

DISPATCH

Dispatch

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#1

Exterior eyes everywhere estrange themselves, in drowsy
state or levering the transom of the bridge. Light is
deliquesce, birds coughing up their relative history
as equations of constants underlined in wing. Michigan
gone to cherries and rust,
as everywhere the too-filled cup carelessly spills its color.
Defined as middle hollow vessels lose all heart.

#2

Hollow vessels lose all heart, our lip
has failed, Darling
laughingstock.
I toss self into the chair,
heap of tidbits, follow
hair.
I realize I have rooms, but only two in which to piss,
and I can't do that
from here. You said I am made of snake-oil,
rearranged brain-yoke—it is a matter of
years. The cuckoo spoke of time,
how feng shui oh so conversationally
otherwise "we're." A wall remained upright, the clock
upon it. One or the other—I stutter—
stayed egg-white—egg-white
as a piece of
logic. I thought
to say "there is remorse behind it," but
you were plain out of earshot.

#3

Air pressure arrives
with immigrant forms
“green sprouts in vertiginous gardens”.
Not beguiling the money corner
or relationship blender
a cuckoo anachronisms its time-sequence
out of earshot—
each stutter a separate spoken piety
falls on failed lip
—a washout
—a whiteout.
Around the ring of the first
locution, some germinal alarm
Truly we are incipient
lost in the logic of ovum structure,
holding our fingers
lest they itemize our hands.

#4

I am no articulate. The library
aches, all its spines
are anxiolytic. Perhaps it's the muzak—
the broken piety penned by guttersnipes
and idiots. Everything meantimes, the book
I choose suddenly
fidgets. Are the mighty true—truly
incipient? —what kind of
abededarian diddlysquat
(I *still* haven't pissed)
do they move? An impulse here to ditch the cortex—to
remove the perplex
with a finger
concaved
as a spoon—or kung-fu
into whiteout, where, daft as a mallet-whacked
toon, the midget stars
of comic book
wars are narrating this crestfallen
minute.

#5

Just this minute
a verb without antecedent
conceived a vast object system
of explanatory referents,
your name synonym
for “a casualty of time”.
Anxiety distributes all the parts
mapped of casuistry and wire
another landmass fiction
charging the air
with lost language.
A bad connection
in paragraph form
saying ‘hello,’
and ‘hello?’

#6

A verb without action. Unspoken, the potential to
undertake was away,
or maybe,
just as we
were about to
just taken. Probability lost, O tenderest tongue,
how for granted
you talk
splinted—hackneyed,
thought gimps along
babbling
about ought. Why is awareness not yet
a pill for this illness? I should chalk
my outline
before the coroner arrives. I should jack-off
homosapien orifices and
ventricles
while there is absolute precision of sunlight. Vascular
and ripe, inertia
quivers the organ
I want to lie beside. Every word
numbskulls stillness. Duh. Duh. Duh.
Hindsight, yes
daffodils held like
the tongue might ellipses.

#7

Legs strewn in ventricular light
create sight as a carnival act.
I fall into the organ space
like a 17th century dance
step, elaborate as candy.
How homosapien of me how homo-sex—
today I identify as
outline, a chalked shape
endless for assumption.
Wasn't it Lorca
finding flowers on the tongue
louche with sun
& olive pastes?
It would be so decorous
in three dimensions,
petaled bodies strewn
like wasted prose
around a garden otherwise known
for its perfection.
Daffodils profuse
as history
repeat, repeat
each hope-soaked spring.

#8

Sight as a carnal act. The eye, in half lit eclipses
it is as if as if
the cruel erotics of abandonment
might stalk its own
witnesses. Attack of want,
some awful
fragility—where are the two dilating
school-children
who
rotated back, choked my pupils
blue in abeyance to
gonads
I hand as a bouquet
to you. Perpetually, you, between
begs. Looks like
hope-soaked tactility
in the aperture of
days. Night
— “how the fuck”—
square ballooned. If I ogled down I
ogled up. Perpetual
dew. Around a garden cleaved stamen off phlox,
bodies strewn.

#9

“How the fuck” is seeing
jack-offs in dark seats
with all the body’s apertures
sometimes saturate—
a liquid event like going under
square ballooned
one half in the underwear
another in the clouds.
Hands up or
down
the dream perpetually
its own holds a
bouquet of irises
around its other eye parts—
“just another
point of view.”
This time your legs
part sumptuousness
from other water
for sheer variety
and then we kind of breathe
our organs in.

#10

Nostalgia to paradigm, I fondled all
the body’s fecund
enzymes, and lifted perspective
to naughtily
suit
that of the business
of shifting
grey-slacked
proof. In typical example, I apologize
perspicaciously—
in your pant, you talk
of the Jesus
Eastering, and I’m in France, Beirut—
all I can think about is frame of reference
what if I bomb
your Eiffel,
whoops. I am oft
besotted by frictions. Just touch. The eek I
phonic in the backseat
is one
of joy and
sickening. It was fervid, the event. In Connecticut,
“an owl picks your eyes out,”
and it tickles
to an extent.

#11

Altars leak their juices
on the knees
what joy and sickening—
to bend
to believe.
A frame of reference
gilded, gold
stiffens the enzymes
into last year's
cautious platitudes.
Pleasure contains the germ
and you feel it
creeping along the cell structure
into subsequent cartoon.
Beyond these pencil holders
a single bomb
destroys the mortgage calculator
in swift, abrupt contusion.
Time to "hold yourself together"
Connecticut-style
grim-lipped and grey-walled
one more consonant
to clip a wild wing.

