Yam
Yad


## YAM YAD

words

Jorge Boehringer
images

Eric King
Matt Vollgraff

Rebekah Werth, Editor

Yam Yad copyright 2007, Genital Press, San Francisco this is Genital Press catalog number 005 (a delay is a kind of reflection)

buffalos!
thank you!
the algorithm you have transmitted to us
through your solitude
evades danger
\{the bay is less than nothing
Monday

cat in the center of the earth-heart
there's a cat in the center of the earth-heart and a squeak from the wheels of an old cart the Chinese wheels of an old cart and a voice says "hello" from a cat heart and the wind says "yes" in the dark earth-heart where slow icebergs of salt make Dead Sea art when Moses waves his hands and the Red Seas part
"but an open hand is a good start"
says the voice of the cat in the earth-heart and our ears alight with the sound as smart as the globular glow on the hearth in the dark
but apart from the sound
of the wind in the parks
its the voice of the cat in the earth-heart
the voice of the cat in the dark earth-heart

once again
the trees look like smoke as they did in ancient history
didn't I give you an encyclopedia
for our anniversary
the image of history
in series
its legs like an alpaca walking Peruvian mountains still free from Americanization
an anagram set down by you my frankpledge
a code authorizing its own memory
from Aliquippa to Alvarado
wracked with ansarca dragging behind you
like a rat
an anismisma
promising something
but it's misleading
"consider, as an anecdote
following this bird"
pull on your anorak south now feels like north
it has cold emotions
and its snow has a Latin temperament
consider antecedents, Allegheny ambulator
the road leads no where
and is circular


## an easy shot

in the morning, early
given no cause whatsoever
there is no need for a lack of courage
faith reigns in the celebration
shouldn't the opposite be the case?
a form of deliberate assembly
an impenetrable wall
transparent
a glass cell
"get the fuck in there, fucker"
you, whose flatulent waxings whose insect songs
whose incredible storms of misfortune diesel engine! diminutive insect!
loom on which dead fingers weave the thread of thoughts twice baked

## move forth into the clearing <br> make yourself visible

let's finish what we have started
hands a generation longer than my our own


ATTENTION ALL STAFF!
NOTHING HERE WORKS AT ALL!
Here Is The Fire Extinguisher!
Scramble, please, Proper Names
and the Names of Birds

Bombardier,
your aim is above scrutiny
nonetheless, we offer these plastic bombs to everyone!
they are for everyone!
please take only one per day!
per cubicle!

Thank You!

to fall
the first fall
the Fall
with Mark E
chromatic language
enabling modulation
to any key
any color
the Fall of Lucifer
the falling into love
with its foreign items:
the bathrooms
the sinks
the noticing
the hair between the teeth
dessert for breakfast
I aint trippin

proud horns
crash here buses professional hair attack
way coming
stop action
rain ready
for action
at happy
hour at
happy joe's


## Roots

told her so many things, called her and to her in my sleep when I woke I couldn't remember what it was I had whispered
"forth beer, ceramic music"
the dictionaries habits bear on their foreheads diverse words and as an aggregate cannot be compared to any other:
agreeability, bate, existentialism, alfiliria, pyxis obelisk, numeristic, esparto, ozonous
a typical lizard jocund in her rutishness seeks out a meal in the chalaza stretching from opposite ends of the living membrane
spirals into the stalk
"and then what?"
a monk, poniard poised, a joinder of sorts between gauger and rotten borough
"and then what?"
folliar lamina spread forth a thin narrow softness, vascular tissue embrocates itself, or you embrocate it, yourself
"and then what?"
pater noster
"and then what?"
what if?
"and then
passing, eyes averted, shudder a numinous septicint
moving across the four-poster the salina flats, the sheets are warm reach beneath endophite a pestilence of pelisse
until there is nothing left of my body but lithia

excuse me, you've probably seen
that he's got a lot of body
Metrop Museum Of Art N
(for Lease)
at art in a Van Heusen shirt constriction zeros carbs
(created by an artist at work
at the University
of Cheerios)

disaster atlas of the morphology of the United States and Adjacent Territory its the oceanwide circulation of saline soils

