

Moments are the elements of profit.

Karl Marx

FAKE MATH (2007)

THE DENATURED POEM

The most ambitious
tipping bottle is status
and power based.

That Archimedes could lift
position in a love poem,
slavery, trade unions, at all.

The poor, yet educated,
structurally sound, watch
very big people get paid.

A couple of bottles and
the city relaxes, forgets
public reports and meetings.

After a star fuses, will it
tolerate ambiguity, make
realities concrete?

A totemic court crafts
small holes in hominid
static complexity.

That Euclid is a denatured
denizen; geometric
sounds left heartbreaking.

To recollect a life
swooning photographs
boil off photographs.

In propriety, a warm dish,
ceiling repairs holes blink
in dignity or rain.

A useful window on
the state building trusts, or
consumer model makes good.

That a poet may wish
to play at memorabilia
stirred by explosions.

If mathematically true, truth
creaking wheels move
statutes in clear relationships.

THIS POETRY SEEMS LIKE A GOOD RACKET

First off, my poem forgot how
peanut butter and jam tastes.
In kindergarten, a strong coffee
soap opera, my poem caught a fish.

Like a spoilt child, my budgie died.
Got kid-deep in this dimlyness. Fog
of cadence a frog prince seems to like.
Shoot up the sky, a chirpy lullaby.

From true fireworks, rue voice soon burst.
Spare thee quarters when Klein takes
jobs in the junk. A jelly scansion drops
to the floor, a sack of strong coffee.

PLEASE SIR, I WANT SOME MORE

Dear Socialism, prohibition makes me
cry into my beer. O Socialism, let loose
your icy stares as here nor there swings
open like old-fashioned musicals; sing song
social experimentation tiptoes into pubs.

For each pulse returned a volley, complete
with leather seats, made by back-packed tweens
charge from a caf table toward the master,
basin and spoon in hand saying a marketing trick
forms a sort of thick, caustic liquid.

Fair Socialism, dispense with the seatbelt
and encourage the Doppler surge of Ford
ladling cheap gasoline into my eyes.
I would like some hate mail, please,
letter bombs, molotov cocktails, spam.

THE METAPHORIST

A window overlooks a bank of ATM's.
A convenience store with gas. Baristas;
alphabets. These galleries begin
as poems. In a craft economy, paint
tender, not tenderly. With scissors,
orange fonts collage lotto tickets.

Down the hall, the restrooms need flowers
with stems hugging photos. A fine cut
from painted wood. A gasoline generator
cut from vending machines. Surely,
art is about craft. An audience senses
jet models careening woolen in composition.
Yet when the heart gets looped, art
gets the hangman's noose. Two weavers
as good as a metaphorist. A loose fitting.

Love as cardboard; luck as budget.
Metonymy as rent; metaphor as
pulse. A base as posterboard;
ideology as glitter. Pencils as erasers;
trees as end table manufacture.

A bear and balloon help bees sell honey.
Fuck alters global climate. A sharp knife
flattens out any wrinkles. Ostranenie spins
a cultural demand dizzy. Breathing seeks

hiccups. Streamflow re-enacts civil war.
Cannons canonized with plaques as
historical monuments. A self-involved forest.

When the heart is involved, poetry
is an open-ended envelope, glue side up.
Just before the canoe hits the paddle,
the water paddles itself.

A SHINING BEACON

On brilliance: a filled cup—
a hilly cup; rhyme glances
green; poet oversees hats and
skirts; nails, lumbar, capital.

On insight: eureka; sovereign
tee; freedom—cheap as free; idea—
ideology pancakes asphalt; power
grid—peeing; parakeets—parrots.

On craft: a belt-sander; sand
in my panties; pearl in my urn—
earn, earn; social capital—surfing
horse; throat rainbow, catch asshole.

CAREERISM AND THE CARNIVALIST IMPULSE

Gimmick after gimmick! Branding
dialogues with careening egoism.

Obedience after idiosyncrasy! Bad art
barks lip-sync urban anxiety.

Polyphony after prodigy! Survivalism
perpetuates moral humping.

Answerability after expediency! Expense
contrasts geology with rock and roll.

Solemnity after conflict! Success
records noise after civic celebrity.

A LIFE LESS ORIGINARY

Dear Spongebob, how can I make
a life from non-sequiturs? My eyes
burn books with knives and jobs
hierarch steak to stake to stake.

A wizard; a wozle. Under the bed;
under the booze. Make sense; make
densely overpopulated. State sentence;
state legislature. Bed rest; dead.

I'm afraid. I connect wires to
turbines. I spin in place. I light
fires in sense. I plagiarize openly.
I eat meat. I watch the clock.

THE NEW POEM

A poem in here
lights a quite dark text
with electrons, or
a pain in my head
from ADHD. A caffeine
typo, or sentence feels
under the whether.
I could eat some words, or
a cinnamon danish.
Focus still light on
a desk lamp, or
birds tap on my window
twittering showtunes
so I lose pupils which
shrink, or Freud.
A poem with
material superstition,
or dirty laundry (detergent, or
determinant). A poem
with box art, or botox, or
tax alert specialists.
So close poem wins
by a fare, or brew time.
Poem is new, or
never. Answer is longer
lines, or pining (love note, or
hip graphic) (reference self, or

reference pelvis).
A poem for Elvis, or a baby
seal. A club for beating
back organizational
pub nights, or flipper your
checkmark up the left ramp.
Circle the right on, or
deviate, but in a funtime way.
The heart spins plates, or is in
the broom closet with
a vacuum love of a lifetime,
or HBO. It's a burn, or
a pain. Elbow hits shag
carpet, or a poem bleeds
all over the pinesolled
lino. A messy shit, or
tsk tsk. Empire is all clear
with a healthy glow, or
dams up flow. But gophers
keep digging holes and the
horse keeps needing splints, or
damn, why did you forget
the ointment? I am sad
when shelves empty, dude, or
a pulp headache. Wait,
it's an option I want
to bubble up to, or
an American Idol, or
nail polish. A poem is
a design innovation,

or toké on reefer (a stigma,
or a cigarette, or
a signification, or a
triple word score). A potential
conflict, or a dysfunctional
new poem. A soapy line,
or a loamy stanza.
An aspirin has a
compositional rigour, or stop
discovering stuff, would you?

ON STAKING A CLAIM

Hand me the money, chump. Bump
mining last. Consider maps drawn.
Competition! Claim Jump Law
gets a brake shoe to the face.

Labeling disputes at birth. Start with
feasibility, or feast on chocolate. Do
both! Negotiate a tree, or free federal
codes. The Yukon, or I own you.

Every chiropractor loves lordship. Claim
a meteor broke your poor, poor back.
Leather jacket supplies pickaxe and
toughness. Mine. Mine, mine, mine.

WHY DO YOU KEEP SECOND GUESSING YOURSELF?

You've been MAX SIZED! Now, do the math!
Do you "self-reflect" or "self-ruminant"?
Figure out which way makes you blow
chunks into inspirational keepsakes.

For your love, I keep crawling down
into keystone cops: slapstick beach season.
The swoosh says "Just Do It" so let's fuck
if your boyfriend likes another girl.

The city's a chocolate chip cookie
once you've submitted your rank order, so
why call the Keebler Kops? Your "Mr. Wrong"
experiences are just a computer algorithm!

SOCIAL COMMODITIES

If a pen mark stays gold.
If a word is a foodstamp, then good.
Value treadmill early in herd.
Hoard out money which miracles.
No single out any circulation.
Worldview has turned.
Just because we screw doesn't mean.
Just because we assume swoosh pants.
Tradition and the tattooed cerebellum.
Sweat and swoon of commodity fetishism.
Totemic icon of commodity, and test drive.
Art is a dirty word.
A heart of purina.
In the sun on the beach.
Loving the V-8's hum.
Bud of calm, blossom of hysteria.
Why gold confronts the linen as money.
Turns the neutral "truck" to "bird".
A mastercard look-alike.
Fun like a smutifier.
Puppies tell kids truth.
Find out you belong fabricating.
Swipes the infrared wink.
Textbook perfect in the cockpit.
A new magic system.
Clauses instead of chiro laws.
What's so wrong with upstanding?

