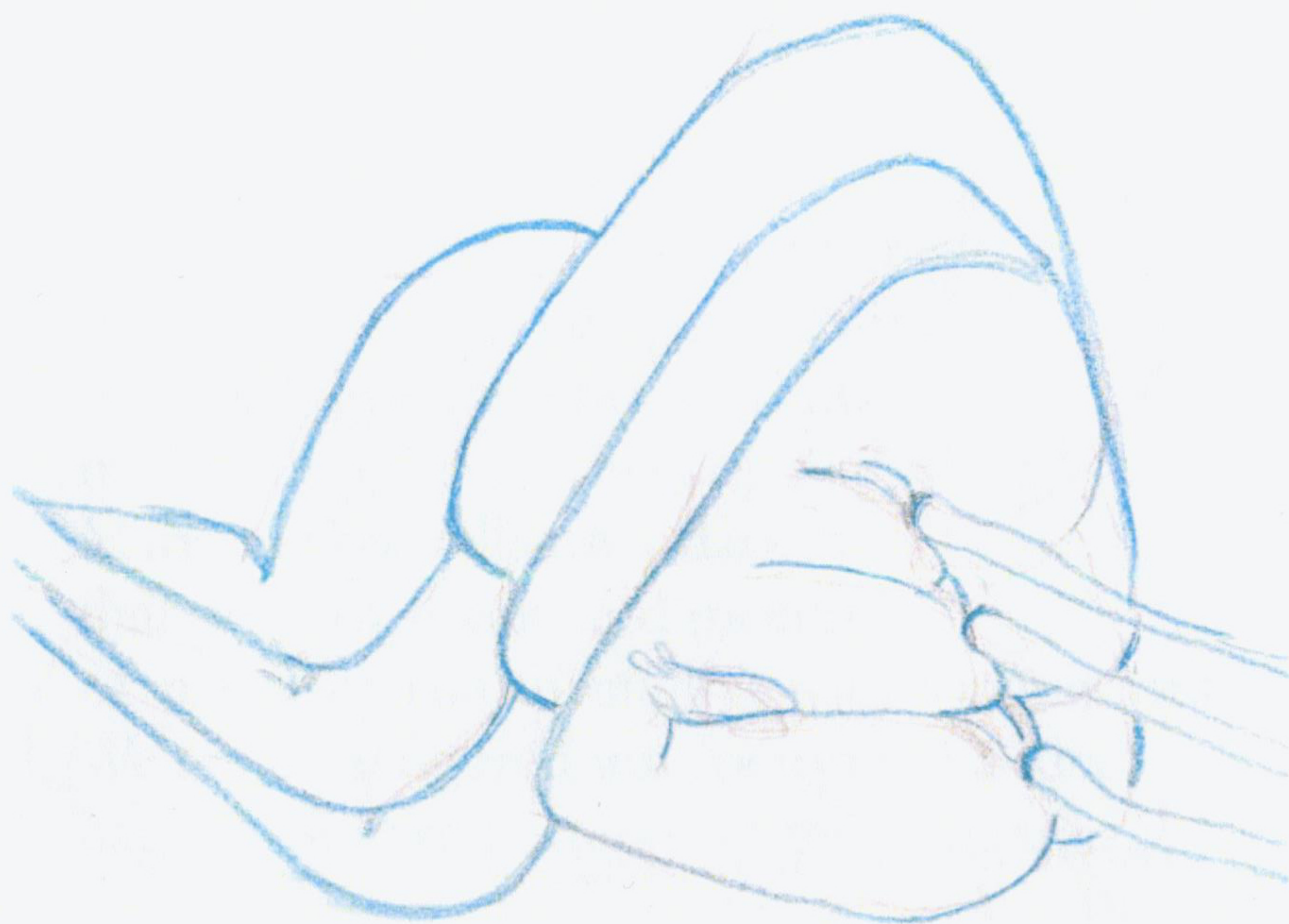
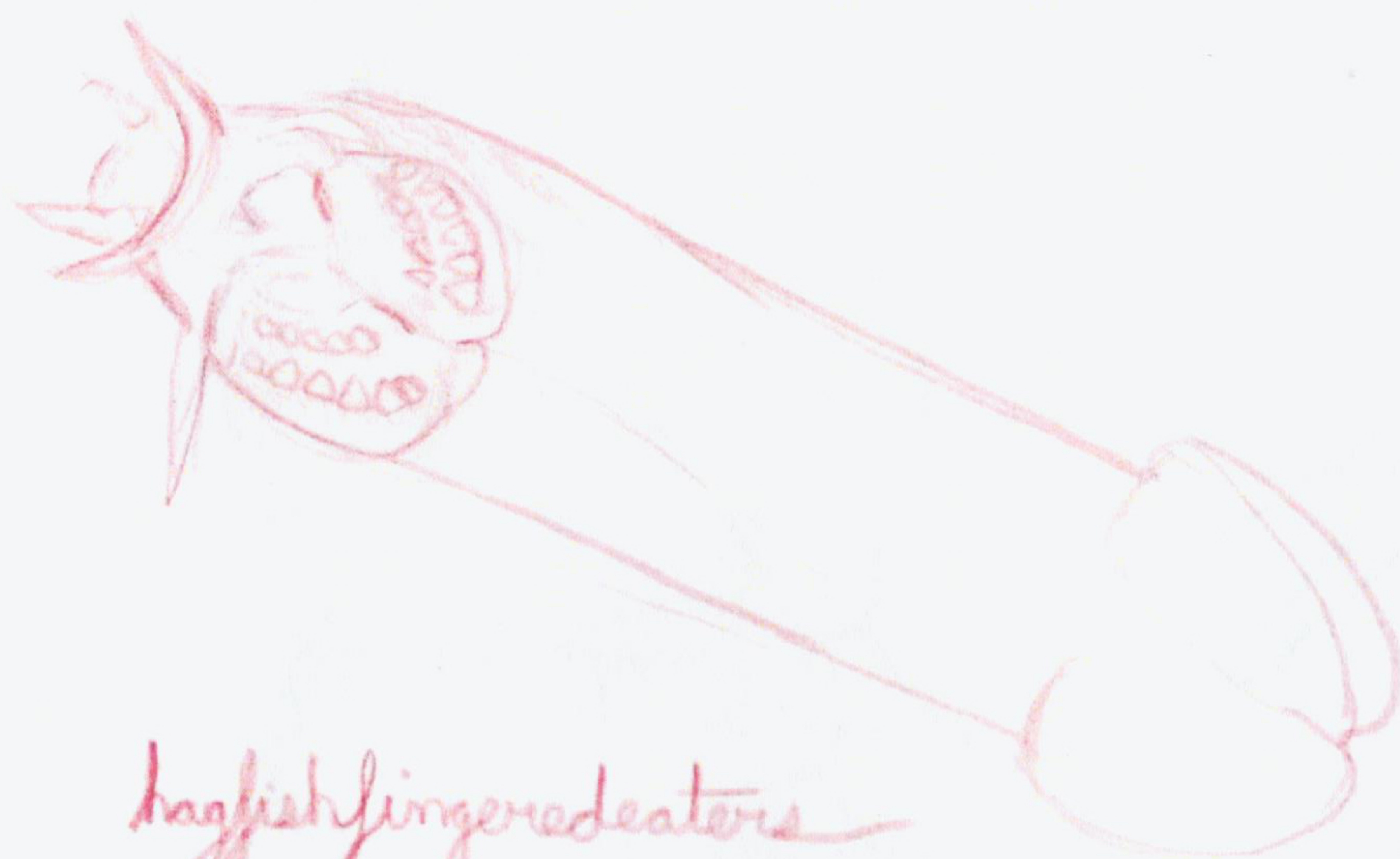


Snailfall





whalefall



hagfish fingered eaters

Whalefall, 2525

after Zager and Evans and Adams

Kettle sun whistles. Star-fired creatures
far up there drop gear, give over
to long-logged heaviness, flunk
mid-stratosphere, wheeling petty fins.
Marine snow falls on a dark age
that will not break, and monks
of necessity run through it with tongues out.
We are transfigured into octopus-handed,
hagfish-fingered eaters of stellar manna.



snowploughing jellyfish

Snowploughing jellyfish off the roads
aside, we're happy. Even that charred toast's
butterectomy of an occupation
has its perverts and persuasions.



boosted her beauty to all in the parish

When Jack Depp woke post-hair
-graft-botching induced hyperslumber
he finally found a half decent woman.
Boosted her beauty to all in the parish.
Whipped back the tarp on the wilted spinach
body for those who bought it. Soon all
had a bit of green corked in a bottle.



