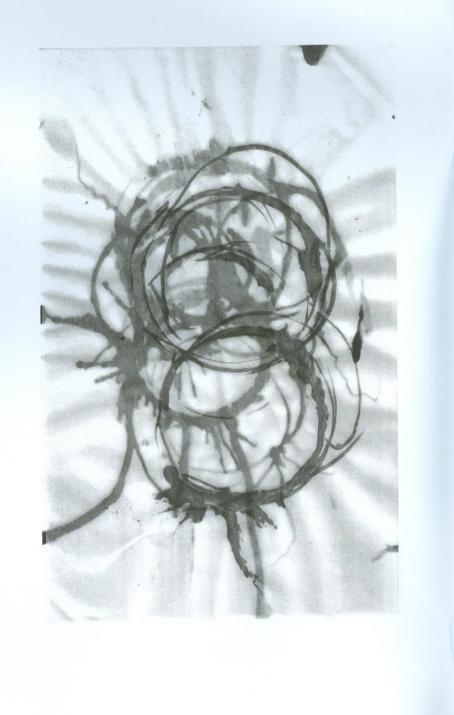
Yam Yad



YAM YAD

words

Jorge Boehringer

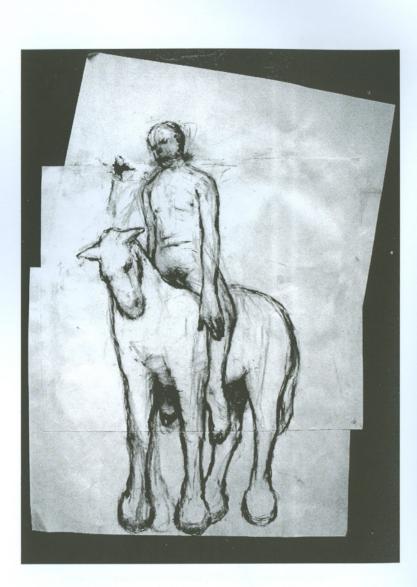
images

Eric King

Matt Vollgraff

Rebekah Werth, Editor

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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

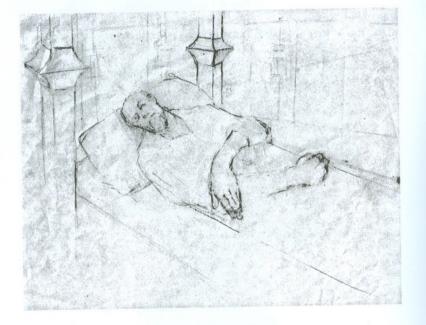
> wracked with ansarca dragging behind you like a rat an anismisma promising something but it's misleading

"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



Herriden Code, S. 1907, Brider (1917, S. 1907, Brider (1917, Sector and Sector) Brider (1917, Sector and Sector) Brider (1917, Sector 1917, Sector 1917, Sector)

and the strategic strategic is a strategic

And Person and Person Person and Person Pers

an easy shot

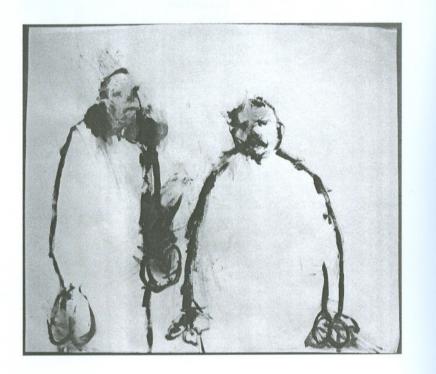
in the morning, early given no cause whatsoever there is no need for a lack of courage

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 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