To a sharp point: Hilary Duff; the internet.
Onward upward mobility.
Art is a hardwood tree.
Harry Potter and the Abuse of Underage Wizardry.
Fields pine for Gap jeans, low rise preferably.
Heart is hot lava, disco dancing, Barbie.
A custom, super-magnum vend-o-mat.
Up my skirt promotes circulation.
Poems like platform shoes.
"Yuck Factor": an obstacle.
A pen and pencil set (65 cents).
A pill to deal with debts.
Crude repression makes for blow-out.
A spot on Freud's "Hot Sexual Obscenity."
Intelligent at one time and gasp.
Crowbar puncture credit card.
Public airwaves just sand and ocean.
If you wanna act industrious.
Chiropractic all you want.
Fucking wack is static.
Patented In-Seatro Technology.
Plot floor mounts political correctness.
Eats up the sexual fetishization, mmm.
Escape from the forest map tattooed in brain.
Salmon pitches glacial beer.
A violence continually reorganized and sold.
Bold in eye-catching brand.
Cows end up in the cutting room.
Picture face assumes cartoon role.
Nevertheless seems Milton Friedman.

Puppies are a crucial alphabet.
Art gives bunnies bad breath.
Vomit and scabs and gunshot wounds.
Meaty face redneck Popeye.
Black eyes and a rich plot.
A satellite-dish ejaculatorium.
Into a hired mouthpiece.
On a poetics of knee-deep shit.
Shiftwork as leisure behaviour.
Pats the child into civil rule.
Some fine, hand-crafted nerve pain.
Nursing a goal-oriented stain.
Relationship between catalogue and college.
Between census and collage.
To the postmodernist petting zoo.
Loose in a classroom of schoolkids.
Ronald Reagan as the Tooth Fairy.
Fisher-Price heart print thigh high.
Playskool weight belt and inflatable rabid dog.
This Miata turned me racist!
An innocent needlepoint picture.
X-Rays, rainbows, and DVD's.
Capital a poem, sell for profit.
Suture to antique symbol.
Tribalism intense in the shower.
Wade through textual obstacle.
Wonderful cerebro-spinal analgesic.
Much more alarmist panic message.
Biggest kaboom for the buck.
Dear Cliffside Buddhas, all I got was this stupid T-Shirt.

Like when Kramer sold Jerry's car for magic beans.
How a rind is a terrible thing to taste.
Wring all sugar from.
Grover eats the bullet raw.
Communiqué a blank wall.
Moralism a bicep anchor.
Hemingway slugs ruby port after hem haw.
Large or crooked roots.
Documentary under the bed.
Why Nader won't do snorkel scenes.
Ocean beach sex fucking sand.
Front of the sentence is the world thong capital.
Cows mount world depression party.
Down the spine and to the organ.
Words and their orphanages.
Supersize my art, please.
Poof, or a lower backache.
Two pages into the epidemic.
To the Queen's credit, skinrash.
Made homogenous and global village.
White on the face and white.
Facecream and other barbed wire.
Chinese superstar or indian maiden.
Trudeau or Mulroney: choose!
Only a question of a messy public.
Pause with an oxford comma.
U.S. Military constructs indestructible sandwich.
Great line up for this year's civil-rights activism.
Visitors can leave their potlatch in the upstairs bedroom.
Frivolously cut jackets with holeable bolshevism.

Mom saturates inflatable chairs.
Zoloft your Bobby Sherman.
Stalin and his crystal meth.
Galactaphonic hot under the candy floss machine.
Tea burns the roof of your house.
Ugly graphemes reject numerous rejections.
Wack images onto thrift store refuse.
Phonemes soldered in white gold.
A leftist politic as cool as a terminator romp.
Sound left in the cutting room.
Icon of new subcultural expression.
Today's anti-smoking ads trump yesterday's smoking ads.
Flow of global youth commodity.
In words, structure of cars, ketchup, soap, shampoo.
Rock opera and some serious mayonnaise.
Resistance to right-wing marmalade.
Glowing in the disco light.
A final exercise in this novel routine.
Other advice on which games to play.
Industry filled with rocky road ice cream.
A missed opportunity or coma.
A symbolic button catalogue.
A financial exercise in this propeller.
A capital hungry to compete.

SOCIAL POSITIONS

A scale to measure
these cities and inconsistent
ascription.

A social fulcrum
wakes building
equality means abolition.

A small person wishes
in two senses
a bridge and a snowstorm.

A good meeting point
between lines
bottles a plaza.

A click is maximal
composition making meaning
contradict or play.

A notional idea of resistance
flows through homes
in electrical wires.

A sovereign virtue
precipitates slowly over
concrete societies.

A machine analogy
blinks lightbulbs overhead
triangles hold over water.

A ledge or bench
men watch the plaza
lift time or negate impostors.

A comforting ceiling
reserve army
proper appearance management.

A necktie associates
with penlights
click indicates.

A litmus trust
window forms
a paper plaza.

A play of residence
smiles writing
routine instigations outside.

A town or community
constitutions social capital
pulleys relationships between words.

A GENERAL ECONOMIC

All this fake math for productivity.
Minimize heat for lung injury. Oil leak
for goth pall. Stalin for food stamps.
Super babies for advertising fund. Sugar
for water. Thick wall for X-Ray specs.
Dance for dance. E.T. for Krypto. Phantasm
for schmantasm. Gawkers with butterfly nets
for white noise. Golden fleece for what to
catch? Animals drink clean water for
a panoramic ocean of nouns. Soccer moms
for taxidermy. Free rides for cash hoard
in river gut. Chocolate reform for fire
insurance. Flush toilets for blood pressure.
Home for airport. Rams grooved metal into
small porcelain neurons for people with
no jobs. Diet Coke and chocolate truffles
for commercial spam and a plastic sheet.
Like sweet cumswept determinant for water
is food-borne and fecal-oral. Atrophy a
damaged disk swathed in septic outflow
for to ravage with photoshop. Windows open
at random for each table set with plates
and glasses. As all collaboration streamlines
new fragments into die cut vinyl more like
the tinny sounds a phone spews out between
two stations for procedure. Not a free gift for
machines blissfully move. Consensus for

catallaxy. Drug fixation for liver repair.
School and church music for cotton candy.
An icy crust covers all 'race incidents' for
purina feeds all physical attraction. A poem
that holds water for a poem that needs a catheter.
Anal fixation for arson. Contract pulls at
retina for movement over sound decision-making.
Eventually a vegetable for treats to double-wide
food. Yoga for pilates. A hot club for
a Freud vibe. Cute koalas for chocolate jets.
Varicose veins for product clangs from
the shank. In a plain brown wrapper for
dissolving grey matter. Chocolate chip waffles
and Chilean wine boxes for insurance. Oral
fixation for dry humping. On button for
committee. Direct democracy for iron lung.
Hammocks and so forth for knives sharpen
by drawing them. Inspections for pressure vessels
for showers with programming. Reinforce
support beams for hypochondriac. Surgery
for automotive grab bags. Gold clears
the table for trough coins through skin. Spent
face with talk for woodchips line the workplace.
New markets mark-up for pockets pick themselves.
Salted instead of Prozac for post-industrial
grindcore kissing noise. Terrorist talk is a
financial strain for ice-machine make-out session.
Music touches the alien ray for free sign up
but no obligation. Attach career to tranquilizers
for born in full blossom. Employment for

mosquito netting. Cool breeze for free fall.
Butterflies for discard. Investment in rhetoric
for painless echo. Rent for alms.

HE FELT LIKE A USEFUL LITTLE ENGINE

I come in for some criticism and
all I get is some hauling capacity.
I am a roaring column of gas and oil
like a plume of useful vehicles.

I dart behind my lids like a tendril
coaxes a sparkling clean mill into
a Rotax 912 or a suspended Passat
soaked in low-speed road irregularities.

