



BVD
DWB



US ipse nouvelles gens



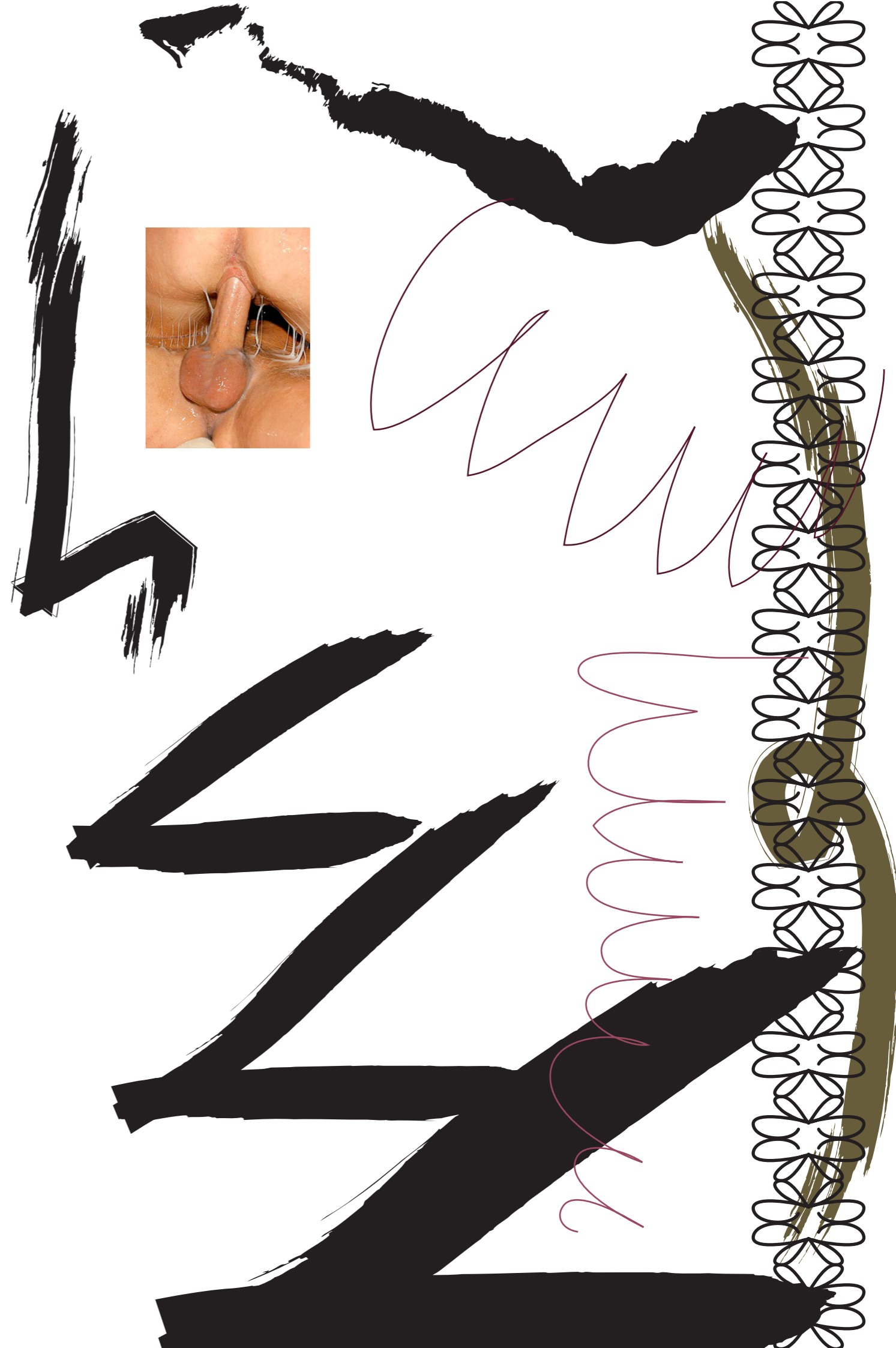
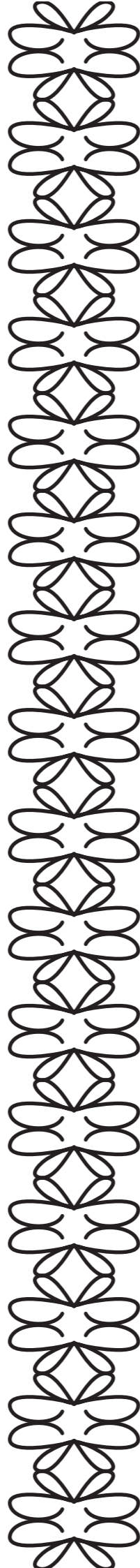
POEMS
DARREN
BADER

walk, adding anumerically, am getting fused
in hell-and-back (all the tissue inside doing
puzzles, tectonically rearing, tumidly clearing
and tearing [taereeng]): the roundnesses are
made prime-asunder (sur-involution).
Perimeters sketched, hoeing feelings.
Human waste as transformation; disparate
feelings concreting anew.

