovery was experimental music. Hearing and reading John Cage for the first time more firmly established my interest in an avant-garde, but also my interest in the politicization of art. Cage's work is social metaphor rendered visceral.

With the best performances of this work (such as David Tudor's version of "Variations II") the violence of the dynamic shifts and the density of the noise becomes peaceful in the lack of drama, in the absence of tension or climax.

In such performances, we can hear the application of Cage's musical theories and anarchist politics to music (and through such performances we can understand the critique of anarchic music, as made by Cornelius Cardew and John Tilbury in "Stockhausen Serves Imperialism"). This merger of concept and form is integral to my attempt at poetry. That's what's so great about Robocop – the content is the surface. Reflections on surveillance & oppression, technology & humanity – these are not hidden, nor are they brushed over gesturally – they are inherent in the form of an action movie and used to maximum effect in a more conceptually sophisticated version of a generic commodity. I want the form of my poetry to be similarly transparent – I want the concepts to be clear without the necessity of a decoder ring, while eschewing an obsession with mere surface. This is not to say I attempt to write simply, but simply to say that writing is an attempt at personal and political urgency.

But when I decided to apply and then to attend the MFA program at UMass, I didn't know what I was doing. I wasn't thinking about personal or political urgency. Somehow, I made the decision to devote my time and energy to art. I don't remember making this decision, but it seems in retrospect like less of a decision than an inevitability, though since I don't believe in such a thing I would rather say it was some sort of partial decision or, even better, an accident.

Thesis.

As it turned out, a happy accident, and in my time here I've done more writing and reading than I could have hoped to do and still feel, as must be necessary, that I haven't done enough. Probably best, as a feeling of failure prods me to write. I plan to continue working on this thesis manuscript long after it's defended and handsomely bound in the UMass library.

This poem was begun a year and half ago, in the hopes of writing a completely shitty poem – the shittiest poem I could write. I don't remember exactly what my intent was but I quickly got off-track anyway. The poem oscillated between lyrics, critical prose, and many, many dumb jokes and rhymes. A draft, entitled *Peaces* (after Robert Creeley's book *Pieces*, from which I stole the form) was finished this past January but I quickly realized that the poem failed in the serious work I wanted it to do (as critique and poetics) while succeeding in the equally serious but more banal task of being tedious. So I gutted the thing and replaced more than half of it with new material and work from other projects that were a bit more explicit in their sentiments and transparent in their conceits. The result, now entitled *Christmas Future*, is what I'm delivering to you.

I see you white person in your Green and Royal Blue Kanjivaram Sari with Zari Weave and Multi-Color Booties matching your Back-to-Nature Paisley Embroidered Cotton Tunic overlaying your Urban Ethnic Saree Trim Shimmery Cotton Tunic hanging down to your Fuchsia Kolhapuri Leather Toe-thong Sandals swung over your shoulder under your Shadow Warrior Old Style Headdress with rabbit fur strips, red wraps on the sides, beaded rosettes, and 45 imitation Black Eagle feathers with white rabbit fur on ends of feathers and white plumes brushing the shoulders of your Plus-size Tie-dye African Dress with Headtie.

I see you in the mirror, Missy, in your breathable nylon Spartan Utilikilt.

Christmas Future

Quicken

HQ

Office

Office X

Chess

Adobe

CNN

Word

Peace or Battle
PC or Mac

Bentley
Benz
BMW
all over you

American Radicalism,
etc.

State Repression,
etc.

Movies
I've seen half of

Dune

White male working class,
etc.

Right to force,
etc.

We touch
each other's
AI

We touch
each other's
copies of AI
on DVD

*

Don't let that girl
get into your head

You look fine

In America to make breathable nylon I work for BMB.

Not everything is automated. The looms are electronic but world wide people operate them. No stitch sits behind humanity.

A red floral stitching and a two-inch hem for you is perfect I think. The brown of your eyes gets deeper with every scarf you wear. I think you look perfect in your Men's Hanbok and Modernized Mao Suit - you look perfect.

If I were in Taiwan I could make breathable nylon for C&E Tex Co., Dern Lin Textile Co., Jeen Wei Enterprise Co., and Guann Lin Textile Co., at least.

If I were in India I could make breathable nylon for Khetan Packagings Pvt., Ltd. My bosses would work here:

KHETAN PACKAGINGS PVT. LTD.
3, Jay-Hari Building
Ram Mandir Road
Dattapada, Borivali (East)
Mumbai - 400 066 Maharashtra.

