## Vanessa Place / from Lo mismo: The same

> 1 Sad presentiments of things to come.
> Plagiarism, as translation, are blush arts.
> 2 With or without reason.
> People v. Scheer (1998) 68 Cal.App. 4 th 1009, 1023
> [defense counsel "'is not required to make futile motions or to indulge in idle acts to appear competent'"]

3 The same [thing].
The two men danced together like girls.

4 Women give courage.
Rats ate the eyes and liver first.

5 And are like wild beasts.
Susan was shroud in fawn curiosity.

6 This brings you luck.
Sweet scent of untold violence.

7 What courage!
Hot urine on a summer sidewalk.

8 This always happens.
She gave me pale yellow roses wrapped in lavender paper.

9 They do not want to.
Time ordering time.

10 Nor they.
Jesus preferred the egrative-absolutive, which struck him like the sun.

11 Nor these.
Michael says I am selfish and willful and seductive.

12 This is what you were born for?
Someone brought a dozen doughnuts, mostly crème-filled.

13 Bitter presence.
Kenny loved the plump red-jellied ones.

14 The way is hard!
Look me in the eye and say that!

15 And it can't be helped.
A glass of cold beer and a warm salted pretzel.

16 They equip themselves.
She had a pitched inability to regard the subjectivity of others.

17 They do not agree.
I feel I cannot do anything about the current administration.

18 Bury them and keep quiet.
A thin green shoot, semi-coiled, flexible along the length, crooked at the tippet, knotted with buds, rose-purple and purple-brown at the base.

19 There is no more time.
I can't get away from the woman.
20 Treat them, then the others.
No life within, no death without.

21 It will be the same.
A green thistle shout with white milk.
22 All this and more.
Janet loved people like frozen kittens.

23 The same [thing] elsewhere.
Like flying ballerinas, there are many ways to catch.

24 They'll still be useful.
He brought with him a blue nylon rope.

25 So will these.
Where are your brute \& cushioning ghosts?

26 This is not to be looked at.
Jason's favorite meal was spaghetti with meatballs and a slice of buttered bread.

27 Charity.
In the dark, the boy's white torso gently glowed.

28 Rabble.
It was cold, and the footprints were frozen over and lightly frosted.

29 He deserved it.
We have no richer purpose.

30 Ravages of war.
o heaven o hell o this hissed madness this blanched charm made base

31 This is too much! widely panned for excessive subjectivism

32 Why?
He kept his hair in cornrows, parted on the right.

33 What more can be done?
The torso put its violet border towards the night.

34 On account of a knife.
On account of a knife, a throat.

35 Nobody knows why.
The modern monster is Frankenstein, a creature of construction with no independent purpose: no point to the point of him, he is rounded, then curved back. He is soulless, not because he is a murdering monster, for who isn't, but because he does not exist outside his existence. The rest-his predatory nature (sexual to be sure), his status as resident alien (potentially assimilable), his Buster Keaton deadpan (never funnier)—in sum, his desire to be a man but without man's insignificance, are all facets of the same aspect: absolute presence accompanied by absolute lack of effect. Causality will be the death of me! So too much appears today, creations that are creations only by virtue of being creatures,
creatures that are creatures only by virtue of being created. Created by virtue of being, which has no virtue beyond birth. For without hope of accidental murder, the creation is merely a full-term abortion.

36 Not [in this case] either.
The jury brought a dozen doughnuts and snack-packs of Pringles.

37 This is worse.
It was my understanding that the idea of the organism revolves around the existence of a boundary (i.e., if there is no boundary, there is no body and therefore no organism. Given this), I would suggest my concerns with "form" a priori implicate the question of the boundary.

## 38 Barbarians!

This is worse!

39 Great deeds-against the dead! Three men, castrated, tethered to a tree. Two hung right side up and upside down, the third made three.

40 There is something to be gained.
Only the weak are innocent, by the guilty, is guiltless proved.

41 They escape through the flames.
There is a tensile facticity to that which is beautiful, a mechanical and mathematical quality to grace not natural or even artificial, like bodies billowing by Brady.

42 Everything is topsy-turvy.
Her dress a white bristled beard with careful blue buttons.

43 So is this.
My father shined his belt buckle with Brasso and his shoes with Kiwi paste polish, black.

44 I saw it.
The detective told him that the victim and 3 other people identified him; appellant said it was mistaken identity.

45 And this too.
Sad work, if you can get it.

