

## No Titles

This morning's lizard eschewed the dandy  
lion leavings & crept beneath my wondered  
opening to chemistry world sinkholes deep in  
the imagination of plums or root vegetables  
dripping loam and reading little Jimmy  
Lock's Myth online for us virgins of Reality,  
which I do hope to experience someday  
because I think I'm finally ready & wanted to  
save myself so as to feel it more ecstatically  
instead of ho-hum and you bet & do you have  
that in mauve, when we dawn and joy  
whether you noticed or king codependent  
ever bought that Fiat or showed his  
undertakes or refinished the memoir we all  
sent to mom after life got so rancid under the  
grandstand in Ouros Borough, the  
population espresso machine spat out stones  
of pure mentation, rhapsody rubies, & some  
of us had to go pee, & one or two came  
whistle-stopping on the B & O Special  
connecting Armpit Ohio to pre-tortured  
kansas reptile showrooms in Maine where  
excelling had not been invented yet but  
passionately wished it had, just to keep the  
prairie from rolling up in reefer trucks or  
spewing bison curses over corn product hell  
or the flames of library fires still burning in  
Alexandria or Berlin, still make me cough up  
mysteries of Phlegmish painters seeing the  
night of the Acropolypse 20,000 years across  
the world stream smoking words & lost  
poetry etchings not saying what you think or  
feel, it's the pulsar elegy book, no tablet of  
consciousness no ruled notebooks no Title  
Page explicitations nor indexical comforts  
nor footnotes nor superscript pats on the  
back nor chapters of verse nor subtitle cues  
nor marginal rubric nor dewy decimal system  
analysts nor errata inserts nor dedication  
pages to the One Eye Love nor any other  
finger-pointing or hint-hint couching to filter  
the true and impossible  
story  
book ending we have yet  
to begin.

*May 2019*