

JEANINE WEBB / Higgs Boson Fever Fills Cern with 24-Hour Particle People and Angry Seductive Metaphysix

see these hips have never been theoretical
excitement: almost palpable
the canteen: abuzz

Fabiola shows beautiful event displays of these Higgs candidates in the 4-lepton
channel.

“take these hips to a man who cares” is not an ontology
while this song is not correct or fair to circumstance (i.e. tragic
like all summers in the end)
sometimes the relief of essentialism in the real.
or like, don’t

take them to a man! if we ourselves
are the means of production
it becomes muy importante
that we seize ourselves
we at times appear not to see all the cities
we’ve sacked
but à la même temps-perrapture
these inner calculations can
kill the actions, shame we
inherit, or

CANCELLED

“due to threat of police
against all activities
except Occupy Your Soul,”
so yeah.
parricide which means murder of a parrot, obv.
I’m giving all these books love
bites in semi-public places
I mean looks

several loves at four-sigma confidence interval
does that mean rhythm or does that mean

don't worry about what's right / just be
for real

I was, *am*
trying every possibility
of opening.
you know: to stop dying in the cycle
because one's heart is not a silver machine
of debenture and furthermore is
a torch so: shine it on the funk

We kept bartering bibelots in Byblos
and in spite of this cortege of reactionary siamangs
and the corridors of mounted police

in the swash of modistes
an End of Empire State
of Mind began, in a dream state
where on the verandas shared
I mean eras, our hearts became
a beautiful catalog of weapons

it was mad hot

and then we weren't even allowed to keep
that narrative it was stolen back from us
in an underwhelming offscreen firefight

by a daring girl in the service economy
police raid the worst
kind
hand-
bound

by a Nobel
“for his work on the standard model”
so it clocked us
in.

“Fine, there is something there—a resonance,” says a Martinus Veltman, emeritus,
martinizing.
Honey laundering rings.
Then my barricades
beginning to feel
annulate
my impuissance
unexcused
merciless!

All the Involved Parties: Oh don’t talk to me anymore! I am shuddering among the
sages!

colliding on the daily
how hard it is to sing when your heart is
crushing and the prison needs conflagrated
and the laundry needs done
that’s not even my idiom
but it 7.5’s ours

The ZZ+2photon Combination: So much applause. So much energy!

Still it was difficult but I galvanized
every gimcrack and courted
every panjandrum. I fitted
myself with neon goggles
and voltaic gloves before
putting on this record
for the nearest
and farthest of
friends

love, our subject