

**1000  
Books by  
1000  
Poets**

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Conor Messinger

**The Land  
Was V  
There**

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**2014**



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# The Land Was V There

Conor Messinger

*Poetry will be made by all!*  
89plus and LUMA Foundation



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*“My father having conceived me  
when blind (completely blind)  
I cannot tear out my eyes like Oe-  
dipus”*

*-Georges Bataille*



*Aktiöl*



I.

Julius sits on the curb.

A large purple sun

climbs across the street,

Xerox watches

Xerox is also a poet

Xerox is also the reason,

food stamps were ended

that was so Xerox,

like how it was all so

purple, there was no sugar.

There was a head lying awkward

in the grass. At the point where

the grass sweats too much.

A moment of sympathy. Julius  
feels some oil across the field,

Xerox does not try to write it. The  
oil was glitter, there was no

approximation. The oil was  
tropical, in that each green

grain contained a little eyelid.  
Little oceans. Some friction.

There was some earlier talk  
about this, fishing line.

Julius reaches down. He  
tucks himself over the oil,

like clusters of little  
children in yellow tunics.

The patch became fresh, little  
paintings. Sensations for the

new day. An orange morning.  
They sleep all day through,

sausage covered words, little  
constructions for others, wind

organizations, people lost in  
the corners. Julius could not talk

about it. The place was expensive.  
Xerox entered the Lincoln Tunnel

twice. They stop in a Korean soup place,  
Hellraiser IV is playing. Other people's

dinners purple at them. Julius puts little  
awkward tacks on his lettuce soup.

Gold flakes. The New York Post, the  
dinner had no end. Falling to bits.

They find a Serbian  
fashion shoot. A model looks

to the right like that. Xerox  
watches him take it out right

there. The head, oiled,

looking back at itself. Then  
came the Quebecois group

of Asian tourists for the fish  
market. He opens a purple tilapia,

they all fit in. Xerox stopped.

It was a place of little cups

without handles. Julius said

ten days had passed, between  
the morning and the afternoon,

as it had been shown on Taxi TV.

Rose said you could see, the page  
a fresh awkward 3-story window.

What happened was, dew climbing  
at the windows, little minarets.

It was such an Optimum morning,  
a practice with John Kilduff, the comfort

of foam, all comfort. Julius stays at  
work, Xerox finds a translation

Julius had made. A med student and her

Jalisco mornings, between the sheets.

One of the 31 states of Mexico. There  
were sandwiches she hadn't opened,

how old they were on those benches.  
Rose sits down, next to the student

from Jalisco. Next to the future air pilots.  
Julius crawls across, seeing some

thick blood next to Rose. He crouches  
himself, showing himself to her. How

old his jacket felt. Plastic islands float  
with hurricanes, & plastic houses

float with them.

Julius let the cat in & it was so curved.

Above the mantel. The portrait of  
Aktiol &  
chrysanthemum flowers hung itself.

Xerox watches a man walk by covered in  
Aktiol, one glass eye, legs throbbing a bit

over there. The Aktiol contains every  
piece of  
every ecosystem of Oceania. Wide ave-  
nues,

purple lights, Julius takes them and  
shoves.

Blankets without seams. The Oceania

train doors open, some patchwork crum-  
bling,

the moment and the afternoon. That mode  
was

The paintings were lost. Julius heard glitter  
paws, in the interview. René Magritte talks  
about his work. Then other men talk. They  
talk  
about Aktiol. Good priests, a new Tuesday

Morning, doing itself over again. The purple  
changes to white, covering nothing. The  
model

falls asleep, a U-Haul truck morning.

Julius told Rose she had used,

the money for seeds. Winking,  
musk money. Julius looks at the city

on a city Saturday. Or a Sunday  
caught in oil. Free transfer, no

purchase, no mica puddles. It  
was already old. Tiny walls covered

in cocks. No ringing. Rose finds  
the Medical Report resting, ecstatic,

She decides to walk, the whole hallway,  
Limbs reach out at her piping.

The report had a lot to do with, she  
Had not licked yet. Julius eyes it ringing

In her hands. The purple trouble with  
a thing like that. She says something like,

a sort of purple economical babble  
going on like that.

A long residence on the earth  
In the hallway, like.

Pleasure turning to white. Xerox  
opened the day with a large

fish morning. All bells & ankle  
bracelets. Like when Middlebury

College rebuilt Way Station I (Study  
Chamber) & Rose set it ablaze again

with the bracken ankle bracelets

on the deep avenues. There was a

story of a clouded dusk church.

Rose thinks about her bow-legged dog,  
her eyes tour the monuments while they

Tour molly.

They tour the monuments,  
while they tour the patio.

while they tour the one-legged  
dog. They tour the monuments.

They tour the bow-legged dog.  
They tour the monuments.

While they tour the monuments,  
they tour the purple oil. They

tour the monuments while they  
tour the story of the eye

they tour the monuments &  
in these monuments a little

cock opens up between the  
bleachers. In these kinds of

moments the gallery opened up.

There was nothing. Except

The haranguing of the day.

Julius steps back. One long waking up.

He takes an Aktiol bath. With Aktiol trees  
& Aktiol dreams. He says to himself, some

thing to summarize this. An Aktiol creation  
Myth of people lost in.

Wednesdays. A head resting still  
Creating, objects. The anniversary of

Hurricane purple. Was so. What  
They were really about. He

Says to himself. Julius. That this was  
So something he would sing about.

