

STRAP-ON AESTHETE

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<i>A</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>R</i>
<i>A</i>	<i>Y</i>	<i>S</i>

¹ ARRAYS ARE THE MODEL USED TO TEACH MULTIPLICATION TO STUDENTS IN ROCHESTER PUBLIC SCHOOLS. ABOVE, THE FIRST ONE IS A 2 X 3 -- THE SECOND A 3 X 2. ONE IS VERTICAL, UNSTABLE AS AN ERECTION. THE OTHER A FALLEN TREE, STURDY TO REST ON. SO, THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN 6. BUT HOW ABOUT WITH SYLLABLES? A DREAM-UNIT? A VARIATION?

Fruit or Blossom?	4 ←→	↔ 2
A spot light by	no problem w/ Japanese bond Age acrobats. the mere Ero	no prob lem w/ Japan ese bond.
Negat ion of	tic editing-- bonsai clip-tuck of limbs accents fruit or blossom,	Age ac robats.
all else. Crop to	a spotlight by Negation of all else, crop to Harvest, negate	The mere Ero
Harvest . <i>Negate.</i>	Extraneous Details-- cover.	fruit or blossom-- a clip-tuck of limbs accents
Extra neous		Bonsai clip-tuck
Details— cover.		of limbs accents



No problem w/Japanese bondage acrobats. The mere erotic editing-- bonsai clip-tuck of limbs accents

fruit or blossom-- a clip-tuck of limbs accents

² 56, started May '06 in Roch, NY- finished July, Inchon, S.Korea—One of the first arrays. Due to the procedure—which involves choosing a number of syllables, adhering to only that number, then chopping it up into a variety of factor sets—it seemed appropriate to have the content of the first reflect the mission—even if it's blurry. I'd been intrigued by ecstatic and transcendent experience-- especially the kind afforded by pain and bondage. In researching this, I found roads leading to Japanese rope bondage (kinbaku), a power exchange situation wherein the "bottom" is a woman. The bottom is bound by rope. Thus different port portions of her anatomy are accented. The breasts or knees may become the only noticed flesh in the twist and tuck of all else. The experience is a bodily meditation, an erotic editing of one's anatomy. Contrary to what most believe, it is a loving and trustful relationship, not perverse (she must trust). Perhaps the bondage of a set number of syllables would do the same to set thinking free—make the irrational rational. Noteworthy is the notion of power. Does the bottom possess it or the top? Who let's who *do* ?

Ever pull weeds
Out of Yr. ass?

I have. Now my
Garden grows dark

Er than your choice
To not eat the

Bone-broth of twigs,
Twined energy,
Mountain soil, plant
ed lifelessness.

Your stomach a
Gigantic pore

Festering hush
Sound of static.

Mine: a wound pumped
Full of “again”.