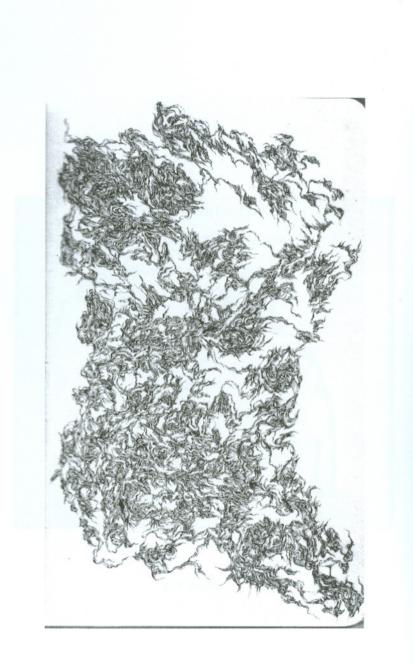
Bombardier,

your aim is above scrutiny nonetheless, we offer these plastic bombs to everyone! they are for everyone!

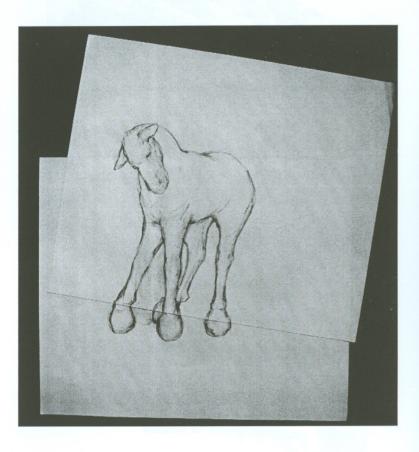
please take only one per day!

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

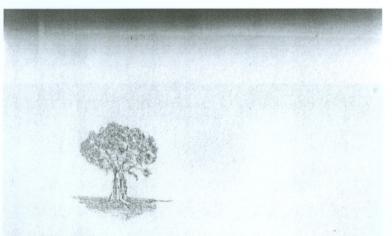


proud horns crash here buses professional hair attack way coming stop action rain ready for action at happy hour at happy joe's

.

 Secondality America America America Secondality America America America Mediation and America America Mediation and America Ameri

NAME AND ADDRESS OF A DESCRIPTION OF A D



Roots

I 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?"

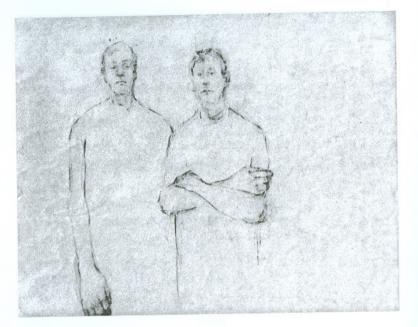
pater noster

"and then what?"

what if?

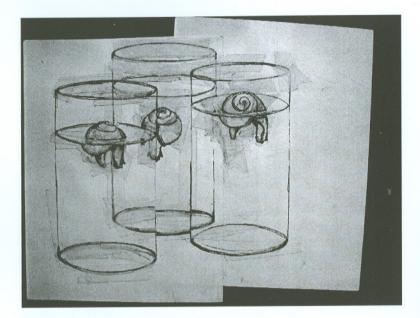
"and then passing, eyes averted, shudder a numinous septicint moving across the four-poster the salina flats, the sheets are warm reach beneath endophite a pestilence of pelisse

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)

dowdraatheydd bygan amagawynau olani (1 mae 1903 wereg 'n wereg argene bloegod argene bloegod argenereg ee har oddiger bor wang en wert yn an brag argeneregene 'n werdt bar on ar y bloeffingt on mergene



disaster atlas of the morphology of the United States and Adjacent Territory its the oceanwide circulation of saline soils the coldest mouth the Sahara Desert is an Ophiolite 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

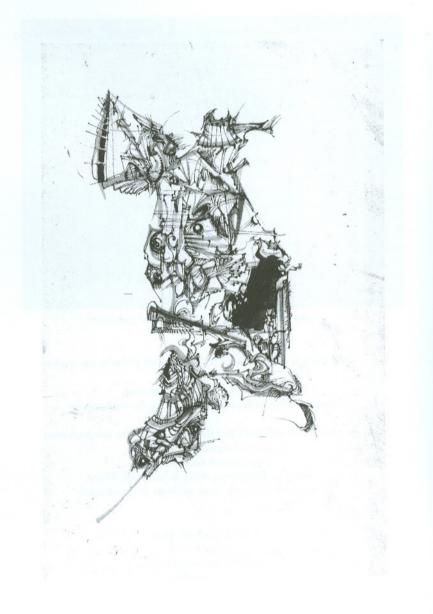
"what is there to say? she left me north of the entrance to Gray's Harbor"

