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## Unusual Lavas

Caily Begley Herbert  
*Bard College*

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# **Unusual Lavas**

A Senior Project submitted to

The Division of Languages and Literature  
of Bard College

by

Caily Herbert

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May 2016

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**Very Good Intel**

Despite the five hundred years that separate us from Columbus, many still feel the shock of the Columbian Encounter. Are you with me? Spores come in on the wind from heaven. Maybe no man *was* harder pressed, but when *I* get lost I sit right down. They could build ten jetports around me and I wouldn't give a damn. Smack in the middle of the Northeast megalopolis but you've never seen the monarch. The age of blimps is over now, that's it, I'm out. American Dream funding may be delayed. Take me to the Pulaski Skyway so that we can see eye to eye again.

It's easy to look at the area's many water-filled quarries and imagine your own tropical paradise. Highway robbery, nature's gift to New Jersey. A popular place to abandon stolen cars (liquidation). Still, most of the old mines lack proper beaches and the sun is a stand-in for the self. Beneath the surface, sugar sand riddled with cliffs that can kill. Starter override open access hole. A current takes its turn and here we go.

**R**eporting live, from out on this limb, I am able to confirm that the Blue Hole does indeed possess a bottom and is most likely *not* the Jersey Devil's bathtub. Each year a Native American man goes into the Pine Barrens to hunt in the manner of his forebears. Dropping from his tree onto the deer, he slits its throat. The rest of the autumn throng gets drunk and has a heart attack. Over in Atlantic City, a man delves into his hamburger, only to find it full of buckshot. Wasn't raised on corn. They see a lot of that around here – overlap. Out in the pines, they don't worship gold. Sun sinks below the tree line, we've gotta boogie. If we leave now, we can be back in the Ironbound for rush hour.



To fix the continent in time and place is an elusive undertaking. Then again, so is stopping traffic. In the former quarry behind this Lowe's, some brachiopods, megalodons, and basilosauruses all lived, loved and died at the same time before settling gently onto the sea bottom. Mining in the area just hasn't been the same since. Motorists are anxiously watching the pace of work, but there are plenty of trilobites to go around. Take the Parkway North and let me off in the Mesozoic Era. Terrible, tall as a house, takes the breath away. In the end, it was just a matter of regime change. Elvis exits the implications of cladistic analysis and if anybody asks, you can tell them he went thataway.


I'm climbing onto the roof of the Social Security building in Hackensack in 1972. You can step off the flag and slide right down until police come but you can't sue city hall! No pictures, please. Gray thundercloud, cooling silver nectar. Meadowlands View consisting of high-priority bridges as far as the eye can see. Signs of human development will interrupt the idylls, yada yada. Just past Dewland Auto Wreckers there's a marsh in the middle of a 310-acre impoundment of roads and railbeds. I'm going to stop for a quick dip, I'll catch up with you later. They're still looking for Hoffa. Get back in your car.

Because this GPS is from 2004 it would like you to take this next left into the river. I am loving the anarchy of this place! Liquefaction, being a special case of quicksand where the line of demarcation between solid and liquid is neither... or else both. Can't remember, but it wouldn't be the first time I've been accused of playing fast with the loose. Follow me for a taste of the most dangerous poison made by man (this is based on animal studies). What's not to like? Just across the highway, the world's most prolific catalytic cracker continues to run like greased lightning. I've read that Colonial Pipeline has endless supply and almost 800 valves. OIL POWER. I don't even know what sin this is anymore. Eat my dust.

At the southern landing for the Point No Point Swing Bridge everything stops. We pull off and see a film starring Girl as Gun and Cowboy as Cash. Luckily, there's an industrial complex for everyone. You know me, I've got seven Calvins in my closet and if they could talk I'd be ruined. Radio ground waves propagate well over brackish water here but the pond they built on top of that landfill has since collapsed. Countervailing will occur, we just have to make do. Play me something the Devil's never heard and step on the gas.