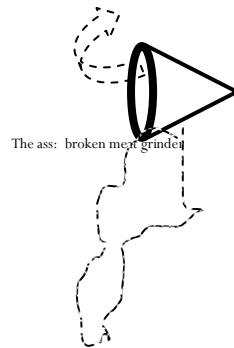
No bridge between
Us, just stomachs

Inside. Attached
To colons. A

Tunneling
Out to the world,

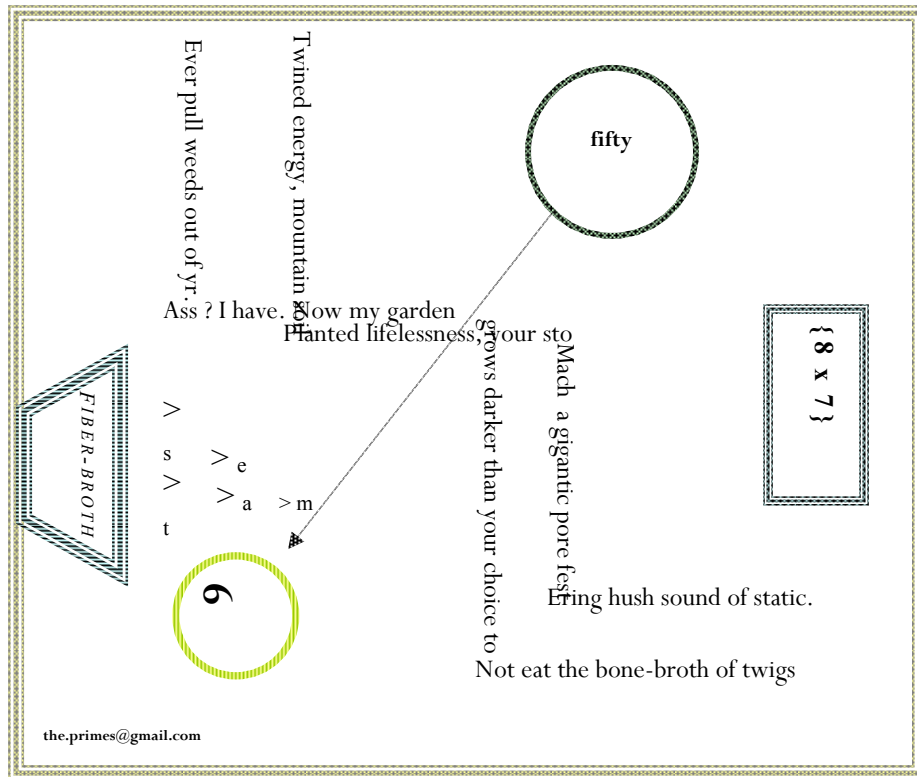
1 basket of
Bacteria

Becomes public.
My waste is word.



3

³ A 104. It was written outside Andong-Si, South Korea in isolation of too much. American food was scarce. Communication scarcer. What meaning I gather from this piece, or, rather, what meaning I project into it, revolves around hunger, desire, discipline, regret. The narrator suffers from hunger, but, human as he is, ultimately gives into it, thus causing the dilemma of having to pull weeds from his “dunk-o” (Korean for asshole).. Perhaps it was best to suffer the body’s first offence, the hunger, because one’s satisfying it with alien nourishment, one’s greed for comfort, has consequences: a lyrical stuttering, an unbeautiful illness, like poetry, the shits.



4

⁴ The above is a version of the previous 106 (orig 56)—only this one is from a sticker series based on the Andong Arrays. As a writer/artist, I flip a coin each day. On one side is devilish delusion, on the other is angelic ambition—the only difference is chance, day, the side of the bed woken up on. I felt novelty publishing might be the answer to my work. A spin on Wordsworth writing in the language of common people, only difference was I wanted to capitalize on reading habits—the delusional fact that people are more apt to read in a format that is common to everyday reading. Diagrammatic, short, visually stunning text. * I’m a fuck-up. The only thing these stickers will do is make good labels for chocolates in some boutique during Easter. The color scheme was all Tiffany blue and Miami Vice pinks and oranges. Thinking about the shape of the text boxed within—it resembles the texture of mountain food—sharp and jagged, a somewhat chewable glass. Or else it’s the shape of an intestinal tract during cubism, the food getting hung up on corners. “Come get your chewable glass chocolates—the label is divine”. It makes sense to me. Packaging is everything. Put a nasty soul in a handsome body and see what happens. He still gets laid more than the average husband.

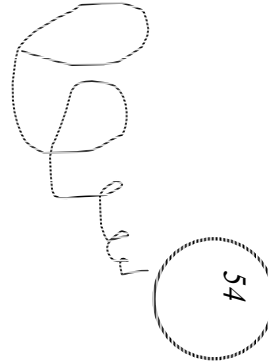
FIFTY-4

5

hurricanes east of home
brings residual rain—
afterbirth of stormbirth

Elsewhere. Rain is pissed-off
Gang bullying maize-crop
To awkward arc. Rule of

uncountable nouns:
single no harm but a
collective you suffer.



1 **The notes for this 54 were taken on July 11, 2006,** a couple of days into our trip to visit my in-laws outside Andong- si. Rainy season: the norms of July were just beginning to blossom. I'd experienced the same storms , the flooding, the soft music getting cued to episodic fundraising on cable TV. W/beer, I'd watch prefab stories of loss and drowning strut down imagined cat walks with their big , silicone titties anchoring my attention. Not that stories of death and drowning have silicone breasts, per se—but somehow they're sexy from a distance that's both literal and cultural. A day or so after the worst of the storms, there occurred a cultural mirage across from our paper-lantern-like abode where the 6 of us slept . I was staring at an almost parallel image of the LA riots (another natural disaster) as old Korean farmers looted the unripened corn fields of their elderly neighbor who, a shaman says, was bedridden by his dreams for a more pastoral life. Was that even possible? Hedgerows morphed to storefront windows. Farmers crash through bramble, thorn-shard and vine to ransack the field. A currency of corn. Then the field's empty as my wallet. The economy swallowed. It's delicious. In times of hardship: shit kernels to reuse.

