

francis f

the flickering light,
dances in shadow, upon the walls of the desecrated
monument
to their violence
calamity of calamities,
1619,
1492
persisting like an infinite pandemic,
the brand upon the brain of humanity
since we were just ignorant multitudes hiding in trees and
bushes

the gods of death still loom over our land,
breeding cults of thanatophiles,
each more beheld by the transfixing aura of the
sight of
sanguine
splotches on the roads
of their own towns
from their own people

it's a dog eat dog world
well, i've never seen a dog eat its own kin for fun,
im just sayin'

fuck12,
marx rearing his head
in white, streaking font
on the red blood walls of
your local target

allusions referencing allusions
a cyclical quotation-o-rama, existing
to exemplify the one true thought
well daddy, don't you know things go in cycles?

the mass of bodies putting themselves on the line
reclaiming the pavement
wave after wave subsuming all matter
in the service of their goal
voices echo out of radios held by shield-carrying
soldiers, phalanx corps retreading the footsteps of their
ancestors in londinium,
the ghost of elagabalus, sullied and incompetent,
his hair tousled, like a shambling corpse in a nightgown
john of patmos feverishly writing a google doc before his
zoom call in the afternoon to go over the agenda,
he hears the chants of those below him,
i cant breathe,
the fifth seal,
but he needs his work,
the sirens and dispersal,
the pavement,
the feet,
riots at the mall.

come 'round and drink the broth spilled forth from the first
bowl

the new tv adventures of gargantua (&friends)

mysterious shadow
undergrowth
cascades of phenomena
rippling through
the optic nerve
and,
sensory organs
through the chemical sludge of
neurotransmissions
reverberating in the skull
of the animal

lo, fanged noumenon!
the post modern prometheus
rises out of the grave
of barthes
on father rabelais - he has to say -
lecturing in authorial piety
'c'était la folie'

counter zion, the sons and daughters of
pantagruel stretch their grasping hands
is there not liberation
in the scorn of
the fortuitous?
the human condition?
another fart joke
searching for meaning amid the piles of bullshit

a pantheonic coterie

of characters
puncture reality
transmogrifying
the inane
into the grotesque body
of a carnivalesque
imitation of life

sarah jane
'mizz lora
intellectualism came late to america,
banality first encompassed art,
then politics
herr sirk
serving us hot takes
from the good ol' days of 1955
'til the end of time
love will keep us together
sounds transmitted by radio into the void

when you speak unto the void
it does not speak back
the endless mirror ends in the troposphere
encasing the globe within itself

a video compilation on youtube,
*Cantantes famosos cantan sus éxitos en el pasado y 20 años
después, ¡ quel diferencia!*
eyes, scanning
1080p 60fps
connected by hdmi
high definition multimedia interface
interpolated via the high density

cognitive processes
media
media
media
tendrils of exploration
seek out the novel
hits of dopamine
triggered
like a probe
on a vast alien planet
scrounging for data
to add to repositories
stores
like a contemporary
grain surplus

the ancient patterns
continue on their trek
operators, given the sobriquet -
people
dilly-dally
and carry out the functions for the
Almighty noosphere
like nodes in a vast network
of fleshy bioprocessors
their arms and legs and torsos
bear the burden of the holistic
verisimilitude
across creases in skin
and anxious tics
sniffles
cracking of knuckles
prescription bottles shaking

at 8:22 AM
one paycheck away
from destitution

x

there's a mad man in office!
there's a mad man in office!

televisual seduction
an opiate without the need for ingestion
the fetish of addiction
simplified into an epistemological
cartoon

don't have a cow man!
long after the servers
were hooked up
transatlantically
under the waves of a rapidly rising
ocean
we still sat
in front of a television screen
devices in our hands, our ears, pockets
11-12 hours of our day
on average, give or take.

becoming one with the discourse
is the lot
or death
trying times,
my friends
advocate for the proliferation
of memes
arguing for the shackles of
thought to be destroyed
and strewn into the ash heap

of history
but don't forget to recycle
compost
as a raccoon, or cat or dog or squirrel
eats out of the wastebin
emaciated

a scavenger
bloated
eyes bulging
splayed in the light
of a noon hour sun

a legacy of matt groening
mike judge, saints trey and matt
ah - the holy profligates of
hand-in-pocket
gen-x tune out, mugging
sardonicism
dooming the planet
twisting it into a grotesque impression of itself

he snorts at midnight
alec baldwin
in a blond wig
he's no chaplin
that's for sure

we were made this way as soon as we were plopped down
on soft shag rugs
in single family dwellings, second owners
of suburban homes
as the original masters of the long-waning preceding era

retired to florida
arizona
the lucky ones made it to hawaii and;
other,
paradisiacal outposts of
the overextended empire
of illusion

spin the wheel

socorro
relief
help
spoken in shallow, struggling gasps
it rained early that morning
the soft pelting, scattered showers
humidified nearly an hour or so
evaporated into the air,
before a calm wind had set in
across the ridges of the desert
a july baby
they say that
cancer is ascendant
the sun is in its first house

the gadget
pret a porte
hanging from its
metal accoutrements
three sided
triangular
divinity of divinities
a sequence from the
baghavad gita
om name shiv
16 july 0500 hrs
perhaps half past
a man drinking coffee from his canteen

the permanent impermanence
within the second of totality

the disillusion of the singularity
as the force of the beyond real
permeates the material membrane
of our senses.