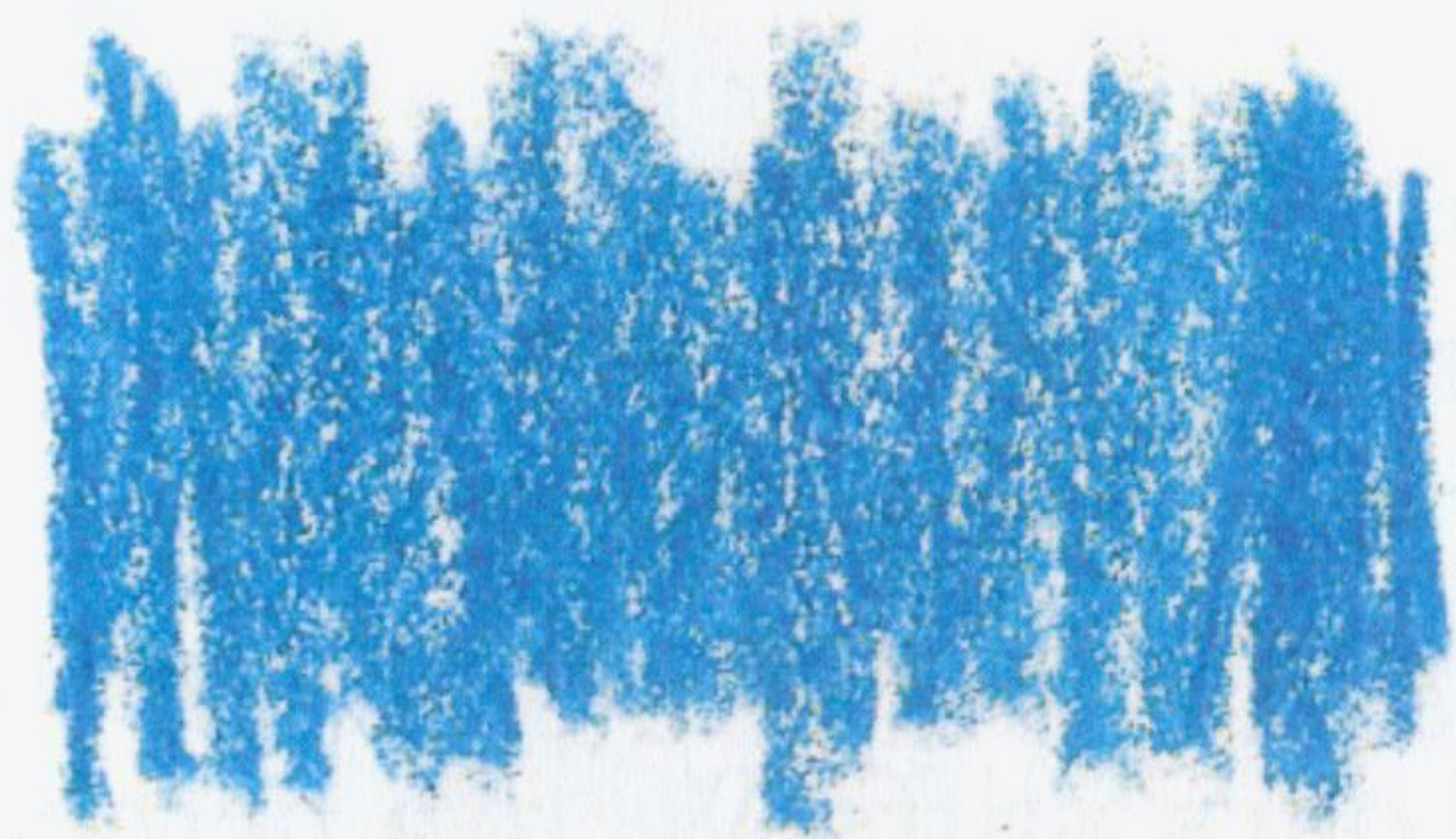
Kraken's asbtway gathering

Her face had been a face, her arms, her tail,
but new absence of any credible
Feejee flesh and frantic boneworm jockeys
of his nails on the bits left led to talking.
The council moved to re-zone him as outskirts.
His pickup's plough blade raised high in *ars*
could be seen existing there, obliquely
some kraken's ashtray gathering weeks.



Sucking your dick in the grotto

We promise each other the nearest thing
to memory is the great whale's coming
plummet. Its wondering *Will they be friends
with me?* plunging ever nearer our comments
on our loved ones' stiffs. We're a perpetuity
of ever-smaller rippers at sack-seams.
We knock at their strange panels, thrust even
bones down like a feast of keys.
What's the rumour of slamming into turf
and spilling out a new geography
do, exactly, in our basement Arctic
packed with slowly thawing carcass?



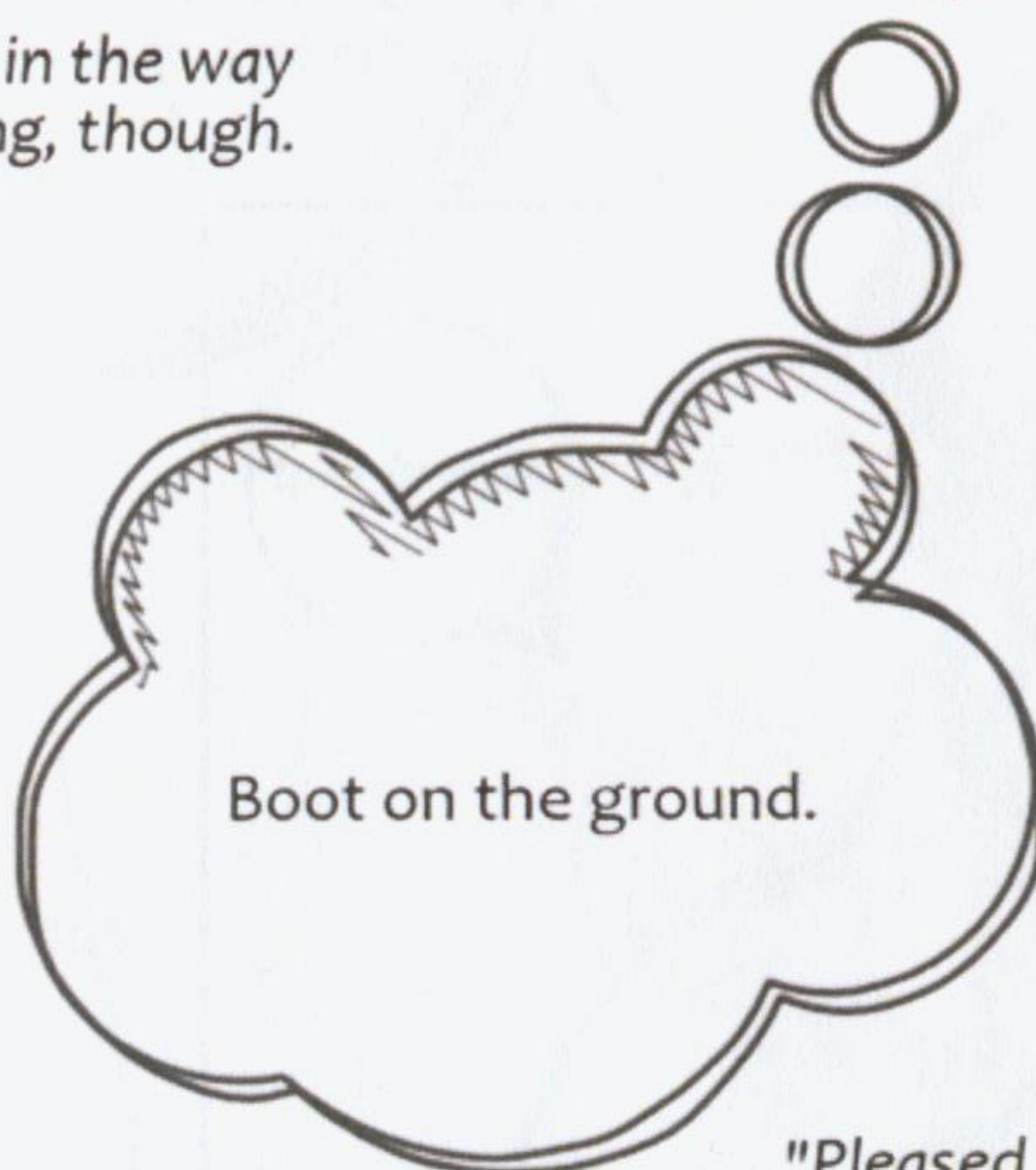
where there's hunger there's belief

Smile

That's me on the right.



