

March 01, 2010



**RIC CLEARY**  
[MADISON, WISCONSIN]

**ev(e)rything... can it?**

AS SHE((( Fre)))t— HEADLONG ALL (wayst) ON THE NIGHTSTAND PRACTICED, clutching bottle, chapeaux as brush (hair), and intellect, and seemingly flying, touching skin by wind, pffff... (and leave the read ones for morning) anachronistic?... “as we’ll get out of this can’t mess— leave the bill unpaid ((dance))?”

en  
media  
res...  
as  
slept  
down  
feet  
down  
as  
face  
around  
gaping  
eyes  
and the room  
i think it smells  
like hints of..... (((((neighbours))))))  
collapse of\_\_  
peers\_\_ we’re hardly?

going about this  
right as (Ishican... deft (nd)  
perch’d—  
(as— in i’m not going to—

them anymore).

**rockies only seen from above**

heard a lot of thing’s  
like everyone. “can you  
hold my hand  
to the tiny  
room...” much

like that girl’s  
lipstick peek...

lastnight’s club

we’ve killed  
many clouds

since then.

**was in california, last time it snowed**

falling like paste, it com—  
pletes. retro-as if some off’d  
dull song gone by. brownies-  
“I think they have eggs in ‘em”.  
sometimes get a little queasy;  
doors closing. one hears that  
in a year so many times-  
huey lewis is on something  
streaming. I barely remember:  
could’ve swallowed both sav’d  
the last bit for a friend. It’s  
ceasing now—crews asleep  
tense collar bones &  
rusty wheels. I should’ve  
learned to crochet.

**shove (the little embolism that could)**

the desire curbed  
being immense

(clop, push, plop)

in ground  
yet wait

the read hat & the matter of fact,  
since his gaze often

wanders to ‘nd fro  
Jean Genet&

&this here sublimation

of!  
here: fought corollary is often...

troublesome|bending  
dizzy, a thing we cannot do

wrapping the

noodlearound&the second

gist of  
riddled in throat  
kept under  
(theory of relativity)  
thumping

complacent ly

selec (shun) s ‘ve....

myr  
iad

TOOTH((less))  
N  
ess

obscene(ity)  
can often be

reconciled, aloof, form  
th’ clutch

**sh sh sh shsh**

**sh sh sh sh sh**

**sh shsh sh sh**

**sh(ch)of**

de <leacherous>  
sign/afoot/permeates

open breath(ed)  
semiotics to knead  
respite//quadrants

of (((ah! th’ intangible need—  
phraseology)))

&&the soup bless [es]  
overtly/inept

quote unquote  
“itude” unquote  
shaped

quote

royal(/ly).  
glib bubble

often chirping/servitude  
the panache (ic) harrumph—

&of by pulling this here soot

re-coil(ing) th’ beauty ov crookedness  
carrots!

**where the geese go**

to etch through the move(ment) of light/eye—  
miming the dream

tightened

sight/  
skin pretend

one leap of thought, a ringed hollow

bent against a gnarled oak  
withers

a visceral image of this, a

thwarted ideal, marginalia misquoted  
the crux of the story unheard

perpetuates on not

knowing the myths, the arc of sound

fleeting geese  
against

river a call to arms  
painted sky, a pierced still life

left to devices—  
 its own  
 brown-shaped angle of similar  
 tail, construction paper  
 cutouts or  
 the scissors w/safety  
 handles  
*(reserved for the  
 creative)*  
 “the dreamer often resigns  
 having left it all aside  
 a silhouette of face gnarled  
 in oak—the ultimate goal”  
 at home again  
 & against  
 the art-  
 ifice, the  
 duplicities of  
 its life  
 a possibility  
 of ruination  
 the lifelong march  
 to the  
 closed room  
 as cutout  
 as shadow  
 as character in book (painted on page)  
 strain(ing) with  
 crooked sight  
 pretending to  
 curl w/tightness  
 against image to see its path  
**push (somewhere** , **(al(th)so)**

the we ing|ing ought not to fess up.  
 not morphing the dis[p]lacement

weened meant, no trough  
 tis’ dallow & ebb – the gong: futile time

mortimer, although flatulent  
 pursuing. the we *(INSERT)*

holding it down and clutching the gullet  
 four ours and his and hers

stepped up the cross  
 mopping the place

mat  
 meant

nothing

**[while crushing a soda can mortimer  
 thinks of better days]**

dis  
 tent we were in (audible on the  
 plane)

gist seen before the Guess up the iron of\_\_\_ it was  
 invented\_\_\_\_\_  
 it’s the metal  
 that provides  
 the— carriage like  
*crawl*

we heard a few speak of jell-o and how it use(d) to be  
 the in  
 )decipherable( white crust forming and then  
*the after dinner catastrophe*

A SERIES OF ADVANCEMENTS

stilled our hearts

sent into store by lawsuit by anomalous--  
 you’ve got a!

spent into if  
 only ‘nd  
 we’ve never seen such a better  
 pair ‘ve shoes—we ‘ve  
 heard

“the chorus about insatiable things and

*what will follow ‘nd wake up in your ear”*

how they were never quite accomplished

*(we chased dragons in junior high)*  
 “they were brighter-back then” *brick-*  
*a-brack*

bigger and bigger and somehow  
 greener

*in the spoon*

three of them linger

tucked and a bit \_\_\_\_\_  
 a few decades ago  
 the hoopla remain (ed)  
 buried!

the that that went out somewhere along the coast

the locals’ surly ‘ness  
 ‘nd

the envy of construction

*(it’s not easy building that damn shed)*

they often collapse

it’s a neighborhood affair we have to \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_

it’s actually quite complicated—it’s  
 takes a whole lot ‘ve people

some are better

prepared than others

*(but if we  
 can all jump*

*a bit higher  
 the storm ‘ll*

*prob’ly pass  
 however*

*the covers  
 never quite reach’d)*

A TREATISE ON REDUCT-(shun) ism

[the *ism* in  
 in we ‘ve v done it  
 perfect ly this time  
 left out all

‘ve  
 the corollaries  
 ‘nd went  
 out for the going  
 ‘ve  
 long after they  
 arrived

in the rain we  
 ‘ve caught *them there* tiny ebbs  
 &res on ance’s  
 zZz sonnets z (the stutterer attempt  
 sonnet sonnetsz zof)

*sir, we truly  
 feel it’s time for a dance*

*if you could just \_\_\_\_ for a bit \_\_\_\_ we’d...*

forget all of this nonsense

and go back to the—

*{it’s the tiniest things that desire  
 the most abstraction  
 ‘nd*

*the in’s n  
 ‘nd the  
 out’s of  
 how c’nwe  
 better string this together}*

*‘n creeley c’n chuck ‘n coolidge c’n all the names  
 we learneo*

\*

while crushing a soda can mortimer thinks of better  
 days

penning fragments in the breeze

some think about the  
 ooo’s and the ahh’s and the is

‘nd the  
 ism’s ov it...

long after he  
 he and

the can are floating  
 face-first

ironically  
 quite  
 ordinary (ily)  
 straight  
 down the gutter...

just dreaming thinking of better days.