#12

Cautious platitudes from spite,
happyfaces spewed. Prepositionally, out of mind
my
pronoun
stayed behind
to convert oxygen into dioxide
for all the plants
in the room. Abrupt conclusion: not dead, but
causelessly bestrewed; not alive, but
a tiny violin
mal-practicing
inside
that illusion. Cliche, in the throes of
arrest—I met the famed
heart, took
it apart
because I grew it. Russian dolls opened small
wholes
of all
replicas, one begat
two. Me—I
thought two
better than one, but none, in subsequence,
were you. Later,
on knees
someone consequentially huffed
glue. Dawn,
last year, through the blinds. Out of sight,
hung yarrow, the
corner
photosynthesizing.

#13

Spring that sticky thing
cleaves to death's decisive
contrail
so here we go
alive alive o
into the year bound with its hearts
and bland apostrophes.
Someone get a violin—
this incessant sordid sunlight
burns right through the shadows.
Darkness ripped tangible
to shreds wears
garish bulbs and yarrow flowers.
It pumps you up
like oxygen in failing lungs
a temporary color
or ordinary sun.

#14

Guile and ruse. The aorta is not the plump emoticon
that loves. Midnight
to midnight, all this sticky
four-parted
thing does
is blithely pump blood
to and from
lungs. Disrememberment, adhered to incongruent
fixtures, symbolized the
incessant
reference to everlasting ardor
that ventriloquizes
death. Contraindication, these
inevitables: there will be halitosis and
rhetoric
on those
love-made on
rose petals. There is no explanation for why
leaves hang
themselves
off their plants. Unless,
out of context, the metaphor,
pulmonarily,
is wasted
on breath. Pine for the long hanker,
yes, O
yes, but we ought
not blow
into it
all our warm oxygen, we'll only revive
the cock of the
marionette.

#15

The air is strung
with decorative molecules
that disable your sensory
like how symbiotic
lung expansion
extrudes elements
out of your just
being.
Time a
membrane
function, alarmed
by hours' passage
through itself
leaves the body
on its thread
atmosphere
internally hanging
airholes in the vastness.
Everywhere trees grow
little lungs
breathing human
aspirations
while we carve impulse into cambium
with stolid woodenness,
sad block hands.

#16

Questions about later. Time a snafu
that tabled flat
axis before
after-sprawls
of acres
stalled
the clocks
o'lastingness. Durating, durating—I needed my
noon.
To mark it I teased
the penis
of a raccoon
into peeing...Next, what happened.
The hours full
stop, brackets—to expedite passage, everywhere
grew
bladder.
Animal soon I
promised
the fat urgent
extruded, all the elements
rafted,
eliminatedly whomed. Finally, the whatnot
unfastened
molecular, and off
pissed
saffron from the stratosphere. From level
surfaces nipples
extenuated up
to punctuationally
arouse the locations
of asterisks. [On your watch, the big hand
is former, the little
is latter. Yugoslavs without Yugoslavias, boats
of Haitians,
after]. This reaction, this instance
is dislocating
vastness. Why this matters
is circumstantially besides, an escape
adage.

#17

At last the land
is parceled to the geometric instant
in square domicile.
Construction makes us
aplenty full
indifferent to this
escape habit
of cleaning ovens and masturbating
cylinder engines.
Meanwhile, the howl outside
pees yourself a new fearhole
asterisked out in the sublime
footnote space
—a glass bowl for the spleen's mad bleeding.
So caustic downwind of the prayer engines
you can't read the saffron exhaust clouds
as miracle *anything*.
(the extrusion formerly
of ethnic dimension
but now we can only sit here aluminum-clad
awaiting our molecular offgassing
in a new flavor pack)
This matter is negotiable
and anyway, aroused.

#18

Head in the oven. Yesterday, exactly. I tried to
bake my
raw fearhole
when neohapsis
suddenly. Sympatico, all was—
as is in appliance—
categorically
lateral, so I vented a schizo
whose id,
in terms of ego,
ate batter
syntactically, then wrapped
the left-over
synapse
in spools and spools
of thermoplastic. Let bygones
thaw. If I fellate
the fillet
of live steak
prophylactically
wrapped in saran
the wan light of my ice-box hums
and yaws spastic. Lobes, chicken-bones, spatulas
all in the same drawer of no
handle. De-compartmentalized, a spilled think
amid the drool,
again. Today, if copacetic, a simultaneous
present. Milk
without angles, and cardboard bread
electrocuted for
breakfast.

#19

Rain is constant
outside the perpendicular
body axis, a pinhole expanding
muscle groups with silence.
To last, duration
needs a tread at solvent level
making the forward motion cleave
to its own symbolic
flag-language
aflutter with isotopic reverence
for that 'real' feeling.
Dispassions of coupons and rags
truck across the continent's neural body—
hybrids of their own
accordion music
which is not contradictory
when spoken in split-tongues
or anticipated as gesture
so the fissure of self along denuded
equation defines its puerile
calculus—
some enterprise now called "need".

#20

In particular, faces. The one lying next
both bald
and hirsute
with dark obscurations. Its body is either a
twitch
with the gawks,
always
__ologizing, and __ophosizing
the babble out
randy
cavitations, or a snore...something
about the periphery
closing post-
chewing, or
after a difficult time
dozing after
an epiphany
irates dispassion, peeves
spit, awakes
mewling. The tongue appendices,
is a tough
mother-fucked
slug
word-oozy
from invitational chit
and addenda
re: canoodling. The asshole
ululates, its fissures are
knit. One lying next
rubs
the space perpendicular. I told self O
it is
mine to molest.

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