In some rehashing of Andalusian  
Folk songs. So Julius tells Rose

They will use her name for the

Book. Submitting.

It for consideration.

Surrounded by contemporary dormitories,  
Cold war cabbages, Xerox had planted,

Assembling mimeograph machines in  
Sichon. It was all there in White Plains.

A passion of Rose. Julius told Rose  
There was some pleasure in the

Shop-Rite, lying so uncompromising  
Over there in the sun. Like how

Aktiol was uncompromising. Rose  
Reads "sharing is a sin" somewhere

Near, written in Aktiol.

Julius eyes the sheaths  
all silver so much so

that the train almost lunchtime on the  
metro  
rail. That space next to the stream, made  
of

sheaths. A family of lost moves. A lout  
family  
moves behind. Three rows back.

So much so that their lunches were made  
orange. Marc II. The way the south never

looked so cold as it did in Aktiol. Old  
cars near the city. How it all hung there.

There was something terrible about

Maryland.

Pollen hung around all morning. Rose  
throws some  
on her hair. Pollen hung around all after-  
noon.

The Y was accustomed to fold by the  
corner. Old  
thirsty bricks. Rose finds a corner in the Y.

The Y is also an arts space. The Y is  
purple.

The Y has a shower room. The water  
silvers

in the corners. Little Fukushima pastries.  
Julius comes into. The Y. Two peeling  
doors.

He could almost hear French as he

opened  
himself. He walks to the shower room

as it had been arranged. As it was slipping.

Rose takes him past the shower room.

The complete fear of everything. Rose takes herself out right there.

Julius stares out to bay.

An innocence in the sand.

Gold flakes hold the sea under

Crab memories. There was so something left in the car. No one said anything

about the fingers in the sink.

Gold box in the hallway.

Xerox comes. The dock sighs.

Water crashes into sand and becomes sand.

There was a heavy tingling about that

Thursday

They were so into believing. There were two strings, the first love.

The first fall of book formulas. Xerox was so into that. On to

that. So much so that it was all filler. The bowls of blood.

Little toast. Julius cups himself,

slips into sand.

The morning of the Centennial  
The afternoon of the Centennial

They all walked the high plain  
of the Centennial, holding little

precipices, golden all sun. So  
Centennial they lunched at the

Super something never seen  
the whole morning making

Doctor's notes at each other.

Trying too hard.

The patrimony hung itself heavy. Middle  
parts. Little men carry trays. Xerox said

he had thought of the idea for the city.  
Old soup trays. That was the reason

why the train cars all opened at once.  
A certain fear of manners.

Patronage patterns. Darkening.  
A need to start it all with.

Rose pulls two fingers out of her  
pants. Xerox had taken it as a

reaction to an interview with Oscar Nie-  
meyer

they had watched that morning. Finding

his file secure on a tray in the lunchroom

near the cathedral. Niemeyer held

little planes out on the oiled  
grass. The salty plain. No other way

for it to hold. The half walkway was  
mostly plane. Julius cupped Niemeyer

there over the salt swamp. They talked  
about migration. Heavy morning. How it

was all a florid encounter.

They cupped themselves in the Cathedral  
Silica clung sliding in between. No rest  
from

the orange morning.

They cupped themselves on the Centen-  
nial.

Silica swam hungry at the bottom of  
soups

all thick plans for suppers.

They cupped themselves on the World's  
Fair.

How it all seemed like foot powder. Os-  
car's

hair clung at the side like that.

They cupped themselves at the airport.  
Rich blood on the silica seats.

They cupped themselves all the way  
through  
the eagle wings. Which was the airport. It

had plain techniques. It was reserved as a  
National Patriarchy because of its

Modernist architecture. Which meant.

Rose  
slept all day in the waiting room. The  
shape

of wings. Oiled over her. Some said it was  
a butterfly. The rich red cube of the wait-  
ing

room. A commercial between every song.

Julius awoke to the scalloping of the  
Treasury Building. The slow sound

of Rose buttering herself over Oscar  
as Xerox slips himself into Aktiol.

The rich cube of the morning. A  
first love of purple. Julius meets

a bipolar woman from Caguas.  
He had been going through her

medical records. Large cubes.  
Holding right there. Little roads.

She meets him near the Patriarchy  
park. The plain archway. Silver

slips in the tiles. They take soups.  
They talk about catheters. Old

surgical procedures and other  
relevant histories. Cubes surround

them. So how it should have been.

Julius brings soup to her.

Little silver on the lip. It goes red.

She takes him to the reading

at the Treasury Department

he had heard about. From the  
red cubes. All belts. So much

like how there were no boats in the  
interior. In the Middle Plain.

Her surgeon pulls himself  
out as they go through the

front door. All Cathedral avenues.  
So much technique it was

morning. Again. It was so social

in color. Cube doors open so

slow like. Long scorch times.

The water was glitter. Each

an ocean. The monumental axis.

Xerox had left the bottle of Aktiol there.  
Working. On Lispector afternoons.

Aktiol heritage. It smoothed the  
little modernist tiles so much so

they were cubes. Lifted so.  
Rose passes molly to them all

during the Treasury Department  
reading. All cots. All the belts and

Julius lying with his catheter out.  
The tourists come home to season.

Silver scales. Ribbing the floor.

It was a safe space for July. A  
tagalong reading. Xerox says

the orange had been there  
all along. Coupled tiles and

stretched streets. Some sort  
of shackles. They all picked

the perfect middle of the room.  
Waiting for the squirming to begin.

