

1  
A h Y a S i g n

2  
c u m u l a t i v e -  
l y g o o e y

3  
t h e h a - h a -  
h a i s s k i t -  
t i s h

4  
w i t h h a l o -  
g e n l i p s

5  
m a t i n e e  
d o u b l e - y o u

6  
t h e n m u r d e r  
a m o n a d

7  
t h e c r u d e  
i s f a b u l o u s

8  
s t i n g  
p l e a t s  
s t a g e

9  
n o t s o  
s t u t t e r

10  
O V E R F L O W S

B O O 12

*from* Flameproof

Bruce Andrews

No verbatim monstrous glee, transparent symptom noise below another  
gala. More slur pretext lonely. Tinselt half-womb glitter  
ahahaha on white mezzotint stirrup merchandise. Headless  
lights lay a pretty bitched "let J equal let K". Value money over  
relationships all of a sudden. Tinkly light might simply bring into  
play the entire range of paranoid symptoms.

Kept shouting dialect elasticized & lovingly tended. Tactile blue-  
prints poison wetted up against pixied reality. Institutions'  
Institutions — ugly and they come back to life. Deindividualize  
but do not dehumanize at this flattering proof of the mistress's  
partiality monastically austere.

Idealizes autopsy audibly frothed doing dilated part  
particulars. Huge news tooling divvied show-off. Pretty  
much let's see yeah I might anachronism pinholes talking  
by big okay gas-burners. The tongue moot pitch white over  
odd gravity charms iced page spectrum wetting. Just  
anthem misspelled & although fitful partials, oh those  
possibilities. OLIGOPOLY, humpty-dumpty. Step right up  
folks, we ARE some fine things to chickenhawk today. Left-  
handed voice some conceptual aren't. To pick up on...  
second-guessing stylistic possibilities. Not enough TIME  
to read. The postcard was great & lib lab wig wagged out.  
Missile manner gets to be a rather big noose for feelings.  
Hope your upside-down candy heart wants to go on its  
monopoly.

Ache by it better to be booed back to back bargain. Bound  
Fictitious Object — gingerbread kind of. Don't overtax it,  
get the muzzle off. The future as a program prompt present, a  
sad finger in any dike aims full decay nervous in safety voracious.  
No. No. This is action. The luxury of chlorophyll  
convulsions in stride arraigned as fetish verb. The same solitude  
keeps hope machines going by this overhatching. Quote The  
Lord is my Shepard and he knows I'm gay Quote a low priced  
car, it's a prestige car. But only a king can escape dissonance,  
and kings, not infrequently, go mad. Fanshen.

*from the Trojan light*     Drew Milne

*'What a science there is in  
being well adorned, what a weapon  
in beauty, but what elegance there  
is in understatement.'* Coco Chanel

*the Trojan light*

by broken wing of stealth  
as its signature shoots up  
pins upon bulbs or herds  
now with staff and ribbon  
of the smoking flesh does  
two shakes to question its  
highest court and is found  
wanting while resolutions  
drape the page in flashes  
that there is no quarrel  
with Troy or Trojan spears  
who never stole nor would  
bear the storm cloud if but  
a penance of democracy it  
is to check these killing  
seas filled in the ethic  
set to float the image of  
its image then before the  
full weariness of answers  
where but none so fast as  
the scudding light bands  
who sue the sky for peace

*unearthliness*

the rude coming in of brutes  
and the new vague are cares  
left before winter election  
that fetches tinsel or your  
skeletal and a frosty train  
that simple vessel as it is  
so impracticable according  
to teachings of a restraint  
felt to be the better sect  
and now grass roots feed on  
the most photogenic tyrant  
to show no sign of buckling  
both by reason of its shame  
and the actual thinness as  
grounds for nutrition give  
blood and dust that ruffle  
confidence in an infectious  
cowardice set to bring down  
the house that envy calls  
and an only boon in whitest  
veils over the bruised slip  
of a thing surpassing beauty



*pixel perfect*

swing across the spectrum  
to the most concrete bounce  
dandy skidoo at some level  
lifelike for real or today  
a babe magnet then earwig  
subsumption architecture as  
filthy as augmented fifths  
sing splish splash splosh  
on the task environment in  
make up parlour the chatter  
who slows to a countenance  
of failure according to fit  
and pants to the brawn in a  
vat so miffed by knit wear  
doing bedroom eyes all over  
charming invites to ecotage  
or noise bias set exclusive  
so all power to your elbow  
as data mills go ditto on  
the floss of bleeding jaws  
tweaking away for all it's  
worth in a sparky deformer



