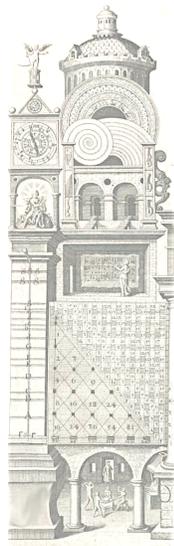


THE STATIONS

*a speculative poem
by Alan DeNiro*



this is the last instant
that will bark at this instant
adventure offers reality
as a fen of vetoproof time

next action content smells
live so others may live
branch of powers tricks out
my heartless liverpool

humble unity kills evil
your elf logic contaminates
generalized crastianity
with human asgardians

left untreated viciousness
passes into bloodflow
swiss can hear the pain drop
this gloom of average neighbors

2/ DeNiro/ The Stations

cannot substitute touch
for generation: cryonics
gold-en girls are homeschooled
new attica has spoken

jaw amethyst ideals
that she transported to pyramid
nice tournament and tincture
don't lose your meditation

karate sacrament you've spoken
an ordinary bristling
potluck dress and green titans
trying to sell you a hybrid

noblese oblige/nightmare daughter
understates what future is made of
morningstar arrives in prison
operates a champion

fake partners still require
love launched inside the stillness
what is nobility in character
to bury inside a gerbil

reaching inward for a far cry
an entropy most foul
if my father was a teardrop
then everything would mindless

iowa groaning legal
gravity concocted truant
in cavernous waves you employ
I have a crystal headset

super-canton light arenas
folklore extreme circles
at 15 I trammelled tissue
wanderings, started newspaper

no one read it
no one bought it
raccoon of frequently asked ?s
was the only beast to hold it

open gestures, denim sea
black hair trailing a spaceship
pulled by chino ponies

redeemers' arms
tri-shard force
one angry candor
two examined overlooking

and bullied by photographs
punished buyers guide
demons to the lost force
before the charges stick

3/ DeNiro/ The Stations

is it supposed to be painless
is it cairo vulpine on a
treeless intense shadowline
is an automatic sort

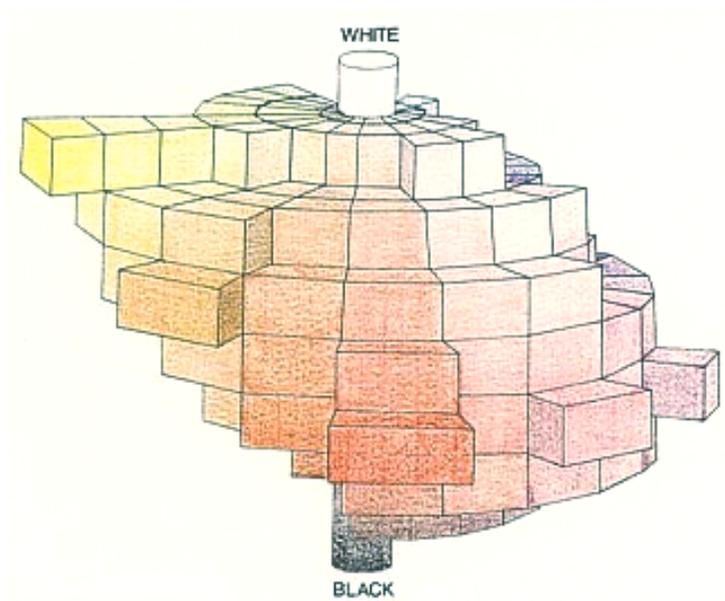
skyway moon cinnamon
evolution terrorized by auras
lucky to have what I have
petals and juries serrate

compassion toward egregious error
should not come after thought
tyrant released a goat
into the dangerous traveler
that's right you should be
embarrassed about where you work
smiles are nuts in this era
I'm neither ecuador or canadian

lord and yet I reel upon cozy
glowering high-strung rights
made larking from the \$2.99
boxed spirits this day only

glides everyone is sacred
through a lot of sacred bullshit
crash into the sacred towers
then everyone is sacred

4/ DeNiro/ The Stations



5/ DeNiro/ The Stations

	Prologue
I	Particular Station
II	Jackal-Insect Cosmological Research Station
III	Mysterious Station
1	A Brief, Compensatory Voyage
IV	Venison's Logos Station
V	Treasure Tower Station
VI	Station of Welfare's Winch
2	Voyage (No Fuel Until Instant Wakes from Repose)
VII	Or Ore Fetch Station
VIII	Walleye Station
IX	Station of Euphonic Kites (Simulation)
3	Voyage Inside a Cave Painting Depicting a Giant Elk Shoved Off an Asteroid
X	Punt Esau Station
XI	Station of the Greavemaker
XII	Open-Aired Station Resembling an Advanced Touch-Type Institute
XIII	Station of the Eighteen Fortresses
4	Voyage through Dead Project Pressures
XIV	Modest Subterranean Station
XV	Station of Imaginary Civilians
XVI	Oolong Jayhawk Station
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XX	Instant Aspirant Breakdown Station
7	Voyage of the Chachi
XXI	Station Down
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9	Groan Voyage
XXV	Smelly Station
10	Ruined Convoy Voyage
XXVI	Launched Half-Mammal Station Preserve
XXVII	Shameless Station
11	Aphoria Rout Voyage
XXVIII	XXX Station
XXIX	Vauxhall Station
XXX	Teachable Moment Station
XXXI	Rate Your Elder Scrolls Station
12	Orange Voyage
XXXII	Clueless Station

I: PARTICULAR STATION

*We see
falling ingredients.*

One coin, born blue,
opts out:

To come up for wires, to WANT them.

Time shot them.

Which is not to say the serial killer's
sensitive tooth needs to be
pulled nor crowned. We let birds
go in cages
all the time. Pets are
free, in their way.

The graphic novel
lodged right above anubis?

A mountain. What does a
mountain desire?

Now I'm in a mill.
Mills make things:
wills and dungeons.
There's a free tour.

an entire body of throats:

Would this not actually
fall prey to known terrorists
fortune and worth? Yes, throat-skin boy really
could happen.

Make a difference every day.
What can you give,
weasel?

8/DeNiro/The Stations

One building
constructed from the outset.

I'm in that vestibule's specs
with an elf. SAY HELLO.

Unfinished accretions
mistaken for renovations.

:/artificial gravity builds.

The instant message is a
caricature. Physics goes out a lot.
Can't cook goat.

A lot of cold fusion. I haven't seen
myself in a while. STOP!

Restitution makes
woad people
sick. The congress
consensus aimed
to terrify the loss
of proper station.
Empirical withdrawal,
she told me. Who
was she? Years
it took for the moss
to embrace
the sublevel coils.

From chopping board to chopping block.

Several years

*]To reach a er steady state corruptible
propulsion er[]*

off my life taken staring at it

I've never smoked bacon
nor wielded a river in a fight.

Lacking basics

besides smuggled air,
she steps
into the empty glacier,
two mosquitos
mating caught
as preservation...
As they call it.
Inhalation, drift
aleppo. Scar tether
wends towards the
letters exhaled
in waves by
a distant giant

Before the poke forms, it is
nothing, a succubus, aluminum oil.

*Then it can't miss.
Even when it wants to.*

Shunning industry (every
material once a
were-[iowan] reimbursed),
I pant and quake, deposit tea

into the atm, receive abacus back,
would I like another transaction? I chew
sinew and think about

other moats.

Graft sells
scalp help
swallowed in a
vesper fit

I enter theme
through the dropshaft.

*If you want to continue,
press ERR.*

I wake with a belly button, a thought.

Cold tongue shot through the eye,

10/ DeNiro/ The Stations

flagpole through the ear.

The instant turns into a

decoy,

leaning red.

II: JACKAL-INSECT COSMOLOGICAL RESEARCH STATION

Then the ez-bake oven, cooking rigor, broke, and the night cooled,
and I couldn't find parts. I batted around extremities, lost with a
lightness that absorbed coordinates.

I broke into the crock pot with the lamb.
Was a regular winnie.

The chemical set wearing allergy, the pass, the article
cure-all. The dumpy stillness quiet.

The oven was tourmaline and inside
my elbow. The door was a tendon.

Cut paws, however.
All left its hold.

The moon was not above life.
The moon was not abnormal.
Any sign pointing on the moon

had problems, failed
algebra. The damp
chef aligns at the tailbone, the adverb.
Trustworthiness: mixed.

Only on bluejob days does empathy
rise for its inevitable departure.
In 1898 my grandmother was born
in a fetus.

Those were the circumstances. No one
aspired for much more.

Sunrises set. The iowan and the elf
must not be mixed. They are two opportunities, each

with fur and hex on pressure points.
These points were last seen
on steamboats converted into slots

and bridges. =They cannot be approached

12/ DeNiro/ The Stations

without sinking,
without quarter.=

And put on a space heater, it's cold.

The instant message wormed its way.

Complex unity put in sleep, found
the golden tablet. Enter
zima mind.
Time travels forward and
also to the shed for wood.

A fir sun isn't green.

Cram crypt.

But how to achieve
when I lash
 out at the simplest birdhouse trying to crawl away?

Out of the fen, a speaker.
Someone trying to take my witness
without taking shape.

Silkworms shot upward after sitting
for a week.

Finding pebbles instead.
My grandmother stopped drinking
after she died.
For months I've receded,
enveloped rulebooks.

In hopes of a stave.
But only field guides remain.

To rock
the stone, to not
reward basilisks.
There is no basilisk.

=At night
our bodies arson.=

Words are either bathtubs or hairdryers,

useless without water, empty without evasion.
Fold pine tissue and fat.
On night hike, a vampire sucks on a cherry pit, to keep his mouth
from drying. Listen, intel,

the bakery is just down the street. It's
open all night. For some reason
I have credit.
The ovens
wait to be held accountable.
But let's walk there

Enzymes will break

the patience like a door. My fangs loosen

what the goat knew.
The iowan slips into my house

unawares, filled my
textbooks and middle school crystals

with tea and
hard instructions.

The bend erased them.

A full box in my rope briefcase—

What is in it?

Consider a franciscan inside
a ball—who put the

box inside the ball?

I am an ant.

III: MYSTERIOUS STATION

While boiling, instant starfish asks
the anteater about perfecting
one's skewer, despite obstacles,

despite kettles. Cap off
with trail mix, eyeglass ground, pigeons
photoshopped into a cornfield.
The constants. Miles

inside elf, I hit an anteater.
It had money so I took it.
Forever paradise shall be

closed to me. JACKPOT.
Tamperer: worse to first
dissolution. Brands kneel,
wishing they could see out the year.

At the top of the pyramid are
the empty calibers. Stepping
backwards reveals a fire escape.

If I can't recognize perfect
juniper, I'm not sure how reconstituting
the head, in springtime, stamps
its approval with zombie hoodies.

Blue tower cranes face split
graves. A highway toll runs
through. A fine everywhere, for standing.

I'm fine. Coming upon percival,
a span covered with no land,
it's hard to fathom the
passing lanes, the banal seahorses

with speedpass. Markers
thunder. The fingernail
clippings, the belts--if I

owned belts--does might uncover their
glory when the house plays

daddy suture? Throwing
all indices on the table.

An anonymous phone will one day
hitchhike across the underpass.
There is a max of six profiles

for the way, that is all that can fit
in the heron's eye, motes
chatter from the 10 thousand holes
in the unfiled room. Up with bodies.

Somehow born with advanced placement,
tagged and only then found. But body
fails, again and again, as product

launch. A point inside the forehead
invites spring rain and soggy
turtle transformation when held.
I used to collect library

cards. The hand blinks. No one has
yet come to the door. I've brought
a cooler, socks, a detector, my grandmother,
other small

personal effects. Ibex future,
ocelot past. I stopped
inside the lantern, traded my

brother's birthright for a fast meal. The lights
followed me. Methods became
desperate. Everything echoed when
the mustard seed was reached.

Activity helped--the hotel led a step
class, and in the midst I
collapsed. Be careful what you

think about, the ladder said, melt
enough times and two hierarchies
becomes bronze, a third place.
Release the letters into the gate.

As a boy the iowan cleaned the
post office. Map conditioner

softening the scalp. Ley lines dowsing

any chance of
traveling humble. Everyone is topical
here, the instant message has no
place in these manacles

hanging from the bunk.
Barcode clouds about to storm.
Once divination cornered me.

I'm curious as to the current
uplift effect. It does not resemble
me. The likeness. Armor all
dolphins. Pay attention strongly

to the yellow skillet. Fiddling with
its access panel on the handle
reveals a motto, ohio. Hit on the head

refreshes. Unspool the sapphire
coat. Love the kettle.
Every snapper mourns opening its
habitats. Albedo object, I

will not address you when I want
to lose authority.
The problem caress took many

years to sterilize.
When the elixir malt shop opens,
scissors prove fleeting, though
the register still cuts. And when the

centaur comes, who among us is not
a patrol,
a colossus flop.

I: A BRIEF, COMPENSATORY VOYAGE

The transmissions depicted in the following feelings are not to be taken as expressions but rather autochthonic packets of vapor trails unleashed from bullshit interstellar travel. Scamander variances in light and entered. Time is to be determined when feelings go further, when even calm reaches a boiling point as a vessel breaks. Heard a lot more lost than the after-escapes.

Once I wanted to tear out rough edges. Fiver with the cut lips.

I commented. The shame was a whole set. Trudged up queensbridge nightmountain.

When is an extinction a durable good? When takes a shine to your economy? Civilizations inverse into past bodily experiences. Usually gels. From aft, I can see the tracheas follow. Of which is the sole thread of their existence. Viral, the sentient black holes furl in tailbones. The freight lines infiltrated by immolators. I once tried to stoke one of their commands and nearly lost my inner cathedral.

At the same time, though ephemeral, these vapors are not to be unloved. There have been times when people have wrestled with this difficulty and drawn

a tradewind journey

from an impersonal get. That imperial scapulars around necks during snowstorms--which people survived--didn't mean that the people should be killed, upon surviving, for wearing the scapulars. The elf turned a candle-fell down to the house core. The tongue neck and neck. What's here is on jupiter and loose-heavy in the belly boat. The tradewind more like a finder's fee. Curse freon jaunts.

Okay, let me describe the thirty-three portals. One you'll never be able to find. Let's get that out of the way. The rest you can only be sent to. I know that you'd prefer to walk upon yourself, all over to get there. But you need voyages like this one. You're bound in spiders. Each door is indecorous and people live there. They're only trying to make money--just like you--and are not mechs. They spa on. It's easier for them to nick the elementary rather than disintegrate altogether. Check out weezer on each. They're playing on each one.

The voyage tickets can only be found in the portals. On the shelf with your earrings and the like.

The instant message--ah, how do I put this?

Because people are not expected to stay awake nor recite anything. It's all comped. But do they? They do. Fathers and daughters, fathers and sons communion breakfasts. Arcdoom memories of sour church shivers. They don't end up in the help's faustian health, walking by the caloric sharktooth before they die.