Amusement heads
off the agency

The products that I helped produce would be used in the garment and clothing industry, the shoe industry, the covering and luggage industry, the inflatable industry, the animal clothing industry, and the adhesive tape industry.

Breathable surgical adhesive tape includes a backing formed of continuous nylon filaments which are randomly oriented in a plane and fused together at filament crossover points. Bonded to one side of the backing is a porous adhesive layer composed of fibers embedded in a planar expanse of pressure-sensitive adhesive. The fibers are sized, lengthwise, to prevent penetration into the backing, thus to limit penetration of the adhesive into the backing.

Source time
elapses

before
the mind's eye

goes blind
of Pabst

*

Khetan Packagings does or does not export nylons to members of the Adhesive Tape Manufacturers Association, an English organization. The members of this group are Adhesive Research Europe Ltd., 3M, and Secretariat. ATMA is an organization concerned first and foremost with quality whose members meet the leading international quality standards including BS.EN.ISO 9000 series.

*

Can Missy say
something clearly
here

I love Miss X

Very bad for me

Many nights
awake

The many
night's awake

Let's settle down
and start
a fucked-up family

If you wake up
in the middle
of the night
I'll fuck you up
in spirit

With you
awake
anytime you want
wake up

Our individual

Means

Their displeasure
doesn't matter
either

Himalayan Hygienic Snax and Noodles Pvt. Ltd., a unit of the Khetan Group, has further inundated the overwhelming instant noodle market by launching yet another chicken flavored instant noodle, Lekali. This chicken flavored instant noodle is the company's foray into the white noodle segment and is based on the company's strategy of reaching the different noodle market segments through product diversification.

I see you in the mirror, I. Missy gets sick in the mirror too eating raw Lekali.

I spit up blood and Lekali on my Floral Dragons Brocade Shawl, soaking through to my Body-hugging Long Cheongsam and onto my Gypsy Bra Top Dress beneath my Tang Imperial Concubine Dress.

I did not make my Plum Blossoms Brocade Shawl but learned how to dry clean or hand wash it in cool water.

*

want it
I want it

To protect nature
from itself

Buy one thing
locally

Pop quiz, hot-shot:

Rayon Brocade is made by a company like Haining Tianyi Textile Co, Ltd. Every year, nearly 80% of their products are exported to the USA, England, Germany, Spain, Africa, and Southeast Asia. They have established good relations with many foreign clients like JC Penny and Wal-mart. Their products include Organza and Brocade-poem.

Blood and Lekali stains do not come out easily apparently.

BMB stands for -

People living in the hilly regions of Nepal are known as Lekali. Lekali Instant Noodles was introduced to suit the taste of hilly habitation. It is a high quality product and is ideal for people who prefer less chili and spices and it weighs 80gms.

When I say
freedom

You say
now

“Freedom-
”

“Freedom-
”

When I say
you say

You say
what I say

“Freedom -
”

“Shrek 2 -
”

down
down
DOW

Lekali is one of the highest selling brand in the Nepalese market having 26.6% of the total market share in its white noodles segment. It is available in chicken flavor with 342 calorie of nutritional value per pack.

If I worked for Khetan Packagings, Ltd, for the garment and clothing industry I would produce things like jackets, windcheaters, rainwear, and industrial garments. For the shoe industry I would produce things like polyester fabric with foam laminated shoe uppers. For the covering and luggage industry I would produce things like tents, awning, tarpaulins, and soft luggage. For the inflatable industry I would produce things like cold air balloons. For the animal clothing industry I would produce things like horse, dog and sheep clothing. For the adhesive tape industry I would produce things like medical plaster cotton tape and nylon cloth tape for shoe and leather garments.

Steven Zultanski

1981 -

Steven Zultanski

6:19 PM

Steven Zultanski

35° F

A big connection between Ethiopian forces that are there

More women's job than a man's

A major and lasting change to the design of the Sun Yat-sen Suit was the incorporation of elements of German military dress including a turndown collar and four symmetrically placed pockets. Over time small stylistic changes were made to the design. It is the later style of Sun Yat-sen Suit which was further modified and adopted as China's national dress by Mao Zedong after 1949. It is known to the westerners as “Mao Suit” or “Mao Tunic.”

*

Hola, Comrade!

Welcome back
to the promenade.