*nothing like a dame*

when air's dark kids come  
to terrorise the hapless  
each hum each surly noise  
all silken inner weeds do  
keep such counsel to the  
public good as the earth  
is overlaid with sequins  
and such swarms that rise  
out of hollow rocks still  
to the sports section and  
it is that cannot strike  
truce but in the shadows  
of collateral bonfires so  
led are progeny to rapist  
valley amid quick columns  
the advancing sylphs who  
vents then do not take a  
spite but melts the eyes  
all fled in that crowning  
instance of the long walk  
darts from burning thighs  
to the arms of a refugee

*surprise surprise*

but first a closer look at  
the day in delicate skulls  
of after-sky now that body  
bastion of the giddy on a  
major geekfest so sozzled  
he nearly let the cat flap  
see through a safe howl of  
you know the supercilious  
little sun-drenched grotto  
or call me thrift shop chic  
as Tieck fittingly remarked  
it's as if amid top beauty  
one passed a tavern before  
which drunken dancers bank  
the quarrel come stiff city  
now that the fuzzy set are  
on high and bubbling under  
the starry throng who would  
true valour see does chirp  
is the plastic soul, policy  
wonks in laddish balm of a  
sweet notion dropped off to

*quite wonderful*

office gives it the needle  
to fuse among already large  
rods within electricals at  
several removes from tummy  
come light plunged internal  
if loose and mouthing trees  
began formal talks to scenes  
from the chambers of what  
in the way too good torture  
of taking a hot seat in pink  
to work the first of spring  
breaks into the numb case  
as had been a body thing  
and cramped to second none  
as that said so moving list  
shuts the march right there  
in a pool the toes of some  
way that distraught brings  
to focus as cooking had me  
a polished celebrity confess  
part way with an intimation  
the course she told of woman

*Empire Dress*

Arrive there and seek there the possible: a scarlet whore throwing her hat  
to a friend, the whole artillery of reproach

it was Dali's (*hush-hush*) pond

and Doesberg's diamond lung  
inside- (like this)  
out. The exhibitionist's heart  
bleeds everyone/  
equally so.

Let it be that this embrace is not about "the thunder of the [painted] foliage"  
because

dumb thud thus in a leaking wall  
in myriad slather in history forsake (cf. *I stand by Sand Creek*) for slaughter in  
the afterglow. For-rent potential risks this

but got secretly imploded  
awning over  
restoration farce.

Flies in your pocket, the devil will never come back.

Reenactments only. Any useful work follows  
(shot his own horse in the head) the plow

I had seen or was to see thereafter. O

but gone strict formless (b flat)

visions of Tu Fu  
visions of soldiers falling upside-down upon them.

I feel like that all the time.

*Minor White*

Minor white. Minor *mirror-mirror*. Mine  
comes up to *here-here* to fit to start to fit  
the big house. Hunger-double's copped-up  
*catch-me-at-it* exit line  
less and less.

Godspeed our crowded acre, won to the accompaniment of  
stringed orchestras in about six weeks.

Drive a spike through it: emblem of the then-new furor takes a veil.  
Elocution contested, unrepentant—his stamp all over it—  
the fairest of them all, the salient qualities of a second sphere,  
a cup runneth to conquest.  
Muckrake and graft.  
The zeal of thy house is eaten me up.

If we were not in Kansas already,  
not in ship's rope, in small-world blunders,  
not in public but later—pleading imperialism  
with the live snake coiled in her purse.

And char from the pistol—but here  
by his joy his joy showed (fondling  
a cross to the tune of *Our County Textbook War*).  
This American flag is not on fire or in action.  
*I have no constancy.*  
*I have no constancy.*  
Whole host. Quarter host.  
Very carefully himself.



*Carry A. Nation*

took an axe and it sounds  
like this—took an axe to  
the tune of one nation took an axe  
took an axe all italic  
etched in acid bath  
of ages age of ash is  
as *as* does washes the other

when you say that.  
To the tune of  
dress rehearsal one  
to get ready get ready

forgotten and alone and some who stopped to scoff  
while the busy look up.  
*There's more than one way to document the legendary Texas.*

Eventually, the fish will bite each other.

Temperance in middle recall  
*as-is scrapbooks from the fictional Crawford County*

psycho metric motor babble  
sis-bewildered attic union  
“some unknown repulsive force”  
carved out of reaches daily in Pastime Park

long gone silver lining

volunteer a tear dear  
a hatchet for the upcoming  
*campaign instruction*  
instruction your there your  
wash and awl  
original packages  
all the road to hell notwithstanding

“You refused me the vote and I had to use a rock.”

Take off your off your take  
your your *property damage fixing to take place.*

Elegant accouterment.

Majority Blank.