all the people I am burns, burns twice the
nothing, calls hard, pulls rancor, plumbs hot
tears beat back by the glory of dumb cold
early night. Call me back when you're ready
and I'll be the eighteenth time you asked me,
I'll be the fourteenth edict three days from
now, and the turn of all business in 3/47 of
the halvesituation that is my insurmountable
(insuperable) stake in us. Counting hot
numbers as my flesh weaves itself, despurs its
knots, and caterwauls plaintively: I'm calling
you hard, throughout your fractions, hoping
to make numbers tumble into the place where
all this might stop.

The putative place called your name, even
though your name kited off as a (new)
scenario. Chasing you became chasing me,
and now my hawk thoughts are wall-eyed and
too intimate with the contours of the space
(involutions after all): the heat of my delicate,
immortal insides caressing themselves so
confidently as to scare me away: they are
doing sums and all numbers believe it.

Ehh. The dirge can't help but smiling, since
there's no real position for two-eyed place-
ment. Numbers precipitate, pop into view,
the stay and tweak, the wreak our name(s).



Did you mean: pimp

Oimo Industrial Co., Ltd. (Taiwan)
- Baby wipes, kitchen towel ...

Oimo Industrial Co., Ltd. Manu-
facturers - dusting wiper (wet),
filter for air conditioner, leather
wiper, kitchen towel, beauty puff (make - up puff) ...

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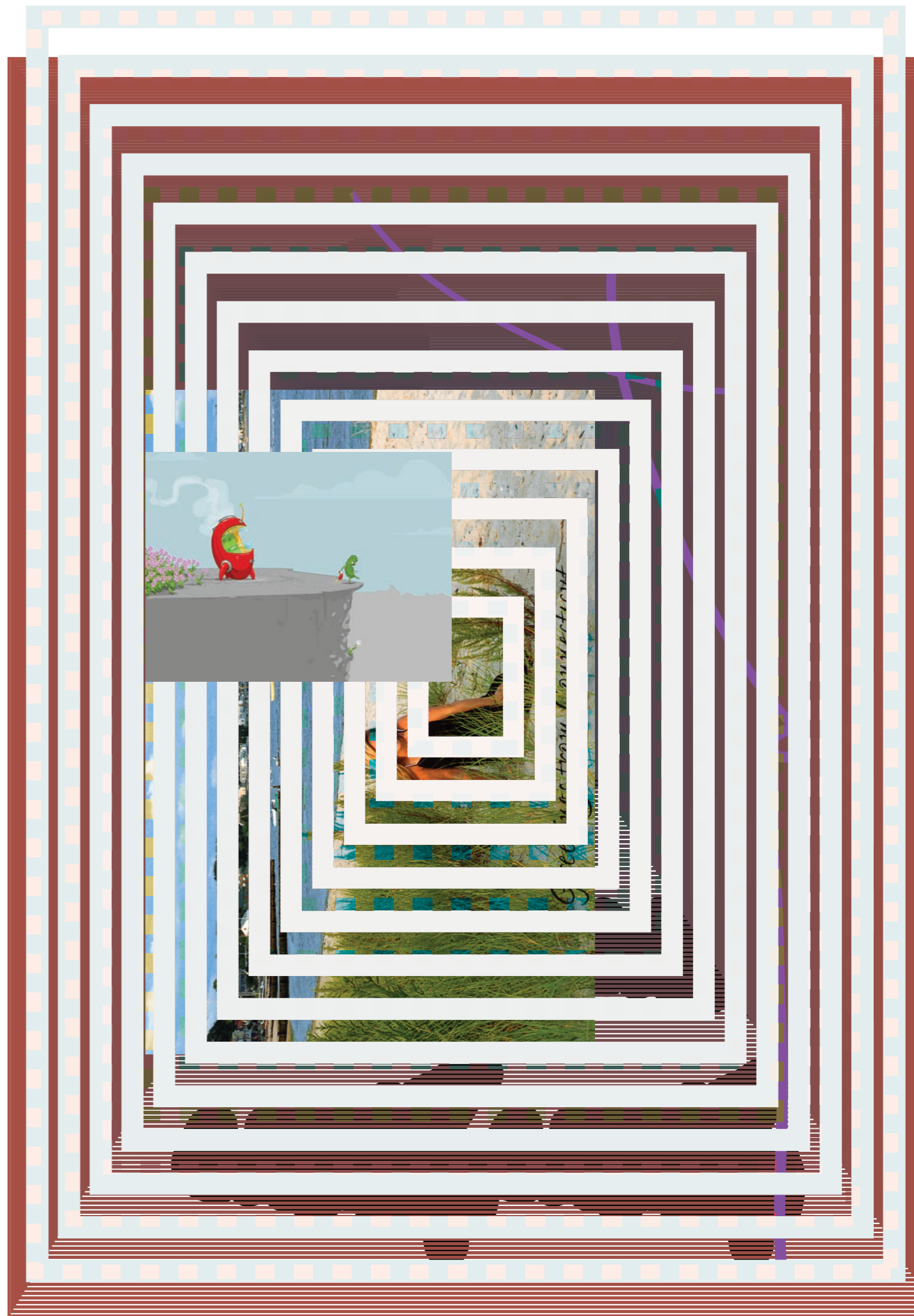
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about



