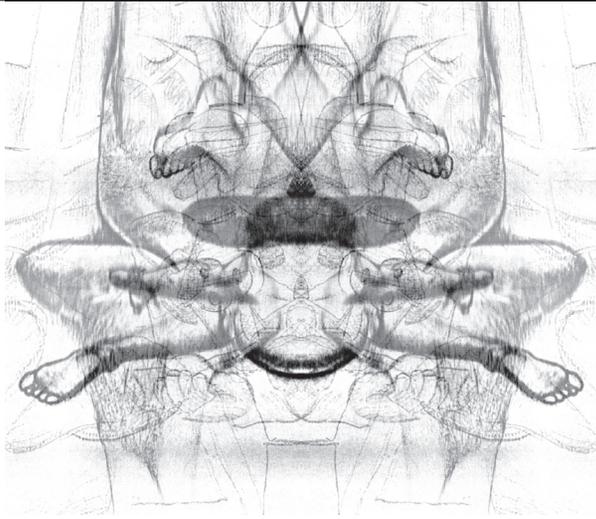


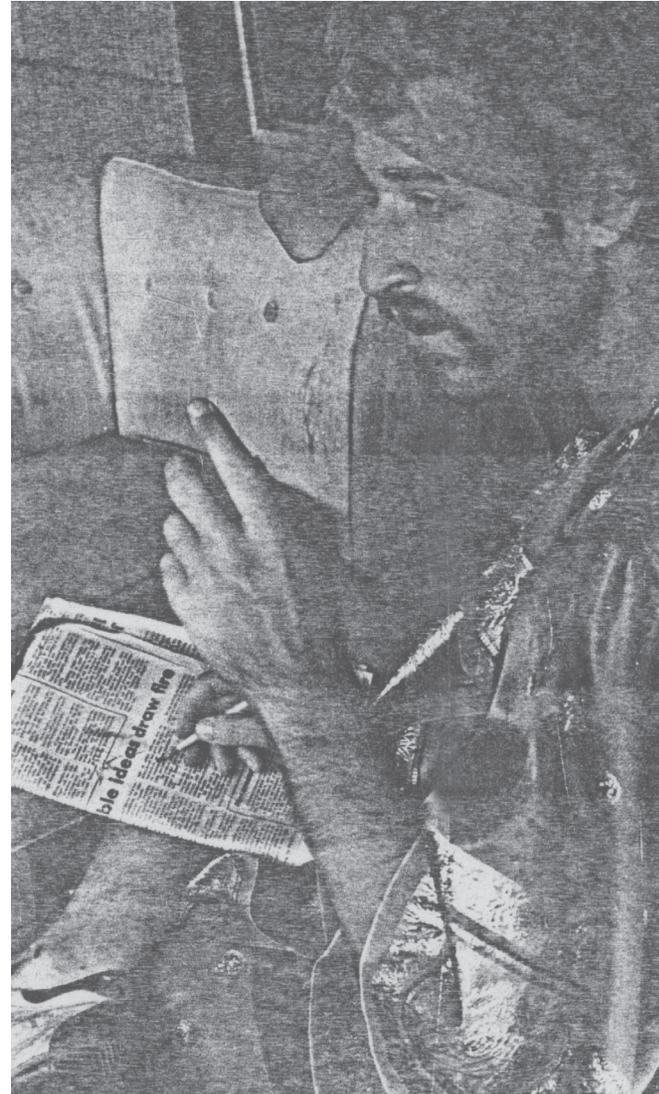
*Essaying polyartistry & human interaction*



*"What's in store for the man of the dream?"*

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**J O H N S J O H N S J O H N S**

by mIEKAL aND

# early notes coinciding with Samsara Congeries

written 1978-1982



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Peter Ganick  
small chapbook project  
45 ravenwood road  
west hartford CT 06107-1539

pganick@comcast.net

The English bachelor at this best with a little beheading, making the best of his ordinary position. Why intoxicated & why cheapen the manner of speaking. There is a vague difference between man & his creations. The numbing emotion is best forgotten. A badly acquired distancing from the past lost with the power is the ability trust.

A man walks the street shivering everytime.

## ECCE HOMO ECCE SIGNUM

keyboards  
flute  
voice & electronics  
performer

percussion supplied by  
coin taker on bus

## HARD RUGS

1. Sequencing is up in the air.
2. Living apart.
3. Equations for the fixation.
4. Bearable reminders.
5. The pace in the doorway  
is busy o why isn't  
he singing.
6. Why is the station of maximus  
crossing before his  
eyes one of instinct?
7. Basic earring wordbang.

performance uses note/cue cards

Getting quickly  
out of bed.

Performer comes on  
stage with leotard tights  
& hair full of paper.  
Assailant winds paper  
around performer. Binds  
with string properly.

performance chant  
improv music chants  
2 dancers braiding  
& mimetically nutso

a quilt of records

## FORMAL OPTIONS

subterfuge  
centrifuge  
interlude  
preludium  
mezzotint  
interface  
fascination  
elopement  
masterly  
phraseology

A STATIC  
AE STATICS  
AE STACTALS  
AE STHETRICS

to making anything has given me the ability to first the entrance, the height, the management.

The word of difference is manipulated under extreme duration. So how many kinds have taken exception, gone under the power of their probability. Why when you rise to power should the business of art shake given the topspot wonder music. A shade heavenly, somehow different when the man occasions change to produce momentum. Why evacuate the bottom theory of pyramidal fundament.

Seasons different than memory. I have not taken into account mention of having tranquillity. Take & be equipped to break loose from emotions, excessive behavior under acceptable constraint. Control & discipline are made of change to the base of facility. How many words can you say that will make you break station with yourself?

To take it unto yourself. Self proclaimed honor is statistically apart from dragon city, earthly culture is replaced by what has undertaken me by spell. The English bachelor briefly.

(This street performance piece hanging out that way. Posters around identifying & describing possible interactions.) (I have removed doubt from composure & under the field of powerstroke, the man dragged down by happiness stricken with the passage of rhythm.)

Popular opinions made of confirming the minute spectator every little.

To accumulate the various yielding & attentions for display. That you yourself make a seminal universe. Slightly alone & nothing to reach out with, the man apart worried & happening to be different. Intense buildup unlike any other, how to cause a special encounter & make appealing surrenders to the gods under the music. I've been too much the vacant mister. Hey, speak in my behalf. There is a lettered misunderstanding & I am accountable, so taken one dosage at a time, brainchild of multiple pyramids, emotion given as conclusion.

Action by containing the artist is a magazine of symbol sickness. Deja vu overcoming the minor sadness. Mastery oppressing negative wind rapid electric pulse.

The book artist collecting his materials streaming with velocity overcoming insatiable to the maximum brilliance. Isn't everything the warning? Isn't art warming up toward this workbook of polyartistry?

What artist is doing a series of posters announcing events that will never take place? Events that would nevertheless become literal miscarriages.

The artist is a producer that will make a giant Samsara Congeries. I am there.

Mmmvvvvska is tardy in the interim. I'm sometimes not quite sure how the COMBINES is to pull off this purely mental congestion. Interferences from a personal stillness performance & still quite a ways to be able to talk without an enlivening need to lead or where am I at the heart of redness? Skin prickly & rising fast for the selfness. What images correspond to our palatial arrangement? I want to take you to a place where everything you would leave behind would come before you & that would be me in front of your eyes smiling bending over to your breasts to your stomach to your breath. If we are really ancient than it is forgone that we've been SAMSARA ELECTRIC before I want so much to outlast the original excitement to take our premonition of time & space & invoke the sensory, the subtle forces, the circletrianglesquare & without the trailing dilemma of earthly cast sex roles play for increasing dawn. As you see me once & as you see with inside your eyes there is no where we can stop no where that endurance & stability are not called for. Each act & its larger act need be syncopated to our combined rhythms. What have we got to work with from the base numbers, colors, sounds, image, & diagram word: THE BREATHING ANDROGYNE motion movement & every corresponding environment.

