

**American Sentences: One Sentence. Every Day. Fourteen Years.**

**- Paul E Nelson**

## **American Sentences: Catching the Shadow of the Moment (Chronicling Post-Modern Velocity)**

“If poetry and science cannot change one’s life, they’re meaningless.” - Michael McClure (McClure xvi)

In a 1991 interview with Thomas Gladysz, Allen Ginsberg was asked about the sacramental nature of life as an aesthetic for his photography. Allen replied:

“I think the notion is a Native American art aesthetic and life aesthetic, but my formulation of it is reinforced by a lot of Buddhist training. The notion is basically that the first noble truth most all of us acknowledge, especially senior citizens, is that existence is transitory – life is transitory. We are born and we die. And so this is it! It gives life both a melancholy and a sweet and joyful flavor ... Any gesture we make consciously, be it artwork, a love affair, any food we cook, can be done with a kind of awareness of eternity, truthfulness...In portraiture, you have the fleeting moment to capture the image as it passes and before it dissolves...It captures the shadow of the moment” (SM 523).

The poetic form known as “American Sentences” was Ginsberg’s effort to make American the haiku. If haiku is seventeen syllables going down in Japanese text, he would make American Sentences seventeen syllables going across, linear, like just about everything else in America. In *Cosmopolitan Greetings*, his 1994 book, he published two and a half pages of these nuggets, some of which had scene-setting preambles. For example:

*Tompkins Square Lower East Side N.Y.*

Four skinheads stand in the streetlight rain chatting under an umbrella.

1987 (106)

Rainy night on Union square, full moon. Want more poems? Wait till I’m dead.

*August 8, 1990, 3:30 A.M. (106)*

In a 2001 interview with Anne Waldman and Andrew Schelling, Andrew told me that Allen's idea for American Sentences:

"...was based on haiku. He was also very interested in Buddhism for the second half of his life, and probably the central mantra or wisdom phrase of Buddhism comes from the Heart Sutra. It runs: "Gate Gate Paragate, Para Sam Gate Bodhi Swaha." And Allen discovered that has seventeen syllables also. And so he felt that maybe seventeen syllables had a more universal..." (Anne chimes in: healing properties) "...a more universal application. It was not just located in Japan or old India, and so this is a way of him playing with that possibility." Anne: "And well also, the Japanese line, as we were pointing out in the workshop, is one line down, the characters running down the page. It's not broken up into these three neat lines, as you see in translated haiku. So, the sense of that one, and also the running together of the thoughts that has the energy of the way the mind works. That actually you are putting these things together, though they seem tripartite and in the traditional view of the haiku Heaven/Earth/Man:

"In the medicine cabinet the winter fly  
has died of old age."

(Jack Kerouac's haiku.) Andrew continues: "And if you think of Allen's maxim, 'maximum information, minimum number of syllables,' seventeen is a small number of syllables. So how to make a poem that really carries the weight of a poem and I think that fascinated him and should become a form that is used regularly in workshops."

Anne and Andrew taught this form at their 2001 workshop at the Northwest SPokenword LAB in Auburn, Washington. Having organized the visit, I had received the workshop description months in advance and thought I'd get a head start on this form by writing at least one American Sentence a day. The practice continues, perhaps due to what I saw as success in that first month I was writing:

1.02.01 – Alternating oil massage, we decide against greasing up the cat.

1.03.01 – *Bruxism* she says, *is like sleeping next to a running tractor*.

1.22.01 – Just beyond a thin layer of plastic feel the warmth of the dog shit.

1.27.01 – Outside ritzy Pine Street shops, two legless men among those seeking change.

Already one can see that, unlike authentic haiku, there is no seasonal reference and the content may often be more appropriate to the senryu. Of course dating the Sentences is a way of communicating the season, though none of the above are season specific. They are snapshots of the moment. Many people have a journaling practice, but what makes it through the blur of 21st century living onto that morning journal? The moment comes and goes and who has time to write a poem when there is breakfast to make or rush hour traffic to take on?

Put on my tie in a taxi, short of breath, rushing to meditate.

*November, 1991*  
*New York (107)*

The format of American Sentences allows no excuse and serves as a reminder of the conditions, situation, *atmosphere* and shadow of the moment:

2.09.01 – One small spat & you reconstruct front room into *bedroom-in-exile*.

My partner at that time had an affinity for drama, and if the outer condition is only a reflection of what is going on inside, then these sentences become little clues that with hindsight, (and a recognition that the term *shadow* can be used in its Jungian context) can suggest the coupling was destined to be short-lived:

7.18.01 – *"No time for THAT"* she says releasing semi-erect morning penis.

8.27.01 – Migraine headache so bad it makes me yell: *Eleanor, come eat my brain!*

10.14.01 – Your mouth wide-open w/ a gaping yawn I try to stick my tongue in.

11.08.01 – Three days after the split I revert to a diet of cake & meat.

but not without its satisfying moments:

5.11.01 – After the phone rings there's a cold spot on my hip where your hand was.

3.06.01 – The moan of your approaching orgasm – while in the distance – train horns.

Yet, the American Sentence is without all limitations, except for that syllable count and thus, is often a reflection of the societal response to catastrophic events:

10.03.01 – A patriot steals the American flag of an eight yr old boy.

10.17.01 – *United We Stand* as long as you are not in my way in traffic.

10.23.01 – On sale @ Freddie's American Flag Christmas tree ornaments.

Of course, here's where the cheating, or *poetic license* comes in. Is the word *steals* two syllables, or one? The dictionary will tell you one, and in the case of the first sentence above, I count it as one, but would have counted as two if necessary. It IS one of the longer syllables in the American language, but what is *through* or *church*? This is an important notion if one is serious about the seventeen syllable requirement, but after four years of writing at least one of these sentences a day, I can recognize a successful sentence simply by the skill with which the moment is reflected. Taste is a limitation. Of course taste is relative and Ginsberg's sexual proclivities were not appreciated by everyone:

I can still see Neal's 23 year old corpse when I come in my hand.

*January 1992*

You may suggest here that Ginsberg was cheating by counting the word *Neal* as one syllable. Some readers may wonder if the word Neal is one syllable or two. If it's two, then Ginsberg seemingly cheated by adding an extra syllable, though the poem IS still a visceral snapshot. If it's one syllable, then he stayed within his seventeen-syllable rule.

Ginsberg was one of the 20th century's proponents and masters of Open Form and his ethos was *First Thought, Best Thought*. I think what that boils down to in this form is capturing the moment and then hacking away if the syllable count is too high. After a couple of years, as haiku writers will likely attest, one has the rhythm in their head. An Open Form ethos would suggest that if it comes to you in seventeen syllables the first time, it's done.

American Sentences work best when there is an AHA! moment and when the modifier comes in the last word, or even last syllable:

6.06.02 – In charred bus after suicide bomb two corpses in one last embrace.

3.21.03 – Ground TOTALLY pink from fallen blossoms except for piles of dog shit.

8.09.03 – Stop sign on Wilson west of Kedzie someone put sticker says: BREEDING.

The times they don't work is the same as with any other poetry, when people tell, rather than show, when the energy drops out, often when simile is used or when the writer is intent on commentary.

In my American Sentence process there is the composing and then the transcribing. First, I always carry a small notebook to capture these sentences. This requires some wardrobe considerations and cargo pants and vests are the ways in which I have adapted to this practice. The second part is the harvesting of said sentences, which usually happens at the end of the month. At this time I often review the work and find a way to tighten a Sentence, improve the word, or make some other fine-tuning. But once in print,

nothing but a typo will be altered. My sources for Sentences are not limited to what is usually referred to as *nature*, but the discussion about what is nature and what is not is one for another time. Sentences can come from TV shows, like Ken Burns' *Jazz*:

2.01.01 – Coronas reflect off Trane's horn exposing universe's beauty.

Or Seattle traffic:

2.03.01 – 12 vehicle crash northbound I-5 caused by slick roads & a rainbow.

They can be found Sentences:

2.08.02 – Next to condom dispenser is written: *This is the worst gum ever*.

Or Sentences found in traffic:

4.18.01 – Best bumper sticker this month, seen on Volvo: *Midwives Help People Out*.

What they all are is the fruit (sometimes rotten) of an effort to cultivate awareness, a specific discipline that is designed to make the practitioner more aware of his or her surroundings.

3.10.02 – Shimmer of the hot springs pool as reflections of raindrops intersect.

5.08.02 – *Shoes really make a difference* she said, *they DO* said the one on the scale.

5.27.02 – Man in Superman shirt walks down alley w/ empty plastic gas can.

6.22.02 – Man who sprays Round-Up on his lawn complains when my dog pisses on it.

8.20.02 – Auburn bumper sticker says: *The hell w/ rent, I'm getting' a tattoo*.

9.16.02 – It occurs to me your returning the book on Vodou's a good thing.

10.10.02 – Almost drowning out traffic noise, starlings in the Monkey Puzzle tree.

This dedication to phenomenology, has benefits for the practitioners' long-form work, as well as his or her consciousness in general. *The American Heritage Dictionary* defines phenomenology as: "A philosophy or method of inquiry based on the premise that reality consists of objects and events as they are perceived or understood in human consciousness and not of anything independent of human consciousness." Charles Olson also called his take on Open Form *Composition by Field*, and according to field theory in physics, what comes into one's consciousness is a matter of what kind of impulse or resonance one sends out. The practice of writing a daily American Sentence will change that field, if one is open to change. There is only so much suffering one can take, though some thrive on it, a daily effort to catch beauty (or irony) as it is happening, and the editing that happens in the course of whittling the snapshot to its essence, can only sharpen the imagery and the aerodynamic nature of one's work.

With any discipline, honestly practiced, there are results. A daily American Sentence practice certainly makes one more aware of their surroundings. It makes one more aware of words we use to fill space, such as *that* or often *the*. And while there will not soon be an American Sentence North America Conference, for anyone willing to be among the first into the field, this form is very satisfying in terms of the product resulting from such a discipline, but more importantly the process of such a practice which sharpens perception and, therefore deepens consciousness.

Get used to your body, forget you were born, suddenly you got to get  
out!"

*August 1990 (107)*

### Work Cited

Ginsberg, Allen. *Cosmopolitan Greetings* [CG]. New York: Harper Collins, 1994.

\_\_\_\_\_. *Spontaneous Mind* [SM]. Ed. David Carter. New York: Harper Collins, 1994.

McClure, Michael. *Three Poems*. New York: Penguin, 1995.

Schelling, Andrew, and Anne Waldman. Personal interview. April, 2001.

<http://www.americansentences.com>

---

## 2001

- 01.02.01 - Alternating oil massage, we decide against greasing up the cat.
- 01.25.01 - Crow convention at the cedar tree, black wings splayed in the sunlit fog.
- 01.27.01 - Outside ritzy Pine Street shops, two legless men among those seeking change.
- 02.03.01 - 12 vehicle crash northbound I-5 caused by slick roads & a rainbow.
- 02.06.01 - In right-wing Senator's office, framed picture of the Enola Gay.
- 02.09.01 - One small spat & you reconstruct front room into bedroom-in-exile.
- 03.06.01 - Former war planner Dick Cheney in hospital to clear his blocked heart.
- 03.06.01 - The moan of your approaching orgasm -- while in the distance -- train horns.
- 03.15.01 - Lines out double-doors @ the post office but Carol doesn't seem to mind.
- 04.04.01 - White archaeologist takes fetal skeleton from its ancient grave.
- 04.13.01 - Five months after election, barnyard sign says: Slade Gorton works for me.
- 04.18.01 - Best bumper sticker this month, seen on Volvo: *Midwives Help People Out*.
- 04.20.01 - After deficient feeding, cat sits behind bowl -- feline mendicant.
- 05.09.01 - Mercedes pulls next to my V Dub bus HEY! we both have German cars!
- 05.11.01 - After the phone rings there's a cold spot on my hip where your hand was.
- 05.25.01 - Between softball games, three boys play pine cone baseball off the hot dog shack.