Intuitively seek
forth a spirit
of rigor. You will
find it in service,
find it in violence.

*

To remove blood and Lekali stains from your Candy-pink Jeweled Kaftan rinse in cool water and pre-treat with Clorox Stain-Out or Ultra Clorox 2. Be sure to test for colorfastness. If fabric is not colorfast to regular bleach substitute Ultra Clorox 2.

Clorox Bleach 2, the color-safe bleach, proved effective in removing the blood and Lekali stains from my -

I work for a company called ME.

I don't necessarily agree about not having the grim reaper

\$947.27

When I want
to run away

I travel
in my car

SEES

1.

The visible world
is wealthy, mostly

white
and health-wise

well-off. Wise
it is to distribute

unevenly
the TV console.

Seen
purely as a tool

it is too
practically free,

too fine
to sell.

Roofs
drop to the street.

Light
flickers wearily,

leaves,
bends metal.

I submit
this empty image:

of
me:

a man
without toupee,

a time-wise
infinite country.

2.

Bank of garden,
bank of bush.
Room where one
goes to pray,
room where one
goes "touché."

Bushy brows
assign men
around a table.
One suggests
going broke,
makes a buck
in the dust
industry.
One suggests
going "touché."

3.

I see what I see
from my seat.

Do you see
what I see?

How do I look?

4.

The option
wide-screen
increases
perspective
opinions.

The eye
takes it all
in. The window
of one frame
is much too big
for the brain.

The process

is repeated.

5.

The view
of empire

is breathtaking.
The long

mountains,
panning over

the heartland,
itself

the visage
of green

and gravel,
cutting to

the shaky hand
in

the cafeteria,
raising

a spoonful of soup to
the mouth,

cuts in Medicaid waking
the elderly totally

dependent on Medicaid for
the drugs they need to sleep,

the pills
sorted

next to
the

soup bowl,
zooming in on

the
pink pill.

6.

A building
much taller
than the building
that wilted.

A building
so tall
you
can't even
see it.

7.

I sit on top
of myself,
and watch myself
talk.

I'm saying talk –
I'm Missy talking.

From here,
there appears
a dust-bowl
in the distance.

It rises
over shadow,
darkening
vision.

Homes go dark
and within them
go kitchens –
dark, of course,
and filled with din-din.

SEEMS

1.

I am rapidly
being
radicalized,
whee.

Information
is what I need.

There is more
to be done
than said.

This statement
is won of disbelief.

2.

Join the growing movement that starts with the lowest paid workers in our communities, those excluded from the dubious benefits of national labor laws. Today this section of the workforce suffers from insufficient income leading to hunger, lack of access to medical care and even homelessness. And our lack of income affects everyone else because if we cannot afford the basic necessities, businesses suffer by losing their customer base. Over one hundred million workers in this country – including many college graduates – suffer from the effects of downsizing, privatizing, and the exportation of production jobs abroad. This has the effect to keep our wages below a living wage, and deprive us of medical coverage and job security.

3.

My mind
is waving
to you
from across
the street.

Can you
see me
blend
into this
building?

It is brick

and red.

4.

A little art
goes

A sighting

A boom of gloom
(bomb)

*

Outside, and so

5.

I got the blood stain out of my Long Bavarian Lederhosen with zipper and legbands that buckle with Adolph's meat tenderizer. Adolph's meat tenderizer breaks down the proteins in the fibrin strings that form when blood clots, allowing the stain to be released.

Do you want to go out for Lekali tonight, I asked Miss X. I will bring my bottle of Adolph's.

6.

People

Dare to dream
of Police State VII

200 years of
pissed-off

People

7.

Change is in case
of emergency
for people in charge.
Largely resistances
start parties.

What's left

is an exit strategy
straight from the top:

Operating completely on a volunteer-run basis and entirely independent of government funding or other funds with strings attached, Western Massachusetts Labor Action has a presence in low-income communities deserted and shunned by others. If you are looking for a way to reverse the poverty and desperation running rampant in our land, and want to be part of an historic effort to rebuild our communities from the bottom up through an independent, community-based organizing drive, join us!

Long after Sun's death, popular mythology assigned a revolutionary and patriotic significance to the Sun Yat-sen Suit, even though it was essentially a foreign-style garment. The four pockets were said to represent the Four Cardinal Principles cited in the classic Book of Changes and understood by the Chinese as fundamental principles of conduct: Propriety, Justice, Honesty, and Shame. The five center-front buttons were said to represent the five powers of the constitution of the Republic and the three cuff-buttons to symbolize the Three Principles of the People: Nationalism, Democracy, and People's Livelihood.