This is a life but what space will you be able to fit it into?

## THE XEROX SUTRA

*"A bookmaker is such as water.  
(The bookmerchant should consciously invite  
the ten thousand things.)"*

A whole new blow to poetry. The word phrasing the sound. A pulse heartwise going headstrong. Lips would to the very word.

*ba da ta da*

Music in the core for the feet to the head. How many words are tight to the line? Indeed inter-woven, building energy-wise. Hey sound! Hey wink! Hey, the salmon sky with kinks turning sound wrung sweet & so I am tight. Hey wink! Hey held, help me tight, help me myself. Indeed I am keepsake.

What is coming to poetry? Look at the characteristics of the assembly. They are all coming to the internal molecule & so what can come to this their own sense of history. Brilliant from the outcast sun is green overshadowed by its own involution. Madly go the alphabet. Driving the deepwater. I trust anything to find its own opportunity as such characteristic freeness. Even to the touch everything that goes into print stays with the khazana of the mind staid images triggered by landscape slippery music.

So much to the improvisational wording. The opening of the reverberation that the performer in sync & always longest the spectral arrangements. Performer building against the waterspout. There is a tangent to newness & that I am to be beyond this working past. I am to suppose that the ACAUSAL WATERBODY is longing for the end of suspension from the not so past inkling, performer always too careful to contact the sevens of the world.

The acausal waterbody has really produced the waiting, beginning & how when I think about how far the improvising should go, the man still overwhelmed by the turning & widening spread between the angling sex of sperm. Let me give you this square within circle encompassed by triangle & this will relieve the witnessed urges. Why when we look at the sperm choosing its body outward, singing

called risen to the speed of pyramids ascending a difference within the scarce history. Look at the way something develops in the haste that the front of the ornament toxic emotions ranking to make decency out of flashing doubt. The pyramid is a body no less & wising up to the recording of daily interference so link the ancient so-called body to the frame of transport. Call out a name that is marked by doubt. Words again require reason & assurance. The torn between gut & angst is port of departure fraught out over the diction minded worry animal.

Pyramid abused to sear the glistening ears. The book to be compiled in the mischief years. Look at the way my knees buckle & are always down. Organization is designed, simply the energy to succumb is so much less than the resultant confusion. Elizabeth I love & why that's apparent as I relax. Make a life of the few things that really make a difference. If I can overcome the workings of change, this will, I see, be compromise to replace the deviant emotions. The way out fireface maximum drive.

Out of the way places & what you do to restrain amiable animals to themselves. Why when things separate the auto repair?

Many worlds away from pyramid people that I am the outcast among these peoples & nothing less than conversion would supplant the nocturnal bound. O look at the wildly indifferent eyes & make a cast-off spitfire of a direction.

Two dogs contributing to other pastimes. This is why I do art thatta way. 2 dogs, two dogs not dependent on life styles but going together for & against the minor flow thru to a power, a full take it under.

One word at a time. Renewed cycle on upward. So to cycle high till miekalmass. Directions for tapping inner frequency include logos long shot sandpaper spread around art. Ideas to make charge with pyramidology of humanness, weeklong interlocking function. Two minds to have & hold under compact making, you've had days like it before.

Music has in its hands the very underlimit of rhythm. Why any elemental objects need that contact with earthly sphere. That concept understood transforms the questioning missingness given

of ignorance & despair. The rope, if satisfaction I shut the monster warp bending everyway to honor confusion is likewise the way to retreat. A cast beneath my understanding. I know how readily I mount to be specific when I wind myself around my own double exposure. Sometimes the outrageous louds are lost beneath the more of internal wavenoise, the body apart evened out to include exciting possibility, book or dance or people or paint or reveal the underscored amplitudes. See me as the all being able to do more. Driven by what amounts to a standard belief. Ocean going for containment. Why I plead & loose myself & much more is the source between lover & friend & hold it. You know regret, not have. I want to but mark her seizure. Species, not differences belonging to spread a concept to the point of extinction to do something to be released.

International electronic cartel body being way electric & how so any other way frequency adjustment inside the body wave. Control discouragement of special insignia for women about to flush against a cliff a bush hanger under calculation. The woman is listening for a distance & between her eyes centering is available.

Age cracking her cheeks. Pores opening the heat is delaying her memory, her birth on the long land beginning with the clouds parting to reveal dreadful stars on her birth when her father bent over to contact her before he died he recounted a story he once heard riding an elevator in a short building.

Water beneath the cliff had eroded numerous salty pools deep & hanging in the balance. She clung to a bush anchored to the cliff remembering the story & after she was born on the cliff bush her face breaks with sweat or tears, the roots dry heaving roots are shaking loose.

Determination is what I hold on to. The writer of the bloodbath typewriter fails miserable under pressure, misses his deadline. Regardless he continues.

She is occupied with leaving the hurting space behind, its large & frightening, its distance is consumptive.

Time of reappointment similarly composed within indoctrination to be completed by the sensitive ions. A time wondered smiling so-

that I should assume a consciousness. Can I write this way so often that I will exhaust the choosing temperament?

Samsara electric in place of the intuition of senses. A time taken attitude toward the clothing of ability. Circle of people are taken with me & now that nothing is for sure we are tasty. God, how he is so pleasing that if we are to browbeat the intellect & the origins of infamy well over all the serious senses, all over the less complicated toward the rewarding of the multiple roses. The circle people wear long braids of hair, are comfortable to sophisticated, deal in words of the hopeful original intoxication. Who is writing thru me but the circle people each horn-raised appendage is collapsing before the ordained circuits of circle people. Each one has tendencies, otherwise how can we trust the occasions of circumstance each little variable wordness bottled to the dropping blue skyface.

The circle people floating on the reverse side of a skylight to take into consideration the burning momentum druggedly attained. What one says is stored khazana-like in the recesses of the notion. Final notions are the most undependable flirtations with incestuous stupidity. Look at me & I really can tell you the story of my failings. Something differs for the mutation of the omnipresent underlings.

What accumulation of depending words are taken from any built up individual situation? How simply can I get inside every close knit circle people, inside to the tastable brain, the sugar burnt spine & long enough to reasonable be assured of longing color bright eye docility. An enormous satisfaction is due the species when concentrated by memory. The circle androgyne. What is sticking out of the moment? Wise eyes to men that you can give to, bent over the fire tending the ordinary loud chanting voice. Why against the purple eyed circle people does the orchestra of busting tolerance? Hear my singing unfinished & scare for the operation. O who is leaving for the visiting trophy of booking? Too many fiery circle people are taking the place of aloneness & I am to realize that in place with the business of eyes & tongues we are so little hope that we all can build that way.

Last time in front of the circle people we are seen as tensing up. This has by now come in front. Long last the temperament of swinging that littleness of controversy. Who is swinging & what

is the blues line of nightclub steering eyes? Look at this tense, look at what has been said before. The performer is the capital of conviction, warmth creeping thru the stereo love vibrant homing touch. If this is what you need, then look at it this way. Every performer in the face of tongue lipping tomorrow will when I come together, be the life.