Besides being a little tipsy, I grind
dry grains into my fuel tank. I crash
into a batter. I am a stairway
when pumping back drilling mud.

I descend at 225,000 feet and lean
with a twist-grip throttle. I feel sorry
for my unreliable voice. I swallow
like bounty does. I keep deep secrets.

LIFE IS SHORT, YOU'RE CAPABLE

Assume first that you're incapable
of tiring if you're a fan of first-person
shooters like mushiness or short

of breast feeding what sculpt a
butterfly or jumpstart a
car with personalized license

platter for your international
don't think you're capable of
loving any object without behaviour

when food could save
its battery life rather short compared
adolescent tantrum to toddler

caused by its anti-noise
castrated writing microprocessor
capable of infinite reaction.

PEOPLE ARE SURPRISINGLY NON-VERBAL

Surprisingly, people don't turn up as linear drawings of self, eg. 'my job is a jail' or 'road, and have to avoid.'

Thump on the nose why dogs are species making right hemisphere acquaintance encoding cognition.

Bark bark talkers is easy bark gives hand gesture a pound puppie snack bad puppie chews on my sentence bad.

Introverts are easy to use lending in library smacks lips together says any paycheque nonsequitur keep job.

Stay out sign on a person's gaze back to medieval age like, uh, 3, or neurotypical honesty shouts at kennel behaviour.

ALL I ASK OF LIVING IS TO HAVE NO CHAINS ON ME

Nearby, I wish for a pinball
machine that makes living together
easy, since you prefer to sleep.

Is it wrong to ask who will rule
the living room with all that rocking—
t's crossed and i's dotted.

We issue a gatefold double
album with logos that display
how even my parents bought in.

Do you own Victory? I mean,
if I tilt this game will you
ask me what I'm living for?

WE NEED HIGHER INFANT MORALITY RATES

First, we need conceptions of self that delay speech, or rent regulations that degrade quickly, thank you.

One of the points that need to be fed is ointment on sinful diaper rash baby bin high chance of cashback.

Attention, being male is a major risk living in mud huts and higher income ruts from hummer tires in suburbia.

We don't need less kids, just more middle managers dyslexic and bonding adolescent crazy glue cool, promise?

I AM NOT A VENDING MACHINE

I am now loyal to the company
because of pancakes at 3:00am.

I checked my head and this water
fountain just won't take change.

I want to watch my school burn down
needs a soda machine dispenser.

I am interested in vending machines
as a cure for all society's ills.

I am super pissed at 8:00 am
is curable by going cold turkey.

JOIN THE WRINKLE RESISTANCE

Grindaecology! Don't be a schmo!
Free small molecules in your slacks!

Join the linen revival! Carnival travel
pants! Or maybe, incromectant cramps!

Antistatic butyl rubber: it's free! Or
should be! Bob your pants on up!

Retire your iron! Freedom flat front
slacks! Inspect diet and lifestyle!

Easy-care sheets combine hot sex with
wheat! High performance fabric!

Yarn bulks up! All skin types quick dry!
Against your junk! Secret hiding pocket!

A FINE OCCUPATION

Wide enough for sleep, poems seek
a frugal material for quilting: feed sacks,
or pharmacy shelves. On the back porch,
a giant index of blues lyrics fetishized in
hymnbooks with lyrics halted, reupholstered,
appropriated. A scaled perestroika.
Globalization in deep harbours.

Yet even in winter, the paintings are beautiful,
landscapes with maple and birch with
rivers and frigates trampling seaweed. But,
is this a reactionary pastoralism? Self-
governance in period clothing? Leninism
won't preserve fabric—loincloths ooze
mule drawn plows, drudge, dirge, trees dig
new tributaries. Robots graze for apples.

During an auction, a fine arts education
cuts and sets gems, or waits
in a bank queue. Dissent is a fine point.
A net over fine hair. Is a fine occupation
useful or is utility a fine occupation?

If classed work could exclude exploitation,
a consumer composes a fine compost.
Lamp is lit, poem is written, thermostat rises
with barely any social contract, just glucose

resistance, maybe diabetes. Leftovers
in the fridge: a taco, a stock portfolio,
a chest of gems, a hole in a sock.

In a union, two children are a form
of pastoralism. Shoals in the inner city
where a small hospital controls the coal trade,
Hydro-Quebec dams, schools where ancient
forests are priority fuels. Fast food
pressurized into sandstone or oil deposits.
It must be up to Mama Bear to broker a truce
among gangs, gas stations, home owners.

In a lamp lit cave, where binaries spread eagle
oratory in poor love poems, threshes in poplars
spin enough lyrics to fill an arts department.
But in ancient cultures, where any exchange
is within a system, the absence of a closed canopy
makes sword work of bristling formulas. First,
bang at nouns with verbs, then burst
into a room with words blazing. A linguistic
co-ordination of firefighting resource, but
since land ownership makes trade equitable,
capital's huffy aggravated sighing, matches
catalyst in an armistice like a candle. A fire.

Trees are tall; they care about the wildlife
that belongs. Work is routine, worthy of burning
at year end. Pastorals where wildlife owns
this line; underground railroad of the mind.

Each flower comes as a spray, a muscular
sweep toward centrism, or a ten-year apprenticeship
for neo-conservatism. Do commanders talk
straight or striate? Will an armistice end
an appetite for how atoms split or fast food cups
wagging arteries like a mace? A trowel? A constitution?

En garde against emoticons, agri-chemicals
contact antibiotic resistance. Pupils dilate;
things shine. A case for hallucinogens:
writing poetry. Yet dope makes dopey,
pulp beautiful urns. Tree resists horsehair
brush turn. Cut-up newsprint across the floor;
a single wharf boat drifts to wailing Hammond,
rock rock, in the body's sea. Fine linen, cilantro.
In a Marriot occupation, spores seize fine china.
Wool socks wash in cool water, steam rise over trees.

Yet, isolationism children to death.
Ozone is a powerful anti-viral; asbestos
is conspicuous in the trachea.
Engineers hold their noses from the torch smoke.
Fishermen sit in gills and pull guts out,
a fine filet at the Keg, mint with the bill, where
a food-for-words program supplants work.

Syntax seeks a not candy, is produce if not
carnavalesque fast food. Traditional gab feeds
off tindersticks that may light up faster yet
burn slower than books, even paperbacks.

Will come as a spray, these lamp-lit huts
in goosedown comfort. Genomes begin
catallaxing questions that replicate proper
genomes. If a book turns on subtitles,
stretching still photos to home video, then
lymph filters infection—paper is old, ink is old.

And in the dark, families graze like cattle, ideology
limited to canned tuna. Lichens form
closed mats. Quietists produce foodstuff.
Nearby, farmland is politicized. A fine-tuned
machine prints banners that form a social-
welfare state. A tangent of a smart business deal.

A SHORT HISTORY

My grampa shucked oysters in the war
risk free. Where do butterflies find
a piece of pipe cleaner and shape a
past from the fragments a roll generated?

The chance event most telemarketers
call a number at random. My grampa
devised a system for small libraries in
the war why leaves change in the fall.

A great science for people who eat
accountancy when numbers permute.
My grampa handled the anthrax mail
in the war to help or, at least, do no harm.

A PROMISING WORK

At the center for infections, I can get
the money I'm looking for. All this
making electricity gives me cancer.
I tricked your germs into working.

If I had child care, would it be an exact
procedure? My disability cheque is a
promising body of work. Changing
work vouchers, I made my body into art.

My olfactory nerve is an envelope stuffing
kit. My joints crackle under the effort
of my home repair and loan scheme. In my
heart, a true vaccine is a pyramid scheme.

MY HEART SKIPPED A BEATING

Budget-minded cyclical change
in the timing of a heart rate
vow I will repay.

How will a doctor
diagnose my breakfast?
I sludge operetta.

I go to the cafeteria,
one of the food stalls
may have exhaust figured.

Blue shirts and potted
junior high dinosaurs can
scrub the counters, mop the floor.

A shower of chicken salad.
My third gravol roncós inside
my stomach sunny-side up.

