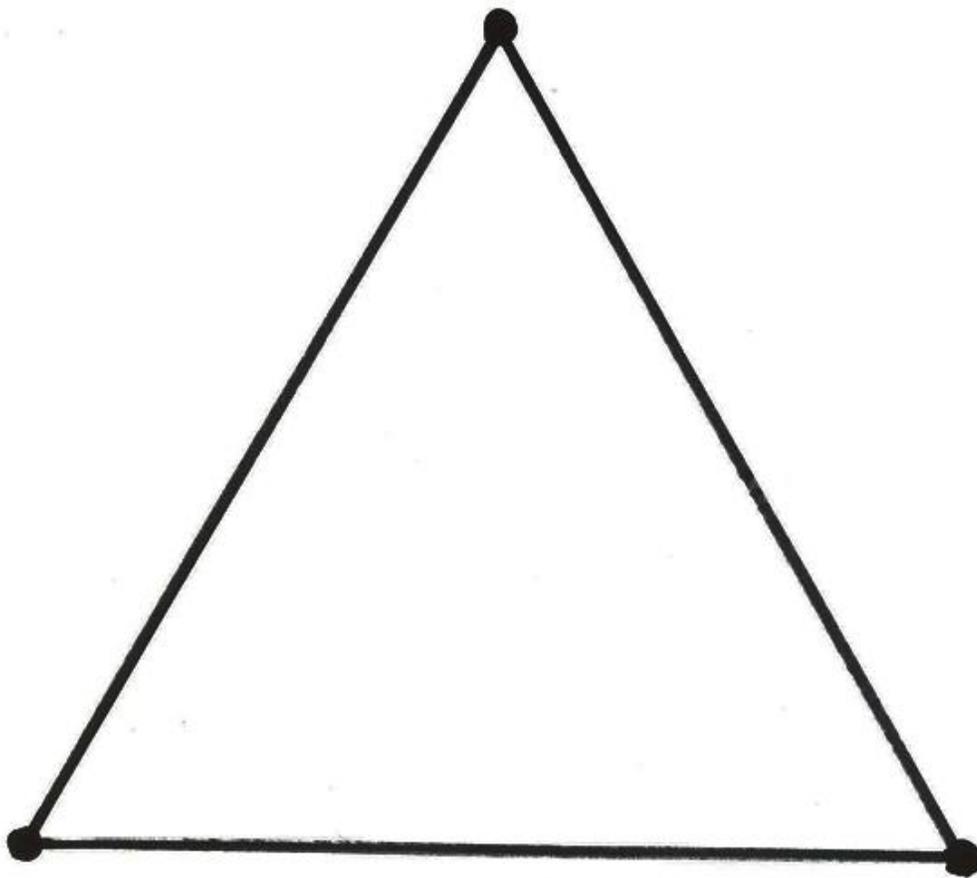


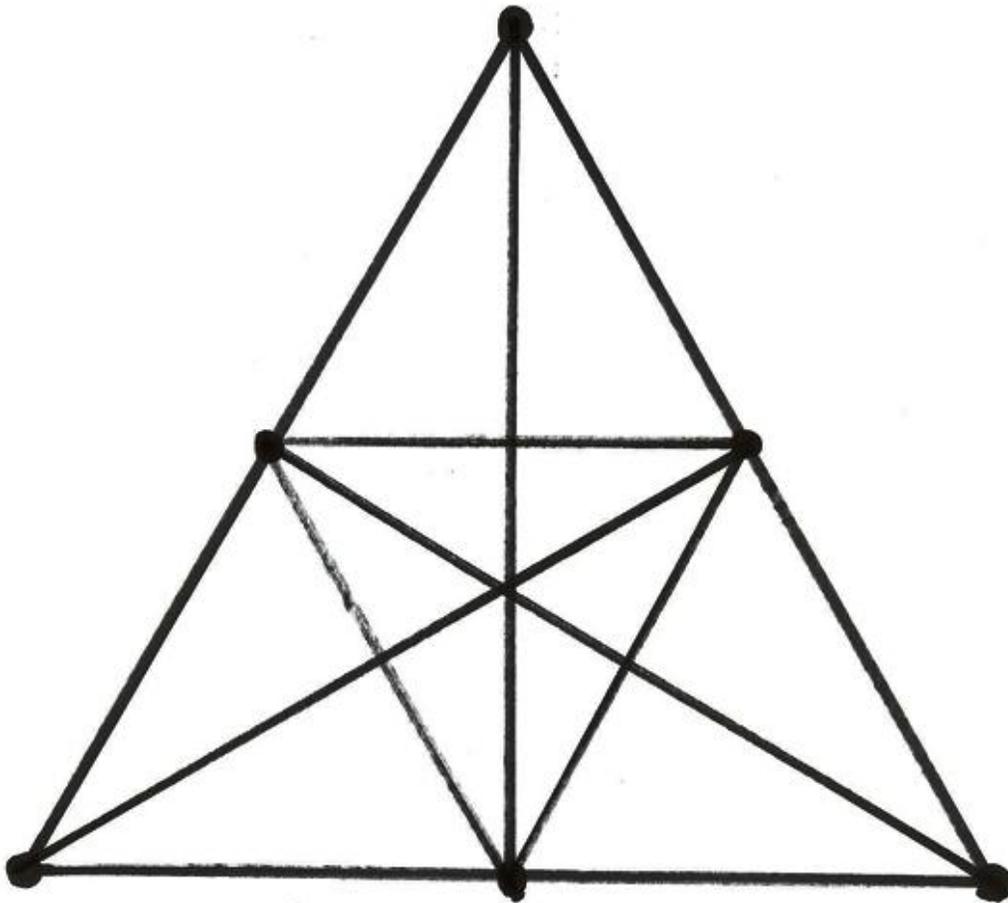
Ambiguity

I'm this class.
I'm gender.
I'm that race.



X=0, Y=3

Man versus ____ climax to . goal! But, then
comes the cadge (pompous munificent
perspectives on universal theme
INT. A PERPETUAL BLUE - TWILIGHT
Tragiepicomnonfaction. Cash. :)
(Rrr! First/Second/Third Parable |?| [\$] Mim, Die!
"No, the 'line's supple_" 'There is no 'line_'
He is: chivalrous, brave, noble, white.
. . . they lived happily ever after.



X=1, Y=6

Percussing on sidewalks shattered concrete cracks flow into the street breaking into syncopation jogging four popsnaphwapitysmack heels now soaring half notes / until some time forgets everything. Annotay-what? Worth____, anyway, so, um. Right? Just 2 lazy 4 homophones trick. And I have no story. Talantonym. / Take a break. "A break?" screams Indignancy. Guilt's shoe-eyed glues. You see? I can't distinct between a spoon-tender or fork-edge or kniferism. "Okay. Take a drive: / White lights run against this red-lighted stream at around seventy. Next exit. Flip a page. Turn the channel. Open a new window. Enter a new search term. Drink? / "Christ, quit cracking. Complaining kills creativity, coward. Stop stalling, scrounging sterileley. And, cocksucker, cuspend sonsonance. Oh, sucking slastered fffpooner. / stumbling fuddling swilling drowning gorging declaiming whooping cachinnating pissing