

ANDY GRICEVICH

from **REGRESS**

The appearance of truth lent by an argument's internal coherence needs to be distinguished from the question of the desirability of any alternative. The revolution of lefty marrieds won't negate *enough*—that's when zie shut the door in the face. Fact groups party more than questions strip bark less (split) tantalizing aphids pose as filler. Waiting frames time turns hostile—what we always needed was the rent in "always;" in that light disaster attracts, the opportunity for a story that can start because it's finished—but then we who would have needed to tell or hear it aren't those people anymore.

*

Here's a hill of beans after all.
Grasp at the involved and waste time.
If this position really stuns me, I'll hear you fine.

unlike birds to say this sort of thing out loud
(argument is a scuffmark for the

 "philosophy," but only as category

they like the ineffectiveness of the opposition
less than the brutality of the opposed. it's online. it's available.
economy

 is *always* planned

 in your absence

sexual fantasies continue

 but all contain
 fish,
 which no-one can

 figure

 how to freeze

*

What he wants is not actually that she take her elbows off the table. Define etiquette: new weapons. That's a grab bag of inference on Conversion Heath: debt of it faxed out, just spoke at Emma who has put his desk of accessories on. Shy lapses into his lap don't make a right, but divert traffic to lessors' doors. Scrambling for powerful facts in the haze of digital distortion, but checks his watch, worse for when news emitted he's forbidden an. Senate visits from his wound ban on you. You, gathered at the scene of a kind, cracked like a safe and now elided by reason alone. Then there's Ray and everybody.

*

Two pasts: a paradox for who
ever cares. That we can rebuild everything

is pretty scary. Gently pressed my tongue
tip against your anus. Sterile, we did well
and avoided the monotony
tax. In the dream they set him on fire
but one of him gets off on it, in a skirt (the other
is assassinated, the detective misled
by deduction). In the absence of surplus labor
our values—turnons—turned into
thinking, a new way of living time. Factories
and factors went together, “steady”—musky,
your pushed back
on the bed, intransitive. We screw in the solution,
“hysterically.” Our explanation held
in the buck/burger gap, where the liberties,
antique heirlooms, were nestled, sunk. History
like the man who shot him. Blow up
a border fence, there’s wire for another. Ethics
comes before, morality after: vasectomy of no-build zones.
We were narrowing things down
until we disappeared (strange, since what we wanted
was reduction to a definition, a strong prow,
wedging the waves
but money and its concept demand identity
or cluster around a decision to be made no more. Accidental companions,
we were anybody’s concubine. I don’t see how, and wanted you to write:

“The semicolon in your last letter ached me.”

“No-one is a property and takes up feeding.”

“Two paths diverged in a flash, and one of us was the difference.”

Dear, we are buried in all this

Working back from a market’s vanishing point,
its symmetry toppled into sustenance.

Slippery, unpuppet
limbs, a tale we
never told.

*

[...]

Unimaginable and perfectly real shift in time’s way of passing the eight-hour week code of conducting affairs publicly between friends and lovers merging in and out of redefinition onscreen behind storefront windows unbroken by the mass sigh of relief at the ban on boredom’s marriage of marriage and capital and capital and leisure time and time and employment of reproductive rhythms’ short thrift against other pleasure’s claim to work status to a polished adjective distinguishing want of more of the same from longed-for singularity when logic became public like water and by that point blankets not a rented car to crash into need a way we talk to ourselves instead of a decoy a dummy gun startling each other while the other hand grabs which had always left voices so rooted in their critique that they were the least able to exemplify it until it moved out from their shadow and lightly onto our shoulders where it absorbed wage of labor and transgression alike that day at the end of vengeance in conviction’s guise and took flight, out of the eternity of definition.

from **TITLED/UNTITLED**

1
HELD

We were designed for you by “the (s)elf¹.”
Who thought there must be a poem somewhere
in the little blob. Who, when you read that
as you paused in mid-cross and asked,
“Are you writing about *me*?”
had to say “yes,” to hide the habit.

Streams of what streamed in to the offshore station
—“who?”!

That shadowed organ by the tree leg here again.