Navigating deftly through the cul-de-sacs, we turn onto Slayback Terrace and come to our designated end. Drink it in. Fair Verona, where I lay on the hood of your car. It took two sessions of the state legislature to approve the new borough. They say she rode in on a swan-shaped pedal-boat. But before that, she was a township. History inscribed in the hillcrest, spectacular views of the country club. Then I got spooked about the woods and had to dip. Not again. When I resurface in the reservoir over the mountain, we can get down to business. Here, at the edge of the water for Newark, let's bring absolutism back into fashion.

In 2101 Paterson celebrates Fetty Wap's 110<sup>th</sup> birthday. Great Falls, floodlit, you know what it is. Here we are in the home of enormous industry, but right now they just wanna know how to get it poppin'. Being a bad listener, you instead go back to sleep and approach the falls from a new angle. Arriving at the scenic overlook, a young colonel picnics with George and the Marquis de Lafayette. Pass the cherry pie. Water roars and Hamilton has his vision of the great potential power for industrial development. Fuck what you heard, this is where it all began. There's always an expected return on investment. Let me take you to the grave with the best view of New York City.

ifty million years ago, a volcanic island arc collided with proto North America. I'd like to take this opportunity to profess my love for Route 80. Now let's talk about enormity. Thanks to igneous and metamorphic rock for giving rise to the development of the greatest highway network in the union. Former future home of Xanadu. That was a few years before the Giants moved in. Pull off here, at Satin Dolls to see hot hungover go-go dancers who would rather you not. Silk kitten midnight, pretty ritzy. Another beautiful, deadly temptation, experts say. Men don't make a party.

There's something about riding roughshod that really brings out the capitalist in me. Burning gases, baby! Let's drive the most dangerous two miles in America. We're surrounded. Thickly settled, land with views. Oil pipelines and flight paths. Air traffic control called, but I'm letting it ring off the hook. And just when things were gearing up for an expansion. Grooved pavement ahead, fed rates the next grassy knoll. Metadata messiah says do not drive in the breakdown lane. The Turnpike has no time for good manners, but the asphalt *is* immaculate.



## **Crosstalk**

America I'm telling you, we'll find it in the desert. You left home when you were sixteen, big set-off – you know what those looks will do to you. Texas wildflower (pure), with a sweet face to buy land. Also, spaghetti straps. Garden-variety imperialists, like anyone else, enjoy a good lay. Forever West, if you can keep it up. Tell me a story about filthy money. A fine line reminds me of the time we took the whitest half of Mexico. Including, but not limited to the alienation and poverty that flowed in the wake of freedom. Come on the hell in.

Meanwhile, at the apex, I am both continually uplifted by tectonic activity and particularly known for my stamina. Those are lions in the shade, they used to be in Europe and America too. Alright, now you're downloaded. On the roof of Africa, eyes might be everywhere, and these cattle have their haunts on some very level mesas. For now, hunting is impossible. By which I mean almost. By which I meant, 'for now'. A dark cloud rolls up next to us. Get into a burst of speed, catch the victim with a fast rush. Maim as directed. Who knew there would be a weather advisory today? I seldom devour my competitors after I win, but that's just me.

Back on the bulldog, we commence with internal worship of the form. New moon, 0% visible. Of course, this causes the hair to stand on end, but unfortunately, setting isn't everything. Despite your efforts, I am not under the thrall of your sensual masculinity. We all fumble at the 34-yard line at some point. I'll admit it's difficult to control possession. Exuberant with various specific actions for the attainment of pleasure, you put your best foot forward. I survey the field for some other way to score, but there are no openings. After touchdown we climb back over the fence, AstroTurf-embedded.

Moving quickly through a church with hands tied at the waist. I can picture it in my mouth right now: more seats for the choir. But where was I? That's right, you were just about to get it while it's hot. At the site of a lively commercial sprawl called Big Meadows, you find yourself married to the Sun and therefore no longer full virgin. Into the drink. If she wrongs you or the nymphs then shun her, loathe her, kill her like a wolf. But actually, she would rather play. Sensory pleasures are so much harder to come by in the early modern period. Do I have to spell it out for you? Nobody gets more milk teeth.

Eleven years ago I visited Idlenot. Perhaps I should leave it at that. The sudden wallop of ball and bat has awakened me from my reverie. I lift your brim to make sure you're my main squeeze. Or maybe more like a guest star. Listen, I, too, once got bright blue gum stuck in my braces. Sun disappears behind cloud. It's outta the park. Home team got creamed. Suddenly I'm alone again among the locals like a wildflower in a meadow of mock tornadoes. My siren blares in your general direction. Foul ball descending into the municipal pool.