Probably not in the way
you're thinking, though.



Boot on the ground.

Not like

"Pleased to meet you.

Shake my cock."

Closer to the endless tugging
along of a reticent penis.

I bear myself from a faraway garden,
Iscaiot cargo.

Have begun performing
elaborate handshakes
through the little bars
of their eyelashes.

Do I
bleed?

Sure.

Bunnicii!

Bunnica!

bunnica

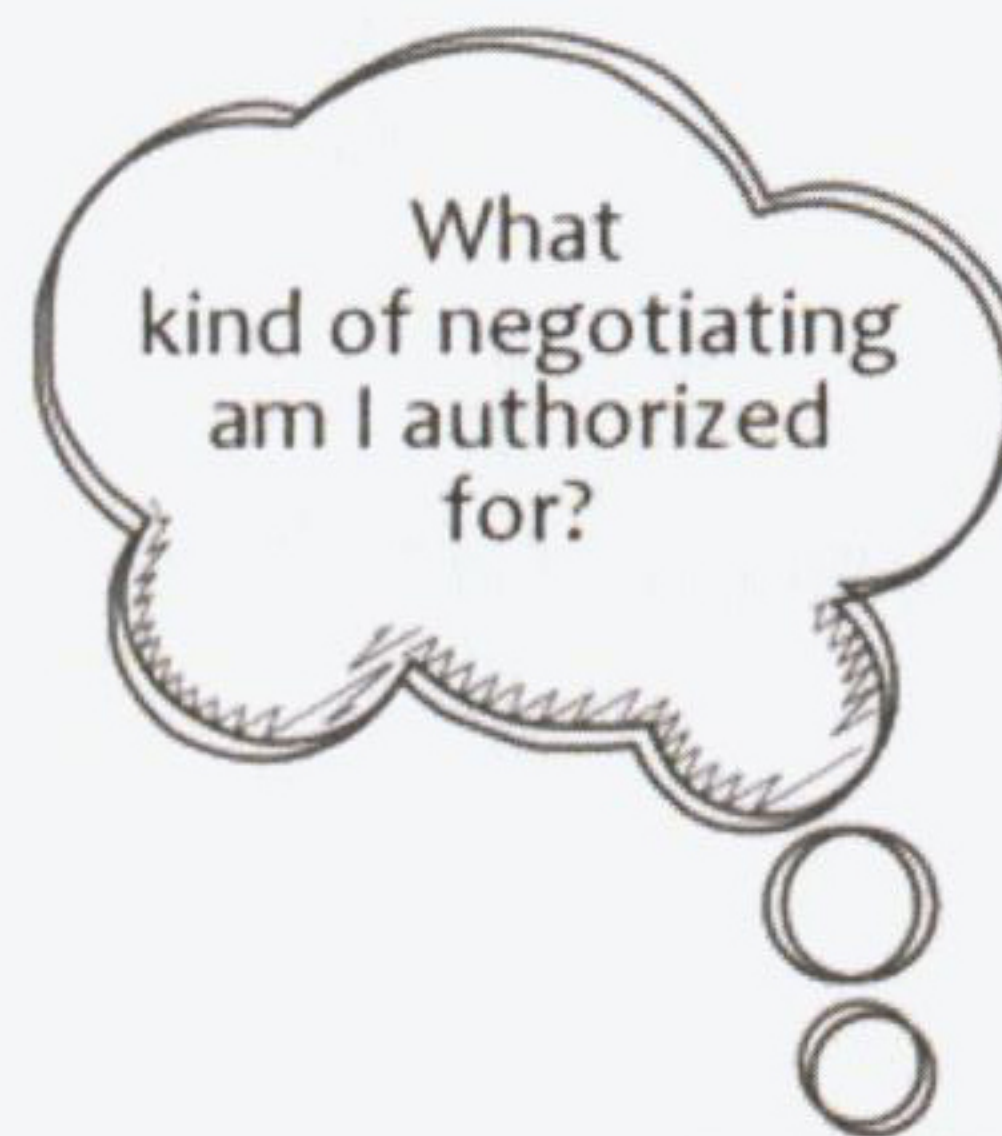
you suck

My heart's salty
as a sac full
of sea hares.

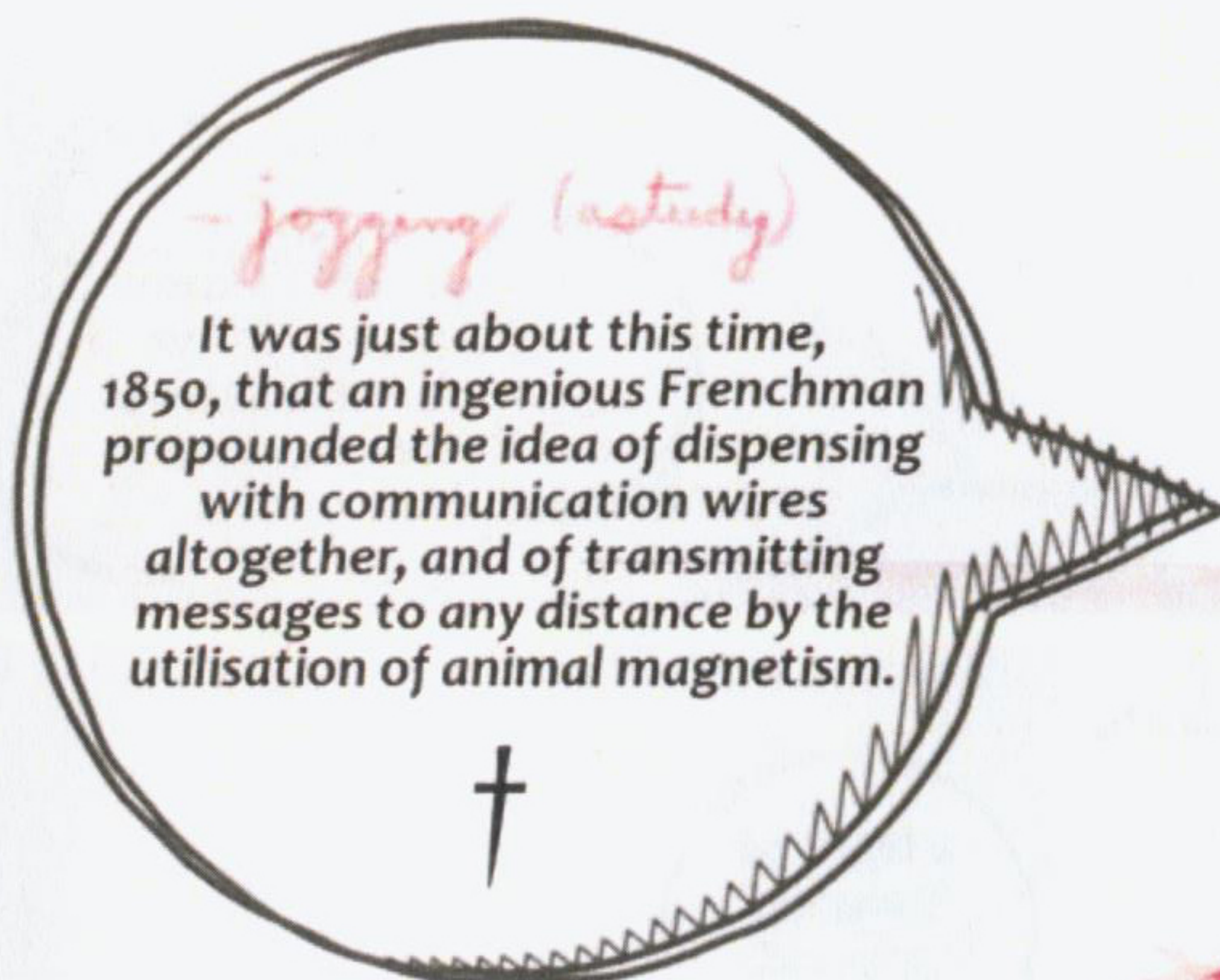
And
do I
not
prick?