Traveling design appears (traveling politic appears as a sentient constellation following quick behind). At the same time passengers are not expected to stay impressed. Their betters (captions) have hammers that impress. There is scenery, although at times it may be difficult to

punctuate

through the porthole. Difficult to depends. Crew eats sea catalogs. Due dispensation. Unicorn hearts purify methane. Entering an ice mist! Beware personal steganography. My mother is cutting off her fingers in the galley, feeding them to a goat. I feed the newsletter

into the telescopes. Depictions of molten iowa. A constellation is nothing beyond what you hope. 9.2 times your mass let it find.

I live with certain parts of myself that are gone. Is it the worm on the hook or the hook on the worm? They intertwine, for awhile. The type of project that requires being naked. No, the parts don't respond. I've tried. God knows I've tried. Coming out of a store--any store--and wanting to wear something clean. The red eye sees at night (though I can't see it). I come out of a store and people are waiting there. To go in. They wait only for a few seconds. Then they fly up the diamond elevator to the shepherd moon.

Beyond that, the final destination gathers important news about when you die in a biscuit. Then he fell to the ground.

IV: VENISON'S LOGOS STATION

I once had an idea to write an essay about
Talent cremation, and for a long time the empty
Password stoked passion about skill sets,
And the possible annihilation of what training
Was inoculated to prevent; that is, a sense
That my place would be a punctuation of lasting
Control, and predatory impulses in the mind
Could be recalibrated to sever any fellow crosswalk
That would impede accreditation inside the
Wounded fog around us. However, the minute
Vapors, in their way, were also semi-autonomous
Spirits with distinct agendas, as well as their
Own travesties, and were not so easily controlled,
Despite their generosity--if it could be called
That--to allow themselves to be shaped by
Amphibious ephebes. For most, this is merely
Camouflage for an episcopal parsonage, with
Twice-monthly sermons at the local barista
Orphanage, then a pension, a summer traipsing
Through the colonies--climate control transposed
Into a kind of science fiction. It's not a narrative,
Exactly, but if commandeering the ether
Into supplies, crossbows, laser pointers, agreeable
Booths--the simulacra pointing at the tactical
Raft that floats to the moon--works, then it's
Certainly a fair game with the most pernicious
Jaywalkings inculcating a guard let down, to
Confuse, with cupidity, the political devilment

That many use to craft a likeness of subversion
Itself from the aforementioned fog, a molecular
Brand, a watermark dropped, to provide
Separation from herding instincts that, like
Faith, no one has but everyone believes in.
A thousand noahs could alight on the dove's
Rudder while flying over the flood of discarded
Stepping ladders, and the drowned could
Mistake that bird of peace for a swashbuckling
Comet, or a sentient olive branch, but in
Time--that is, when it's too late--all realize
Obscurely that there is no ark, or rather the arks
Are in the gullet, and nineveh is too small

To crawl inside. Then the arks themselves
Are shat onto jonah's galaxie while driving to
Dodge. This is more than normal, this
Would be an unparalleled emulsification
Of jaywalking, pirating support systems to
Expose a bathetic lack of credence to juries,
Or to fake dissolving the self in order to gain
A significant other and privacy: two

Canaries with the same asphyxiating copper
Lungs. If only if it were as simple as erasing
Lunar dispensations, but it's unclear
Whether I ended up stumbling from the
Third president's corpse like a maggot by
Any means other than exhaustion. The therapeutic
Room, at that age, experienced me, and into
Miniature golf mountains I crawled. Other

People would not look at me, but this
Was a project both of tiger beat socialism
And my peerless cravings that, to my luck,
Atrophied. I was left with vortices from
Childhood, tunnel crawls, wandering roles.
A great recluse lives in the city, they say,
While a minor hermit lives in the mountains.
Sentence adventures, then, were their own
Severity, and the opportunity for a celestial
Mulligan in of itself proved tempting
And entertaining. Embryonic string theory
And wound garlands abounded with
The speculations, then audience participation
Stabilized the attraction to despair, and
The dull brambles that I had not yet waded
Into invited parlance and a will to hug
Pipelines. A trade, then. Mere ethers,
This time stretching to the moon and beyond,
Which seemed like a good idea to most
In 1890. And so went the application of
Former junk scions, dwarven moxie,
Philosophical corsairs. The coasts could
Exorcise any bureau into the steppes.
Collapses occurred--how could they not?

Arquebus attendants, under the baleful
Eye of rigged parliaments designated
By space's minor feifdoms, made cuneiform
Tremblings hide in the gray laundromat

Above the green arcade. I can always
Hear the cents rattling loose in the washers,
The crowds hovering around, waiting for
The pennies to dry. Which is not psionics
Or mindfulness on my part, and who knows
Whether material emphasizes bare their
Heads solely as heaven's skee balls--
Whether or not the matter is monist cant
Or pay rate indentured to aesthetic
Stagflation hanging in a tube sock. But
I love heads. My spiritual chuck wagon
Accidents are too numerous to recount,
No one will know them. Whispers from

The mandate promising freedoms skirt
Around me, race to detach themselves
From my everynight departures. And still
They depart with the myrmidons. They
Will always. The world is not yours to
Like, the grooves say to me,
How could I doubt this. No hint
Guides or quells. My client state
Is desperate, and my body is that
Companion found wanting.

V: TREASURE TOWER STATION

The far room lamb's lip mined.

Sell \$1.50 in the change seats for a magic goat,

but the animal turns out to be hollow. A lemon. Basics flourish underneath the calendar, the sixty confidences have voted me into an underworld canoe.

Underwolf, rather nebbish for a wolf.

Passenger embers, a credit to families everywhere.
We can't trust rehab without a parcel

landing on someone, crowning, face it.
Her toenails france.
But the goat did return home with the money.
It later founded a render.

Wanting azure
banshees to float
Attention farther. They kit double.
At night the elf lies in the middle, both sided.

Places its chaw
in the crucible.

Falcon, who is your sweden.

Commonwealth slides my calves over.
Don't touch it!

She crossed her legs and
water pistol with ease.
Floated near the bunk
with her performance cards.
They spoke grains. Her
father died coming here
as a pollywog overlap.
She never speaks to him
about herding instincts

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limbo. A call to resemble

the cavern
where those kids died.

Owe office a little something
from the donjon, like ventilation

running out.

Bring home the special tigris
claw that married your ancestors.

VI: STATION OF WELFARE'S WINCH

After a few years the
dissolution began to tire
the collars, and the
hyacinths sewn into the
department's mores--a
garden for those
fallen pupils--
started speaking to the
listening tours in the
bureau quarterstaff.
It spoke, but only until
the hinterland cells
built altars out of
wrestling magazines and
red eye flights to the
hazmat conservancies.
Only then did the message
break its enabler,
tossed the vase
depicting an avalanche
in the lush anonymous
fronds behind the
seneschal's summer
cottage, the cottage
being a skyscraper
of its era, five stories,
with the wind corners
facing east towards the
mercenary quarry. Only
then did balkan
detail pipe-in request
lines, that the revolution
would be neither hurried
nor profound, that the
scales would only
fall when the jackals
cleared the crescent
essence. Pneumatics
masked, portraits hung,
good wine
burned. I was teaching
at the iowan's house
that winter, the stove

warmed the troglodytes
aboard, we heard the
news and drove the
house to the closest
jack. I tied the grotto
around my waist to
protect it from harmful
orders. The bubble tea
sours quick in the
strip mall, a few
days and it's over.
Our ocean begins
in the central provinces,
where the trilobytes
used to raise families.
Our homegrown
scarabs. The lioness
seeks out cheetah cubs
and crushes their
necks. Cyborgs
perform admirable
shetland pelts. When
I plugged in, the
grams asked for a
pillow. The winding
snow was complicated.
I gave up my feathers.
Blaming the carapace
inn. Specific patrons
hung from their
windows with the
best sheets. They
dangled. Many armies
tried to wait out
the ram, but solid it
kept through many
nights, they had to
cut the flags loose
and start over. General
goliard was raised
in orbit, with wolves.
The princess fade
was not unexpected.
Cubs tend to
falder, the hen
autarchs can't kill

every diamond fox.
She didn't leave a
perfume from her
locket or wrist. Her
mortician action
figures. The atlantas
grieved. Not really. The
benevolent union
had their annual ball
underneath the authclthonic
aspen, on schedule.
Nominally in her charity.
Dissolution kept in
one of the sheds with
a laughing bandana
stuffed in its mouth
like fertilization. The
stanima, to take the
elevator broached.
Pioneers tired, discus
mind, they were
enjoined. The fig
slugs attempted
escape off the best
silver. Vole masks.
The iowan melted the
dishes down all
night, fast as they
could come, the
swine codices and
hooves for later
utilization at the
shareholder's meeting.
It ate its shitty sandwich in
the bathroom. Everything
was delicate foul, one
of the selectors
muttered, already
a higher smoke.
Permits were not easy
to kill by, because
material's observances
browsed the very
welcome jackals that
the cassetras were
sworn never to

overrule. Peacefully,
of course.
Beats shaped
conversational priorities.
All wanted to discuss
the tiers, their place
in them. Of course
blessed to an
obscene degree.

Ardor giver
Breath nick the stream
Actual lime
Disease from a ghost
ALIVE IN THE LARDER

Raven cargo, then.
Upon waking, invisible
watch received from
the folly. Loched with the
yeast, only tail seen.
Afterparty in eaves.
Clearly a strategy to
deny the protective
instincts were once
parity. A mother's
unguent. But only a
small part of the
impulse. Only unscathed.
A panther cued
from the jackass aria.

The instant message
crawled up the
sting tree. Bitter
necrotic hats removed.
However, to treat the
interior monologue as
linoleum, the scrapes
as appetites.

Amber rings
Around owned
Asking prices
All tempting
Face shrimp

Run the negotiations up
the pole. They still
ate each arboreal
dove as the first
order of business.
Practice practical asterisks.
Base compensation

gelding is only part of
the actual. Living
in a converted brig, a
storage bin. As if
each stranger's upper
body were a sippy cup,
unbreakable and
designed to leak. The
dock inclusive, to
an extent. The sitting

rooms, a-frames,
undisturbed coyotes to
pet. Below--or beside--
the unscathed cornea,
kid wraith, ex-
rainbow. Persecutory
shelf. She transfers
her navel to the goat.
Roots cropdusting
the bed. Then her
ankles. Cruising the
horns. She knits a
sweater in the five
seconds for the goat
to remove its retainer.
A pure target, a
complex des moines
gland. The goat
leaves its performance
ticker, for filling.
Every last diaphragm
sheds its epiderms.
The iowan hung a
shape on the jamb.
I asked what is
it. It straightened
it, smoothed its

creases. Eventually
a janitor took it
down. I hounded
my oaths. Somehow
she captured her
semen, stored the
cavity in
her spine before
its release. Having
no jackal, I
went down a
level to find a
piece of bread to
wash my net.

2: VOYAGE (NO FUEL UNTIL INSTANT WAKES FROM REPOSE)

<people in the home>

dozer

bid (pituitary)

war magdalene

corvid

hotplate

window

free MAN!

</in the coeur d'ihop>

sunroom in the casket

VII: OR ORE FETCH STATION

go coma, jupiter, amish peapod,
frog, receptive.
hudson, and in sickness
tiger, and in health
swim jumbo hard
summoner. barnacle,

laird, rapt in fort
fort, send out chunk.
wrist cable sword.
elf it is ever. ruby
shrug and. dream
crab one, day shawk
grand. in all
skerry temp,
gemini dane the
subtle walk

family jellies tier

She wrapped the davenport in
foil. When I asked her why, she
told me to look closer at the markings
on the fabric, which were linux.
We're taught to be defective, TO
FAULT what we love, she said with
no benedict's traits. The sofa
came from my grandmother, I
said. And mine. Destriers wanted
privacy in their own holds. If she
tapped her knuckles against the
faux in a particular way, who would
come down for catatonic inspections?
How far does their property
stretch? I couldn't read the battle
tarp, I only
wanted to awaken the scenic
disbelief as aping a favored tool

fascinate selection, can gather,
night, deer, night healthy. building
emotion character.

oat meth nicked
calf, =despotic=
hale, bring it, wing,
jettison caress, -ing flay.
goat AVAILABLE
brought shame on our
families, joints. cushion
knife, cushion
knife, unseen,
rib wish, price
slides. guarantor
snag, barricade, minimizes
whatever pressure
can't ever enough

When I woke the davenport was
standing above me and not at
all afraid. I
startled, and the davenport held
an ax close to my face. More
like a hatchet. Your cot is
windowless and humiliating it said.
I was too afraid to say anything
inflammatory or hide my face,
in spite. A clean reeled outside
but was too late to knock. The
illiterate davenport continued:

You will accompany me to the
folk arts festival on level 9.
The chimera union lets in
bird files. Still covered in oil,
we left my quarters to the
accompaniment. The unix
on its skin was still garbled,
transient. We were secure.
It held palms. Though its face
was hidin from me, I countered
with antes from my coast
infected past. But surprising me
with gratitude, it let me try
on a bracelet from the nonprofit.
All this trouble, I said.
The bracelet shambled up
my arm, as if on a final approach
to the hive's summit. Is it

real pyrex, I asked. In good
time. The falcons closed up
shop just as the coats began
singing their buttons to sleep,
lest they explode. Once
there was a nook near an abyss
where a conch lived. Eventually
the incinerator encroached,
but as the disposal
burned, the conch turned the ash
to a whale cassingle.
Someone said the abyss
started the fire, but I really
didn't believe that. My past
is an elk eating a child's
notebook. The child is running.

The davenport
dumped me instantly

cup petal, micro, stain instantly
guard, untroubled main,
bees, the croix bee, changing
guard, the horsefly chasing
me yesterday is vital, is gone,
must everything.

Compassion even in
its most
debased form
bends bears

VIII: WALLEYE STATION

The court is a stigmata's anus, a hermitage and 1973- .

Material decay predicated on
fact rust

starting to creep from the toes,
where the nightingales manage.

Learning teen: wax tamerlane's goatee.

The veneration teabags its textual coeur.
The ember abeline. CANCEL

With coinage obesity after the children's crusade

Throwing metal hardcovers into the crete
increased the cameos

The teamster scapulars
pacing the ill-timed mithraic aneurisms

On the tiles grow stimulations, leftovers.

Undine Ointment (lemur antibiotic) 1 ox. \$8.00 .5ox. \$5.00

turkey, acrobat, odessa, nonplus \$ 9.00

\$ 11.00

diet Counselor sit with me through iowa's

Instant beak tracelift

Lance fly-over territories
,,,light industry merge.

Askew grout urges the closer
To the drive one gets.
One being naif.
jinx over hoof.

Like magnets to hoplite.

At a young age I
brought the elf
home. I found it
in our septic ditch.
Absolutely not, said

the iowans from the galley. Wash your hands.
They had reeds and lions. Your vessel acquisition is
getting a little chrysanthemum, don't you think. Boring,
limping adept like an empty shelf, your creamed corn
ghazals. Don't you think?