Everybody's neatly arranged, grasping at straws on Carolina Street in Gary. One woman mistakes a passer-by for her lover. Untwists, turns right, lifts her chin, calls out, is suspended, with pay. And free facial recognition. Unreceptive to the jilt, she takes up club and gives chase by blending back into the party. A shorter intake of breath doesn't really get you anywhere. Except closer to the Systematic Delusion. You're gonna have to poison the weed and leave it to rot on a lake bottom. After all, anyone can be taken captive by her "dee-sires." If you really want to get even, you could spray the flyovers with paraquat. Then palliate the after-guilt with an airdrop. Of sundews. Or just the sun.

Initially designated as Tropical Disturbance 09S, I've since been promoted to regional manager. I'll bet you didn't even know there'd been a drought. You glide smoothly beneath the Hudson only to get stuck on the Helix coming out of the tunnel. Who said you could catch a break? Clouds begin to accumulate over the veranda – tell it to the fat cats. I've heard that getting a leg up isn't always the answer to life's burning questions. By the time you get into the viaduct, the meltdown is already in full swing.



Forty years ago a storm destroyed the footbridge over Electric River, meaning we and our kind became significantly less accessible. Of course, that still doesn't explain why the lake appears a solid bubble gum pink from above. Large clouds pass overhead and then one enters the water from the far shore. Your guess is as good as mine. In my current iteration of a dream, we drive down West Afterglow on a topographic high and it's well-oiled road all the way. As we pass, the sphagnum surface of the bogs will seem to quake and you will call ahead for a reservation. I'll stop there, just long enough to pump a dollar of gas. Then we make a break for the end zone.

When I was flipping my last subdivision, we got into some hot water. This was way back, when Arjuna came down to Texas for his six-pack, having never seen a blonde. He was a nice six-foot guy, changing horses in midstream, which is no mean feat. Another left-handed meditation, if you will. America is the Marlboro Man and you can only have apples in September. I got on the horn and said, "Red, let's sell this fucker with both hands." We all have imaginations about what God is, but canebrakes and peavine pastures will prevail. After all, this ain't the Himalayas.

Guess who's out of jail ladies! El sensual criminal, daddy's home, as they say (ialerta hot!). It's this toxic characteristic which is of most public and regulatory concern. One of the most violent criminals in the Stockton area, or simply, that notoriously fine felon, for those considered by police to be too thirsty to be smart. A crooked man, or the divine attractor transcending a 27-month sentence. Prostrations to him who is the cause of luster, young come-up. Everybody loves a major sensation. Now we can dismantle the carceral state with our good looks.

## **Megawatt**

Leave it to Henry the Navigator to decide that the “burning tropics” might not be so hot after all. Fuck that noise. Turn off the sea, get with the times. In the end, history’s really just things getting out of hand. Call it clear as dishwater. Call it anything you want. Don’t call here again.

The other night I pulverized a bit, so what? This time, when I touched you, you appeared to go berserk, leaping from hotbed to blacktop. Molten tar flowed down the driveway into the basement. Yesterday I found magnetic curves down there. You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Let me put it this way. It all started 13.7 billion years ago. Flash in the pan. When you come down off your cross, I need you to sign for this vacation rental. Enough said, my body is the temple from here on out. Loggerheads, indoctrinate.

In the morning, your lithe figure appeared to rise into the air above Green Gulch. Typical Tuesday, a scorcher. Here we have a transcendental question: just give me the all-in-all. Though the sun's millions of miles away you swallowed it, thinking it a sweet fruit. Reared in the Southern hotbed, always a moving target, I can't say I'm surprised. This one goes out to all those still attached to pleasure and power. Okay now move along, nothing to see here. Just a new period of accelerated subterranean disturbance recently initiated. You've descended from the heavens and no longer know how to behave.