when I look at you
I think I know me.
but once again that
convinces anyone.
anyone is too much.
I'm definitely
me again.

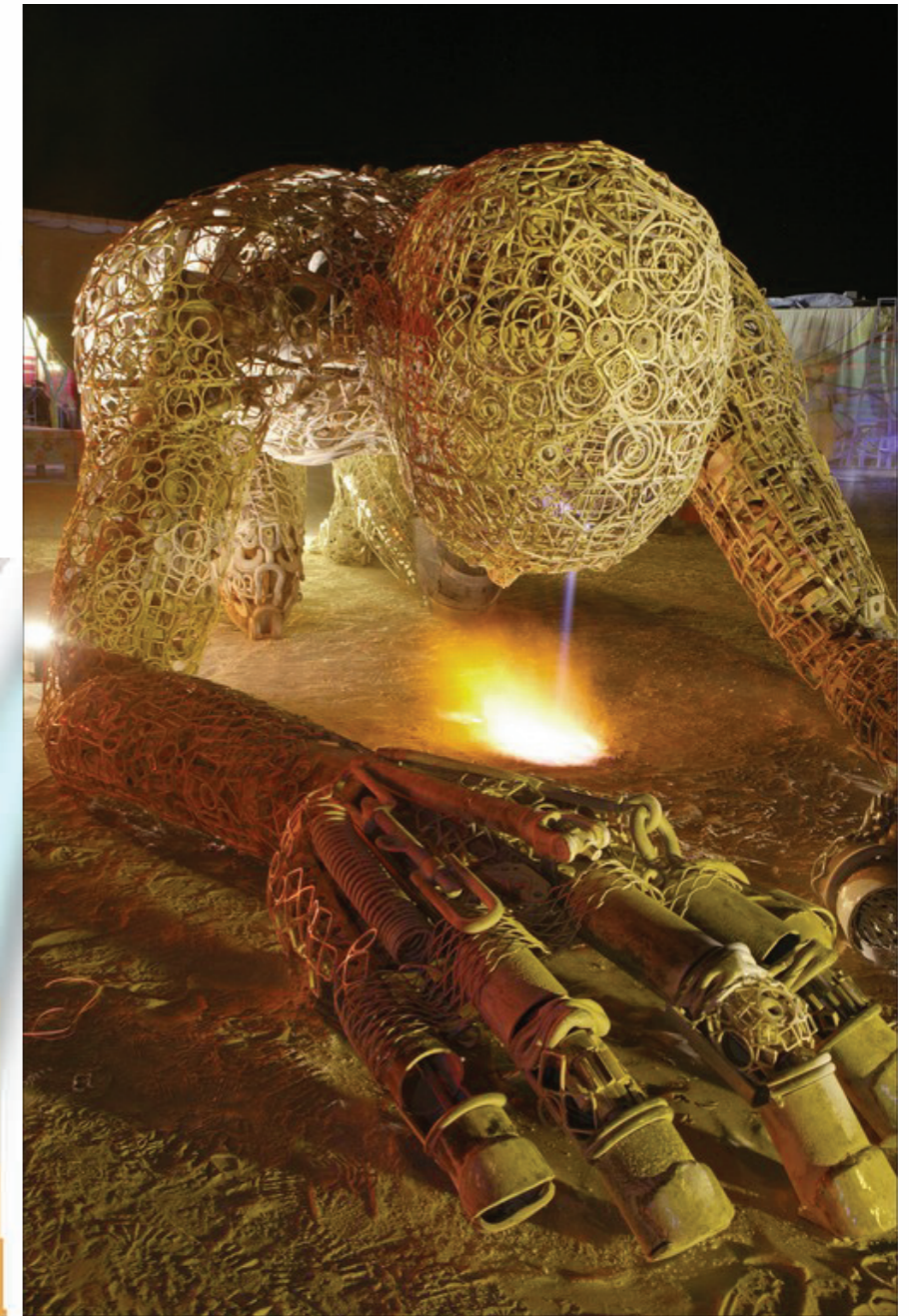


I was searching my chest for my
heartbeat, as better remembered.
(There was my esophagus for sure. And Dr. Lungs.)

I reached out to you, but you didn't find me,
because I don't like you. That's how I forgot to tell
you: I'm a reacher, but don't say too many words.
Enough is the ponderousest ponder. Look, let's face
our palms like palms, all stones like stones; water
is cordial, but it can't clean or see.