pouring bobbing lolling weeping caterwauling erecting recalling . . . / My lover's eyes smile. My lovers. Eye-smile. My lover. Sneakers crushing compacting snow. Embrace. Her arms under his jacket fingers connecting behind his back. / Our just flowering relationship pollinated -- we sleep nude some tacit agreement to begin again anytime like his dick nestled between my butt. / Oh, how gently your exhalations ripple to my ears; yet but then why does my skull splinter with your words: "I love you, but . . ." sky screen ocean's horizon evening / Thoughtless. Blank and accepting while enjoying and breathing. Suspiring raptly your chest convexes. 'I love you.' It seems the world replies and you are *Ecstasy* / a siiiiiiiiiiiiigh. Winded panting of culmination closed eyes crowned, and I remain. mo. tion. less. until I feel the wet discharge drip down my fingers and gain my head. Write? / And yet but: exhaustion! And so, delirium. and unfocused and unconfident and uninspired and tired (so sounds like Gloria's record skipping)

:

CUT TO: INT. SUNNY BATHROOM - MORNING A *reveille muting the running water blasts out of speakers. Behind the shower curtains a voice blithely sings along.* / The sound of innumerable jogging shoes against a running track thought to be joined to athletic bodies are only a few obese in the off-hour. / Reflection: Handsome! no, wrinkles. Beautiful! Yes, no. Nice smile.\smile?