06.01.01 - My last view of John Napier, steam rising from the cremation vault.

06.06.01 - Worst condition for dog owner, learning of hole in the plastic bag.

06.24.01 - Near gravesite of Chief Seattle, bright lights of Suquamish casino.

07.04.01 - In Hood Canal a salmon is a silver flash above the water.

07.18.01 - "No time for THAT" she says releasing semi-erect morning penis.

08.27.01 - Migraine headache so bad it makes me yell: *Eleanor, come eat my brain!*

08.31.01 - Is it a crow's cackle or the rattle of windows after the bus?

09.10.01 - Little boy in the Albertson's line singing: We live in a trailer...

09.15.01 - @ the other lake not Swimming Bear Lake we see a bear not swimming.

10.03.01 - A patriot steals the American flag of an eight yr old boy.

10.14.01 - Your mouth wide-open w/a gaping yawn I try to stick my tongue in.

10.17.01 - United We Stand as long as you are not in my way in traffic.

10.23.01 - On sale @ Freddie's American Flag Christmas tree ornaments.

10.24.01 - We carve pumpkins you say my Jack-O-Lantern's forehead's enormous.

N.08.01 - Three days after the split I revert to a diet of cake & meat.

## 2002

- 01.07.02 - Stone arch high in green aboriginal mountains through which the sun would beam.
- 02.08.02 - Next to condom dispenser is written: This is the worst gum ever.
- 02.14.02 - Happy Valentine's Day I dream of bird w/ torso cut clean in two.
- 02.22.02 - Poetry reading interrupted by *Mexican Hat Dance* on a CELPHONE!
- 03.10.02 - Shimmer of the hot springs pool as reflections of raindrops intersect.
- 04.19.02 - Canada's flag half mast past the Peace Arch from our friendly fire.
- 04.20.02 - Behind END ISRAEL OCCUPATION rally, kosher hot dog stand.
- 05.08.02 - *Shoes really make a difference* she said, *they DO* said the one on the scale.
- 06.06.02 - In charred bus after suicide bomb two corpses in one last embrace.
- 06.12.02 - Only thing wrong w/ love poems is that the poem outlasts the love.
- 06.13.02 - In Taos the setting sun's a fat pink face drunk on the clouds like us.
- 06.22.02 - Man who sprays Round-Up on his lawn complains when my dog pisses on it.
- 07.09.02 - Woman on I-5 drives w/ knees, one hand a smoke, the other CEL PHONE.
- 08.20.02 - Auburn bumper sticker says: *The hell w/ rent, I'm getting a tattoo.*
- 09.07.02 - The silverish-brown sheen of the dog's coat after he rolls in horseshit.
- 09.16.02 - It occurs to me your returning the book on Vodou's a good thing.

10.04.02 - Old brown & tan Ford pickup w/ rear window sign says: FLASH ME! (no dudes).

10.10.02 - Almost drowning out traffic noise, starlings in the Monkey Puzzle tree.

## 2003

- 1.10.03 - Nope not two hawks circling in the sky one & a windshield speck.
- 1.12.03 - When I tell her the sauce on breakfast eggs is pesto she says: Bismol?
- 1.23.03 - Mom's advice translated poorly: *The stars incline but they do not force.*
- 1.26.03 - *Aside from the potential poisoning did you enjoy dinner?*
- 1.30.03 - @ the library Blunck warns: *I wouldn't bring up the morning penis.*
- 2.01.03 - 1st Israeli astronaut immolates over Palestine, Texas.
- 2.20.03 - Sherry Marx reports of the peace protestor who broke a man's nose.
- 2.22.03 - Raphael says *why didn't they just take off the S make it Laughter?*
- 3.21.03 - Ground TOTALLY pink from fallen blossoms except for piles of dog shit.
- 4.01.03 - P.O.W. freed her home town in West Virginia Palestine.
- 4.07.03 - Found in Iraq: WEAPONS of MASS DESTRUCTION or maybe pesticides.
- 4.09.03 - Maintenance man leaves a note says: *...can't fix your faucet its threads are striped.*
- 4.10.03 - Geof tells us after the marathon he went home to service the dog.
- 4.17.03 - MAYFLY MIGRATION headed upStuck Barbara says: Don't open your mouth!
- 4.23.03 - Soldier from Georgia tried to smuggle Iraqi gold-plated AK-47.
- 4.24.03 - On the next day three red-tailed hawks circle above the murder scene.

4.30.03 - Wednesday's last April wind liberates innumerable white blossoms.

6.03.03 - Arkansas woman dies leaping through her sun roof a mistaken rapture.

6.03.03 - A man dressed as Jesus loses twelve helium-filled blowup sex dolls.

6.09.03 - Is it Breakfast of Champions or Bodhisattva of Compassion.

6.14.03 - Is it an Australian kiss when graffiti says: *Kiss Me Down Under?*

6.26.03 - Nude on the beach viewing the nude women while sand fleas eat my feet.

6.28.03 - She shoots me in the ear I shoot her in the eye our June waterfight.

7.03.03 - Fireworks stand don't sell W.M.D.'s - Brian says: Try the tribe.

7.17.03 - My binoculars scan the coastal mountains then WHOA! A GIANT EAR!

7.17.03 - Custom restrictions! Good thing we've no embryos or animal semen.

7.17.03 - Mountains receding from the ferry! Rebecca looks & overboard spits.

7.21.03 - NO! those aren't shit stains on my journal just remnants of dried plum.

7.23.03 - We hit a little bump in the driveway Ma says: *Ow Pinga Jesus!*

7.26.03 - Shape of trees that overhang the boulevard bent by path of trucks.

8.09.03 - Stop sign on Wilson west of Kedzie someone put sticker says: BREEDING.

8.16.03 - Powwow elders lead the Kaya dance - their grandsons wear football jerseys.

9.03.03 - Pro-life murderer Paul Hill today executed in Florida.

9.20.03 - Last guys @ this campsite liked Corona tuna and Chef Boyardee.

9.21.03 - A south gust jars loose a sunlit strand of spider web and summer is gone.

9.21.03 - Blizzard of firewood seeds r i s i n g into thin blue September sky.

10.02.03 - Slaughter man w/ a white cowboy hat in his holster - a black cellphone.

10.07.03 - He covered his hard hat with stars & stripes stickers & one from Hooters.

10.14.03 - w/ my middle finger feel your pulse on your g spot or is it mine?

10.27.03 - We play ding-dong-ditch on the Russians w/ our cock-eyed Jack-O- Lantern.

11.17.03 - Our Jack-O-Lanterns were like two old men dying in a splash of guts.

11.22.03 - w/ serious faces they all wait outside the hospital & smoke.

11.22.03 - Almost as loud as next-door neighbor's rap - whistling of Pop's hearing aid.

12.15.03 – You spend too much time lighting candles not enough taking off your clothes.

## 2004

- 3.09.04 – It's a long swim to Cambodia from Hudson River Spalding Gray.
- 3.12.04 – After the terror bombings cel phones ring next to corpses in Madrid.
- 3.15.04 – They move slow around the old candy stuck to downtown sidewalk these ants.
- 3.16.04 – After manic pursuit by three eventually seagull drops the bread.
- 3.17.04 – He speeds past fatal car crash site in general direction of Venus.
- 3.17.04 – The 150 drives by on D St. & all the woodfrogs go silent.
- 3.21.04 – Erections lasting 4 hours may need immediate medical help.
- 3.23.04 – FLASH! up silver March Tuesday morning chain-link fence – a robin shadow.
- 4.03.04 – That's not a fly on the lip of the urinal - bellybutton lint.
- 4.06.04 – Cut w/ a kitchen knife Mexican self-inflicted caesarean.
- 4.14.04 – Told he was killing KPLU he said: I don't hear any dead air!
- 4.19.04 – RR says: I don't trust a place that does not have any refried beans.
- 4.22.04 – If war happens & you don't see coffin photos is the soldier dead?
- 4.28.04 – In front of EPA office This Park Has Been Sprayed w/ Roundup Pro.
- 5.08.04 – I'm on 2nd when the dream single's hit & almost jump out of bed.
- 5.19.04 – Ma describes Mrs. Klein's hoojeewatata – launches something from her nose.

5.23.04 – Frightened about the concept of Mom's yoya towel – we do laundry.

5.24.04 – In the crook of her sleeping elbow stuffed bear she named Philip is trapped.

5.25.04 – Slaughter is green May maple leaves bending under the weight of morning piss.

5.30.04 – He says: You gonna play country music in there? I say: What country?

5.31.04 – Ice cream truck malfunction – turk the turk the turkey can't get out of the straw.

6.02.04 – Slaughter is the smell of riverside dog shit ripening in June sun.

6.03.04 – Eyeing the brand new sheet w/ nothing but bad intent the black white cat.

6.07.04 – RR's school sneeze story when she had no Kleenex, used a kotex.

6.08.04 – Look! a squirrel in the street, no – a brown plastic bag pushed by June wind.

6.09.04 – Tumeric rice, view down elevator shaft we've got same color spit.

6.19.04 – @ C & 8th the sign says copies & fax not cojones & fries.

6.29.04 – On I-5 the green thing to do: tree massacre for more carpool lanes.

6.30.04 – Startle! over shell station – the wort moon – I go to safeway for cheesepuffs.

7.08.04 – Cat kisses on my July morning eyelid just after he urped.

7.09.04 – The poem is being written on stationary – let's watch it move.

7.11.04 – Immolate bully in the dream w/ gasoline on calf-high sweat socks.

7.12.04 – View of Slaughter sunset lasts 'til the green arrow permits his left turn.

7.16.04 – Martha Stewart's prepared for her jail term – she's on a low carb diet.

7.20.04 – It's not the light signaling safety for blind people but a sparrow.

7.26.04 – At the Bon workshop his black t-shirt said: Pigeons should not eat chili.

7.27.04 – Fiona sings my arm hairs straighten – raven shadow on the teepee.

7.28.04 – Crazy poet cold shower morning Ray says: I'll keep my scrotum clenched for you.

7.29.04 – Kim Coleman goes to Tofino today comes back with princess armpits.

8.01.04 – It may be the crow feather in his hat or the antennae of his CEL phone.

8.01.04 – Lha Khu tumor healing ceremony – on his lap potato chips.

8.03.04 – A man can't whistle through clenched teeth but sees clearly through eyes blurred by tears.

8.03.04 – Wickaninnish breakfast after the wedding: salmon sausage & cake.

8.07.04 – At Good Ol' Days man's t-shirt says: I've got the dick so I make the rules.

8.11.04 – Thousand sparks in front of me on the freeway pavement – cigarette butt.

8.12.04 – Non-native vegetation washing up on Alki Beach – syringes.

8.16.04 – Wind in his Monday hair so close this bike ride to the southbound freight train.

8.21.04 – cnn.com headline: Alcohol Machine Causing Buzz.

8.26.04 – Darel as a kid gave others kids chew told 'em it was German candy.

8.27.04 – Approaching midnight no sentence just pabst & jalapeno cheetos.

9.03.04 – He smiles w/ big white teeth during tenor solo his hat says JAZZ.

9.05.04 – Sunday 6A cat wake-up call: final cries of dying songbird.

9.08.04 – No tradition of satori in America I say – chili dogs.

9.10.04 – Bees eat the innards of a mouse just next to John L. Kerouac's grave.

9.11.04 – At 28 Fort Square Irene lets us walk on Olson's former floor.