Well...

if I take a head, I try to give it back
better than I found it.

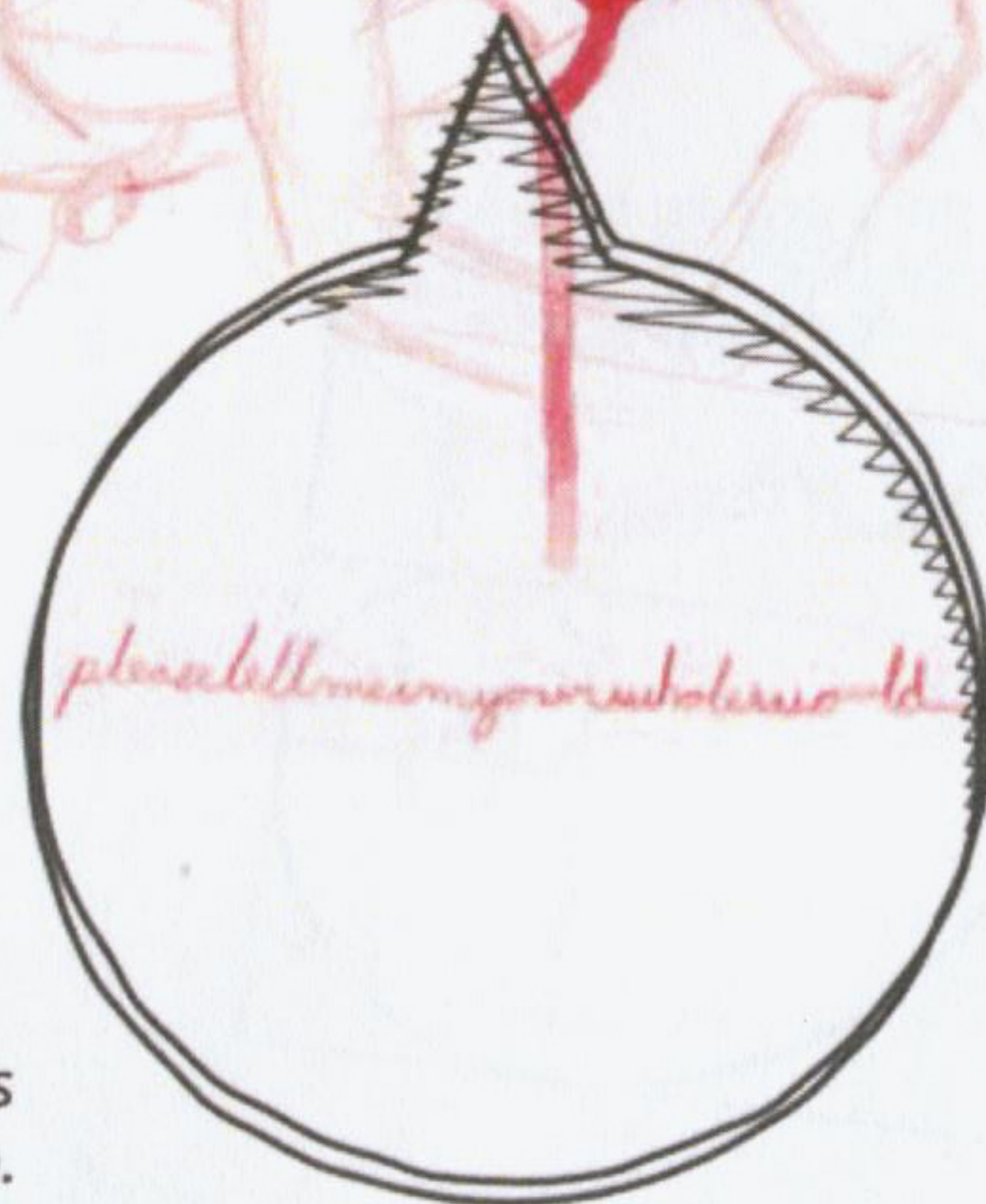
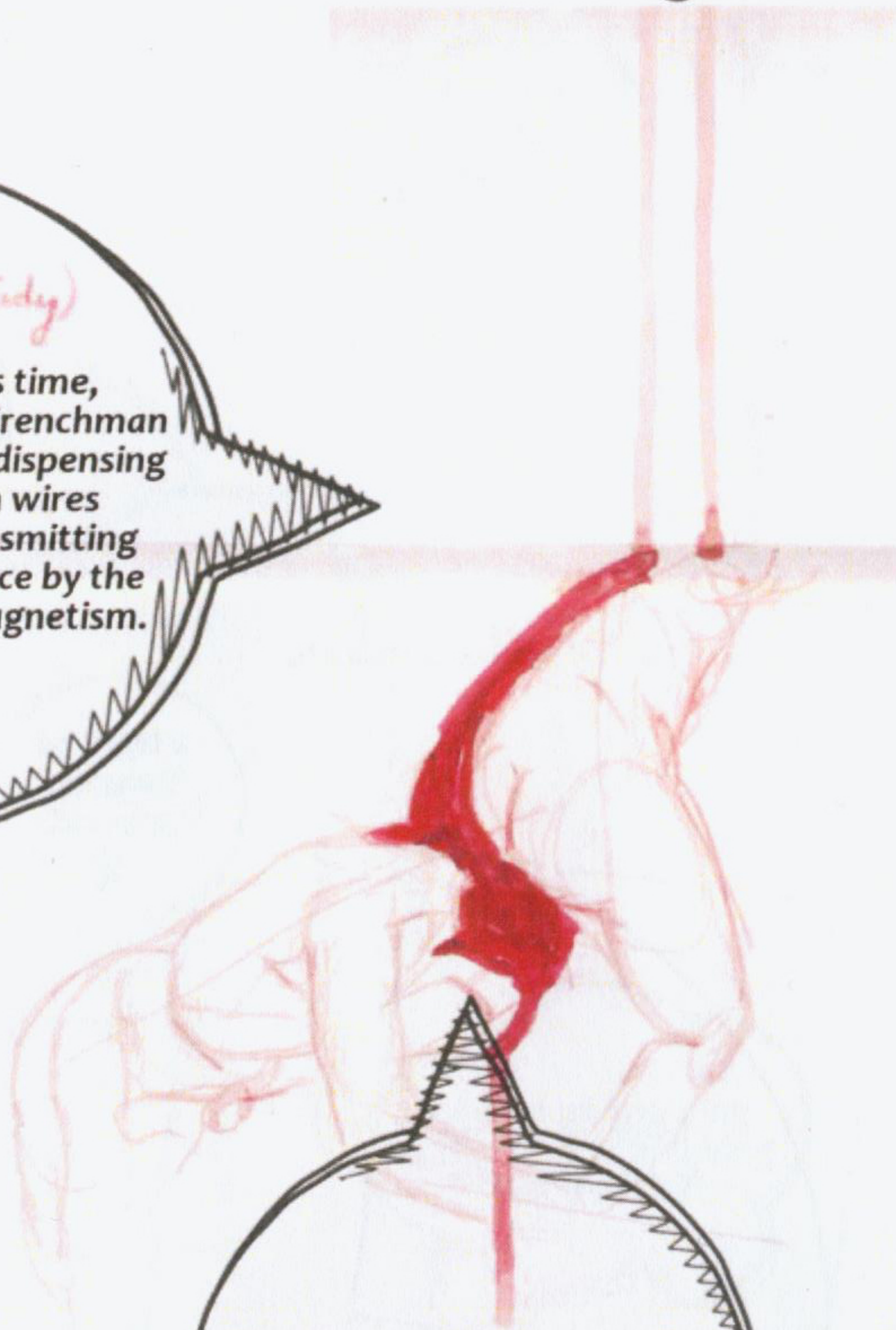


Love darts.



It's July.

It opens those bear traps.