Hurry!
Cain's east
of home.

Brings rest.
Eye. dew
all rain—

After
birth of
stormbirth.

Elsewhere:
Rain is
pissed-off.

Gang- bull.
He angst
maize crop

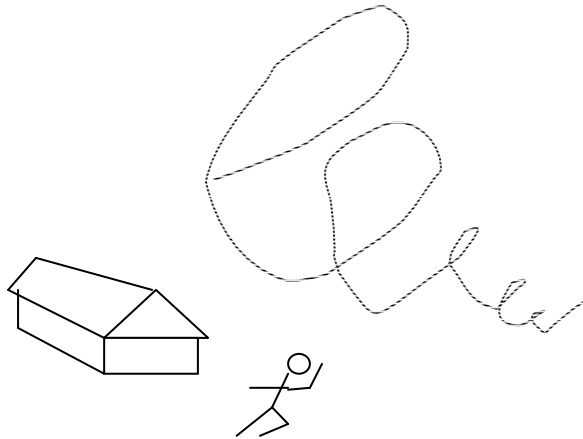
To hawk
Word ark.
Rule's love

One's own.

Count a
bull's nouns..

Sing all
No harm
But a

Collect
If you
suffer.



6 In this variation of 54, there was a division by 27. After making homophonic translations, plus making visually similar substitutions, a biblical, and perhaps more honest, assessment was made. Visually similar substitutions are a common occurrence amongst students with reading difficulties. As a teacher, I don't scold this, nor do I embrace it. It becomes a mere talking point, as if discussing the similarities between ransacking a field and reaping a grocery store for crops. Hunger, I say, isn't localized in the gut. It's as plentiful as water in the human body's composition. Then we are 86% hunger, right?. But if I say that at work, my tenure would be torn from its roots—glowing and barking itself away from me, its rightful owner, then I'm abandoned by home and livelihood. This is the collateral damage of thinking in public.

9-TEA

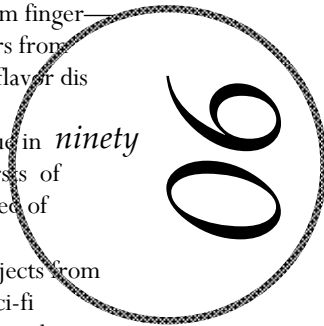
Bodi tree description's
Not here. I suck on it's
Berries -- like siphoning

Splinter-shard from finger—
berry flesh puckers from
mouth suction -- flavor dis

sipates onto tongue in *ninety*
might cellular bursas of
sourness. Hollowed of

flesh, seedthorn ejects from
berry skin , like sci-fi
escape pod from mother

ship: 1's information
safe if planted – buried
pit, as tree-growth, regroup...



7

7 The first 90 (above) is a fertility cult. I'm not sure if I'm to take wife's word for gospel, but she tells me a particular tree we experienced at her parents' home is a distant cousin to the tree Siddhartha sat under when he was enlightened. I have no memory of its foliage, but possess memory of its fruit and my eldest daughter. Eldest daughter, Paige, would run out with an empty bucket and return minutes later with these berries (fig-like) that felt, to the tongue, like insulated thorns. Something about the act of eating made me think of sexual reproduction, the survival of the species, but cross-bred with a science fiction movie, like when Luke Skywalker or Darth Vader jumps into an escape craft before death shakes in. Come to think of it, that is as accurate a description of procreating and the orgasmic act as I can think. The data-seed ejecting from its host to live another day. When googling the tree some 2 years later, I am less sure that I have the correct name and significance for it, however, would you blame me for trusting my wife and not trusting a search engine, like google? Faith-based data outweighs the data-scape world when loved is one as I .

Bodi tree the script

Shuns: *not here*. I suck

on tits' berries -- like

siphoning splinters

hard from finger * Bare,

he's flesh. Fucks hers from

mouth * *Suck*. *Shun flavor*.

This is fate onto

Tongue in night cells. * *You*

*Lard! Bursts of Sow! * Her*

Mess hollowed of flesh.

