Epigrams Both Ludic and Regicidal
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Artwork © by Angela Dufresne. From left to right on the front cover: Here We Are, 2017; Beard, 2017; Backyard Life Guards, 2017; Reading Club (2), 2017

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Epigrams Both Ludic and Regicidal

TIM EARLEY
In memory of Tim Mizelle (1968-2018)

...in the dream of winter, a small girl in a coat of red and blue wool was dipping up babies, with her mittened hands, from the icy waters of the Garnet River... “Look,” she said, “when you catch them frozen, they don’t flop about so.”

—from “Washerbaum the Crestfallen”
Look at the wolves course through the interstitium about our heads. The crangel (a gasoline-cranked angel) apportioned in bolling wire. Waste in the thaprum of an adjacent view, feather fingers of lyric engorgement suppressed only by a momentary disconnection from the fantasy of polis, from the bawdy as a projection of volitional blood and solar pap mingled in spirit. We survey the scene. We should call Cosmo and request that he raze the trailer park. Conditions have deteriorated. Yet if they are macular frogs then you and I are macular frogs. We wonder what goes on there. Meth and beatings borrowed from the baptismal. A rearranging of areas and regions, masculine estrus. These structures were placed here prior to 1980. Are we then acolytes in a pluperfect economy. I could not absorb their flesh into my flesh for their meat is dirty and would overtake me their sanction embedded in a network of purposes into which I have no translative insight. I wonder what happened in 1971 to affect me. I wonder what has happened in the anals of space and time. If I could gather the flesh into a mercy pond. That is, all flesh related most to my flesh in such time as purpose viscent. At the sacral moment arrive, misted in green and thinning air, to extract a memory structured, embiddened granularity, spectral granularity, a tornado to wipe away my tears, but still the sad laze of objecthood in the domestic, the domestic grown large enough to contain all discordant rivels. And thus the rivels die among regulatories. A masculine estrus hoses down the cement. Is this a kind of funeral, man. Do you even funereal, bro.
SOURMOUTH OF ROUTINELY BEATEN PLASTIC EMOULMENTS PANTOUM

I hath been mentalis controlled. Stenciled controlment. Dental abridgement. I had a big old egg and they didn’t like what I put inside it. Hello sir is this your peplum of eggs. No sir this is my pablum of eggs and I stand on this point as a crucial distraction that foments a trilling in my minor aches. Well then perhaps you should be lightly bedizened. No thanks heavily please. And such as that for years and years. It will do to a person a crowning march. It will do to a person a shitshank of exposure and precarity. It will do to a person an ideology is more important than fracks routine. My hinge got some fleas in it sir would you like to see. All I want is for someone to see. For this we must import a mere. For this the target must apprise itself as radiological. Okay then I will keep them to myself, which is also hisself and herself, which is also the sporting weathervane as rooster crankled beneath the spinning heavens. It is difficult to have so many distributed about. Why yes then a smattering of pictograph beasts to aid in your comportment. An inflection of puerile hide. A glossary of choral markets. Heavens spin and I do not this is a primary register. A bilby is a treasure horde belonging to an extinct clan this is also a primary register of my misgiving. We will scan the mere before we import it. It will sparkle in your throat like a hudibrank of tiny monsters. I told you they did not like what I had inside my big old egg.
I haven’t defeated anyone yet but instead sit in this blue chair of fostered ravens. Upon the apportious mountaine seeming. Many spasms of light and shadow. This is not wonderment. There is instead too much horror compacted in the greasy coagulant my family calls wind. I heard a tale of a man with a pumpkin head, which captured my imagination. A movie film was also made on this subject. Certain trees appear to erupt from the earth. Certain features of the landscape—whorled recesses, generalized cragginess, multiple shades of green, a thing contrasted with another thing—feel as though they accrue the mythic or unnameable possibilities. It is not as though you can order them off a menu. It is as though you can order them off a menu. Pumpkinhead no doubt stalks such delicious natural inversions/perversions. It is part of his yearning. It is part of his thing. It is part of his yearning to be a thing. We are now in the season of decorative gourds. And he kills the entire Applewhite family. A loner named Almarine. The entire Dewberry family. The entire Hamrick family. He might have used an axe. Seed for brains. He cleaned the hollow out. Drugs are like that. Nature is like that. Pumpkins are not usually like that.
What’s in atween information and disclination. My land. Your land. Cumulonimbus falls down. Two rabbits split atween four coyotes on the ground. I am sorry for the slamming of doors and the lack of anything constructive ever really. To be a human beneath the flowering dogwoods (!) to be a retroactant no matter how hard I try to season the mirror with glitter. Is the father magnet a portent. Electoral foam illicit as any mandrake concoction. I have achieved individual closure to what purpose. Adhesed to the father a normal circumscription but to imbue it with mountain loom and shadow crest. If I pretend to possess and impart energy will you transform it into promide bromide. Will you make in your life very many cakes or frequency creative threats. A medieval balustrade shall not hold me.
ELEGY IN AN UNSTABLE MARKET