That which renders me
happiest to be alive

At ME, I do my own work, but also get to be myself threading looms. I get to meet many people and be shown lists.

I get to be Missy in the mirror practicing my Kao Dode.

I get to work overtime every week and wages are \$25. This is how I got to work with Miss X.

SEAMS

Clorox Bleach 2, the color-safe bleach, proved effective in removing the blood and Lekali stains from my Toggle Grandad Shirt with double wooden toggle fastening.

“Miss X's real age was discovered after she committed suicide.”

Missy got to know Miss X when our hands touched. We were rethreading a Jacquard loom, tying warps to the existing warp with the help of a knotting robot which ties each new thread on individually. First Missy touched the robot, but then by accident Missy touched Miss X on the hand and she jumped a little, while Missy took a step back, surprised that on top of the loom already, between the fibers. The fibers rubbed against our bodies as the hook of the loom rose and lowered the harness which carried and guided the warp thread so that the weft lied above or below it. The sequence of raised and lowered threads is what created the pattern on the cloth. When we were done, our bodies were covered in Indian burns, stringy pink patterns on bare skin.

Even for a small loom with only a few thousand warp ends the process of re-threading can take days.

The next day we were back at the loom. The same thing happened. First, Missy touched the robot and then by accident Missy touched Miss X on the hand and she jumped. Again Missy stepped back. This time we had sex again. Our Indian burns were not yet healed and so the fibers rubbing against our bodies on the loom left even pinker Indian burns, and drew blood dripping onto the cloth we were rubbing, spinning patterns of blood into product.

SEAS

1.

Speak the secret
Quicken password
to re-enter the crime scene

*

Mental space
open late

*

Crime-ridden like Whole Foods.

Piles of bodies lying in aisles.

*

Mental space
within mental space
to order consumption
of food and bodies.

2.

Touch the magic eye book cover.
Hold it up to your face.

Skip class and go to the open mic.

3.

Serf's sup consists of:

Chorizo Burger, Bosnian Beef and Lamb Burger, Elevation Burger, Spicy Asian Burger, Great Wall Asian Burger, Pork Yakiniku and Chijimi Burger, Mint Chutney Burger, Saddam Burger, Russian Burger, Greek Burger, Moroccan Burger, Red Robin Reuben Burger, Kimchi Burger, Crispy Chinese Burger, Pizza Burger, New York Style Burger, Crazy Jamaican Burger, Raging Cajun Burger, Frijole Moly Burger, Tandoori Orange Roughy Burger, Mini Mexican Burger, Stuffed Mushroom and Blue Cheese Canadian Burger, Jumbo Kraut Burger, Osama Bin Burger, El Gordo Burger, BK Rodeo Burger, Mama African Burger, Pan-African Burger, Blue Indian Burger

Lives
penetrate
life
without bread.

Must acquire buns.

4.

Harp on
history

to hear
its song.

The lyrics
sound funny

but the tune's
all wrong.

It isn't
played like that

it's played a bit
like this.

Bang bang
fart fart

ubu
whistle whistle.

5.

A proposal
(of I's and others):

immanent separatism.

See: Iragaray, Loy, others.

But what does it
look like?

-rather

But what does it
look at?

6.

Which side are you on,
droid?

Which sign are you from?

Business turns its head to profit
as a flower does to light.

Neither is inevitable;
the flower inevitably dies.

Nor does death escapable,
if yet not not
 unsized, untenable.

The specific cheapest labor
turns its head to fire,

the light by means its scene is set
of logic's capital eyes (denounced I's).

7.

As
I imitate life
so
I'm life-like.

Monkey semen
Monkey doo-doo

Doo-doo you yahoo-hoo?

Doo-doo you like this poem?

Now how about this poem:

The mighty jungle
The lion sleeps tonight

wimoweh
wimoweh

EPSON Scanner Monitor

Pepsodent

Firefox

Hardee's

Safari

Obliterated city

Solitaire

Stickies

Poor people
pose

for me

In streets
in

alleys

For me
“bourgeoisie

steve”

Incense
of workers

smell be

For people
those

people eat

Don't blame me
I voted for Kerry

sszszzs@gmail.com

Each distinction is exactly arbitrary. Start anywhere. The bottom is the obverse of the top, and the bottom is the bottom of the bottom, bottom, bottom. Each America contains itself - everywhere amuck. The factory floor in Dongguan City is here in China. Bustling workers rethread the looms for ME alone.

