

## THE WHINING OF AGE

Affords. I do yesterday  
to which I provided audio, and some number of pleats  
I provided the whoosh in the ear  
and nine famous. If I can still tell who really wants  
to go with me, by that time, the banned will have missed  
the line where it goes, no truer  
than a slow pencil is the most masterful stabilizer initiated.  
But by that time I'll be gone, and I won't have a swing  
on which to sigh about it.  
Youth, like a swing  
sun-out against the blue  
of the sky, horizon of chain  
dripping watercolors in the clear image  
for you my whore  
am I not just a little farther out  
and are we not at last interns  
as Deleuze and Guattari are ropes in the mast's front way for each other?  
Even you who *said* you wanted to go  
did not really *say* you wanted to go.  
You hated me on purpose.  
Then, sex dreams.  
A dog named Bernard I guess  
A Pope named Atari  
Do you want the whining  
that is of age yet also of youth?  
Are you sure problems braid and stir pots?

## ONTO THE PRESENT

A chance to maim, a sneeze to crop, a pizza  
trained to the height of a spigot  
shot, shot me playing  
in the heart of a pillow with you huh  
is it palpable or trained, I cannot tame the root - tooth - truth  
but is it palpable or trained (and where is each saga  
to be last for, to be trained, in each, at last for). They say we all are  
born given the specific gifts and mall  
air adapted lungs to survive the specific density saga  
we are born in, or again, to be agrarian, whether  
to be might, to be a mite in the weather. And by its smallness  
*perfect* and by its smallness  
*trained*. A coordination of instruments which via reincarnation is trained for each eventually.  
A camping arrangement in which the spigot in green grass reaches toward the moon—that too, is  
life.  
And the add-ons which surefire beg to gosh, you will be in drat also.  
I am afraid  
by my life  
I have cornered you, or by speaking by  
your life I have cornered you, thrust  
you into that chamber where the right coniferous sound  
ends you up in a different century hark unless the Droop Fathers  
can speak, via passion alone, the blunt postprandial you who's out of time and GI vulnerable.  
Unless they can speak that into being.  
They cannot crane their necks toward Source, for their necks  
droop. And no crane means no manner or recourse, stuck  
on gloss, stomach aches. I'm as wrong as a baby supping quotients  
but at least I'm a dirge and my neck's straight.  
I'm a dirge? Yes, I'm a dirge. A song taupe  
imbuing blank arrivals  
in tunes of panic  
in tunes of *how come*  
in tunes I can neither prove nor draw.