Julius lay so carpeted under the  
Brasilia sun. Dispatches from the

interior. Holding himself and waiting.  
In the space between the Mint and

the Department of the Interior. Near  
Patriarchy Park, he kneels so tight

the lampshades in the trees. The  
reverse side of Teresa de Avila's

*Libro de la vida* right there near the fountain. The true immediacy of

boy scout blue. New jet food

for the beginning. They wash their hands of it with old Zyrtec.

Translating medications. Making them see the real courting of the day.

It all hung tropical. A text broker waiting in the comfort. Comfort in the cross.

There was no reference to space. Only the soft tiers of the State Controlled

Banking System. Julius takes a handful of lead and shoves himself. Today

was all so moneyed. And rich. He  
was so trying. A little ledge

where everything shook.

Xerox started the morning with  
a Tropicana candor. The class

was so Nationalist in that he  
whispered into the bank vault.

He goes for a glass. It was all  
spirit gum. There was no place.

Little sunset shocks. Metallic silver.  
Xerox waits while Rose greets the

Afrin night. All new shivers. She grabs  
herself over the counter. On the pink.

Long Sundays.

After brunch, the morning hung so very  
MDAT,  
but prettier, more Mephedrone.

Combing the streets for new  
Snowdens. That was what it

was all about. The street had  
little radiator puddles to it.

A bit like 2CB but more like  
morning. Julius steps out

of the Public Treasury. He  
had been there all day.

Into the thick cream. He

was so heavy. What was

living like then. Succumbing.  
A meadow underneath the

Center of the city. So comfort  
it was Wednesday. Julius slides.

Xerox decides lies no longer  
play a part to their afternoons.

No more shimmering. Redux  
lemons. How he spilled them

all over the comforter.

Xerox decides lies no longer  
play a part in the greater

humdrum of the bridge. Little  
cocks peer out of the crawl

space.

Xerox decides lies no longer  
play a part out of Lispector's

The Hour of the Star. The

feast was ready for them

that Saturday. Dreaming of

potentialities, Julius states,  
Across from the little purple vestibule,

"Xerox, something so  
young and slipping about that

standing water pool, it was  
all so convincing, a trial

of conviviality, so precious that there was nothing to do.”

They search through a Uline™ catalog, during

breakfast. Fresh cereals on the front corner.

“Did you see the oil booms on page four? How they

slip around, under the door frames of the pages.”

It was all just yellow extras. Cleaning the room. Extra

maps. Cleaning the boom. Extra bowls. Cleaning the

devotional candle. Extra  
copies of *The Poems of St.*

*John of the Cross*. They sat heavy  
in Xerox's lining. So coming

through the great humdrum  
of the morning.

Bric-a-brac sidewalks. So no one letting  
anything shelve itself. Losing track of the

Space rock. The cases had been filed  
that very Wednesday, holding so very

Tightly to the new horizon. Thick oil. The  
new fence. Rose takes a fistful.

That silver seam between work and work.

A slip between the harrumph of the  
day and the great backyard of the

Devotional stove pipes. Rose sits  
In an offline meadow near rumba

Avenue. Staring at the bag, so  
There was so little sugar, like

How the monuments all  
Hung between hot and

Frivolous.





# Event Horizon

I.

The view from the bridge. Captain Lawrence

Fishburne shovels up new turfs. The ship creaks, “Captain stand aside for the new Evangelion.” Julius pulls aside documents from Rose’s shin surgery, they all sign them in blood. Princess Maria had been lost, heavy muds around the hull, losing herself. The heavens between Cusco and Belgrade. Having the dust pollinated air of a weekend on the Event Horizon.

It was all a process of self-saturation.

“We’ll see how the cannons fair,” Xerox

says to the captain. It was all so

Velázquez the air of the cabin. The

passageway choked with little Indiana,

the crossroads of deep space. Purple.

So like a dream on Ritalin. The sky

was wet wet. Walls some sort of rehab

green. Rose takes one look at the

cabin. A little mud over there. So

very cool how the social contract

ran all the way from the stern

to the bow. Time activated selfies  
on the wings. Snoozing. A speedy  
afternoon. Snoozing through the  
reactor core. Neatly positioned  
outside of earth. A calm day in the  
middle of Ohio. So much so that snooze  
became snoozing. The walls,  
the Pentagon all Cordite for  
so long. Scrubbing itself over  
Julius.

Sweet nothing for a Tuesday.

Rose rides in. 10 kids

coming over this way. We

lost them on the way to the

stern. Julius thinks of how

capital cities determine,

agency. How mellow the day

looked. There were little

memories, sea foam seeming,

so very slouchy how it all

came through the space heater,  
the boxes staying in little  
rows, the whole conference  
hall beamed yellow, a little further off.

A memory of the sea.

Julius comes forward, aboard,  
the skywalk that connected  
the Evangelion with the Event  
Horizon. Rose smiles, "O, the  
return!" at how Julius had never  
seen the real who who of

the black box of 2013. It was  
the biggest challenge the Church  
of Brazil had seen all year.

Air, the cabin so very spring.

The caulking was put off for  
that Saturday. The sky a nice  
chloroform covering.

II.

The periodical morning. So happy with  
sitting it became repetition. Grass so  
heavy it folds itself. The ping pong  
players face off, all skirts to the ash  
covered breeze, playing off the walls  
Chanting, the voices all at once too  
much for the poor hens. Rose eyes.  
Rose eyes. *A Night of Fear*. The street  
too wide for things like that. Gesturing

at old bodies. Folded reckless hope.