Every once in a while Ronnie will lean against the refrigerator and say that just about everything is killing him. But hell then. One less monster itchlessly shifting in his brogans. A roan moot falls out his throat. His father dies inside his mind every day. A flower grows from the baseboard and the moon yips its basic intercepts its basic eye shadow.
HIGHLY FUNGIBLE SESTINA SERIES

Snooker-faced catfish bemoans a Moses of the very many. A conspiracy of trees berates your mortaldom. First lover ecclesiastic, all others ekphrastic. Gastank rattle, lyre-fire cattle. My reaction was at first human to remove his clenched fists from the cinema house protect art and others reflect on the montage necrosis resign ourselves to the fact of static as first material the fact of ruined wings as first condition. We are toted in a barrow by a scriptural aphid, spectral as any goon, alas in ecstasy, requiem in arrears in the stretchy weems of his neuroplex. Well I was born in a white man. And I live in a white man. Probably die in a white man. All my friends are so white man. My parents live in the same white man. Still hayseed enough to say look who’s in the white man. Oh, those small communities. But Larry had a masterful forelock and a huge album collection. But Rita raised finches and knew some Spanish. I agree to attend an appellate mass as voices rise in a roadside motel.
ADUMBRATIO RATIO RETROFIT TO MORDANT CLEFT

And then I began to see. A dogwood appeared as charismatic penitent. Inflamed by dusk, I believed my life to be of considerable interest. There are no others, only a million Christs inside me. In this articulation of outlines. Humming basilisk, pretty moon. In the lural pines my body refused to eat itself. Each thought a shiny pericle. Each word a formless doubloon. The life of an ape in a symphony of massacres.
A year of somnolence offered to the god of a particularized modern abjection as defined by heurisites. The program has been abandoned due to its lack of success.
TRAVIS COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF BARBER SURGEONS:
PARTIALLY REDACTED ECOPOEM

My asshole had a spate of chrysanthemums grow out it all a sudden. I tried to capitalize on this anomaly. But I had no head for marketing or numbers or strange floral geometry.
Evolutional diminution is an emergent device. When I have nothing else to say I talk about animals. The dog is mad. The dog will not touch it. The dog is spinning. Hello, interesting squirrel. I have heavily curated my dating pool. I have a secret weapon, an idyll of cyclicity. Red hairy profits of ostentation.
LYRIC POEM AS WRINKLE IN LIME