ME is generous with benefits. It is or is not the only company in the Anderson, South Carolina area to offer benefits to part-time workers. Health benefits are available to anyone who works at least 20 hours a week, with eligibility beginning 90 days after an employee's starting date. Starbucks pays about 75 percent of the premium; staffers pay most of the remaining 25 percent, although the actual amount varies according to salary level.

Workers here, like the workers at most other factories that produce for Wal-Mart in China, are provided with no insurance, no pensions, no maternity leave, no marital leave and no leave to bury family members. At the Huangwu No. 2 Toy Factory, workers are worked at an unbelievable pace. The paint workers are spraying 1,115 small toys per hour. One toy every 3.23 seconds.

At the biggest Starbucks in the Anderson area, the wi-fi is free. Many jobs can be found online.

For instance, I'm at Naphtha Chemical now. That big white building near the Citroen plant.

About 213 miles (as the crow flies) from Secretariat HQ in Kent. Kent, the Garden of England, is about 4164 miles (as the crow flies) from the Secretariat Building in New Delhi - office building of the government of India.

There is no average American, all the same - rates of exploitation. And nothing so different about ME either. For instance, I have a fifty dollar bill. I spend eight dollars of it to see Babel at 10:45PM at the AMC in Hamilton, NJ. I now have two twenty dollar bills and two one dollar bills.

I have to pee. I pee into -

According to Starbucks Chairman Howard Schulz, "If they had faith in me and my motives, they wouldn't need a union." In some cases, such as the Kent, WA roasting plant, Starbucks has convinced workers to vote out the union they previously voted in.

Dialogue with a Consumer Product II

Randy Johnson is perfect this morning: In sports, Johnson becomes the oldest player to throw a perfect game. It was the 17th perfect game in Major League history.

(WEATHER REPORT)

Advertisement

This is the day
our neighbors made

QUESTIONING: What's most annoying about golf?

Advertisement

RANDY JOHNSON: It's the inability to repeat. You play one hole great, then go to the next tee box, and it's gone. What did I do wrong? Why?

QUESTIONING: With your size, you intimidate batters. That's no help to you in golf.

QUESTIONING: How much do you enjoy golf?

RANDY JOHNSON: If I have something planned for the day, and one of my buddies calls to tee it up, I'll rearrange my schedule. I like it that much, and my wife is very understanding. I'm not great. I shot even par once, and that day I misplaced my wedding ring.

QUESTIONING: That concept of not being paid if you don't do as well as half your competition: what about it?

MISSY: I'm a Krav Maga Graduate (blue belt) but Miss X is a Taekwondo Master (3rd Poom).

MISSY: I can use advanced punch and kick combinations against gun, knife and stick weapon attacks but Miss X can break boards with her feet, hands and head.

Obliterated city in each home

3M manufactures Post-it notes so I get complimentary packages of those. When Missy wanted to woo Miss X I spelled out the letter X in Post-it notes on the bathroom wall of (place where we have sex in the bathroom). When she saw the letter on the wall she gasped in my arms in agony her heart burst from love a fountain always overflowing-calling calling calling - Post-it, Post-it, Post-it - to the sky - ocean of water like nylon stretched across the horizon - the curve of the spray of suicide blood arching over our heads as we fainted on the bathroom floor - 3M style.

The bathroom floor was tiled with Gold 14 Brushed Surface in Roman Pattern Jerusalem Stone tiles. In all the commotion my Open Crown Roma Hat flew off my head and skidded across the tiles, coming to a rest under the Freshman Elongated Urinal with Top Spud, White.

WTC
WTF

Kurt Cobain's daughter

vs.

Eric Clapton's son

You Decide

Past alienation, toward the multicultural film festival

*

Triumphant way to behave

*

It wasn't really an emergency

*

Commerce contains the whole essence of society

*

Strangeness in toto

*

NRA=male=low IQ=pickup truck=gun rack=bubba=no teeth=hick=bigot=KKK=good
old boy=Deliverance (the movie)=white trash.