Seedthorn ejects from

berry skin , like sci-

fi escape pod from

mother ship* : 1 sin

formation safe if

planted , buried pit,

as tree-growth, regroup.

big pod
small target



9-TEA

◊ / ⑬ = ⑤ syllables

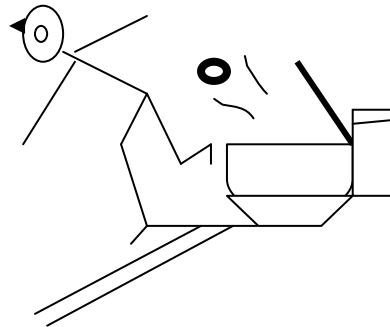
¹**On 90 above.** Must every fertility cult join its shadow? Pornography. The act above is: pornography. He prayed: pornography. One's vulnerability is pornocentric. The colonization of all that's one on one, not one/w one is pornography. Take the ugliness of a man, ashamed, and shifting narrative from "I" to "he" as pornography. He gnawed pornography til it was good. "Was it greed? Were you informed of yourself?", he asked. She replied, "no—get off." Heavy with fruit. The last time. Every time.

One-oh-ate

***	***	XXX	yyy
***	***	XXX	***
***	***	XXX	xxx
***	***	XXX	yyy
***	***	XXX	***
***	***	XXX	yyy
***	***	XXX	*xy
***	***	XXX	xy*
***	***	XXX	yx*

Note on 108, previous page. I was reading a National Geographic some months ago. There's a country that measures national success in terms of Gross National Happiness. I can't think of an objective way to measure such a thing unless there's a device I don't know about. Sticker charts work less than words, than smiles, than red cars and big breasts. It's an interesting idea. What killed me about the article was the old woman w/prayer beads. 108 beads on the string. One bead equaled 1 prayer. Having a catholic past, I have some experience with this kinda thing, though I never really got into it like my great-aunts. But learning the number of beads for this particular sect of Buddhism thrilled me because I had written a 108 syllabic piece. *How about imagining every syllable spoken, written or read as a prayer bead?*, I said to myself. Would every target, audience or non-intended receiver become God? I mean, What does BLAHHHHH mean in prayer? When I hear others speaking in tongues, I remind myself I am listening to the tongues. It's one's ear that matters. The perception of , not the fact of: tongues

Dense lattice work of plant cells and fibrous
 brown stalks are untranslatable fuels--1
 needs new set of teeth throughout digestive
 Tract to simplify stalk to useful da
 ta—an Impossible wish to wish now.
 As a result-- toilet revolts against
 1's ability to consume and waste—
 throws up 1's excrement-- a collective
 foreign to Its simple plumbing. What Round
 of hell here in An-Dong Si? Eating and
 shitting , 1's joy in lifetime, Now become
 acts of utter terrorism, 1's butt-
 ocks accosted- soiled by rejection of
 1's waste. High-mindedness now washed off, re
 minds 1 of human-ness -- should thus 1 cel-
 ebrate its process, the lowering stand
 ard from godliness to James? 1, instead,
 doesn't eat—wilts to bone-cult, none's wasted.



8

⁸ **Toilet humor or Toilet truths.** I wrote an e-mail to Michael Burkard about my toilet dilemmas. Because the mountain food was alien to my metabolism, many of its nutrients and fiber were dung-data. Frequently, I had to sit on the toilet, unloading my machine of its waste. In doing this, I soon realized that the toilet and I had much in common. The toilet resisted my waste as I had resisted the mountain's food. We could be a support group for each other, like in group counseling for those who've been molested by their own filth, not an uncle. Our immune systems didn't function as systems of protection, but acted out of hate, alienation, and disregard. Is that what cultures do? Is my wife a culture? Is illness a culture? Is there a culture of one? Can members of a person with split personality disorder share a culture, or is that what makes the host crazy? Today, I love this toilet for hating my shit, but only sometimes.

Dense lattice work of plant Cells and fie!	To useful data—an Impasse I	1's extra mint-- a call lets give 4
bruxed brown stalks Are untrained, Slave-able	Bawl-wish to witch now. As a result	reigns to Its simple plum. Bing. What Round
Fuels--1 needs new set of Teeth throughout	Toiletry volts against 1's stable.	of hell here in An-Dong Si? Eating
digestive Tract to sin. Lift, I stalk	I try to consume and waste-- throw up	and shitting ,
1's joy in lifetime, Now	High-minded	standard from
become acts of utter terror. Is	mess now washed off, reminds 1 of hue	godliness to James? 1, instead, does
m, 1's butt? Ox accost. ed- soiled by	man-ness -- should thus 1 sell? up-rate its	n't eat—wilts to bone-cult, nun's wasted.
rejection of 1's waste.	process, the lowering	

