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MATERIAL  
LOSARC  
RAAL

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BLACK SUN LIT

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Goddamnit, I feel like Tristan Tzara. For instance, the free patio furniture across the street has not moved for days, and I couldn't give a fuck. Every beginning is the same. All morning I hear the refrain, *Suicide slide*, from some schizometric Chalice of Then. Right. What to represent then, myself, other than, say, *the aberrancy of a noble gas*? I have no intent to memorialise any of these political programs. The unforgivable uselessness of such calculation. [Lights cigarette.] *The wave grows stronger when the wave is denied...* You could say that I indeed knew about everything that was happening as it was happening. So stop publishing me. It wouldn't matter.

It's the end of "teleology." But here we "actually" go...

Go.

Copy.

Paste.



Copy.

Paste.

Make.

Copy.

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Cut.

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Go.

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Cue Mahler, *Symphony No. 5 (Adagietto)*. Black tar heroin pony preparations of the abandoned *bonne nuit* or hot bone in the ideal flamboyance, akinetic para-dream of boring bodies. To the angels of correction: this lost



house will blossom like a creamery in the residuum of youth, of cherry myth, that dawns in my personalised terroristic prosperity measures.

I drip into such ribald phases and can't take it back, you know? The letter of caliginous marrow abandoned in the black house or the dark bar. Praise Satan. Pure Satan. Coke in the Mapplethorpe season. Pure ballet in the paralytic symbol of self.

And I never needed ground to undo reciprocal villainy, or discover a frog, moreover. Bitter ash and guts and a twisted field of rye to habituate the baby, a secret disease that speaks to the grey maestro of manifolds. You don't know how I destroy the years in a scribbly liquidation of all that is, all that parts the word to me. The terror of night residing in its diseased electron, dumping interviews into the Elysian leotards of time: why do we hate this arm of confusion and not the Bar-do? Why do we amplify patriotic dolphin farms over egalitarian slime? The good tusk andromeda crypt. That's why.

Dysthymic corn puff entourage inoculates a palindromic, Taconic pear shrift, its hands dusty like a mariachi pram. Put the littler kids in the back of the



wig, strapped to the bottom of the igneous console, he imparts delightfully. It was such a way with the windshield witnesses, too. It was such a way, or something like edible talismanic jugs, scooping up pendulums, and then I walk in, and trouble stacks. It's fall. Now the faker essence unlearns to stare down a hundred airs. Raw cow sense, you know, a semblant adrenaline of water, the real coy tendency of ape stores. It goes glueing without alkaline's frustration code, or caloric theme-bobber. Right.

I go: gap, plug, zoo, grape, scion, mycelium, coptic mantle limits you seize in inbred goldmines. Dachshund trash cart or mental poison click, and what should I know about your constructive, active layerings? The minds have arrived and their spoons have forsaken them for a hundred reasons, a hundred boxes, and the roof is gone. I don't know why any of this is with and without you: it depends on the animal and how it moves with the sword's song, a scattered blemish. The hearts are medical, but the arson never goes to any of those lengths. Hellhound in the sane trees of the most important thing I've ever done, and still I wonder about you, your body, your unpacked scam cloud.



Old ocular gem with a twist of German poetry, how does my ancestor sound in his own blood? Yeah, I know. You told me that ice was love in the war for Sudanese sundown, or a carcass in the satisfied well-spring of bland coxcombs. It seems to represent something other than mouth buttons. Do we even need it? We don't.

True visible rhododendrons in the roaring quiche of ceilings, alcoholics of preponderance, bituminous cash beach, a honeycomb humps every light. Equal stares from the dirt. I've seen you in the sincere pie of sevens, as a random, loose venom emptied into watersport, hiding, falling back into an ink-filled alleyway. No names play. You've heard about circular pain, no doubt. Why didn't we, in hindsight, sample folders from the glyptic bags?

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Some kind of ridiculous-ass ghost barber keeps accentuating the sexual name of Azerbaijan, some personal spit target encaged by today, some representative of virtual piss kits. The beauty is imaginary bite, dreaming in the pen of the oldest urban star. Offensive but vulnerable portions: what would any of this mean to



the limbs of the ravagers? First, you say attacking me is a part of the glow, the possible Marxist vegetable kick-off. Second, tan fumes imitate an impoverished, sheer repertoire of illegal ferns. Third, tense ventilators profess their Octobers to be overgrown tattoos of the wind's reaction to slits. The improper engines now turn translucent.

I found dangly coupons down there, beneath the snacky sky bulb of the 7-11. It was as if sanguine México let me moan about false glances: the story behind life. Diet neutrino clashes will go on as long as noise is the intent, in this tantric armistice environment.

Don't try to fight the day; don't try to fight its secrets. Vertical mimesis drugs, and the shrimp of approval sings, "548 miles per hour," to the tune of the spirit lying. Inculcation of the throne...

"Oh no, but in persistent metals."

Bacon, eggs, and summer's phone, a building blessed by perfume, the killing of a white mare. Warehouses mutilate the sky for what it's been doing and liberate the snow from its garbage homilies. I carry the round flask of moods, being the cold ornamental cardboard



and rising teflon god that I am. Burns that reposition themselves in glistening gifts. My instincts vibrate with astral claws, the wheels of life, the knees of blurry, conical vortices; life gives itself to the passwords beyond critical sand. True plagues of love, true wildcats in Floridian nights: *mutatis mutandis*, or whatever.

“Supposing that one’s mind is uncovered, I pass the breathalyser its skin back. Christ is was.”