it's funny, isn't it?
how we say that we're disillusioned as tho
it were a bad thing -
when wouldn't being free from the unreal
be a liberation from a lie?
are we more content to roam in the vestiges of
enchantment, than to see what lies beyond the
imagination?

a spoke on the rotating wheel of fortune
vanna white encouraging us to
solve
the
puzzle
i'd like to buy a vowel?
u?
"sorry, there is no u"
and we lose our turn to the off duty soldier
hoping to provide his family
with a trip to disneyland
to escape the reality that
has been chosen for him

v i b e z

desiccated
sacred
formerly an industrial hive
of production
a cog in the machinery of endless
supply and demand
we can be anything we want
you just gotta have the money
money

cash loans today
across the street from a fast food joint
with a twofer deal on 10 packs of
chicken nuggets
chirp chirp
the cow goes moo
the pig goes oink

you're my favorite deputy
there's a snake in my boot
to infinity and beyond

a motorola ringtone over in that corner
blares during the trailers
and they stare at the owner of the phone
and then another android phone rings
the twitter notification beeps
and we all laugh as the lights dim
a woman ducks and walks in a strange
horizontal pace, convinced she's
not blocking the screen

from our view
and she reups on some large soda

beat and beat
after beat and beat
back in the club
that was once a factory
we've repurposed it
as a temple of past mistakes
reifying our failures
as myths to warn
those that will come here hence

the dance takes the form of a transformative ritual
transgressing the concept of i or one
orphans lost in the filtered strobe light as it cascades upon
the flesh of bodies, congealed together
a drone swarm creating fractal patterns as the rhythm
suggests its
mastery over us all

re-recorded time interpolated by the multinaeity of brains
a big cognitive orgy
bread crumbs left behind in the forest of illusion
as symbols enmesh and combine into
a singularity
a blob of meaning so total
it weighs on the shoulders
of its tired creators
like carrying a sack of potatoes upstairs from the cellar

and the sounds of the crickets at night
as well as the stray cats we see investigating

the sneaky, hidden bugs
flit through the synapse of memory
having been once experienced and now
relived in the virtual theatres of
an idea that longs to prove it's
more than just a thought.

for sale
for lease
sold over asking
"spare any change?"
"sorry man,"
as the shopping bag is ruffled by the wind
and sullen eyes ignore their very own reflections
cigarette smoke hangs in the air, and a sickly sweet cloud of
vapour drifts by slowly, eventually dissipating
into the heavy air of the city

a snapshot
screenshot
the heart grows bigger and disappears
its counterpart now bolded and filled in,
a deep crimson red

in the ihop on international drive

a meme
entangled in the subliminal
space between thoughts
a synaptic shock
begat
revolutions
births
the real

a body without organs
only concepts
shapes
and the space
materiality
surrounding
a hyper-reality
of conjecture and imagined structure

a long series of tubes
never gonna give you up
zoom the camera out and see the lie,
all your base are belong to us

an inversion
horizontally on-ward
taking on water as the
bulkheads fail
"I'm the king of the world!"
stories we tell ourselves
as we listen carefully for those things that go
bump in the night.

template after template
platform after platform
paddling outward from the wreck
and the car's on fire
and the match was struck before our appearance here
in any coherent form, at least
the gasoline poured upon the hopes of the past
and the dreams of the future
general electric presents
the carousel of progress!

a parade of lights and the smell of popcorn, ice cream treats
happiness amidst the swampland
as the boats carry passengers in and out of fantasyland

the paint peels off the abandoned homes
and the scorched plantlife play host only to lizards, escaping
the hot stucco walls of the strip clubs in the shadow of the
beautiful inverted paradise.
shoot a real machine gun!
a smiling family wearing flak vests
an old woman pours bottled water on her disintegrating
shoes, salvaging her remaining dignity within her pride for
her clean runners.

the bus broke down on the way downtown and we don't
know when there's another coming.
jesus loves you
god loves you
we shout from billboards

the grass turns from yellow to green as we approach the gated
walls of this fortress of the imaginary. there is no blight here

tangled up homesick noose

walking off the train and into the centuries old station
it was a film i had seen before and a dream
i may have had once

in a city with gleaming towers and people of all faces and
speaking in tongues i had scarcely heard in the auburn fields
of home
'cept on the television screen
glowing amidst the hot nights of
a prairie summer

saturday night live could well have been the myth of
odysseus, a tale by cicero
until i woke up in the heart of brooklyn
and i saw the hole in the heart of that neighbouring country
that couldn't be filled with anything but
stories

and i realized that
we are nothing but the paper rolls of a player piano
and iterations of the same notes
played around and around
always played and articulated the same way

but

heard differently
each time
by different people

and perhaps we are more defined by those externalities
despite
thinking to the contrary.
and that perhaps the most important thing is that
we realize
that we are the continuous painting of a covert masterpiece
hidden among the cracks in liminality.

untitled

the ineffable feeling
of being held;
comforting
embrace

to know;
love