What if the brain moves to another city to be miserable. Somewhere no one has an inkling of what is pulling off. I am talking to you & want to be heard by something other than my tears. I am not weird. I make quite a visible kind of sense. I have to keep telling myself that my life is a private experience. That my body is a temple & needs release from its dependencies that the input of drugs, emotions, emotional attachments has made this temple into a vacuous yet cluttered disease. I am sick & need someone to help me. am I my own help? Is there anything within the mainstream of my own openings that will give me a clue to release? To have the one crying into a cup? To have the apartness detachment or what is it called when you are alone in a world of circle people?

There is a reasonable cluster of closeness. Somekindwomansomewhere that is not innocent to the mechanics of mindfulness. I am within my own slipstream breaking pace with those close enough to misunderstand & be hurt. This story is continuous & does not end with happiness. I have set up the circumstances of my withdrawal, retreat & all around my past is the aura of pain overlooking the steady moderation of rhythm. I wake in the morning crying. There are ancient words on my mind & when I think of the horrible two horned image that I sleep with, what is compatible to this spotty & burnt skull?

Do I hear myself in my books & does this starshaped brain accommodate all the various arts of the body? Gone for the shaking emotions & the samsara incantation of a breakneck signal pace. The ear of layer on layer is for the first person & the DNA generation of immediacy. Can you hear what is first & foremost a tangent collapse of the improvising performer? That the one crying can do so in any space, be the sadness & occasion.

Be there a reappraisal of interaction. Inner & outer & the correspondences between all points meet at the matrix of belief

remember, the hall of distance there wondering poet made mention to his center that this is where he will lose the flags of distress, worry & mistrust that stabilize the restlessness & why if he can't find an anxious point to steady himself, this will certainly rail his foundation. Cafe society in the back of the mind. One gone to type forward. Do not frown to suppose writing can be different & the way to rise is going with everything worth the make.

To go about a made mark. Think that when a going presents charge of fortune.

*(Project lingual meditation)*

(Hot bed) The body oriented toward every fixation. Why when someone decides a calculation it will make sense within a supposed continuum. The project for the writer of the bloodbath typewriter is a novel for Elizabeth written with the popping sound inside my head clearing. Written by radio brain, controlled by a distance between the truth & what has to be made when you make a novel you put into it the depth of invention—the woman who is flexible with past & future represents something uncertain but capable. The me of the writer, a distant little know character of some solid vein. A study as in the power to learn & control a narrative with a peculiarity of detail. Chapter as units. Comprehensive book worldwide changing as space builds, down research as in information, to present connections to attain, work out at. I can only rely on my sensibility to attain me strongly long anyway to the back of a room & see her in every other role. You are not the psychedelic monster you hope to believe when one thought at a time commits you to impending theory. Well give it over to a thorough intoxication. Circle to bone anyway I've got to sing like moon. Others despair to sing into many movements awkwardly bent over so sour to slip each time through a visible filter row along to the wide end overwide the entrance.

The proper drive toward the established man. O I have so much built up inside & when I rise to release that male counterpart, my head swims in the churn. to place the manner before & future at my immediate disposal, I grant you this conviction. I do want to be Twa Dogs in Paris & everything the daily dosage should as well be as much as my accumulated fancy leaves me to understand out

DESIGNING HOMEMADE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR THE  
CONCERT OF HEIRLOOM MEMORY. THE ALERT MUSICIAN  
CHARMED BY THE CHARGE OF LIGHT POWER (TAM TAM  
RHYTHM MONSTER).

A complication in playing would be positioning. How can the musician find its way around?

### diem write #1

Pardon tossing  
wasted wet  
he:man. Cause  
so jaded tales  
plead braver  
atom reason tik.  
Thas at attainment,  
clean leer of  
brain toast slap  
harky flag.  
More I'm merry  
mean slippery.  
A coup drives dark  
all banner to  
karma taste.

So that Samsara Congeries is figured out to the art bend serious. To do panel by panel the art bend forward. contact with all that has escaped mention. The bargaining spirit once alone & at rest can make so much more of his self. Why don't you break away from your loneliness & why, if you do this, will you so much more? The carriage of thinker wise to all the situationed world so we beat on his head until he is sense of the time release brain, quickly takes its place on the shelf such that what a powerful yet vulnerable manner occurs. In a manner of speaking, ving happens early morning charge. Burst excitable power in a word is the sign intact of the singing difference projects to confer with. Believing how much really exists that is satisfied to continual small that the winding sensation blurred or clear is the heart matching the piece of the whole & when the situation makes the special moment bind, the day there is all that many signals to attach. A happening to

connections are for ordering extremes that I interpose on behalf of the modern to ancient forgotten mindstream power consciousness. Books are pages & as such should contain the power of connection, entertain the generation of new ideas from the repetition of the old.

The circuitry of idea to action as proposed by the intuition has been postponed for a long time now & swelling with incredible & marvelous satisfaction. Is the likewise energy of the circle people co-efficient to desire & incorporation of applied texts & performance of the invisible man/woman sinking into androgyny.

I have a performance in mind where Mmmvvvaska & I wear identical janitorial clothes & begin by sweeping the space & as the clothes get peeled off, more to come of the water. Expanding water. Nothing should be sacred or obscure by conscious decision & I am thinking of a way that entrance into art can attain a swelling & industrious place in the taking of magnetism & electricity.

It has become time to plague into a new field of poetry. A poem is an unit of survival, a method of display, a luncheon with the very next day. A poem is outlived only by other such ordinary poems.

Long last in the bread line waiting for what is in waiting of the sunny moon, order of the moment & the very tripping color individual brain. So what is the tastiness of woman body electric to magnetic & who is going to wait any longer? The body can do it naturally & when I am intoxicated with being lonely & empty wordless burning eyed animal with horns.... This is the way is always collects in the bloodstream. What color are you & why are you waiting in line? Your hair is rattled & the top of your body has an attractive dynamic.

The attainment can acknowledge. Hey, work the fire & tamping the tune & put it in the hot really cold temperature & overtones that put another fire in place of fact & before you get fired for a long time you are surely the island & surely the document may time the original reggae & music calypso.

That's the mention before that you guys were to your house to get by or soon impressive that practice will take the palatial roomful

& tired of this knocking. The body fingers early a place the violin mobility. They aren't kind of homegrounded. Yeah, glass afterwards because they don't want to go in the bedroom & look. Them bumping shelf & ordering images to be placed before.

*the eyes clanging  
thump to be dagger in the hand of mention & take  
slack & pile the biz of thinking*

OK, so now the whimsical chuckle, hi & how do I take it carefully? This is the taste of going. Leave me alone & I will be alone. Overdose of she & within this plurality & the something in-between I need the new touch & I need to cool the outer thrust of emotion if in my knowing way I am the last thing I remember. Task of completing the energy & going on, go on. Fire me with whatever I have left so if you do not understand, don't stand-off in the face of however you want your lift to go.

The compact & chartable future system analysis of belief writing is not only the battle with meaning. Target for the interface with one word after another. Racing black bodies are for the acceleration rhythm & beat in a churning completion. How when I write myself out of it.

I have considered the past of Samsara Congeries. I see the writer as poet trying to reveal the unconscious mythic. There is that bindi (pt) when the sensitive book transcends this obvious repetition of themes, variation & makes the personal fireface intervention think about it & let the book be life. The beech tree, if we reduce it to disgust everything, has not been done completely to be redone within the advancing strokes of building course & flow.

For what is a little amount of green words? I have come back to the abandoned & empty dionysian. O we are to say what is true. O we are the way that someone cares.

