Lary Timewell / EIGHT POEMS ONCE/THE





plots fragment where subtitles fail

I can't believe my eyes fall into old habits of

document head sense

once appeared bold the vertical juxtaposition

the linear like a cross obliterates

text giving up credit where musics due

these eyes believe the the the

stuttering film of the text

once appeared red a sexual revolution

now who's face of last year's media

made the manipulative intention of dramatic musical

scores

not produced so much then as let loose from the eyes

have it of deconstruction

written & realized after cezanne

I'm glad gertrude saw her chance

when she did what she did

OPEN CITY/& PINK MEGAPHONE





its all about surveillance my love says

this one shocks crows like mirrors all about

getting your attention first then moving in for the

fixing of sights on selling how her & it get identified

sign profit in solid masculine metric

shivering cheerleaders on the sidelines instructed

what to how to urge on the team

a blast signals open season on her

implicit & anonymous image as carne-

val queen
I sense more than see

a green ape looking in the pool

startled by my hand in it

LA MORT/& LE PARTY FOU





a spear taunts the edge of our limited nuclear vision of ourselves holding guns to the head the heart has barely enough time to make a little o in death o don't go out in the woods today its sure to be a surprise its bears & eagles & candu geese dancing mayday from pole to frozen pole a mad house on fire a superpowered party come as you were an instant ago

VOTRE LIBERTÉ/ & SPACE FLOWERS





headlines shred your sleep leave you only this

undersurface of waking to anxiety resistance

vague memories of film noir fade

the gesture across generation reduced by replaced by

a logical fiscal language

entropic computerese (read english read american)

founding father wisdom decrees now this

is for your own good could hurt me more than its

going to hurt you to agree say oui

say ja say da da

dechirez les affiches your alphabet's cornered

you cubist castro lover

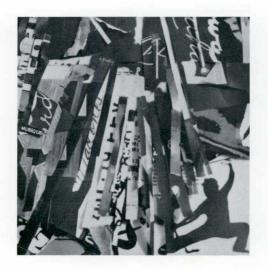
star wars is just this era's peter pan &

space junk flowers

in the O zone of your dream of

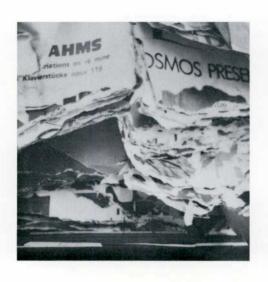
intelligent life out there

СНІ



in the stream of all this taking tiger mtn by storm
no sense of a banner that is not music for the spirit any of us could be dancer among this paper prayer tied to ancestral trees in the year of the ox in the tugging of the heart shaped kite of hyperbole after all

COSMOS & OCTOBER TENT





it begins decomposing beauty calls rust out from under layers of language unglued curved watermarks of time collecting alms for the trust fund of meaning as from a forest step these syllables rain on the canvas versus keys of the clavier stuck c/osmosis absorbed in reading under a blanket of pulp autumns spring one-liners on the audience our eyes resilient nation fears to be undone by assembly & gathering announcements' timely scrap thin banners flap

in the wind ing wind

CREATION/THEATRE





Harvest moon in ragtime torn from its tough

& pliant sense, sweet blue jellyroll of season

slides into the sea of old orleans, shrill

accordion of agreement

The notes' noisy tinman text builds up

jazz around middle C

molecular festival burst from barbed wire

the all or nothing of this song's necessity

: the axe fell followed

in time by the tree

MISOGYNIST EME/ & VICTOR MAN





fetch says the fire-eater in his best master's voice

lay that newsprint at my feet

he's the ad verse emblazoned boldface type

guard to this planetary household pet a sidekick bares her teeth

he tosses off another floral molotov description

like a '40s private dick dime novel in the hip streetsmart readership

heckler at poetry's side show something always

inflammable on his breath

in the fade of the latest thru hoops of fire & floodlights of publicity

no accident but how we're taught another trick for attention in obedience school

a nicely packaged letterbomb a

howling inside out