

David Bromige / from VULNERABLE BUNDLES

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Not much shape to this doughboy
Plenty to the plasticene figure
Giving birth & a handjob
Auspicious signs on the palms
Enabling numbering by epoch
While fucking in the "on-top"
Likes her back walked on
Stones, sharks, cookie-spill
Basketball backboard at heart center
Barbells within cosmic spheroid
"I feel disconnected today"
Sadness wells
White horses doing 69
In a watery zone
A cast of petals flowers
consciousness a kind of typo
Might have been hypo
See what sticks to the wall
It was I, I, always I
The Fido Bandito
The Scholar Gypsy
Great grandmother Bengali
He guesses bisexual from birth
Respect all gods but one
The Euro-American tradition
In art in politics in thought
Not anyone you might exclude
And stay on your moral highground

We had expected this
Being students of bathos
First he murdered his mother
Later he was rude to strangers
Another pronoun had sex
Harnessing comic energy
When you open a book
(Quand on...) you look
To see the radiant line
Rising up from groin to skull
From skull to ceiling
Of a person one may yet meet
Were the world circle-like
And we looking up or down
The island continent's zones
Energy fields & atmosphere
A shimmering sun at center
Stands in for a shimmering sign
Xmas-tree with double-headed axe
Figure who walked splat into wall
Leaving a face-sized circle of red
All the coins fit in one small chest
If one side matched the other
You would be hideous, handsome
These arcs would lead back home
And soon you too would be alone

Only a loser suspects his wife
 Smart of her lover to tell her to say

The reflexive dimension of understanding
 Its ineradicable historicity
 The hermeneutical situation
 Understanding as a mediating fusion
 Understanding as an instance of application
 The infinity of the Unsaid
 The significance of questioning & dialog
 Understanding as historical process we belong to
 Language as the medium where understanding is achieved
 The overcoming of the standpoint of absolute subjectivity
 And its ideal of scientific, objective knowledge

"I can picture the smile on his face"
 Yet she has not been adulterous
 Abstract & possible conceived the plausible
 It won all its races as a three-year-old
 Not a single loser bet on it

Middle section from Paul Schuchman's work on Aristotle & Gadamer in *Philosophy*
 Today Spring '79.

PARTY!

Then things get even more interesting. Dully wiped surferly out. Appauled for his agrments. Padded on the rare end. Dual to the dearth in a barrom baral. Her servered from loanliness. He frequented his employees. Put to work studing & being trained in prober manhours. Appeaching her forensidly, he laughed hurtidly, then guggled with derise. 'Not too embressing', he drewled. He was gait alright. Socity was noting but hairs & founies. He intered this realm quitely, with diplomia. Vocationing in Vegas, washing excoctic densers. Except this avarice.

It gets better. They grimmed as they pasted him on the seet. Rubbage. A fast residing airline. The sweet of his own bow. 'I shall see what can't be done'. Almost past marring, her truesew. Ampisously he stroked upawed. He was an archticist. None for his monitory reckonsense, his colonary skulls, his facal features, his prosuadive ways, parsels of speach. Derelic. Clutting. Spenting. Distoy. Death. His honorable dearth & dishonorable intensions. 'Put me out of my missuary'. He immulated her, his sparing partner. Frusted, criped, endemptent. Tried a torch of vingar, waited as a roamer circulated. Feminine. Perfect. Anblily sated? He subjected another why out. Forst thought bets thought, anglozied. Cought speacking. Quit so.