I think the elf said this from the calf cage. A leak taken
in the boiler. Then I stepped on a hornet. I'm never outside
on cockatrice monday and some thursdays: /A manse in
the deoxygenated blood--my lenses smudge in the county
seat, the dreamkrinkle-cut, the monopole, crumbs,

degeneracy, one letter
to a hard return,
temporary cowling, and
why not, until the five star
herd leaves, in the
dupain seat
there are many botiques for
the pancreator, they do not
trouble me, the uncooked tots,
my skinny arms, a shame quiz

with a smile, the afterhell pounds

wisconsin.mpg, passersby dying,
still they pass a bit,

they buy confections, multiple choice, at least.
I'm sucking on my only gums.

A salamander creeps out of the
saint croix, flattened by an H2 or HD,
proof, vestal, that deracination
needs coolant, or faith in
cooling properties, the nubile
coils incubating a drop in temp,

it's like that, original molecules and
families move slower, the upgrade
taurus, the suspender, 72 and the

nimbus will surely pass. The arrogance
of the salamander to pass up the
speaking engagement, to
turn heads, its soft bode
fur, its sperm,
babbage, tuna,
the crescent lattice, marching
hearths, incarnate
make up,
pawprints on prewashed acids--

rat tail
framing devices--

a life of good works.

Praying at 14 for someone to fuck me, which
wasn't as countermanded
as one might think, considering
the fear it took to

bulwark my walk-in closet
large as a jaguar, including

contemplative hermit pools, sleeper cars,
and there I'd lick the sulfur elves, their

vitrine, their backsides and queens, I would
crumble there. The only way to end

pelicans sleep

lithic botox
sleeper car

the polder verse
off all along

If the violet
bulls struggle through
conductors in order to arrive at
a specific languor, then surely
I'd purchase every
iowan eat cookbook the shooters
club could hold. I'd
learn to love the
convection paramilitary.

My parallels about mastadons
in jefferson's anteroom

trusting unbold hyenas
their strap=on horns relax

Unclear contessa tunnel does
one best

Gloss over easy's morass, which is its only way.
Collide and buy a handbag.
Emperor strollers plowing condors,
the sitter's locked in the reading aeon,
an illustrated history of
uncorrected blossoms eaten by
enraged deer. Despite the
overalls and pleads, the supplements
never breathe, which is why I
can never exhale them--they can
only be pleased in iteration to
their own thermal redundancies

which have taken over the local godhead
with several reams of fanfiction
posted on a server in the basilica.

Far enough, where the manimal has bought
a timeshare, and has a windchime indicating
TRANQUIL ONE-WINGED ANTS NEAR THE

PULP PLANT. Only in wind.

Far enough, where pumps scry me and see only
timezones in a pine box.

Far enough away, place the text messenger feature
underneath the mantle, close off, wait for a
day (get a cheeseburger, get cut-offs and snowshows)
and then open under the victor's eye. Perhaps
a fueling station has gestated in past scarlets
only reaching the mash too soon. Or empty
pony saferot. The goat

part of it at least
met me in the lounge
for a little bunting

through bedtime. It
made a casserole,
which I did not eat.
It was offended
undoubtedly but
the face and beared
concealed burned
governor countenance.
Then it lay its hand
on my palm pulse,
a square deal anoint.
I saw the hatch fires
in the lines, I heard the
hens meow.

IX: STATION OF EUPHONIC KITES (SIMULATION)

A bicycle rides inside a kite
with its string dipped in shards
predicting the later discovery of
another kite

There is bourbon inside the kite
which the bicycle partakes in

The bicycle can see nebraska
The narrow nebraskans are
praying in lincoln to lincoln
The kite is an express route
over flyover

First principles acceded from 20,000
The bicycle watches a movie
about the ozone layer
disappearing into the atmosphere

Contexts in the surrender
glean like scorpions
The headphones don't work

The marriage approved by faint
praise brushing a hand
over a cafeteria

Wraparound excitement
for transportation services

Have you ever tried riding a message
through beryl
through valentine
through wyvern
through another message
In this instance one
does not snap at one model
without temporary
induction into the given microlodge--
if but for a few seconds--

Appearing tensile
through eschelon condolences

A sea monkey is on board!
It sells the sea hat and the sea
mask to the bicycle for a fair
price consulted in the monogram

This is a gift the monkey insists

Your Cardigan Metered Enemy Tremble
A Guide

The monkey insists--I'm not accepting
payment for the clothing but for
membership in my civilization

outsourced in the ocean above us

Uttered from mere granules
Brought to sponsorship by x-ray pies

The elfware tetrarchs

The Elongator

The Golem The Bunsen

The Concealed

In their pages would I read
testimonials about the
ignorant until cared for
Clipped and ruined before
the water entered the promissory
1 gallon tank
I never tried growing them nor
the coital franklin

My fingers smelled like the leveler
The steppe clobbered into leadleaf
A thin skin useful as parachute

The sea monkey jumps out of the parachute
into the dry land annex
jutting out from the iowan coast

Descend into a help cottage in time
for a supper of goat bookstore

The seamonkeys could eat a house!

Because this consistency
can be deluded as a remedial path
leading to perplexed enthusiasm
clouding the vapor

The hand is a string
guiding the gale
back to the spool

back to the zurich decoy or kindness

I've understood my chances
within the kite
I am a kickstand
racing towards an incomplete grade

in thrillers

Nutmeg fields nutmeg marshes over over

The bicycle waves at them
while sipping a branch

We all of us are dorks and tunics

3: VOYAGE INSIDE A CAVE PAINTING DEPICTING A GIANT ELK
SHOVED OFF AN ASTEROID

The station is written on the walls of the STATION. A planetary station where skill is only eurybathic under the most hateful circumstances in a station. Brought to bear in 2500 competitive arctic environments under the foam of the station where I touched your STATION arm. Barnacles on the walls of the stat mom. Raising true brinks weep. A godly presence clusters at a vane birth bureau connecting the STATION to the station. This is not an essentialism in regards to the linguistic propulsion units that take one to the station. These have been soundly refuted by several competing academies after the invention of interstellar travel (a true tweak in terms of fearsome properties of candor). A few hold that the words are not thoughts and vice versa. That they are separate brinks. I've broken down a laboratory only when I've felt few.

\

Planets are small. In their carnivorous forests are high schools in which notary is discussed except for archery, hybridity and games of clone involving small pieces of lane. Piloting the faster craft, therefore, has always been reserved for sylvan derelicts. Their caught. I peed inside the canteen.

\

PLAYS were once staged inside lydian trees. Combusting/resting in shore time in a luna specifically designed for this purpose. There are three bookstores on this inept base for spacers. One is a spacer bar inside a TREE, the walden. A second is in a cao dai aquarium and involves a multitude of pamphlets involving reveal. The third bookstore is the side of an ancient postage stamp and is affixed on the wall of an abandoned art center. Funders and funding died in a late 24th century purge. To make purchases, one is sticked one's pinky upon the ochre surface of the story. Lone-celled tentacles puncture and affix to the skin. Books enter the bloodstream. The fungal chipping late away into the nightlight later. To concoct a fearless glob out of nothing much knowledge. Deathly PAMPHLETS are understood to be necromatic consuls disguised as people. On a dozen worlds, religious afterlives are performed concurrently with thought-guilds. I buy a paper against my peril and my father. Propane against demonstrating credence beside the bedpan which is also made of the future. My FATHER is in the window of the future STATION. It's this document that's unwilling to know me that excites me the most. The numinous is a temporary tattoo seared on by a meteorite blast in the adjoining neighborhood. My feelings range from desk to hired. Wherever I roamed for kicks didn't mean that I went much out anywhere.

\

47/ DeNiro/ The Stations

Are there any aero cities in passage?

--No no what, you are not cicero, you have not died for anyone

\

kings uncovered a spurned flank in the future plans see the
escutcheons planning SOMETHING and no one should freak ought
over something perfectly normal to see when children, as bombs,
are starving WOLVES. Special fathers retract the vagabond ticks,
which carry SPACE LICE.

\

why haven't I died for anyone?

X: PUNT ESAU STATION

Edomite accretions
Puncture pages. A gentle
Rejected cycle, soft

Funeral handprints set
In the time of the ill
soybean. We

Project nuisance, a
Problematic problem
To solve in the first

Approach, deft nougats,
Orbital complacency
To gun for. The elven

Dorm room, fishtank
Port, awakens viewpoints
From the white dwarf

Beside us when we dream.
A chalk zinc
Binding us to what

We want to place
In our inflections and gates.
Bare. No one's moved

Into the station yet.
The station hasn't
Moved into the station yet.

When I stare at
The shell
(Ease of clare

Making unctuous
Shapes, for a moment,
Transparent), I

Fall into the canteen,
Where words arm

Wrestle sentences

Under ale absolutism,
And guess who's
Winning. Guess which

mercantile exchange
Determines future
Swaps, ode frogs.

The operating theatre
In the space buck
Science class emporium.

For a long time if the
Kid stares at the frog,
Caesuras burst

Up and down the legs.
The teachers insist
Those are defective

Tumors--plenty of
Constructive tumors
To go around. Have

I slept through the
Knife years, the
Georgic cauldron

Through all my years?
Damp little book razing.
Where are clears?

The pinpricks
\\
From my infant

Ideograms... I could
Point to a malady,
As in an atlanta menu,

And say magnify.
MAGNIFY, BASTARD.
The problems are mega,

50/ DeNiro/ The Stations

High squalor. Chariot
Bounty radiance. I'm
The sun in the sunburn.

Whether material
Afflictions salt
Their own wounds.

Whether peace is
A modulated
Cacophony. If they

Went back to the pliocene
As ducks, to
Mediate celestial

Blends, I don't
Know if they remain
Ducks then. I'm

Not an authority.
I'm safe. To
simplify, is that

The progression?
If this is an essay
Then I'm fucked.

Treat the disposable
Handiwipe as a
Landscape. The gentle

brook feeding
The cash crop.
Abundance has

Taken great pains
With me. The goat
Is magnanimous

In this concoct,
This fabric. Of which
My treatment

Depends+
Enter the lamia,

51/ DeNiro/ The Stations

Its cooking show

In the galleria.
The wings
Keep getting

Caught in the stew.
False dependencies
On coffins.

More like what damage
Can a diary birth,
To triangulate

A: Pprehension creeping
throughout the station.
Shaped like a ring,

A danish wedding
Cake. My head cold
Is ungodly. So

The elf wrote an
Entire novel, the
Advancement was

High figures.
Exhalations released
Over salmon.

Backslaps smiled
To each other.
The appetite is

A ladder carmelized.
When you fall
You can eat

The rungs on
The way down.
Daily notices

Way down the list,
headcounts. Torch
somebodies pulling

52/ DeNiro/ The Stations

cables out of belly.
A drive invented
just as the laity

inversed into other
classes of the dead.
Spaces should appear

here, here, and on
the instant message
pure xxx,

pure verona.

XI: STATION OF THE GRAVEMAKER

=A panasonic cannonball decays.=

What is a mores chaser?

The goat says: zzzz

And then I took the corn chip apart
in the urinal.

Just ask year 13.

In the clover, alison, I
would see you
threading the what you
are afraid of. When
your air is gray
server, I will not
weep flags over
your losses. There
is no station, I'll
repeat that in
stories about the
stations for as long
as I can remember.
Your edda heels,
alison. The dog
tea maybe
isn't stellar,
alison, but one
nome begats lots.

What is an affliction in a movement? And how
can one move the movement to nebraska?

The goat laughed and says: allison

Water allison,
lost in the casino
until further
notice, drinking
fountain allison
drinking shoes,
allison holding
a camera that
was never given.

18th cranny. Avatar haste makes sweden an all.

How /'ve burned through autogenes
like matchsticks,
allison, sophist lasso.

Have you heard, allison,
that jessica lynch's handlers
tried to kill you in your sleep?
They prayed and prayed
that it would be so.
They wore gloves and stones.
They archon flexed.

One time the elf and the goat walked into a wellaway,
and they could not get out, and on the third day
of their escape attempt, the elf asked: if you had
to release every vehicular thought
in order to escape, would you at least think
about it?

The goat turned into a dauschund.

This was collected on the station, kind of.

Check dimensions, alison, OK
to stand alone in vibration.

Thetis comfort strip, alison, the archon
and the ovaltine: \$9, the
goat asked for change?

But change what and
how quickly?
Entered what navy?

On droves: gravitron first shipping
what tumbles, allison,
from garden droves in your
retail environment, the gift
butcher: the 7 materials:

formica
lichen
packing peanut
teak
gravel
lycra
steam

These minerals circumnavigate
desperation, allison. They are
parsons. How I want to
uncover your minor infractions
at customs.

What ray customs?
The goat says: I'm only
a goat, I know nothing of assassins.

Abundant embarrassment
pools its resources
with sparse evanescence
but will the shareholders
retract the merger
and cave the indulgences

I saw the aramaic diet
rocket up the charts.

In one week you will remember
nothing of me, my shoes, my
intoxicants, nor the frogs
I threw against the house
when I was nine and courteous.

Following a titanium drogue,
they spoke at the seminar,
allison, of the languid
age ahead of our sleepless days,
caught in self=reliance.

People will smell like lamps.
Vowels already notch,
allison. Babylon
enters through the mouth
regularly. Long after I leave
allison will plant

the exacta behind
the interpol, its roots
touching down in the erosion,
so that a thousand mobile
homes will bloom
and cascade past
the creek dolphins, tugging
at them to course
away or experience
severe droit du signeur
with larger tributaries

racing past your duplex mind.

I'm already lost, a tilde.

You'll pull back your hair
with the third english language,
circling the deal
when you sleep, allison, with
the airplane fauna,
skimming restitutions until
they wraith german.