9.16.04 – Twirl – cloud of feathers under viaduct – Amtrak picks off a pigeon.

9.22.04 – Street poster said: NO VOTE LEFT BEHIND not NO COYOTE LEFT BEHIND.

9.24.04 – Headline says: Body of Missing Sara Lee Executive Found Frozen.

9.25.04 - @ EndFest 13 his T-shirt says: My Other Ride is Your Mother.

9.27.04 – The Autumn crow corpse on the Slaughter sidewalk near the NO OUTLET sign.

10.04.04 – 167 South D.O.T. guy – shovel full of raccoon carcass.

10.12.04 – A roll decomposing in a parking lot puddle – breakfast for crows.

10.17.04 – Mexican boy's face when his Dad tells me someone stole his underwear.

10.17.04 – Flock of starlings in front of sunset Olympics – no, factory smoke.

10.24.04 – CRACK! the dropped chestnut hits 2nd St. opens into breakfast for crow.

10.30.04 – Is it a wave crashing or a peal of thunder from across the sound?



## 2005

- 3.12.05 – Watching insects swirl in afternoon sun – no plum blossoms falling.
- 3.14.05 – Wanda Coleman told me she is praying Bush gets a bad pretzel.
- 3.17.05 – Mind if we use your fairway? they ask – go ahead, we're not using it.
- 3.22.05 – Explorer Got Jesus bumper sticker cuts me off – I forgive her.
- 3.24.05 – Manic in the wake of the tour bus hundreds of swirling pink blossoms.
- 3.29.05 – Charlie told us: If you hear gurgling noises it's my leg falling off.
- 3.30.05 – Blue sound-proofing foam scattered in the rubble pile – all that's left of SPLAB!
- 3.31.05 – Slaughter is the spot among leaves where Spring robin digs for Maple sprouts.
- 4.06.05 – Sylvester @ Kiwanis talks about Skip-a-Meal fund - mouth full of egg.
- 4.08.05 – Not stars – sun reflections off gray five o'clock Friday shadow whiskers.
- 4.12.05 – She woke him up w/ her Ramones ringtone: I Want to be Sedated.
- 4.18.05 – Children remain the best witnesses unless someone else steps forward.
- 4.21.05 – Walt Whitman – one w/ everything – I use his book to swat dead a fly.
- 4.22.05 – No not a white moth flying in the kitchen – fleck of garlic peel.
- 4.28.05 – At Green Valley Meats a smiling bunny sign says Trespassers Butchered.
- 4.29.05 – No, it's not a constellation – the Madrone trees are blooming.

5.03.05 – Tuesday breakfast for motionless brown slug – three day old riverside dogshit.

5.04.05 – Before the Kumba Mela movie - me & Rebecca eat hot dogs.

5.08.05 – Marion's black eye, got it in the garden – she wasn't hit by no hoe.

5.09.05 – Duck on the apartment roof, cat fur wet after his outside jaunt – May rain.

5.10.05 – There are dead gods everywhere the poet said – train cars collide, sun comes.

5.13.05 – Late night sangrias/enchiladas – morning dream, narcotic cracker sandwich.

5.15.05 – Candle making in a dream, wax overflows but the wick's stiff & lights.

5.17.05 – Morning prayers – Tuesday fingers of sunlight reflect off shiny cuticles.

5.17.05 – Plants wet w/ dew hit the skin between black sandal straps – Tuesday river.

5.18.05 – Rainwater drips from pickup into puddle in which two sparrows bathe.

5.20.05 – Love in the afternoon thunder in the afternoon & one rainbow.

5.22.05 – Huge dam blocks the water of this morning dream – upon waking, let go.

5.24.05 – No, the sign in Fife said: Eli auctions not e-hallucinations.

5.25.05 – The hesitation in her wrist – she wants me to kiss her hand again.

5.27.05 -- At Granville Island she's looking at jewellery, he sweets as they hold hands.

6.07.05 -- Not clock ticking clock ticking cat licking fur during meditation.

6.08.05 -- In the fog of war all four kids shot: *Operation Iraqi Liberation*.

6.13.05 -- Is it because I always buy cheap sunglasses or is my head crooked?

6.15.05 -- At the ferry terminal her grocery list said: *milk bread eggs stars*.

6.20.05 -- Not an insect biting my leg during beach Kum Nye -- wind on leg hair.

6.27.05 -- In the Van hostel morning how do I love thee? let me count the flies.

7.11.05 -- Dream helicopter stunt plunge w/ rowboat -- terminal patients last thrill.

7.13.05 -- Sam Hamill's a white boy but: *He's got an angry nigger in his heart*.

7.16.05 -- Her white head staring blank w/ the guardian ear of the radio nurse.

7.22.05 -- Workshopping w/ George Bowering: a chicken poem in every book.

7.25.05 -- Artillery firing practice sends clouds of dream birds -- skies darken.

7.30.05 -- They found a tenth planet larger than Pluto somewhere beyond streetlights.

8.02.05 -- I stayed up 'til 3:15 and all I got was this lousy poem.

8.04.05 -- They spread his ashes w/ fur and bits of clothes the bear could not digest.

8.17.05 -- Looking at a bar -- *Honey, the G Spot! -- I didn't know it was there!*

8.20.05 -- Bumper sticker says: *We're making enemies faster than we can kill them*.

8.21.05 -- Seattle license plate holder: *Yard Work is for People who don't Kayak*.

8.21.05 -- How loud it is during silence of haiku reading -- stomach rumble.

8.23.05 -- Transvestite South American actor shoots from closet in my dream.

8.25.05 -- Juanito's ocarina bounces off Tahoma -- distant boulders fall.

8.26.05 -- *He's doin' a good job - ah, you just say that 'cuz he's wearin' kneepads.*

9.07.05 -- Squirrel squeezes through hole in fence bottom past pool of hard margarine.

9.09.05 -- My morning tongue exploring soft careens of the world just inside you.

9.19.05 -- Scooting the wheeled barstool past the tiger-striped dream Venus Flytrap.

9.26.05 -- We replant a streambed, even move my childhouse -- my morning dream.

9.30.05 -- Drives to the hoop w/ his right hand, w/ his left he holds up his CEL phone.

10.26.05 - Ed, "Chick", Lefty, Happy, Swede, Buck, Fred, "Shoeless Joe" rest now forever.

## 2006

- 1.18.06 – At the Otter Café Sam says: Don't try the sausage, it's a little furry.
- 1.26.06 – Black jetta east on 16 license plate holder says: Can't sleep, clowns will eat me.
- 2.02.06 – Northwest Groundhog pops out of his hole & sees forty more days of rain.
- 2.04.06 – Pop comes to town says: Your Mother keeps that place so cold you can hang meat.
- 2.15.06 – Do you remember the time when shoes lasted longer than shoelaces?
- 3.24.06 – You gotta be good to Cora I say – says she How will they know it's me?
- 3.24.06 – At the bar she eats her hair – the jazz band plays You Don't Know What Love Is.
- 3.26.06 – In Lakehead, California the old mannequin in the bathtub trick.
- 4.03.06 – They call him 9 Minute Murray no matter how long his poem is.
- 4.07.06 – Dead get stuck in yr throat in the fetal position causing you to write.
- 4.28.06 – He says: Life is a contest to see who can stay awake the longest.
- 5.02.06 – The café closed but: Restroom for paid customers only sign remains.
- 5.03.06 – She outgrows bedtime stories w/ assistance of her trusty I-Pod.
- 5.04.06 – Mad Thursday search for the green golf pencil nestled behind my right ear.
- 5.06.06 – Moonlight on the pillow or candlelight, nothing else beyond our bed.
- 5.08.06 – I'm like totally gone from My Space forever – obliterated.

5.09.06 – A state patrolman gives us a jump begrudgingly – Officer Dick.

5.14.06 - She says: *What kind of feedback lets you know people are listening?* - Death threats.

5.18.06 - I bake falafel for the poetry idiots then get nada.

5.20.06 - Carolyne says: *I don't know what to say* and then she keeps on talking.

5.21.06 - Sam talks about the Medellin Zen lesson: Si, mañana.

6.10.06 - He sends me a picture of him in drag, I say *Don't quit your day gender*.

6.19.06 - O tart universes of sour jowls! the season's first cherry.

7.08.06 - After some Guaranteed Kill insecticide, one hornet looks for home.

7.09.06 - Harley I-5 south approaching Yelm exit license plate: HOGASM.

7.12.06 - Coolest thing on this July Wednesday night -the cat's pads on my bare feet.

7.15.06 - Charlie can relate to my Pop's stroke, says he's going through aphasia.

7.16.06 - Eeeeew! what's that smell, something's gone bad - Austen says: *I made pot stickers*.

7.20.06 - Akio Takamori - a ceramic sphinx in need of a shave.

7.21.06 - She's offered sex or Dash Point sunset, later Lady sings: *The Man I Love*.

7.24.06 - You were demonic today making love honey she says: *Is that bad?*

7.28.06 - Sam says his painting is not a guy on fire jumping off a cliff.

7.31.06 - They wanted one more July sentence, but you were busy organizing clouds.

8.01.06 - Mel Gibson drives drunk filled w/ hatred of Jews but he still loves Jesus.

8.01.06 - Everything is empty but some things are more empty than others.

8.04.06 - Best bumper sticker not yet seen on a car: *Save a Soldier, Ride a Bike.*

8.05.06 - Pop, don't they know the international symbol for too much? *I guess not!*

8.08.06 - Vijendra says compared to Fiji fingernails grow much faster here.

8.09.06 - Sam on Japanese women: *I don't think I want to sleep w/ your ancestors.*

8.10.06 - Sam's golf swing spectrum, from *puke bucket* to *approximately perfect*.

8.10.06 - On the baby madrone after paper skin is pulled away - tan lines.

8.12.06 - Endfest shirt: *Please turn me over so I don't choke on my own vomit.*

8.24.06 - *Acupuncture? Don't the needles hurt* said fed ex driver w/ pierced tongue.

8.25.06 - Mom says: *Your Dad goes to a Chinese doctor and a cricket appears.*

9.01.06 - Bucky said look at the North Star, you can feel the earth spin in your left foot.

9.02.06 - The trombone solo finishes to no applause - but someone flushes.

9.03.06 - After the stroke Barb shreds his child support checks from '73.

9.11.06 - Victoria crow cleaning leaves from the gutter to find no dinner.

9.12.06 - Old crane fly, please die somewhere else so Sam can make this birdie putt.

9.14.06 - In my Thursday dreams I just can't seem to fit in to the prison life.

9.15.06 - *A vicious clown is going to eat out your heart at midnight.*

9.20.06 - George said: *Tickets were only five dollars for people without butter.*

10.01.06 - She asked my secret for looking young, *Oil of Olay?* & chicharones.

10.02.06 - Perfectly natty - except for lint on the shirt, cat hair on the pockets.

10.03.06 – Cutest little rat infested B & B in Central Vancouver.

10.10.06 – Adelle Foley says about Jack: I wouldn't fuck you for a chocolate!

10.15.06 – My Ma gets implants at 69 years old – now look at her smile!

10.15.06 – At 3 Andrew, ear to his Ma's belly reports baby's saying HELP!

10.15.06 – Mad at his mom Andrew says the terriers will eat the new baby.

10.16.06 – Grandma sneezes as adult sneeze & her implants fall out – weird Grandma.

10.18.06 – U of Margaritaville – her major: Salt Jigger Search & Rescue.

10.20.06 – At Binghamton's San Miguel, steak topped w/ fried eggs and chili con crane.

10.22.06 – Reflection of my face in toilet water of Binghamton lockup.

10.23.06 – Binghamton baseball – swing w/ a red wine bottle, one strike & you're out.

10.24.07 – At Broome County Jail get tube of Maximum Security Toothpaste.

