

whos manifest illusion of blackbirds
for Leslie Scalapino

whos manifest aspect dear, regardless

whosmanifesst aspect
dearregardless

illusion of blackbirds
on the stair

anonymous washerr what was
tafault for
cascading fernheads

blackbryd illewsion
whos manifest aspect
dear, regardless

irony of blackbirds
(tomas)
as like ta one as to
th'other

worm that struggles in the beak, it do
not look good for me

as if Id be caught reading
that most ridiculous lurid
romance

a by all accounts haphazard
person, sun on broadway on any
palm or pine

then they learned how to hurt in order to
beautify the body

the grapefruits
perhaps if they had
a bit of blush to them

whos manifest eventually they were made to eat the meat

where-foals-play

-Leslie Scalapino, *Floats Horse-Floats or Horse-Flows*

the goings zoom

force of honeybees millefeuille

creatures, humans goring the throte

—I cant just admire you indefinitely—

whos manifest aspect dearregardless

spreading disinformation the very words

—cashless cabin—

whos movement whos formulaic movement

chemise of bust darts imperilld

whos aspect rather — failed however

the same dang figure keeps

turning up

the kitchen doesnt work unless theres

an agreed-upon code. dag.

eventually they were made

to eat the meat w/o asking questions

all that hart archey — xir fur

: closing in on the open wound: munch-munch

just as I was fixing to change the radio station

to all those who alter thir consciousness

or make — conspicuous errr —

I cant even count the times I dont get

the reference & ppl are so oral generally

who blamed the barf on s/o else s/o sicker

in the cabin before them

last of the famous mulier puisne gulf shrimp

mozart of the go-cart

whos present absence absence-presence is

no poet should die.

-Leslie Scalapino

a bumblebee is impossible
& yet it flits alone
on this grey-green hill
reft of logic, company but for
the chubby sparrow
'illumind presence, immediate action'
mountainous buzzard-thot-hawk
at eye-level soars fingers outlungd

in the middle of the filled notebook four
open pages tasked to write a line
about a mountain except what I think I am on
is a hill but mount tam over there
is not much higher or doesnt look to be
but looks dont count on mountains

the animals and the humans did not live
in harmony the mountains
are in a rock today

you shoulda seen what—your own face? how?

the lilies 'w/ their great purple horns' you said
on tracy's voicemail thanking her for them
and she saved and saved the message until
was automatically deleted—
until one day in a feathered cap you rode from court
or 'bought the farm' or you
changed form wingd — flow — reversing 'diss hell blis'
discoverd at king tut's funerary exhibit
mummifiers was especially concerned w/ preserving
the shape of the human figger—I found I wanted
to write directly on the table—that all waterways
looked muddy to me—infected w/ crude
'they couldn'tve been spies' the neighbor said
of the accused 'look what they did w/ the hydrangeas'

a teary toast
oodles of irises
a wreck or a triumph in the sack
what does it have to do w/ mountain

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