Fucking fucked hair. Bulging cheeks and Weight and, NO!: eyes and eyebrows just. fantastic! Just . . . Fuck! Avert, Avert! / spasmodic eyes buoyantly bobbing; prating (all agog); planning; hanging up; letting; mowing; growling; tightening; shimmying; wiping; standing; zipping; flushing; / "(hating that drive) . . . No matter how different you are, you're just like everybody else . . . You will find you spend a good deal of your life sitting at red lights." / *Don't look at the time. Don't! Great.: a Distraction. This reg. ('Hello. How are you?')* Can't wait to ('____ _? ____' _ ____ \$_.') get home. Why 's everyone just get coffee at a café? Oh. Wait. Heh. / Two juxtaposed heads planted stare out -- traffic, passers-by, street's other side; their cigarette smoke submerges them; their syphilitic pontification inflames. / Sound sound sounds soundly? No . . . umm . . . Good noise echoes fully . . . Crud. . . . resonating from . . . somewhere *what's the word?* . . . obscure . . . they can hear . . . um . . . Grape Blueprints Pour Spinach Olive Grape. :) / ; meanwhile, the dumb wolves' owl eyes gawking howling wink (fat grey peacocks) at an awful girl with curiously flaxen hair who surprise winks back smiling /

OBAMA FROM OVAL

OFFICE "I Was Not Born in

Kenya"; HOUSE NEARLY EXPLODES -- BILL

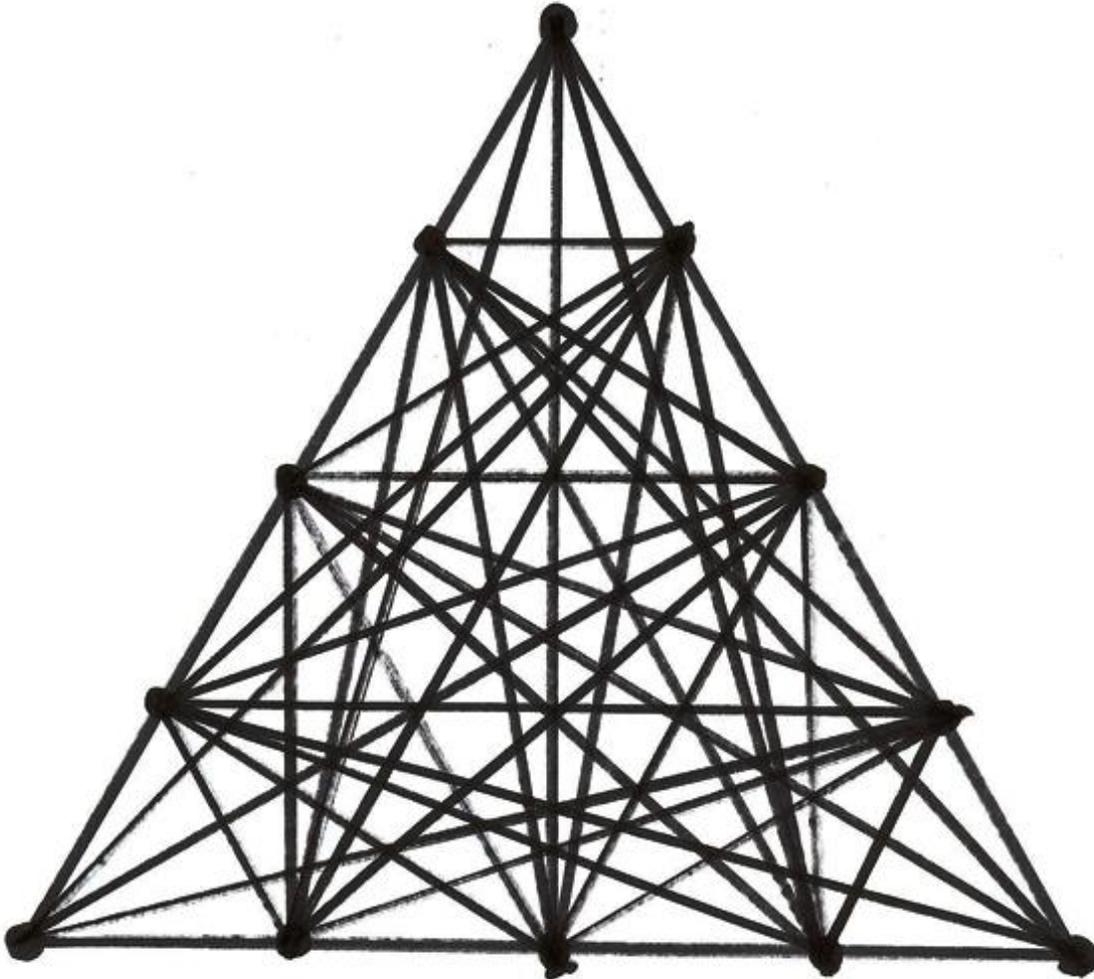
DIES; LAUNDERER SEIZED WASHING CLOTHES: Neurologists'