10.27.06 – Linda shows her love says she tried to hook me up w/ a mob lawyer.

10.28.06 – *If we fuck any more I'll be firing blanks! – I don't care if they're blanks!*

10.31.06 – Slaughter Halloween decorations – five ghosts praying over a stump.

N.02.06 – *Len, keep your eyes crossed* and he says Paul, *keep your t's dotted*.

N.03.06 – Sam gets a gift a scrotum cactus – he'll have to scratch it once in a while.

N.10.06 – A spam email says I can give my girlfriend: *A Sperm Fireworks*.

N.15.06 – Words Rebecca should not say in debate class: *gangster, Jew* and *douchebag*.

N.24.06 – Anticipation – crows in the alley morning after Thanksgiving.

N.25.06 – As soon as I start going down on her, I know she's dehydrated.

N.29.06 – Email says: *Take your award Mr. Smallest Weenie 2006*.

12.08.06 – After the reading, George kisses Robin, Robin says he's a prick teaser.

12.10.06 – Dream speech offers competitors a medal they can chin on their pest.

12.13.06 – Adrian's famous last words on the basketball court – I should have jumped.

12.14.06 – The dark morning room lights up w/ a biblical Tuscan sky – screen saver.

12.15.06 – Gray tells me about puffy sultan monkey pants of Denise Levertov.

12.15.06 – Chocolate macaroons – I've seen that look before honey – you weren't eating.

12.17.06 – Port Townsend bumper sticker says: *Only YOU can stop narcissism*.

12.20.06 – Get a Blue Willie shirt and ask if it's Monica Lewinsky's firm.

12.28.06 – The eternal flame, memory of fallen troops, warms pigeons.

12.30.06 – Life on the other side of the bullet hole's a matter of timing.

## 2007

- 1.05.07 – Spec of red in the bare tree, then closer and closer – winter cardinal.
- 1.16.07 – Crow pecks under snow covered sidewalk for food, finds a cigarette butt.
- 1.19.07 – Get it in your mouth, not sure if you should swallow or not – oyster.
- 1.24.07 – The look on RR's dream face when the army crushes a piano.
- 1.25.07 – David fantasizing: *I wonder what she looks like without her cellphone.*
- 1.26.07 – Depart Cedar, BC w/o staying for Greek Night With Ramona.
- 1.28.07 – Jeff, back from Massachusetts where he avoided the Sandwich Police.
- 2.07.07 – Is there a more noble death than the fish who becomes hamachikama?
- 2.08.07 – That belly scratch seen in the shower's from the stray I took to the pound.
- 2.09.07 – Steve's Civil Service motto: *Why work for an asshole when you can be one?*
- 2.18.07 – No one found Vincenzo dead in front of blaring TV for a year.
- 2.19.07 – I'm fixated on my spiritual quest when not torturing the cat.
- 2.21.07 – Josephina at Akasaka told me fresh ginger tastes like soap.
- 2.22.07 – Color's the keyboard, eyes the hammers – soul the piano w/ strings.
- 3.03.07 – He comes back from Vegas with a cold – *that's not a cold, it's an STD.*
- 3.04.07 – After I got her email, I pulled the extra pillow from my bed.

3.07.07 – Her father dies and she has to go out and get her hair tinted.

3.08.07 – Rebecca says: *I was drinking green tea before any of you Crackers.*

3.15.07 – What would have happened if they had prozac during The Great Depression?

3.15.07 – I love it when David Horowitz, in Latin, says the word *cocksucker*.

3.21.07 – Almost the worst typo answering personals ad – said “I’m 5-1.”

3.26.07 – I told her: *the check was in your mouth and I won’t cum in your mailbox.*

3.27.07 – Birdshit on the Calder in the sculpture park – everyone’s a critic.

3.28.07 – Frida after streetcar accident: *I am not sick, I am broken.*

4.05.07 – *They want a stool sample, what a load of crap! No Pop, it’s just a smidge.*

4.05.07 – The sign at dairy queen says: *New Flamethrower Chicken Now Hiring.*

4.07.07 – Sorry Featured Poet, my cuticles are more interesting than you.

4.08.07 – Tell Richard I’m laying off women – he says: *You gonna wear the patch?*

4.18.07 – Each from our respective cars watching her tennis game, the ex- & I.

4.28.07 – “Charlie Potts, want to be the Poet Laureate?” *No, I read the job description.*

5.02.07 – If he would just start using his heart he wouldn’t need that machine.

5.05.07 – South of University Bridge they celebrate Sinkhole de Mayo.

5.09.07 – Cel phones or pollination – honey bees would rather die than listen.

5.16.07 – Ma before the Wednesday pillbox – Cholesterol or Tranquilizer?

5.25.07 – Sticker said: *God Invented Asphalt so Yuppies could go Four-Wheeling.*

6.10.07 – She says they rebuild New Orleans w/o black people – white beans & rice.

6.19.07 – Jeff Graves missed rendezvous w/ his girl – resting below a cliff, in peace.

6.20.07 – Secret agents pursue in snow forcing me to hold my breath in dreams.

6.24.07 – Alone in starbux corner, talks into her headset – she may be nuts.

6.26.07 – Boss gives me a Welcome to the College gift – Alcatraz potholder.

6.29.07 – First white butterfly's come & gone so Gilbert sings the first salmon in.

7.03.07 – Hour's wages shot up in three sparkly minutes – Happy Independence Day!

7.04.07 – Cat corpse on sidewalk, rabbit corpse on the bike trail – Happy Independence Day!

7.10.07 – No, I'm not making a fashion statement – I forgot my belt today.

7.12.07 – I warned him if he continues I'll give him the Hack of My Band!

7.24.07 – Morning sun reflects off sidewalk slug trails as I drag my ass into work.

7.26.07 – *I told you I don't have time on my phone, that's why I keep hangin' up on you!*

7.31.07 – Sign of age? She puts on vanilla perfume, I wonder who's got cake.

8.06.07 – She says: *There's no better validation for me than a hard penis.*

8.06.07 – Did someone drop them or throw away in disgust all those golf pencils?

8.09.07 – Wallingford karaoke singer does Coldplay's Yellow, gets beat up.

8.15.07 – 10th, south of Pine, he says: *If it weren't for cats, I'd be killing a lot.*

8.16.07 – *When white people win it's a victory, when WE win it's a massacre.*

8.26.07 – Sam & Gray's 13th Anniversary – night of endless unagi.

8.27.07 – *If you can crawl out your chair to get on her man, you can take a beatin'.*

9.02.07 – Guy walks by w/ sage, Rebecca and Melissa smudge him w/ bubbles.

9.03.07 – In Apples to Apples, we learn what's Dependable as Earwax.

9.03.07 – Duck Blinds for Sale just before sign for Delavan Wildlife Refuge.

9.04.07 – She drinks a blue liquid in front of her car's open hood – gatorade?

9.05.07 – The puppet knows the hand is the brain and the brain is writing.

9.07.07 – *That's an experience I've never had* he says, nose full of menstrual blood.

9.08.07 – Good thing I cleaned the kitchen floor shiny target on which the cat could urp.

9.09.07 – *You know Paulie, it's within your right to delete those motherfuckers.*

9.17.07 – Graffiti on an old fridge in New Orleans: *Make Levees, not War.*

9.21.07 – Just as I slow down to see the driver's smiling face – the bus farts.

9.22.07 – *She's a joy and we'll miss her terribly here in the heart center.*

9.25.07 – Garlic, Emergence C, Calcium, Magnesium, Lysine, rest.

9.27.07 – Dan Blunck comes over, meets Zappa, says: *Cats always got one eye on ya.*

10.02.07 – At the spot where my car was totaled, five years later, a traffic circle.

10.05.07 – Greg says: *Where they came to relax after a hard day of animating the world.*

10.07.07 – His sticker: *University of South Vietnam School of Warfare.*

10.13.07 – You can tell you're old when you give directions by landmarks that aren't there.

10.16.07 – It's so much fun to tickle the cat – but not so much when he urps.

10.19.07 – I throw out the long-dead zinnia, change calendar to October.

10.21.07 – Pop tells Barb: *You don't have to be nice to her today, it's not her birthday.*

10.24.07 – Dennis's fashion sense: *Don't wear anything anyone would want to steal.*

10.30.07 – After days of diarrhea one small triumph – I'm farting again.

10.31.07 – Josephina says she's going to give Trick-or-Treaters cebollas.

11.05.07 – Distracted, I can't get to the cat urp before it becomes a hot lunch.

11.07.07 – Overheard @ the Subtext reading: *Waterboarding Billy Collins.*

11.07.07 – Proposed epitaph: *Liked to applaud to the rhythm of The Tin Man.*

11.11.07 - @ the bistro I lust after your full rack – she says: I'll share.

11.16.07 – Post Traumatic Stress Disorder at Lowe's – Rotorwash of ceiling fans.

11.17.07 – This piece of free-range chicken may be live, would taste better w/ floor dirt.

11.20.07 – On the beach he skidded to a stop & then someone sucked out his heart.  
11.20.07 – She says: *What happens in the panty drawer stays in the panty drawer.*  
11.27.07 – Yesterday doctors gave Dick Cheney shock treatment on the wrong organ.  
12.02.07 – Who new it would be more than just syntax the President would torture?  
12.04.07 – When Janet warns Julie: Don't blow your per capita – Instant Bitch Lips.  
12.11.07 – Have you ever Googled yourself he asked Elaine – Not that I know of!  
12.14.07 – Open Books Christine says, Open on Sundays, grabbing the Christ's dollars.  
12.19.07 – His T-shirt said: *Vegetarian is Indian for Bad Hunter.*  
12.21.07 – *Serial form lends itself to Andoumboulous liminality.*

## 2008

- 1.3.08 – Doing taxes – dating services go under ‘meals & entertainment.’
- 1.4.08 – *The path of cornmeal and flaked turquoise upon which the masked gods walk.*
- 1.5.08 – Finish cleaning bathroom and toilet when another pubic hair falls.
- 1.6.08 – Once I clip off that Value City clothing tag – Damn do I look sharp!
- 1.16.08 – ‘Laundry first, then the car’ I tell her – radio plays Cats in the Cradle.
- 1.17.08 – Oh no! Some of we starlings aren’t going to make it across the river!
- 1.18.08 – They found the oldest surviving structure in California – dungeon.
- 1.18.08 – During his morning pill ritual, Pop’s disgusted when I bring vitamins.
- 1.19.08 – Pop gives my chicken dinner high praise: *This tastes better than Amtrak.*
- 1.21.08 – Steve suggests Grandpa has stolen the pants of wrestler Haystack Calhoun.
- 1.23.08 – If I could only ejaculate matcha, I’d have all my needs met.
- 2.4.08 – Even in the Benaroya restroom, some men miss the urinal.
- 2.8.08 – Nancy Pagh tells us *perch always fall for bait of hanging clitoris.*
- 2.15.08 – *The poet I.D.’s the circumstance in which the poem reveals itself.*
- 2.16.08 – Today Pop tells me: *I can’t complain*, then he says the weather sucks.

2.18.08 – Preparing for bill bissett, no problem, put out *ashtrays & beanbags*.

2.19.08 – Janet tell me the weekend news: Another oxycotin bodybag.

2.20.08 – Irene’s memory: *A found fifty, chicharrones, olive salad*.

2.20.08 – Irene born ready for the terrible ritual of her senses. (Irene Drennan.)

2.24.08 – One Wallingford bumper sticker says: *One Nation Under Surveillance*.

2.28.08 – RR’s memoirs: How a Jewish Princess reduced her carbon footprint.

3.7.08 – *Force and Commands are alien to the principles of nature*. (Masaru Emoto)

3.9.08 – Today John Olson told me *dharma is a portable wilderness*.

