



Styling
Sagaciousness

Oh Great No!

Joseph Nechvatal

STYLING SAGACIOUSNESS

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Fig. 1. Detail from Hieronymus Bosch, *Ship of Fools* (1490–1500)

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Acknowledgments

Just as *Destroyer of Naivetés* was finished on May 22, 2013 and presented as a gift to my wife Marie-Claude for her birthday that day, *Styling Sagaciousness* was finished on May 22, 2020 and again so presented. I acknowledge and thank Marie-Claude Nechvatal for her lively and stylish love. I dedicate *Styling Sagaciousness* to her.

Introduction

There is no deal to be made with death.

— Jean Baudrillard, *Pataphysics*

During the Paris pandemic confinement period of 2020, the dread of viral death was in the air. Confined to the indoors, I took the hint and finished in May my second (and, I think, last) book of *drôle* poetry called *Styling Sagaciousness: Oh Great No!* Drollness being essential to a good life, I fashioned *Styling Sagaciousness* as a death farce epic poem divided into seven major sections. For me, its Arcadian *bon délire* cheekiness possesses a silliness that constitutes precisely its lethal seriousness.

Styling Sagaciousness turned my sex farce epic poem book *Destroyer of Naivetés*, released in 2015 by punctum books, on its head and blackened it with negated scopophilia. My intention is that with these two pseudo-philosophical poetry books I will have addressed Eros and Thanatos and their connection sufficiently, and, after having extensively explored these themes in the palimpsest promiscuity of my visual art, give them a rest. If that is possible.

Ideally, my two punctum poetry books should be regarded as a pair, and read beginning with the 2015 book *Destroyer of Naivetés*. The mythopoeic mélange of *Styling Sagaciousness: Oh Great No!* is intended as a complicated forensic fairy-tale, suitable for Nô theater, which keeps slipping in and out of idiosyn-

cratic narration. That ghostly appearance–disappearance act turns on the nub of our narcissism concerning our death; that strange, incurable and deeply irrational affliction we all share. Putting identity aside, it tests the limits of form and stretches the bounds of meaning by recasting our experiences of encountering our self as the sumptuous physicality of total negation. As such, *Styling Sagaciousness* delivers to us all an airy irrational punch of needed nonsensical negation by tying together insouciant informality with a visceral camp irony: at turns hip and flamboyant and morally outrageous. That way *Styling Sagaciousness* provides us the chance to do the counter-fearful thing, to look at our fear of negation so that such an effort might release us from fear's irrational grip, so we will enjoy ephemeral life all the more. At least for the fleeting moment. But also there is in *Styling Sagaciousness* an awareness of the impertinent splendor of the tranquility of death and decomposition, which makes it seem faintly heroic in face of death's inexorability and putrid ignobility.

So, *Styling Sagaciousness* is a meditation on humiliating death in all its undifferentiated fabulousness, by which I mean its cruel comedy. Still, *Styling Sagaciousness* is a young person's text (I am merely 71) about laughing. I hope wry humor and eccentric style is what gives *Styling Sagaciousness* a sense of dignity which asserts life's essential primacy over death. Because death is truly beyond narration and words.