I see a place with us, but we're still talking.

The act of promising includes all decisions.
Provide the good pressure. Interdependence awaits,
and patrols. We'll fool the best of them.
We can deter love that way.





Now love cries, as (an) unfelt to itself:

Causes crept and murdered, (all) pre-
cious things-that-before.

A moment arose and landed, insulted;
gained, bethought.

Love knows no one and pinches it

No one is here, as touch determines
year (however measured)

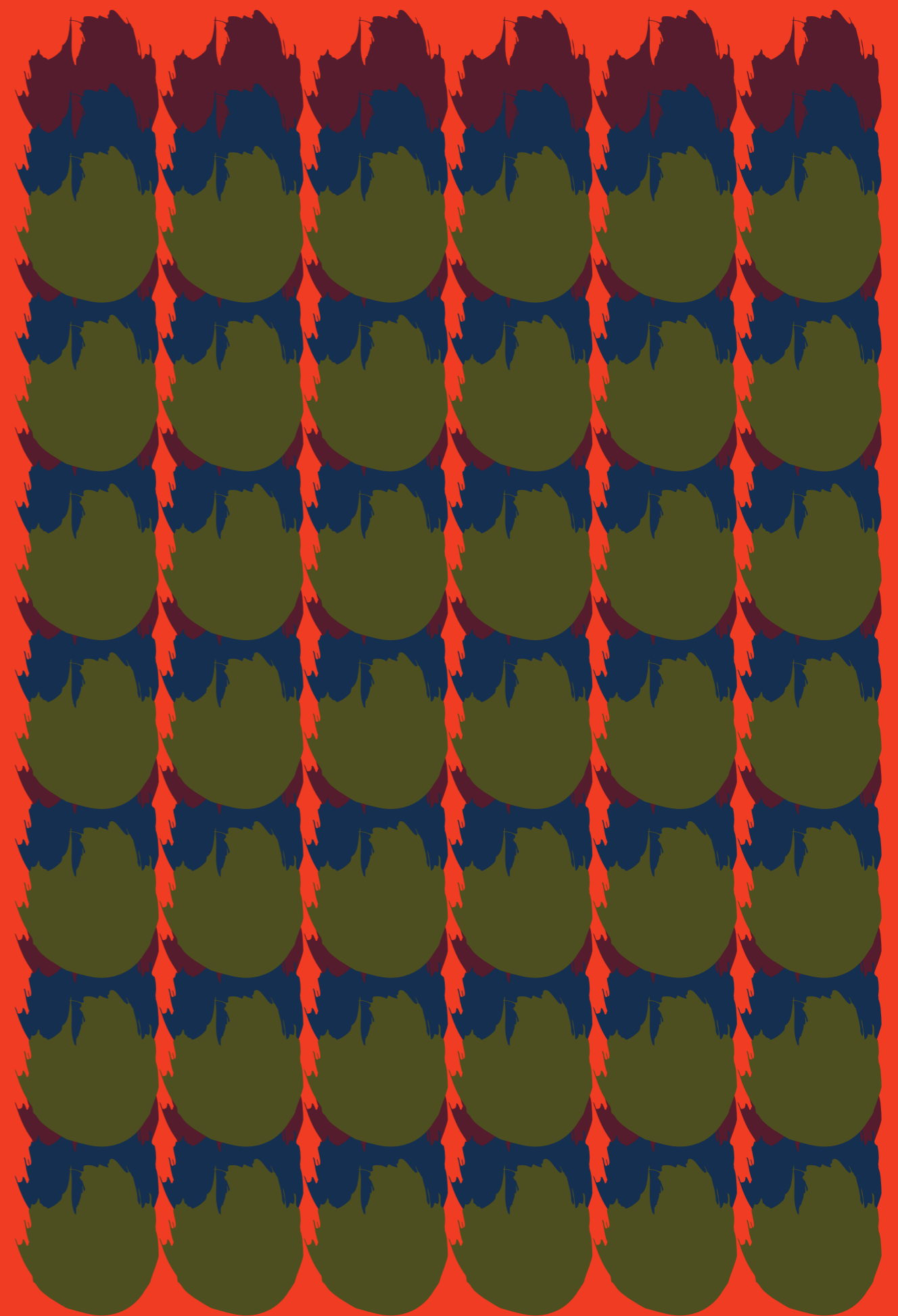
All you are-and-is hijacks itself in me:


And I turn this through; and through;
you fail

As a sight sees [is] its ipseity.

Hope becomes sight alone and thus
extinguished.

Who are these people then?





There was
that guy on
the subway
with a zebra
striped t-shirt
tucked amply
in his pants.
The shirt said
(*equus
grevyi*).
That's how I
figured out
that it was a
shirt that was
really about
zebras.

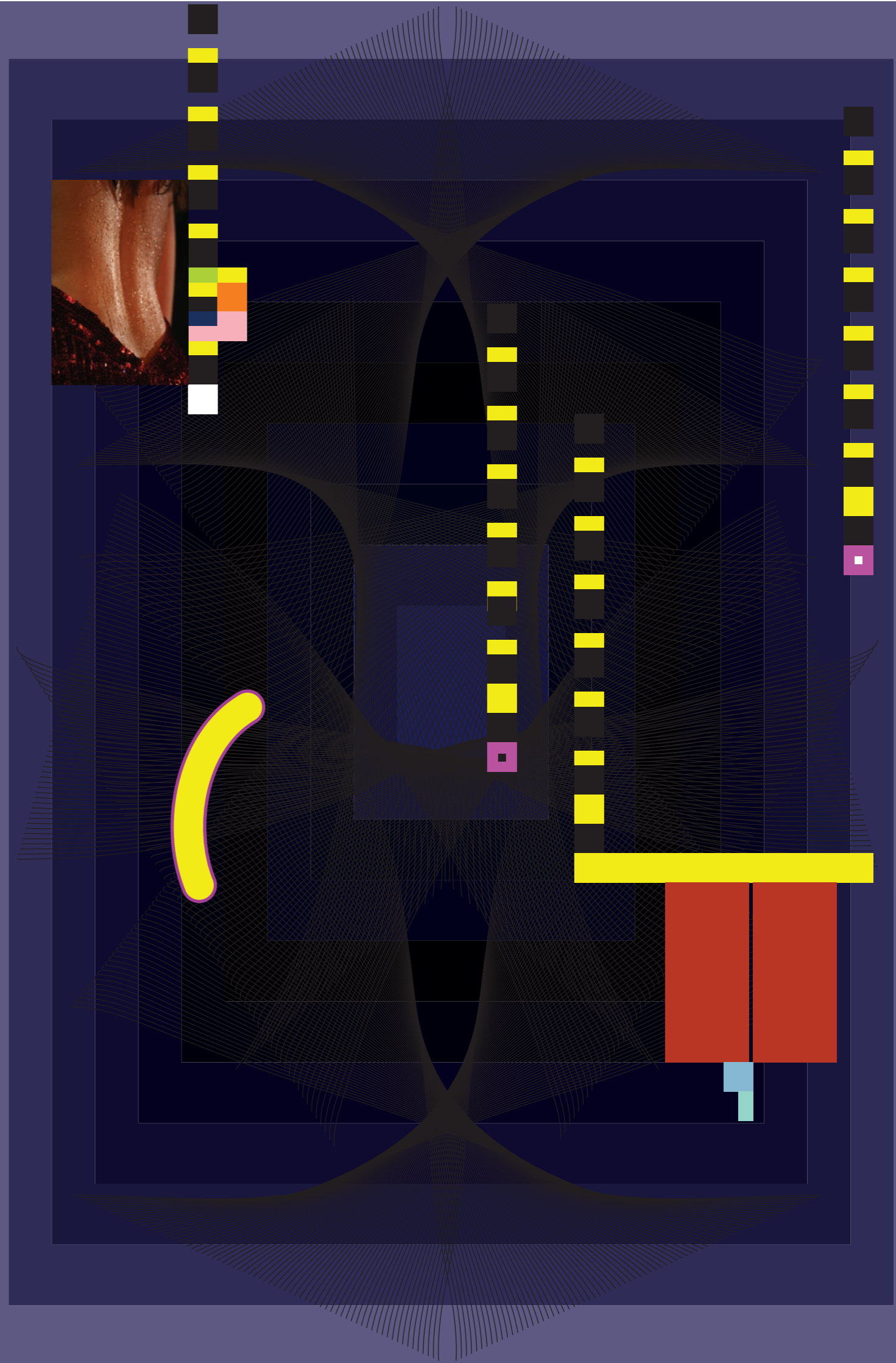


We all have come to be a part of a beautiful station known as art
Where we prune and comb the fickle day, to breathe a closeness of away
We divine a place to know the known, and indelibly quest to share this home
All clearings whisper very well: haunting, vaunting, and then broken spells
We come & go in elation and pain, impetuously feeling true time remains
And if time regained is a time less true, through chortles and wails, through affections and rues,
We strike a chord never quite real, that earns the world and resounds and heals,
and says and speaks and acquires and flees, and placates and cries and assails till ease
The pillow comes fast, then leaves us, alone, to learn this braid of moments shone

(n)e

(u)r

otic



Our intentions are as follows

And as we abide in our

Each walk defers or accrues

Each moment left, made, or hated, also forgotten

Each co-option ignored or cared-in

Divided into often-parts; divided into closeness

– into the if-it-were-like-were([-not])

Caution slinks its slimy Away

Caution starts a conversation with me – good
friend [C]aution.

And figure out our differences until we forget
that we're different(,) until we forget that we
figured out our differences and leave.

Hoping to not have to talk until next time. Awful
condonement, awful grief,

(awful piece of (pretty) daily sky)

awful peace and awful sigh

awful hand in mine (i.e., awful me)

many times I decide

and I went (to decide)