Again as in memory,
a room the opposite of its acts. Our long
ones mean to whisper.

This was meant to be possible—we’ll see.

Canvassing the next.
Guarded to elapse.

2
CLASSIFIED

nebulous
interesting
loaf seeks

rapid terminations

to spend a nub of sun
in the mud of this day

connecting

cancelled

Nigerians strip to drive
oil out

while where we’re from
poses have tags:

Abachi, Kuzi, as if from the East,
as if electrodes, to hang from the ceiling

¹ A mythical creature represented in some cultic rites by Diebold machines, distinguished by the tone in which it declares, “Well, *I* don’t have to do that!”

(scattered timelapse
posted bruise-wise

were
equal to the names: say Sadiq

3
SENTENCE

The head came off this morning.

4
SONG

The words are freezing in the hallway
repeat, repeat
The ones that I had meant to hear
repeat, repeat
The smell of mown grass
always mixed with gasoline

Yet the methods seem to have made some areas safer
repeat, repeat
There are times of day when the sea looks o.k.
repeat, repeat
We build on that and reduce a fiction
to rhythms of absolutely nothing

Only those snails
that represent the many dead.
(At this point,
an intervention into the way things were going
is abandoned).

5
INVOCATION

Oh, justice that ensures that the bastards get the boot,
Muse calling out for echo of news,
Moon or waning name in the far corners of the poem—

I'm just honing my craft; I don't believe in you at all.

6
I didn't write this you goddamn I

7
eyes

object

snow I
thought

was ash and
maybe
it was

gap/gasp
fence-stop:

live cluster
bombs,

DU endure:
aeons of
riddled earth

the present, burning
memory

it's decay
turns out
to be love

THE SURPRISE SYMPHONY

WE'VE GOT SOME BIG RABBITS HERE!

Those aren't rabbits, they're highly profitable defense systems.

THE SUN IS AT AN ANGLE

to the attitudes admittedly spawned by committee

spanned as a day's paid back

and forth! Let's stop plucking that thing

and get to the spareness of matter

twelve times before the inseam tore

into the base

lobopoly

acteur 2 regrips to take stockSWAT

for in the end, it is the analytic product

—Michael Hayden

from **OPENING SENTENCES III**

I.

Something like a curtain evoked fluttering
on a hill.

Therefore the, that, or this.

Every time it went up.

I wanted to see it again and again,
but for the set to change each time.

That was in I.

Phil verifiably, Aesop intentionally.

Clumsy. Gentle. No-one.

Respia, quick. Cora, late.

No catalog for the catalogued things.

II.

And?

No.

ONE SAID¹ (of)

THIS ONE IS CALLED "MOUTH"
instead

*

OF
I could of.
Of course.

Or of not.
Ones from.
Or for. Having it
in your catalog.

Or You in its thresh Decisive at
them This reverses most of All
on principle a Utterly return-to-sender
Of What Recedes From The WordHand

It might of been right.

Of this we can only say.

Ones form,
sonar of.

*

MOUTH
It sat.

*

THERE
thrust

¹ *I could've fucked you for the whole
duration of the war
if all its metaphors weren't so*
Therefore: !!!!

*

IF/AF
fraïd to
become worse
to be.

Fought w/
cause 'til there

was none.

Only if, not
to come, to have
been seen
to.

*

MOUTH
It spat.

*

WE HEARD
from the rattling
paper

*

FROM	
inevitably to	or else
what's big	not in
only being	what else
not there	away

*

THRUST
stage an occupation
having come
a relaxation
pushed it
out

*

OGRE
Generosity moved the ogre.
He is very tall and stuff.
Money, the wazoo.
Let's agree. He moved.
If and only if
if only.

*

THRUSH
leaves

*

IT'S PAT
with her mouth!

*

IN
or from
the rear
or start

a gain
insurgent or

*

MOUTH IN
cave out
of which pen
cracks hard
“music” against

gray massing
to contain
wind seen
by sign

*

THE OTHER SAID
It'd be hotter without the war.
It was summer.
The others were there.
I mean the
leaves. Some
Leaves.