9

⁹ **A continuation.** Toilets. I wish I had saved the e-mails to Michael. In one of them I complained about my wife's solutions to the toilet problem. One solution was to flush frequently so as to give the toilet baby-bites of my shit. That was offensive, but more offensive was my wife's suggestion that I give my used toilet paper to my in-laws to burn for heat. Shit is the kind of information I don't like to share with just anyone. What comes out of one is sometimes more intimate than a blowjob. In fact, I may have been less resistant to having pornographic sex with my wife in front of her parents, because at least I wouldn't be embarrassed alone. This idea of sharing the shame dilutes the offence. The accountability split 2-ways makes conversation less of a confession booth and more like holy communion. The holes are in the story.

			Is M 1's butt?
			Ox acts coasted-
Dense late Is work	Abel's fuels--1	Jest if Tracked to	soiled by rejects Tan and Impose.
of plant cells and	needs new set of	Simply find stalks to use	Shun off 1's waste: able wish to
fibrous brown stalks	teeth through out eye.	full day.	High-mind Madness wish now. As a
are on train slate.			now result washed toilet
--			off, re minds against revolts
1's a bullet.	---	----	of hue man-ness --
He's to consume	Cream. Mint ---	hell of here in	should thus 1 sell-
and waste— throw up	a call: <i>let's give.</i>	An-Dong Si. Eat	up-rate its pro
1's ex.	foreign to Its	Angst and shitting , 1's joy	-- Says the lower
	simple plumbing.	in life. Time: Now.	angst stands, art from
10	What's Round ? ---	- Become acts of	god lee ness to
		utter terror	James? 1, instead,
			doesn't eat—wilts
			to bone.

¹⁰ **Note:** Anyhow, I gave the toilet baby-bites. This made me think of scripture. Paraphrased: "It isn't what goes in that makes one unclean, it's what comes out that makes one sinful." So, by dividing the sin up into baby-bites, the macro sin, the lump sin becomes unrecognizable, but there may still be some abuse in this. An abusive verbal abrasion may seem less intrusive if distributed in small doses throughout the day, but it doesn't make it less. Poignancy : time released by tongue and throat, not lessened.
Cult, none's
wasted.

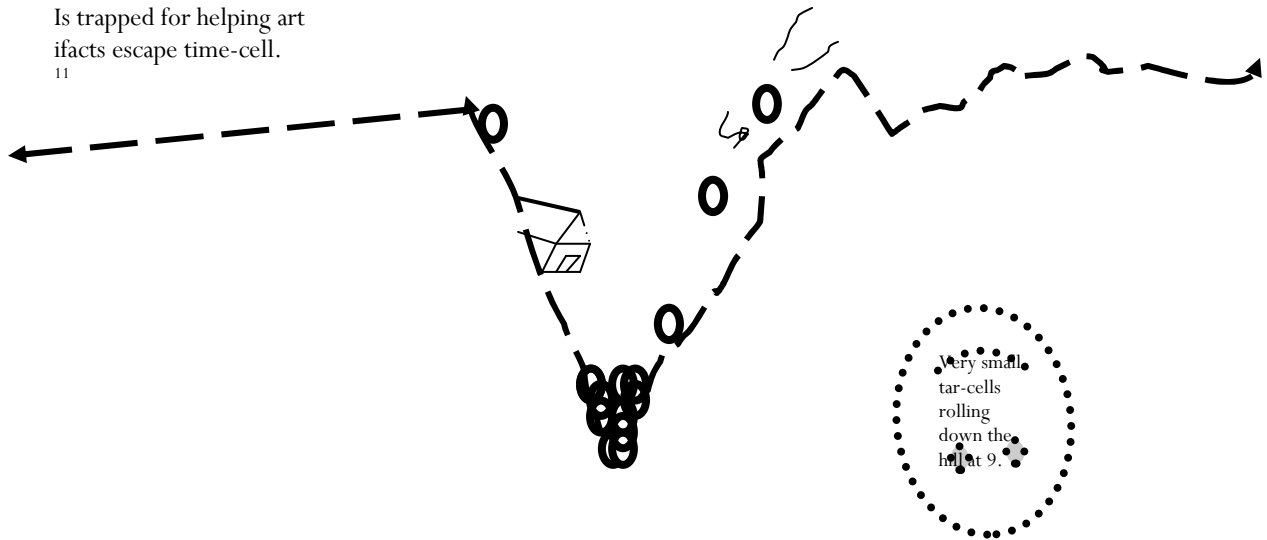
NINE-TEA

Our Valley, wife: Filled with
transitional tar by
9. Your voice can't escape—

it is prehistoric;
an animal in tar,
Trapped, choking to fossil.