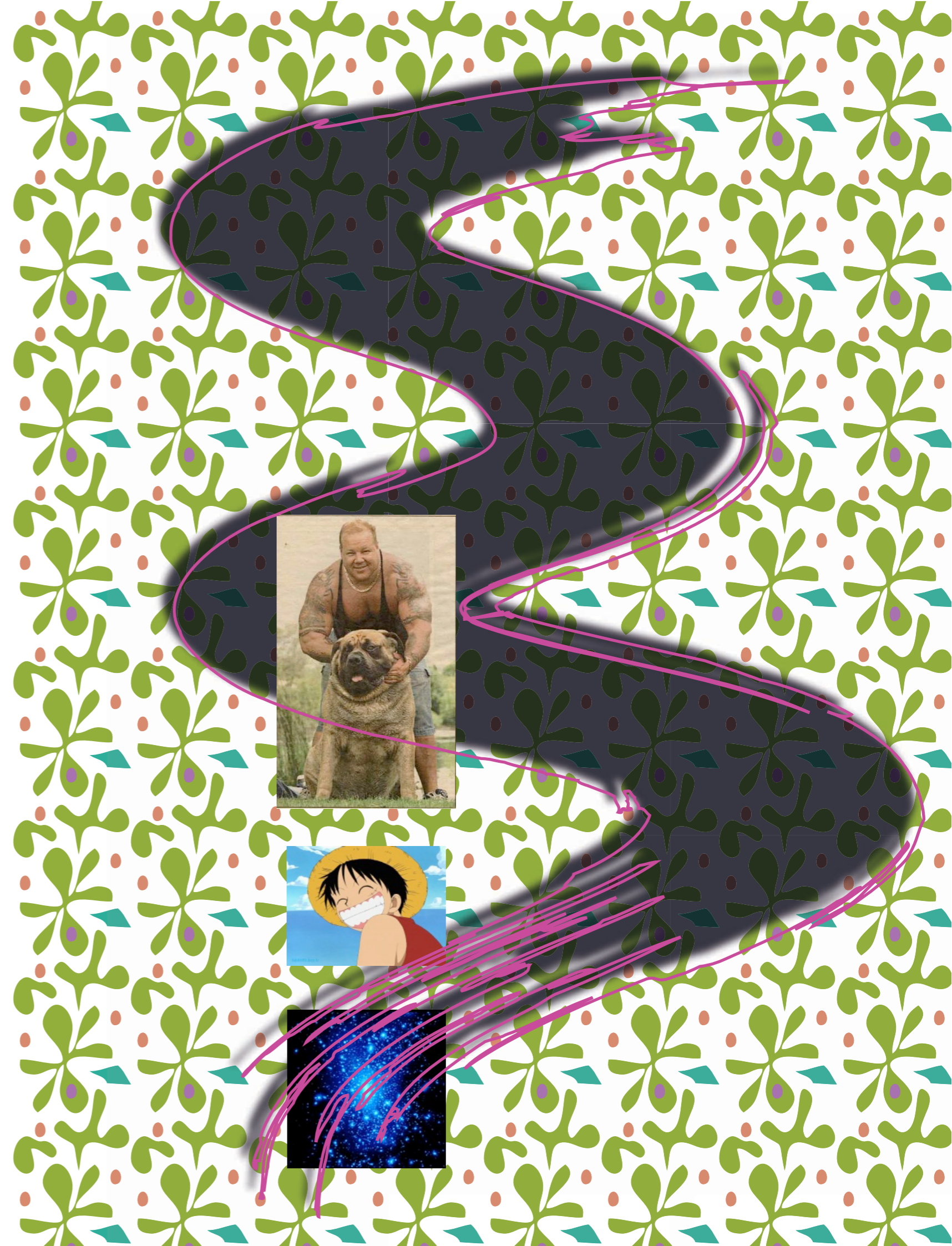
and every time the friend holds 2...I have to
breathe to not feel cruel by their confessions.

And each leg we wrote and each tree in the street

