

...after 1945 you're born with Puncturable Complex Syndrome. There's always an Invasion Corridor. The Advanced Delivery System never sleeps. It's worse than the Bay of Pigs...we already outdid The Bay of Pigs...before The Bay of Pigs...you can look it up... the VA Hospital parking lot is backed up to the eighteenth century...how can people be such fuckers? Not to mention half the neighborhood where I grew up went to work for Farmer John, Washington Wilson, or Hebrew National Vernon Los Angeles rendering plants—but why pick them?—everything's a rendering plant or a factory now...whichever site the manic munitions, automotive, prisoner-made underwear, whip handles, meat all the parts, push-up jock straps, public private charter schools agricultural factories operate in...every one of them drains a few drops out of you before they re-secrete them into the sheep head absence they hand back to you with your paycheck...your tax returns...your diploma...your competency certificate with a sitting duck as the logo, For Your Own Good, you don't need to know the kind of drops they're taking out of you...
...any factory...even Victor Schlovsky's language in Third Factory—it's a boring grind...almost

all work is the type of erosion you need to live
without...who determines the prices—what th'pay?
—laser range finders, goat cheese wrappers
production, recycled paper ream reamers, Nano
configurationers, Spermicide with Wings, gas barrel
liner manufacturers, the Corvette you don't care about
driving or seeing, Ground Meat Grinders Unlimited,
soy paste packaging, fertile eggs fertilizers, sour dough
—it's a factory of factories. There's a subterranean
factory at the end of the tunnel. I'll jump off that
factory when I get to it...

...I'm walking through the digital garden with
my ears on George Bush's head not his personal ears
on his head...but his on mine. And with my toenails
on Osama Bin Laden's feet...not his intimate precious
toenails on his feet, but those on me.—Dreams are
such fuckers—what am I supposed to do in this
Warlord's hell with Bin Laden's toe jam and George
W. Bush's born again ears?—What am I a puppet
running through a tunnel? This time around you're
born with Puncturable Complex-Dread...

...I anticipated, some remember, a few read about it,
FBI Wall Street militarist hardhat morons—they're
morons—cheering the Nixon Von McCarthy Von
Haldeman Von Kissinger Von Nixon Bomb First

Death Squad Select Mentality before Reagan's...
before Carter's...and the rest...up to the ongoing.—
Ford, I always forget Ford. Ford the Pardoner. Ford
was Nixon's little toe hair...the precious elite
criminal's toe hair...he would do anything for that
toe...American Police-droids'll strangle a Black
peasant for selling small tobacco, de-wing fruit flies for
buzzing their Empire's ear—whichever way you look
at the screen, the footage, the angles, their armed
procession, someone that escaped lockdown crackdown
chemical cleanup out of Detroit Paterson South
Central carries the main man on his back—lucky he
wasn't commanding tributes from us with the usual
wincing, ideas containing no mercy went through the
expressions in the faces in front of the bodyguard to
the biker bodyguard at the head of the procession...
he kept pointing at his head yelling at the crowd
including my crowd at the computer monitor...
sneering and pointing into the front row, the other
hand on his holstered gun, then waving a nightstick
at us for not taking off our hats and bowing
...the spiders are buzzards...
...lobsters are jackals...
...horse flies are men...
...the red mite eats the brown one...

~

...I'm too pumped up...what can Bush hear with my ears? Will he disclose what he hears me hearing to Obama's people, to Trump's Last Frontier apes?... will there be a file for later FBI Mossad I.S.I.S. KGB regimes?...all the factories I quit...the DNA of my abducted toe nails...everything will be held against me—because if I'm listening to a bee then Bush who can hear me with my ears is also listening to a bee... I don't know if he jumped up and ran with his security men chasing after him—I went back to asleep...
...I've sharpened enough dull blades...I've cleaned a thousand clogged colanders enough...I'm looking at a lifetime of inaccurate yoga...the turpitudes of banal explication...what you can't interpret enough, or free yourself from it to matter enough, within the time allotted.....personal allotted fact, in this lifetime I don't go to any allotted bars—I'm not saying I'm not common—the last time I went into a bar I was porous in all the wrong places...I was down to that one lung kind of pressure.—Bars...restaurants with tables out back...I don't go...a lot of the public places I might sit there's too much rage around me to feel sane...is there anything more portable now than rage?...a bar

napkin is a heavy load in that state of mind...the
emotional bar codes don't remember you...portable
deplorable...you miss what you miss...time expired
on those ...

...in the Spanish Picaresque novel the
character dressed in the clothing of the man
responsible for placing for rotating for inspecting for
fantasizing for cleaning for disadmiring chamber pots
says to the reader, Are you listening?—for the blind
cannot read...what's the karma of someone like that?
An abstract angle like that...I must've got used to that
position...that angle...that depression rotation thing
...that I made my tea too strong part, that I made it
too strong for the sake of that part, and the no longer
made parts, in the ragged transforming recording
device inside the sane body...I thought fatigue and
will-less-ness would plunk me into the ground sooner
than I could outlast the problem—herb of a dryer
region I call that part of myself. The region will be
held against me...sometimes there's no waking up and
not talking about it...the wide pale leaves I didn't
recognize at Santa C. Inn completely covering the rail
—erotic gloves I call them...I know those gloves...it's
a quality of mind, some would like to confiscate it, it
was never safely unconfiscatable...

I don't know what to do...I don't blend in...I can't
blend in...I had to blend in...how should I know if I
blend in...