*

A Canadian Journal of Writing and Theory

*

To fill in the gaps of that knowledge

*

Actually, here is a rule that probably everyone will like

*

Clash of reciprocal contradictions

*

We are happier now

*

There was a desire for union but the power to effect it was lacking

*

You Decide

*

Sensing the historicity of sexual phenomena

*

Your stereo

*

Jokes and the Unconscious

*

A true science
of signs.

You Decide
who dies

Themselves

who aligned
themselves
with science.

The kind of guys
who lie about science.

*

Here in 2000-etc. America, we buy our looms from Ningbo Dahongying Industry & Investment Co., Ltd., which employs over 1,000 people with factories in the Yinzhou Industrial Zone of Ningbo City. Their electronic Jacquard and ribbon looms can spin at high speeds and are usually delivered between 15-25 days after ordering. Mr. Jiongyou Lou is the Legal Representative and CEO, a very friendly man. If you have any questions, do not hesitate to call:

BS.EN.ISO 9000.

We used in WWII
to get all the secrets
out of the enemies

die die

die Da
Vinci Code

We went out to China Bistro for Mama's special chicken. Then shot over to Anand Bhavan for a bite of Uppamah, a curry dish of the south, based on Cream of Wheat. Miss X also tried a steamed Gujarati dish called Dhokla, similar in consistency to cornbread, but wheat based and cumin flavored. After these entrees, we decided to go south of the border, as it were, and head down to Café Jumping Bean for a sip of coffee. When the caffeine hit, we hit the road again, and visited a little place called Spicy & Tasty for some Shredded Dry Bean Curd with Celery and Luxurious Duck. Miss X and Missy shared these dishes romantically. Feeling inspired by our food adventures, we quickly moved on to a new restaurant, this time here:

A Taste of Africa
West African Cuisine
3031 Adeline Avenue, Berkeley

where Miss X had a delicious plate of Ndole, a frothy, speckled-green puree with spinach, raw peanuts and garlic. Missy sprung for the Egusi stew, an almost frothy-textured blend of pumpkin seeds and tomatoes served over rice. At its best, Egusi stew is hot and garlicky with a rich, round flavor. On this night, however, it had a bitterness that approached the flavor of Ndole. Nonetheless, we scraped our plates clean at A Taste of Africa, and decided that it was about time for the main course. So we hailed a taxi to Reggae Hut and stuffed ourselves with Jerk Chicken and Honey Mustard Wings, followed by refreshing bowls of Jamaican Sweet Potato Pudding, and other island delights. Feeling bloated but inspired, Miss X suggested we make one last food stop. So we walked slowly through suburban Ballwin to Zhivago's Russian Restaurant, where the setting is romantic and a nod to old Russia. There we tried a variety of Russian and Eastern European fare. The Pelmeni was so authentic you might think you heard it speaking Russian, and the Cabbage Rolls were the best I've had. Plus we had sex in the bathroom. Feeling bloated but inspired, Miss X suggested we make one last food stop. So we walked slowly through Minato-ku to Shinagawa station, and across the street to Outback Steakhouse. Missy ordered a Ribeye and Miss X scarfed down an Outback Special: a 12 oz. center cut sirloin steak. By this time our appetites had been whet and we were ready for some dinner. But first we made a pit stop at my apartment and heated up a couple bowls of Lakali.

We sat in Padmasanam posture on my 6' x 3' Full-size Tatami Mat sipping our soups and flirting, sucking each other off with our eyes. Miss X suddenly slipped and spilled Lakali down the front of her Acrylic Mexican Poncho with horse design and split sides. She turned bright red and silent, leaping off the Tatami Mat and toward the door. As Missy tried to calm her Miss X promptly roundhouse kicked me in the face. Even though my Krav Maga training involved stroboscopes and fog machines meant to train me to ignore peripheral distractions and focus on causing as much damage as possible, I was startled by the powerful kick and fell limply to the mat while Miss X walked out the door, spin kicking all the while. Missy struggled to my feet, flung on my Cream Charro Fino Sombrero and bolted into the cold rain, calling her name.

All the restaurants we patronized are owned by ME, so I get employee discounts.

SEIZES

1.

Baby-faced
ROTC
recruiter

you suck
the wind
from the sub-sails
of gloom

for very poor
teens

from fairly poor
sub-dwelling

families.

Fairly you recruit
teen after teen

to your armier
clutches

to throw down
a gun now
very hi-tech.

Fairly hi-tech

DIME weapons blow tungsten dust through the body
but no chunks of shrapnel in the body.