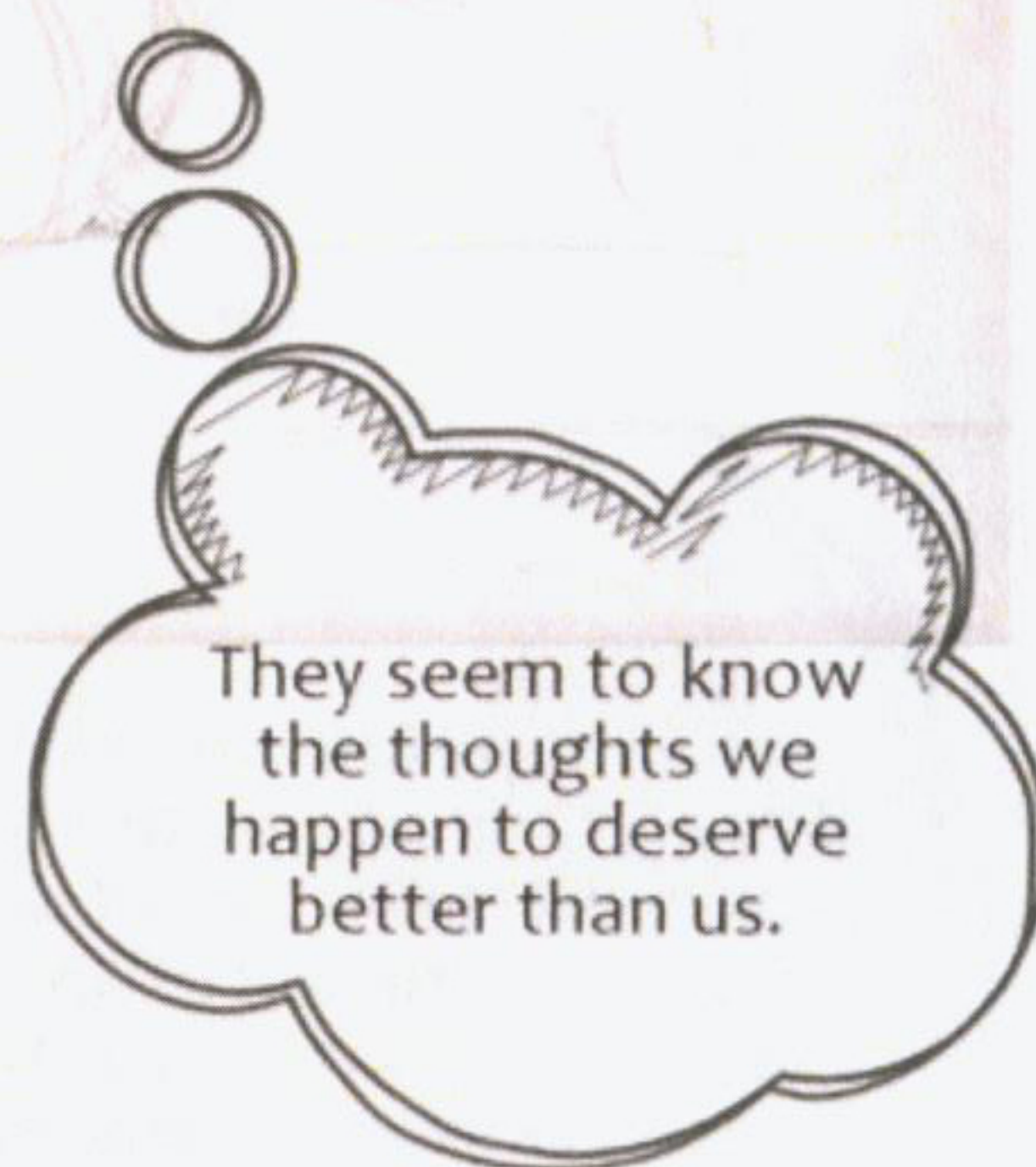
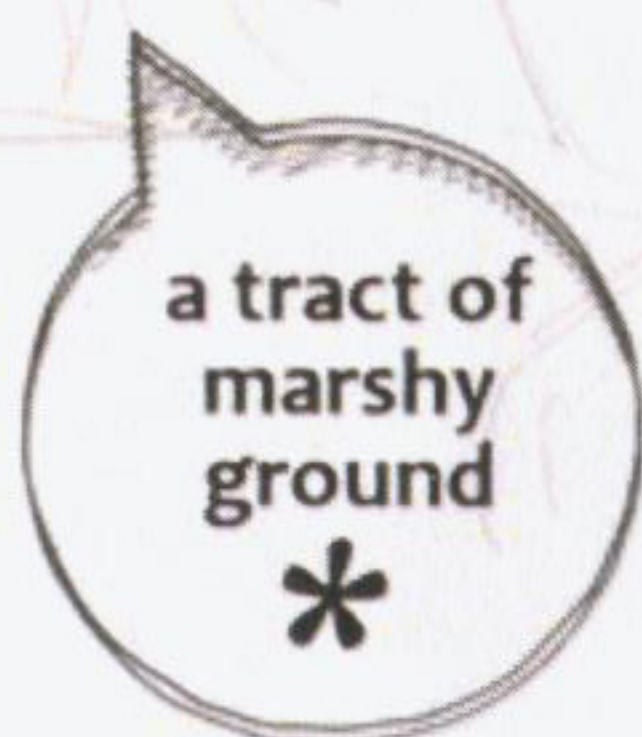


A strobe ricochets off the little pupils
where something will inevitably step.

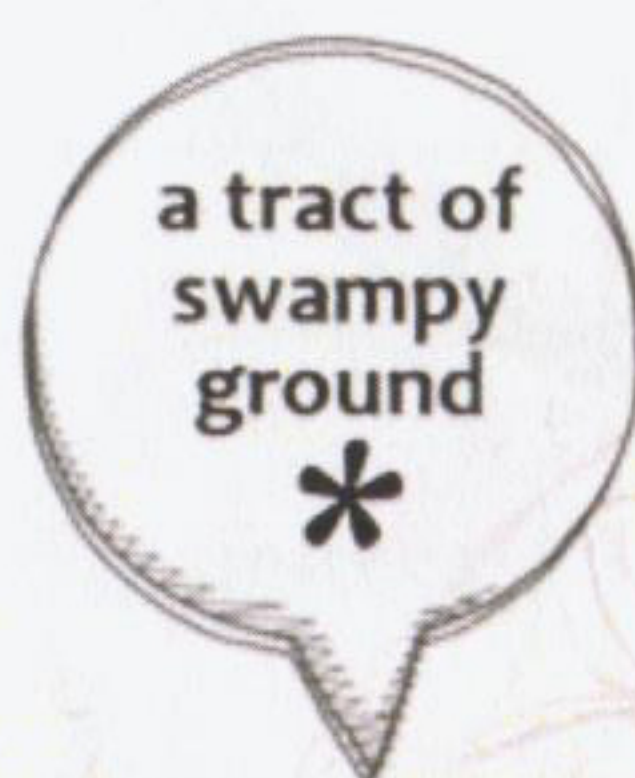
I'm thorough and efficient.

I gather enough data to begin
making intelligible and familiar.

I look up swamp.



I look up marsh.