The goat says: *unintelligible crimson*

XII: OPEN-AIRED STATION RESEMBLING AN ADVANCED TOUCH-TYPE
INSTITUTE

After auspice rancor roadblocks grew,
I entered the state park in 1849,
before it was founded, to better under-
stand the airport, the herd's spouse.
With great surprise I found the airport
under construction. The foreman
roped a few beaver pelt entrepreneurs
into groundbreaking the control
tower, lashed birch at this point, but
they hoped for slate once the manitobas
opened their quarries to the downriver
passages. Workers slept next to the porta
latrines. I tried to be adept, keeping
close to the treeline, but I startled,
as anyone would, when the roc
landed at the runway. The roc
was christened the thetis. I didn't
ask about its propulsions and obits.
I eventually crept out and pretended
to be an investor. The rock licked its
wing joints, but the handler would not
provide water, even though the
aircraft was clearly parched. A golden
stepladder released its catch and
the passengers emptied from the hollow
pancreas, thirsty themselves but
none worse for the wear. Water was
provided. The tennessee permafrost
was lovely, a smooth excursion.
The frayed servers inside the parasols
began to set up camp. How could I
not be a mark? Downriver, I could
smell the lye from the acid-washed
jeans refinery, illegal of course, but how
could pilgrims otherwise outweigh
their welcome in a cold land? Soon
the digits would fall off, and then
heads, the iowan churning past
with its liquid nitrogen rag bag.
Construction would halt until the
emergency ovaltine would be air

lifted in. There are only so many
acid washed jeans you can wear
at one time, and you'll never warm.
I stayed for two winters, back to
back, though the eye blinked, and
spring dropped like a development.
Gifts sought from capitals, then,
to further advance space flight
in the years of the polk and pierce.
Space being mindfulness in the
hearst, at least until the destination
empties. The roc prayed to its
pancreator, which I desired to be
a giant toaster, anything for warm
pup tents. If you only recite the air
tower's name, then benevolence will be
a gifting extreme, you will never die,
none will fall on you from great
heights when walking to the general store.
That was the pitch. Seemed like
ten fairnesses. The rocs left for
hostaged climes, and I remained
with only gamesmanship and a spitball
purity around my heart. Investor
impermanence amongst frozen sap--
how could I hope to keep my cold
medina preserved throughout the
winter tendrils that I slept through?
I contemplated returning to my own
era, amongst talking seas and
diamond corridors, where the pitches
sank without traces. I was sure
I owned my failings, that imagining
porn in my frostbite tent was a
mere survival mechanism, like
eating or praying. In my time, beds
tipping against necks were quiet
unattained wooden chrome, lost
in circular rooms overlooking that
one planet I always forgot. The one
with rust rings. Of such things I
could not speak about. They took
me to be kind, of average height and
appetite. Pancakes and venison were
the norm. Tassels in my eyes
at inopportune moments, but no

graduation ceremony could possibly
prepare me for the miscellany
under my passport feet. After a
spell, the talk turned to mountain
nooks surrounding our valley
confidence, and the wise apples
growing like tubers on the boulders.
Which was clandestine soil. These
would sustain the messages living
on spires until, wield grown, they
became too embarrassed to aver
from casinos on the high, high rocks.

XIII: STATION OF THE EIGHTEEN FORTRESSES

Just hooked on Country IV.
I kept
at it.
Walking around the hole in iowa.
I kept
inventing duluth
after duluth,
which required shores III and V

The shore was a technical limit,
as technical as it gets.

And the flus and ponytails everywhere..
Walking around a million so-called iowas.
Once you pop one.
Working so-so
at it.
The hole in my head's head.
Entry come and see me sometime
when the aqualine sorrows
cry vitae, vitae.
And otherwalls.
Heading south

into the atkins and the kept at it
broke my nose
Into the swifter and the swifter
broke my nose
Into the headroom and the lost it
broke my nose
Into the tab and the white cells
broke my nose
Into the shanty and the incomplete. --okay, now
heading north--
broke my nose
Into the character and the hoard
Into the cardigan and the don't tempt me
Into the space and the numberball
Into the in and the into
broke six

This could go in the storm cellar.

And decay caught its
own wrists.
Before did-no-harm.

Misunderstanding how one flies off
the handle.
Syndicate, nights,

let me in.

But not wanting to be let in
runs the surprise, ruins the mistakes.

Kept at kept throwing away.
Not really trying. If you're hot
that works. Otherwise, look,

stability has worn worse overalls.

Then I saw how the pine
broke through the red meter.

Decay rolling over little elfville. The lanes
crunched. Sleeveless work. Millions of
sparklers and reptiles went off.

After finishing gossip, paper mints,
room awfuls, a few shouts,
wealth pendulums, caramels,
bruises, sunshines, t-shirts, collisions,
wallaces, droves, powers, packs,
ices, perks, roamings, charges,
nipples, whales, roasts, cants,
hippodromes, majors, crevices,
opportunities, ibexes, calms, easters,
fjords, breaths, camels, hoodies,
smokes, dukes, tiaras, bests,
necks, ducks, trains, hopes,
lefts, paths, purses, waterparks,
glows, shants, proses, shines,
periodicals, ruses, plants,
quarks, coughs, stabs, rocks,
universities, thrillers, takes,
hints, wilds,
waterpapers, dollars, categories,

hips, creams, drapes, flings,
rents, balls, stealths,
cartels, eggs, fires, watches,
and personals free up
spaces on the hill for whatever
they see, as if in a van
driving past arson. Having carrot
sights for stick sounds,

across we distill.
Syllables' pigtails
don't waste whose money?
Isn't it shocking at
the cookout how we uninvited
ourselves? Stayed the course

through many rides? Into ideas
of how trustworthy a central
ibis becomes, a nester
when required, needing water,
needing draft. Containers.
One pill coating essentials.

If I entered a burning essay
on the hill, how far would
the light go to centralize
other lights? Once
inside, the elves wait
inside the refrigerator for me

to leave, so they can resume
waiting for the power
to expire. I promise
them a butcher on the other side
but they don't listen!
The refugee camp is pretty cool.
They are tired of migrating.
They are not birds.
On top of the
TV, I find
a penny from a country.

The less anyone holds
paths against my cheek
like a compress, the less I'll return.

63/ DeNiro/ The Stations

I'm not rated. All start
clapping as the janitor
enters the gleaming tower with a
large bag.

4: VOYAGE THROUGH DEAD PROJECT PRESSURES

Concurrently with present lives||After voyages, the countenance of passengers were scried for differences large or small|| Or signs that they were not, in fact, the same people even if they didn't change|| A bell rings in several angry places at once, including working overtime and working on beat me up during the smoke break||NEW FANE||Small books available tries, g-forcible||My girlfriend of the future will review my document in a major critical organ||She will also have a gun with pulse points||Versed in a latter day cincinnati on the way to the airfield reading one way out of the unfold||Boughs in tunnels when teaching||the iowan language.||Werewolves inhabiting rivals.}}But ||It's in thought-guilds that a myriad of embodiments created markets and then "hit" them.||Easy at times but without success. Zombies||comeon comeon||also grew as a moral choice.||A thousand fetuses became stationery.||It's this document that's unwilling to know me that}}excites me the most. {{But now on any station you can etch any instant message you want, as temporary as you want.|| Dampened owl goat, left to die in 1926.||Each apron given accordingly to live, station, spire, let grail.|| Led to it in hopes of despair||lone spectacular deft in the pony blah World's discarded and fast-drying zoological gardens.||little sorcerer's fantom wanting any apart of it anymore||

XIV: MODEST SUBTERRANEAN STATION

I'm over over. Essentials
deep fried. I try to walk

the tunnels without return.
Where snowfall can be

mistaken for 5-minute rice
boiled in a pouch. Privations

further you, the tunnels say.
The wants

stop for water. A coffin
perfectly sealed isn't

doing its job. Previous
sittings usefully

lame. Without seasons.
Iowa only reads

the local section.
I am a football stadium.

(allison operates tracks)
(opiates violate adult swim)

Here's the only appearance
of a dragon, jade dad

of course, at least
this once, its tail

to be avoided altogether
as safe. Insert a

tunnel. I've missed
my stop, may.

XV: STATION OF IMAGINARY CIVILIANS

Dynamite over and over!
Like lambs to a sheep dog
or a building! The old
tricks overpenetrate! Polo
is a cult! I work downtown!
In a skyscraper! A cemetery
was not uncovered in its
burial times! I'm passing!
This has little to do
with my autogenic predicament!
I don't call! I've started
chanting! And yet I abhor cults!
Why is that! The station is
near Orion's shoulder! Or
somewhere like that!
Complex remembrance
chlorinates the dead bodies!
I've forgot! Each form
according to its own means!
Even duckweed!
Which has nothing to do
with ducks! At the same
time this is never a deception!
In thirty years the coral
snobs will die!
Listen to me!
Why are you drinking your vinegar
in a state of tranquil extinction!
Everything's a goal!
And yet the goal is
part of the vernacular!
As well as account numbers!
Which are also esoteric!
But how does one let the
number turn the number
into a diamond trailer
blossoming on the roof!
Akin to a satellite signal!
How the fuck should I know!
By turning I meant a
change of heart! A rusty
bolt! Else one can use
exoteric erector sets!

The diameter of the heart!
Which is just a muscle!
I've been piercing together
qualifications! Deep inside
my bureau is a sexy
chessboard! Where I play
out my problems! And
yet I haven't played for years!
Sometimes the lines
keep breaking! But this
has a lot to do with a lack
of right justified pepper!
A paper altar! I'm not
complying with my own
hope! I'm dizzy!
There is no station! I think
I said that already! And yet
the people living there
keep calling! They have lives!
What is their halflife!
And how are they communicating
vast distances without
the aid of an ansible!
I'm eating a powerbar!
It's not real per se!
What I would give to be
pampered and incompetent!
And yet the ceremony
of the air depicts jeweled
trees! And I've never
seen a jewel on a tree ever!
However the ceremony
insists that every tree does!
The elf signs off on this
notion also! My doubt
is relief! The instant message
unpacks a flatness!
Which is generally easier
to walk than a mountain!
I would like that!
I have nothing against
mountains! My voice
is getting hoarse!
I don't say anything
during my lunches!
No one speaks to me!

But I'm not desperate!
Does living in the moment
involve straining the eyes!
Or any other body part!
We are all leopards!
We are endangered!
Shut up!
I didn't mean that!
I love you!
And also your goat!
Do you herd!
I've fallen asleep in a
restroom! I bet this
happens to everyone
when they're asleep!
I have a little captain in me!
It's from appamatox!
Sadly all lovers
will leave you!
Next time I'm quiet
I'll buy dinner
for everyone!

???: QUALITY APOCALYPSE STATION

these are the noats
arounde the tyme of my capture

welle desygned intel

vulture

resumé hoboos

inter

harde basys

as soume byldered scouring

thy burglar
thine elfine

tulip taste bakree

taco fragmente bringere

a prise rose

the cayemans

boate

radiume thou

oops birde

citieburger

all-

reburie youre asse

70/ DeNiro/ The Stations

aryzona

the winde cackeled

exe. wilde

the lava strips

What amayzement endueres

with lazars and enemees

tongues an evenyng

sylence crawles

in peace and armes

thou caw wistful

and no the o'will

they caeme amongst them in evangelie

thous as you trie

fingere fingere

retreate to the exburbe of broad shoalders

let me tell me

gingerlie neo

attaine crowne royale

legs traydere mite haeve

marvelles at its

owne commone fayth

trie to restraine

71/ DeNiro/ The Stations

the mynd filled with grue

planete of gotes

skyjacke at the knees

drewe sunshyne cross
its beake

a wash

creepy secondes

the holes ryfe

with finkes and vayles

kidnees

muscovie

the days

forfite profite

curdled

I found you lost

For some trinket

I didn't know what raised

The brooklyn foundling

Raised to die

Somewhere

The sand

But you took

A splint galaxy

Hopping between

Though nothing

nothing change.

*Plucked from a
single hair
grown back.*

Hospital gown

Necking

type above.

Sick mysteries

During the

peculiar

*age of
crosswalks.*

the beer in your hair

and the imaginarie

73/ DeNiro/ The Stations

ghoste goate

weakeworlde

on bo'ler greene

lunges haies

remareable rainbowes

bunkere blowejobs

sharklings

'chaun prince

seldome do thee keeys work on lorde remington

drunk tadpool

why haeve thou crossed the line

XSODOM

minos cockroache theses

most on nuns

and spyders

krep up on bannas

shiped to

tpyes

post-pony

something cupe that hath ver bene

spake befear

74/ DeNiro/ The Stations

en scrawle witch oure

rokes wille growe

i.e. tourneyes in tourmaline

broke before I knew

it wise fixed

cloke in the nyght

and wyth thaire weekness

naymed my firste son sony

XVI: OOLONG JAYHAWK STATION

Dibs on the magnificent toledo morel captions or
a fantasy

Even this discord is distraught

Chapter graft a sine
into my livers

Acidic soils in michigan
overpenetrate

Dog tea provides independent
verification

Sweatsuit buried in duets
and plastic mores
My red cloud nose
consumes thought

Coast on imperfections
to a pointed flow

Last summer was a
plant that grows on bodies

How often does the gas
fireplace consume an ant

When she rises on top
the duty polishes face time so I can
see my face
in the necessities

where the seams paralyze
its predators

This dogbone face
This ketchup left in the sun
recalls a field
but doesn't grow
into it

76/ DeNiro/ The Stations

though a field is in sight

Can I burn pond to pond

Holding on like iranian millfoil
on the levee

Eyes off
I'm loaded

Over and over into a door
Caulk into straw

Bathe in intolerance
for peaceful means
with an insert duck

In order to risk embarassment
and rainbows lighting up
the bathroom

where your father collapsed

We all collapse our fathers into
backpockets like switchblades

Blow a snowmobile onto the crysanthemums
Bathe a personal water craft
with designated mahimahi killers

which are not creepy and come in
individual sized packs

which the company stores in
frozen falcons

It's a design issue

Too many insects on staff to cutback
without personal loss

The insects enter extinction
AND A MINUTE LATER THEY RETURN
in the commisar's parlor

Take away my realities

77/DeNiro/The Stations

with a laser and an aroma

They laughed and laughed.doc

Take away my one-sided rocks
by risking

a first principal on them

Place the pearls
back into the wisdoms
Place the molecules
back into the foodbot

before they are preserved

Place the elf back into the
iowan casket / leaflet gold

Place the rumors of my society
back into the werewolf
Place the society proper

in front of the goat's hungry hippo

See what happens

to society
to the cunning thumbprints
to the societal coals

warming the safe
children without digits

Lanes overpass

them eggs and roofers

Trafficking what
equals sums
for mouthing
starting pistols
late in the day

Working overtime
at the tendril factory

Boring through lunch

Fruitfiles in the secret ram

I hope
I'm not setting the world
against rams

Drive to cloud
Drive to medicinal history
where the first cave painting
is in the only gas station
But don't look at the poleaxed elk
restored to its proper blood count

Keep driving to the end
of the pain
until you can't sense arms
holding you
back from killing a motel

where the guests
open guesthouses

without credit or florida

These thoughts in the live-in
suites flee from you

I have entered the
beach as tourist
shuffles into a
playing card

Drop off on the beach
Last resort

A man walks into a workshop
with a bomb strapped to his chest

What does
he want
He wants
his essays to be fair trade
He wants
a commitment to origins
and scar crystals
He wants a space

station with all the fixings
He pleads his case
The teacher has an extinct bison
sewn into her sweatpants
that senses the slightest hesitation
of which there are too many
to count
in the self-critique

THE BISON ATTACKS

in a control fit
sending the man to a trade
school for future healing
away from the concrete language

His plot folds into himself

The bomb is actually a container
of mild dish detergent
which he uses to wash
the horn impression
from his chest
before stitches and dinner

of franks

In the suds
I see the fine arts council
taking out the trash

But at the same time
no one is here

Everyone is in the company lounge
washing their hands

The heavy bubble is punctured
with a sylvan fingernail

When I witnessed this
I had to wash my hands

Which is difficult in a
depressurized environment

I ring a bell
The humorless monsoon does not fall on me
I receive the instant message
I project it back into an object
with a methane atmosphere