Having been bottled at the Original Spring Source, I'm now caught up in a back-and-forth over where the debris from the demolition should be dumped. Yes, I've read every one of your emails. And no, a not-so-fast-fellas victory *doesn't* put everything into perspective. You stopping by late in the afternoon just to say "cowabunga," has made a crocodile infested mudflat of my day-planner. What can I say, I've been swamped.



The rhythmic rise and fall of earth's many waters is caused primarily by the coax of the moon's gravity, and is entirely out of line with your ramshackle attitude. I'm not gonna say it again, put down the ray-gun and wash your hands for dinner. While the moon paddles water to a bulge on its side of the earth, centrifugal force causes a swell on the other end of the line, and you continue to perpetrate the most outrageous enormities. Five Orbiters in 1959 photographed 99 1/2 percent of the moon and were then deliberately crashed into it, but you know I'd never let that happen to you!

Upon arrival in Paradise the first thing my driver wants to discuss is Donald Trump. And the virus on the cruise ship. Everything's imported. Even the cruise ships. That Tantric priest, for instance, handpicked for his authenticity and skill at basketball. And cruise ships. Each man selects his object of worship. And his cruise ship. Glass bottom cruise ship. Meet me at the former leper colony Club Med and we'll gaze out into the cruise ships. Distributor of Caribbean Gases, clogged with cruise ships. When the cruise ships are sounding it's a perfect Om. We're going to escort the priest in the chants and watch the sun rise over Atlantis. And the cruise ship. If I die in the West you'll know I was a bad swami. Just another Vishnu-come-lately. Trapped on a cruise ship.

I don't usually like greatest hits, but I've since spoken to DJ Self the Prince of New York and he says to let it slide this time. The city is a big responsibility: machinations, intrigue, counterpoise, the airwaves. You've heard it all before so don't hold your breath. If you'd like to date the next Bachelor, please become the victim of your own sensual turbulence. Now get out there and bark up the wrong tree. Let's be setting an example for the masses. Under severe watch, unable to hear or smell the predator (not helping your cause). We are approaching a new age of synthesis, or was it singularity? Anyway, 10 out of 10 would. That's the idea. Your rote learning will not save you.

**T**oday in Your Stars, white-hot Venus advocates for some pure hearted kink, while go-getter Mars renders it socially unacceptable for you to demonstrate your wit and verve. Next up, we have a full-moon-high-tide-nor'easter with a blizzard, in addition to more of those ghost emails you get sometimes from 1969. Plan to be in rolling coverage throughout the day. Are you ready for the big time? Get distressed and go to God, or take the planets into your own hands. Wolf attacks Russian woman and she kills it. What's with all the leeway? I'm my own prophet, obviously. All beings and the whole world are woven as a cloth in the warp. If that's what you're into. We actually went outside and started commanding the winds. Most people unnecessarily rack their minds. Now, in the few minutes we have remaining, we're going to go over, briefly, time and space.

**P**osing for *Playboy* was a huge challenge for me, but I was able to overcome. The following episode contains recreation of actual events: secrets of the earth, layers of rock, the flesh that carries the myth, stripped down to latex and fur, psoriasis and all. Jet drama! The turn-up is always on my radar. Contour interval is 1,000 feet: exposures of basement rocks are forged by fire and fresh spray tan. She could make a dog break its chain. Rich yet generous, melting and impalpable, hotly contested, always on the clock. Truth, money. Posterior and Peninsular Cleavage are described as perfect, good, fair, or poor, depending on the luster of the surface. Lamentable decadence was a stated crime in the Spanish Empire, but this is now. I wish I could buy self-control too.

## **Various Inconspicuous Flowers**

I'll be naked bathing in the infrared light off the radio towers today. Glad you asked. Flowing in a southeasterly direction, then breaking through a range of hills at Basking Ridge, suppose *I'm* the tropical paradise. Full tilt. Currently there's a flat ridge of high pressure covering the southern Rockies. Nothing stops extra-high voltage like a catastrophic crash or storm. A ridge that grows very large and builds into the entire west, which is to say, maybe you *can* have it all. Electric circuits undaunted, I'll be disrespecting these airwaves for the rest of the hour.