In that light the purple looked so much

like supersymmetry. Very much the

woods of Johns Hopkins. The socialists

all watching Mike Tyson videos.

How it all folded right there. Julius

went to the reading and got locked down

on conversation. Regret and

description.

The one willow under the tracks.

How very still, the museum it was

a shopping mall. The ship all rats,

there were no consequences, by

the time the park turned twelve.

Rose looks to the left, here come

the new avenues, Rose looks to the

right, all McLuhan one-way streets.

Julius draws the water. One hawk

sits in the museum park avenue.

The kitchenette closed for the weekend, the Slavic sounds still surrounded the World's Fair that 1964-1965, it turned purple, the little workshops held in tents, Rose points to Julius, "How money, he looked calmer after the eye lid surgery." Julius takes himself off the diorama. The source of synchronicity. "Charming, so very

charming.” The warm jets of the studio, no lights only old Sangria and Jalisco low-residencies.

Julius says, “I’ll be remembered” coyly, midst the diorama, cutely positioned between, Robert Moses’ Bronx and Robert Moses’ Harlem.

The coffee burns itself, the radiator the real instigator. The winter had played out like this. The lecture the true Cross Bronx Expressway

for the season. Xerox walks to work.

The train operator laments, “Where are the switches? The lights? The other trains?” Silver so silver.

Xerox motions to Julius, to the second car across the tracks, arms crossed, the big swoosh. Reels the train all reels and no one moving. The sweetness the bathroom. A portion of the track is designated as Route 1,

Xerox begins measuring. Relying on the dialogue between Monday and February. The white cube ran down the wings of Event Horizon.

Looking eastward from Westchester Avenue. Xerox laying nets across the station, keeping it very near the county line. Westminster Boulevard ran counter sideways, the main conduit able to break the net in two. The Laundromat shed orange that day

in large bags.

Georges Bataille says to Julius

sometime during lunch, “I have trouble  
with the afterglow on page twelve.”

It was there all evening. “It was all  
really coming last luncheon, clipping  
itself real there good on Fire Island.”

On the island there is only room for  
after parties and neck ties, pardoning  
kitchenette sins. The hyper

capitalist morning really coming on  
strong. The whelk faced ladies on  
Roosevelt Avenue. Julius shifts self  
to Xerox, hiding in the little principle  
within that Wednesday, the jammed  
cube of the ship. Rose says to the  
morning, “there never was that  
real coal-faced boy out there, truer  
than saffron.” Bataille and Julius  
crawl back, ship oiling the electrical

closet, a real Roosevelt stomp

not heard since March.

So saffron so very saffron,

so v the wanton bridge.



**Tropicalia**



i walked to the library

i walked to the library  
the other day &  
did not think of you  
or rather of how  
no one would go near  
that grass at the  
middle of Bryant park  
all the little sparrows  
clutching their penises  
around the park  
holding them close  
to the edge  
but not depositing them  
on the lawn  
next to the  
little jugglers  
& diet cokes  
i could not tell you

if this were a country  
i don't believe it  
there were no outward  
or inward thoughts  
they came from no  
where  
maybe from the lawn  
covered in old  
dew  
and old families,  
old feet out to lunch  
dead sandwiches.

they came from my iphone  
which i paid for in cash  
& the worker at at&t  
said she'd never heard  
of such a thing  
i attributed it to  
the NSA or to my little copy  
of Don Quixote whose

text is far too little  
to discern,  
Sancho Panza sitting at a party  
far away  
i thought about going to  
work tomorrow & all that  
i thought this poem would be  
finished,  
like how i think that  
a day will be finished  
before it finishes.

I thought about what  
happens when the ego  
dissolves &  
i thought  
about going over  
Terence McKenna videos  
on YouTube  
but forgot or found  
something else

like how before punk  
there was nothing  
but there was always  
nothing.

what was attractive

what was attractive  
about the beat poets  
was that they were  
attractive

i sit on the couch  
& watch videos of  
fashion shoots  
i think about  
writing  
these models were  
struggling to walk down  
the runway  
then i begin to think  
about the problems of  
Bukowski but get tired  
it is a tiring

exercise

like how David Byrne likes to  
write about being tired  
of New York.

i think of how poetry  
had schools when  
i was in school.

at work i stared  
at the computer  
for long enough it  
began to move.

the proofer  
nervously reads my  
translation

it is not a very good  
translation

i think

the woman whose  
college transcripts

i butcher  
studied psychology  
in Jalisco  
it starts to dissolve  
before my eyes  
both walls of the  
page  
close in  
all dead all  
jigsaw México  
near the freedom tower  
three trash pails  
near the lunchroom  
none for my desk  
no one uses  
the lunchroom  
the office is heavy  
it is brown it is  
falling apart

i write there  
because it is all  
one color  
and i can see  
buildings but not  
sky  
the office is like  
a drug & when i  
am coming off  
and at the office  
it is fine.

there was a wall

there was a wall  
some sort of cascade  
surrounds it  
i thought of old water  
falls i had seen  
actual time travel  
is dead &  
unimportant  
pennsylvania is  
unimportant  
maybe  
i hope we all  
get kicked out  
of the falls.

a man walks by &  
asks me to look

at a picture of his  
daughter  
i say  
i just got off work &  
am too tired  
for a thing  
like that.  
i ask myself  
to manifest this wall  
& falls  
like i did the other  
night,  
i manifest the wall  
the sheet  
the sheet of water surrounding it  
i turn around  
to see a man  
cock out  
with a binder in his  
lap.