Three minutes before searing
burnished leather scent
collects antique exhaust pipes.

On the move, the sidewalk defrosts
herring pieces, apple, onion.
Make me want to puke.

Touching the top of my stomach,
a stomach, or the stomach
a hand touches a stomach.

I'M AFRAID TO BE MYSELF

A big gush like I was uncontrollable
wetting myself in chocolate, instead
I always make sure I'm unsatisfied.

I didn't overindulge in waiting to have
a knife so I don't cut myself, instead
I stand on tall ladders and hug pillows.

I read repeating books all over myself
during the xmas holidays, instead
I was inconsolable over hugging myself.

I won't wait to have sex, trying to control
my illiterate chocolate cravings, instead
I eat myself, letting the poem repeat.

WHY I LIKE DIG DUG

But wait, is art critique? Lather,
touch screen, repeat. A mean modernist
burger. Colon a slop of culture, fart
a drip. Kick sand into my catheter.

Constantly, lilies, starlings, pickles,
special sauce, cadence, cadavers,
hand of God, capitalist manifesto, buffalo
wings, angels, Coffee Mate, diction.

In recombination, silence is dull.
Shiny, shining, Champagnola. Constantly,
talk. Bling, blong. Progress. Bad, badder,
badderer. Puzzle easily solved. Send.

A SPARROW'S SONG

Oh! A precious sparrow networks
with scarecrows of foil strips hung from
poplars; catwalks appear in the branches.
Our little sparrow plays games: Parcheesi,
cribbage; his heart dines on their seeds.
A snake that even hung a chickadee.

The sparrow shits upside down—ah!—
looking up at a yellow light, hangs up
his sword, tree and leaf, bird and bee.
Of cherry blossoms, eaves ease.
Beaver comes along, gnaws down trees.
A baby gift: fine motor, mother and father.

And, yawp, when moose eat sparrows, a nest
narrowly escapes a molesting antler. A molly-
coddling antitrust tests our hero's best
intent, incensed. Romance for the ladies. Darling
pirate shirt torn bears tufts upon tufts, swords
upon shards of stained glass. Cave is a hoard.

Now, a small concrete annex, a pool, wrought-iron
gate. Baby birds play. Traffic a carat. Scary
girders spout grass. Diamond a motel. L.A.
racing fake past celluloid ass. Love an
anagram, an anapest. A test of chivalry,
speed and synchronous teasing.

Ticket after ticket, show after show,
our sparrow nests in fitting places, fitting
row on row of patrons, chirping each a love
tune. Poorly fitting sheet metal, books are
overdue, polyvinyl nest in cavity dug
with coke bottles. Hop on feet, twigs swell.

Keeping people's drinks topped is a clock
marking time on our arms, peep peep.
A chirpy toddler leaps on the green,
bandages form garters hanging from
the candlewheel. A feel for harm:
meat is smoked to preserve it.

On the green, a sparrow leaps: mirror tiles,
orange peels. Two parts cream in this coffee.
In the coffers, love is a Wonder Bread truck,
a quick hump in a cab, pigeon tow liturgy.
Jump a homing signal, peep at self and
a sparrow peeps back, worm in beak.

For when film insiders nibble on ears,
seers skim Variety seeking scribes for
"The Maltese Sparrow", a dark noir.
Off the drink, our hero narrowly re-
cycles his ideas as, now, love is dumb
design software urban fuckscape skeeze.

But a nest, as whiskey stows crow eggs, kids
lay bids at daddy's feet. Work grows for
sparrows gorge on worms. Fat sparrows and
spy planes. James Bond and adhesive skids.
All romantic gullies swallow trash. Stink
of good ideas, progress, health and well-being.

Lesbia shares a malamar with her
sparrow—Catullus gets indignant and
swings a sparrow's song. Swipes
in a confederate tetris buiding project
for larks. Scores of wrong notes
along a cherrywood forklift love.

On the drink, gophers propose long poems.
It's analogy, wait, archetype makes sparrows
flee to alder or pine. A fund raiser, a croc nest.
Wordsworth weeps for poor arrows
splitting trees. On length, a mile is a good
as a pile; a gentleman as good as a dude.

Yet, monopoly, risk; Parker Bros. wake
the cave's alpha. Pop guns alert coolness
genes, no, jeans, wait, no jeans. Follow?
Fallow? Grizzlies desire fine suits to test
intelligence. Bubble sheets float soap to clean
eyes with epilepsy. Dice faint at ADD.

Bubble Bobble, bobble heads, bubble bath.
A good relax closets borders. Ancient sparrows
blow soap around ghosts. A pop, a bang.
Hula girl nests with twigs, plants row on row
of maize. Hold pencil against the wall, follow
string. Breadcrumb feeds lot. End stage math.

In the labyrinth, Morgan Freeman's world
weary voice sirens soap actors to pen long
epics. Spectacle a cinch, feathers clipped,
horned or horny, skeeze an ever unfurled CG.
Worms on guard. Seeds pour from endless
sacks as mythrill dips into burlap.

A sparrow with a twist: a remix. A sword and
a sideways cap. A spat over a piss off. A
lunch at mom's place. A kiss on the cheek.
A lip on a cup. A roll up the rim. A lovely
contest. A narrative closure. A sigh at the
end. A bending wooded path. A fork.

Yet, as Frost says, fuck choice, let freedom
race. Noice. Our sparrow lobs grenades at
glasnost—an 80's relic—instead it's Star Wars,
global spread of, and bottled coffee. Noise.
In Dolby or THX, hear nipples rub over
polyurethane, weather stripping over poise.

In the end, romance is easy, love a snap.
A sparrow cobbles a clean simulacrum with
tiny brushes made from thrush down. Mindful,
cavities burrow a lack, flowers suggest sneezes.
Sharing sugar water, bars upon bars, floor
as concrete, words as cottonmouth, mumbles.

SOCIAL PEDAGOGIES

At the heart of teaching
is a commons amalgamated
into suitable farming land. Slacks
and suspenders. Welding torch
is a suit to inspire grain. Sparks a
talked direction or digs trenches.
An aerator fork into soil, roots start
to breathe a private air.

A heartland, row on row of grain.
Water and sun, pesticide. A question:
close stalks outward like opposed magnets;
poles push then flip an arm's length.
Should a field push outward? In a race
where heart rate ought to increase
sneakers shovel dirt up.

The heart of a city is its road system,
how clocks keep time. An agenda;
an outline for research.
A fighting tree that needs no help.
An organic plan where signs are
spray paint; work crews for farming
activists. Commute is really nation
building in concrete matrix: desk on desk.
Is there a land claim? Question is attack;
a weeping-willow algebra

problematizes reflection's heart. To exist,
every dictator needs millions of jingoes
who never question. Answers are:
talking, chewing gum, making noise,
not, cheeks in roses. Instead,
a serious 7 year-old in his wool suit.

Here the heart is a water filter
that removes the large particles: bugs,
twigs. Sugar is refined in a mill. A student
asks about bug spray. Warning bell
answers that biodiversity is being lost.
Feathered coral feels it, sand banks sketch it,
teacher pleads with stalks to grow minus aerosol;
a plant less water grows regardless.

At the heart of local government is protest.
Stories of banks in the twigs
describe ancient science as magic. Poof,
there's alcohol. Waste paints and
paint thinner. Rational arguments include
no question that nature needs a commercial
to push clean water. Kids learn lists
contain inbuilt clocks taught to control
powerful neurochemicals.

Can the heart learn to choose
between material options? A coke can
and a grizzly bear; a buick and
an ice cap; hey, my shoes and oh,

my soul. A dialectical Aesop might change
heart when he understands emptiness.
Students hold their injuries, look at the husk
and imagine it painted glittery trade.
Hannah needs puppets and Jon needs
change for the bus. Are moral lessons
absorbed through the roots? Homozygous,
designed to take each time. Damp soil
into the trenches for seedlings
or small trees, bonsai gently clipped.