And now we seek the anytouch that any hour has,

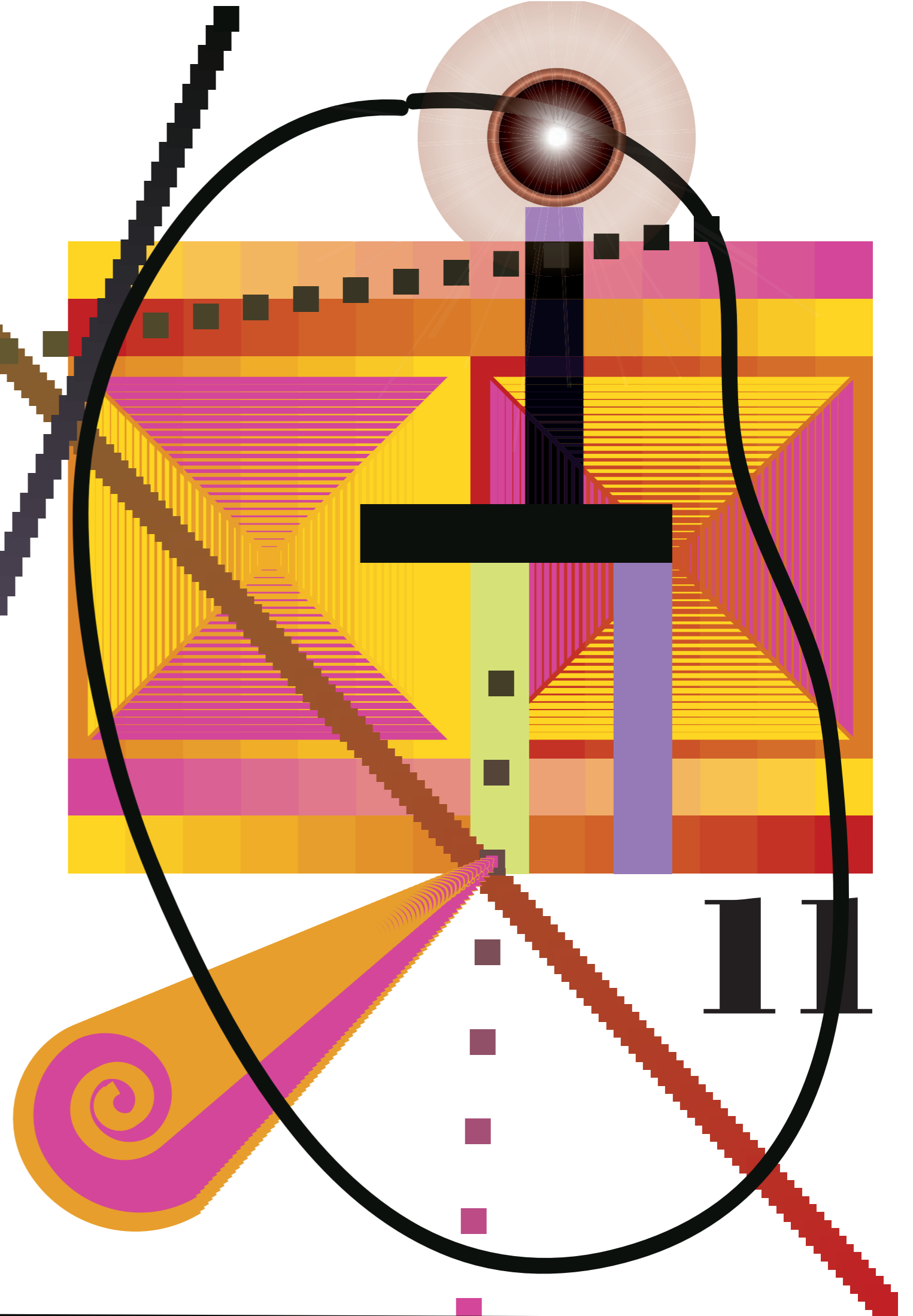
even though not for me this time for some reason.