He tells me he kept  
notes of my parents  
bedroom activities &  
other relevant things  
so  
looking back towards the  
falls i  
notice  
the man  
wearing some sort of skirt  
he says he has been to  
all of my events  
readings  
it could be the other  
voice  
our man in Havana  
across the bar  
binder open  
it is  
Saturday.

i tell yu

what happened was  
too many cock rings  
i have just the one  
snugging its way  
along like that  
next time i catch time  
its spiral will unutopia  
itself  
its happened before probably.



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*“My father having conceived me  
when blind (completely blind)  
I cannot tear out my eyes like Oe-  
dipus”*

*-Georges Bataille*



*Aktiöl*



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Xerox is also the reason,

food stamps were ended

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like how it was all so

purple, there was no sugar.

There was a head lying awkward

in the grass. At the point where

the grass sweats too much.

A moment of sympathy. Julius  
feels some oil across the field,

Xerox does not try to write it. The  
oil was glitter, there was no

approximation. The oil was  
tropical, in that each green

grain contained a little eyelid.  
Little oceans. Some friction.

There was some earlier talk  
about this, fishing line.

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They sleep all day through,

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Hellraiser IV is playing. Other people's

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there. The head, oiled,

looking back at itself. Then  
came the Quebecois group

of Asian tourists for the fish  
market. He opens a purple tilapia,

they all fit in. Xerox stopped.

It was a place of little cups

without handles. Julius said

ten days had passed, between  
the morning and the afternoon,

as it had been shown on Taxi TV.

Rose said you could see, the page  
a fresh awkward 3-story window.

What happened was, dew climbing  
at the windows, little minarets.

It was such an Optimum morning,  
a practice with John Kilduff, the comfort

of foam, all comfort. Julius stays at  
work, Xerox finds a translation

Julius had made. A med student and her

Jalisco mornings, between the sheets.

One of the 31 states of Mexico. There  
were sandwiches she hadn't opened,

how old they were on those benches.  
Rose sits down, next to the student

from Jalisco. Next to the future air pilots.  
Julius crawls across, seeing some

thick blood next to Rose. He crouches  
himself, showing himself to her. How

old his jacket felt. Plastic islands float  
with hurricanes, & plastic houses

float with them.

Julius let the cat in & it was so curved.

Above the mantel. The portrait of  
Aktiol &  
chrysanthemum flowers hung itself.

Xerox watches a man walk by covered in  
Aktiol, one glass eye, legs throbbing a bit

over there. The Aktiol contains every  
piece of  
every ecosystem of Oceania. Wide ave-  
nues,

purple lights, Julius takes them and  
shoves.

Blankets without seams. The Oceania

train doors open, some patchwork crum-  
bling,

the moment and the afternoon. That mode  
was

The paintings were lost. Julius heard glitter  
paws, in the interview. René Magritte talks  
about his work. Then other men talk. They  
talk  
about Aktiol. Good priests, a new Tuesday

Morning, doing itself over again. The purple  
changes to white, covering nothing. The  
model

falls asleep, a U-Haul truck morning.

Julius told Rose she had used,

the money for seeds. Winking,  
musk money. Julius looks at the city

on a city Saturday. Or a Sunday  
caught in oil. Free transfer, no

purchase, no mica puddles. It  
was already old. Tiny walls covered

in cocks. No ringing. Rose finds  
the Medical Report resting, ecstatic,

She decides to walk, the whole hallway,  
Limbs reach out at her piping.

The report had a lot to do with, she  
Had not licked yet. Julius eyes it ringing

In her hands. The purple trouble with  
a thing like that. She says something like,

a sort of purple economical babble  
going on like that.

A long residence on the earth  
In the hallway, like.

Pleasure turning to white. Xerox  
opened the day with a large

fish morning. All bells & ankle  
bracelets. Like when Middlebury

College rebuilt Way Station I (Study  
Chamber) & Rose set it ablaze again

with the bracken ankle bracelets

on the deep avenues. There was a

story of a clouded dusk church.

Rose thinks about her bow-legged dog,  
her eyes tour the monuments while they

Tour molly.

They tour the monuments,  
while they tour the patio.

while they tour the one-legged  
dog. They tour the monuments.

They tour the bow-legged dog.  
They tour the monuments.

While they tour the monuments,  
they tour the purple oil. They

tour the monuments while they  
tour the story of the eye

they tour the monuments &  
in these monuments a little

cock opens up between the  
bleachers. In these kinds of

moments the gallery opened up.

There was nothing. Except

The haranguing of the day.

Julius steps back. One long waking up.

He takes an Aktiol bath. With Aktiol trees  
& Aktiol dreams. He says to himself, some

thing to summarize this. An Aktiol creation  
Myth of people lost in.

Wednesdays. A head resting still  
Creating, objects. The anniversary of

Hurricane purple. Was so. What  
They were really about. He

Says to himself. Julius. That this was  
So something he would sing about.

In some rehashing of Andalusian  
Folk songs. So Julius tells Rose

They will use her name for the

Book. Submitting.

It for consideration.

Surrounded by contemporary dormitories,  
Cold war cabbages, Xerox had planted,

Assembling mimeograph machines in  
Sichon. It was all there in White Plains.

A passion of Rose. Julius told Rose  
There was some pleasure in the

Shop-Rite, lying so uncompromising  
Over there in the sun. Like how

Aktiol was uncompromising. Rose  
Reads "sharing is a sin" somewhere

Near, written in Aktiol.

