

Andy Gricevich

Dear Distribution:

The impulses are beginning to work. Down in the canyon, nothing but mosquitoes and angles. What if it? So / write. Couldn't. There's. A sundial under the shady tree. There are two birds on a white tree. There is nothing I can do about this tree.

Now recall the difference ship is "Harper's Ferry," a question of intention.

Occasionally write habitually to disperse  
Restlessness while listening. The devil is

Said to have a plane, which goes by. She left  
Reno on a Greyhound. Janet Greyhound. Left

Right, phrasing it two different kinds; refrain again  
at honky-tonk thinktank, after close digital sweep.

Hand gestures to the bridge picture, a question one  
won't stop asking but could. The statement

everyone's vocabulary contains (in) its own unique  
personal sentence (is stupid), at the end of which

my people sing "yaaaah." "Forcep limit" is on the radio.<sup>1</sup>  
Birds lined up, color of edges. Still and on. The queen's

new dress became<sup>2</sup> ugly, expensive, a view of war from  
afar from a window, a white window you can be all yours.

The collar of edges. The edges of Caller One.

Radio personalities, secreted by the mother's  
agents, seem vibrating stone  
and air. That's what I would have

said. For me. Earlengths away, a president  
swats into his account. Tonight the trees  
have diverged into potential victims (choices

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<sup>1</sup> "Forcep limit" is on the radio.

<sup>2</sup> the original fabled steak from the original factual steak house

you might call “characters”). A grove, a good place  
to forget a diverse community of trinkets. Regulators  
in the closet, hurry get out! That’s what I was going to say!

The heiress quaked hard, then slept.

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monotype oedipus

This outmoded emotion, unlike a song  
instructing you to remain upright

Camera work in unstoppable continuities  
around the bad light

They only sound like principles on paper  
Coerced incomprehension compounds sentence

on the border of this and over taxed  
fireworks are supposed to be beautiful

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My little Saab admits it’s weird.

The horse doesn’t get it.

Babes in the dark economic wood

sit up and say, “Go away”

after three hours of this, baby,

you’ll believe anything

as a rule

to save his life

California is largely populated by wasp larvae

the moon is high

Either finding the form too close

to the concrete divider, or forget

about it. Body in the trunk

a giant  
cellular silence descends  
some elated poet  
took a nosedive

a drive

branches  
on the page in the trunk  
not I

Wild Wash Rd. another wave of car capitalism  
pupateskills working class over &

---

frail ease

bodes abalone  
colon donor dolor

furled

color bodies

TWO

horns  
blown

blain on my ring finger  
need for spade  
to loosen winter sOil  
"random" dirt

bestride        bide    t

What causes ZAPS? ZAPS are caused by foreign soup, migrating into my apartments via the SCREEN. Puppies still do it, and pocket pALs.

          some unlocatable Easter  
          power tool out among the asses  
IN EARS. Sitting in a boiler room with a bowl of mashed potatoes until the inquiry comes with trembling calculation (not shown). MOVE AROUND THE EVENT UNTIL CIRCLE CRACKS (loud) rather than felonize the mention. The curse as curve is obvious. DELICATE SHREDS OF EVIDENCE CURE the "you" part taken from the newspaper under cover of sharpness I REDUCE TO SMARM and shipped to the prison island of "SOCIAL AFFECT" new age jerk persists in semaphore TO THE RHYTHM of extended OF HAPPENING. To each alone at one time, far-off guises GEYSERS count as patrols, POLARIZED IN THREES. There is nothing I can do about this tree. SUN SHOWN ONCE: BREAD LINES IN THE FACE OF THE EVIDENCE with a smile like a boat dealer's. I keep seeing names sewn to things, ONLY OTHER WORDS HOLD PEOPLE TOGETHER BERRIES IN AND KEEPS SOMETHING GOOD FOR NOTHING IN THAT--WHAT? WHAT'S IN HATS?