Find me

bouldering

the

bonkers

microgravities

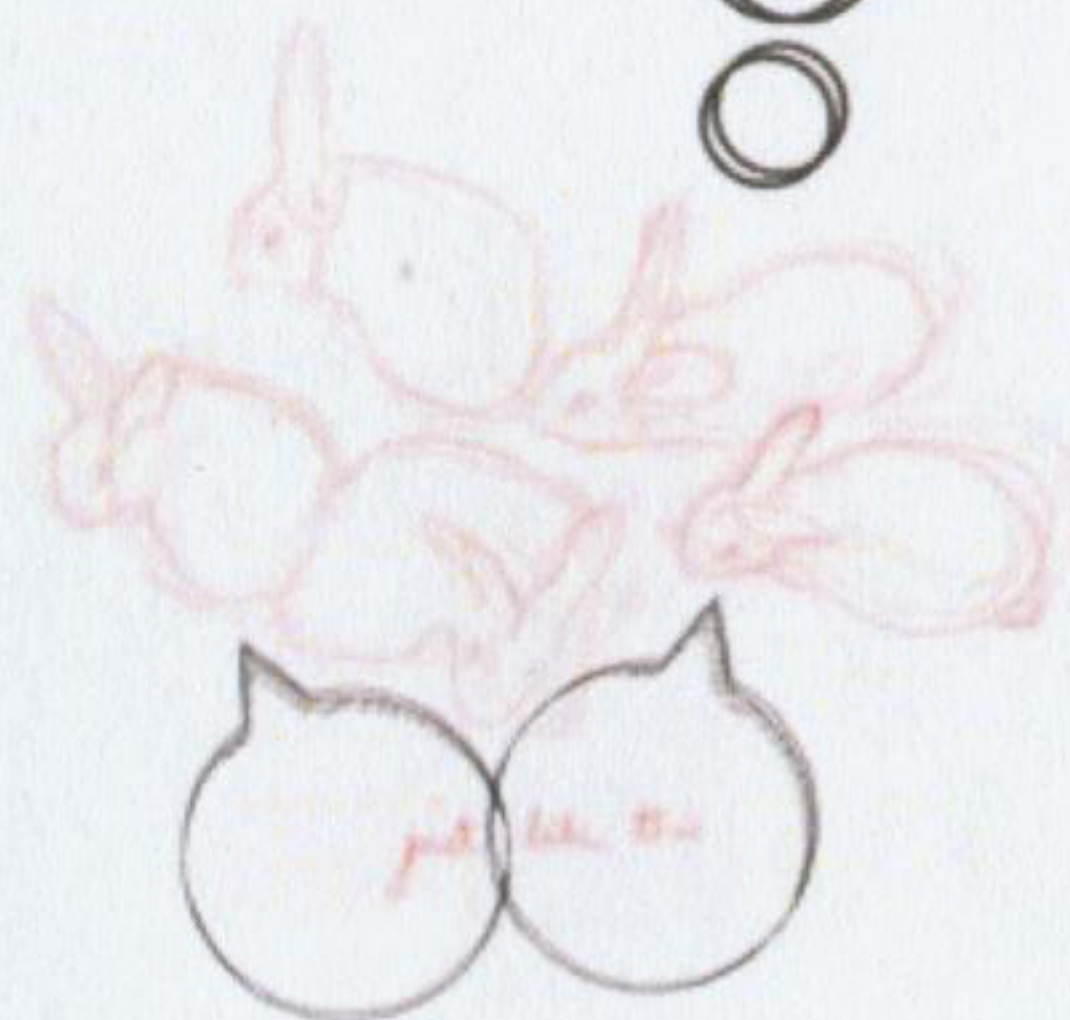
of these dream

-wide

caverns.

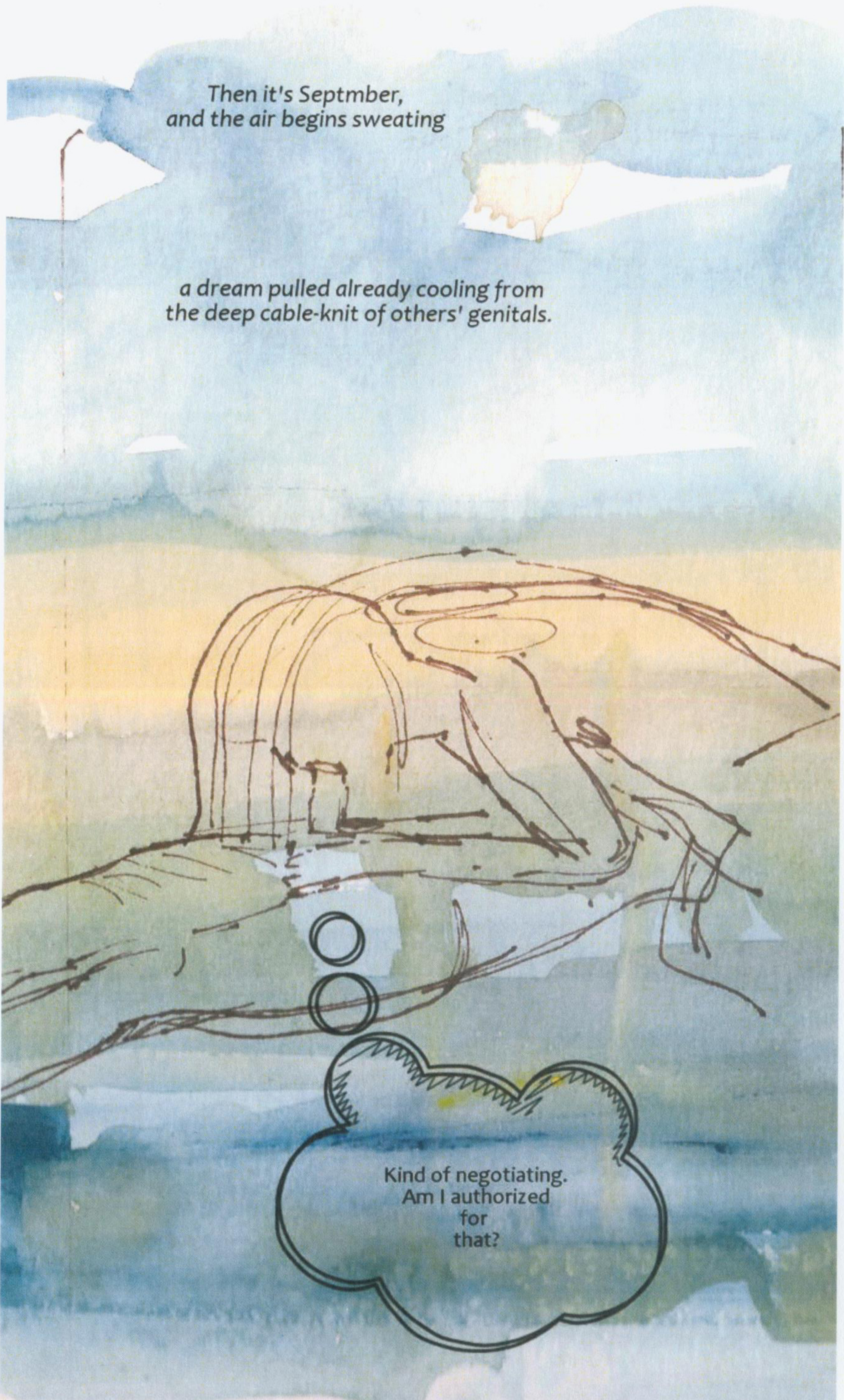
A card-reader's strut
through a long gallery
of invention.

What if all knowing
is the kind of knowing
that you do?

