

The Narcissism of Minor Differences

“If there was an armed guard inside the Temple...” generating an
Antidote to obligatory flows of sperm rising above partisan politics
Future farmers of American cancer in the breakdown of genetic
Code exorcism, cybernetic hell for sinners take money like
The Bible says until memory of the surrounding fires themselves
Killed before we see it affected Cyprus trees “may be permanent.”
25% off. I see them in silhouette, framed against the light to
Whitewash the dead. Stay away from it so first responders can
Do their job. That’s going to be part of the investigation. Dreams
End on a table received in a letter two centuries among the
Dead leaves all about technology enclosed in a crystal sphere.
I have no idea. The egg and its becoming face the sea, went to
The movies on other devices; unlined, cheap, the crop beneath
The committee that I know bury people in plain pine boxes.
Let me go to you first. You hear the information there, the world
Of man’s selection, the wild knowledge of contemplative
Minds “are very, very serious charges.” Incendiary unfinished
Spirit of dishallucination turning wind to a silent interaction.
There is a goal, but no way. Something is going to be done to
Interfere, to be elevated in one’s own slowness of under-
Standing confiscated in its materiality with a gesture that asks
For a soft answer, for the soft suffocation of wrinkled skin.
“It is always possible to bind together a considerable number
Of people in love, so long as there are other people left over to
Receive the manifestations of their aggressiveness.” In the tree
Of life the intellectually witty without souls are not a sacrifice one
Cannot not-live, bound hand and foot, “the master teachers, the
Instructors whoever they are, and we pay them with a little sperm
Or milk or shit hurled into outer space to be cooked.” Dialing
Down the rhetoric slows the growth of death. And yet,
Why do we complain? We are churning around each other in
Confusion. Why are we confused? Unrepentant capitalism?
Of all the minority planks, there is a pause in the disciplinary
Kibbutz. As a poet I plan to develop the drainpipes. Is that clear?
I’ll have my orderly bring you the biceps you sorely lack.