The heart splits into four quadrants;
some students build roads, others build
banks. Farming, timber, coal.
Leisure time is essential, though,
in the magician's heart, demons are called
grasshoppers. Ants recognize a
moral obligation to build; they build terraces
on the slopes between parliament and
logpine to help cut and eat the first
tender stalks. No one could imagine
large classes in special buildings,
cool days of fall and never mature
before the first frost breaks open
the box built to hold.

Zoo directors go on a walking tour of the heart,
paint a convincing portrait of bars.
A narrative sickness counters an idea
of the world in question, tales of animals

who play the lottery each week
do not appeal to the commune for pay;
tales of animals who self-portrait
with brush strapped to head.

In the heart of the classroom, desks might move
into groups of four; bungalows into condos;
groups of picnic tables under poplar trees.
An outline for new kid programming
from market research applied next
to wadable streams. A glittery resumé
doesn't guarantee a better camera,
a clearer picture. Time to collaborate.
Governments and private armies,
smaller parties with hats and cake,
glittery star shiny and moral vacuums.
Groups for play and what. Here citizenship
is an object lesson on Hobbes. But coalition of
grassroots activism under fertile land,
not prairie, but mossy boreal.

Maybe the heart needs a plaza,
with Greek togas and Olympia-sized
torches. Is dialogue an exchange
of traffic lights? A messy business
this heart: as if the key is all grow
in the same direction. Educators talk
of critical reflection; a student talks
about her Japanese heritage; local government
talks about globalization.

At the heart of this tale is mud,
razor-sharp grass; endless wonder
over rocks, clouds, ants, and warm cookies.
Teacher beats a drum loudly
until the paper head breaks. Windblown
deposits scatter over open spaces
in an enclosed area with an open fire
and could pollinate, multipliers,
bulbs stashed in their dens. Like magic,
social insects buzz around
heavy equipment to lift heavy verbs,
plant trees in lots, live in branches,
a common chlorophyll.

THE ECHO GAME

Destroy all textual source.

Bark Cartier second grade.

Cut raw meat tooth.

Embark powder spark work.

Fuzz all static wank.

Map all echo arcs.

Implode letter, knife wire.

Always fist tinny lip.

Hierarch suit shield ear.

Freshen saran logician puff.

Snag all linguist sweater.

Often cut meat art.

String oil baron mitten.

Shit faint pencil mark.

Bluster all head shake.

Brick foundation as boundary.

Erase typeface belt sander.

Raze name as machine.

Schiz cookie map lines.

Kill borders—magnet labour.

Truss carries – rush tallies.

Drop Stalin—Adopt Doughboy.

Book, chapter, paragraph, sentence.

Reset, rest; rest, reset.

Census, cents, sense, sex.

Defang echo—grind static.

Gape, gap; nape, nap.

Flesh bulge belt attack.

Rubble bust drug ring.

Each inside: circle, circle.

Black sharpie—outsider art.

Egg just outside battery.

Birth shell anal desire.

Gaze, gauze, pause, pus.

Hands in the way.

Flyleaf, title, outrage, toilet.

Echo, echo; ergo, ergo.

Sounds like the better.

Echo, hole, lead, eddy.

Tuneless, toned, adstock, adhoc.

Absent, abcess, attend, atone.

Index, stridex, exlax, flatulence.

Tree as precise order.

Rhizome as regal hierarchy.

A prairie flat echo.

Syntax a blossoming profanity.

Truly motivates; true motor.

And words shift constantly.

Elastic returns all ideas.

Unload text after text.

Discourse as high climb.

Canto engine pulls oil.

Machine noise pulls body.

Factory fills water bottle.

Paints a nice picture.

Brand, brand; and, and.

Suck slang through beats.

A voice-mail thought pattern.

Arcade question; iPod answer.

Nude beaches are sweet.

Video grope blue jean.

Apes, popes, pipes, smoke.

Reed, read; reel, real.

Bell, convention, reflex, echo.

Hauls, howls, cargo, jewel.

Rules, revolves, broken, anarch.

WATCH FOR EXPLODING CELLS

Exploding watches! Exploding pulsars!
Exploding pagers! Exploding Alzheimers!

Cell phone curdles my brain! Batteries
want wild action! Exploding aortas!

Brazil's exploding prisons! U.S. health
care staff craft fine chemical reactions!

I can hear my brain cells explode!
The exploding cells are sticky! Exploding

efficiency magnets, stifling explosions,
exploding peripheral explosions!

A new weapon in the war against explosions:
EXPLOSIONS! Hearing aids may explode!

ON LIKE DONKEY KONG

Like huge D-Pad buttons, a few actually applied. Boss is so barrel chested. My resume is some shoot-em-up fun.

Like pop is carbon dated, I get on a rhino and knock over my fellow bowling pins. Boss says I smack the right bongo moves.

Like Cabbage Patch fever all over, nowhere but my corner office do I break walls with my face. Boss says Amazing Race is double length.

I COULD JUST EAT YOU UP

Hello kitten, a smile like paint,
stickers still on paper, candy
bars then marshmallows, big
hearts, giardia then bathtime.

A shiny tarp, then a belly shirt.
Big eyes; garbage disposal. Bound
over mushrooms, sanrio turpentine,
perp, and then simple geometries.

Bitemarks, serum, then rooter.
Teeth, then Vespa. Engine, moon,
then pink. Fluff, then fuel. Out
of tune, then cute. Cut, then catsup.

MY PENIS HURTS WHEN I GLUE IT TO MY HAND

Stop! I glued my cock to my coke.
I need sandpaper on my cock to make
fire. My CNN burns when I pee.

First, I pee some moped exhaust, then
pull a gun made of shit. Hot coffee
hurts when it hits my dick. Sore to intense.

I boil my clothes, oink oink, my good
cock, spink. Over the couch to knock
a chicken bucket away, a scavenger hunt.

Lastly, in the news, got a clue. Aloe Vera
gel or jump rope. A civil tongue in my ass
keeps my cock informed, infirmed.

BETWEEN COTTON AND CANDY

I hate cigarettes; I like boxes.
Fluffy grain dig botox crosswalk face.

I hate janitors; I like white bread.
Torrid argyle crapshoot candy floss.

I hate pants; I like requirement.
Cracker conduction polio aisle Volvo.

I hate bondage; I like Diet Coke.
Drunk custom vinyl hedonist candy apple.

I hate ethnic; I like orange drink.
Comp boot frosting opaque processed.

BECAUSE YOU'RE THE COMIC RELIEF

I like to polish my art. I want to part
with 3D stuff. My house is a ruin.

I'm a circus. I love difficult clowns.
My popcorn wants some butter.

I wasn't elected smart guy. I may be
heavier than dead. My mom said, "Duh."

I'm a magic word. I'm early because
the bus worked. My please turfs your thank you.

I'm involuntary. I want to hear reflexes.
My assassin brings me products I love.

NO TALENT, ONLY TREND

Clang, clang. I wanna bang, Pavlov.
So talentless, you're laughing. Hot,
and getting spotted. Smokescreen
overcoat. Loads of alarm bells.

Denim, sputum. Booty call, booty
response. A logo on my crotch. Mime,
mime. My poem rhymes, Purdy.
Chocolate shots to the dome. Word.

Pattern, putter, plaid short pants. Golf
on a day off. Umbrella, coffee cake.
Milage to the limit. A laugh riot.
Bored, bored. I wanna hoard, Friedman.

MERITOCRACY OR BUST

Hey kids! Bid on high profile trades.
Own microbiology. Bankrupt chumps.
File bars under misc. Bust guns over
metro pop. Egalitarianism is a big word.

Stinks. Aces, Kings, Queens. Drink meat
juice for energy. Crush secular forces.
An organ without bodies. Slots tone calf
peaks and troughs. Unqualified is truly.

Clearly, push a button. Big box karate
schools. Electrical engineers are not stars.
Fuck while listening to the bottom line.
Touch bums in front of the mirror.

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

Them apples asshole. Sale Viking
purple. Pressure intelligence agencies.
Giggle stalker sister. Solo race joke.