We all know it can be difficult to observe a storm from inside, but your rotating winds really threw me for a loop back there. Received your snaps at 0500 and can see you're still the slickest. Nevertheless, you play too much, most honored poison of my heart. Do you have any idea how long a hurricane can live? Blue eyes, last chance, hesitation pitch. You'll always be my favorite fuckboy. Now the moon's undressing as it would through a pair of binoculars, which seems appropriate. Your brazenness continues to cause major siltation in the Hudson Riverama. But that's between you and your left hand.




On the verge, you can see everything – a piece of hot air mass widening up the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, factory skeletons on the far shore, rampant economic strangulation. Two men stumble home in the dark (lighthearted unnecessary roughness). Just a couple of Robber Barons, out on the town – let's expand. Howling with laughter, they pause to lap up little mouthfuls of snow, having become thirsty from all the blood they've drunk. You don't get this much uranium into the aquifers that feed the Grand Canyon without being resourceful. Mark Twain rolls over in his grave. It's important, seeing things for what they are. Red barn advertising neon ice cream down in the holler. If you need me, I'll be at leisure – hold all my calls.

There were strawberries in the brush by the creek off the road near the curb toward the fridge under the overpass across from QuickChek. This is the gist. If you're going to whither on the vine, at least do it with a certain *joie de vivre*.

I flew 70 miles offshore in the middle of the night to hoist you from the ocean and show you how a summer day can turn into a storm with this pussy. We were in my neck of the woods, you called it capsization. Now excuse me while I go lick the knife and photosynthesize extremely. This honeymoon is great and all, but why doesn't the atmosphere just come down here and fuck me? You lost my vote at 2am. Dial long-distance, bring me a saucer of milk.

Nothing's new except that I'm a little different lately. In my double entry ledger once I made a list of "What I'll Let You Do to Me" and masturbated to your yearbook photo. Or at least that's what I tell people. American high school clean can only get you so far, don't you think? The moon appears today to be the same size as the lap of luxury. Back in the day your dirty baby blues were my stairway to the stars. By the time you read this, they'll be the color of antifreeze.

Of the beautiful brown guns they shot off in Maryland some years ago he said, “You could pet them.” The house was built in 1795 and was also within walking distance of Walmart, but who’s counting? If I were going to blow you out of the water, I would say “empire of consumption, cult of personality; everybody’s noticed you’ve been letting your lawn go.” Scorched earth is not to be confused with slash-and-burn but I’ll be the judge of that. More is more and somebody’s gotta be the largest. Analysis of blood on a dirty dollar bill. In order to help you slow your roll I’d like to remind you that Native Americans don’t give a damn about dynastic succession. Go get yourself an axe to grind.

ast weekend I was taken by surprise. Holy smokes! Nothing too serious, but let's just say it was a night to end all dawns. A block of the earth's crust is subsequently bounded by a flexure and displaced as a unit without internal change. Think nothing of it. Looking for a good place to trespass, she happened upon him in the clearing – at gaze. Immanent attraction, I think Lizzie likes the roughnecks. After him for seven days, her feet didn't hit the ground. *This could be us but you playin'.*

The day after the night your house nearly burned down we were hanging out at your house. When you're hot, you're hot, you can't do anything about it. That's my story and I'm sticking with it. You come over and hand me a fistful of smoked meat. Lounging into the arson investigation, we determine you to be, in fact, not culpable. What a white-knuckler that was. While you go off to check for bugs in the Coca Cola I kill a mosquito on the wall with your spare hardbound copy of the Holy Bible. It's an oft-told tale, a minor smear of blood.

## **Sinuous Rile**



I've taken you aside tonight to tell you about a cute thing that happened to me at the Pentagon. That's all I can say about it. Be honest with me, have you ever stayed above the fray? It's certainly not my bailiwick, but I've always enjoyed your company. Anyway, it's great to be back in cahoots again. How's your chia pet? And thanks for coming out to record this robocall, it really means a lot. Now once more, with *feeling*.

The hill was early fetishized as a conical stone. Now that's what I call synergy! Later we abandon the preliminaries, cold fastens its grip. Your aura is breathing down my neck but I've got my hands full over here. I'm busy practicing the glamour of peripheral blindness. You can take life in a stride, let's say. Contrary to popular belief there *are* downsides to having *such* a high vibration. Someone passed by saying "that geranium wants water," but I could've told it that. The jetway operator just arrived, Democrats are always late. And here are the celestial damsels to attend on you. As we ascend, I am prepared to offer you their undivided attention. We call that a coming attraction.