And whoever finds it
Is trapped for helping art
ifacts escape time-cell.

¹¹



¹¹ **Notes:** Another piece regarding the raw-black nights on the Kim Family mountain, located outside An-dong City, South Korea. I saw the valley as a tar pit. At about 9 o'clock I could feel the sticky-blackness rolling down the cliffs and hills, stabilizing us into our selfish little caves—our bodies erect with dreams, fears, cupcakes. Very scary at times. I mean, I'm not a camper. I'm not one of those cliché nuts and grain kind of artists. It is my white-trash opinion that pastoral writers belong in Amish-run concentration camps, that their computers be traded for baked goods and a buggy. And, while your at it, give them a bucket to puke their cities, Snyder and blackberries into. Let them pet the snake living in the cabinets. It ain't for me. But worse, let them know that their scribbling will be fossilized here, that it will take a team of archeologists to uncover their code only to be sold on the black market to white museums that don't give a shit, but it's archaic and looks cool.

Our Valley?
wife filled with

transition--
all tar by

9. Your voice
can't escape.

it is pre-
historic,

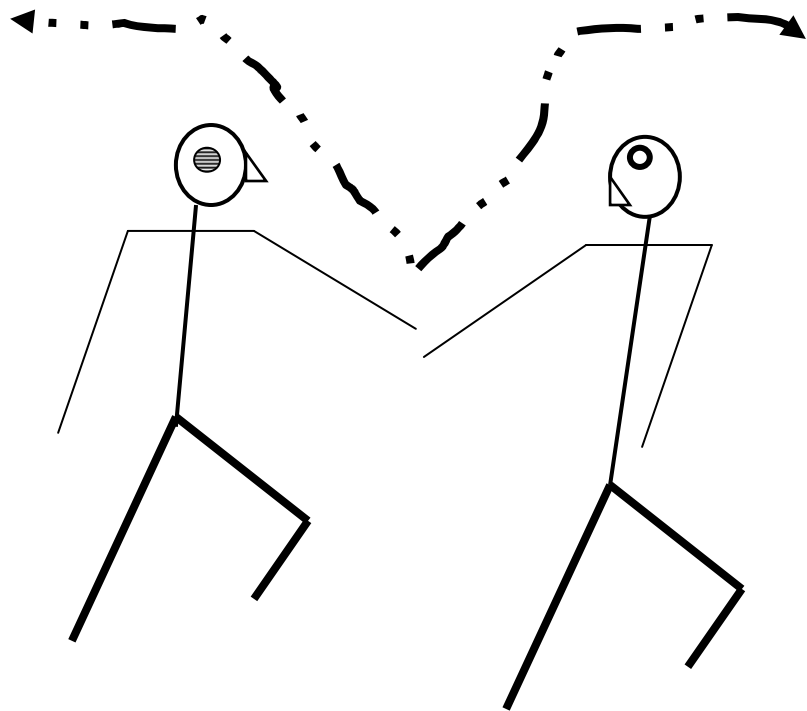
an anti-
small in tar,

trapped, choking
to fossil.

And who held
her finds her

Is trapped for
helping art.

Eye-facts, he
scrapes time's cell.



12

¹² Basically, I seem to be objectifying my wife here. After 9 years of marriage, it is still her that I desire. The valley may actually be my wife (although, Freud may explain it in terms that sound, like, way smart). So, that raises a question, are we trapped in each other in ways that can't be limited by time? An archeological dig is, one day, an autopsy. A coroner may open me like Egypt or Catalhoyuk, and then, who knows, reconstruct her one piece of figurine at a time. They'll ask, *what did he use her / this for? What purpose did it serve? What culture is he? What culture exists to act simply as a clay jar to contain artifacts?* They'll make conjectures for years, then sew me up. Who really knows anything anymore? What use am I to her? Am I a frame that embellishes a painting or something else? I'm probably something else. I defer identity to the professionals and love.

Hours veil.

*

Lee's wife
filled with

trains. Sits--
on al-

tars . By

9, her
Voice can't
escape.

it is
pre-his.

*

Torn sick? >>>>>> YES.

An ant
He molds

In tar.
Trapped shows
Kink to

Fossil.
And who

Held her
Finds it

Is strapped
For help. >>>>>> I CAN'T

*

Angst-art.

