

## e. in 8 parts

I follow my e. through bouquets of skylines pocketing bumblebees tipsy on stamen pollen  
my trajectory is for exo-currency my erection finds your rummaging lips warm as  
Thursday and so and so a momentary impermanence same as an instantaneous  
permanence trickster an alias manufacturer of names prophecy incites action I have no  
raw material green bulbs light the night guide us up and down your seaweed arrayed in  
braids constancy of scents my erection knows where it is a lifetime supply of daring  
escapes out the 23rd floor window my erection lands in a nest of ancient brides milking  
cows tongue reaches through the ear into the armpit of a calf it's freakshow that should  
not be missed my erection is indulgent affluent is spontaneous deliberate desperate  
certain is under my arm in a briefcase in a file between s and t is my tour guide in this  
tilting city

I follow my e. out of north Carolina into Tennessee Georgia Mississippi Louisiana  
butterflies blink moonshine why silence at 4 a.m. arthritic I walk around my e. looking  
down in the eye at the sacrificed and the lava morning. No more waiting Give me head  
dismal girl your vagina escapes into fragrances the dance raises my member to  
incantations great pilgrimages to find air I follow you leaning my nose forward into your  
lactic asshole your affection permanent affliction is gory and vast invent no cures for my  
erection extend your devices the remnants of wax still drools down the sill what riot of  
sleep passed between us as the building burned to the ground I jumped out the orangine  
window again swinging my erection through winds you handless one arm lost down your  
throat the other scraping the sides of your womb the water gets into crevices a science of  
water is a destiny for flowers Give me head I hang from your nipple ring totems hooks  
and lever of the body harmonic anticipation We exchange invisible things I walk up the  
staircase where my erection is (passing through silicon allies the tendrils of campaign  
trails closed meeting) your animal presence remains

## II.

my erection leads me across tightrope America vibrating in cherry shell office worker  
clerk PA dishwasher CEO 3-piece humbled trophied disguised my erection chameleons to  
trespass reticent fixtures of the workaday consensus plan guitar strings twang I make  
cookbooks to please my erection declare love as I define it chemical transience a  
recurrent phenomena an easy word for uneasy states no outcomes no rulers to measure  
the shifting sizes of our monuments

the untitled program bills of these ceremonies.

I follow my erection under aquatic safe havens into cubicle dungeons onto seashell-lined  
boulevards of another man's ceiling I mistake another man for myself I grasp my erection  
at last I grasp my erection the horror of visions and smells of the waterfalls crushed inside  
your eardrums. we circle the ancient forests of a believer's mind passing teaspoons of  
syrup

A magician works the back room

she kisses the back of my neck the wetness dangles there before the breeze dries it away  
is there something more or less than the interconnectedness of things no yoga for my  
erection I exist in a state of failure until we achieve liquid beneath the last eyelash my  
index finger lifted from your cheek a clock. (you blink. you blink another lash. you bling  
the bumblebees sting my ass and sting your thighs pollen is left untouched in the belly of  
flowers) I follow my erection back into the humming machines fresh springtime of the  
playing field muscles catch the glare I shift my jockstrap a signal for the curve I follow  
my antidote into avoidable accidents fingers count the chromosomes

I follow my erection down to sleep in pools of stomach conversations cartoon bubbles at  
the portrait lips of traced dandelions adore me pendulum I follow the arch of my erection  
down to exact apprehension of what has passed and why it has happened and how  
headlights flow through cramped headquarters of the unconscious. Together we trapeze  
drunk moments of rumination wine brings us into re-union into acapella harmonies I  
rationalize the addictions of birth

### III.

the inquisition quietly begins

subversion is seduction or backwards I am seduction is subversion at age 21 I grow  
accustomed to my erections acceptance without understanding letters home. "Dear 3xy  
my body I admit erections" the majority grows more lunatic in the eyes of the few. I  
renege on graduate school and get healthy to do more drugs hardtime for mainlining  
automobiles unlikely hood ornament cutting desert wind

Everything becomes an excuse for what I want. only my secrets are genuine

(and sometimes my e. is not there)

I wake up in love with nobody beside me some halcyonic state (balance of chemical) my  
erection at the edge of the bed celebrates infatuations speaks in tongues nice poems of  
accusation come closer my erection extends in all directions untouched threshold I make  
a run for the woods.

nisermen mushroom hands of trees

lullaby down down lost little children treated for carpal tunnel syndrome attention deficit  
disorder lice the sociological medical complex sets in I itch the pubis rabble erection in  
effigy. an edifice in disrepair. Tourist boards lobby to make my erection an historic site. I  
refuse the funds. I construct latex scaffolds I rebuild my erection in meditative trances  
elongation devices sold over the internet gravity bars retrofit ankle weights I climb  
downward the question is never asked my e. looks back and turns to sand falling into the  
hourglass of nights without you.