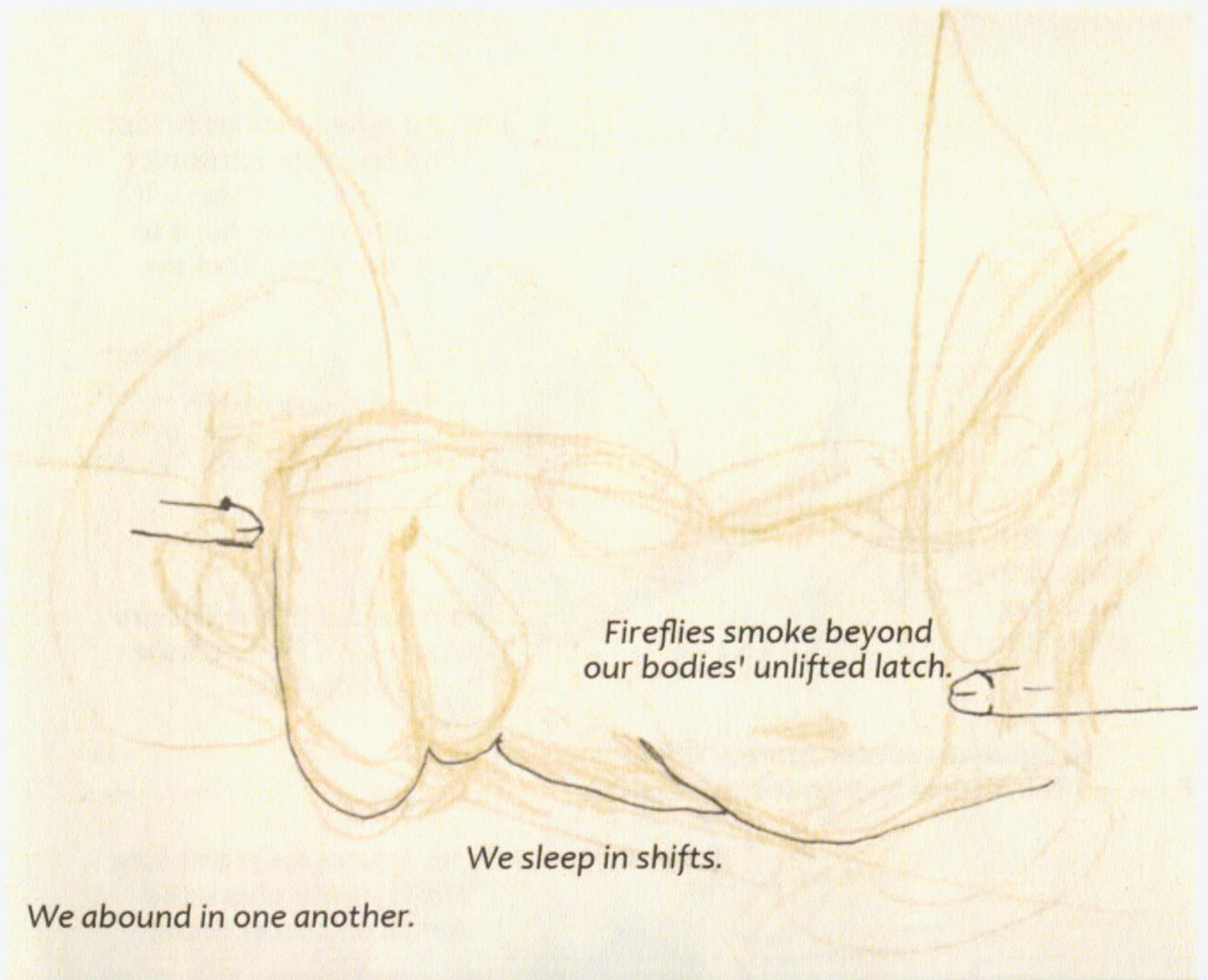


Then it's Septmber,
and the air begins sweating

a dream pulled already cooling from
the deep cable-knit of others' genitals.



Kind of negotiating.
Am I authorized
for
that?



Fireflies smoke beyond
our bodies' unlatched latch.

We sleep in shifts.

We abound in one another.

Transmission lost.

Searching .

Searching . .

Searching . . .

I hate it when movies thrust
characters into extremity
and then saddle them with
principle so they have to
turn down cannibalism.

It all started with
the pregnant woman
in Alive.

In-a-live?

The movie with the Chilean
soccer team. Plane crashes
in the Alps.

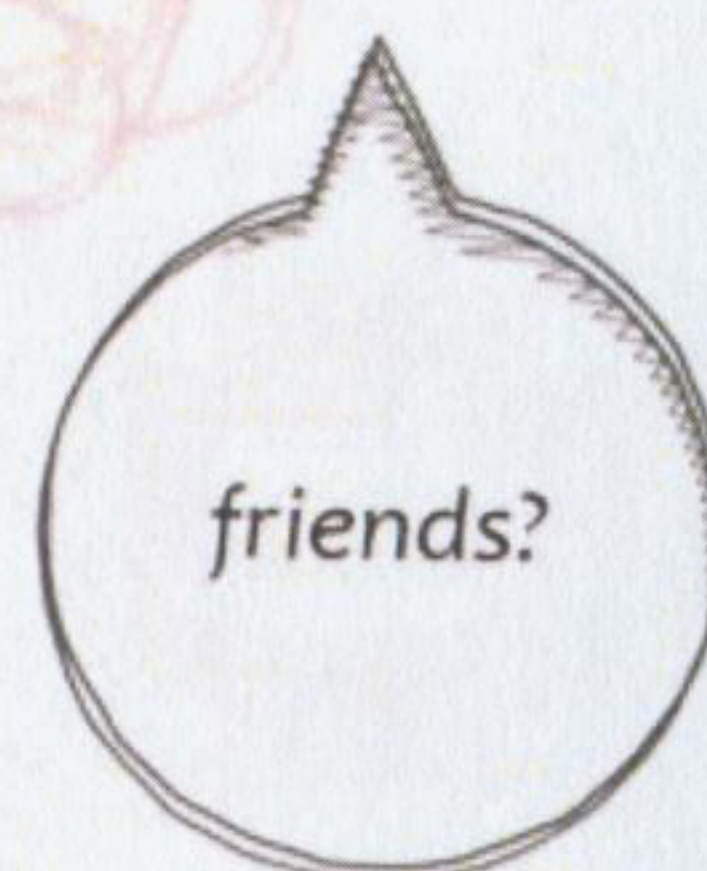
Uruguayan soccer team,
I think. And the Andes.

Right. I guess I was thinking
of the movie about the
Jamaican soccer team?

Yeah, they totally carry
the plane across the end
of the runway, right?

Rait, mon?

I want to lay down
with the lion.



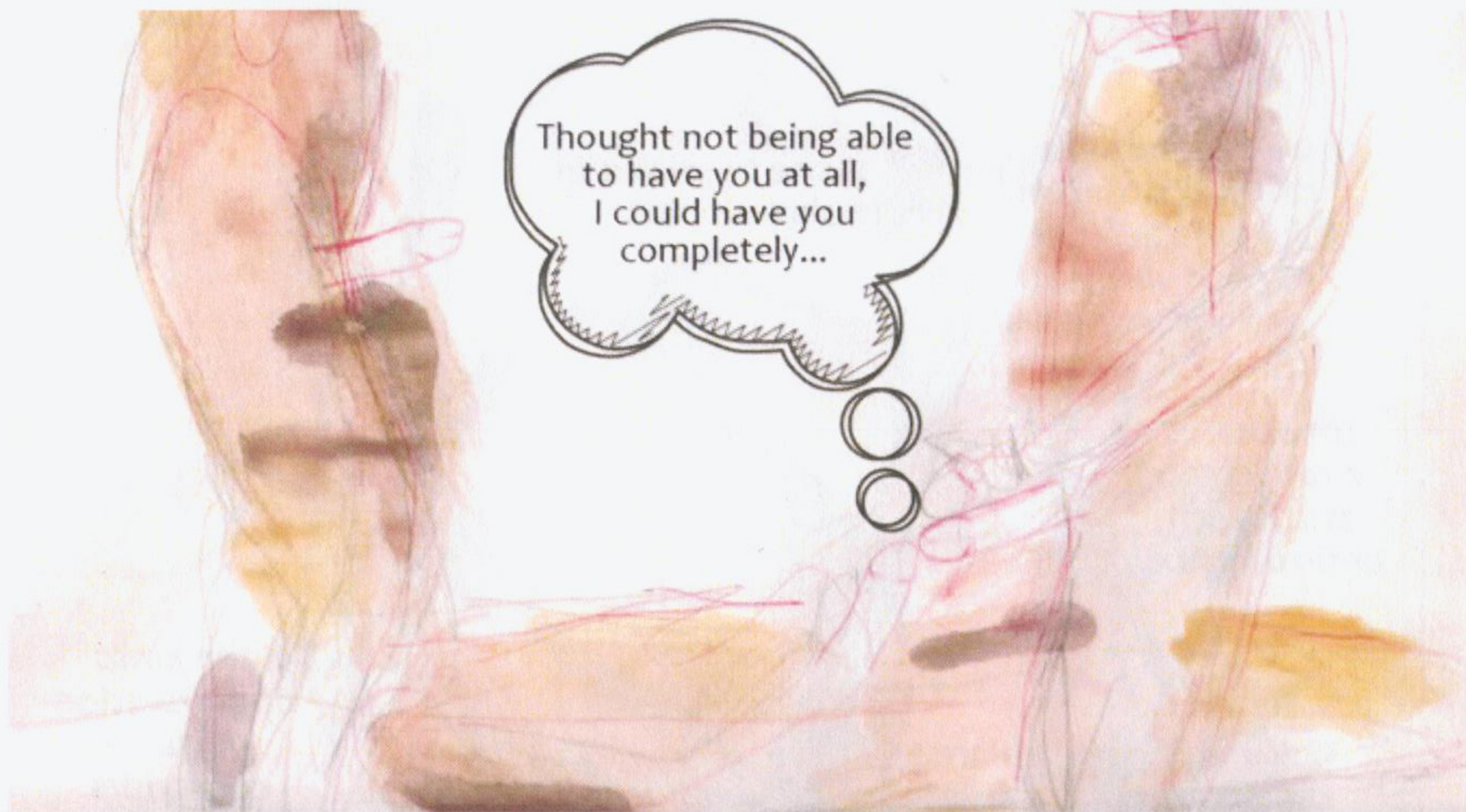
Whether desire to stick it in
a heart-shaped butt

timeshares
a rattletrap
truck with
anti-romance,

the junta
of gas-station
perfume
conscripts.

first I have to create the unknowning

In your
silence,
I picture your
pneumostome
gusting open,
the nostril of a
mythical cow.