Julius eyes the sheaths  
all silver so much so

that the train almost lunchtime on the  
metro  
rail. That space next to the stream, made  
of

sheaths. A family of lost moves. A lout  
family  
moves behind. Three rows back.

So much so that their lunches were made  
orange. Marc II. The way the south never

looked so cold as it did in Aktiol. Old  
cars near the city. How it all hung there.

There was something terrible about

Maryland.

Pollen hung around all morning. Rose  
throws some  
on her hair. Pollen hung around all after-  
noon.

The Y was accustomed to fold by the  
corner. Old  
thirsty bricks. Rose finds a corner in the Y.

The Y is also an arts space. The Y is  
purple.

The Y has a shower room. The water  
silvers

in the corners. Little Fukushima pastries.  
Julius comes into. The Y. Two peeling  
doors.

He could almost hear French as he

opened  
himself. He walks to the shower room

as it had been arranged. As it was slipping.

Rose takes him past the shower room.

The complete fear of everything. Rose takes herself out right there.

Julius stares out to bay.

An innocence in the sand.

Gold flakes hold the sea under

Crab memories. There was so something left in the car. No one said anything

about the fingers in the sink.

Gold box in the hallway.

Xerox comes. The dock sighs.

Water crashes into sand and becomes sand.

There was a heavy tingling about that

Thursday

They were so into believing. There were two strings, the first love.

The first fall of book formulas. Xerox was so into that. On to

that. So much so that it was all filler. The bowls of blood.

Little toast. Julius cups himself,

slips into sand.

The morning of the Centennial  
The afternoon of the Centennial

They all walked the high plain  
of the Centennial, holding little

precipices, golden all sun. So  
Centennial they lunched at the

Super something never seen  
the whole morning making

Doctor's notes at each other.

Trying too hard.

The patrimony hung itself heavy. Middle  
parts. Little men carry trays. Xerox said

he had thought of the idea for the city.  
Old soup trays. That was the reason

why the train cars all opened at once.  
A certain fear of manners.

Patronage patterns. Darkening.  
A need to start it all with.

Rose pulls two fingers out of her  
pants. Xerox had taken it as a

reaction to an interview with Oscar Nie-  
meyer

they had watched that morning. Finding

his file secure on a tray in the lunchroom

near the cathedral. Niemeyer held

little planes out on the oiled  
grass. The salty plain. No other way

for it to hold. The half walkway was  
mostly plane. Julius cupped Niemeyer

there over the salt swamp. They talked  
about migration. Heavy morning. How it

was all a florid encounter.

They cupped themselves in the Cathedral  
Silica clung sliding in between. No rest  
from

the orange morning.

They cupped themselves on the Centen-  
nial.

Silica swam hungry at the bottom of  
soups

all thick plans for suppers.

They cupped themselves on the World's  
Fair.

How it all seemed like foot powder. Os-  
car's

hair clung at the side like that.

They cupped themselves at the airport.  
Rich blood on the silica seats.

They cupped themselves all the way  
through  
the eagle wings. Which was the airport. It

had plain techniques. It was reserved as a  
National Patriarchy because of its

Modernist architecture. Which meant.

Rose  
slept all day in the waiting room. The  
shape

of wings. Oiled over her. Some said it was  
a butterfly. The rich red cube of the wait-  
ing

room. A commercial between every song.

Julius awoke to the scalloping of the  
Treasury Building. The slow sound

of Rose buttering herself over Oscar  
as Xerox slips himself into Aktiol.

The rich cube of the morning. A  
first love of purple. Julius meets

a bipolar woman from Caguas.  
He had been going through her

medical records. Large cubes.  
Holding right there. Little roads.

She meets him near the Patriarchy  
park. The plain archway. Silver

slips in the tiles. They take soups.  
They talk about catheters. Old

surgical procedures and other  
relevant histories. Cubes surround

them. So how it should have been.

Julius brings soup to her.

Little silver on the lip. It goes red.

She takes him to the reading

at the Treasury Department

he had heard about. From the  
red cubes. All belts. So much

like how there were no boats in the  
interior. In the Middle Plain.

Her surgeon pulls himself  
out as they go through the

front door. All Cathedral avenues.  
So much technique it was

morning. Again. It was so social

in color. Cube doors open so

slow like. Long scorch times.

The water was glitter. Each

an ocean. The monumental axis.

Xerox had left the bottle of Aktiol there.  
Working. On Lispector afternoons.

Aktioli heritage. It smoothed the  
little modernist tiles so much so

they were cubes. Lifted so.  
Rose passes molly to them all

during the Treasury Department  
reading. All cots. All the belts and

Julius lying with his catheter out.  
The tourists come home to season.

Silver scales. Ribbing the floor.

It was a safe space for July. A  
tagalong reading. Xerox says

the orange had been there  
all along. Coupled tiles and

stretched streets. Some sort  
of shackles. They all picked

the perfect middle of the room.  
Waiting for the squirming to begin.

Julius lay so carpeted under the  
Brasilia sun. Dispatches from the

interior. Holding himself and waiting.  
In the space between the Mint and

the Department of the Interior. Near  
Patriarchy Park, he kneels so tight

the lampshades in the trees. The  
reverse side of Teresa de Avila's

*Libro de la vida* right there near the fountain. The true immediacy of

boy scout blue. New jet food

for the beginning. They wash their hands of it with old Zyrtec.

Translating medications. Making them see the real courting of the day.

It all hung tropical. A text broker waiting in the comfort. Comfort in the cross.