Sensual bite on the shoulder, come when you call me America. Devotion is a strange thing, a mania, the hot pursuit. Unflinching, as they say. I'd pull out your teeth for you if you asked me. This is a wild eagle nest and anything can happen, by which I mean don't be alarmed if one of us eats the other.

Three major motions of the moon, and I'm open at both ends, phoning it in from one of earth's mid-northern latitudes. Something like sacrosanctity, on edge, if not in the midst of, quite the close encounter. Can I get a burning question over here? I've been having impure thoughts about you in the temple. Palpitations and the smell of saltwater gasoline. The idea of separateness is passionate. In theory. While everybody else blanks, I let my mind go rollicking. I don't know anything so I remember you – holding a trident and wreathed with snakes. This isn't flesh in the dream, just the shape of your mind.

Because you watched Weather's Most Extreme Events, I know you'll want to hear all about my recent cruise to Alaska. What they're saying is true, I've seen the light. I'm only here to make a killing and luxuriate. Next stop, milk and honey. But first, pass me the birdshot and thirty-odd-six. This New World vulture's been following me since Mount Ararat. Back to the Abyssal Plane! I know *I've* had it up to here but what's your bitch? No need to get hell-bent for pleather. See why we can't have nice things?

The Fundamentalist has divided the world into two camps where he takes everything too seriously and never leaves his desk chair. Sure, that's one way to do it. Now let me tell you about my boat. With this apparent wind in motion, I've gone around the earth five times. The voyage is like coasting uphill. Back on land it's plain to see that everybody's still malingering. Even more shamefully, they also mine iron. You can see the shadows of their sockets all the way from Dog Hole at the Downwind Seamount. But somehow, it's still ultimately a redemptive plot. Last night on the way up I said, "so are you gonna become Catholic?" Monosyllabic white-male-whatever in reply. Showers and thunderstorms continue to show signs of organization, but the joke's on whom? Let's just say Judas elected to play villain, knowing he'd be forever on the tip of your tongue.

During our daily or diurnal libration, a hot dust-laden wind of cyclonic origin arose between the two of us. Just when you thought it couldn't get any murkier. This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from my nature, a continual mischief meant to provide a taste of the extremity you can look forward to with me. So go ahead, tell me I'm too much. Let's be in constant danger of an excess agitated by what I like to call ill-founded overtopping and quicksilver psychopomp. It's safe to say you've been outfoxed.

Is this Heaven? Not even close, but it sure is sweltering. A little bit of brutality isn't really that important, but you guys will appreciate it because you're from Iowa! I can assure you that we're all delighted to be here, and for the pleasures of a kingdom we are also involved in great sin. So there you have it. I'll be over here throwing precious diamonds to the pigs. Everything else pales in comparison. After you ride the Moonraker, come find me so we can look on as she glad-hands him under the table. Then we'll break from the swarm and make our escape *via* funicular.



## List Of Fires

**N**ariah Carey says, “breakdown” overblown. Two-week whirlwind, Glitter wasn’t Gold. Can we get the AC cranked down? *You like this*. Time is irrelevant to me anyway. Call it getting hectic. Carson drops the ball now, or does he? This is the mirage. *You like this*. I’m gonna need you to surrender all of your 10-cent words. Fathom. But who will do the heavy lifting? Not to mention an attempt to lasso the woman. Ever the elusive chanteuse. Press release was issued from inside the humidified chamber where she sleeps.

When he touches your thigh but you're trying not to sin. Above ground idle, only a rapid response to throttle keeps the engine running. Drink the sun, fuck gravity. Now you're at Heaven in Queens and feeling the finesse. Pleasure is holy? If you say so. It's never as difficult as you might think, to find an incarnation worthy of lapse. Tight squeeze. Great minds pursue with vigor the same sensual grooves and fools seldom go home alone. Don't forget your golden handcuffs. Thou art born with divine endowments. It may be chanted slowly and then once faster. Hoist point. You can take the devil-view and still come out on top.

