

What is there ready and near you now?

I will not heed the draft. Let the tanks rumble without me. Let the airplanes spurt neon plasma without me. Let the celluloid missiles rainbow and baby fat melt away on tanning machines. Let the poems I've written drop behind enemy lines (sniff). Let brigades go big horn trumping I will not fall in step. I can't swim. I will not fall in step fall

Constellation of leaflets

in exact
boom ! means
the hierarchy
balloons
(down sea)
let
go of
it

irrelevant

We

Plunge

You life moves in rollig liquid steps of tides. You body surf through evaporating afternoons. You reflect every surface--mirror and image are one body. Projections of glutonious angel hair share your translucence. Your life moves warm contracting fluid, a swimmer in roll returns to pools subterranean. Under under I am under

Dear Sirs No Dear sirs No Dear Sirs No No
No Sirs Dear No Dear Sirs Dear No Sirs No
Dear Sirs Dear No Dear Sirs No

[An infinite series of locks, one by one uncatching and dropping to the floor]

Dear Sirs No I will not heed the draft. I have analyzed the documentation of the Independent Council. There is no argument I can formulate. Logic is rolled and slithered alongside the cigarettes. WE smoke outside. Let me be succinct.

"Once on the frontline, every action is an inaction. What happens there eliminates here.

"Those making these decisions are fabricating the strength of welded points.

If the enemy chooses to become the enemy, the stakes will rise.

Do not forget.

Yes I

remember

Yes I

remember

The objects of your local world have travelled very far. Last feelings of the skin, a fluttering over steel magnetic awareness of other masses the bridge where the waters break everything is once alive rise the straddling feet your visions are of now rise your visions are the last sentence of billowing smoke cars regurgitated you suddenly realize that you like your life

Now

concentration waits in the late afternoon in your cold hands in the hour when you study the universes on your eyelashes. You say, "I will not arrest my coffee." You say, "I will not drink coffee." You say, "One Up Up

Listen before I stood up

engage engage You must engage--again and again and again One Up One Up Graveyards in daylight cask of wine One Up UP One Zero One Zero Zero I am envious of your dreams. Of your dreams, you tell me you whisper coal winds into my ears. We are bodies touching in white space One Zero One One Up Up

Analysis of our Fluids

a problem with no real solutions. The war will drag on forever. I will Mexico Mexico is swallowed by your mouth I will Canada Canada is in the war I will Cuba arctic snake around the waist inhale humf inhale humf I have examined the war and the war is not ending. I have examined the war and we will live our entire lives fighting the war in the war under the war resisting the war furthering the war are we raw the war hunt the war hah--unnt

And so on....

Abache is killed by prostitutes. Abache dies because his erection lasted too long Abache's erection is the doorway to history. enter the period. nothing is allowed until the virus is gone. I will not heed the war. The war will rage all around me and I will not notice. I hiccup. I balmovement .I finger pose puppet shadows on this wall. I take photographs to imagine the future me remembering the distant past.

enter the period

weightless body dissolving in a cup of tea. assam. bind concrete blocks to my waist to hold the earth. feathers starting from the roof ledge flutter into taxicab windows. Missiles pass through enormous holes in my belly. The full moon shines through the window of my belly. I will not telephone when I am late. No Calls No calls Home! We have weapons. We organize our task force and day dream opponents into oblivion.

Muscles of your body Pressure from your fingertips

[No motivation has been abandoned]

The line for the lottery is one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen
fourteen
fifteen
sixteen
seventeen
eightteen
nineteen

The line for the lottery is one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve thirteen
fourteen
fifteen
sixteen
seventeen
eightteen
nineteen--

On the outside, there is an outside. Dogs chase bikers circling the loop. Ourtside the outside, there is another outside the outside. Russian dools in the tourist shops open to the smallest doo. I count the freckles on your back that are the unifers you cannot communicate. Tired old boy suddenly you realize you like your life

and the winner is...

one by one

one by one

(continue whispering)

I will not heed the draft. The woman plucking the balls pushed up through the air shutes wias drawn by a cartoonist conscripted in the last draft.

one by one

one by one

I will not heed the draft. I have memorized my lines. I will not heed the draft. Heed the draft I will not I will not. Not I the will draft heed

the draft

I not the will heed. The words are my own. Will the draft I heed not. Not heed I the draft will. I draft heed not the. Heed I not the draft will. I will not heed the draft

[enter second voice]

(in the beginning)

(a life on

straw mats

listening for

foot

steps--)

[look around slowly slightly crouched
silent]

performed at Lull 1999
angel orensanz center for the arts