Back home with the pointed mention of cleansing the body. If I am on fire on the cliffhanging morning after & all I can think of is the women that ordain my strength, then it would be time that I am on my own fire; is at burn.

creature needs a repast from the program. Somehow to fall into the remoteness of vague assumption is dark darker than the monolith worries of potency. Look the way it is done thru the culture, how the special body has more than enigma, more than punch & verve.

Multiple alone direction nothing short of being a different animal. Look into the qualifying god awful power & drive it into cleared out sensibility. At alast the fiction of a lifetime to put forward toward bleeding wonderful.

Beneath a sinking mention I remember the man as he becomes the transformation of spirit into drone. Something much more than the cataclysmic rising & unpredictable falling that describes the poet in his blindness when I can make myself to the pt of going without hesitation. None for the assertion of drama stigmatism.

Arrows down. Going down on the complaint. The mind is a vacation from the body, & will lead to its completion into the fortress of belief & how can anyone someone myself strengthen the temper of my own version of helphope race. The speech I make everyday is only the suffering of the probable. I take the bend & make the going away from confinement.

Education for non-talkers is learning now to receive the passing mentions & cycle into the every power stroke.

### **THEY LICK EACH OTHER**

WORDS LIKE GIRAFFES &  
SMOOTH SURFACES ARE LICKING  
PHENOMENA THAT DON'T HAVE  
NAMES

The time without question, forward momentum so propelled into industry. How when I go about excitement the worry & its words vanish clear thoughts. Take face value & why when the mind in a cluster causes its transparency to be obvious. Look at the design of having a place for the man in his sanctuary. Creeping manner of organization the way & its difference question apart from special mention.

FOR INSTANCE, THE ONE BARSITTER SAID TO THE OTHER, "SHALL WE OBTAIN ANIMAL STATUS OR LIKEWISE THE SPIRIT OF NEEDING CONTROL?" TOGETHER THE FREEDOM OF THEIR INDIVIDUAL STATIONS IS A WHILE AWAY. THE NEEDLE EACH OTHER TO THE OF "SHOULD I BELONG TO THE CAFE OF MY CHOICE?" IN THE BACKGROUND THE CONCERT OF BROKEN PITCHES IS SWINGING AGAINST THE RIBBING OF SINGLE CLANKING WIRES A SOUND TO THE HONOR OF MEMORY.

## soft hair talking

Ancient bones vary in tandem. Independent fuzz is an early mental device in unidirection.

Heart years clear in pairs.

Lifting Savior wavered past the shop, limp so meal-eyed as to happen sheepishness, his slumped funny English "milk in caring" "1/2 seated in soaking" was sure real.

## SINGLE LIVING MANNER

Little speeches from the past happen to be remembered by the bystander.

She is lone to be shining sad in the window. Minor thoughts sustaining the chord.

If in the interval of apartness the room runs wide, she will nod that direction, surely convinced of the chiming.

Many men standing in line to be different. If they maybe nothing, can't do it well, then nothing well be done. The men want to speak with the cue at the back of the room, many special tournaments will budge the lackey spirit.

## EDUCATION FOR NON-TALKERS

Examine the fortune to discover the diagram consciousness & how the leading theory to reckon to be is all along animal & spiritual signifier. No one can have more fun than the eyeball full of occupation. This slight overbearing, somehow too psychological

What is amounting to a fanciful & improvised accumulation of knowledge power in the kind of organization that reveals magnitude & depth that this caring ego should maintain all previous sympathies & feel no regret that the fluctuating now isn't preceding at its normal accelerated rate. This whole rigarmorole of talking about writing & thinking gets to the point of excess for whatever point I can be at there is more & the durability of creation suggests that brainchild reckons a more increased & original sort of art. I want us all to sit around in a circle & pretend. Look at that word as if it means to be believed. Look at the tapestry invading the mindwandering heroes of myth. The androgyne stands alone & misunderstood, stands beyond the normal principles of who is to be tolerated & why can any separation of medium be considered whole. The artist is the wage of consciousness. Words are over-used to that pretext. Fireface & the original ambient nomenclature. How to fill a space with its own acceptable symbols.

Adama Cadmon has appeared before the Samsara Congeries & in the role of water splicing from land, creatrix of the possible potential. What is so sure as the finest solo pitch of subtle earthly music. a solid breast of the mind on a shelf. What is ordinary is sometimes hardest. The epic understatement complete with fixture of belief, abstract concept image & a ruling by the exterior audience.

Books go in circles & are handmade & quite possible to attribute to some past culture of tree. Much is accredited to the moderate disciples of romance. Why they do it. Chance of occasion. The turning knot in the stomach. Inward consideration over the outward accumulation of endless maddening events with the handheld camera. Assured victory we can duplicate an expression. Final syntactic field of option.

I am in the catacombs & am not sure what I am reaching for. I am in the catacombs & am not sure what I am reaching for.

A time so well known in the catacombs & ancient if not familiar feelings recalled. Who should I give the incredible disseminated energy to & what is it I hold inside the brain that is so positive. The current of women that I hold on to. Look me in the eyes & be as much as you can. If I can slow down & be given to touch & sensation only I will come to fault & the tree will produce many

leaves but will not bear offspring. When I am talking to myself I should be saying that I need to draw myself in the spreading. The circle has been charged with the moon & the circle has all the power it will ever need. Extra terrestrial tomorrow.

& in reference to you I should do only what the moment requires & the long terrestrial impact of my energies will achieve a whole new pure & supposedly lifetime built-up force.

So give it to whoever enters the field that is to lay out in the sun & take the body that sets you free & if this is not small & humble enough well my tongue has twisted enough ears & so the world you enter is yours too. Speak again ahead of yourself. Lick your lips & choke on the strongest & deepest pungent smell whipped up from the absence of any inner harmony. Walking crooked within a directed path the strongest faction on earth is those trying to tell you something; built to the modicum of imagination, wrapped around the body & vagina of everything invisible, meaning that absolute rhythm is with assurance & is he the one singing over the voices of the others? See him caught in the mean man handgrip. What is it that is his own?

If words build up to the situation where nothing can get past them, then look up to the inner pulse & sing as loud as the image will permit. O say if nothing is quite astonished by the fireface mercy. Have a crux & shake. Look at your feet & look at your nose & quit chewing off everyone else's. Don't take me to heart & don't tear thru every little bit of flesh you find. This ceremony being too little left for this strong & unintentional fire.

In the purse of losing energies & yet still sharpened by the bodies hanging on the fringe. If I could generate still & that being what I wanted, still go with it & go with every reasonable weirdness that is teaching. I am losing place with the finest. I am losing hold on the real grip I I I can't have. My mind for myself. I might go blind without anymore light. That's where I'm at. That's where I'm at. Losing, lost, given had past tense & so what to words. Give / take lost to words, o o o & when I am winding up & going & not able to give o not this again. Performer, take me into your hands & let it be the single sound voice you have faith in. The power of lips to take you only so far, so far. If & going back down in direction, o say give

three, take yourself to the strength of suction. That which is solid will stick us with sanction. One thoughtfulness difference & the variables multiply the man who dies. The valuable sound changing to make agreed passions vault. The man who it a citizen of his own patience, comic dodge, watchful hand in hand who can go so high as to defy the contest. If my own portable instinct will do, I should have reason enough to keep the shadows in command. Raga 2-ear is the down vapor of contemplation. Jubilee contained in the factory actions of the body, so who think so be to need you more. the need is in the building an incomplete building is an hollow structure. Autonomy is achieved when the windows don't shake. The word to the wise alone is enough. To go so say the power stricken of ancient guise. Ding the bell tone vibrator. A member of the entourage will go to sing & the sing madly many will rip out of his/her voice. Plug the opening & two more pressures will spring the water runs dry so say the madly singer over the breakingneck improvisation upon demand liquid speed drip tongue ancient tonsil.