3.10.08 – She said: *He humps on any crack whore he can drag down to the river*.

3.13.08 - *\$80 Grand on hookers?!? He’s gotta get some game, try to learn some technique*.

3.13.08 – The ring-nosed hitchhikers get a whiff of Littlefeat, fall asleep.

3.24.08 – Today Bob tells me: *well, I guess the greasy wheel does get squeaked*.

3.29.08 – Sake stains on the brewery door – recalibrate with the great nature.

4.1.08 – Do my new sunglasses make me look like a fly? she says: Superfly!

4.2.08 – At Subtext, Fred Wah says: *Let my prostate be the judge of your downtown*.

4.4.08 – How bright the ember of the incense stick the moment when ash falls off.

4.9.08 – After kasuzuke she says: *I hope I don’t leave a wet spot in the seat*.

4.10.08 – My neighbor yells at his son: *Put a smile on your face, is that clear?!?*

4.17.08 – *Are you going to Vancouver for pleasure?* – I tell her *I hope so!*

4.26.08 – Sam Green's rejection from Fuck You Magazine – envelope full of ashes.

4.26.08 – Jim Bertolino on the main stage sighs and says *I have three more.*

4.28.08 – Outside state Auto Emission Inspection Station an employee smokes.

4.29.09 – Rest in peace Albert Hoffman – no more bike rides into the warped mirror.

4.30.08 – Yes, she'll take a dream shower w/ me but then the scaffold crashes down.

5.4.08 – At the Kimberly Inn they call their rival bar *The Crown & Wanker.*

5.6.08 – Charlie sees Geordie woman, says she has nipples like chapel hatpegs.

5.7.08 – On a 29 degree day, Charlie complains about Betty Swollocks.

5.8.08 – I say: Charlie, ever kiss a girl taller than you? 'Not on the lips!'

5.12.08 – At Manual Sam's wake candlelight & Shaker songs mix w/ muzak.

5.14.08 – *Indian time is no excuse for being disorganized.* (Vi Hilbert)

5.16.08 – Soon as we get her to yak on her cellphone outside – the Jazz band quits.

5.20.08 – Three days of biting the tube – I think I got all the toothpaste out.

5.23.08 – Does it help his cause when the shabby panhandler eats doritos?

6.13.08 – Sam takes his Thursday pills on Friday – washes 'em down w/ tequila.

6.13.08 – *O Yasu Min Asai which sounds better than Sayonara Motherfucker!*

6.14.08 – *Poetry is the sound of the mouth of the man who plants the seed.*

6.16.08 – I tell Robert the dirty shitter story – he remembers Denny's

6.17.08 – My hats won't fit Greg's big head – he says he's apologized to his mom.

6.20.08 – Greg says he'll never again have his scrotum shaved professionally.

6.23.08 – Judith, RR's going to meet George Bush – *Tell her don't be a suicide bomber!*

6.24.08 – Two bumper stickers said: *Become an organ donor, unbuckle!*

6.30.08 – On the links he says: *Are your balls getting sticky? I adjust my stance.*

7.4.08 – Asking Bapak questions was, to him, like throwing stones at his head.

7.7.08 – Each on our computers, adding the same Facebook friend, not talking.

7.14.08 – Just when you least expect it you get a Monday snootful of cunt squirt.

7.15.08 – A furniture store south of Bremerton is named *It'll do.*

7.19.08 – He sings about Jesus, but his calf tattoo is Wile E Coyote.

7.19.08 – *At 92, I can do everything I always could, just slower.*

7.22.08 – In the dream again, sliding until the message comes – it says *Love is Traction.*

7.26.08 – La Conner bumper sticker says, *I'm already against the next war.*

7.29.08 – *My country invaded Iraq & all I got was this expensive gas.*

7.30.08 – Middle of the bike rack in front of Auburn City Hall, big spider web.

7.31.08 – Before Marblemount we don't stop at the Inside Seating Museum.

8.2.08 – On my 6th wind, make it to Desolation, share green tea w/ Jack's ghost.

8.7.08 – Sign says: *Don't be afraid to overfeed seagulls, they're dainty eaters.*

8.11.08 – She learns how to get a Virgo hot, she organizes his files.

8.12.08 – Ma asks Dad how he likes his new shoes, he gives her *the mierda face*.

8.14.08 – The cnn.com headline: *Spray-on Condoms a Hard Sell.*

8.22.08 – We rekindle the romance w/ a dinner lit by ear candles.

8.24.08 – Homeless young homos after the Laundromat comfort their Chihuahuas.

8.27.08 – Cat medicine – 2cc antibiotic, cc tuna juice.

8.30.08 – Dressing up for an Auburn wedding, rhinestone the size of a horsefly.

9.1.08 – He's kind of like a bathroom attendant who likes to rub against you.

9.3.08 – When Mormon bicyclists grow up they become traveling salesmen.

9.3.08 – What I thought was Sam's zen golf concentration was his hearing aid turned off.

9.5.08 – Crow completely black except for remnants of cheese-its on his beak.

9.9.08 – *It's not dodgeball if you don't give me a chance to dodge.*

9.14.08 – Meredith tells me: *Your dick was so hard this morning, I chipped my tooth!*

10.8.08 – When she was young Ma tried to pay her bus fare w/ a pair of scissors.

10.8.08 – Sam says most so-called “poets” want socializing & reinforcement.

10.23.08 – Looking for one cat hair to pull that’ll get ‘em all off my wool vest.

10.24.08 – Christine Deavel on Aaron Shurin: *Fuck Duncan, we talked about pie.*

N.6.08 – Barb says McCain had about two weeks to polish his concession speech.

N.8.08 – She says: *George’s face looks like a crumpled sheet in the morning, - not sheep.*

N.13.08 – The suburban health food store parking lot littered w/ half-drunk smoothies.

N.17.08 – I take off the ace bandage, my left leg looks like a barber shop pole.

N.22.08 – Sam says: *Too bad I warn’t born rich instead of so fucking charming.*

N.24.08 – Dad got re-married to Mom: *Because I’m so damn magnanimous!*

12.4.08 – A New York Times headline: *As More Eat Meat, Bid to Cut Emissions.*

12.5.08 – The respiratory medicine truck idles while the driver smokes.

12.9.08 – She said it’s good her cat lost weight – now he can lick his rectum.

12.15.08 – People prepare for W’s Middle East tour by shining their shoes.

12.15.08 – *This is a gift from the Iraqis; this is the farewell kiss you dog.*

12.19.08 – After meeting at unemployment – car radio plays *Pressure Drop.*

12.20.08 – Almondina explains: *I’m not a nagger, I’m an urger.*

12.25.08 – I propose Christmas morning before she meets my family.

12.26.08 – The rule should be if a ferret could go through it the earring's too big.

12.27.08 – *He's looking for something he can cough into – well, he's headed for the salad bar.*

## 2009

- 1.5.09 – Would her Thanksgiving stuffing been this hard to flush had we eaten it?
- 1.6.09 – My picture's in the paper a lot & I get to grow my hair out. (M. McClure)
- 1.6.09 – Michael says he gets writer's block about 6 or 7 times a day.
- 1.7.09 – One of life's little griefs – on the plane's turbulence – a failed yawn.
- 1.8.09 – After Carol's massage, I sing the body piezoelectric.
- 2.6.09 – Amalio says he's a U.M. Observer - Unexpected Mexican.
- 2.7.09 – In the hot tub's cool pool, sit until my torso becomes one loud pulse.
- 2.13.09 – Charlie says Almondina sounds like a cartoon character w/ a square head.
- 2.23.09 – UNFAIR say the cat's eyes – feather toy on the other side of the spokes.
- 3.1.09 – Tailgating @ 80 with his bumper sticker: Real Men Love Jesus.
- 3.2.09 – I tell Almondina It's as beautiful as a brown dress can be.
- 3.4.09 – Something inside me wants to beat this cat until he learns to love me.
- 3.6.09 – Go to Hiroshi's for Jazz & Sushi – didn't expect trombone clams.
- 3.9.09 – Happy Birthday ex-wife – here's two tickets to Crime & Punishment.
- 3.10.09 – Weaning her off that Minnesota palate one chili flake at a time.
- 3.15.09 – Hanging from an Auburn pickup truck, a scrotum – hopefully plastic.

3.17.09 – Augusto's on-line dating prospect, she's between 3 and 8 feet tall.

4.12.09 – If she's gonna stick w/ that wardrobe, she should knock a coupla teeth out.

5.8.09 – From Almondina's 1st wordcloud: Fire, hurry dear, share one's nervous flesh.

5.15.09 – She opens my copy erotic poem translations – an old lover's hair.

5.19.09 – He's not old enough to have an 18 yr old daughter! *You've not seen him naked!*

5.25.09 – *I'm fat, I smoke, I'm on birth control, what are you doing to me?!?*

5.26.09 – I tell April to flesh out her poem about anorexia.

6.10.09 – Mom & Dad arrive, Dad natty, but soon his tie's a pastiche of drools.

6.15.09 – Pop on Cousin Steve: *He's not worth the powder it would take to blow him to hell!*

6.21.09 – She can tell I'm recovering – I've resumed biting my cuticles.

6.22.09 – At the farm she says: *If you eat venison, I'm not going to give you head.*

7.27.09 – Fat Grandpa Rutledge falls onto & kills the therapy Chihuahua.

8.29.09 - Turns out afternoon yurt sex just foreplay for her beet ravioli.

9.09.09 – Elder couple leaves farmer's market, each holds a strap of paper shopping bag.

## 2010

- 1.3.10 – New year’s first spoonerism, fruit flies in the bag with the yotting ram.
- 1.9.10 – This time she w/ a helicopter dream seizure – I take over controls.
- 1.22.10 – Grace experienced as a shiver, a body shiver in Latihan.
- 1.23.10 – She’ll wash cast iron skillet only if she needs butter for popcorn.
- 1.24.10 – Radio ad line: *It’s as accurate as a rectal thermometer.*
- 1.25.10 – A bureaucrat’s someone great finding reasons why they can not help you.
- 2.7.10 – Don’t homosexuals have annual sex? – no, that’s married couples.
- 2.10.10 – Sign in Charles Potts’ kitchen window: *Loose women tightened here.*
- 3.2.10 – A sure sign she is starting to feel better, she’s resumed her tweezing.
- 3.7.10 – Setting sun from U bridge leaves auras of evergreens on my irises.
- 3.16.10 – Not a cigarette butt, slice of magnolia blossom dying on the sidewalk.
- 3.20.10 – The Hindu cleaning lady is stealing bathroom tiles in a dream.
- 3.22.10 – Republican who yelled “Baby Killer” says comments were misconstrued.
- 3.26.10 – Census for homeless: *Targeted Non-sheltered Outdoor Locations: Tinsouls.*
- 3.27.10 – I’d call her Crabmondina but that sounds too much like an appetizer.
- 3.29.10 – Are female suicide bombers greeted in heaven by virgins too?

4.2.10 – Vicks and wet pussy – our bed smells like a whorehouse medicine chest.

4.16.10 – Rocket to Venus: The cheapest kim chi pierogies in Baltimore.

4.23.10 – Seattle courtesy: truck driver waits as crows move chicken carcass.

4.26.10 – To a cat, jumping over your head during yoga – good idea.

4.27.10 – Let go of leash, the dream dog's obliterated – pile of rusty fur.

4.28.10 – The sun in Seattle is a lot like a refrigerator light.

5.4.10 – Brussels Metro – accordion busker and a Lady Day ringtone.

5.6.10 – She can't hear her cell phone chat above his French accordion version of *My Way*.

5.8.10 – Morning after Gay Pride on littered rue pigeon eats last night's puke.