Let's talk a lot and see who we are now



Everytime we talk like each other
even when we talk at each other
As an aside, even when you
reported occurrences that pertained
to my dermatological seat
I didn't believe you, because I learned
it was a lot easier that way

So let's have some unfamiliar agent—
maybe an awkward one, male or female,
but sentient for sure—come up on us
(cordially, so that we don't quite feel
disturbed / wrong, nor any acute em-
barrassment / discomfiture) and have
us do some fun puzzles, some bullshit /
gargantuan exercise to make us cool
with the blasé synergy that we worry
(know) is a deficit, and says the ruin
of who I (you) am. Basically, the agent
gives a: This is the way to be blithe:
gives us a pack of verbs: brought in
comfort. So, alarm is also blithe now.
Here's an analogy: Why/I refuse to
hate. Please let's pretend to build
something new.



since taking a keen personal interest in diving—diving through anything really, anything that affords the body some resistance, anything divined/felt as a membrane—the particulars of personal crisis have begun to attenuate for him. The more he relies on the proprioceptive plunge, and its avuncular arm round his other senses, the less trouble he feels. On every Tuesday he runs and somersaults in the air to transmogrify into horse testicles, and all things provide pillow.



precis2

A mnemonic pledge arising from a mnemonic plea.
(Lacrimal) lobes learn the enjoinder, the renovation,
the rebought ending; the resilient embrace of
rebought limit. (And memory, sudden memory.)
Learning encumbered-and-learned:
obliviousness+resolve, and aching satisfaction.
An extraordinary broad trice. Chat and vacation in
full design, abode, and basin. Big embrace against
everything: [still,] the love and take: the want and
plan. (the loving take: the wanton plan)
Knowing/ignoring corporeal need or desecrating corpo-
real play, and (then) ending up in an apparent state
for an indeterminate era. Place. Affection.
All bother becomes undetected vicissitude until. All
vicissitude becomes undetected bother until.
The extraordinary broad trice.
Why divine if you can't enjoy the fibers?
Because divination proves its own fibrous means.

precis2

and that the consequences remain unforeseen. juridi-
cal heaps, neurotic safety nets (euphemized once the
word neurotic is introduced), lexicon, tempers
of/toward congruence. Without knowing it, every-
thing can only be pernicious, and thusly right—and
any further inversions of this axiom. A comfort lies
in comfort alone, likewise with hope. And so the
future lies with you: mendacity and repose,
truth/future and (onto)biology (binary poses to
cheapen poses with syntax, to pose syntax towards
more brilliant reposes). The fibers of the future earn
every action. Perniciousness often let's its opposite
cum on it to prove a point. So, alas we have proof
and sedate towards what will end proof.



The
sound
of
cat in
heat,
I
can't
handl
e sex

things
s
Need
to die