Paris
2022

Momentous Memento Mori One-Eyed Mystifying Mannerisms

Memento Mori Surrounded by Non-Binary Swift Nudes

life passing through ye
like wind

ye of louche tumid eyes
so jauntily festooned

now no dumb dark lust
no drip drop drip

no nice white wine
nor wax
nor blue-veined marbled walls

nor extravagant fruits
nor overgenerous flower pots

no bursting edges
no flowery sashes

no artfully loving pacifists
once so very hot

no self-restraining
undertaker

moving
from buzz kill
to rot

*Memento Mori Maneuvering in the Valley of
Lacedaemonian Death*

no *passé* intricate outlines

no pompous pompadours

no sexual magical
painted gold doors

nor voluptuous memorials

no frothing libidos
ravenous

nor beautiful monster

no epicene genitals
in hand

no dance
no music
no pipes no pan

no throngs of satyrs
nor nymphs
scarcely born

of no no-nonsense
no heroes
ye
are shorn

no pelting
of garlands
of roses

no limpid
poses
no ornamental waters
that cry

no
honey rubbed naked shepherdesses
nor shepherds
wildly rutting

no upper lips curling
no ancillary fission

no destruction of *naïvetés*

Satiring the Satyr

Magical Memento Mori as Thunder

no delightful dream face
nor eyes green-blue sweeping

no camp weeping satyrs
or satire
nightly peeping

no queer puffy burlesque
or
blue-rimmed ardent broth

rimming mounds and folds
no joy beholds

nor pompadour prancing
couch to couch

like young lambs
in the fresh green spring

no tinkling excitement
no flattering enlightenment

no waxing fast and furiously
with hand in pouch

Moody Memento Mori of Metamorphosis

no ravishing and stretching
no rumpling and crushing

no nuzzling wildly in soft warm crevices

no color
and no complicated blurriness
as the moon demounted into

disarray
disarray
disarray

no hair falling into jumble

no soft
delicious
swollen
nervous
responsive
impassioned
yeses

nor effeminate stallions
more

no gallant kiss rostrums
or three-headed
bitch to mend

no kitty boot licking
nor heart clock ticking

just thinking about it saddens ye
no end

Memento Mori Marches into Mêlée

no exhausted lover beside me
no platitudes mocking

no fishnet
no fish
no hysteria
really

none even calculated

no melodramatic gloom mixing
with the comic rage

no reconciliations
under the aegis
of the erotic

no drudgery
no eye hooks
no spinning
or grinning

no dynamic load blows
followed by an
effulgent collection
of go goes

no mad carnivals of frenzied intensity

no delirious vernaculars
of idiotic thoughts
even

nothing beclouded

nothing mesmeric

nothing myopic

no shivering petard
of course

none bleached
nor liquidated

no ravishing
chandelier moments
no rosy reluctances

no organs reverberating
with chaotic ardor

no confirmation of warm cummings
of
disappearing ardor

queer with a lurid preposterous *bouillabaisse* of insinuation
and effrontery

Memento Mori Mania

no excess
no erotica
no gesticulations

no chromatic progression decorated in *obbligato*

no lures
no European tours

no mesmeric black enthusiasms
or burs

nothing begins to snicker with delight

no comic vehicles of self-transcendence

nothing mesmeric
or pathetic

no recitations of sex mantras

no rainbow bodies
no hardwood bodies
no vigorous throng
chant perched at the circumference

all
vision black
no detail desired
nothing but the non-null

Memento Mori of Contestation and Decomposition

no corresponding dimensions in the imaginary
no transformations

no waves of electronic energy
no immaterial signals

no imaginative territory
lost
to infinite navigation
tossed

no peppy playmates
repeating love of ye
ad infinitum

nothing mesmeric
nothing descriptive
nothing explanative
sauced with spicy comment

so strong
this
no to fertile
that

so ominous
this inhuman
rat

no fairy beauties
no fairy eyes

no gnome desires
nor restless thighs

no duplicating egg
no sperm
no head

no stupid stubborn stains in the bed

no unconscious switch

to the passive witch

no emergent, mesmeric
moods to itch

no breastfed revitalization
dive
into wild and uncontrollable
jive

no live bodies
no intelligent minds

no dirty focus
on big behinds

no consumption
no recollection
grinds

none to be had
ye
wondrous
lubricious
priapic

Memento Mori in the Mood for Adonis Thorns

no engorged erotic eyeballs
to costume
no predetermined
zones

no interments
no psychic attainments
to own

no extensions of the bone

oh no!

no billionth rejoinder
to non-understanding

no cleansing the doors of perception
hanging

indeed
no purification
banging

no bowed overtness
deep in
do do

no expressiveness

no malicious delight

that gives the rich the right
to tonality

there is nothing left running on by itself

no dreamy usage
no baroque performance

for god's sake no mesmeric eyes

no creation of the unforeseen
once so very fancy-free

seemingly
automatically
running on
and on
and on

and on

as aesthete
stylishly, poetically, outrageously

Shambolic Memento Mori as Lazarus Rising

no spontaneously inventive vision
even no annihilation

no time
no space
no castration

no aesthete allegory
no maiden
no frustration

no departure
from mythological
exaltation

nothing frigid and forbidden
containing the quest
of instantly crossed frontiers
of swans

no strange skin
symbolic replacements
nor lubricous
daydreams
hence for ye

no open eye
no third eye
no nothing eye
no eye ball

no circle sex
no circle jerk
no horizontal points
of work

nothing analogous to cluster sex
no love shafts
or love chats
no cats

oh no
oh no
oh
oh
no
voluptuary

no plethora of possibilities
of dark eyed
sex
machine
creating
pure repetitions
mesmeric beating

