

Rodrigo Toscano / TWO POEMS

Sublunary Markings of Autumn, In

In contemporary lockstep provincial cathedral morality.

In contemporary frilly.

In lockstep contemporary grousey.

Who's dunkin' who's donut in who's chalice.

Sole brand of flaneurship remaining — how much cheddar — you got — *on* you.

Damn she's moti-vetted (damn she's moti-vetted.)

In lockstep contemporary mousy sharp-toothed.

Hook you up Nova Yehrky.

Coney Island crazed veteran from Kiev in wild tangled tubery — Medicare won't cover it, "more yuice blease, Nina, more yuice."

Terminal condition, liminal perdition, *aeasthe-*

In contemporary lockstep brittle, sore-to-be-so-solid.

SNU SNORKE'M.

Score you a Bengal Tiger in a bar, grrrr — you go grl!

Find you a roarin' rowdy spendthrift.

In provincial lockstep, night is young, professional & prosthetic.

“Just dyyyyin to meecheu”

Spork for to tender meat.

No thing . . . but in you.

In *brightness*, and in “live.”

Young ethnicities go tilt in the conversion, older ones nod out.

Some kind of erotic thread, some kind of careful full-effect, gets lost in transmission.

Dime following dime following nickel into sickly slot, *healthy* to be callin’ in.

If t’wasn’t ferr Chippy McNeesh

Double-decker gawkers in for a national treat, *remembrance*.

Today as a stand-in for *today*.

If t’wasn’t ferr Chippy McNeesh we wohden’ t’even be taulkin’ about’it

Conjure Hart Crane, conjure Garcia Lorca . . . *Populi Berrigani*.

Supply you, connect me, vice versa.

In lockstep provincial, contemporary: *Spork* Town.

Safety-pinned army-style backpack — punky-buttoned, *journaling* . . . Union Square into Triangle Slot.

Quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus haerens

“Each thing — its powers limited — its deep-set boundary mark.”

Conjure sneakers, glittery speckled sidewalk, green gum on pink gum on white gum, neatly flattened glob.

Slow: Mow: Bards . . . none so pure, none so besmirched, as to be singularly *non-affordable*; by the pack, a whopper of a bargain.

“De donde (mijo) . . . viene tu . . . *i-n-s-p-i-r-a-c-i-o-n?*”

Each prohibition, allowance, syncretic sequence in Rigorous Leisure Born (R-L-B), in lockstep provincial contemporary frilly.

Everybody and *nobody* wants you.

EMT style mini-pockets at lower mid-thigh, utility cotton blue, ultra fitted, pony-tailed, pert, knowledgeable, and experienced . . . unsheathes the shiniest pointiest scissors you’ve ever — puncturing pops the windpipe — *yours* . . . the social phobia / kink explained.

Worm wormin’ its way to realpolitik . . . go worm.

Who thunk to drag it, a so-called So. Cal. corpsey *aeasthe-*

Who thunk to drag it, sloppily, gracefully, global context.

Find you a Tigresse, boy, a roarin’ rowdy spendthrift.

Be-booted one, sternly, in silky saffron swirly body suit — *what be you to me?*

Mother Ulterior.

Magnificently speechy horrific and imitative.

Wrappers around toys, wrappers, great wrappers of New York.

Great Wrappers of New York.

In lock and in step, and in down.

Rheumy fall's a' fallin' mournfully East River flows, chilly as a Mcsorley's mug.

Höher und höher und höher.

Up with your bed sores borough politics.

In lockstep, **P**rovincial, **P**rosthetic, **P**rofessional.

“Spork” a hybrid between two Super Developments / moments in human industry, human culture fanning out from the basins of East Central Africa . . . and the Crimean little nub up there, some kinda' *somethin'* there, Genetrix to Sanskrit, Latin, Russian, Spanglish.

Tender meat.

No thing . . . but in you.

“nice to spork you”

Agnostic silver shovel slid across your velvety fleshy round arse (ooh) and in lockstep.

Out of proportion — *lusty spork*.

Get cher dome off the stick son! (cher dome off the stick)

‘K’ ‘O’ — in reverse.

Aestheticon insert.

Aestheticon extra.

Secular almsgiving.

To Leveling Swerve

Gotta love the tools; we seek breaks or voluminous strength from such toils.

Lowdown people (we) do *not* ask when bitching a 180 turn.

The stately political beat, it will not want Holy Books, in the end, desert mummeries.

Groove into the tools, we breaks or voluminous awareness in: Art.

From corn-shucking peasant to almost all of a burgher, *spasm*.

Almighty site pattern about the beastie wound.

If the collective guilt is adapted, almighty site pattern about the beastie wound.

Them on the walkout of the Syrian Borders Bull Hides Tenderizers Dispute.

With the Israeli Stucco Bull Relief activated in phased-out lighting, diplomacy.

We as the Blockbuster News critic sentinels acting “disgusted.”

Break the tools; we brinks or voluminous red runes against such blues.

E-head Octavia McKinney tied to airport parking booth, feels it (a tad).

Tweaker Rutilius Feldman tied to gallery front desk, feels it (a tad).

Whom we nodded to open a ghostly door, jacking the supplicants, one by one.

Dream that in fact is *locked-out*, to re-awake at the Barriers of Petrograd.

Play the guild master of worn monk’s cowl, play the Union Satin embroidered pride of brothers & sisters.

Receiver of drummed up Class Fidelity made skeptical via optical (mainly) rally.

Tidy forms sex acts on the cardiac tidal of Wordy World Poetry.

Into the committee of Dilpey Kennedy's PAC \$, extending our interests — barely.

Nice to know we don't amid wet hospital dreams of the can't afford *a dink* of a soviet.

Nice to know the about legal money frontal mutton chops etiquette.

Any way at my own peaceful DOS resistance got marked up.

Exceeding the national wound, the localist acid building, you feel DOS.

Did the DOS "postal" acting *i-n-d-i-v-i-d-u-a-l* mortify our courtroom spirit?

Ask the classy spread-out office exceller to post a padded sexy oval shape into the discourse.

Done to the guild's obloquy, tomatoey squishy legacy, "saucy" "retorts"

Put the McDonalds into it.

All 3, 000, 000 unassociated struggling gligs and glags.

For the Adornian leather pants don't fit so evenly snug no more.

For the Paulo Freirian *playeras* — at least three sizes, too billowy.

People what I use is little more than Kiely Garcia saves on his global calling card.

Keily Garcia, Jim Beamed straight to Channel 8, hog-tied and booked, feels it (a tad).

Who can't mask anymore what amply nests a market demand on *my* "look" — as against *yours*.

Who woke up at any-place Nevada putting a discerning eye to the horse trading all around, and saddled up *half* the workforce.

Gotham City Labor more about sultanate corrupt building trades subtleties than associating eager immigrants.

That lower-class seekers ply their thrusties and gyrationals against their multiple-unit owning cousins: “poethics”

How we realized our beanies were backwards oddly worn, non-abrogation of Social Contract — beanie forwards.

Mortality gets into some technical difficulties, but the you-move-I-move *meant* — lives beyond you.

I mean to say, it is *not* alive “beyond you” — it is neediest breath, the next.

The most intimate-public impulses . . . consciousness toggling / toggling consciousness.

The newest beanie flipped sideways — with abandon, the not back-to-front historicity.

The without the beanie altogether.

The without the beanie . . . *all together*.