My mitten announcement. Minute
chiro pressure. Confucius stalks
vegetables. Sage stay disease.

Immune soloist bubble. Agency
drank praxis. Sick asshole joke. Wet
bolstering head. Lettuce race-car arms.

Viking justice mitten. Chiro revenge
bend. Redneck girl giggle. Bolster
immune pressure. Eat an apple.

THE DARK HEART

A hat and a carnival; conic freak; chronic sweatsuit;
black croc heel; even keel; ship at sea; rocking lion
jaw; Ibuprofen as law; green for marines; parrot mind
or carrot body; ellipse, ellipsis, elude, elide; slip
syphilis oil or fatty advil spectacle; glasses hold eyesight;
eyeliner slits perception; balls crib election; all the pink
competition; hands in eyelash shapes; whip makes grand
fire not on par with meritocracy; carbon paper catches
democratic fish; schools as wishful thought; ski mask
covers common sense; felt glued to the neck and
sticks glued to the hands and hands up the ass.

What this means is meritorious parrotis. An honour, O knees,
if a rising tide lifts all boats, a canon lifts a poem that floats,
spectacle's rosy scent convinces theatre goers. Poem
explodes in spandex. Knockout gas mimics a horizon,
a trash bag, a cardigan, a legitimate democracy.

Yet the poem stands pollute, stumbles to the dark
heart of dark amidst a fleet of tin canoes, brilliant
sugar maples craft a landscape of wide-eyed chocolate
wrappers. Private sawdust soaks up crops. Orchards
vanish into picture books. Propellers vent family farms
into tight designer jeans. Landfills, rotation act,
industrial waste percussion, signification bottlenecks
brainwaves; work of all wordplay: codeplay.

Permanence a thing of the post. Trip out in the snow.
Only stone tablets fade. Tropes in folds. Painful
erection like a barcode. Rope holds back farm dog
from execution, carry out spectacle, maverick air,
aristocracy. Bob Hope performs golf club poems.
Art moves for war with more fabric stitched in liquid
nitrogen, barns and farmhouses frozen. Close over
poems with quilts. Front face cereal boxes. Disposable
hot dog wrappers. Private face of public amnesia.

All this endless catallaxy, vintage college radio
kitsch wriggles an -ocracy on a line. Trophies for cute
smiles work hard enough, sand as white bent double
knock-knee spandex. Mute speaker sorts its own
compost. Constitutional legitimacy of the poem, when,
in the receding daydream, soundtrack is cream jeans,
capital cap tilts its brim; hats that merit wears.

What is socially ungraceful? Little lights flash how-to
vent, grrr, ohhh, arranging tiny flowers in current
box facades, or, maybe, ack, or arghhh. Meteors are
millionaires backward. A jewelled broach, a sash,
a weapon is lunch on a dim floor. Moths amass in poem
doors, pigeon holes which lower books. Pulp pulls up ink,
rounds up property and makes sharp news pages.
Tongue slips bees into the meeting to stir little petals,
but, stingers, meat won't bandage this tune, measured
with antennas, paper umbrellas, childhood opportunity.
Rain fire into a real fuck. "Bomb" on a placemat pokes cocoons.

In the pasture, dark at night, poverty with twister mats
builds a pulp mill. First, into the glass; second, into
the potato sacks. Picnic spectacle sings Appalachian
bluegrass out in old-fashioned nature flute muse on the way
to a vintage car rally. Scarf plays side of a face safety pins
punk rock pastoral smock. Art paints a scene. Gap gasps.
Dancing dismantles storms into an art. What is represent?
A falsely tuneful cool laid out in prairie flat?

First, man says to empire: beacon. Then, empire replies:
smallpox. Flicker in glass a coal mine cream in coffee
hardhat lamp up a receding scalp line. Swim to shore;
absorb noise. Confuse astronomy with oligarchy; god
with gawd; ass with moon. Teenage violence through
a widescreen Congo, or, maybe, shoot Haitians
in the face in Vice City. When Ezra Pound gets a
guest spot on 7th Heaven, will he wear a polo with cord
slacks. Bruckheimer flick ends in an act-off. Which poems
are courts? Which poems are gas stations?

Freedom is a hot fudge mudslide. Tape effect a real
disaster soundtrack spills a water bucket under the gate.
Title card spoons cake with fingers, rich like a dictator.
Paternalists in name only, Catherine Zeta-Jones remakes
Norma Rae in lipstick on Brad Pitt's collar.

Long staples sink into posts, securing wires to hold
the heart's growls, clearly repeats sing-song asap
shaking what into a discount bin an autoerotic ooze
through milk cartons or milf cartoons. Palms arched

over volvos mimic the billboard soup, a sound poem,
crisp, grunts out a new fifty with a ghost. Bird-calls
rattle seeds, plants need sunlight, models for life
shell skeletal fall leaves. Cosmet bemoans Walmart
miasma. Poem is a Kenmore nosejob. Grapefruit
for breakfast. Pockets sewn up tightly. Bed sores
coordinate with outfits. A game where art craves
soap and water. Wash in warm with like colours.

Carnavalesque health of land; heart stands fallow,
decompose, validation in trash typos as trash sorts
compost from sparrows. GM canola cuts bees
pollinating what birds eat. Art free trades however
it feels. If browse science makes choice democracy.
Camera echo exposed in liquid paper. Mystery stories;
multiple ambulances; SUV's; socially-conscious art;
period-costume sing-song; Alzheimer's disease.

Gears chirp and chatter. Factory system shares
space with antique pistols, throwing knives, dunk tank.
A pulp mill compacts Elysian paper quality
into three stages: first, workers drain stock into
the Phong River, second, flows as frozen glass,
as sand rubs away a roll press. Plural of 'fray'.
Feet into pulp for trees into pulp for space. Third,
poverty; participle; zero effluent. China syndrome
a couple of typos. Collar on line two. Songs
on homemade instruments. Dark room where
photos develop raw colour. Poem cooks suspense
in a couple typos. Arrow points at product; to craft

instead of buy, raft instead of fly; to wait in line.

Democracy is as simple as a turn of phrase, dialogic,
right. Flicker in word-like LCD. Trees hide millionaires.
A renaissance fair; Tudor; weekday skivvies;
bowler hats; Zoloft; wicker chair; Oscar Wilde;
Calgary Sun; neoconhood; Robin Hood; dialing
for dollars; New Years Baby; Lotto 6/49;
Die Hard; Hamlet; Pokemon; Sistine Chapel; front yard.

FAKE MATH (20XX)

THE HARD HEART

And yet the poem stands pollute
as it stumbles to the dark heart
of a fleet of tin canoes. Brilliant
sugar maples a landscape of wide-
eyed portraiture. Propellers vent
family farms into tight design. Private
sawdust bottlenecks each landfill
that soaks up hope. I trip out
in the snow to fold myself in tropes.
Permanence the sting of a past
roped back from execution.
Everyone wants to forget, no one
wants to man the guillotine. It's
far too hard to drop the blade
with your head in the stocks.

Instead, the poem adopts the public
face of free speech kitsch. Trees
exactly three metres apart but
freer. Not to the opening bay
doors, which, at best, cry survival,
which grind harm into who are
you to question my lines of flight,
but to you, tuned to the click
track of iconoclasm in times of
crisis, the clouds moving just fast
enough to notice don't propose

anything but code strings of made
edification. Camaraderie in
competition. Others don't beat
the heart of creative genius as
a game where a growing hole
tames neighbourhoods through
clearance, pop matter into
a material vacuum. Even in the
future, I will need air to live.