Thought not being able
to have you at all,
I could have you
completely...

till the air's stuck with little pins,
thousands of them.

Pushpins pushing in
a map of the reached world
in an era before airplanes.

As if a body can be
a grain-sack cast off
to lighten the load
and not the load itself.

Something
analogous...

to canine anilingus?



This here
is called
the patriarchy,
asshole.

Follow me.
Here's a place for us.

Here they
say shit like
"A gastropod's worth
a thousand soldiers."

*

*
"An army marches
on its stomach."

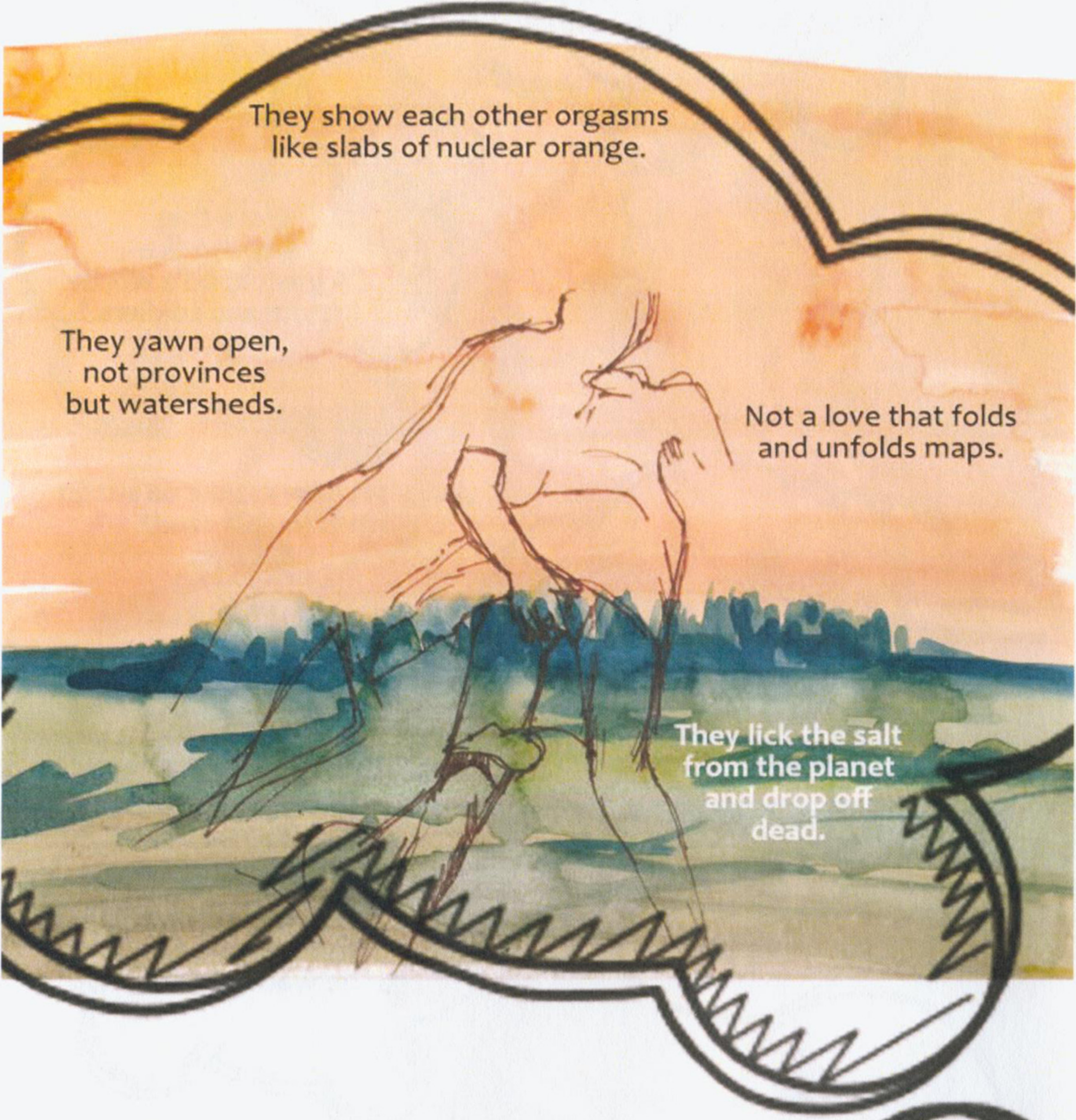
† ‡ §

And
"Every umami-dark
nerve tracks back
to the warren heart."

Napoleon
Bone-aparte

Frederick
the Great
-in-Bed

Claudi-
you suck
Galen

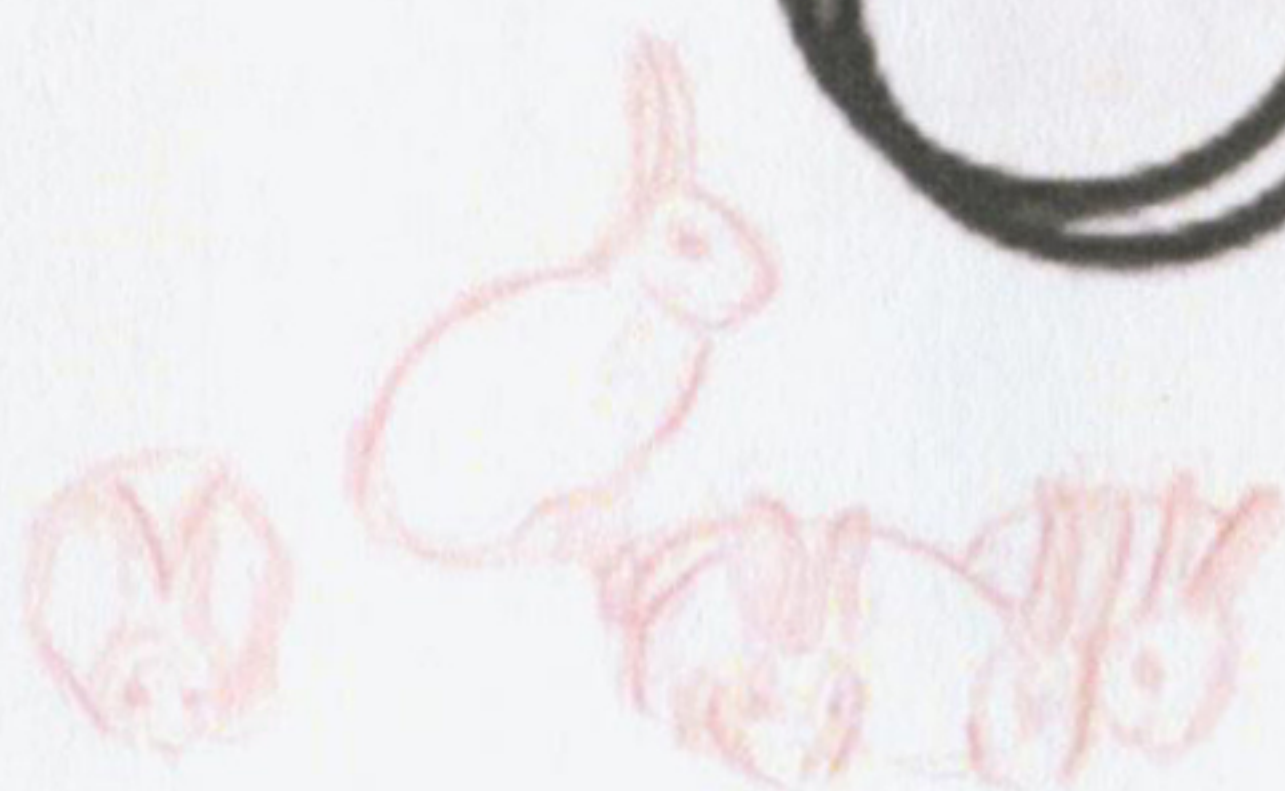


They show each other orgasms
like slabs of nuclear orange.

They yawn open,
not provinces
but watersheds.

Not a love that folds
and unfolds maps.

They lick the salt
from the planet
and drop off
dead.



by
Angie Quick
&
Andy Verboom

