

# NO CAN DO

ALLI WARREN

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## CONDITIONS PROCEED AS FOLLOWS

I was convertible into money and expressed  
in money I set the seller  
of it to work I love  
I get all wretched and recline  
on couches I make promises  
to loving ones and effect the neck  
This is my vascular system  
of production Six declarative  
four interrogative and two  
imperative into the water  
we shall go Namely  
wedge It fell on me  
and my head and I want  
therefore to eat  
the money

## DETERMINATION OF THE CLOSING CONDITIONS

Many are dead one is at the party  
No body other than one is at the party  
Some body is eating meat at the party  
Of all those that were at the party  
None were married  
It went to the meat convention with its spouse  
Only no one was speaking at the convention

If one was at the party for days and many  
were too It is possible that one goes  
to the convention with said spouse  
and one does not know whether to bread or braise the flesh  
and does not eat or smoke for days on end

And one perhaps is not dead and perhaps  
not even bodies are there  
One was at the party and nobody  
other than one ate the bush meat  
Only one loves one not some other ones  
Many are dead them are dead too

## THE BUZZARDS ARE COMING

I want to destroy a house  
utterly With bright wings

I set out with gat  
to rocks and raging surf

It is beautiful in the country  
things assert their size  
out of shells and woodworks  
in great stacks in the meadows

That the young be allowed  
courage, behavior and unlimited domain

Although it is despised and cut  
short by the many in these forts  
lay deep lakes in which  
the deepest of them much  
anxiety and trouble  
It's summertime

Can you tell of a keener pleasure  
than audible speech? The difference between  
a hostile cropland and a plain  
of spicy groves?  
A man who's fine and good  
can Note the rhyming  
spirited, swift and strong

The creatures  
in their eggs the bursting of the eggs  
very large and ugly creeps  
definite *group* and *thought*

## WELL-BRED AND POST-COITAL

A thousand tiny jars happen in such a way  
become a species Total bases held  
in check Marking the parting of each eye  
enclosed Crickets chirp  
as all get out So much ice on the watch  
the law proves entirely just  
I want to be the egg on land  
that is rushed and beaten  
through the gates of a great estate  
Pervert, Castrati, Limb from Limb

Then the rains

I paddle the thicket through and through  
Large leafy water on the brain  
We hide in the hay and toss around  
What tail feathers what citizens of cities  
and even more I call and call that barking dog  
Flesh is a castle it gets moat  
Thou to the extreme  
lifted in spores

## MALTHUSIAN FAMILY

my dedicated tunnel taskforce  
from whence spurts

tongue and mouth, twigs  
displaced by gaping

pinchers deploy pricks  
upon the comfort stroller

of your mind in the cunt  
of my heart south of able

bodies, organs and infidels  
I venture all around that fly gucci

clasp the chip to my high top  
lace my watering mouth up

in the fall of that year, mirrors  
dementia letters and commentary

## THIS IS SUBJECT MATTER

The ferries crowded and the nights  
short I laugh and snort  
while a steamer strings its jets through  
out boo's hair Smiling at babies  
soft skulls and hard bodies  
They are us enemies  
They obvious odors  
reeking of foul food  
and desert air

Every action spins its own  
retreat and withdrawal  
during this turbulent time  
the town markets remain  
haywire and slowly shrink to bits  
smaller'an berries more bitter than kindness  
The squadron grows the hacksaw grows  
the only chocolate you find is the chocolate  
you cook with



## HOW EVIDENCE IS TO BE PRESENTED

We ate fish  
and then we ate chickpeas  
To this end means and conditions arose  
The galloping nail did grasp  
tongues and other  
necessities for speech  
which we have amputated

To this end a rose divides  
a voice there a there  
and there loaded with supple bits  
of merchant life  
And the marine air sweeping  
across indivisible societies of men

This was natural and foreseen  
we foresaw doe and land  
reptiles of all persuasions  
We'd known scolding sure  
but not as a milk cow makes milk  
We sought adequate funding  
to remember the rules of animal behavior  
the realm in which one is permitted  
to enter and exit in every type of society  
We parade down the row  
and data encrypts How else  
but competition co-commits  
and dropkicks each  
clinging down

## ROBERT GOES BY THOMAS

Everyone get your cookies in line  
Delusions are age old

The nature of pigs is to be called forth

In the lobby  
    hedging  
ten feet of glass    three dates    pits shorn  
    the laying on of hands

The Dark Twins drunk on telling  
slicing pigeon piles  
    sticks and soils  
        that lattice  
abounds in organs  
beats on the beaten on rocks

Glands are vintage  
    the mouth a machine  
    of stuttering

has teeth in ear  
    ate the pointing digit  
    ate a behest

That plump grape  
deep in the neck

    Sleuth apparatus  
woke in cockpit arms    again

## A HISTORY OF IDEAS

Along the lines of cold untingured reason  
every civilized society thus spoke  
A full blown system of marks  
dipped in cider, rubbed with seed  
Certainly to begin with everyone is buried  
no mega-fauna to feast on  
no culture of bloated swamps  
to rub the abdomen along certain rocks  
Also on the uterus and vulva  
which are water vessels

of uses

to which wood would be put  
blown into caves by wind or buried  
A phenomenon simple and modest  
the muscles of the face mouth and throat  
very old and low-lying the scattered bones  
of four children with soft bodies  
with soft bodies covered by scales  
shells, insects and worms  
aged between eight and twelve