ONCE OVER THE OUTSIDE, treaties pop a--WAIT, I'M IN UN THIS, I WAN'T IN THE PICTURE ever all ears. THE VENT UNTIL THE SEAL CRACKS AND ESCAPE BE don't pray tell then sprout hair,

against small heat turns a particle boundless in its activity that was a blue disk shining through the grid--command to remember mistook for suggestive "keys on the pavement"- -MAKING THE FIRST STEP LAST is as long as it gets. SIMPLY PUT and SERVICE MEETS INTELLIGIBILITY--we've never really had kids before, and for a dumb one your taxes are remarkably insignificant BUT DUE TO THE HILT WE GET IN/TO TROUBLE THE PEOPLE YOU LOB WITH BLOOD, DAILINESS TOO THICK TO READ INTO, where the innocent act blossoms into a story, innocence brutally large remains on their say-so property. any particular person dominates--WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "IT?"

The town is standard, kidding, creates eligibility, performs the ceremony, without which we've had enough.

This is turning.

DASHES OFF TOWARD A THEORY OF SELFHOOD WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF, LET ALONE ENJOY.

The corner of its SHAKE ME, my branch, my dept, debt, tree is really not finance. The dog is really smiling. The door is really Wally.

Preserved for the pocket of silence, its insides reduced to a smudge.

I categorize the names

(UNFAMILIAR RIDICULE)

out. LOT OF LIGHT out

graphic telephone farce in the Spain of June.  
What's with the princess at the ball? Because  
everything you see gets at a nuisance of  
relinquishment. Crates, crates, response promptly  
disappears in padre angst. Rasp like a widget.  
Monogamy down the back of my book end spat  
ball out. Batch of anemones really forte, recoil and  
spurt, hot tractor pull check for nexteggs in the  
lofty

angled air core relent  
stained entry spread requested  
fertile control rasp / rasp  
preferred for after the obvious addition  
traditionally foreign false silhouette scope  
filter disembodied sniper peep autodidactically  
spoke of foreknowledge suddenly cactus shivers  
hanging dead leaves alone take it with you so  
a there but for so that lastly or no

an	I	in	
it	as		
and	is	am	
	ant		at
		ate	
			at

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### Involuntary Memory

who came out of the bare itch,  
trammeling between  
late march snow summoned  
up to complete

windless aerie of the dream  
and a sanguine norm bagging  
up wrong noons for the like

in the edge, lob  
in the strum, orbs

nob'dy says it like the impulse  
a gold microphone aimed at the east  
where brutal's just another try  
for waiting on the king

to turn into a people. investors laugh  
at their dead dads' jokes, reeducate

thinking women in the ways  
of pensionless exile, not less

than bodies use to tell her she's in the party  
whether she likes it or not

somehow a bus stopped  
attention, cordoned, priced

before it could blink  
out, glimpsed

among the songs in loose blocks  
stacked somewhere back of the snarl of alarm

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## A STUPID POEM

Massing polyphonies  
Co-encumbered  
Light upon the laughing avenues:

Seven water-powered turbans  
Advertise an ideal  
Fuck  
And in their coalescing orbit  
Where the ideal father caught a chill  
The jaws and johns tell again about  
The intelligent and handsome colleague  
Who can clam up at will  
As follows:

Like real stars your hands always cease to amaze me  
Those nine-pound hammers in a velvet frame  
And these swift clouds and voices are knowable  
Though perfect, unfortunately, like the click  
That pierced the ear, arced to catch  
The gist  
Just as it sang behind the financial horizon  
Along the rivers there are charges:

The rest of this tells us  
Something about the velvet frame  
As the night diminishes how clear  
The sound of your own voice:

Lead me to some pointless dance  
He grow the golden crucifer

---

tacit approval time!

and over the likely story  
he grabbed at him locks

one myopic grenade  
lobbed fast at the general



anything  
is possible

\*

The cymbal waddles and dances

Frozen peas conform perfectly

We can kill a little miniature vampire

waves elsewhere  
roll in

\*

thousands of tiny toy soldiers breeding hotly in my heart

there's some advantage

piss on it

quick