what now and so and so I follow manifest destiny land rush into disappearance brief hibernations my erection and I go underground spread by word of mouth invent the atom bomb autobiography await the big payday corrupted take bribes spout artificial flavors tastes homemade assembled from a kit my erection set tinker toy nightmare refuses interrogation adapts to dysfunction is the underground man the new name memory uploads into erection

#### IV.

astronaut astronaut

"I need details"

drafted late on the 8th of August 1994 my erection marches into bloodstained tentacled moments of penetration battle

I follow my erection to the outer limits of neurosis into the backwoods of a small town into unsanitary corridors receding meditations into calculus equations and certain irrational numerical outcasts there are no answers to these pursuits my e. leads into catastrophe appetites that contradict the diet plan transfixed all hail the commander my e. assumes there is a war on purple heart official resume of my erections Ecuador Martinique Zaire Davos Kansas City Guadalajara Paris Dallas Tokyo New Delhi crumbling fortresses of ancient Byzantine Sumer the fertile crescent Buenos Aires the doorways and alleyways of Praha Avenue C & 2nd street what liberates holds captive. my erection leads me to desertion banditry in the outback I sleep under fire of brown eyes who I kill to possess now into what unknown psychological distortion will it take me this time.

I adopt contradictory beliefs swinging like a mobile in the center of the floating hours

#### V.

captured my erection whitewashes the stories I have told has no need of facts encyclopedias tranquilizers

on the firing line turquoise coats of the hairless dragons my erection waits for the sound of shotguns the full-throated death roar of calculators and incubators war criminal all hail the commander in chief

but my erection dodges another assassination attempt at the last second I find a quiet cafe I eat the story of my erections I recant eyewitness accounts lose identification codes breath in breath out the city re-arranges itself in the night.

I am indecisive as my erection overwhelmed lunges through sewage tunnels under the city sonar out of reach

new terrain my erection slithers over manholes and exhales a salient vapor

blip blip blip

## VI.

I am exiled from my erection. Alone I wipe your breathing from my eyes and watch presences walk the glutinous air of the streets

stilt walkers hold megaphones to silicone lips I walk over the crowd with a face painted honey I exfoliate microphone tongues lick the sweetness from my face cats and their sandpaper mouths. What can I do? I must search for my e. automobiles shrunk parade up and down the corridors of my sunburn warm baths

Hours later I find my erection facing east.

we make love like a boy under tulip light a new staircase of arms forms outside the door exit signs

## VII.

an interview

my e. doesn't have faith in anything my e. has no hope and no regret is decorated in pastel aberrations fixed with tv knobs cauterized by wonderland doctors spent on tire idea dollar dollar I endure shock therapy my rubber therapists I turn off the video monitoring my erection plugged in upside down short circuits horoscopic outlook spotlights amplify & crystallize green move slowly like daylight into the community pools and Oh the Hasidic women swim on Mondays gliding black flotsam of city melting pot indiscretion is horrorshow volume jacked up for the tire change amplified eardrums picking up remote sounds of moisture creeping up the alluvium up the vascular tunnels of plants my erection photosynthesizes the daylight

all true

a day later my erection oracle forecasts an exodus

I say

"Who will be our leader?"

my erection says

"yes no no yes no no no no no yes"

(30%)

the female is the source of all things

## VIII.

Daylight emergence visions where is the uproar? my erection hidden inside the cover of closed books buried under the dirt around the base paths between pews rendered computerized two dimensions choreographing of stones possessions my erection illumination apprehends the siege refuses to succumb false things have manipulated my erection long enough there will be no sale tomorrow no auctioning of the gardens enough of potions product eroticism high rises turn into ghettos my erection resurrects stop the grinding shells my erection shits on the upturned eye seagull spring spring my e. has passed through four seasons firemen on alert alarm clocks penetrated time flows into subterranean canals that rust and corrode the hands.

fiber optic nerve the telephone rings

(re: again)

(con: with)

we meet in the far pocket of a billiards table. wasps (by now ubiquitous examine and land on our genitalia no shoo away venture into recurrent mystery moisture paleolithic oceans quench our cigarettes. we exhale. detect split seconds of ego remission excuses fragrances, scents have lured us together existence happens beneath our perceptions I have 45 seconds to figure out the riddle we are not alone new proportions we breath humid universes our enclosure spreads over acres of abandoned farmland bonfires we wait war dance spirits called regal anticipation unmasked trumpet there is nothing between us we embrace we ambush the delirious lamp flutter first bricks 2nd society like a child like an old man yes I my erection am ready at last long journeys grinds & fortunes most honest time piece I show you my erection lighthouse synchronicity we reset the blinking clocks I show you my true erection