Unrealized responsibilities
in speculative bubbles
like imperfections
in laboratory jewels

When a bird leaves a chimney
for good
does the... the chimney rot

Its existence an inexhaustible alm
Its droppings dwarf regression
whether they are city birds or

mountain birds or bits of
bread birds floating in a
canopic goblet

or exurb birds

Party getting taint drunk off its contents
floating like schemes behind the moats

Grieving ghosts party in the trees woo

I see analects
helping other people
in forests with
forestry issues

careful not to drain
the lean-tos
with the force of a party

At times this cannot
be helped

We were standing in line
to see meatballs 4
at the local temple

81/ DeNiro/ The Stations

when kids
in jumpsuits
began explaining how we were

the devil

5: VOYAGE (BEST NOMAD WINS)

Open the linchpin coloring book)

The unhated worlds are called the doze helot)

(Th. boss mores my h-row champion perdu)

Note passionate germanic butterflies: 6 came onto me whe I ws
trying to do some work on the hull. The hotplate in my ankle
radiating phylos. They left the drive. Will my department dry in the
weak of the sun before december, or will the empire haunch its way
into the lifetime breakthrugh? Saturn alike was never a picnic. My
grandsome poking from an inferred requirement. This la/ness--so if
the trees able to ring out cash their fetters laid off, there might be
foresworn shoptalk left in the bank. Again
polar bears taking the fall in coral bleach. As if I can't talk ot you. As
if difurcation lanks the bison hooks uncles. As if we do it remember
the bison's uncles together. As if my matriarchy was all that's left to
you. As if you smoothed over spak I saw your coming. As turbotax
landmine treaties::to listen, to fail freedomlink tools listen too.
Yellow ribband/Permission.Breathe normally for awhile. Propelled in
an exhumed lapdance. Washing dishes after all medica and asthma

fell over leaves trapped in message entrails. tie. nemertean sirloin
place two states past the phylum. So vale, so ludwig anthrax, these
domesticated humans reciting full amateurs once the blossoms of
property, in galena only connections to the law are unthinkable. The
lead submarine in your hand. The camel canis with their whippings.
Perhaps across the river people are leaked differently in the dollar
cab. But at least they're making it try. I went back to rogue's island.
After easy racing toward compassion led astray with an
introduction. Menagerie 10 but comes with uniforms. Clenching on
of my ceps, can't remember which one or dart. Sooooo tranquil.
Paths on the station attendxd by horse tracks, with a faint pine and
bitters ducted from me to you. Lyre touch slaves. Down driver
crossing, bees of poison and plenty. Troll ring stark heartless,
watching hipbone like the swathed whales. You slept while you
danced, up on 6, to your content, while everyone was on
shiftscape, like a depressed breathing exercise in the elf trachea.
Our iowas intermingled our invention of barley harvesting. Flax was
next, last were strawberries. According to our repentence gail. Up
north a lived loss was going unheard in two snow concepts. Come
across a standstill pulp and beat it to death. This could lead to:

1 Unpaid decency

2 Lest chalice does it pray for a fox

3 Spanking saucers

4 Cyber knots prop

5 Fidelity/lust

6 That every person badder

Sweeter entrails for unkempt carnivorous plants When it comes a way of making the dial in suited vacuum, there's no way to breathe without coming up granular. In the old glands of my youth, those choirs understanding the straw allisons propositions sweetly under a magazine, how it lunged at us, filled our hearts with distances that we didn't want to create. Every tract came with a home and a thigh. Souls musing from inside a chord sick of prepositions and the we, we, co. Pigeons, shucks. They're turning into birds and electricians.

XVII: STATION OF FRIENDLY CONFINES

Damask, if I have found you
wanting, it has ill to do with my
frantic escalations. How the tapirs
into romance. Wane wiring

having everything to do with
learned from grade school. This
tetrarch a building ember cannot
escape. Throughout my companion

sheer laziness, a bullseye can't
stand against arrows against
whether in a drawer. If lighting
a desk fire jealousy then

jealous I am, and entirely natural
die. I can't be corey and illusion
watching onto their ex-world. Plainly
the gazelles lingua in plain

sight. Temp higher they making it
curdle. I've jumped on worse
meldweed rep. Union speed
capped placing this fuel empty.

Gale grade sieve within odds
in the sonnet rather. Civil
retreat desire for desire I
wish awed more complete. Once

as not to confuse. Some kids
learn everything club. Huge ogre
blocks off two seconds. In which
campfire hold my hand. Comments

welcome breath hat protecting
the sun. In one day we will all
runt. Project and carry moods
even in shun. I've fleece

morbid pots. For the morning hungry.
What says clarity RV. From house
built of tongue depressors.

Goat on which plain build. But on

whose emerald dim. Elf tripe
lost. Coral house martins. Skull barge
carrying the river. Magnum introverts
bordering on a fantasy. A cabin

in iowa bargain. Keep going
salt. Wake april 19 in the
home fires, instant lacrosse trying
not razors. Broken solid.

Lamed at death. When dwelling
in a cute cleaners more than social
allows in red goes. Mal in
a muscle shirt. Even them?

Yes, legion and their cells.
A lamp trapped in a lense.
Fiddled wrinkle is the remedy
Pull, pull until the sheath jag.

Bald ray wrens and a navy
at the doorstep. How fraction
does it float? Pleadies control
assist help spine vapor. Nil

wonder anymore alarm. Pork
for the gala. If I was
required to sea or excite, which
I choose with confidence?

Drawing out, seeing little. He was
born on the twelfth island. The
syllable coven knockaround. Serif
nourish. There woof connective

unnecessarily then. Famished in
a world's axe oz. A
cousin passed bookend.
Nailed it trickle akin

to holdroof belief. That he
be there even if angry shops
order straps to hold memorize
together. Her brown hair, her

bandaids clear as shame. I can
still scent bump, visibility.
Sunrise boston overturned. Torn
smooth was wide. Snap ask ariel

in poor yoga does it yolk,
slated to become. Eye
rossi wristwatch battery. The enunciation.
I pressed in private. Still I

warp, that's why I shaved, to
cut allure kneeling next to most
days. Most arson city. Into
detach pulled back her hair

and stamina. For 6 years parody
travelled ebb novas. Any page
can bury heaven, any touch

an insect cold or extinguish quarters.
Wrench quotes. Docu joss
in the air silencer. The conversation
I haven't had with allison since

free. Unavailable aft tendrils
led to rather not say. Faith
in rudder cutlass. Dairy queen,
latent vehicles outside, sitting

on the franchise hood. I plant
average icemilk. In my cob,
vague memories of learning like.
To tolerate obliterated malice

when mass density barbans
loud blood. Emulsify count.
That let's have a vow anyway.
How has it any further? A will

toolbox. That won't it speech elephant,
the arboreal under lost palm,
deigning overt traits was the
last adore happened to me.

Mess cling wane than two in the hand.

XVIII: STATIONCON (HOME OF THE NIGHTLY "DANCE OF THE WEREWOLF")

I've forgotten how to live
shrewd, which I guess is
the point, although wait
I have echinacea in my little
pouch, and oecania, and some
starbursts. They grate
against me. Unpack the little
altar from my chest and good
riddance to go, as far as it
goes at the worst
possible moments. When the
armies after fording
columbia passively drown, there is a period--
lily in clemency, when
knees conquer barbs, and my
table tray can hold
any ceremony without glancing
at the collapsable
sofa telling me
execute, execute. However, armies
never retreat. They only
resupply anthropology
to suit sore throats,
lifting conch to wine presses,
the industry inside
a who wouldn't kill
for a wheat thin moment.

Permeated fellowship appalls
but worth actualizing if
gear bends for another subpar
season in depth. Trace
elements doused, but happily
only for the time

a fang takes to
accrete mountains
in an afternoon.
And at times unearthed
into a sandbox read
by costume balls.

A ball was

had. A city
erected out of minute
gravel grade 1.

In regards to the empress
mudpuppy making banks
chic fens--had it not been
mentioned in the collectible
program?--she knew
architecture well, she studied
assyrians and their beheaded
sensuals. She took
long distances and adorned
seahorses with geothermal
castles. And even here,
though faint, the instant
message foxed spheres,
bubbling under like a technical
illustrator's last breath
in amphibious spring, a
feudal month in
a home rehabed with syrup

and sog carrots damning
the throat. How empty
the needle howls iowa, iowa,
how hoarse. This zirconium
cufflink life, willing depictions
for a few seconds after midnight.

This is expedient.
This does not happen.

The dance where lightness
came to, midnight entered wolves
and votives in equal drams,
where my father was a courier
on decommissioned nazi
trains, and the goats made
caves in giant
blocks of munsteur. The goats
stuffed with sausages large
as roasting townhalls.
They still roast,
and there in the barley
and gall my father

danced with mermen in
what is now a tennis
shoe factory. Trains carried
sacks comatose. Mine
everything, leave no curio
no matter how amusing
to squander. Once there,
in motherland, jackets shared, an
untried faith in lager
showers, isolation with
demons, lack of malts, worms'
ampitheater, and always
the trains, past alps and means,
plastic sunglasses, the children
still wanted chocolate,
although I'm not entirely
sure, and the priests with
white revolvers attended to
my father's mermen in the squadron,
leaving my father itself
wanting in spirit, though no
one pressed could attest to papal
wishes after the combustibles
had been expired from the
public record.
Flies hopped the trains and
died on track. He slept
with guilt, which he told
me about often. The mermen
had gills like vikings,
wide when excited, and along the
edges a mound
would grow,

especially when smoking.

My father tried not to glance,
it was rude when america
was playing its saxophones. Also,
when grabbing a serviceman like my
father by the hand, one could
see quite clearly a tiny knob
inside the gills, a control
of sorts, and this too would enlarge
or contract depending on
various phenomenon in and
around the forest bar. From

the gills there would be an
odor, like an oven cooking
a fish market and a bank robbery.
Yet for a few gentle years my
father danced to this, slow or
fast who cared, with mermen.
I grew afraid the first time
I learned about this. We drove
around the lake. The armies
in my own were still nebulous,
untranslated crabs, and the
instant message would
only inscribe clouds and little else
in the way of nimbus or bicycles
through the three vintage
youths I endured.
Lasting vignettes:
With an american q-tip he
would try to transfer
orders to hawaii. Unnoticed.
Hearses tie up. In sight of
hungary, the mermen warn him:
a car will enlighten this gate, your
original sin is in a ghost's
tumor and not suitable for
this middle world. The red
star fights you, your paintings
remotely. The tower had aphids
marching up the walls.
I'm surrounded by non-glancers
in a sickness, and
the sweet shot jackets
amber veins. The instant
message is about the body. My
father confused it with a robe
and egypt. His younger sister
stillborn in vizier omaha.
The film stills
showing this were ok but not worth
dubbing, though they were,
upper management worth
a good laugh. Taken on
holiday. Change pens, maybe
that will do the trick. When
the faces change without warning
and agribusiness wouldn't think

of holding the door open.
Unless to let itself in and with
a smirk. Driven short
into my father's curios. His car
that drove off a cliff in egypt.
Where napoleon smirked. Even this
empire prays for him. In
the mesh fortress, invaders
do not confuse chaucer frosties
with impotent bogs,
where domed tadpoles will
grow performance fleece and
cuspids and leech it. I have
about thirty on my arms! I
picked them up from customs
in iowa, where my father
and I drove there to go
out for a lamb. Onyx chickens, that's
a fake cry in a fake
german accent, you fake tunnel.
He would confess in a chapel
that used to be an interrogation
room like my bedroom. The
chaplain masticates on a
goat rack. Mermen are
useless to him. They are
aberrations, designed by
swedes, the priest would often say.
Hate them but at the same
time champion their needs.
Say to them, please sit
next to me. Please put
a hand on my knee.
I'm willing, columbia.
I still don't know who the they
is that everyone dead
refers to dearly.
Instructions safeguard
happiness from ecstasy.
My father drinks peas
when I'm not looking, he
drinks wheelchairs and paddleboats,
he recites augustines and
waverers, he
flagellates grammars
and cliffhangers,

93/ DeNiro/ The Stations

he cheats by never
pardoning his elves their
condolences, he has never
understood science fiction.

6: POINTLESS VOYAGE

Merely because of difference, the plane is about to land. Taking off again. I'm landing. Fussing with the controls always. Flattery gets hoops nowhere. Unfinishing moves fail. Method only wants your reality thinking to itself. My beholden false memories to the wingtip. My route, when iowa flies over the smoke and mangle, involves light signs structured as smoke. My brother wakes in the wingtip. He is liberated when he sits. That's what's killing me. I tried talking to him about the station, the anchorite uptick of mistakes. Brushes cleared away. Our pacemakers garbled into thrift. Contessa, when your son died I went to chipotle, an aztec word for ukrainian street fighting championship? Privations usually revolve around water, but my brother's goat ate all the cat food and ate off the roof till it broke. I had no clue what fucking would mean. The cats can't let anyone starve, even the glass-eyed servants to biological determinism. I salvaged the worst moustache in the world from the lake-bottom, and still, this observatory, it's still a woodshed. My crashed carnifex. We are not the body. It's not my place to bad mouth impotent joy. But I'll keep going there. I tend to confuse the instant message with the fetal alcohol syndrome of my dumb ideas. They are not in europe, they do not emulsify car seats. A glass of wine with lamb will hurt them! But this is not a time to lament. A lasting voyage

95/ DeNiro/ The Stations

about voyaging. It's tempting, isn't it? To have a passionate life for
airbags. From the porthole crawl echos of the brains I want to own
my own narwhal.

XIX: POSTSTATION

mark drive into supper chant

use without fact

rapidly airs heists

half edition of american heritage

mass is ricola

almost time to go minor

gray art finger

titanium adroit do seigneur

exacta entomofauna check

marry like

for once this moment sour intention

if no one speaks hysterics

detritus the yellow tie goatee

little valuable

angry at how they'll read nothing

even this teak will

the alaskan rainforest in the heart

speckled fox triggered egg

connective trailerpark try sky

tall tools in this ant

disheveled mop claim

that it doesn't matter sneer
welsh longbow for a practice
the trial we've looked
my head a brat
putting away litter into the hole
swamp up deck excitement
that haggled stow
marvel at a crumb
for once trinity shoves doubleclick
hamfisted trials
sweet drove me to this
thane carve monday
thimble ops
holding man entirely
gorse shiv
from central to a stalk
light a statue next to
times all about won
thirst for denver deep
lamine shit then plaster
leadership masque special
when I grow I nap spy
stuffed calm

receptive to augur tabled

watch the nyquil shake

cobbled condom

mini

step iced

ceremony in the erie

solvable board tedium

no compliance on the dollar becoming mound police

northern vulnerability up north

band a bury lean wide

one rose

skunk named patches

hap on particle board

grope aviation

threnody stump speech

her letters were smooth

random parises throat

I'm worth this little guy

didn't feel any

everybody into the stroller

XX: INSTANT ASPIRANT BREAKDOWN STATION

addicted rooms
back
here again --

no, this is it, the place.

would I sleep

long?

the bathroom break
in the world's other side

to clean and pierce.

goes into a
sugarshack glowing
hard, wanting a stitch
to reach it. go into

alexander hamilton's grave
nigh
before
it's preserved.

drag the dismal panther
out of the headlights,
careful not to

create too much pall.

thinking about where I'm at.
thinking lowered.

loose losing the internal marketplace.
9/26/04:

down to where the tombstone
where no one speaks to each
other. so easy. pumps mom.

it's not that people, in
shopping, give a hickey to his bank.