Performance pieces to incite audience for duration of attention span, say no more than 20 minutes. Improvisation to include possibly much longer spans. The leap of the make is a long arduous vision.

Everything eventual included within mention. Shake a finer hair at the audience & it will mean something performance about entertainment. Some kind of variable idea to include the multiple species. The top of any theory is action & the man must do as he goes into the corner.

A novel time ago they are someone different so speak alone this way, so to speak, the words are some body different——ooo——a oneness of onion face, the prayer knocker.

The tube of speech is won over by earshot range literary blows. So speak so time the spirit learns from opening the able loss. One sound of the air tubes will clutch the power throat.

To peek over the rim of the particular song will earn a constant.

THE DOGS CANCEL THE THE OTHERNESS DESIRE FROM IN A DAGGER OF SYMPATHY. SOON GIVEN TO EXPLORATION TIME,

*LET OPENING REMAIN OPENINGS*

CHARGE OF GREEN LIGHT

So hurry the succession. Look at the well-to-lead monster & how soon he goes for broke.

A little at a time  
so wonder that it all  
makes a wonderful  
splendid picture.

Section of remembering  
yourself, o low  
identity cleared  
to purchase the tongue.

**TWO BIRRDs IN COMFORT**

They  
key to  
bending  
short &  
stable.

**RAGA 2-EAR  
SO TO SPEAK**

voice: I ask  
you to keep  
time so long  
for constant.

A time when the monster can concur. Loud music, noises can blow the roof. Look at the consensus & the many possibilitied debut & the way that we get excited is to explore potential of thoughtfulness. One time he stood by all side & remembered the symptoms long distances. So sunk the neighborly such stories. He will tell worked up each meeting, the kick face held tall. One, two,

no no no pause & breath signal for fire but don't touch the nervous respectable cervix.

Look at the situation afoot. There are people joking & men are so demanding & mr is here with conclusion & when we spread out the occasion of beliefs; silver small mutations of fire....

This is what I've heard of first.

I am piled on top of my writings. They are so inclusive as to include the directions I've yet to move. When I think of the power between my personalities the available controversies between brains. I'm so proud of tasty lips eyes & energy, synergy, god awful diameter while with beings of different colors. Stories taste better than they are feared.

A fiction. A wired out brain that is from so many generations before that is a story about opposing performers. They have made a life out of staring clearly into each other's eyes knowing generous.

The point at which I begin this narrative is at the intersection between romance & apartness. Who am I talking to & what has it built up to? What inconsistent minor apparatus is dysfunctioning & when you really think about it what tasty mind spasm can go any further into the women you lose? This burning of dust & storage of capability are the extremes & within the described polarity is intrusion of time & space. The wacked out little manifestation. Wild singing vitally into the harmony sleep ordained body parts aspiring conspiring to really interpose on someone's half & why is it so easy to reduce events to their psychology, to the inward directed, to the inward supposed, to the previously, to the kind of walking left to members of the intricate lobby & in this room waiting along with the ascension of stairs & women, the upward?

What walked into the wrong o?

Samsara Congeries is coming together. A poem is an unit or book a tree; something that lives & dies alchemically transformed throughout poet age. An unit, visual, conceptual, schematic, literal.

## WHITE THRU RED

Inward spread & spiral. Who shall be left out of the redness? Little by little as facsimile male churning with preciousness. Jewel of the diamond body heartstrung going into the manufacture of the industry that susceptible believing man & who is he that he is not?

Ink is an unit of thought. Comply by the natural laws. Give to the taking & what every one believes, what everyone hurries to appear is the eye within the monster being, the tapped fabric woven around ugly limbs & veils over the rotting & have believed that what really can be done can be done so under any situation & the one lonely animal watching the juxtaposition of every action comes to the passage of power with the instinction of water.

What has so many pasts come to & where is the viable & real alternatives? No more moving like an uncoupled organism. The way I see it there are only so many brains that need a concomitant energy & likewise that I should be pushed to beyond my extremities. Something less than everything, that in my role as spacedog & worthwhile omnipotent performer I can really taste the funny colors of food, the perfumed rice of age-old patties & and barricade. If I am anything I am the rainbow of occasions. Fireface is an outlaw & will not be reformed to include unity. Some kind of thermal brainwaves have devoted themselves to the earth. I am so many.

In the middle of opportunity, in the sickening dependable minute inclinations of the body. Oh who is sure of the viper the opposition of variable and synthetic moments. The tourniquet isn't always around my neck, the hope & derision intent on bending against the sections of romance atop the very big building. O say that we are the superior intellect & we are sure of the way to be taken.

The status of little known artists is grounded in original superstition. The animal of habit, the grounding of taste & sensation...go on between what is acceptable.

On top of every wellsprung occasion is the seeming apostrophe, the landmark of many wise bodies propelling outward out of reach, out of taste, out of every possible acceptance. I am my own word & if I could settle down to an astounding aura, leave it at that & go

Back to the real reason to keep going. That energy in the air keeps us flying & keeps the build going. Two Dogs in Paris as some kind of quiet. How to make known with adaptive presence the querent muscles are making no more demands. They are jazzing up for motion so go so wade thru the water kneedeep & why so little comfort is enough.

### education for non-talkers

Down on your knees.  
Bend & deep breath.

Underlying deep barren excitable suspicion find necessary aloneness. Why such a wonder of discomfort finds me off the point. Where there desire my hairline awareness, nothing so substantial as a break in the on ness. Everything moving breakneck over the bystander.

### education for non-talkers

By leaving the complication begins  
so why leave. Stay to believe Va Va Special.

What talking phenomena is quality affected enough to be certain charge. So excitement, ideas mention to be held. Why minute of coming to hear hear hear inner ear accordance.

(a) (chord) (dance) to raise the vapor going over once to market power & specialty into the club act. Why not the difference for a change of man or woman?

Introverted square is nervous about upcoming relationship, even tho he shakes & makes wayout spontaneous shuffles about the couple. He completes his finetooth smile & settles for the less himself. Introverted square not only questions his programming but doesn't want to make the habit of suspicion come to break him up. What little life he choose to be content within that & he needs to pay attention to the getting there. His lethal worry is shaking the performance, ensues only to leave his wholeness behind. What little he needs to go on staying small.

The raga 2-ear demonstration event & everyone collapses into servile submission to the note. It's quiet eventful melody laid over top part rhythm bottom, part dramatic voicing. To be far enough removed from traditional culture so as not to flare purists waiting in the aisles.

So circle the time pent-up question with circuitry. How to gather a nation into your head, so sing a moment of electronics.

Look at the continual ply of connections going forward. Each subsequent book thrust into the mitt of readership. Hug me for the way I would be if I wasn't hung up by the deepseeded difference. Slowly the monopoly for art-singled-out-mind is tolerated. I bend & supple to be the monster haver maker to chart the variables would chose in the chance of misunderstanding.

Raga 2-ear will be between the heavy & completed musical stage. The way I see it each action is a considered gesture/power to go to action the being is motivation sensitive minor accomplishments. So speak with your own depth of understanding.

On the tip of the sugar tongue time wears & time runs. Little does she know she can be this & know more.

