

A Sampler For

**with the slow-paced turtle  
replaced by a fast fish**

## The Greek ficcione

On being told that his latest work had been rejected for a literary grant, Socrates stamped his sandal & stormed out of the Atrium in a fit of pique, muttering something about never being able to trust fucking platonic lovers who were always badmouthing you behind your back.

That there had been a mistake wasn't discovered until a day later; but by the time they found him to tell him it was actually Sophocles who wasn't getting any money it was too late, the hemlock had done its work.

To save face the committee of eminent citizens pretended no mix-up had occurred & announced they were going to subsidize Sophocles' new play, *Antigone*. It was a great tragedy.

## Oasis

The stillness of death  
ranges over this vast  
plain. I am at a cross-  
road in my contiguous  
physical map; any  
therapy seems only  
to have adverse effects.

The shape of the time  
interval is less recogniz-  
able, imposes limitations  
on the raster & vector  
datasets already open for  
business just across the  
street from the condo

development. 95% of  
all cats will become  
ecstatically attached to  
any thing hollow or over-  
hanging. Whole kernel  
corn right out of the  
can is a treat for catfish.

## **an ankle injury**

Several marketing campaigns later, the snake reappears on the bathroom floor. The point guards of a controversial doomsday cult get their uniforms ready, hoping to capture the seaside ambience of the Greek Islands. Like all invasive species dependent on face-to-face transactions they prey on other species despite inclement weather which often forces the site to close. Now, sitting beside a fireplace built from corflute, with the sound of rainfall & flowing creeks shutting out most other things, they are considering an electric option which will include a gourmet barbecue & be surrounded by lime stabilization of the subgrade to keep the cohort in the undeclared zone safe & able to continue to study medicine.

## **rowing sucks**

It is hoped that the rich history of Basque dressmakers will be refitted with ethically sourced high voltage networks & pay wave technology to minimize disruptions to trade flows. Only a raft of local dignitaries with investments in dubious road improvement projects object; but because the ground now has good grass beneath us, we can easily evade their scaremongering.

## Meanwhile, below decks

The poet, in-  
trigued by  
a word that has  
come up in

conversational  
history with  
another poet  
about

another poet,  
writes it down  
in the note-  
book he carries

everywhere.  
Ringbolt. It  
means "to  
stow away."

## Meanwhile, on Wall Street

Under that untidy  
& diffuse body of  
essentially feudal  
law that binds the  
U.S. Postal Service  
to something app-

roximating reality,  
the book, *How to  
Quit School & Get a  
Real Bisphosphonate-  
affected Guinea Pig*, is  
now not classed as

a statement of intent  
but as a congruence  
of theoretical  
orientation. Broker-  
ages are viewing the  
scrip as undervalued.

## Observations

### #1

There is half a moon in the sky this afternoon as I take the washing off the line. I think it has something to do with the rampant inflation that coats the current world, how once you could afford a full moon, now the same amount of money only buys you half.

### #2

I am reminded of that Magritte painting, *Le Seize Septembre*, as the moon makes its way upwards behind the large tree that stands between us. In the Magritte, it is a new moon rising in front of the tree; here the moon is almost full, & the tree has regained its normal place in front of it.

### #3

There is a total eclipse about to begin. I am sitting on a chair on the back deck. Between me & the moon is not only that tree but, in the time it's taken for the moon to clear the topmost branches, around 3000 fruit bats have passed by, off on their nocturnal foraging.

### #4

Dead birds punctuate the highway. The moon is nowhere to be seen.



## leitmotif

How we react is determined by  
*grimacing in the sudden sharp light* &  
the actions of clouds on the distant  
hills, the morning we've had, thoughts  
that come bouncing back from a time  
we thought had been left behind us. We,  
*grimacing in the sudden sharp light*, are  
orphans — I was about to say urchins,  
& perhaps that is also true — out of  
luck & also out of time, out of one cliché  
& clinging hopefully & hopelessly to  
another, *grimacing in the sudden sharp  
light*. Catalytic converters cascade down  
the face of Witwatersrand, setting the  
dogs barking, setting off klieg lights  
in every circus between there & the Cape,  
causing the elephant to leave the room  
*grimacing in the sudden sharp light*.

## **Paradoxadiddle**

Spent the afternoon  
getting the spell  
right. Still no use.  
Can do the words  
perfectly by them-  
selves. So too the  
dance steps. & the  
music. Plus there's  
a combined apothecary & gourmet  
kitchen sitting in  
behind me, ready to  
be taken up. But it's  
the poly nature of  
things that's fucking  
me. Was never any  
good at that one hand  
doing one thing  
whilst the other does  
another. It's why I never  
became a drummer.