*

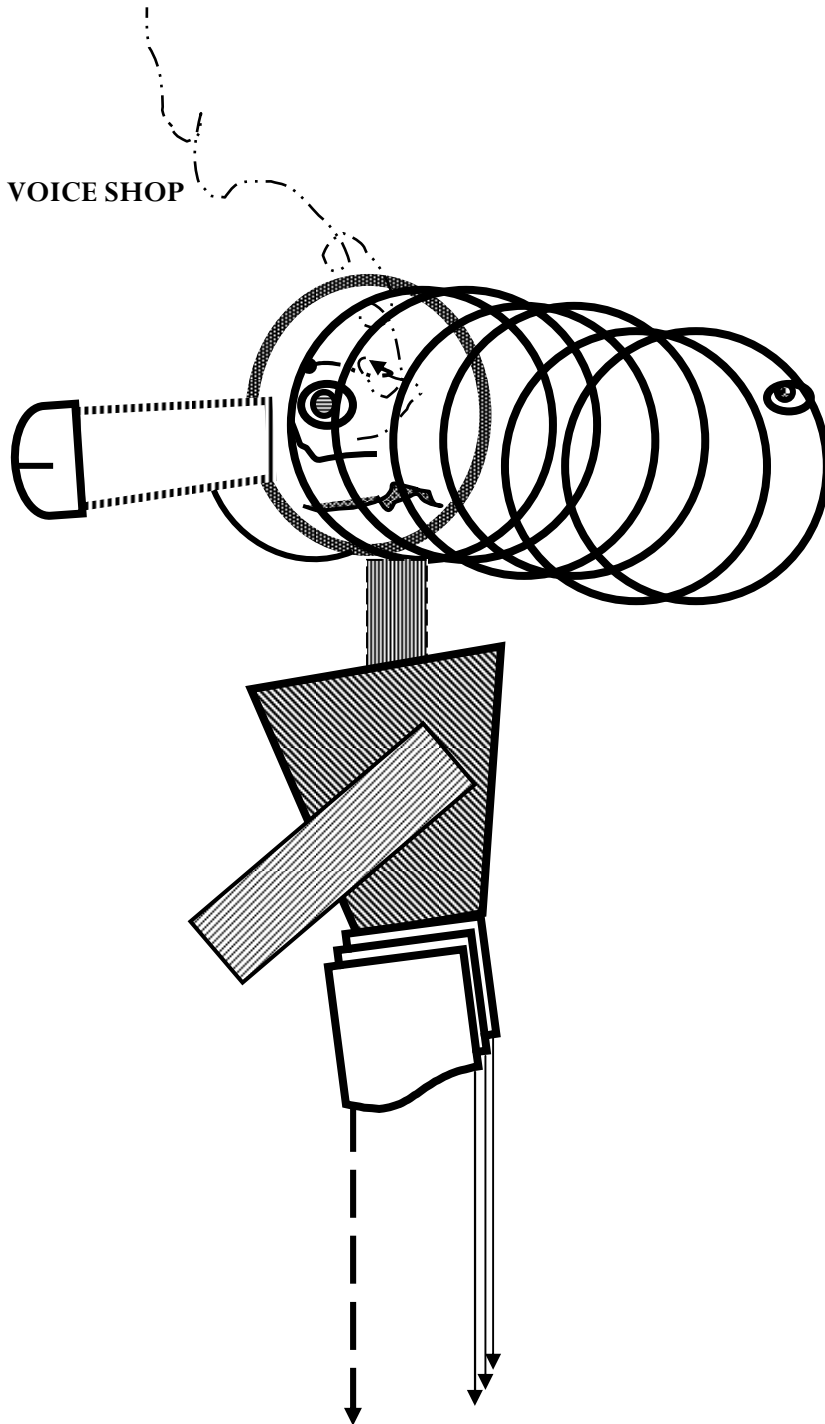
I facts.