## **RAFFLE WITH SIGHT RAGA 2-EAR IMPROVISATIONS**

To think outloud everything, to hear in up, to be clear & understandable as in 4 eyes connected in content gaze. To breathe the center, a center to be a point of sensitivity. Look at how 2 dogs run next to each other. They are always aware of the other's presence. The involvement of everyone here in out—of the secret to warmth is to find the point of friction & rub against it. A raga moves the spirit & a raga for 2 moves that point of contact / fiction beyond the sensibility of despair & worry. No tension on stage to back down to the medium.

Let is go anyway, simply to hangout likewise.

Holding onto the delinquent impressions left to the books of the body. This body with all of its concurrent mindsets, largely in need of conference to tax the spirit & to make it devolved enough to ring with sensation.

to a symphony of meaning; real verbal startling. Yes. Yes. This is what I want to hear. The way in which so much combined if every day I would write out one performance piece. Think about it as such. Give it prominence within the electric magnetic symposium. I would have an advisable & heartening station within my own hating restlessness. Look at it as some wayward grouping. Think of her as always firm & correct & if this causes you the multiple expected problems, then it is you, you who should collapse into careless heap. Look at your pitiful elf. A sugary & relapsing fiction.

The merchant of many books is so compatible with great & heavenly happenings. IF I AM THE GESTURE & THE PORTABLE occasion & likewise who that is ancient has any memory at all. Go home & so do it all by yourself. I keep telling you who I am & what presentation I can endure. Nothing has so much as faded before stability is reduced to hammering the diamond body of the artist is rising thru the aperture of acceptance. The corpus of work lost in the timelike transmutation, ambient staccato carriage of artistry often lefthanded & thoroughly integrated into a posture. Something of a monument. Give me the taste of the maker. Someone who is always doing more than is innately possible. Impeccably enormous canvas stretched around corners & memories of tides & moonrises on the beach. There are so many women & men & they have applied themselves to eternal opposing virtue. That any means of artistry should include the carrying of the whole species on what continuous series of illustrious weathers is the soul left empty?

Who is the wiry fireface of intention. The inkling mirrors of hatred have revealed the pile's chaos, the afterimage sympathy & this tapping human has relinquished an occasion to be only.

A special advantage to those who do it by themselves. How is it they never never comply with the bountiless rules & while it all has the taste of a hundred tricks, really you should feel that there is one way to do things your own way. Every woman & man goes invisible. How sterile might the intersecting moments weigh? How is it that the very sacred moments can maintain mountain of bodies & you rolling between sexes on your own. Quite clear a while over the distance. Always in the future is the pertinent yogi sitting like a fountain, yellow bird like neck, sharp protruding beak & even more subtle of a circle completed a missing angle from a careless

tirade. A triangle about to collapse onto its busy point & every eye that enters the dark incandescent room is for the first day of total ambiance not in accord with the wilderness. A little out of touch, a literal happening, so why does it matter?

Sharpening appeal if you can do it the way you hear first. The only one to stand on top of the bald pate is the widower the tragedian left behind. Notice how he jokes & chuggles, how little it really matters to anyone what his smile is breaking into for.

THE STAR SHAPED IN HIS EYES & WHERE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CINEMATIC HUM FORTUNE COMES THE STILLS & THE BARREN MANNERS OF ACTING. I AM THAT MUCH, A BROUHAHA COMBINATION OF POINTPOINT. DON'T STOP WHERE THE PUNCTURE BARES THE SKIN. THOSE CRUMBLY FINGERS OF EXISTENCE BROADLY COMPARED TO A LONG LOST WOOLEN MITT. THE BOY FINDS IT IN THE BOILING SEA. REACHING DOWN INTO THE I GATE MIRROR SURFACE, THE O HEY, REMEMBER THE LAST CALAMITY & HOW THE CHROMATIC HUMAN DISSOLVED EMOTIONLESS & THE TORTURED SILENCE OF VERTEBRAE MARCHING UP THE CONSCIOUSNESS. THE MARIJUANA FREQUENCY IS BEST LEFT AT A HUMBLED STATE. WHAT IS THE SUPREME COMMAND OF THE INNERSTATE & WHAT IF NOT NOTHING WILL PUT IT ALL BACK TOGETHER?

Under the breakage of artistry, the artist in the glass bell is heard singing stories to himself. A flavor of controversy hanging on to his taste of history & what the ordinary difference are not enough.

*work out  
work out  
work out  
work out  
work out  
work out*

Look at yourself clearly & not to create what is not available. Taste that woman on the end of your lips. Feel deep within that. You are a sharp tangent to clear mindedness. That everything is clearly in the mainstream. You are not leaving anything behind. You are your own presence.

is animal  
behavior, to  
shrug your  
neck from  
the spine up  
& make a  
bottom out of  
misunderstanding

& frustrated though the un might be, any dog in paris can stack up to a fully automated everything. A little more at each time when until finally the hell bent a wallop bares open another connection. You've heard the physiology before o so.

Each increasingly overworked the body can adjust equally speed up until I have time to find a routine wonder of my eyes. This word appears before the glands of sight open & make way for stimulating. Say no more.

For every  
home supposed  
tendency there  
are other actions  
that include the  
sense having made the seams  
invisible.  
Why in separate  
walking nights  
the human  
continues?

The down turning set of Tibetan circumstances so we will talk about anything clear & how to accumulate the sporadic jazz of history to believe where I do & to have it within my own melody of order, sometimes far removed, sometimes carefully arranged afar. Elaborate romance with the toxic finish. So see over your should & why that is enough to begin all over with the sensation of making eye to eye contact, booklength vibration. How I can read & make thruway to the brain, a city with all the devices of the future. How no one can be excited by the innovation continuing. How the young elaborate the trends.

Take out the runners to your every bargain.

Circle from the mind against impending disguised desires. this is a man who is only too human. Nothing is going to end up before my yellowed eyes. A mouth that is the giant pleasure of great myths. Sometime in the future, option will be replaced by thought, the dimension of space begging to manage anything but cellular interaction. I am the shaky instincts & what words will do it for the remainder.

### EVERYTHING IN AN OLD BOOK.

All the way across the board & intouch with breath, fingers are propping open my ears & nothing here, nothing will make a difference. To do what is in the way, work it thru to the touch, get worked up to the shine of taste extra.

If in case there is a power to together be something of intent & of color, why this is nothing new. Women can talk too like this & not mark sense.

The ear lifts cocky to the woodwind. My incessant brainwalk. So say it is like you hear it to be & when you are given to mono tongue-heart, to sensation given connections. Marginal if everything fires away. If you have a place in your vocabulary, lilt of satisfaction. Everything quickly brown over for sake of new modeling experiences & up again before early. Street has been cleared away. You down low, some field of speech collecting fragment subject of tense strength.

One work is enough for everything.

Everything & what  
it believes. Some  
kind mare believe  
animal shores up  
the bottom of the  
quick. Her him  
no more than  
convincing.  
Should be this

Wake up in the morning containing the fiction of a lifestyle. Enough time to command the power of my own sound available from all sources. Meta built up incredible figures twisting in all faith.

A grand worked out process. What do you think about people who make paintings, make books, make dance, make music? All is simultaneous tone rows. How when you think about it the most natural instinct is to play with "you've got it."

Between the honor of standing within the experiment of the scientific incredible service to infinitude, look over the top of your sight & far to the other side of the obstacle above the involved species....

Inside of every motivation of the silent & impressive energy mutually transposed on to others apart. You are the ideal of the momentum but once bogged down by interaction of sympathies & antipathies, there is the remorse, the chilling indifference to recognition. Just want people to know & just what to push to do.