There was no reference to space. Only the soft tiers of the State Controlled

Banking System. Julius takes a handful of lead and shoves himself. Today

was all so moneyed. And rich. He  
was so trying. A little ledge

where everything shook.

Xerox started the morning with  
a Tropicana candor. The class

was so Nationalist in that he  
whispered into the bank vault.

He goes for a glass. It was all  
spirit gum. There was no place.

Little sunset shocks. Metallic silver.  
Xerox waits while Rose greets the

Afrin night. All new shivers. She grabs  
herself over the counter. On the pink.

Long Sundays.

After brunch, the morning hung so very  
MDAT,  
but prettier, more Mephedrone.

Combing the streets for new  
Snowdens. That was what it

was all about. The street had  
little radiator puddles to it.

A bit like 2CB but more like  
morning. Julius steps out

of the Public Treasury. He  
had been there all day.

Into the thick cream. He

was so heavy. What was

living like then. Succumbing.  
A meadow underneath the

Center of the city. So comfort  
it was Wednesday. Julius slides.

Xerox decides lies no longer  
play a part to their afternoons.

No more shimmering. Redux  
lemons. How he spilled them

all over the comforter.

Xerox decides lies no longer  
play a part in the greater

humdrum of the bridge. Little  
cocks peer out of the crawl

space.

Xerox decides lies no longer  
play a part out of Lispector's

The Hour of the Star. The

feast was ready for them

that Saturday. Dreaming of

potentialities, Julius states,  
Across from the little purple vestibule,

"Xerox, something so  
young and slipping about that

standing water pool, it was  
all so convincing, a trial

of conviviality, so precious that there was nothing to do.”

They search through a Uline™ catalog, during

breakfast. Fresh cereals on the front corner.

“Did you see the oil booms on page four? How they

slip around, under the door frames of the pages.”

It was all just yellow extras. Cleaning the room. Extra

maps. Cleaning the boom. Extra bowls. Cleaning the

devotional candle. Extra  
copies of *The Poems of St.*

*John of the Cross*. They sat heavy  
in Xerox's lining. So coming

through the great humdrum  
of the morning.

Bric-a-brac sidewalks. So no one letting  
anything shelve itself. Losing track of the

Space rock. The cases had been filed  
that very Wednesday, holding so very

Tightly to the new horizon. Thick oil. The  
new fence. Rose takes a fistful.

That silver seam between work and work.

A slip between the harrumph of the  
day and the great backyard of the

Devotional stove pipes. Rose sits  
In an offline meadow near rumba

Avenue. Staring at the bag, so  
There was so little sugar, like

How the monuments all  
Hung between hot and

Frivolous.





# Event Horizon

I.

The view from the bridge. Captain Lawrence

Fishburne shovels up new turfs. The ship creaks, “Captain stand aside for the new Evangelion.” Julius pulls aside documents from Rose’s shin surgery, they all sign them in blood. Princess Maria had been lost, heavy muds around the hull, losing herself. The heavens between Cusco and Belgrade. Having the dust pollinated air of a weekend on the Event Horizon.

It was all a process of self-saturation.

“We’ll see how the cannons fair,” Xerox

says to the captain. It was all so

Velázquez the air of the cabin. The

passageway choked with little Indiana,

the crossroads of deep space. Purple.

So like a dream on Ritalin. The sky

was wet wet. Walls some sort of rehab

green. Rose takes one look at the

cabin. A little mud over there. So

very cool how the social contract

ran all the way from the stern

to the bow. Time activated selfies  
on the wings. Snoozing. A speedy  
afternoon. Snoozing through the  
reactor core. Neatly positioned  
outside of earth. A calm day in the  
middle of Ohio. So much so that snooze  
became snoozing. The walls,  
the Pentagon all Cordite for  
so long. Scrubbing itself over  
Julius.

Sweet nothing for a Tuesday.

Rose rides in. 10 kids

coming over this way. We

lost them on the way to the

stern. Julius thinks of how

capital cities determine,

agency. How mellow the day

looked. There were little

memories, sea foam seeming,

so very slouchy how it all

came through the space heater,  
the boxes staying in little  
rows, the whole conference  
hall beamed yellow, a little further off.

A memory of the sea.

Julius comes forward, aboard,  
the skywalk that connected  
the Evangelion with the Event  
Horizon. Rose smiles, "O, the  
return!" at how Julius had never  
seen the real who who of

the black box of 2013. It was  
the biggest challenge the Church  
of Brazil had seen all year.

Air, the cabin so very spring.

The caulking was put off for  
that Saturday. The sky a nice  
chloroform covering.

II.

The periodical morning. So happy with  
sitting it became repetition. Grass so  
heavy it folds itself. The ping pong  
players face off, all skirts to the ash  
covered breeze, playing off the walls  
Chanting, the voices all at once too  
much for the poor hens. Rose eyes.  
Rose eyes. *A Night of Fear*. The street  
too wide for things like that. Gesturing

at old bodies. Folded reckless hope.

In that light the purple looked so much

like supersymmetry. Very much the

woods of Johns Hopkins. The socialists

all watching Mike Tyson videos.

How it all folded right there. Julius

went to the reading and got locked down

on conversation. Regret and

description.

The one willow under the tracks.

How very still, the museum it was

a shopping mall. The ship all rats,

there were no consequences, by

the time the park turned twelve.

Rose looks to the left, here come

the new avenues, Rose looks to the

right, all McLuhan one-way streets.

Julius draws the water. One hawk

sits in the museum park avenue.