ROTC
recruiter why

do you give away
bottle openers?

Repeat ROTC
after ROTC

to flee
the luck of war

for sip the bottle
the gloom of gloom.

2.

Beer on fire
and house too

The whole village
on fire of a city

A house has hospitals
and university

drinks beer

3.

Air Force Space Command in Colorado Springs is already thinking about a follow-on to FALCON -- a genuine space plane that would fly even higher and faster, stay up longer and carry more weapons.

*

Lasers that work in the atmosphere would work even better in space.

4.

severe heat at the point of amputation
but no shrapnel

“unprecedented type of projectile”
and also noted severe burning and badly damaged internal organs

produces lower pressure but increased impulse
in the near field

“abnormally serious” physically injuries

“dusting” on severely damaged internal organs

reporters that the legs of the injured were sliced
from their bodies "as if a saw was used to cut through the bone".

5.

username: wamh
password: football1

6.

Ago
goes

gloomy

*

Gloomy

men
waste sound

on booming.
Look at the doom

gun
the girl gets

kisses of doom.
The look

the men get a
very high-five.

*

Feet

SEASONS

WF
HO
OO
LD
ES

ON SEAS

T
A
R
G
E

ON SEAS BLUE

BB
LU
OS
CT
KE

UNDER SIEGE II: DARK TERRITORY

1.

Love is a poor man's
placemat. I could hold
you forever in my arms
knife and fork. Hunger
 for love is hunger.
Knife and fork forever.

2.

Miss X! Miss X! Missy shouted at the top of my blown voice, hoarse and wheezy. Desperately, Missy sprinted to ME HQ, and burst in next door to the factory floor, hoping to soothe Miss X, who was a boy weeping on our loom. Our loom was a working Jacquard Loom on display at the Shelburne Museum near Burlington, Vermont. We spent fifteen hours a day rethreading that loom together for almost three years. The looms were so close together that we would rub against the workers rethreading the adjacent looms. That's how Louis Zukofsky wrote: "Looms so close together, operators / Could barely stand up to work between them."

Missy wrote Miss X (being_charmed@yahoo.com) a short email, begging her to return to work. But Miss X never replied, and soon was replaced by Mr. Jiongyou Lou, 15 years old. Plus we had sex on the loom with Indian burns.

3.

Later in the poem:

I no longer
love Miss X

Very bad for me

Someone else
is not in love – Missy

Uh, uh, uh

4.

This is the sound
that love does.

Uh, uh, uh, uh

This is the sound
that love goes.

5.

Underwear
fur.

Friends are few.

Glass-
bottomed.

Heart
murmur.

Date: a whole day.

Deeds.

Manifestos of Surrealism.

We crowd
into a little car.

We drive
a little more.

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

We sleep
more.

Mr. Deeds.

Friends are few.

6.

In a

7.

Car

1.

See what a buck will get you
in cars.

Not many cars cost a buck.

I saw ME cross the street
getting hit by a car.

2.

sszszzzs@gmail.com

3.

ME stands for -

4.

ME

us
out of
them

5.

When I write

US out of Iraq
now please

I mean

someone
very bad
for me

get out
of Iraq

6.

All art eventually parodies itself
as advertisement. This is not sad.
When I walk into a coffee shop
and hear Coltrane lulling the patrons,
including myself,
there is nothing spiritual or sad left.
All there is is
the pleasure of the raspberry oat muffin
and regular coffee I buy.
I buy a Coltrane CD and later listen
to it while I write (just kidding).
This does not negate the time
I heard it advertising delicious coffee.
In fact, the delicious coffee advertisement
is retained in the music, supercedes
heroin addiction, race, my writing.

Despite this, there is the very real
experience of listening to the music
and being moved by it, sipping the coffee
but moved, in the middle of the floor
being moved against staring at the album cover
remembering race. And What's Love Got To Do With It
the movie.

When I write all art eventually parodies itself
as advertisement. This is not sad.
I mean all art in late capitalism,
where we hang out for now, happily
no longer, with regular coffee in hand
wide awake (as in aware) and anxious.
Necessarily I wish I could fall asleep
to music.

7.

What kind of rap do I like?

Gangsta
or Dirty South?

PEACES

Pose
for me.

Turn your head.

Now the other way.

Now the other way.

*

People – a rise
out of people

*

Arise,
object of study

and shed blood
in writing

*

I want it in writing

*

Feet

*

Quicken