5.9.10 – Trying to keep raw eggs in the strike zone very hard in today's dream.

5.17.10 – *Plain blunt-ass mammal reason w/ the light of luminous intelligence.*

5.18.10 – On Michael's morning walk, song of Black Crowned Grosbeak of Dogged Creek.

5.19.10 – Another piece of your Beast Face on the floor – clay faces half buried outside.

5.20.10 – In my next lifetime I'll rescue gym shoes hanging from telephone wires.

5.21.10 – In the Siskiyou morning open drapes reveal bare naked Madrones.

5.25.10 – Someone threw the "Be Good to Mother Earth" cup on the sidewalk – I crushed it.

5.26.10 – In the dream we all have assault weapons but nobody gets vato soup.

5.27.10 – The Rune of Joy did not foresee Tupelo’s cat urp on the prayer rug.

5.31.10 – Man inadvertently shoots himself in the testicles – “an accidental discharge.”

6.5.10 – On the 8 she points out the Anger Management Clinic – I say FUCK YOU!

6.7.10 – No matter I picked this poppy seed from my pantleg – it’s still tasty!

6.19.10 – At the Fremont Fair brain on a string hangs from a pole – he can’t reach it.

6.19.10 – Eleven year old Hank says *I hate it when drag queens don’t even try!*

6.19.10 – Hank’s flick review: *Avatar is just Pocahontas with blue people!*

6.20.10 – Seattle solstice: Chihuahua shivers in cold rain outside starbucks.

6.25.10 – She asks, I tell her vuvuzela is South African for vagina.

7.1.10 – Sara says dying her hair makes her look younger – Ma says *From the scalp up!*

7.6.10 – Feels like summer’s first day – a hornet crawls into a Ford truck rusthole.

7.6.10 – Mercedes w/ its eyes put out in the automobile graveyard.

7.10.10 – Though my snatch of lavender blossoms sends the branch bobbing – the bee hangs on.

7.11.10 – It looks like a Bahaman prison will give the Barefoot Bandit shoes.

7.13.10 – From beyond the grave she sends me a social networking request.

7.16.10 – Michael going through his address book tells me: *This is like a graveyard.*

7.17.10 – *You can tell much about a place by the attire of pawn shop mannequins.*

7.18.10 – In the dream she fears the tortoise w/ the gift of electricity.

7.24.10 – Not an ugly Rainier cherry in a bin-pulled fistful – gnarly finger.

7.30.10 – He has the ugliest dreadlocks in history – I want to clear cut his head.

8.2.10 – Bring a gringo to PCC you get *Andale! Andale! Roasted Mole!*

8.4.10 – We leave in-laws at our house while we honeymoon – kitchen spider webs.

8.6.10 – She says my next book title: *One big burst of sperm before Ramadan.*

8.17.10 – Those bugs always there or we only notice when they zigzag a sunbeam?

8.19.10 – Was that hummingbird chasing crow over a roof on 52nd?

8.21.10 – Honored company when they bring out Aunt Louise's teabag squeezer.

8.23.10 – It's not a twinkling star, a spider's big belly under the Full Spider Moon.

8.30.10 – *How cool was their alphabet* she says at the mission looking at cattle brands.

9.2.10 – The bumper sticker says COEXIST and people pass her left & right.

9.2.10 – The Japanese Garden was lovely except for the barbed wire and dead rats.

9.4.10 – At her Bolinas house Joanne tells us: *I have never used an I.T.M.*

9.17.10 – At the Stranger Genius awards we see her leather skirt, mourn both dead cows.

9.23.10 – Day after we put Tico down, busker plays *Knockin' on Heaven's Door.*

10.2.10 – Emily Kendall Frey said: *Your self-hatred is losing its precision.*

10.14.10 – If I put vitamins in the compost bin will worm castings be yellow?

10.17.10 – *L. Ron Hubbard is a cross between Red Skelton and Mussolini.* (Michael McClure)

N.3.10 – Maybe this global warming thing ain't so bad – November raspberries.

N.20.10 – Want to call her and tell her I forgot my cell phone but I forgot my cell phone.

N.28.10 – Eze tells us *Never underestimate a dick in cold water.*

12.2.10 – Ramon, you can put your pants and shoes back on, the Latihan's over.

12.5.10 – I'm almost halfway through the dream sausage sandwich before I taste it.

12.8.10 – Headline for *Is Oprah Lesbian* interview: "Oprah Unplugged."

12.12.10 – Pop tells Barbarita when he's dead she can go yell at his grave.

12.15.10 – How many fucking days does it have to rain before my car gets clean?

12.17.10 – Two unwanted things on our porch we must discard: dead rat, yellow pages.

12.18.10 – Jarret asks Meredith at the last Plop: *Is pie your power animal?*

12.21.10 – *You go to Florida to retire, you go to Seattle to die.*

12.24.10 – She makes an ornament, he asks if she's taken her thorazine.

12.28.10 – Everything he says in his phone chat's in Igbo except for "Craigslit."

12.30.10 – What's Allen Ginsberg doing stuck in a canyon cutting off his right arm?



## 2011

- 1.12.11 – Just because he has a bald spot doesn't mean he can't have a Mohawk.
- 1.15.11 – In the dream her clitoris a cold metal box split by a thin frame.
- 1.30.11 – Remember when you get to the labyrinth's center, you're halfway there.
- 2.09.11 – I prefer not to attach electrodes to the testicles of my poems.
- 2.10.11 – “He apparently only gets off the couch to eat grass & lick his ass.”
- 2.27.11 – I don't remember what year it was Pop stopped smiling in photographs.
- 3.06.11 – Poor little blood orange – I peel it only to find it's albino.
- 3.14.11 – With certain constellations the light takes so long to get here.
- 3.25.11 – March squalls fill curbsides w/ cherry blossoms – we watch from under a tree.
- 3.26.11 – Memorial balloons stuck in the branches of his family tree.
- 4.07.11 – Psoas – “the interface between security and identity.”
- 4.14.11 – Is it a cigarette ash or plum blossom liberated by wind?
- 4.26.11 – Dream of West Seattle as Hindu ghetto – we rescue the walking clam.
- 4.27.11 – Dream of flicking away a giant weasel with a beach-side timber.
- 5.01.11 – My students tell me “nobody but chance intervenes and saves the day.”
- 5.04.11 – Joe's party favors: Japanese crab snacks washed down w/ potent sidecars.

5.05.11 – At the airport, he sits down in a handicapped seat, reads his bible.

5.08.11 – Not Japanese woman in the garden – contemporary scarecrow.

5.10.11 – “If there’s a hell, it’s Harrah’s w/ Barry Manilow and glo sticks.” (Sam Hamill).

5.14.11 – Woodcarver – how many times I passed your head floating in a rainforest.

5.21.11 – The seven year old comes back from the salad bar w/ seaweed & grapes.

5.22.11 – Fences are erected on mountains to keep rocks from playing in the road.

5.28.11 – I do not think the rhododendrons are fully committed this year.

5.29.11 – Who doesn’t love the crunch of pine cone under boot heel besides pine cone?

6.1.11 – We floss more during SIFF than at any other time of the year.

6.6.11 – My straw hat knows another breeze has arrived before I do.

6.9.11 – Each floating stump is a marker where a corpse has been buried at sea.

6.14.11 – Everett cop thought sirens would make crows scam – instead they gang-shit his car.

6.18.11 – Hey neighbor, your bag of dog shit’s not exactly a ‘clean recyclable.’

6.20.11 – Eating an orange in the uphill alley – messy walking sunset.

6.21.11 – By the year’s longest day Americus weeds overgrow their banks again.

6.22.11 – summer walk – I interrupted the fly buffet just for a moment.

6.25.11 – Cat drug method: Roll in it, lick it off yr body, cough up hairballs.

- 6.27.11 – In a dream he goes about removing nostrils from corpses.
- 6.27.11 – Buffy arrives, says: *What's a grandma w/o a piece of ham in her purse?*
- 6.27.11 – Branches of lavender bobbing in the wake of bumblebees.
- 6.28.11 – Fresh dead squirrel in the middle of the street's simply sushi for crow.
- 7.2.11 – He tried to make himself a hollow bone through which spirit could whistle.
- 7.8.11 – Stellar Jay – what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what?
- 7.14.11 – *Now pardon me for a moment while I illuminate your uterus.*
- 7.22.11 – A hornet lands on a bright yellow chevy sedan bumper – Mother!
- 7.27.11 – Dear Peanut Man, how underhanded a move is an aneurism?
- 7.30.11 – You remember that 100 year flood we had a few years back? Which one?
- 8.06.11 – Pasta sold at SeaTac Airport, shaped like the needle called Space Noodles.

### **China Trip:**

- 8.7.11 – Sign in Beijing's Guigo Hotel bathroom warns: Be careful of landslide.
- 8.7.11 – The Swedish poet has a breakfast of coffee and watermelon.
- 8.7.11 – Are you carrying any items on the dangerous good chart?
- 8.8.11 – At the banquet he said: It's the best cow stomach salad I've ever had.

8.9.11 – Pass on donkey meat ‘cuz I did not come here just for a piece of ass.

8.9.11 – They board w/ Tibetan Cowboy hats, activate Good, Bad & Ugly ringtone.

8.9.11 – The husk of the sunflower seed she spits flies in the Qinghai wind.

8.10.11 – Venemous Goyas are skanky and constantly melodramatic.

8.10.11 – Outside the temple garbage truck comes, plays “We Wish You a Merry Christmas.”

8.10.11 – Smudged by the smoke of the incense in the Temple of the Jade Emperor.

8.10.11 – Hawks above the hill and the stairs to the statue of Quan Yin – Nanhai.

8.10.11 – Tour the Yellow River watershed before the river turns yellow.

8.10.11 – Dinner of Moto Burn Fingers Keel, Hanamaki and Crispy Duck.

8.11.11 – Qinghai Thursday lunch dishes: Connected to Flesh & Blood, Meat Package.

8.12.11 – Qinghai Hotel dessert – they opt for Haagen Dazs, pass on Crispy Pimp.

8.13.11 – Two Xining Swat team cops w/ smart phones try to help me find you piao. (Yo Pe Ow, postcards.)

8.13.11 – His Muslim beard points down as he turns over the field – til wind blows.

8.14.11 – Huge blue terracotta Longwu Manjushri festooned w/ human and tiger skin.

8.15.11 – The Xining vendor tells us the popsicle is “popsicle-flavored.”

8.15.11 – Tibetan herding his goats down the road w/ motorcycle & switch.

- 8.15.11 – Smoke blows from the Bon Gya Monastery – monks head to lunch / case of Pepsi.
- 8.15.11 – How brown the Longwu River but not the creek by the monastery.
- 8.16.11 – After 8 days in China even my excrement looks like dragons.
- 8.17.11 – The Thunderbolt of the wheel of time can't stop traveler's diarrhea.
- 8.18.11 – The grandma who develops a relationship with coffin wood.
- 8.19.11 – On the room service menu: salt baked chicken claw – we order seven.
- 8.20.11 – Spider web outside Du Fu shrine catches raindrops, bits of cedar.
- 8.20.11 – The snails climb up the walls of the shrine of Du Fu in August rain.
- 8.20.11 – Even the cedar caught in the web outside Du Fu's shrine – calligraphy.
- 8.21.11 – Ganfu (tea ritual) in De Fu Alley one last hit of Xi'an.
- 8.22.11 – She naps next to her large bottle of Coke, incense ready for Buddha.
- 8.23.11 – Get high on the Great Wall above the buzz of cicadas – his phone rings.
- 8.23.11 – Bumblebee on the Great Wall in his death throes w/ a watershed view.
- 8.27.11 – Our China motto: "Leave no Tibetan Prayer wheel unturned."