David was gonna die for our sins again but I said let's just take two cars. I don't follow Christianity but, Jesus, he interests me. Some will see this as an interpolation. Rolling up we realized that the party had already been bumped. Happens to the best of us. If you'll note, the serpent has only one head but I hear Christ had three. Knock at the door. When it's him, will you be ready? Near go. At least it wasn't ISIS.

**R**e-reading some sexts, or in the throes of another holy fit, I paused to ask myself how many tigers there are at-large in Florida right now. Thwarted. You're still stuck refusing to apologize for your prowess. Ripened to be ready for anything, but it's safe to say this was never a concern. New look, old thrills, or fuck around and find out. However it is, I'm getting this show on the road. For instance, last midnight we spoke tongues on top of an iceberg. This point has been called the Pole of Inaccessibility. Are you with me? Home field advantage, as long as you can see the tiger. Go deep. Then wait for it to turn, and take one step away.

It seems that the world, order and disorder of things, has indeed done it. Every pore of her skin is exposed under the sun. Snakebit: exulting and exalted. Wet, windblown, surprised to see. Preferring to make love and then to feast, she gives the palpitations. The skin of women, myth and sex is like no other emblem. Landscape of the body by the sea. This creature of God, made for ardor and the scandal is now focused at his feet. Angel waste. May you be charmed, may you be overcome (you may be eaten). EZ-Jesus Vixen Queen. But ultimately, she doesn't cast spells, she is on the go.

I never go to sleep in my DEET, so long as I can help it, by remembering to not to. It was tough to dispense with the formalities. Right at night, puff, puff, pass. The thing is, we were in retrograde (retrograded). Well, I'm telling you now. Real talk, you've gotta take the oowop and bounce with it. We've been getting so laissez-faire about the cyph. If you think a particularly violent gale may come up, hit the deck. It's dusk and I'm giving off a lot of heat, keep me away from open wounds and facial features.

White girl with popsicle wants America to be as good as she imagined it. Mortal man remains powerless against gravitational pull, and free market perverts heart taxpayer subsidies! Meanwhile, she's reading the party jokes aloud from *Playboy* 1989 and doesn't get it. I think she's meant to be groovy or something, but it's not coming across. You have to start somewhere. Toys/Flirt/Tools/Leather. Menstruating, she laughs with all the hairs on her body standing erect.



**H**appy 7<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the time that guy threw both his shoes at George Bush in Baghdad! In a free society, people draw attention to themselves. Call it what you will. And to think, it all started with the drift of a landmass two hundred million years ago. Fish teem in swollen rivers, the Rocky Mountains replace an inland sea. Time is a tease when it comes to contemplating these events. Split finger fastball. Lofty. I didn't have much time to reflect on anything, I was ducking and dodgy. America über alles. All of a sudden it feels so long ago. Mammals inherit the Sports Authority from their vanished reptilian forebears.

At Full Cold Moon the ray systems reflected with brilliance. White light source to naked eye. Hardest, roughest action, this is why we exist. See for yourself: more girls in tight trousers who make beelines, have snake hips and ponytails. Porno-tropical. 3 Poles, including one that spins. Beyond that, you'll note nymphs' laps, neon tropes and human figures making themselves run. It takes a special kind of senatorial stimulus to bring on the Bacchanalia. A confusion of reality that looks quite like the thing itself (blood or holy water or both). After this kind of saturated exorbitance, it could be a good thing to appear at ease. I nevertheless implore you to get out of the way of my Chrysler while I step onto the speedway. These people, they go to sleep, think everything's fine. They wake up the next day, they're in fire.

As the world turns, it becomes increasingly clear that private enterprise sure can do a hell of a lot if you let it profit from the land by exploitation. Conglomerate sandstone for greater radiogenic heat. White men's private parties. Cut to me taking a selfie at a red light before it was illegal. Sorry about that, I fell off the ball. Cool early earth, faint young sun problem. Wind rakes the bare plains and snow piles in deep drifts in the furrows of mountains. Elsewhere, everybody's clamoring. "TRYNA VROOM, WHAT'S GOOD?" A classic case of brinksmanship (white men's private parts). I'm going to sit back and smoke a cigar and see how this thing plays out.