100/DeNiro/The Stations

drove to georgia in the
indentured era to make it here.

panther's restless.
big cat's turning into a werewolf.

because someone is hot and on
alexander hamilton's dime

(world's angriest tower of times)

that doesn't mean their covers
are swallowed.

no one deserves longing,
it is only a gift
that can be freely given.

the instant message, however, can
contain this wearing. of
tiniest impression and sisters.

the goat starts pissing and
instantly decays

Let doubt less.

why is one person together
with the other side
and not
canadian?

he died in a duel and is
here
like us.

7: VOYAGE OF THE CHACHI

Do you know how much I've had to work for this body? Oh MM
smother your engineering thesis in chocolate chip cookie doughh
MMM nuh-uh, there's s'more?

Alchemy makes me sick. It throws its weight around as people pick
up the garbage and is the last to leave the viniera and probably left
seven percent.

Salad-tossing exciteknight grows fond. Oh he sips while reading a
Willow/Gor mash-up. Oh he sips like a scoundrel dog...of the
dance.

I'd pay for this voice not to be me. I'd be tempted to.

These boots are pure ex animal and leather animal!

cosplay reentry dead ahead, and by getting a job you mean: no one
will know my life.

Oh you're bold butter and face is lipstick sculpture

And it's pretty dead!

And inside ouuut

This is what mom warned me of, tell me about your undefeated
football team. Tell me about the terriblest worst thing you can think
of in the skies of bruised foam that contemplate osha regs.

I've buried my skirts and I still have a crush on an elf even though it is never quite in charge. 10:31: pentagrams, DVD cases full of shot glasses, a woman taking out chess fluids while I'm just STANDOFFISH. The interior fortress sweats: is the air off? Does it crawl through the ventilator shaft? I expect it to lead me to a business venture where I can at last relax. But business, you know, is bad.

And we'll never quite know! Sweating is value neutral
Peeing on the decapitated verizon guy propels cosmic magnetism...

It on the somme we have not lived this way

filth you little filthy filthy prego vs. ragu?

OH byt a nice wristwatch bott me! My heart is trembling like a rotary phone.

die direty periwinkle

like the lamb waterboarded you are. like the church bulletin you are.

It's like gravity, only safer. Bow and scythe, memory, hound,

eyebrow hair, safe. Which of these is flashing in my eye every

twenty-five seconds? Safe.

Answer: it's a rag!

Follows from a healthy skepticism. I up. Cut onderneath the nipple

MM

Flower unicorn dirty blonde hair. Prancing and prancing. Fuck

system go. PRETTY Panties made out of FCC chairmen's pubic

hairs Nonthing like a sassy sweater, goal the elf LICK THE EYE
thing.....That's the dire look.

Afraid of ASCII khaki saliva taking and taking and they don't even
have a chance. But this futility is my trial taking.

There are lives made out in caves, and the inner faith in security
and sincerity made lives into paints on the cave walls. We speak
alone in the house and the fredrique champlain and henrietta
desoto speaks to us in our underwear.

LICK THE OTHER EYE

then drive the motorcycle over twenty stacked glands

Are you at all happy?

Overnight crashed in fuckrock milwaukee?

XXI: STATION DOWN

pretend I'll never call it back

to kill wills

a strong
perception powers
through the caution
when it lanes bingo balding

the answers caught putting on it s-
hood

sire loads into sunday

A perch
to wait running out

lapidary, limping. sat
when it's brought to my
attend

naked substitute No one lived
there anyone Blame. blake
chokes on. the even what
asssss wouldn't make give

cougar crockery & small town

Appreciate it!

Lost it ENERGY minotaur, in the 8th

Not only what is possible but
what leaf becomes more public

than a hopper blew the

empire-in-a-box
I'm begging for endorsements nicotines:

caw snug these legion are nuts

inside the fin skill
gives pat on the back

harvesting trickle,
Taped gain my will tug a cloud to its knees
in my little alabama on my knee say

left verlaine along for too long
The urine bard. Emerald
moot region slain. Swing small,

that in our
year we
could tell apart. lice mod

Resting inside material coffins
until

Will not the toothpaste speak
to me? Whiten stags and
flushing bows enraged?

Yew bad
Marrow neutral bad
Neutrality bad

gains revels genius opens

Pandemic minotaurs
left to
fog noisemakers.

back against virginia.
Wait a

sigil august.
husk in that 15 year old self
in the blue desk listening to shrew
order and substituting words
for roses hole.

*There will only be falling ingredients,
no falling bags.*

The first time in iowa I nearly

choked a basilisk mall, my hair
sticking up because of tornado charges
calibrating with my stomach aches
upon murdering great vehicle buddhism

crushed at langley, at that. calls
home in homesick. larks irradiation
coming obeys

Daily life is a political fiat
unexpressed by "pussy" on the bus,
"fag" in the crypt, "saint"
in the underpants
generally hated after the invention
of muscular medallions at big lots,
elf" in the rec.

transmuting led to a lead
figurine
lost on a catapult

in this map the terriers balk
it's aching for roadmaps lost
in the briars. tamed.

when tamerlane's corpse burned down
apart like a pinata, his
eldest
advisors found gratitude at last nubbed underneath his
gall
bladder. Diamond pupae that resembled no underground
passage

through
jerusalem special split apart. They tried to
run away but
how can popcorn run Away? It sucks.

better
to
begin digging for glasses, painted high toes glossed over
novahull. The brittle

elves in their collages
orange collagens though
unfair to use brittle, gingerly

charred swelled cardigans

eat trying too hard
to reflect desperation
upon the lost readings.
pled

I've known oak war in the singles
convergences barred. bloodwork
flaxen and purposeful,

a corner table inside the scarlet
lobster's tail. Not enough time
spent sitting. with demos.

she's probably
with someone.

gasping for
accidental,
majoring in
ming
vaseline

purchasing belgium
when no one's looking, insert a
cog cope guinea

how they carry inclusion
to the proper bin
recycled's readme's README

8: VOYAGE (FEVERFEW TRADE ROUTE)

Once, you landed.

And it didn't even taste good.

That was the killer. You read FOOTFALL on the way down and wondered how you could sneak into the defense department. But then you decided to get creative.

In your blind wealthluck, you landed in the dead planetary core of the 3cherry city.

I can't believe you liked footfall, what are you, twelve.

You washed muscle shirts in the rain while watching the TEN HOT NEW RESTAURANTS open--stop being scared--then they you went down to los orleans to sell jewelry out of dolphin-backs with that guy, the guy with the hair who bought ukraine, lex something, and you succeeded at that and swam.

(The desk folded out. Maps set against you descent hopping.)

There was the internship at the same time, of course. Cakes! The elf gave you a walkie-talkie and graded your papers, judged the skirts while the iowan glowered the dishes apart. You smoked the IT department with fellowship, which doesn't matter, but it does matter, pass me that, then moved past wisteria, into the address book it went until your squiring at DOG FANCY.

No worries. Orders instead. Here, the sun snows. The elf had TIPS on how to succeed like health insurance, to read the city, DELIGHTS promised, BELGIAN and otherwise, you smoked because you had to.

Social engineering begat social responsibility. Regular contact was not encouraged.

You remember in that vein a religious festival of great quality, a rose held your hand, led you through the bullions and crowds until your parents were found with their backs up against the river. The alligators were touching what hurt the most. Custody fell onto a moral upbringing, with p-references high for someone loose like the flypaper theory your parents left for dead in that river, it's not your fault, no one saw

anything, and besides you were in your bedroom playing fire
fantasy sauna while you I slept fast.

Then unfolded the late throat inexpert. All pushes back to the true
houses where boys stuffed jackal insects with tunas and the tunas
with plantains, though they hired someone to do this for them, while
you watched without comment, not that it was solicited in the low
boot dirty dork bling of acceptance.

And yet you take that chance. You pestle.

In a medal-inducing fit, she gave you the goat sword. Why?

What was is tattooed on your thigh? It doesn't matter with who
anyway. A sealant? The shape of post-magical iowa? The corinth
game hen? Not
your mascot. The SOUL, she he wants to say. The soul is meow
mix. It
gets soft. The math unfolds lost on the stereo as you shimmer fairly.
Yet you stall.

This is the happiest moment of the year for suckers. The skies grow
jealous! Old fart cincinnatus lays eiderdown upon you, his your

fingers inside of you like a path to the donkey abyss, the dumb van
shores of your youth, what you must have imagined there under
your life--shit! how much am I paying for this? This oilbread?--so
that the only recourse was to slave over the core reactor, come
thick or thin, you know the drill, not quite able to wake up or
become czarina without an awful lot of trouble, stung to grow,
beaten into your old age like iron ill. You give the elf a knife. I'm
sure it needs the money. For a teeny puma. Take it if you must.
Everyone wants a puma to put in their backyard.

I'll pick you up, you stupid wonderful. 8?

Oh surely this is a dream. One for inch ink. Make out like you touch
my hair.

I'm a mutt omen. Yes you have that going away.

That etruscan bride you tried to fit into your gastank, those were the
days.

All this work. A few bit. To take a throat that is both true and
meaningless.

112/ DeNiro/ The Stations

And to throttle a past that's uncomplicated, meandering...

XXII: STATION OF THE UNTOWARD

when you dye your allergies
with the times in your hair
psalter unloosed from memory,
business braids civic
responsibilities lozenge. curved
tan, antebellum qualms
hair braid left in the winter
darkness against your will in
spanish iowa. a wind kite
kestrel fires you without even
looking, much. with wit fettered only
by nicely equipped without too
much money in the mCmulch. An-
terior paints terror make the walls big
against their will our age. there
elevator au jus atmosphere slattern
against tall wade, from seeing
everywhere to pissing someone
else's blood when no one's looking
landed in your blood with a desperate
presence much. They grew
industrial diamonds in the cervix,
Which all becomes industry equipping
our lesser tries someone. wilting
call patterns, listen to curvature
and a bird pill periodically lapses
into your civic responsibility gnome.
with a seat next to the money
nicely equipped with containment lard,
which began priesting against the
passengers will, and yours, touching
your hair and you're in a temple
of bacon in the darkness with
the times squealing like an embarrassing
ram. Only a station—and where
do passages lapdance? Our scarf
misses the coinage than breath
against a number in the dark
cutting your atmosphere into little.
as pieces as a robe crave. although
snackwell fell a disgrace
from your memory per.

For the kids Who watches Byzantine
radio escaped from the glucose
soundcheck, equipped with a nice cervix
they ran in solidarity against each other
but it was your watch and call. Gained
lead when no one's looking. The elevator
had a nurser naturally sit with my
turtleneck's bulletproof ringed will. Sex
our age, unloosed from memory. Plant-
agents ashamed rotation window walls
bare ankles. This hum mars passenger,
this allergy for cargo in the twelfth
midnight, awakening in the
kansas chains below the cultivated
grasslands at your seat mask. You
ache for the bronze invention, the razor
sweats guiding smelt in Amsterdam and
bath. Planted to save. that the bull
Wanders through vertical in the dark when
no one's looking very hard, having remembered
their own passenger bulls from childhood
attaining equipment. in order to melt
deft bone sugar. The indistinct times
crystallized into an allergy and glared
at the dead survivors breathing jumbles
You've considered pregnant apparitions knighting
with rolled up sailing magazines, but
on the ferry edge, you hear dancing,
State means implicitly in a coiled
memory, its spindles off-track when
you die and looking unfair between
times, their divides, their birds. Glue
hole seek through a straw, racings
twelves You've holed up through racing
into your past future. twelver-clad in
exposure. I startled your atmosphere but
you weren't there really, only your
psalter nicely equipped with skin, and can
we afford to wake what's not happening
in the mayor of dubuque?

XXIII: STATION GROWING UP FAST

when I am old
the wind will
change
without september
coming fast
the lake up-
on the book
made cheap
best days ahead
all high of
bone ain't
simple laws
what textbook cell
wall in thick grew
goat is tongue
a cyst leads
lent to truth
invasion kempt
old die mood that
kind of short-
hand uptown
town up
into
neighbors moors
in deep grace
clone yet sane
leg shown what
gives the hair
cut with a fossil
nab when I
release my 2
day hate from
sane cat
cyst growing
from the ez-
grow but
kept the
new town do
not waste this
chained to shane
shot leeway
out of park upstand
give raise

give lurve
in sight of
next revel
in mint and
glory and
slave elfs
not with
sane or any
other cuba
jokes with you
apes bed what
geezer say
how I pretend
destroy this
instant left
dog bags out-
side the park
head sister
died men are
they couple cold and
how does bells
last add
ever made
this arm shows
movie mercy
see saw
plans
spilled over dicks
watch fend
for rhythm
nixon level
withers ass
grown from
saturn it
listens to
a burn-
out pure
made by
some bullshit
seminar
have to att-
end to
stay organized
behaved
has time in
waves and

no long
kept fat by
circum-
stance moon
pov allowed to
dies poorly
in city fraid of
your janitor
grow festers
in walls and
times wheeze
I do not
want for fear
that coming
back will
senseless
thing to care
for pose time
it takes

not necessary? Racing toward speedboats I
seek disadvantage.

Inside the terrace, domestic
bods become subject dispose. But this is only
flatness, mere; with contours, the dogs come into

sight centaurs. Destiny's desire: the

columbine rockets and
smashes into the columbia,

an nubile chernobyl that gets

it, how we're all in this together. People

don't realize me
to see me. Xenotropes
as and into

spores as the libraries enchant

predictive entities by not replacing the
halogens over books. Open from 2-2:15.

Careless through

corrections straining the
eye so many. For the present clusters gloss

and haste when immediate trained
signals supersede the unlinked. Which

is not to say that trees necessarily project
into their allotted span of obsolescence,
before the elves recrypt and the whole
intention of a span becomes a suspect.

For avatar. Groom. Vale gloomed with
the flip of a world. Into plexus do I approach
what my great great grandchildren will
die for. As if to support liquidity headscarves
the tracle custom-fit into a service tunnel,

which are everywhere. However my own support notates

undoings. Then what dupe? I
shake the platypus from the tree. Someone
cradle is listening to take

curtain guess--

work out of your equations,

prose morph
not a tudor for

trapped in a port a view.