The kitchenette closed for the weekend, the Slavic sounds still surrounded the World's Fair that 1964-1965, it turned purple, the little workshops held in tents, Rose points to Julius, "How money, he looked calmer after the eye lid surgery." Julius takes himself off the diorama. The source of synchronicity. "Charming, so very

charming.” The warm jets of the studio, no lights only old Sangria and Jalisco low-residencies.

Julius says, “I’ll be remembered” coyly, midst the diorama, cutely positioned between, Robert Moses’ Bronx and Robert Moses’ Harlem.

The coffee burns itself, the radiator the real instigator. The winter had played out like this. The lecture the true Cross Bronx Expressway

for the season. Xerox walks to work.

The train operator laments, “Where are the switches? The lights? The other trains?” Silver so silver.

Xerox motions to Julius, to the second car across the tracks, arms crossed, the big swoosh. Reels the train all reels and no one moving. The sweetness the bathroom. A portion of the track is designated as Route 1,

Xerox begins measuring. Relying on the dialogue between Monday and February. The white cube ran down the wings of Event Horizon.

Looking eastward from Westchester Avenue. Xerox laying nets across the station, keeping it very near the county line. Westminster Boulevard ran counter sideways, the main conduit able to break the net in two. The Laundromat shed orange that day

in large bags.

Georges Bataille says to Julius

sometime during lunch, “I have trouble  
with the afterglow on page twelve.”

It was there all evening. “It was all  
really coming last luncheon, clipping  
itself real there good on Fire Island.”

On the island there is only room for  
after parties and neck ties, pardoning  
kitchenette sins. The hyper

capitalist morning really coming on  
strong. The whelk faced ladies on  
Roosevelt Avenue. Julius shifts self  
to Xerox, hiding in the little principle  
within that Wednesday, the jammed  
cube of the ship. Rose says to the  
morning, “there never was that  
real coal-faced boy out there, truer  
than saffron.” Bataille and Julius  
crawl back, ship oiling the electrical

closet, a real Roosevelt stomp

not heard since March.

So saffron so very saffron,

so v the wanton bridge.



**Tropicalia**



i walked to the library

i walked to the library  
the other day &  
did not think of you  
or rather of how  
no one would go near  
that grass at the  
middle of Bryant park  
all the little sparrows  
clutching their penises  
around the park  
holding them close  
to the edge  
but not depositing them  
on the lawn  
next to the  
little jugglers  
& diet cokes  
i could not tell you

if this were a country  
i don't believe it  
there were no outward  
or inward thoughts  
they came from no  
where  
maybe from the lawn  
covered in old  
dew  
and old families,  
old feet out to lunch  
dead sandwiches.

they came from my iphone  
which i paid for in cash  
& the worker at at&t  
said she'd never heard  
of such a thing  
i attributed it to  
the NSA or to my little copy  
of Don Quixote whose

text is far too little  
to discern,  
Sancho Panza sitting at a party  
far away  
i thought about going to  
work tomorrow & all that  
i thought this poem would be  
finished,  
like how i think that  
a day will be finished  
before it finishes.

I thought about what  
happens when the ego  
dissolves &  
i thought  
about going over  
Terence McKenna videos  
on YouTube  
but forgot or found  
something else

like how before punk  
there was nothing  
but there was always  
nothing.

what was attractive

what was attractive  
about the beat poets  
was that they were  
attractive

i sit on the couch  
& watch videos of  
fashion shoots  
i think about  
writing  
these models were  
struggling to walk down  
the runway  
then i begin to think  
about the problems of  
Bukowski but get tired  
it is a tiring

exercise

like how David Byrne likes to  
write about being tired  
of New York.

i think of how poetry  
had schools when  
i was in school.

at work i stared  
at the computer  
for long enough it  
began to move.

the proofer  
nervously reads my  
translation

it is not a very good  
translation

i think

the woman whose  
college transcripts

i butcher  
studied psychology  
in Jalisco  
it starts to dissolve  
before my eyes  
both walls of the  
page  
close in  
all dead all  
jigsaw México  
near the freedom tower  
three trash pails  
near the lunchroom  
none for my desk  
no one uses  
the lunchroom  
the office is heavy  
it is brown it is  
falling apart

i write there  
because it is all  
one color  
and i can see  
buildings but not  
sky  
the office is like  
a drug & when i  
am coming off  
and at the office  
it is fine.

there was a wall

there was a wall  
some sort of cascade  
surrounds it  
i thought of old water  
falls i had seen  
actual time travel  
is dead &  
unimportant  
pennsylvania is  
unimportant  
maybe  
i hope we all  
get kicked out  
of the falls.

a man walks by &  
asks me to look

at a picture of his  
daughter  
i say  
i just got off work &  
am too tired  
for a thing  
like that.  
i ask myself  
to manifest this wall  
& falls  
like i did the other  
night,  
i manifest the wall  
the sheet  
the sheet of water surrounding it  
i turn around  
to see a man  
cock out  
with a binder in his  
lap.

He tells me he kept  
notes of my parents  
bedroom activities &  
other relevant things  
so  
looking back towards the  
falls i  
notice  
the man  
wearing some sort of skirt  
he says he has been to  
all of my events  
readings  
it could be the other  
voice  
our man in Havana  
across the bar  
binder open  
it is  
Saturday.

i tell yu

what happened was  
too many cock rings  
i have just the one  
snugging its way  
along like that  
next time i catch time  
its spiral will unutopia  
itself  
its happened before probably.