## ldest mouth <br> the Sahara Desert <br> is an Ophiolite <br> of a Cypriate

affair
shipwreck:
ten tons of human casualties
970 tons, a vessel
Orpheus, shit of death
ushering in repairs of a most urgent
and serious
nature
"what is there to say?
she left me north of the entrance to Gray's Harbor"
she left me in arid lands
my wooden hull a victim of coastal instability
my work is the product of research which in forms my work in Pleistocene
(I fucking love the Pleistocene)
maps for love were useful in locating the fundamental
maybe it's my ears but I feel their music was like that back then liquid cargo
apocalypse and evolution
and now Pleistocene oil spills out everywhere surges rhythmically from millions of shipwrecks
it's a feedback loop
an open sore
and also, on a wider scale
nearly nothing
outmost habitat- fatherly scallop, spanning lance- the exquisite painstaking slut. enlighten courtly crackers with sensual ultrasonic imputabilities. Deep Refuge.

An embargo of birds, sling unnecessarily, homologically. A dept, blockhead, speedy pelt, lanate Shake Up.

The Imperturbable Dispute: (the consul moves malamutes impurely) Dietetics


## Modern Day

modern day
lovely day
day of rain
I went to buy
my friend and I
some bottles of bacteria
it is cool out
I have a sweate and a scarf
yesterday I got rained on so today I carry an umbrella it's shaped like a cane
I wear a hat and carry a cane though I am young and I feel no pain
modern day
lovely day
day of rain
don't fucking touch me or I'll beat you to death with my umbrella

there's the end of the triangular shadow below the window but above the bedspread
there's the windowsill and window the venetian blinds
there's the colors coming through the venetian blinds suggesting the bright sunny day outside, there's the seam between the window and the wall a gentle exponential curve (not corner) between the wall and the ceiling there's the bromiliad, the begonia along the endless curve between the aforementioned wall and ceiling
there's the three small triangles further up, containing fragments of fans that look like butterfly wings
there's the beer shelf, the book shelf, and a cordatum
there's the built-in glass domed storage shelves
there's the red pepper r put inside the glass, beneath which and reaching
towards the shelves, my pile of junk in its corner on her floor
there's the awkward wardrobe closet with its mismatched door
there's the door behind said wardrobe, blocked by it, that would otherwise allow one direct access to the bathroom but doesn't
there's the real door, the hall behind it, the kitchen, a "living room" (to the right)
there's the lamp the desk the sewing machine there's the bedside table the lamp, some trash there's a book, a bed, my glasses

guys
Brendan come back
just look at your retard brother
down on his knees
buried his own head in the sand and now he's flailing his arms around he cant get out
and to think we had considered naming him
Harry (after Houdini)
Brendan, you're our son
not the son of god
ouch
yam yad!
life burns to pour out
the disintegration of the triangular form its strength has been undermined
the present invalidates memory
and confused birds without history cant find the marsh
because it is underground now beneath downtown they stand around on one leg
they look bewildered talking to each other
yam yad! life burns to pour out
as it burned and poured out of our mothers
life burns and is called liberty
her spiral pubes are on fire demanding satisfaction and the saliva of her lover
no can find tolerance though
he was killed with the shovel
used to bury him
beneath a burning bush
whose smoke stinks to of flesh
yam yad!
life burns to pour out
we need fire breaks
perhaps we can save ourselves
by burning this whole fucking city down perhaps be can communicate
smoke rings of plastic twist towards heaven
forming thundering clouds thick with bloody rain
but as in love our signals pass unnoticed
and we pass out from the smoke
dreaming of the loss
of what we could have been

## yam yad!

life burns to pour out
and I burn this winter
so that my seeds may germinate next spring may my instinctual memory serve my migration
better than the geese mentioned earlier from up here, in the sky, I can see every one of the millions of the moles that cover your body
like stars or chocolate chips
I shiver in the wind like you shiver
pressing your forehead into mine
when we come
yam yad!
life burns to pour out
and I burn
with the lights out
and the dictionary burns its life out
the poor and the dead not speaking
and if anyone at all survives
maybe its because they are wearing a yellow suit maybe, dressed thusly, they'll climb the burning mountain of wreckage and bodies to its bald top
they'll trepan a small but deep hole the size of a fist
and plant a black flag in it
a black fucking flag to wave in the stinking wind