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



Master-at-Arms

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 sweater 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

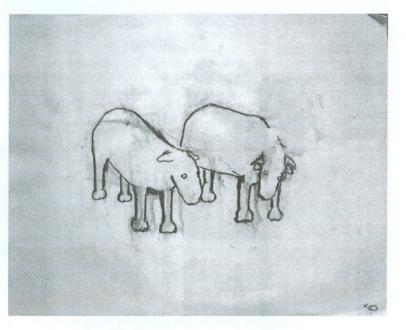
modern day lovely day day of rain don't fucking touch me or I'll beat you to death with my umbrella



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



endificite terrete retrieving the programment thready as incode, when, may adminent This rule of an an approximation of a set of the set of

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

Not not poppose the contract of the second secon

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



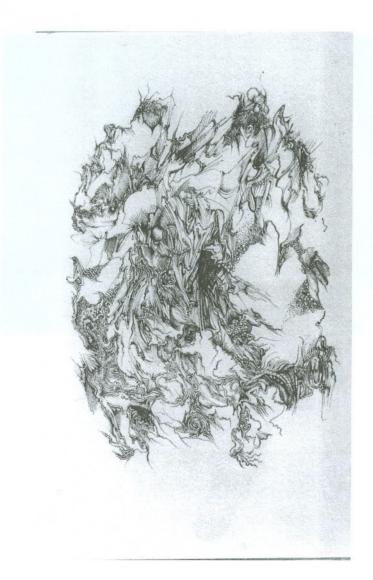
the new coffee new online networks why the fuck not buy yourself a ticket (its time) showtime it obsesses teenaged girls in Bacar

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



work out 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



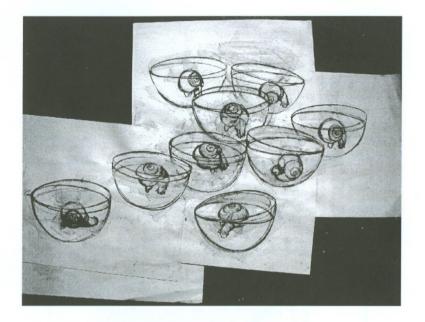
in a such that the second s In the second second