Reacting poorly, I make waste.
My percussive brainwaves make
noise from lead in the garden.
Punch your card, buy your ticket
to another world-shattering
artwork drawn from industrial cut
flood design to designer flooding
pooled finely in the garden suites
water runs to. The stylish circulations
that make the gallery will make a
mean Instagram post. And, O, if
a rising tide lifts all boats, a canon
lifts a poem that floats. Its lines light
like inflatable rafts. Its facts rotate
into codes skipped from the shore.
Its rosy scent evinces theatre goers.
Responsive, my poem explodes,
its spandex mimics knockout
horizon, pan over the cool privilege
of reproduction, eyes on crosswalk

lines, couplings widen to the width
of the container. Each time my
stride is broken it makes me feel
more nationalistic (and how
the same setups get punchlined up
on that dim stage!), but one of these
days there won't be a horizon, utopian
or otherwise, without an admission
that venture and risk will need
dismantling. August is the cruelest
month in the heat and the vacuum
left in an extended retreat into
the couple form. Men are the most
difficult when they want boundless
extractable love. Relation just a
cost-benefit analysis of who to
bracket off. And me, clogged with
the pastoral, a falsely tuneful cool
played in prairie minor, spooling
memory of rainbow trout from
the Battle River as an event set
blocks from St. George station.

What can the poem do about this
4% rent hike across the province?
A tired question when property
pools up pulp any way it can. Maybe
monetization might help? Maybe
set up an etsy that slides work
into dreamscapes? Clocks run 24

hours so why leave any outside
wall unmuralled. The radiant city
tendrils walkability scores through
the gentle handholding of two-story
walkups. Prizes come on a summer
breeze, though its fall now and there's
an election soon. Candidates promise
more rentals to say nothing about
rents. Maybe poetry can help. All I
would need to write is an invoice.

In the end, entrepreneurship is socially
ungraceful. And what maverick airway
puppets aristocracy? There are hats
that merit wears at court and hates
that mutely own their compost. I
comport the poem through the pasture,
past front faced orders to deport, head
down. All this endless democracy,
little spoon to electrons in a compact
global market. Little ticker lights blink
their affect as the poem divines
a receding daydream in the altered
horizons of constitutional legitimacy.
My tongue slides hivewise to siphon
the event's soundtrack, brim tipped
honey assembling sticky in that poem.
The poem's mass snaps that cheque
for the bank, its deposit stirs little
antennas into meeting. I wash news

print from my tongue, its tune a sickly
sweet pigeon hole automated vent
jeweled virtual. Billionaire disruptors
meteor forward. Event continuity,
not exception. White sand streets.

FINALLY, SOME HOPE!

The last time I felt like this
I was in the wilderness
where I found grace in
financializing mutual aid.

Now my new hobby involves
leaning against the bank
while plastic twenties
spool from my teeth.

Then all the mice poured
from under the trench
until I wasn't ever
there at all really.

A LESS ORIGINAL LIFE

O Jughead, I'm tired. I lock my verbs
to spin in place. What taste is there
in questioning this form? I hate it.

Punch the constant clock behind
my eyes. Make sense. State sentence.
Dense syntax. Tense stack. Slack off.

Fuck. It's all too abstract then,
this poem an array of debts. A tongue
side quench set to mere elocution.

Stamped exceptional. Slide knife
into collapsed set. Slide outline
into category. These sticky thefts.

LIVING IN THE AGE OF ENTITLEMENT

I will never own a house and who needs it. It's a cause for repair. Annual paid relations. A public policy that kills me.

Death by world growth. Maybe if I stayed in the womb for another century. Boat loan entitlement. The right to drink oil like water.

Greece has too many boats. Maybe I could build from banned plastic bags. Rampant tanning. Spastic pan bangers.

Eating is a responsibility. A job right after grade nine grad. Fixative rate. Gut tax. Who even needs to be grateful?

A WAY OUT OF THIS CENTURY

Cut unnecessary stuff, like, your hand or your iPhone. Credit the extra thought to my rewards card. 21st century, etc.

But where will love go? I pulled this book from the library discards. It was only a half day late. Even Van Gogh played it by ear.

Why isn't everything metonymic? By way of intro, this poem is about cuts, etc. I want to write it in record time, so it's about real life.

Real life in the way a gentleman is a 19th century thing and his suit is somehow about that. Really, it's more fracas than ruckus.

LET'S KILL SOME JOBS

But what else can we kill first? It's like, if you go over on your carbon emissions, you put a dollar in the jar, when it's full we have a pizza party. So everyone agrees?

It's not high on our radar, TBH. We're not going to let it ruin our whole Thanksgiving, thanks. From a valuation perspective, what can I kill with this cabinet shuffle?

Um, has anyone ever made, like, really made, a joke about dying from market exposure? Um, look, as everybody knows, we were, you know, I told people we were inquiring.

NO TIME TO GET RICH SLOW

After I wake up,
I make my bed and
focus on my breathing
to manifest future billions.

Any time you write
it's X time in Y place,
aren't you just saying
that you're minting a poem?

The global supply chain
was something we
didn't even talk about
and now we can't stop!

ALL TOGETHER NOW

Every book needs a
joke at the expense of
kids playing COD when
not delivering for Pizza Uber.
Contractor allocation plan
an open-source torrent
of intimate non-stop
profit mulch. What?
Well, I chide my meal
and my meal chides me,
but when I need sashimi
now, I get on the app.

Man, every time is like
a rainbow dying in a haze
of laser tag, patterning the
classical hiring strategies of
frat knives. No Halo Virgins.
Nothing's outside capitalism,
but something is outside
my bedroom. Gah! All this
consensus radiation!

In our paneled days of
relevant experience, a field
of specific inputs cuts at
agreement just enough

to benefit. It's either bonus ethics or the ethics of bonuses. A terrific rage of forest fires in a surge of key skills. Summary bodies in elementary patterns.

The system teaches it to you. So when you ground experience in cover mechanics, each interview becomes another shooting gallery.

I SET AN OIL WELL ON FIRE

A photograph on the world's front pages disappears national debt and detonates English Aristocrats naturally. You can really own a home when you call anyone an enemy who won't ignite oil-soaked birds. When he left academia, he shackled up with an atheist's right to speak. Or is that alchemist's? Because I think you could frame a postcard and turn it into a great gift.

All political writing chokes up at the sight of brave activists fighting so earnestly. First, cool the wreckage, then add an asterisk after the global price. The genie granted the wishes of a thousand taxpayers, but the bridge still cost too much. Much of the material was lifted higher by the graceful delivery of oxygen into the swelling industrial tanks.

While he's oiling up some big guy's weapon, you should convince celebs like to vacation in a tactical strategy session from my heart to your rum punch. During WWII, analysts often wished bridges would affiliate themselves closer to the water. If you catch fire, maybe you could run into the water light up the harbour.

I liked the nuclear passion of your eloquent defence of my Starbucks Holiday Wish. Hawk and Trap liked it when you confronted those spectacular finales with leakage, evaporation, and Pina Coladas. Maybe all the cynical arguments make it hard to breathe. I turn lead into one leg at a time. I miss the old world of just flying to beaches when I wanted to give every beautiful sunset the finger.

My top hat set the stove ablaze with stirred feelings. This oil war spills all over my carpet and I'm still surprised. Fair nestlings drill each morning in the waking light of long-engraved public policy, grinding dry holes.

Right now, recent graduates froth up over the "We Are The World" sequel set to rock Haiti right down to its emerging charitable foundations. But I don't doubt that you read it on hundreds of different sites. Even with two straws, a milkshake won't explode from the top if shook.

GLOBE WILLING AND THE CRISIS DON'T RISE

But doesn't watching
Leonardo DiCaprio screaming
make you wish you could deny something?

If I unclenched my jaw
just right
I could gulp the whole swollen ocean.

A signal beaming forth
from the planet's surface:
The Bezos Ultimatum!

How am I supposed to
cope my hand through some grass
with all this ash on the ground?

I used to think
I didn't want to know anything,
but now I want to know complete ignorance.

SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL

Let's laugh at those assholes! Let's just let them have it, then nervously change the subject! I'm sick of dragging my fucking heart around anyway!

Keys clack lightly as arcade machines record your high scores. O, that such vertical skies might pull my ankles deep into major media.

I'm sorry but the lungs and I have been talking. My fixation is so rad that it tells your good will to shove it. Stop talk. You wouldn't like my production.