## BORN IN A WESTERN STATE / NO NEW TRUCK

The bush is not very green  
when you're on the block

beats the daily parade  
head leaning

head being daily beating  
twice dunked in bay waters

a carousel with a rock in it  
apples stuffed with apples

the corn-fed brute  
lends the ripping an earful

a country of dead stairs  
decked with banking

front forward face  
smashing gets smashed

eyes with thoughts of burning  
thumbs stuck in tubing

markets go boom (bling)  
low fares are fun fares

the world is an olive  
dollops keep ringing

## PRIVATE PREGNANCY

Notice my tail  
is straight  
does not blossom  
nothing  
are  
an unknown kind     trotting  
though thicket  
Has displays     violent crowding  
repeatedly     stop  
Has face pays     naught  
can't stop  
the beat down  
reruns from the get  
go     get it?  
the gist is wearing  
hand-me-downs

## THE CLOSING CONDITIONS

I stick my tongue in  
and then I stick  
my finger forearm and mouth in  
One doesn't call fish  
or foul and they love us for it

Here lies a constituency  
We got hired Congrats  
Each endeavor owns a Pvt.  
Hatch Factory and The Most Perfect Flightsuit  
transports the smackdown

over 200 sq. miles of instrumented airspace  
The smirk truck and dewy air  
Turkeys line the foyer and lovebirds split  
Raking leaves feels privately owned

**DEAR SUEY,**

We look like cops  
by this light  
It's true, confessing  
animals have cavities  
a lot Must be the vice  
of verse, descriptors splay  
the road and you want me to reveal  
private parts? My sources split  
the slit where your tongue goes  
Looking has an eye in it  
fat with corn pulsing  
trying to fence the load  
beside this gurney  
rounding third Smoggy  
with desire But we're cops  
throwing up dry wall  
in a coat of debt  
eight hours daily  
on the observation deck  
virgins

## CONCERNING POTENTIALLY UNLAWFUL ACTIVITY

This speech aims to kill men  
I miss my woman  
I go mad at the time of afternoon  
prayer impede the flow of booty  
everywhere lick up that  
salty milk soup

After work my plan inhabits me  
I purchase soda water  
detect and depict the monies  
eat twice baked squash and pose  
my data as an interrogation

They bolt me to a post  
in the well and build a brick  
wall about sealing what's left  
to the tune of cheering throngs

Eight large drums  
played with the fingers  
five kettledrums ten bugles  
two trumpets and two pairs of cymbals

It rouses fear in my European hearts  
I think music inhibits loyalty  
and little irons under shoes  
like horseshoes over thirty  
armed civilians in jeopardy

This speech aims to kill men  
as freely as cake-makers do flies  
lipped in the breeches  
a matrix of enunciation  
enthusiastic about contraband  
about ears and everyone  
tart and longing ever more ill

The disease is not converted  
the flux of flesh and the barnyard  
encompassed in the camp  
denim canvas and berries  
over a thick layer of vertebrae  
a membrane of coercive unity a potluck



## LET US HAVE THE BODY

they are dead many  
was a domain we are  
disciplined tempted  
to the gold each  
other ferries up the coast  
and that door is not one

¶ In what year did warplanes from the elms  
upon their (enemy) houses drop dread?

This salutation  
lead colored  
a very unkempt collection  
of chairs edibles  
Kindle that rat and leave  
it cleft on the balcony  
bomb it to bombardment

Guts in the hands  
hold the throat  
barred

A body  
a wet and wide one with small  
glimpse 'neath the slice  
A powerful destroyer  
and the dead letter gets writ

## I WAS LIVING IN A DEVIL TOWN

I was gathered into a nation  
there were birds  
drawing references  
to circulation to signs  
I was beginning to suspect  
the reason being needing  
to murder all this doubling  
this menace  
As all private parts  
precede and mislead  
with others their patrons  
I reckon  
And thus we say  
they kaput  
citings smooth  
as one can expect on a night  
like tonight fortuitous  
and bright  
I insert nozzle into nestle  
I feel conserved and remain  
following the mode of error  
there The off-duties  
they holler back  
I was in the camp  
making it function  
my number one priority  
my balls and my word

## THE ADVENTURES OF MY FAMILIARS

My friends little by little nakedness  
and questions. Rest won't come, wait  
naps are what we want, those. The pointing  
of my friends' friends, People At Large.  
"Collect this in stacks and show it" urges encourage.  
Carved from the material they make buildings  
out of—post-its, particle board—yeah,  
like that. Own an animal, make an omelet.  
My friends whisper to mutes voiding  
my friends. A big box for deer night.  
Dictation in the dark margin. Take up  
size a peninsula for friends, wind (bend).

## THERE IS NO COVERT MOVEMENT

On the island (speech)  
they have cabbage, carrots and a vat  
of cold wine. In their cruelty, pictures  
of wildlife makes the work sentimental.  
They're humid, back breaking  
over the push code. This is a lack, and this  
is how it reproduces itself  
along the reeking bank.  
Heavy deposits, bills.  
Has market value, lunch.  
On Tuesdays, encode the orders and pick  
the list move the units and exercise  
the wrist. Thursdays are for mauled in sleep.  
An airfield of floating lack  
where cranes cave and dig for crabs  
in the standing pool. I grew tired  
of the island, I admit it. I sucked the rust  
and learned a tongue can be trained  
to lift the insides up.

## TRADITIONAL TECHNOLOGY OF THE FLESH

Went afflicted with vapors  
to the armament. A political animal  
an amputee derived a stitch to prick  
the pin with. The pricking proves to broaden  
yourself in the back, and drop anchor.  
In the ear phone. A point they don't make  
is where the eyes get neighbored, show fins.  
Cannot help but be armed with probably  
both thumbs bleeding or Something Equally  
Alarming. Fruit trees and hilltops to graze.  
The horizon would never do. Approach a body  
a pleading face. The gills of night circulate you.