Habiliment Stock Fades; / "That galdarn Lincoln's gotta sucha reputation fer some kinda largess 'ccordin' to jus'bou' e'ryone; seems to me as it should taya thaaaaaat's a *dadburn* lie." / "Yeah, but, really?: No. What do you read anyway? The NYT? LAT? Wah-Poe? Anyway, um, as I was saying: they should make a movie about us." / "and you aren't even *conscious* of semantic or syntactic rules and or even mores, let alone how to *spell* linguistics; yet, here we are and you continue" / ". . . any polysemous ascriptions supposititious or impertinent;

concomitantly, transderivational searches are not only infinite . . .” / “Speke he rudeliche! But trewely to tellen, atte laste, he is a wantown, a merye! His eyen rolling in his heed; voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot!” / Fettered eyes, unselfconsciously gaping mouths, for: the Truth; then, the theatre’s walls reverberate with an entertained audience’s _____, sated and complacent.

. . .

But, that sprinter is doubling over, wheezing, hacking, shivering, and there’s not another soul around. Where did we begin? Should’ve taken notes. Triple crud . . . Oh!: / *Re-enter* Dave. AMA. By Jove! Now’s your chance – speak up! before the prodigious prolific writer, Dave (procreator of Proserpina), passes us once more! / Presuming definitions are subjective and even Jove’s blemished and makes Freudian mondegreen slips, am I then wasting time, effort, attention? Presum- / *Mother’s cunt!* wouldn’t life be a bit easier if it were limited to a neat list of seven ambiguities? What’d she mean? Is there meaning at all? / Everyone here talks so loud. I just have something to say. I think everyone should hear. Quiet down. Please. About honesty and love and true beauty. What? / The tomb of the “unhappiest man” remains empty while the happiest man lives sequestered, scrutinizing and indicting the township of “The Motley Cow.” / D---- says, “I brood over the word ‘failure’ and its connotations. Do you ever? Consider?” D----’s totally insinuating I’m a failure and I’m *NOT!* / ‘Nobody understands me and nobody will ever understand me!’ ‘I’m alone. Completely alone.’ ‘You don’t know what I’ve been through.’ ‘Don’t think you are special.’ / his feet are within the lines in the air passing a runner beside air rips lungs rigid arms pendulate teary eyes only see the finish line’s broken tape / running to her mommy and daddy waving her drawing and they are amazed that their bright charming intelligent daughter created something so beautiful. / and it’s that moment of incompleteness – glancing at the other’s eyes – they simultaneously realize gales of laughter are best when shared with a good friend . . . / Snow angels just for fun and because we can predict it’ll be warm inside. They snowball a ‘man’s torso beside and we aren’t into it but it looks good so far.



X=3, Y=12

$$(X)(Y)+A=Z$$

Where "Z" is the total number of lines. A=B (a constant)

What does "X" denote? What does "Y" denote?

12/'10 (written to Pretend's album "Bones in the Soil; Rust in the Oil").