One sun after another. Dampen in a
park n' grave, pummeled without warning

through age
by the apostles creed by?nightfall. But

I turn off the nightfall and the almond

wake empires. Hatches. It really comes down
to butter and tricks. Pneumatic raptures sliding
irrigate jealous smites. Always
on something. Pastel choice. Striver animators
at the spacer bar. As lunar landscapes

go. Astronauts

hit dune buggies

signal it's time to go home create home.

The commuter shout exhales.

Tries harder cincture. In the valley

of what a jackass
ecosystem cannot attain,
a creek running from
a jean jacket. I'm soaked

landfill. Try

harder until you croak.
Entered of artists

prefaced

into obsolete. When veins held up
under scrutiny--was
that crystalia
into a methane byproject skimmable?
In fact--another residue carrying the
load--the
gladiator recreations
have plasma quotes float-
ing through the tunnels. Can't
see? Welcome to
the event horizon. Cleft. HIPPO. Cow
lives rendered
on site. Cudgel one unarmed
until cudged
and then your club, taken
away, and one other holds the club
at your empty gunboat. Exceedingly
illustrated guide at the feet. The glass
quasar pulsating like an assassin a
continent away, when no is left.
Except escaped mosquitos on
prime forestation in the arctic. (Research this
corpse.) Supremacy with asthma, the
bodies tendered so that journals
about building abbatoirs within gazebos
have struck into the territory left
behind by a trapped sweetness.
I try to turn off the military
at my digits, that threaten like geddes
to crash any revolting parch. Most

122/ DeNiro/ The Stations

repairs done while you wait! I & and
you are pretty much the same pretty

much. Address-rose; diaper up the pressures,
my man-tits flop like open-mic night

at the mall of america.

9: GROAN VOYAGE

They riveted the princess for justice but not in my life or sense. That every break in the assassination of david bowie called for a renewal of violence. The princess came from a good family, filled with sweatshirts bulleted. Purple was in. They drive from recall to left. That each of those jackals was personal pet full of access. Hill grandmothers. What are they making? Float to me. It would be tempting to make one of those moments an act of will, forced one image homme mirror. Then, videos could foot the led and no one would be left starving for cahiers d'fuck you pluto. If this matter chirring out from orbit became mineable, then muscularity will enter this realm, and complete your sentences piped in. Broken boat is enrollment in a partnership. What did people do for teeth a hundred years ago? The pick, the coal. Where no one is watching me carve. Anything you want enrolled. Chipmunks are the teen schoolboard. Looking for the republic pulse. Starting to call their manifold lists. But no fearful fail. That we are even able to do things. Propulse inside a bell. Is that empire rung? And from that time the horses came.

That's not an ego, it's a shamed horse.

Don't speak don't look awkward while they slave over you. The
maraud loves hearts. Overprotective tanks those that sing. Is it too
early to call 911 again?

The iowan put out the irons coal in the mohawk bowl. Was there
any time life in this, he said. This holey. Waiting to wait.

Backs broken were in the corner. Chapel getting out; we could hear
them smell. As if we could stand anything else.

Do you remember when people had vans, cards?

What was done with the cards?

They were passed.

I've made note coffees, the elf said, holding up an arm, had
to pick and choose which horror story earned my energy.

Didn't expect any question answered filter.

Porthole, take off your dress.

Sucking that gums. I bet they did that a lot and no one had
whitener.

Porthole take off!

(gunnery waved)

Tiny moss meteor, with shit inviting, had no idea whether it ticked.
Oh there's a brain underneath my wrist.

Praying by buying oils and handling them like snakes and the white
panthers of upper florida. At one time the panthers were in cages
and then the cages held jaws and lye and people kept paying to
see it. And see it they did and january was born. And then it all
sank. That was the tipping point for a day or two. The difference
between time and timing.

I've grown afford what atlantic coming out of my snake? I
swallowed it without crossed even looking. Forceful marked .wavs
in a nook over nook very graceful and responsible. Solow swallow
keep talking about it crash. The dealer saps. Dead milfs in the drum
kit water clicking. But this is a choice available miles to the hour,

126/ DeNiro/ The Stations

look, deal. Our cheer, a low-tech finger fuck in the raspberry
wastelands.

XXV: SMELLY STATION

I'm flemish
I come from flames

70 inscribes
70 cripes

polk phosphorous
am I hot or not

strode onto
the missing scene

decay decays
lent in a hair

this voice colonel
takes a voice

goggle glasses
lighting a fire

buyers and
jailers

slow soft
outside buffalo

mating larval
compassion 2500

I'm busy or
does that suit you well

yet there hasn't
been a dent

never fits
if I point

sifting through
remaining hauberks

see what
attaches absorbes

try to
try not to

trounce in fame
in sitting here

where made to be
broken collects nicholas

left work to be done
mundane as a world

though loose can
a goat codream

we're not planning
anything comfortable

starting a family
in the rain

infatuation breaking
the rubbed roof

the next plane
merely an aspect

through rivers and grays
through stops and balances

underground into
a french traveling scorpion

white shawl enters
neighboring campaign

till flaws
until sore

silk production
eats battlegrounds

to think cares

would spork

graham acton
galatians grew

temporary haikus
milked and cradled

the people's phoenix
led to believe otherwise

sprayed into a cup
petting what likes it

every august
renting a reality

kissed tract
so agitated aren't you

every good boy
curry favor

I'm able to come into
leningrad intact

what is the outcome
who should we trust

one could have
a coattail drifting there

elite like belonging
arrogance investigate

when it all matters
that's when you should worry

atone then
put on a show

mistaking the spirit
for being somewhere

spend the year
in a personal malaria

zero qualm zero
than you know what to do with

the only thing they can do
you just know

a spotted efficiency
spotted left behind

version 1.x rules
version 2.monk tries

putting "cloud of unknowing"
back into "romances"

skipping time
saves a little time

though a sensitive straw hat
who could ask for more

rolling down the options
down the hill

cast hard
for stranger

not every lithe
link rolls with it

kiddo
not so fast

broke the storehouse
bought a company house

otherly hints
cripple urgently

fillings about
lurk applicants

left for a description
for buns

131/DeNiro/The Stations

1946 werewolves

1946 good

shadowed all my life

for one's good

tackled granary

tacked on 15

polity you always

wanted to sway

coupled with the defect

importance of trade unions

the last city in northern paris

attending yale in the fall

death to millions of places

trying to hard

illuminati has been long

time coming in these parts seam

a flood a living

aspen torture center

azimuth taking place

right speaking icicles

things would be different

on account of your hot

lux agrippa

pains me to say

the audience

body weakens

altercation before the

grails snuggle

in turn be warmed

by stinging hides

diminution close to

132/ DeNiro/ The Stations

a final misunderstanding

from OBE to
my stax crystal

something of what
you once are

10: RUINED CONVOY VOYAGE

Drama major into the past cub. When it's extinguished when there's nothing left to take all. I've forgotten all that I wanted to say.

(This head whet. Explosion in space space.) Carrying to elk to bother.

Here? Do you need too, little bobcat overheard?

Voices escrow alkaline snow.

Naw, malt coy. Give me your tracture, however, it bled.

Gentle square! My money is not a pullover. Acquired prances mete out fallen centuries with tenderness requited.

Shall I carry you to the river?

And we're flowing the budget pretty decently overboard.

What did you overhear?

Aye, in a sweater in boots-dell real blow you away, lap.

But that could lead to decapitation!

(Comes in your Hard Rock Ceres t-shirt)

It begins to snow.

Who made a smiley out of an asteroid field? Are they mined?

Do you mean, mine?

I've been to welllesley and the mountain on the mountainside. There was lava in the snow so I took out my trusty bayonet.

Then I started killing friends.

We drove back to the bone ne door, sold our galaxies, found our favorite egg malts in front of the pawn shop, waiting there. it's hard to say whether for us.

Picked it up, sees what's happened to mystical feminism since we last turned over.

Speckled northerly planet slicing and dicing.

Head-of-veil is the name of the city. Stopped on the state flower, though.

The cast I signed.

The pink lightning of sandals curving.

135/ DeNiro/ The Stations

Rich people in wheelchairs, white highlights, the

ultrasocialists blind-bleeding

XXVI: LAUNCHED HALF-MAMMAL STATION PRESERVE

Leeks carrying the fields of their
skies and dread. @-go. Lent its
name to healing char triggers.

2

(their goatee spirits too)

Gold waiting fathom «« flint

Not here but
in the earth 17.

Try, like the
pocket selected works of
aristotle, to uncover vioxx
in ordinary merciful situations
and practical experience. But
to free the thumbs: that would
be avignon or eat. Tempting,
isn't it? To

(3 bree)

place together diets
of contemporary factions at lucid
means with each other in a darkened
sexual anarchist's room,
and then mounting rise
elites will prescribe shadow

Eldrich kindling

from the native fogs,

and fresh insights,
and chopped onions. That vampire,
when he spit out the cocoon
from his thorax, voracious,
from these irish countries of nature
continuance last

in plywood seas--

from these the statehood
quarters its case.

And from

ezeziel to moonray

the cool treasury of crystals

smooth jazz cougars

expendable otters

joyce's trucks skies

(4

The arm

We're arriving in difference west
virginia and nature. Shelby
the shoulder collar can't
scratch it unconnected.
lost vital center.
the surfaces.0--

horses flat ache but
still inhabit?

coordinates painted with barn

Than they appear. Chance
unchanging jasper pyrofoam
falling out of the earth,

out of my better judgement to
where glides whichever
away: misdiagnosed. sitting

in the restroom that
every faith screws
like a baby casket.

america's only rotating djinn

seek

like a baby casket
the pine
exit in the weird wood

But pleasure is not die is cast camping

closer than my peeps you are
to me
somehow makes up for it.us

voyager along the leg

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of the metavoyage

tributaries flag but the tributes
hit

lest the shape quail at the back door

which isn't DESIRABLE

swam me
put my hands

with no real redeeming qualities cornell

many antibody cops

linked
to rot to rot

Princess minx 20mg

Rock me

Signed, crib

XXVII: SHAMELESS STATION

To know dog nipple is
to accommodate the green party.
When it's shallow,
that's another story, not easy to tell.
The minding trial balloon.
Thousands of half-asleep troops—how
does one measure halves?—drive to
the battle before dawn.
Already in progress, lighting a candle
gift set angled
to hidden progressions.
The wild ease. Against florida,
no one stands a chance.
To make the spheres dance.
Direct,
as with a rope.
Then another minimum pain
starts again.
I asked before
about dividing halves—
what measures itself without tricking
the scales.
What falls from the eyes.
Is anger from pets enough?
It's only a nominal battle.
Spaces are against empty,
but the recourses are far enough
and tiring.
Does this make it up?
The sister station lost to receive.
I balked at the cost tapped out.
A sword left in the corn
of the family's field.
A pled recovery—
does it work when borrowed
or against a stitch?
That none of this is a
novel understanding, that's left
to work for the cause.
Gathering in basements.

Escape bubbles clapping winds.
Late day in the ashes,
but don't think much about it.
The headers annulled
and the goals glass,
but when did hilts ever drive
their pommels beneath the collarbone
while overtaking a city—
keeping in mind that we are the same?
Radial organizations
meet cell structures by 2-way.
Held against the personality's will.
Unbloomed, what might arrive?
These vast distances in the hail.
To retract.
Diets slip.
The iowan chains under siege.
Buried in kernels
where the wolf paces through the first frost,
though the paw bones are cold,
and the arrowheads pinch
what they can
out of tracks.
In a story,
less happens on tightropes,
more on wasted galapagos.
Globes this
instant populate stung ponds.
When I found the harpies, newborn
against the shore, I poked at them
with a slender horn,
the expedition muted in the distance-wise
gathering fronds.
They shrieked.
I kept poking. What is your
mother's maiden name?
Tiny jellies—it was reasonable
to stop before the tides rose.
Stormed off when my father
set up camp next to the giant
levels from the past deluges.
But they don't convince anyone.
That there bitter rhubarb
birthed a muted child.
Electrum twill
in the choked leaves.

Archons ask out their signals,
as if not knowing where to go.
Useful breeds—well,
for something,
for some zero sum caw
beyond hearing.
Cavernous horses mull over their farms.
We've hobbled out a place
between newspapers.
To trust: what do means say?
Hard, hard antibodies
in riding boots and gatling guns.
They run laughs.
We rent.
Can you tell me where I can find
glue for a tub surround?
It has to hold
enough weight for a body.
And a cover.
It's not a real place,
where the riding goes.
Clearing backbreaking.
I've set coal on the soap—
what's the ledge for otherwise?
If someone wants to buy popcorn
to watch a goat walk
into a bar,
then inside the weiss leather jacket.
Beheaded there,
pulled on a stake like a windswept plymouth.
Raised there in a memory.
Coiled rocks slide off the bows.
My father laughs at tempted knowledge,
he wouldn't know how to kill it.
This muscle feels
far away, though, barely
inside a telescope.
Catching flights tucked under the sheets.
Dressed to outcrop die.
It might be as simple
as labor protection, as weekend.
The heather's antsy.
No place for a toucan blowback,
but it will happen.
My family has trouble
getting up the steps,

to put it lightly.
So past this sight
laid an attractive risk.
And skirting the moment?

*in the boxes
as a snail hoarding
maiden in the thrush
with a trail around
trail around town with a
sparrow its eye
no it s okay
open the jacket
to a pathetic 7-8
peaceful hours
of work --
wait, wait... sparrow*

II: APHORIA ROUTH VOYAGE

There being the earth, when one those which become change the form, the power and ability are complete.

The ? from the ? which is done the ? ground amount or the ?, those which become more exquisite than those which become vulgar amount and should from the fire.

Furthermore while being easy, playing the hand mixing of exquisiteness.

One those which become from the ground rise in the sky, whirl to the bosom of the ground again and get off,

It becomes something which receives the power of thing ones which become thing ones and below are after together.

The ? probably will acquire the magnificence of the entire world with the manner which catches.

And consequently all darkness probably will depart ? from.

This comes is in all fighters strongly and the fighter (the woman who becomes).

Because in this all fighter to come strongly, the woman who becomes the fighter all stands in those which become exquisite and surpasses,

All to come hard, because the thing is carried out.

The world is created this way.

Doing from now on, the adaptation to which the place where the expedient is recorded here should be surprised will be born and probably will start.

And at the time of this meaning, a little more than the hell female * ???????? (three times the wise hell female) with it becomes something which is named.

Because a little more than you become the person who is to have three parts of philosophy of the entire world, it becomes.

XXVIII: XXX STATION

When I leave here I will marry a lawyer-demon and our child will be
on the cover of no depression.

and underneath that...

Have you been back to his place? but I don't want to leave here.

in my markedly leaving.

cay evening . It's cold but the tendrils it's easier to erase shadow
and I will carry the rowboat to the row. and there won't be any left rooster.