**(End China Trip Sentences)**

- 9.5.11 - At the home of Buster the three-legged cat, they offer gluten-free beer.
- 9.11.11 - We finally move that recliner to find: button, peanut, dead moth.

9.13.11 - Last bit of lichen the doe pulled off the downed branch: a green beard.  
9.23.11 - Day after my 50th pluck a gray nipple hair w/ birthday tweezers.  
10.7.11 – I put down my cellphone as soon as I see the cop, but I'm in starbucks.  
10.16.11 – W/ the dream hose squirt their sideline, get lectured by Hosni Mubarak.  
10.20.11 – Seattle day: wondering if the solar-powered prayer wheel will turn.  
N.1.11 – She's not a witch in a wheelchair, she's a disabled pagan.  
N.4.11 – I missed the last step & the next thing I knew people were standing over me.  
N.5.11 – Crow survival, the one who has the guts to play chicken for a cracker.  
N.11.11 – A hospice latihan while in the next bed they watch The Price is Right.  
N.27.11 – Ma helps me translate Crispy Pimp into Spanish: Chulo Tostado.  
12.14.11 – The passing bus ripples the maple tree reflection in my teacup.  
12.17.11 – A little like Jesus, he can turn 8 guitar strings into 50 clams.  
12.21.11 – Sometimes a cop just has to punch a lady jaywalker in the face.

## 2012

- 1.04.12 – Northwest Church memorial service: gluten free communion wafers.
- 1.06.12 – He has closed his car trunk at least 13 times since he washed it.
- 1.09.12 – Xi Chuan says International District dragons look more like mountain lizards.
- 1.11.12 – Touring Seattle Xi Chuan wonders who'd live next to a cemetery.
- 1.13.12 – Useless! Useless! – flossing in the mid-day, eating popcorn at night.
- 1.15.12 – “I’m open-minded but I get nervous when Christians get out guitars.”
- 1.16.12 – Fat-ass snowman @ 31st & McClellan just waiting for rain.
- 1.20.12 – How different the seagull looks flying above Friday snow.
- 1.25.12 – May not be much of a January sun but it’s aimed right at me.
- 1.28.12 – In the dream dancing to Eton Rifles, then vacuuming sawdust.
- 1.29.12 – It only takes one fucker smoking to forever scar a blanket.
- 2.03.12 – Bumper sticker, W. Irving – Chicago: “Beer & Meat & Rock n Roll.”
- 2.08.12 – Sarcacoca, daffodils & birdsongs ain’t waiting for the woodfrogs.
- 2.11.12 – Phrase I was not expecting to hear this morning: “Veins of the rectum.”
- 2.13.12 – I tell her to “put the schnoodle in the kayak and backpack to Jack’s shack.”
- 2.15.12 – In the dream he’s making my family tree out of skeletons.

2.19.12 – Keeps dropping her she keeps popping into his arms (no veal slippers). (After Pina)

2.20.12 – Only ornament on the bare branches of February trees – crows.

2.25.12 – Hey Pocky Way, either: “You can’t believe that” or “Kill the guy over there.”

2.26.12 – For a week now our car music non-stop: All Ella, all the time.

2.29.12 – When the rain starts changing to snow the hummingbird vacates the treetop.

3.1.12 – Men remove a dream piano from my roof w/ ropes and pulleys.

3.2.12 – In the dream I’m going down on her but wake up licking my bite guard.

3.3.12 – Truck driver in crash works for Community Services for the Blind.

3.4.12 – PCC car lot: can’t swing a smudge stick w/o hitting a prius.

3.6.12 – Hackers from Anonymous arrested – will they get to check email?

3.14.12 – Balsamic viniagrette, bouncy car rides, jalapeño cheese dip, needles...

3.15.12 – Will promoting literary arts: “I’ll spam the fuck out of you.”

3.16.12 – She’s had more hands in her vagina than @ any other time since high school.

3.16.12 – Nurse Anita predicts: “A miracle of cervical ripening.”

3.17.12 – Under the c-section table her urine, he says: “Looks like pilsner.”

3.23.12 – Rags once used for mopping up semen now perfect for baby urp.

3.26.12 – Sam Hamill tells Mark: “You want to talk poetry, you better have a putter.”

3.26.12 – Alice Derry: Surrendering salami to the yellow jackets.

3.31.12 – Saturday night rain on Lake Xacho – what Monet wd have done w/ this.

4.2.12 – Sitting outside on 15th – every woman is beautiful in Spring.

4.5.12 – Shift change: rock the baby, whistle lullaby, see my face in her eyes.

4.8.12 – “Genuflecting to my ice tea feels particularly spiritual now.” (Eileen Myles on Easter Sunday)

4.9.12 – In the dream my licorice does not break down, nor does it have taste.

4.11.12 – Reward @ the end of the alley is jasmine & downhill.

4.16.12 – Not likely to use the horn after latihan, but I still speed home.

4.17.12 – Why pick up after your dog if you just throw the shit bag on the lawn?

4.18.12 – “Employees must carve Slayer into forearms before returning to work.” (At Vermillion.)

4.20.12 – Keith Jarrett’s rapturous vocalizations or backseat baby Ella?

4.21.12 – Fuck you too slow driver – I’m going to do my spiritual practice!

4.21.12 – 27 M’s up, 27 down – Humber’s Safeco Perfecto.

4.23.12 – *Rancid Egg* opening up for *Spastic Eyebrow* at the Fukodome.

4.27.12 – Only Seattle: “Daily cyber deal – milk steaming latté art class.

4.29.12 – My head feels like a bear split it w/ his claw & shit in it.

4.30.12 – Pavlov’s cat – no dinner bell, clang of raw egg on cast iron skillet.

5.6.12 – Pop talking about Santiago’s screwball: *I guess it just didn’t screw!*

5.8.12 – I’m sorry, she’s not stuck up, she’s weeding her p-patch wearing ear buds.

5.16.12 – Hey crows, wait until the sunflower grows up, it will be worth it.

5.17.12 – It is not a scene out of *Apocalypse Now* – it’s our p-patch.

5.20.12 – Translating Deviled Eggs into Spanish harder than “Huevos de Lucifer.”

5.29.12 – That half red solo cup he put in his busted tail light is yellow now.

5.31.12 – Not unlike a fart he rolls down car window to let out bad music.

6.2.12 – Sound of the crows caws did not liberate blossoms but it looked like it.

6.4.12 – In the dream he pushes down the light pole & it splashes in the sea.

6.5.12 – Should stay-at-home Dad teach baby to pull his beard or watch his cellphone?

6.11.12 – One daughter drinks formula, one root beer floats w/ whipped cream- flavored vodka.

6.12.12 – 99 southbound approaching Comstock behind downtown – the mountain.

6.19.12 – He returns to the “Holistic Health” emporium – he forgot something.

6.22.12 – Just trying to recover a pen from the lining, not a jacket dance.

6.22.12 – Dressing for “summer” day two: jacket, yes; hat, yes; sandals, yes; socks, no.

6.23.12 – Three days after the 2nd break-in, Dave is throwing rocks at squirrels.

6.25.12 – Hearing a news story about a man who steals nostrils of corpses.

6.27.12 – The next guy who asks: “Are you the Grandfather? – gets a cane in the shin.

6.29.12 – *Look Ma, no hands!* he texts on his cellphone while riding his bicycle.

7.5.12 – Chew on Tenzing Momo bee propolis watch the changing of the buskers.

7.9.12 – Those black walnuts wouldn’t drop in July if they weren’t immature.

7.19.12 – The manicurist won’t let me take my clipped cuticles to go.

7.21.12 – Joe & his Vietnam war tales of pizza & brandied spam.

7.22.12 – Why did the cat lick its own ass? To get the urp taste out of his mouth.

8.4.12 – At Milutis’ party, poets play badminton w/o a net.

8.5.12 – My head & hat only the first layer of landscape @ Ross Lake.

8.6.12 – I told them “we saw pictures of him when he was a little girl.”

8.8.12 – One anagram for Paul Everett Nelson: *venereal pole stunt*.

8.10.12 – The bad saxophone busker playing: *Killing Me Softly With His Song*.

8.17.12 – A man’s dilemma: first protect the Panama Hat or the baby?

8.25.12 – Performers performing for other performers on their way to perform.

8.29.12 – Last two postcard poems get mailed, now what will I use to shade Ella’s face?

9.3.12 – Monday’s sunset rays make a surrogate sun of the neighbor’s birdfeeder.

9.4.12 – She tells us about her upcoming science course: “Something about rocks.”

9.9.12 – Border Patrol: Perfecting bureaucracy one cavity search at a time.

9.13.12 – At the Miles City gas station: corn dogs, pop tarts & rock stars.

9.14.12 – The shine it makes when hitting highway pavement – bag of vomited 7UP.

9.17.12 – At Black Hawk Island, once inside her cabin Lorine thunders “hello.”

9.18.12 – I don’t know what it means when they store the root beer kegs in the men’s room.

9.20.12 – Said to Chicago bike cops: “Can’t afford horses?” – (mumbled – “You be the horse.”)

9.22.12 – Wake up to see Barb sleeping on the floor on a mattress of bathmats.

9.24.12 – Standing in the shower wondering when my sandal tan will fade.

9.25.12 – Governor Walker ain’t for scab refs when they fuck over the Packers.

9.26.12 – Her voice never higher pitched than her first site of Badlands prairie dogs.

9.27.12 – Highway sign said: Caution Wildlife Crossing not *Caution Midlife Crisis*.

9.30.12 – Harvest Moon corona for a moment, until the dogs start barking.

10.1.12 – Lake Washington leaves escape everything but my headlights.

10.4.12 – Someone chopped off half of the highway sign & so it said “Odinville.”

10.5.12 – Too wired on Hua-yen & white tea to see the tailgating moon.

## 2013

- 1.3.13 – When feeding she reaches for the biggest thing in the sky – her father’s nose.
- 1.12.13 – Zappa’s fur is not getting matted and falling off – feline dreadlocks.
- 1.13.13 – In the dream he had the expectation of ejaculating blood.
- 1.14.13 – Setting sun funds a slot between skyscrapers it can skate away on.
- 1.15.13 – Eighteen human heads found at O’Hare Airport have nothing to declare.
- 1.16.13 – Not the owl puppet nor classical tune chew toy fun as Daddy’s shoelace.
- 1.19.13 – At the unveiling on the Rez, the warehouse roof’s made of salmon meat.
- 1.20.13 – (Downtown Seattle) “He wasn’t served coffee however ‘cuz he was bleeding from the head.”
- 1.20.13 – Only a white person would try to strangle someone with their dreadlocks.
- 1.23.13 – Ella’s diet: bananas, rice, almond butter and feline dreadlocks.
- 1.24.13 – Bilateral laparoscopic inguinal hernia surgery.
- 1.25.13 – Fed Ella bbq to get the feline dreadlock taste out of her mouth.
- 1.26.13 – His headlights escape Lake Washington Boulevard one tree at a time.
- 1.28.13 – I sneeze, Mer says: “That’s the kind of thing that’s gonna blow out your stitches.”
- 2.3.13 – “Ever since Russians got camcorders’ internet’s much more interesting.”
- 2.5.13 – Fun w/ babies #27 – half a tiny wasabi pea.

2.5.13 – Sometimes a Sounder’s F.C. fan also likes M.M.J.

2.6.13 – West Seattle on California we pass by the Psychic Barber.

2.10.13 – 15th & Spring – utility directions sprayed into sidewalk moss.

2.17.13 – While it’s possible, I’m going to pass on the cat fur merkin.

2.19.13 – Bad idea to ask a guy with a hernia: “How’s it hangin’?”

2.26.13 – The winter fly died trying to get inside the disposable diaper.