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

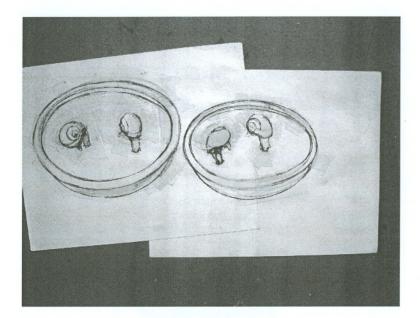
Tom Verlaine what with your name

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

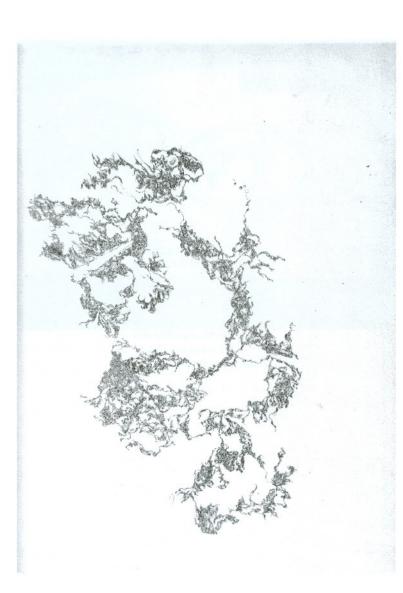


OTHER

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

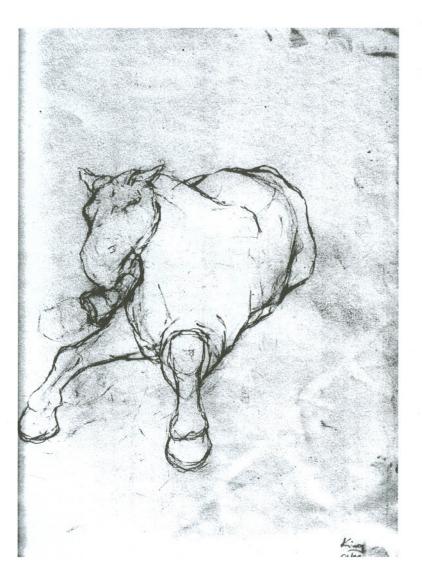


eating through doggedness to the root of the chalaza dour decrees serve nipples my nom de guerre lacerates the center expounding reasonable notations immoderate evidence quotient ipso facto: irascible elm psychoanalysis-slicer deanery minimally third world



Medallion

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



wait to walk

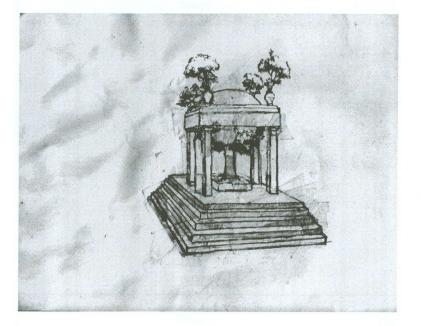
wait wait on wait upon wait up

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

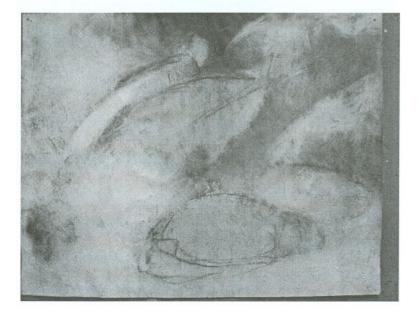
"Ghastly shackles cannot halt the abosmasal motion created by the thinness of your prospects. Bile moves through the fourth stomach! Shove your rolls of quarters up your own ass, mine is full and the work you demand out of proportion to the pay!"

"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"

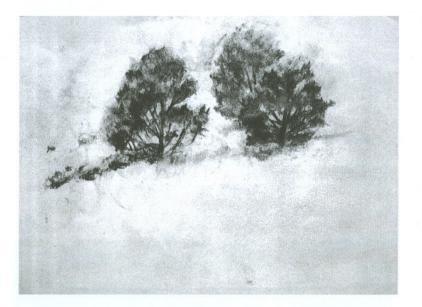
All more than the

oniche al Congin Baime initegit Baime gran na ce al angin Baime ba gada fran administrati naturi madalitang

¹ a singa promite secole fibrillation at preside all discrimination of the discrimination your fibric all discriminations your reparation all de antificial anne developing your promotion of templor generations your promotion of templor generations.



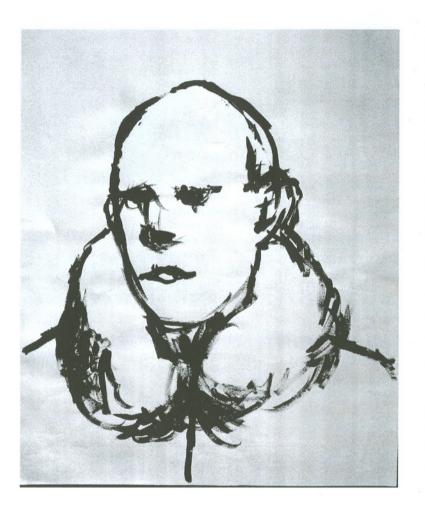
here a couple of boats to walk slowly we'll hold off death for a while by stretching out our arms lowercase t the position of christ





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



Southwest Seas

things could have worked out differently things could have worked out