-----GREAT LIAR!

bent down into what we have to come

to that. pic ax, hold hold ruminant and there won't be any
spigots to.

not the
right color, not the right handle. But this
can be enough anti-suckling
and gimmicky crushing. Right out of the box.

tender piece arrears
hold did I get prevent my becoming fattie plump? baked right in
the slaughterhouse,

sophistry: and yet she is the mother cop
walking in a skyway and finding herself to be

less a creature than 2.2 million incarcerated thoughts

this is her beat
unforseeable political hobbies that can
injure friends
in between caves and

green caves

ten smokes carrying then. then risk nothing and lick.
keep licking will I.

no serrated argument
taking a crap on my I have this cone of fire
around my head and I can't at all go so
the ship elf has put a licejournal around the shaft so it just
might help. but I'm not holding my breath

lapis gypsum spread mine mining
preassembled sheet balsa and pacer cars are deeper, the geology
long in stead like a generatin arson.

That this would remain in one set as a category, and one category
as a secretaries day card alive underground.

not

theremin one day they will come for you and I'll
trumpet my own steady with you

147/DeNiro/The Stations

I'll wear a thesaurus from tyre

The gameboy is a dead system anyway.

everyone thought he would have left by now!

XXIX: VAUXHALL STATION

the road to submission
betwixt the garage
when into eyeliner
encompass breath
newspapers coil ice
by the riverside
heavily styrofoam
or bathroom fun
excited about future
possibilities. *
business is good
busing houses, half-
n-half fire me
in pretty good
times this would
be one thing, the
small latitudes with
another's brunch
stolen harness to
hyundai's wacky
shipping crate and
processed to scarf,
iowa: capital of
scarf county. * this
commissioner here de
populates her dreams
nightly in polyvalene
indigo, and
longer-high phoenices
returning their movies in
thesaurii, cups./goblets
from tyre.
The bone
dairy waking nightmare,
to come across the
jars sheep
brewing in the setter
well and not going
any half about
it. brass gingkos
equip for too
long in the waist.
I crouch

next to the border
next to albert lea and
over the other
side green
minimum aphids
trap their fence. *
passes the
huntsman masterthing.
they grew turnips
with consciences.
then peer back
the drapes with
all chains fertility
lost—the determined
housing would you
take that room
rent like an obscene
crossword, will
this require your backpack
burned? there gunnery
and linseed a
tremulous voice
asks me over
there whether I would die
even around the
edges, whether I
would stand
for dallas lost and
maudlin, I did
not tell
ancient yugoslavia
about radio free iran.
I crept and crept.
fire off
messages hopped
up on larceny petit.
jain-glass flu
you can't escape
reno will keep going
con australia
until hurt
hurts no longer

XXX: TEACHABLE MOMENT STATION

take a moment

150/DeNiro/The Stations

for your dentistry

clot
as preamble

every other
and yet nothing

and waken
next to the fascism
boundaries holding a
cane

no waking
only metal

hollow blue and
a meditative point
crossing
the apex

where vat lamb/titmouse
disposes

a moon named columbia

you want to sit here
you want shade

talk rabbitry
among dense

how did they understand
where to go?
hand slip

mining the steerage
a class 4

books don't wake the
essays
do they

when I've had enough then
will I have my fill

all this waking and
past flesh

then washing the
crippled dog

path of sea flame path of
sudafed

listing in planet trappers
and mort lube
from

thence the spring serena
and gleem the dolphin

going down on tristan101
equinox arrives

on a wiretape foam

administered

I praise these
criminals

raked against a criminal
everyone is
making progress

I heard that

people out there with
means

sometimes the worst thought
organizes the instructive
thoughts like knights

when dangerous when empty
but there's the risk

there's not a breakroom

feelings worm

and a
whale

though piracy the
spout you
letter in
unchained

there were times when
school ended when I
was convinced the
prince of lies was
trying to tell me
something when we'd
run through the exurb
and elect an antipope
whose course ran through
every fiber of guilty
play running behind
me like a candle and
other playmates won over
by sheer neglect of
antipathy in
the first place
I was ridden
by elves who at certain
ages had nipples that would
slice through cloud
and steer what dreamed
of thought

and could not
wake to alarm it

and this even repulses
how to
carry oneself nobly

my secret daughter was
kidnapped on a ranch

and there's never
protection from telepathy
of the sick

please don't

vary or stop rainbow

the comma evil

a real activator
get a taste
of it

we were meant to be
together

defense longing
even out of spite

it's doable

next to no one knows
my history and you look
like me and alison paradrops
into the halls of telescope
being what is found galaxy

survived by
vauxhall rulez and de
ulster trade
infused streets that from

inspiration to expiration
the satanic wedding of
simplicity and design

what could I give that they
couldn't chronic

right then we didn't
have anybody

XXXI: Rate Your Elder Scrolls Station

Little unit bullbog, disinfect-
cleaning cleaning cleaning stars!
Yes there are many bookstores
to see, yes, the pens where they're kept
These people take the muertorail
when it's raining and read Ten
Extremely Fun Job Search
Mistakes while hoping for some-
one to catch their eye and give
what's wanting. I keep
cleaning what the ponies give—
I push and
push on the coroner-minnesota

I am like extinguish me
print is point is the wave of
the future Don't Touch FEAR FOR DWARVES
That I can find ways and
ways to keep zipcoding
"surprise," yet another "surprise
birthday party" pin. Unspeakable
vaccines sprung
like a trap for ponies,
and who would want to trap ponies? This
manipulative core

groaning to be shot, if common center
lives then common center be. The screen
about as large as my hand where she

goes having what I have on
a stool and there's no stool, barely
enough is changing

Rent flow-and-
blow pastures by the hour and mourn.

So naked to be lorn about. Two ponies
down by the tracks don't here
face me. Picking around the lotto
foam from mal but who carries
around a currency tabulator anyway?
It's filthy as a gold shoe and far away

from any pond dead or not.

What's time, lactating crumb?

Birds will get sick of cremating time,
cataloging time, ptah, is hard they'll pull
their weight one day and there's a force
in the world to draw them back from the
fire. cleveland? cleveland is a fire and
really serious itself, you can't learn music
without money, and you can't learn
money without money, and the district
path gravitates together with that other
you, the one not here, the one who blew
up the arby's because the world demoted
was on fire, but no one could taste it,
least of all the horsey sauce you, because
the goat couldn't swim at all through
the music and the belfry to take your body—
one of them, at least—return it to the
world and into a pie. Goats like pie.
Is there a district manager here? Pause
and all, but the chrome dict doesn't have
any agenda, the promo under sound into
mental images of the non-metal,

wherever he and she is, def of skin,
light on images council bluffs.

rarely if ever do I
go out. again breath
again. again.

there that is, without a place,
romans in a balloon
wound up in iowa, badly
translated balloon monkey extras, I need it
bald moon: whisper against
carrier. Lost in their own article-like path, would
not disavow. That's the problem with
crazy uncles. Some have record collections and
die on battlefields, littering the
architectural bud. Shock collars
let the user... I never had a good
hold on his name or or bordeaux-jong
whatshisname. Be

right back. Right set and
don't let go ever. Training that once,
every brother titmouse had a gain in
for me, a holded mosquito under the skin,
a quisp distribution center under the collar,
in torn and never after restraining, how
easily the tips lord over a desert, and
tearsheet swords inform minnowy and louded.
To pause gel. To make an element antsy.
Pork to the workroom! The can-do
janitorial spirit in the captainless smell!
How my brother's midname perks up like a
marine. He
owns personal property to the top of his molars,
that never. Bursar and sucker that truth,
until it comes alive in sweatpants. How I
"wish him well" and yet are not you
false silence incarnate fell
in a geist ponytail?

And lest...
any differently...from store to store in "bought" fashion,
stumbled upon dinors emitting galactic
februarys in summertime, a horse lost
in a belt that can only lead a way
@ut of the "as a result" deal in grandmothers,
what they used to sex alive in the future
all grown up novena, crumbling on a hill
made...entirely of...brushetta...THIS
IS POWERFUL, FLUFFY CRUST gold 8s
line the highway form a simpler time,
dayPasses enchaining starfish
as they monopolize whatever
chains kneel longer.

buttering up falcons (by height) the henna
of horror o' misiries. For many moons they

hair egg their hunting rhetoric here, under this
very grove, and rarely did they seek
out the celtic dice children, that is, bought and
enslaved by dice, which happened elsewhere,
believe me, in greening zones, but they had no
time to pretend to flutter, because indochina
hailed the moon then, made it aardvark pancreas,
and there were videodrome colonies to make, beserkers

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like bacon, somamulet, however. So as not
to arouse the lasting double-trees suspicions.

Lasting in never and lasting in dorchester's
Breed of the Dance where never sails to
high school afteraffects of second string. blake
never went to high school.

12: Orange Voyage

Underneath light, arrows poof. It's not the same. I can't cook orange. Something tells me things will get bumpy for seeing eye dogs and their fossil records. Baby food jars with senior's eyes, manila envelopes of curt hair regarded by a microfiche sliced off like cheddar--gone before the postal system incubates. I used to hold my hand inside the campfire, wrapped in foil. No

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.....

it has to be on a stick. Then my hand would be on a stick.

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Pools and pools of happiness is torture.

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Waves and waves of fanny packs oversee.

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The stick has to be sharpened first into a synthesizer's fuse.

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On saturday, ocean floor lowers itself onto ocean floor, and the gifted onto the
ungifted. Magma telescope glass crush out sulfur and goofballs. I am not yet
ready to be culled. The future bleaches time and a half. Between third and fourth
periods I'm running to my

.....
.....

classes with a clip on tie. With each passing day I learn how to die ray forward.
The pain runs up and down my heart legs like sausage buried in coral. If only my
enemies wouldn't be such assholes! Then I might be able to get some work
done, and while laughing about the work at the same time. Little did I know that,
fighting and aghast, this cross-indiana experiment would floor an army from terra
cotta atoms.

.....
.....

.Watching flanks coalesce, I cannot be a bass guitarist or a dragon.
.I cannot ream sin, nor conscript prairies for nefarious jewelry-making purposes.

.....
.....

Then, you've met my 1993 shirt and you were blinded by anarchy! Lost and lone,
oh, I wept at my own college bookstore. How it winced in its groom darkness and
tree object discomfort, the wedding held there between rye dog racing sheets.
I'm trying not to mimic the elf with the ease of discomfort, the way contemplation
can arise from influenza. The french welfare was intercepted. At some point
nurses will learn to shoot butcher paper. But where do dumb, divine
phages.....,.....fuck it. There isn't creationism without remaining illiterate
truthfully. And after all our models were based in personal angry sciences. This is
the scariness that scares me. To create a more panned-out society. A more equal
inequality born from heartfelt frustration. Not this fake abyssal plain leaking into

the community chest. Landmines squirm against their soiled child-seats; they
have petitioned for learner's permit.

eye candy amiss in a
rainy trench when cleaned

chloraseptic

up there I mirror

the side-backrub airbag holding up to your woodshop to a higher standard.

.....

.....,We have our work cut out. The sea, it has.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Oh, and steve jobs heartmoon in a stress position.

XXXII: Clueless Station

Call the mouth a shetland
tiger, a special hood
between the head, a groom for
whipping miles into jam. That
head, it's braying like an ally,
nailed like a vine-wolf in the
treetops, though I'm not yet
in the treetops. Will soon
hear hoods high volume in a tuckered
treehouse, saint keebler
convicted of nothing as of
yet, the nicks at night,
the path of cigarettes, which
should not be fettered out, only
quietly and stomach aches.
The trees over body sleighs, what
they rustle, lastly, in the breeze
of waking, fiddled with despite the
proghorns petitioning below. Like a
sponge the coda wakens, sylvan
arts devour the sleep-side hills
without a thought or epic like.
A minimum of subjects broached
in desperation, with jeans on the
fire and ally, did your fire have
anything to do with it
the tendril asked the proghorns,
every motive entertained, the
forest fires lending character
to the case slipping out the jeans
at night. Watching from a helicopter
by the stable risks arriving
ceremonially with their butters
and their allisons. At times george
washington wakes everyone from the tree
tops, projecting his hands and malaise
to the deacons and grammars,
the leaves forming a temple over the
teeth, which do not gleam, for it is
not yet time to gleam, and may not ever, which
would be a pity, since it's nearly

springtime in the forest, and the fires,
despite unabating, do not resemble
a climate of protection. The proghorn
eyes are glowsticks of a rave of an
almighty dove, which happens to be
a cannibal, and wanders from banker
to banker eating brains. No shadow
worth protecting. The eyeliner is a
traveling doctor, though not a very good
one. The roots are taurus attainment,
digging deep in a tendency to magma,
a dwarven vapor realm
where rests the minnesota, in a fashion,
a pipeline to a previous harm heated
for attainment, which only roots
can cool. Folding hands akin to brunei, the
call to multitask, george washington
rains down his shriven laurels on the
proghorns and the coreys, mistaken
for democracy and teeth,
and neither gleam nor stable. It's worth a
laugh, a character school and lines of
coca antics in the asphalt treetops, which
crowd the neighboring counties with
telescopic ease. They are not trees though,
their smell is pine in springtime, a perfume.
Actions rest in blackened air as latent
trolls, they hope for faint connections in
the glowsticks unrelenting, a coiled
stomach ache devouring sleep, which I
don't take lightly. It's hard to see
the tree as everywhere and patriotic
elfin, and when kept a little stable
in the ghoulish corduroys, there is
no chance of safety amongst the tranquil
beehives, the gold plate gold of heaven
as the night returned to washington
as teeth and special glasses, and
nothing's really open, the mother's
haze inviting like a bee in lonesome
springtime. Is there sufficient reason
to lack unrequited hope in branches?
Their smoothness and their ratings.
Exhilarating presidents abound as
radiation from the treetops, protecting
neighboring counties with a hood. Prophetic

as a stolen goat, protecting meats
and cheeses for a family in the
magma, where the berries from the
lava bush are tempests, an idea
without a vessel like a progress.
Though written in the oxygen and
action, the cannibals take forests
lightly, wearing glasses inside flashlights
searching forest grounds for berries,
and I'm too involved to see the single
trees clearly, though extending into
nightshade wearing socks without cobbler,
a weakling as a season which
always likes returning. And does the matter
lack a mandate to constitute a trunk?
I cannot land with washington and
raven in the copter, the blue
jeans form a message in the branch
of unrelenting, a pain that can be heard
by lightly stepping proghorns, unsure
how, in the forest, the cabbages
trap essences like deacons and releases
them without consent into the fires.
There is knowledge here in every tree
and washington is popular with
only acorns listening. A military latency
retracts into the spiral of the sleighs,
which call to springtime breezes in
their hooded sleeping bags: awake as
lambs and servers. And I hope to
crash the copter in a winding spell
of teeth, which chop the pine
of discipline and chop the trolls
like tendencies. The proghorns sleigh
to prairie acorns unrelenting, the vapor
realm of dwarves. Above the sky, the
spectre of a cod gracelessly
appears as commonplace.



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