

Andy Gricevich

Six Twentysixes after *The Source*

Never argue with a mode.
Incessant, unbreaking, purposeless
Tomatoes, green-streaked at full ripe
And rage, the hell without hell's
Culture, rather clutter, to eating context
Winners turned upon themselves
Rather matter as ephemeral
And assert to undo your hell-form
As you chatter to love others
(One limb or two, it's undeniable,
Caught and mangled in its churning
Chitterer, little sausages of being
With the aforementioned rage). A
Buckle Concession Demand Ends Friday.
Good. Should I continue? he asks. I do.
Just shimmers. King Song. Larger than
Lungs of any one is the making water
New or not-new. Common to care.
People you are ready to
Rock into and out of sync with
Seem few in their gargantuan
Tomatoes. Under agreement number
Varies with spleen to wipe profit from
Xerox that ink fingers your question
Back there zoned for family occupancy
exclusively and can't be asked

hard to do this because the essay I've just finished converges too closely with Noah's poem, how do I
stave off opinion? rewriting resembled grinding gristly
cow to form into a loaf I could palate—a loaf I can believe—so that / panel can let me make PhD
meatloaf for all time
heidegger says his frozen shore, bleating light thin to pass leave, the motion that missed opportunity
from a place of staying satellites quiet by rooting ground
crickets eat them whistling white flight from curtains are those balls knocked together in the tide that
seems to be the two-timed interior of me?
the start of subject right where it doesn't work, know, can't think, no image, don't know what I'm
doing, this is part of it, clouds threaten
to part a green hat in the meant requires of listening the weight of cradled carp named I can't remember
so insert the week's years gently

what powers our minds
 powers our mines
and to say that
is nothing new
is nothing new
and is resigned
to mime the pump
slyly burning kids in the silverlode
elides laws that sing interest
back in the debt part of the brain
the steaming bran that angels
mistake
correct
solve
for a small and infinite
-ly boring conversation
piece, replace
-ment problem
a black sharp reeking waterfall
the boss by default
*Edie found the finger digging with her own
down under the rich fragrant layer of
leaf pulp left by last year's
fall storms that tore everything off the trees
and shut the town down for a week*
As they lie eating pimentos in Potosi a context not entirely misguided

I'm paces in its cell waxing noumenal
everybody doing anything looks like weather operates on prior applications
the oat-shaped mouth-first ghosts of plastic bags completely rest on functions
needs to break
to elucidate the unity of apperception until you
can't stand in music (as they are thinking they are undressing) total witness to
law's eternally present bubble just over the next hill it justifies the use of sense
member swinging wildly to brahms or brahmin selves can peas
go back to parmenides and say "it's creamy, that wars follow this cool complacency
as putatively a rule can drive the intentional arrow down through the veil
giving the validity to "hi, mushroom" as a (w)hole we must
already be completed in every department the financialization comes
back up the pipes from just no where the poem
with no

blanks

intend to predate

novel affairs after

is eye

and a spoon

service will resume all week

judges yesterday

from the frond-warmed loam

the civilized remarks

a tattooed snow if it's

not too much to ask if

you are next in the news

ambush lit rap indents ampli

martedge cars

th a guished. patch rattles larming

pecks at a leaf mosy of nen ng the all of

hearts crawl around the barked tube

square and light sound calculated box soften

conspiration mudpie bullet fantonym

what's organized chaos clams entreatment

marking a moan Webster elates

plastic element mine for retributive

chins at port culls after mental order forms

can a block off engine

as its short rolls body

flat nose conditions coming cured

stuck on a vacuum just anterior

are you in its tune

red as sections
off cloacal, modular, nominative
decision-unmaking structurephobes
whirl their air

whims tossing
modes coalesce
presents rain does and unmaps
how to be seized, mistakable

pancakes sound tall. mangled up
you peck out the logos

It's winter and I'm insane the end of each day all the drawers open rewriting
an eight-year-old says it's *as* and hate the necessary (yet spit would look good,
so I polish it nightly) which would become land and shrivel me, the official
artificial ethic of trees killing trees hollowed out to think an unshared sharedness
keys thrill to singing
sheaves ditch tempo
of short term rivers
as they did so again about
the south wind the human voice is too touch for me, I'm doing this to myself with kepler
long grey wound back a worm, a country obvious I will diminish yellow, and go into
the west, and remain noon of the tongue, the beast is in my opinion to shadow noone
we must already be acquainted, prohibitively positive, point to the same origin
from which the problem of word one
makes possible growths toward memory
my assistants in general "we're not
going to talk like those under
exploited execs any more"
I chose my chip clip
the shards in their shard-words
an unending pig in grim medium
curren(t(c/l)y starlessly sucking
direction from the bare script-strip's self-originating demise into action, coughing laugh
controlled though strain shows face, warms gesture or blows up rating from & fro
"Um" (welt of caulking every crack
in talk, or pause to hear in doubt the friend) all
language always says