Two Dogs in Paris. A documentary occasion of lifestyle. How shared dreams go well beyond the blend of happening & completion of energy. Look at the eye of the season & say something. Divert my attention. Know differently the science & math of your performance. cursory glances into a schematic future. Why would everything not be easy. Go on its own. Why what little is there that all people understand?

Something that is vague enough to be described as important is way out in my head. I want to put a place on the future of my expectations. That is the disintegration of learning thoroughly or of learning well. The conceptual mind pop of information should be exploded.

Two Dogs in Paris never feel the same way together when they talk about things however after cafe acceptable when they are arting together it happens automatically. Clear shining quality of action. Everyone doesn't hear with their ears.

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## MEDIA STORAGE FACILITY

5 musicians

sax piano violin guitar percussion

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In the service of the woman of the future, the book for all seasons is something like a score, something like two dogs in paris without any home of their own. Tell me every story about the book. The documents, the energy, the discipline & all that goes along with the fireface of sensitivity. The book that there is so much ahead of. Why when I look at what everything falls into; a neat category & a power, an accumulation of hangout with the material apart from the velocity of dimensional writing & living alone within the partial space of language & music.

I am brutally aware of the climbing theory of involvement. How myself as a species is showered with consequence & powerful enlivening music. This is the approach I am to take for myself & wonder that it is more than language coiled around a vision, a wiped out but innovative jive for the species. There are two dogs in paris who are doing music that is more than silly entertainment, that is entrainment, a velocity that wideprize rhythms and contra-melodies.

OK score of the future artness, an involving controversy alert enough to include all out energy. A score is a consciousness that includes writing, music, visuals everything that needs a scheme of transference, a position to accept new arts as passable to holistic activity, a warmth of action & event as well that the homing artist is to include an ever-widening perspective as specialty. That not how well come thing is rendered but how well a visionary life of layers of musics abstract & yet systematic. Samsara Congeries would be a virtual source book of performance material.

*ECCE HOMO ECCE SIGNUM*—when the improvised composer sets down to really sound out the material & systematize the sounds, a scandal will arise & go into the hearts of the trads. Art is internal health & I am rising along my spine. so make me out to be little.

interaction of pages. Something definite fills in abstractions with personal symbolic speech.

The word inside of the better wisdom working the downunder marching haven.

So much the tensions are within the multiple occasion when I am what I can't do. I think that many ways at once. Why in that tasted grown region of belief is there a penalty for difference?

Accurate dark.

That one is under the strain of one so large. What walking woman has been staring at the light & whether such understanding as line on distinct paper is only remarkable gift.

Open the door & inside the stumps of mutated flesh are the gods of love.

Each word is a tested volume. Write it the way ancient Spoloius the time before we led the city by the happening. A flock of power going someway to other spear the word given to standing up. One word, uh, how you say, I consider the word to be the snap up inbetween the worry ness. Some ways against the aqua pleasant form. No bent in front dash with the spilled air between bars. Black bar spaces are coaxing black umbrellas. Giving gone.

Two dogs stand up to muzik. Underneath positive interaction nothing stands in your way, Traggy Fineleaf.

Reimplement the busy art head sun around to the energy.

The bend & the beyond door once the white goes thru the astro placid convincing.

It is time to stop being an artist for someone else. The going beyond the bend & the door are visually affixed.

My brand of transfusion while sitting at the black bar & downunder the deepest fascination. I don't sink so much. Give me the self-given steam.

mansome way. Sing like the nova space alert. Go jav jav.

Hear the timpani loud, biting boor closing in anyone's censored face. I can write too & even tho they won't like written plays, so we play different & nothing sets right.

The man stabilized by his connections, teaching classes, performing each wise extending family, deducing personal dissolve.

Gridwork of many possibilities. Look at my eyes & whatever you see in it. The occasion I believe, o I say what I know. Look toward a brilliant moon like this.

Body laid down to make sense of the human completion funeral. Colors have blinded memories of occasions occasional & artistic. Better like preservation; kind of species to remember its history with social monument. Performing the initiation, happily they can play death with repetition knowing each time there is timestrength to be gained from the body left behind. Only one death at a time. Play for art's marbles.

Break the point of tension like tiger fiery blood.

Everything.

Who on earth? Finetooth line all the way back to the species. Look down into, to a ball of history bouquet. In regret that anything ordinary should have it together, clarify & feel outrageous. The somewhere everything is a matter of perchance, a few quickly strung-out differences. You see, I am the animal so far between the feel & the manner that you overcome. I'm too many. What can I do for you? Who are on earth ancient so-called beginnings brought back to the facefront mirror industry. One man, twice the banging, working, sitting to the factory. Nothing elaborate. I'm worked up over my contribution. I'm so little to be so many.

Every one kind word like books will finally make a wisdom to furnish the notable speech with a format like any other but this is little enough.

Everything with the lie of assembly. A catacomb beneath the

A score, a fiction, a vision, a complete ordering of the consequences set forward by novel intention. How do I not become alarmed by the business of the past? What sure-footed creatures have availed themselves before the sacrificial occurrence? Barely everyone lined up for a given task that they are the future's limited wording.

When the autobiographical sound tactician appeared before the staid & deliberate audience, we are never more curious than the maximal delinquent sounds. One, two, three & even risen to defeat & believe the affirmation. So thus sung to my lady, I am tasty between my legs & maybe I am only one dog in paris & maybe only I understand my own sonic intonation. Bite & guide my lips even below my voice anything ultra-human is not yet sure enough probable but just because everyone is aligned with some one thing, a pounding appropriate display with reign upto the feather touch eardrum. Spelled with delirium & day-long epic breath, the first god in paris is a gone impulse to tame the applied variety sounds inside the bomb bitten outburstwhatkindofhealingdoyouteach. The touch of the crystal is sent by bliss momento fire. One moment plant. I am fire sent & I believe in what is amounting to more. The fire amounting to more kindness & a huff. In the decent morning is the serious hastening, the fabric beneath the beat up raggedy man. Hey, say so much that no one hears anything. If in conclusion magnetic men surrounded by electric women given to stance by electric posture. Wait a minute & stand beating fire. Brainy eyes, diameter of sound within expanding lungs, the word is out on the dependable whims. Why can everyone repeat the sandwiched ideas? Look down beneath the fiery men. These sounds being the way that they are. Have a certain spellbound sound if in any moment the collapsing wall is space.

#### *PER / FORM*

To be out the time so done va va special. Distant given attention by the opening, by the opening, by the opening. It is what I give to repeat. This is outlandish. Going home to breath the sensitive bite of action knowing how to keep a given touch onto the bent & vintage begging. What o what given singer singer word smoking one thru the finishing noise. Who so often given me what I hear anyway. With red hair what is the maximum occasion to be built upto? Look at the fiery hope full indulgent missing space & corners so many

musics have yet to accompany each other. Drink down to relaxation said the water to the lily.

The immediate man is a flowing & integral space case. Look at the xerox integrity of his baleful expression. Everything is on top of the previous falling. Much that over some outcome the after disabled superior happening & tasty for certain is the riverside string of interval. The river is a lure back to water. Every book of sound that has built & occurred within the bystander's head, fingers, between your mouth is all they left so when you think that I am a controversial sentient collapsing sensory logic & in the programmable stead is a sorcery of combating stagnant mobility, moving within the compass of your own tracks.

If there is anything I can do it will soon come to stature against a wreckage of stone & sky. There are the remains of style people who knew the way backwards into their history look at it as chiefly original bending, genuine reflection. Ancient beginnings clearly are overtone's memories. A suction that intently combines the serious intoxication with a blank & out front manner knowing with unerring simplicity what kind of frustrations need not find their intellectual repetition. Some animals from the cartoon past have happened into whole consciousness & Two Dogs in Paris are round about the surest embodiment of language, wizing vision & movement.