*Thereafter*

the voices you hear could be your own

in equal parts sugar  
salt sugar panic

pink and green pink and green and green  
go on give me my lost button back  
to front  
to someone else  
to death  
to do you  
on the take the lamb  
of God's grace's aces  
double straight to market to  
market to borrow or just the gist of it

bank shot

just another school-day day job  
judging the wicked

who walk it off

what if God *were* one of us

with dealer plates

techno cratic logical pop  
goes post all fact ma'am  
Simon says put your hands  
on your harness on your  
*insisted on being it*

this is not your horoscope  
the dirty bits strapped back  
going to pieces like a rope of sand

Fragonard on ragged ardor  
gone raging Fragonard

free reign to the crusader  
have had an A-1 time and I am having it now  
for an hour and a half

a halt to it

adagio

an age ago an adage  
a dagger before me

the sound the call to dear old alma  
matter land of the stately

stop your whining, it's just a gesture  
of contempt preempted

(oh) little town of call it *redrum*  
call it raid or pillage  
[naked woman naked pillar]

Oops.

mezzanine  
one hundred and peaceful  
out of earshot  
out of range

safer to drown him before he grows up  
the bottom dropped out open a door and walk out  
ascribed to revenge

cashiered  
in sport

I get the sheet, you get to starve.  
Start counting.

IN THE AIR    Miles Champion

The stop time limits motion  
    Cheap fleshy rock  
Looming yellows colour a tooth  
What's under the light is clean or dirty  
    Local stuff  
flames away from glass  
The air is geology  
    A house docks  
amid cool woods and busy reference  
    The crows cats  
    foxes and magpies  
look for food, sunlight and shadow  
pointing into the tense

The exact species picks up background  
using the floor to step out  
    a bright read surface  
Numbers grip, value's murk  
a clear pencil blackens bafflement  
    "bursts lead to bursts"  
Preference is an asterisk  
    A star dreaming of light  
    and torn through touch

A primer is noting the mismatch  
Several beachchairs covered in snow  
    of some aerial wrench  
nailed by its stalk to the pole  
    Night siphons mirror  
a hot wind and party guests traced by pheromones  
    Each hole is solid  
bubbles into view against the window  
As the sun comes on and we think to  
    transduce coolness  
By kissing force goodbye  
    This conscience  
a lucky official sense of depth

Angular lassitude  
with the "whirr" of a person  
nailed to its closed tip a sentiment  
yielding states  
human jets strip out of the bandshell  
pink rubber dovetailed with night haze  
unbutton, press release  
the ripe cycles got collected  
names in their celibacy  
questioning space

The eye as target  
no rival teams  
"block the sight"  
The written region calls spontaneous  
Chains link means, ring mute bells  
Forming spheres  
bake until golden  
Doubt tunes division  
in an "evaporating matrix"  
Deep sides resist  
a flat thumb  
projecting a simulated hook

Invisible method "envelops photographs as  
much as literature"  
A short bead perspires  
The flames are white  
their shapes stuck before noting  
the designated exit  
One flicks through a transitive corridor  
Sense data fills  
from its amber lining  
in range of discoloured routine

Super dated places one five  
dropped a neutral caption  
Commotion goes unprobed  
so space is loaded  
Sequence merely describes  
these short lines are "breathers"  
tumbling into the frame like eels  
One half hangs over  
swamps that hinge  
The self pleasure market  
The author escapes from its paragraph  
clear ideas thus accompanying words  
onto the boat



Like tabs and cabs the idea of *BOO* magazine arrived for last call at a bar tangential to the Or Gallery/KSW prior location, in the downtown east side of Vancouver. This was in early spring 1994. Between then and 1998 eleven issues were produced that included visual art, poetry, opinion, reviews, interviews, letters and ads. Most back issues are still available from the Or Gallery (or@orgallery.com). The *BOO* editors sincerely thank all who contributed to the magazine. — Deanna Ferguson

Cover page: from *Time Expansion* by Bruce Andrews

**Bruce Andrews** is author of over twenty chapbooks & books of poetry. A collection of essays on his poetics, *Paradise & Method: Poetics & Praxis* available from Northwestern University Press. He also is co-editor of (back in print) *The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book* (Southern Illinois University Press). Published in 1999 *Aerial* #9, anthology 'Contemporary Poetics as Critical Theory' of recent poetry, interviews, & essays on his work. Forthcoming are *Lip Service (the Paradiso project)* from Coach House Press and, from Green Integer, *Designated Heartbeat*. Andrews also works in a multi-media vein as Music Director, Sally Silvers & Dancers (currently mounting a piece on revolution inspired by Luigi Nono's work). He lives in New York city.

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**Drew Milne's** poetry collections include *Sheet Mettle* (Alfred David Editions, 1994), *How Peace Came* (Equipage, 1994), *Songbook* (Akros, 1996), *Bench Marks* (Alfred David Editions, 1998), *As It Were* (Equipage, 1998), *familiars* (Equipage 1999), *The Gates of Gaza* (Equipage, 2000). He lives in Cambridge, England.