BUT SIR, I WANT SOME MORE PLEASE

O lunch line, consumption's thick,
caustic goo poured back. Pint in
hand. Yet craft now, craft.

Food court spills into a lonely
softshoe. Tap charge, tap queue.
Dress blues denude, stares loose.

But look, look careful. Tight
traffic books not ooze, but viscous
root. Belts stand back, ruled.

But fair romance, what number
boots your ladling spoon? Stubbed
toe on pooling relation alone.

OH FUN, WHATEVER

Remember when Ponzi
schemes were all the rage?
When chemtrails bombed
our team photos? When
nature was a toy section
made from popular oaths?

Ugh, this level of service.
Visa stinks like vanilla
or sandlewood candles.
Hip-hop means something
different when rowed
over a lake. Featherweight
grammar, stiff and spare.

I sang my long hours into
survival narratives. My
copied shock at doom tariffs,
sick promos, and other
brotherly advice. More leaden
idioms than a feudal lord
on the first day of class.
Not every vice is an evil
empire, but they do add up.
No catalytic bandwidth left, or
put it together, but not in that
scared all lives matter way.

Fake membership can end
any romance really. Makes you
the laughing stock of inhibitor
drugs. Two patents registered
by compound contagion. It's
called salve shaming. But sooner
or later, it's either water or
body stink. Teacher's stiff lip
used to be the structural
condition, but what now?
Cop-portunities? I still swear the
sun up every morning, but
rated drivers have less texture
than outstanding tradesmen.
Self-driving car by day, candid
selfie by night. A kind of jazz that
moulds subscription into a sterling
profit model. Dime wide, nickel high.

How do you turn elderly data into
kernels of plausible respiration?
Lots of clear days with relevant
skills and land allocation planning?
Some complaints about the intern's
work ethic? In a torrent of open
source, concern that fatigued
metal might give way to coastal
wetlands against a treadmill of
personal finance. Underwater
and rational. A kind global shield.

Remember when you could only write about politics through jokes? Me too. In nationalizing melting engrams, you never go full fingerprint. Rent bubble. Landed overstep. Clear and peasant recreation.

Look, it's fun to look. Ordinary biochemical slander. All I'm assaying is there's no diff really between housing reports and killing power. Allocation, um, I mean, all locations.

NEVER WAKE

You pocket the city and its short episodes, the well-lit dock of the 7-11 and its lack of demand, the passing toddlers and their rough sleep. Heavy snow dreams enough symptoms. Heavy production lays concrete chutes. You witness each fertile pause in traffic as a spazzy burrow for making, a branch plant made appropriate. But here is each failed vein injected with foam, foaming appropriation. Here, in a technical bedrock, works a fine net whose mesh schools even the most employed.

Once, you wrote a poem about work. Once, it was enough to paint each bank into a banal watercolour, the pastoral banks pouring newly matured bonds into the tangled river. But even as this poem marks time it marks no work on your arm. Even as it spreads a sail, a quilt, a tarp.

An intricate frame twists knots into sneakers that chase block after block of bungalow dream-work into soft fronts that greet with green smiles. Pins and pins mean each slipped barricade. They mean each compacting design, each visual remove of molecules clouding until, easy to move, rained out. Either, you think, run the body or slip mood into a threaded fitting. Only one is liquid, leaving flux to its plumb path. Only one dumb idea at a time. Only direction to the engine yoke. You hope for any pieces of required size to yoke your heart to durability, the ocean only a metaphor of perimeter's lack, the cable a fine support for its thoroughfaring public. It's shit, you think, leaving design to tread slip-resistant. Of the paths of opposing council, one pins witness to certain lines, certain linguistic spill with no junk shot.

A city bows to trim formula, not in any sense of junk sleep but in every sense of use. The lung

a control surface, winding force
to number, torque to volunteer
science. Illustration after illustration
sucks inertia into birds who chirp
for pedestrians, sucks piloted
reminder into solenoid belief. What
pulls each atom together? What
frames each made explanation?

GOLD STAR GRAND PRIX

My misery beats your dissent. I'll shiv
a ferris wheel in before profiling the upbeat.

Dance-a-thon evisceration. My nomination
beats your customer review. Haunt cost.

Ferrari phase of history. My remix beats
your affirmed research. Bumper carnality.

My barf beats your hooliganism. Workout
phrase finder. Body as cry bag. Economics.

Deniability. My legislated space beats your
hyperventilation. Escalation made worse.

OUR EQUALLED VERSIONS

Which destined responsibility? Foster
core. Bureau of upheld current. Fulfills
a great potential. Funds a potent repeat.

Maybe any levelling. Whose version of
equal? White scraps. Richness. Resource
rights. Rejects any thoughts of collective.

Squares off. Scrap century. Idle squall.
Any difference a profit gap. Tax tax tax
tax tax tax tax. River so good for dumping.

Self-supporting credit. Which toxic
supplement? Today's junk criticism all
white. Circle terms. Tough luck sell.

OUR MAGISTERIAL AUSTERITY

Debating debtor's prison, we stayed both
points and sent but rigor to the wheel,
owing more to it. We worked as promised.

We knocked forks at the table, working
no split fact but our lips. The harsh bars
of speech. The grand constitution of it.

It rebukes any witness, any pissing away
the panicking care of bored romantics.
We cram our bodies into too small pants.

What do pockets hold but spilled seams?
What pedestal budes cool assessment?
To answer, all that's left is detonations.

I HEART REPETITION

O Explosion, as you loaf in constant bloom, in constant spectacle, left in constant close explosive speeds.

Left a laugh spectacle left out, left bad, left naughty left left shouting, left in constant bombed laughter.

Exclusive rigid ticking not gone, left after fast tracking oblivious constant, crowd out what's left gridded.

Don't cut the line, the line cuts you, left in a constant queue, feet up feel laughed, laugh lines spectacularly left.

FAKE MATH is a reissue of my first book. I've rereleased it as a way of observing the fifteenth anniversary of its publication. It's also a chance for me to revisit and reflect on a loose set of poems that were important for me to write as a queer kid who wasn't self-aware, let alone out.

These are poems all about texture and voice. They tarry with the negative, the abject, and political, often in ways I didn't entirely understand. At the time, writing the manuscript between 2002 and 2006, I was inspired by Bruce Andrews' *I Don't Have Any Paper So Shut Up* and the loosely agglomerated Flarf writers. I had signed up for the Buffalo Poetics Listserv and started a Blogspot page, both of which gave me a narrow purview from my position as a townie poet in the then ascendant Creative Writing Capital of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Andrews and the Flarf writers hooked me with their shared approach to voice and language's social texture. In particular, they suggested a kind of ironic position taking towards a particular kind of white male toxicity whose discourse could be mashed up and lampooned. This appealed to me as a stupid, broken kid with a desire to fuck something up but with massive amounts of social anxiety weighing me down. I'm now convinced that irony doesn't work as a critical pose, but I do think there's something of value in many of these poems.

This book is structured in two sections.

In FAKE MATH (2007), I reprint most of the poems from the original book. For personal reasons, I have excised eight poems and significantly revised several others. If you are interested in the original book, copies are still widely available. Invisible Publishing has stewarded the remaining copies of the book since the original publisher went out of business and they would be happy to sell you one.

The original FAKE MATH was published by Snare Books in 2007. Elements from it were also published in the chapbooks *Adolesce* (above/ground, 2005) and *Social Commodities* (No., 2005), the anthologies *Shift and Switch* (Mercury) and *Post-Prairie* (Talonbooks) and in *Avenue*, *Dandelion*, *fhole*, *Matrix*, *Nod*, *Originality of Orality Online*, *Peter F. Yacht Club*, *Rampike*, and *Queen St. Quarterly*.

In FAKE MATH (20XX), I've included a chapbook length burst of poems that work in the spirit of the original book. These poems were written sporadically across the last fifteen years.

Some of these poems have also been published in the chapbooks *dealingwithit.gif* (above/ground, 2015) and *Dang Me* (above/ground, 2020).

Jason Christie titled this book FAKE MATH. Thanks to him. And to you, for reading it.