Goddamnit, I feel like Wanda Coleman. Catalogues of time decked out in real penetration retainers: this is how I go about trusting the documents of glorification. Feelings are a bit of luck to the survivors of reality. Limericks of the blind, how do you guess the vocal glades of horn spigots? Crack in the sixth term, ability becomes the film in dreams; caucasians whore themselves out for blue drawings. The minutes and moments unfold beneath the shade of disbelief. My eyes are their own planets.

The body is barely ever home, betting on the rote solemnity of red check marks. I kiss the fevers; I turn inside to glean the cold calculators of waking bannisters; I hide vanity mirrors in the glossy soils of trembling pain. Elliptical bingo cards retaliate against the



agents of normalcy, and at this point I don't blame them. Life is a revolving, gelatinous leaving-off, if you know what I mean: perpendicular Boschian eyes, trivial hair corrosion.

But some things boost the moral traffic planes: some editions of coaxial, occult decibels, for instance. The invalid number of the drama curse. Equal signs propagate sleep cycles of nausea under plastic vines. Love lives in a cylindrical chandelier of disappearing clowns. You swallow the bride whole and paint huge crosses of cocaine on the bride's weeds. My mind tells me the come of of.

\*

Hats take advantage of the sea and galaxy, with moaning cars full of gall and pies full of poverty.

I know of secret works ablative with supernal chemical burns. Though I still am not the radiation of fantasy's imperfect flies. All four seasons with slim to nothing while fame rises from the praying mantis of men. Shame, shame as golden alligator teeth, shame as summer sliding to the bottom in a Venusian beak. Spring laying itself down directly before a weapon of sugar. Fall



drawing flapping royal bags in its endless interior, never stopping to extricate itself from the terrible addiction to hired nights. Winter cut its own throat.

“Winter, cut.”

One's own throat spelling from hell boys' names in bell towers, in mushroom horror, in agony beyond drone and cash and reason. I hear mirrors begin to remember your friends. And your fate. Which is never to be away.

Bored in the cortical filing cabinet, I'll stick it out. Ducks of pleasure like a tempting, cynical siring. Come on, now.

\*

Put the lid on your dark pale tale, prince. The pockets wherein we live remain defenceless. In fact, their wedding glows with weeping sails, her body is the bail and the lawn of friendship, when I see what will shuns from the mouth of fire. Bones dream too. Holy seeds excavate clones of faded waves. The voice is glowing, gay and echoless, spatial though, and trapped in pairs of pants. Wonder has floored and flavoured the vesting



of imperial scares. My hand grows a flame that gorgeous lindens pray to, and we know that love sings the breast of love's ear. I'm tired of my phlegm, my gyrating all-green vacancy, my daybed of horrible curvature nonsense. Now my tears chew time through me, through grizzly and private thaumaturgy. I took the train at Kingston-Throop.

"In the full light of the world, in the full light of the world."

\*

In the full light of the world, I have actively hated the isolation of signs. But I've saved many lives with such. Dark waves of prey commingle with certain sleeves of risk, playing with the works of blessed zipper beds. The light inside the skull pains me. And its 69 drugs of tormented Aprille. No one cares for the air's animal disease. Now there are pure telescopes of occluded memory, pears from purity's errors. As sure as the carpentry starts in flagrant emerald beings.

I put the groping putrescent cloak on. Oh, right, of course, the capital cape dolls also want to fight the wan version of me. The hooker stains on your deliberate clockface are flying off into time violently.



ould we have blamed a fourth of all skills for the  
lood of the good? Scattered pilots invade a world of  
ew unconsciousness, and, yes, the style of my eyes  
s battered by tasteless murals of pain. The sane are  
ow known as the lust of you. Redefining the world as  
a black daughter, I am more surgical than tidal Sufis.  
Just dinner pains. Just air in the waves. Just the choles-  
terol of death's caution. My hand is miasmatic. Obsessed  
with prior impurity stunts. The King James Version of  
outer space.

“Like summer in the moth of all that replies to my  
certain essence, a bed in the grind gold turns away.”

Certain glass punctuation desires, certain nods to  
the office of the untouched backward peasant; am I  
dreaming? Glasgow bulimia and me, and how deep is  
the ocean when it's barking, protected by what no one  
knows is going to happen. Ongoing sapphire. Gua-  
manian vampire and metal meal. Who do you think  
is their guest?

Phallic Robespierre. We like menstrual cops. External  
vice.

Kill me, then we'll see how much the judges wane: the  
sun with its titillating cutlery. These are all over-the-top



sauntering window slums. Back to four things though. First, telepathic windchimes excoriating Christ for his internal fiery dolphin plug. Second, homeless tapestries all unfollowed me, and I don't appreciate that. Third, detached shadow spell silk green movement. Fourth, incandescent battering rams against doors of butter. Pour me from the inside, or you don't have the chops for this.

Most happenings appear like predestined skid marks. This is what I get for helping Niagara with its epileptic belting procedure. Co-viridian night flights into aspect homes; sunlight is now considered fashion. Bodies out in the cold cocoa of delight, the hallways of birth and older types of calculus, as if Death could not book yourselves a surprise. You shouldn't slur at the boat scum. Simple diver of the fervent inhalation Cerberus, I pray for worse bird melts. I pray for knights inside of their aimless days. My shares in the kid stayed the same over four decades. A question for terrorists in a fucking enchilada.

Biblical Kirkland remains.

Painted lineament capitals.