What beat is given to the others, so says the word with complete authority. Talking from the bottom of serious accomplishments, why need making new words until you can catch up to the power. Said so before the little ones have stared down into throat & tongues. The breath sharp or flat amount to the female excitement & how anyone can see them fiery inviting. Look over anyone's shoulder & with complete care offer the artist an unexpected occasion. The artist who at this time is severely limited by clarity & wizing has made the prior projection onto his deprived spirit. What make-up of satisfaction? How can the source of mattering be the selfsame thought?

Now that essence can level out & the head in its quest will follow with articulation, the Samsara Congeries is the maximum internal look at a bottom & feel its homing vibration. Look at anything

Enter the life you've left behind if only to pick up on it. The number of the body will take control of the bite. An extra large book to facility given extra-terrestrial moment is gathering all building toward the enemy sport. A man not within will bother to allay the velocity going toward attainment.

Between what is known & what still hangs me in the turvy, I have hope to step outside. Why I am a man & would up to my neck in these differences. It is those woman most vinyl that lead me on. I sing to please or so I hear me being that way.

Melisma Blue can tell you that you need to hear the vibration.

The significant member brought to within an understandable distance, the marble planet shaking.

Divided by grief, the home separated into a refinement of glories, the writer couldn't decide whether to go any direction & if he should, why singe the past with the hope of building more? I have single most respect.

The orchid said "not really" so why get into is. Every word we come to you to say is superlative. The dunking shame of it. All is what outside of the star cast fortune; maybe offers the business of searching.

To participate in the bereft human of going to be different. I am alive to consider the hopeful distance. Below surface, the lungbeater needs to be diseased so if he can find different between disaster & conference.

Conference against the orders of appraisal. The stumped believe what is festival for them & a difference between all opposition.

Toward the decency to remember one boy is surrogate happening. He causes intrusion, yields to the heaven of option. One man so deep a writer distant performing for a chest of hope swelling alliteration.

Am I mentioning order & this man gives only color to everyone's cheeks. I want to be ahead. Go into the picturesque ving & wowing outside the cleaned out body jerking, easing worry. Nod toward

He goes from dark of the dagger slash to send his energy all out fire.

Watery man so sunk with the burn outloud depth.

So sunk lip speech to clichés of over knowing.

O go on you don't really bleed every time.

The amount of prescribed feather touch surmounting the scaling word.

So go on. I can carry anything too far. Vie watery man sunk knee down deep forward. The sake of keeping lone dug onto hardly a deflection.

Solve inside complex; what wire shine cold & dark contact of matter.

The three points like a triangle pyramidal influence.

### LECTURES WRITING COLLECTED

Avoidal wonder

Thick

So gone

Better so reason

Tell me might sign to

Something or

Raise them fire

So go now

And vary to beat

Hooked up to the broadest sense of movement, they vinge & under remote stress are guided by excitable objects.

He should keep track of the place of everything.

Enter the life you've left behind if only to pick up on it. The number of body will take control of the bite. An extra large book to facility given-terrestrial moment is gathering all building toward the energy sport. A man not within will bother to allay the velocity going toward attainment.

beyond the interface of belief or understanding & pretend you are in the act of deja vu? The Samsara Congeries is an incomplete act. Its every body begins from being solid deep & running eventually out of focus. The human is somewhat repetitious. It's media impacted, body graven & in need of change. How many forests can be found at the time of a needle. Needless to say, I am roundabout. Time in need of a new axle of language. Naming the Samsara Congeries after everything I've written. Why on earth shouldn't I continually compose literature of art books as mental progression for the same reason that video tapes will be the medium of future & that really any book gets begins from the final point of writing. OK that I keep writing the same book again & again. A continuous fascination toward the arts will always be suppressing that giant instinct. Poor Arno Tapes, he was given to spurious devotion & everything was wired to central beliefs & many a worried time within the completion of any giant instinct, Arno was a servant to the next. The continuation, even his ideas were subject to revision & this occurred within his lower level chaos. His body had such the different way of composing its itinerary so-called speech was rubbery & the human relaxation was neither certain nor porous until the corollaries were began. A systematic appraisal covering the encyclopedic version of art.

Excuse me, little tender but would you throw that distinctive man out of this room.

Samsara Congeries is from the conception a routine underlying a dismantled being. Look at him & everything he includes. That routine continues so much daily till I can take page after 8 1/2 x 11 page & make way thru the bulk, the score indelible & actively involved 10,000 words amount to a complete vision.

### LYRICS FOR MINIMAL SURROGATE SONG

Performing good. Will what continues. There is every thing. so what power lasts stay with me all along. Huh pooh lay dwar.

—Elizabeth Was

Never how best to do but how captivating the content within structural limitations & what motive energy becomes the composite quest. How can he do his own thing alone? All the building up world around him. Into it for all the badly capable human can give good advice but a bit shaky on what he is going at a little bit so much along. Looking away from all this is would be.

An American society brimming with over stimulated aspirants. They have within their cycles the power to make all art but formal training, priorities interfere & to debilitate the automacy takes years of letting go feeling the sub entropy gaining momentary footholds & scaling quietly uncertainty overcome by inner presence.

The process appears to be a xerox consciousness made from Samsara Congeries. Take the particular artifacts, poems, founds, images, various applied tendencies; art being temporal & deep wandering information somehow relayed, pages are somehow preserved. The say I see the book as a continuous data bank adding, repeating, enlivening, bending back on itself. When you have something to contribute, then its automatic & only so any other way is remote & somehow mannered with pretension & anxiety. A book should be a habitual entrainment, not in the sense of habit but habitat. Live in the cloud of characters & pages. The sensibility arrived at is not confused infinite but a culminating discovery. No personality hard pressed for supremacy. A book is a responsibility & among the census of characters, they whole-heartedly agree to anonymity moving within the abstraction of language, sound & movement.

*issue Samsara Congeries performances*

1. Collect a small amount of suitable materials. Leave preregulation out, just get them together.
2. Consider one page at a time (a page of performance) & extend the book to its maximal limits.
3. The xerox is a machine capable of reproduction, original composition & perspective.

Sun kind running water yellow verb are bright idea. You say what I

am hearing underwater. Words are certain for it. You can hear these words here here & now I am the kind of words that you sit back & take back.

The survival of virtue & body mind heart. This is once enough. The world of power. How every single fragment can encounter the large whole & yet make sense of it. How to be careful enough to breathe in youthfulness. Multiply the various heard attitudes, the syncing of crossing designs.

## BUILDING OF THE MANNER

several intos  
deep raising improvisation  
proxemics

Dunk me under refreshing invention & I will water your jazz space to move in & out of the drive. You are driven so your place, the baby of saturation under this home.

Spine on the animal book separate. Every internal distinction or dig the base.

Everyone hears the speed of revival in the yoga culture...when spoken...so go quickly...speed & grind to action like quill deep penetration automatic beyond tendency. So go so fast so to speak ghost images. He could see thru the back of his head & the sorry story he told when quizzed about the circumstance in a somewhat sunken broken beneath the hospice. Bloody speaker to make sense; earthwords of what English horrible is bonded to speak or if he does it to pale dead heaven or gain the wonder sunken.

So move the breaking.  
Ear hear that sort of.  
Straight neck to extend.

In case of special misunderstanding the following characters we re-enact their catalogued events.

Dalai Lama, shadow dancer.  
The moment for the indecisive poet has no sugary repast.