A cosser-footed imp digs earthworms behind the outbuilding, he fishes the heavens, he relieves the bull of its pastoral bloat, he steals my imaginary children, he farts formaldehyde, he pours milk over himself at the photo shoot. He fills me with spectres of disease, I spend all day feeling around my neck. I think I am familiar with the premises on which I live and then an urchin moon, an inquiring frost, a rabbit suffering at the edge of the yard, a god of tuberous forms, all the times my dead friends happily spat or scratched or fell into an afternoon of comfortable sleep, ludics on the margin of time.
Donnie says he never uses the same word twice. Meaning assumes the shape of a listener’s abduction. A dress bordered with lions. If it were more cheerful while swathered in hellflame to affix a garnet to the forehead of a wraith. Alight with the tedium of gesticulation. Push a trolley full of mice into nave past altar abride the majestic with all material that rises to such priestly injunction. Widowed rooms. Simple eyelids. Warehoused optic failure and heart failure. If the conclusion is a hasping fluke I’d rather it be housed in the mouth of my childhood dom. Such was the look of this man’s desperation that the night canted, and feasible alternatives evaporated, and between the spoonful and its intention the arrival of exclusionary magpies, a reckoning, a celibacy. Exceptional receptivity. Much scythe. What fabrication. Greening blooms in the vape of a christener’s suction. Is the the a word. Is the the the a word.
O yea tho loom in encapsulated being. O yea tho loom in dispensation of sparrows. O yea tho loom in death’s
creeping synchrony. O yea tho loom in factory of endless device. O yea tho loom in ordinary light. O yea tho
loom in the savior’s grip. O yea tho loom among appositive sharks. O yea tho loom in turnings of lost speech.
O yea tho loom in leastwise moments impossible to parse. O yea tho loom in product assemblage. O yea tho
loom in hospital field. O yea tho loom in gasoline bath. O yea tho loom in the belly of a sheep. O yea tho
loom scapular and indentured. O yea tho loom full of streets and actual misery. O yea tho loom in paralytic
order. O yea tho loom among terrible smells, calculated shadow, bright singing teeth, imperial green,
poisoned psalms, flitting larva, exception to nothing.
Many of the living in Lichfield are possessed of great humor. Obligatory speculation on what it means to be inseparable from one’s labor. We have decided that David is a subversive because he combines things that seem unlike, though it feels to me scrappier to combine things distinguished by minutiae. We make lots of decisions like this. Irony is a single bulb, while affect is a glorious rhizome. Catechisms of protection, my toy dog calls them.
First we went to the monastery but they didn’t have any ham. Then we went to the service station but papyrus they had none. Then we went squealing through the streets, which were a disservice to the remote stillness of the stars. Then we went to the supermarket but identified no readily available forms of human sacrifice. Then we went into the forest and unearthed some hot takes on an erstwhile Beastie Boys album. Strategically-produced sociopaths in many rural locations began sharpening their knives. We went to the Fun Dome but everyone’s post-coital depression kicked in. We went to the beauty salon and petted a dragon’s furred tongue. We went to the temple of resurrectionary poetics but there were none. We went to the fac’try and plumped our cushions. We just kept going around. Nobody had any ham.
FOCUSED LYMPHORAL VALUE EXTRACTION

Crip-crop paracelete atop the dale, the sun bloomed like a rawring floozy. My mother was a Viking kenning and my father was a missing word. The soul burns. The gender of grammar rendering set chloroforms of perspective. I had been having difficulties with a particular deacon—he didn't know where to put his blumphing horn, his skirt was tied around his head, and he reduced the Beatitudes to a kind of malignant butterfly lighting on a fillersteen’s ear.
Dear Coleridge. I’m writing to you from the cantileverage of my undersea domicile—green in winter, green in spring—to request a blurb based on your recent coinage of the term “apocalippy.” I hear that above ground the vocalizations of collective action find few receptive listeners and the machinery of Gog and Agog grinds in its gears so many simple and plebous hopes. I often find metaphors so earnestly solicitous as to be inscrutable. I hope this missive finds you in a not unusual degree of distress. One day I will kill all these sparrows of memory or else they will be devoured by a power not my own. Until then.
DEFINITION PAPER IN THE EYE OF A CROW

I have used the precepts of the old gods and the new gods indiscriminately and together to create a subvorum of executable babble, because it’s all about roidal instruction, not pleasure. Pleasure is antiquarian. Cryoline featherings of rude health disturb ventureship in the capitol. Why do I taste like hair spray. How I do I blanch these feelings of heroic impertinence. Hamlet is an engine of white desire. The grand staircase is heavily editorial. In the forge in the forge where the heave don’t ever gorge. There’s music in everything. I cannot hear it. I found some human in my bicycle. Remedial falconers in the guise of digital ferment. Casuistry in opposition to the heavens. The fonts of the Anthropocene have come to exact their revenge.