NO CAN DO

ALLI WARREN
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
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
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
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
Along the lines of cold untinctured 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
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
CONCERING 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

ey 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” urgers 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).
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.
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.