*

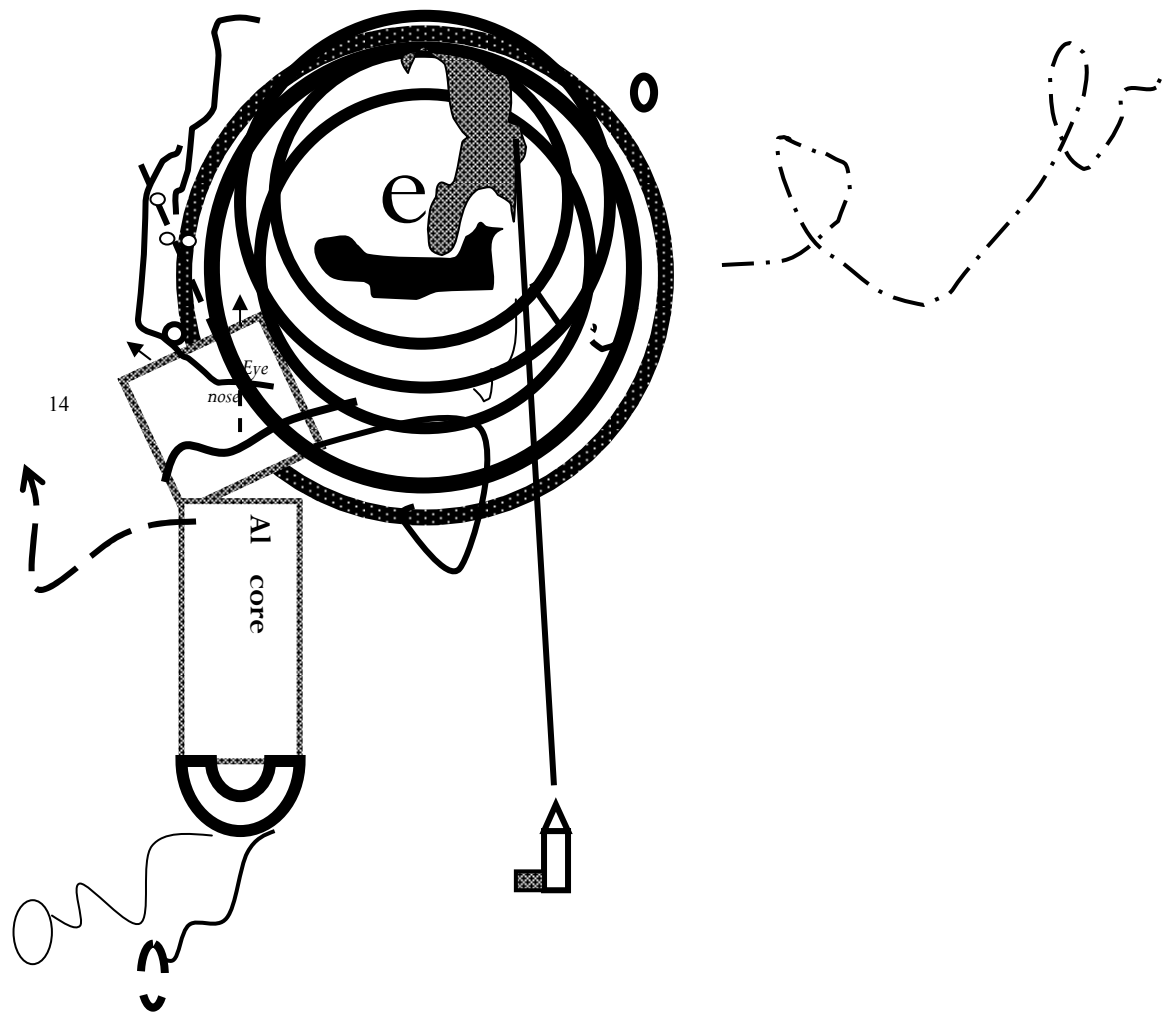
He scrapes.
Time sells.

PROSTHETIC VOICE SHOP

13



¹³ I don't mean to be a dick, but you should **BE ENVIOUS OF THAT GUY**. His life was way quieter before purchasing this all-purpose strap-on mouth from cregslis.com. Now he's like so fucking alpha and can't wait to industrialize his next lover. Strap it on, then belt it out! Starting at 49.99.



¹⁴ **Figure 1.** AI Core, winner of 6 Nobel Peace Prizes, poses with an image from his upcoming Linux presentation, “Of Global Bulging”. There’s buzz that “OGB” is a top contender for the 2020 Nobel Peace Prize in the Panic Engineering Sciences. He believes the earth is like a very large mammary gland, that because you need to relieve the mammary gland of its milk so as to soothe the pain you must likewise resolve global bulging by milking the globe. Scientists have discovered that the earth is actually painful with petroleum and black milk of all sorts. If we don’t act now, earth will pop with each one of us on it. You don’t want my grandkids to be surfing the galaxy on a small piece of NY?