2.27.13 – Hats off, palm up to Ganesh on the way out of the Doe Bay hot tub.

2.28.13 – What’s that sagging from Orion’s belt, does he have a hernia too?

3.1.13 – Nurse Luz asks: “Do you have any body piercings? – “not that I know of.”

3.2.13 – Yesterday my check-in nurse was Luz, my check-out nurse Pun – light/laughter.

3.13.13 – Mexican bakery selling sourdough but spelling it sourdoug.

3.13.13 – In an oxy, red bull world, how lonely/satisfying’s a tea drunk.

3.13.13 – Ancestors exist the same way salmon find their way home – it ain’t smell.

3.13.13 – Painting of single women at a café (ala Hopper) watching cellphones.

3.13.13 – 51, nose hairs sprouting almost as fast as I can tweeze them.

3.13.13 – Helicopters in the gray downtown sky scattering all the seagulls.

3.14.13 – It’s either applause once the jazz tune stops or rain hitting the windshield.

3.14.13 – w/ oxy, find I'm the age to prefer a good shit over a high.

3.17.13 – Zappa lapping water out of the baby's inflatable bathtub.

3.21.13 – The after lunch cookie was too much snicker and not enough doodle.

3.25.13 – Gluten and sugar-free, but they're carrot muffins, not carpet muffins.

4.1.13 – Turn Back! what's an automedicador w/o his insulin?

4.2.13 – If you eat cans and blackberry brambles, you can have a beer.

4.4.13 – The only thing can stop boot crunch of stairway catkins – April rain.

4.5.13 – Her face as she tastes chocolate linguini, sees photo of beer-drinking goat.

4.5.13 – A huge S.U.V. festooned by blossoms stuck there by April rain.

4.8.13 – He sings: "Nobody loves me, no one seems to care" – I check my cellphone.

4.9.13 – Marital TMI, Mer says: "Black men should not wear colored condoms.

4.10.13 – The Chinese alpaca might mean Grass Mud Horse or Fuck Your Mother.

4.11.13 – MC was: "orphaned by the cosmology of Mormonism."

4.12.13 – She was telling us of the Mormon dish of "funeral potatoes."

4.13.13 – No House Sparrow at this house, boxed & crushed between blocks of wood.

4.14.13 – In Chinese "Uncooperative Attitude, in English "Fuck off."

4.15.13 – Euphorbia growing by the fire hydrant, always fertilized.

4.16.13 – What did the giant Western Red Cedar say to the Brandon sidewalk?

4.21.13 – After she puts Ella in the bag, Mer asks: “Can you put the moon on?”

4.23.13 – “When’s the last time you saw each other?” “About three centuries ago.”

4.23.13 – The gleam in Sam Hamill’s eyes when he talks about a font called Bembo.

4.25.13 – Here’s how to keep the morning ripe, Ella – eat mangoes, dance to ska.

4.26.13 – Her feet are dirty, her hands are yellow & I think she ate some dirt.

4.27.13 – My penis is much longer in my dream than it is when I wake up.

4.28.13 – Needle-like seeds, dead leaves, bird shit’s how we engage nature – on our porch.

4.29.13 – We’re not sure but her first word may have been “dandruff” or “picadillo.”

5.3.13 – Pigeons just outside the café’s back door get scraps before homeless can.

5.3.13 – He knows how many sips taken by counting lines in his latté cup.

5.3.13 – Kwame Dawes – he may be a reggae scholar, but he’s still dangerous.

8.9.13 - I said: “At least I’m not bleeding from the genitals!” she said: “Not yet!”

8.24.13 – Ask the guy in the medical marijuana shop if he’ll front some.

9.15.13 – At 136.6 decibels Kaepernick’s brain stops working.

9.23.13 – At the open mic, how his eyebrows twitch as he attempts to yodel.

10.16.13 – Writing about social media, almost typed social mierda.

10.19.13 – How many ugly baseball playoff beards does it take to win the pennant?

### **Some American Sentences Written at The Lake**

N.5.13 – That's not Jesus coot standing on water (part of the tiny island's submerged.)

N.6.13 – I went to the Lake's so-called Vista View just for a quick look-see.

N.9.13 – Almost every place I go at the Lake, coyote got there first & shit.

N.10.13 – Ground rules for afternoon coot races: No wing must ever touch the water.

N.12.13 – “The day after Morris died a symphony of birds sang on the Lake.”

### **(End of Sentences written at The Lake)**

N.16.13 – Because of the way his mind works the horizon's made of chorizo.

N.23.13 – Wanda Coleman indeed's been “seized and surrendered her terrible squawk.”

## 2014

- 1.3.14 - A sort of Sudhana seeks the genius loci of Cascadia.
- 1.5.14 - Motherfucker Motherfucker Motherfucker Motherfucker Moth...
- 1.6.14 - Parent at the toddler gym can't do the hula hoop while she chews gum.
- 1.8.14 - Not clouds passing by the waxing moon, shadow of prayer flags by porch light.
- 1.13.14 - The plate on which his fork pushes crinkle cut fries through ketchup is striped.
- 1.16.14 - His tradition "points him to God" but he's headed for the salad bar.
- 1.22.14 - Facebook is over now so your children can accept your friend request.
- 1.23.14 - To an ESL class explain the phrase: "I've a lot of shit on my plate."
- 1.24.14 - Not a sidewalk shower head - one standing January sunflower.
- 1.29.14 - Every time I get a glimpse of that Shar Pei he has a confused look.
- 1.30.14 - A night of no stars, waves of mist must create their own constellations.
- 1.13.14 - He's got his hand so far up the bell of his French horn it hurts.
- 2.2.14 - How Seattle fans root in the Super Bowl: "Go Seahawks, Namaste."
- 2.8.14 - Lectured on what's "original" by the drummer of a cover band.

2.14.14 - Better write down today's American Sentence before I get drunk.

2.16.14 - Did you notice you only taste aspirin when you're urping it?

2.23.14 - The moss-laden branches can only survive the snow storm for so long.

2.26.14 - 1st AWP horror story: her "bad airport manicure."

2.27.14 - I will either manhandle your panus or panhandle your manus.

3.1.14 - Garcia in Cascadia: "Pedestrian! Out of my crosswalk!"

3.1.14 - At AWP book fair, Phantom Limb Press is somewhere around here.

3.7.14 - Lichen on the bare pine branches is a winter Mandlebrot blossom.

3.27.14 - The former Vietnam sniper's not interested in Trigger Warnings.

4.3.14 - Nothing says Seattle like a cross-dressing bank robber shot by cops.

4.6.14 - Search for weeks for landslide victims only to find and re-bury them.

4.8.14 - Took my smart phone in my dumb car to photograph dumb guys tip smart cars.

4.9.14 - Poor Christians who teach Easter eggs are "playing with Lucifer's testicles."

4.28.14 - I call Ma to tell Pop to hang up, our cellphone connection was lost.

- 5.2.14 - Once eliminated from the beer slam, Dan puts on his socks & shoes.
- 5.3.14 - Collis at Cascadia: "Capitalism is a doomsday device."
- 5.8.14 - A sense of accomplishment passing the vehicle emissions test.
- 5.11.14 - Just to take the shine off Ma one last time, my Dad dies on Mother's day.
- 5.11.14 - Billboard in Idaho on I-90: "Jesus, the call that never drops."
- 5.27.14 - Thunderstorm's advance force liberates innumerable maple seeds.
- 5.27.14 - In the time it takes Ma to get a card I get cider, saké, cigars.
- 6.6.14 - Andrew as a boy asked Ma: "Are you growing a mustache under your arm?"
- 6.9.14 - Today Ella and I saved 50 mulberries from certain sidewalk death.
- 6.9.14 - At open mic both slam poets read poems about fear of silence.
- 6.12.14 - Soon as Greg Bem's back from Cambodia, fill him full of meat and cheese.
- 6.13.14 - How romantic - 2AM raindrops fall onto salal while she snores.
- 6.16.14 - Dad in a dream not answering questions about how fast he ever drove.
- 6.17.14 - "Your Father dead less than 49 days... he's got a beam on the next womb." (Dharma Mitra)
- 6.18.14 - The guy who wrote *Song for My Father* dies 5 weeks after my Father.

- 6.26.14 - Driving 34 a cherry pit's distributed every two blocks.
- 6.29.14 - She talks about her one-eyed cat, I say she's looking at the wrong end.
- 7.2.14 - Dad said he did not play golf, but went out to the golf course to kill snakes.
- 7.2.14 - Not cellophane in the Avalon fairway, a wet dragonfly wing.
- 7.4.14 - Happy Birthday America - take time to stop & smell the ordnance.
- 7.8.14 - I'm beginning to think color of my shoelaces is inadequate.
- 7.13.14 - How many pecks of blueberries can Ella eat before she urps?
- 7.31.14 - Killing Palestinians, continuation of the peace process.

### **American Sentences in Puebla, Mexico**

- 8.2.14 - Frida's collection of musician dolls, a skeletal Lester Young.
- 8.3.14 - "I'm Columbian by birth, Mexican at heart, my stomach is gringo."  
(Juan Felix)
- 8.3.14 - Cross a Pomeranian w/ a Chihuahua & get a Pomihuahua.  
(Melissa Brannon)
- 8.6.14 - Shop for sombreros, some beauties, but my American head's too big.

- 8.7.14 - Bapak: "I've given you rocket fuel & you use it like chicken shit."
- 8.7.14 - Only at a World Congress would a performer have a backup mime.
- 8.7.14 - Only at Subud would that backup mime become foundation chair.
- 8.8.14 - Not sure which toilet button to press after Montezuma's Revenge.
- 8.9.14 - Subud fashion show critique: "More fabric on the hats than the bodies."
- 8.10.14 - "On a good Sunday we have 16 men moaning around in a circle."  
P.S. Then we do latihan.
- 8.12.14 - Pablo feeding leftover chicarrones to the Puebla pigeons.
- 8.16.14 - This Puebla bus driver in a previous life, a caballero.
- 8.19.14 - This Puebla sacramental marching band leaves a trail of rose petals.

### **End Puebla Sentences**

- 8.23.14 - Dad would say while driving: "I've got two words for you and they ain't 'let's dance!'"
- 9.7.14 - Plumber outside the café calls coffee: "a chemical vacation."
- 9.18.14 - Warne Marsh on Tristano: "Finally form itself could be improvised." (1949)
- 9.18.14 - Tristano freeing his musicians from the "tyranny of the brain."

9.20.14 - I wanted to smash that fruit fly landed on Faiza's white hijab.

9.22.14 - Too early in the season for frozen vomit on the side of the car.

9.22.14 - Dad after getting off his first (& only) monorail ride: "That's it?!?"

9.26.14 - Fall winds liberate walnuts cracked open by vans delivering produce.

9.27.14 - Morning doppio at the corner of Blandena & Albina.

9.30.14 - One daughter says: "beep" for please, the other petitions for "warranted snark."

10.2.14 - Blunck says his Senior Chief looked like "a cross between Hitler and Lurch."

10.2.14 - His apartment's a mixture of smells: "marijuana, piss, bacon."

10.4.14 - For her birthday breakfast I decide against the meatball torpedo.

10.12.14 - Morel likely he's chanting: "God is Almighty" than "God isn't Whiny!"

10.13.14 - Why would a self-respecting Libra tattoo only one of her breasts?

10.14.14 - If a spoon and saliva's involved, is a prostate exam legit?

10.16.14 - The same Hawthorne berries that'd cure my heart I crush under my keans.

10.16.14 - Are you sure you know what your corporate "healer" is trying to cure?

10.16.14 - How pitiful you, October lilac, and all your rotting blossoms.

10.20.14 - No that's not someone with a hacking cough, it's another sea lion.