

**A LIFE OF PRIVELEGED DISGRACE**

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.....laden with ripening apples,  
bursting to lushly burst  
and establish dynasties  
of trees,  
a quiet empire of orchards,  
ample sustenance, proscribed queries

aching feet in an icy stream

i saw a cloud shaped like pegasus,  
muscled might of roses  
in the twilight baroque

its face eaten away  
by high gusts

(they are, in fact,  
toothless, nonomillenarian ex-avenging angels, disbanded, demobbed, now half-crazed  
ravening parasites of the upper air, drooling, muttering thunder,  
self-soiling spasms  
relegated to the periphery of mere  
sublunary space.....)

stalking damned borders eternally  
thwarted

diary entry: "disputed with gravity: escaped with a few cuts and abrasions."

new kinship laws have come into force

the books, unopened, persist as talismans

if necessary we skim-read  
graffiti's tubercular expectorations

the syphilitic composer assails another rotten fortress, proffering his mistress

persimmons

promises of amethyst,  
new moon's canthus

(dispatches the footman: mercury-laced chocolates for the long-suffering wife.....)

....while the doctors tinkered with corpses.....

“accentuated tympanic, bell-like aortic second sound”

“most tuneable silver!”

(editor's note: the corpse was once the king of dandies)

wind in the emerald  
ivy's rustling leaves,  
roar of sea

ruined church

rooks and starlings mooting  
etch circuit diagrams for telepathy,  
clints and grikes

to strike out  
west! to the east!

by

dead reckoning and the flight of birds,  
new dyes, arresting new skies

indigo, carmine and lilac

hit hard,

reeling,

bloody, blurry

vision pulsating

like a squid's skin  
speckled  
chromatophores

indigo, carmine and lilac

camouflage

inscibilia inefabilia nonentia

mutoid geometry, distortions of space

interim technology dictates .....

split second tiptoe

it is a startling and little-known fact that here, in the crepuscular occident at least, the canonical art of the last half-century is forged in its entirety. the originals may never exist

like thieves' candles, extinguished in milk

“the children are down there. they're probably doing terrible things.....”