## life burns to pour out


the new coffee new online networks why the fuck not buy yourself a ticket (its time)
showtime
it obsesses teenaged girls in Bacar
living fire extinguishes death John
Fusco's neon green drink and Eve
a chore list:
\#1 (lets go to) bed

humanly refund my drum a charge reserved for heavenliness
he's in the den, half-cocked he's feeling lissome and she, a benevolent employee humbly refusing to dream


MELTON
self swallow vocal warble half-brother hurdles lesion the National Guard, a nectarine an open house
it's peppery
masterpiece of garbage: refulgence, the island of Mascara and the land owner contemplating its geography. Pony refugee subject to vocal incineration!
membership in soviet maneuvers, open mouthed:
rest

the empty (orange juice) glass the "bar closed" sign
the hurricane relief fund
the chocolate
the lamp
the sugar
the honey vintage Hershey's Junior Kit Kat Mints
the beer wall
a window
some photos
the bench
the books
the table of newspapers
the dimes
the glass display
the pipes
a box
a stein
a photo
the small bar- "PILSNER URQUELL"
the serving tray
the camel box
the hat
another photo
the hanging mirror
the gorilla, a hardhat
the stereo, television, machine
a hole to the outside, with light there the french doors, one closed the other open

## lights on

the pipe tobacco, some cigars
the rolling tobaccos, on top of the glass vitrine, on top of the wooden box with legs in front of some clay heads, more pipes and cigars
the barstoolthe wood
the yellow white peach smoke stained paint
the line (things that can't be seen)
the canes, a swinging door
coffee, matches, notebook
the ashtray full of cash


## low life

a white painted window frame, window half open long flat beach behind shallow large blue pools inlets slowly gathering foaming water and at the water a receding hairline
a blur and the sky blurs the same color from which the window seems suspended and connects to somewhere in that blur
do you know what I miss most about you?
it is your clear good ness


Home Run
mentholated leech
leaves of various shapes
laryngeal housecoat
hoary hod
girt of the gavel
fatuity for a fallacious electioneer,
comrade

craniate from Hiawatha hieroglyphic adoring the dolman c'mon everybody
have some cognac the minister of Birthday's has called me from Spain

Tom Verlaine
what with your name
the Minonan emerges from the cave, unfrozen takes one step, a fly buzzes, he swats
squats, wait that's no fly
that's jesus christ


OTHER
resuscitate sagebrush, slush enforcers.
misfire,
encounter ostracism
resurrection
(of secondary type spectacled
)

eating through doggedness to the root of the chalaza dour decrees serve nipples my nom de guerre lacerates the center expounding reasonable notations immoderate evidence quotient ipso facto: irascible elm
psychoanalysis-slicer deanery minimally third world


Medallion
Make gong, lisp
openness
lead-off, gender, fauna
ponder, shrug

wait to walk
wait
wait on
wait upon
wait up
wait
waiter
waiting room
waitress
waiver
wake
waked
woke
woken
waking
waker
wake
wake
wait
wakeful
wakefully
wakefulness
waken
wakened
wakening
wakener
wake
walk
walk

## Zymurgy

smoke of Gregorians nitrogen fixation great niece of colorful subclavian command (he spoke from a darkened helmet) proclaiming
"indigo pigment, social fibrillation
I preach calculatedly of our proximate condition
you there, stout sheep's-head,
you, insurmountable conglomerate of nothing you penetration of smoke, geriatric cat-tail you confectionary painter
your bangles have acclimated themselves too well you are merely a rerecording of what you could be the future has become predictable: a seriatim"

I, forty, boric, put forth a counter-preposition a flamenco dancer's shoes laid down a flat footed iambic to which I lies from the penitentiary
"Ghastly shackles cannot halt the abosmasal motion created by the thinness of your prospects. Bile moves through the fourth stomach! Shove your rolls of quarters up your own ass, mine is full and the work you demand out of proportion to the pay!"
"absolute set, in service to the hypoblast," I continued,
speaking now to the assembled crowd,
"Icarus, may new life follow always in your tracks: safety by the sackful a gazetteer of necessity
cryptotropic love, achromatic reflection of ourselves and our bubbling silence"

here a couple of boats
to walk slowly we'll hold off death for a while by stretching out our arms
lowercase t
the position of christ

blues yorker pearls instructed
tiny counts black culture

Las Vegas Product Rumors Do Not Suspect Foul Play
A Cure in Sports Casual
timberwolves, hold sway
I'm a gardener
my pants are covered in manure
inside and out