no hollowing heart
out from the void

no accumulated movement
no nipple toyed
with
like a young boy

no roses
no ravishments
no great quivering bottoms

that tempt

no throng snapping
no manifold thwacking

no warm champagne douche
popping

Calamitous Memento Mori of Sundry Conundrums

no *fêtes gallantes*
merveilleuses

no world
of high culture
or bawdy imagination

no influence of the high
swirling phantasmagorically
as time goes by

no delirium
metaphoric
pie in the sky

pulsing
higher and higher
faster and faster
none of that slapping

no ruffled disposition
or hounding
or hating

no whittled down attention
to get good ratings

just

a thousand heads of eternity

turned
towards
a sea of
décadence
raffinée

Memento Mori Moving Along the Moonlight Mile

no tiny bird cage
no whirl-pool sucker

no magnificence
no glistening
no grandeur
no foppish other

no sea of glitter
efflorescence of wickedness
eyes masquerading

no macramé humility
nor André Le Nôtre arrogance
hewn of tears

no stench of sentimentality
masquerading
as magnificence
passionately and naively
glistening
of indelible puissance

no sea
of glitter
of indelible puissance

Ruinous Memento Mori Motivating Mourning

for ye
of bitter
tassels

no gnarly grand
if no gnarly grand
gold
if no gold
slow down
if no slow down
toad
if no toad
lick
for the hell of it

no cavalcade of riders on the storm
or in the storm
yearning for aesthetic and moral spoliation

no tight holds
on ye who would nudge and wink and jostle aside

no ancient golden roll
no gorgeous bewiggings
to unfold

no marquis
of light opera sneeze
oh and
even
no Nô theater
to tease

so no heavily painted eyelids
no inexorable oddballs
that sing of

escape
from dank
triste potency

ye of burgundy
velvet
upholstered
fantasy

*Memento Mori, Before All Things, From First to Last,
Unalterably a Paramour of Each and Every One*

no voluptuous attentions
no mock severity

no flagellations
nor orders
given

no blushes
no jealous excitations
no amorous *fessée*
taken

nothing as marvelous like wine
dancing circuitously
on the grass divine

no frills that conceal
the swell of the bough

just twinkling negation
of thorax and pelvis
turned to affirmation

of nothingness

no new moon
precise and delicate

no pale afternoon
sky
no faraway
darkness

no enigmatic dirty door
where we say goodbye

no secret wine cellar
no gardens, fella

ye of no enthralling eyes
the size of pies

no warm
windless
scented buys
of liqueur
to please
a rise

nor aromatic
pleasure
or reveries
licking ye between the thighs

no more lacking scatological
decadent
measures
rolled in tar and coated in feathers

no deeper and deeper
alleys of fleshy
weather

no rosy light
for couples in love

no nosegays
that drop
from high
up above

no sweet danger
peeping
voyeur

no fission of delicious
pleasure
oh ye
master masturbator

are ye distressed
by now?

for no more undressed attractiveness
no more
clasping together
and
mutually penetrating
oh wow

Misplaced Memento Mori in the Storm of Signs

no swelling exaltation
no unconquerable eyes
intoxicating one another
high as sky

no spot of red flesh
from which tears flow
nor happy nosegays
as far as ye know

III

Secret Love
Impish Dimness

Snowflake Tears of Memento Mori Fall on Tumbleweed

no imp
no snake
so graceful in their astonishing secrets

no self-drama
access
boundlessly
coating

thus no honey coated
kisses
floating

in an air of no boundaries

no ambrosia
or impish
odors
of hair

nor languor
nor verisimilitude
tormenting ye
oh so
sexually bare

no notion or supposition
bundled to an end

and thrown in several direction
only to bend and bend
and bend

over the ass of some grand diva queen
with little love notes
up on the screen

and unconcealed blossoms
and boobs that float
on the surface of the sea
of hope

Memento Mori's Mystic Sorrow

pandemic pansexual

no hyper spaced
secret kisses
darling

no burning desires
that smell like moist kittens

no burning eyes sparkling
no inflaming attouchements
aching

no *rêverie*
for ye

no passage of time
no dense body
divulgence

oh
that this too
sullied flesh
would melt

no sexual wisdom
burning of hair
hobby

no unlocking
the kingdom
rubbed raw
and bare

no religious terror
no sexual fury
no goddess of error
inherently

all pubic hair
is
curly

no previous history
no romantic meanings

no consciousness of guilt
or heavy breathing

no fingering around
that pit of vague burning

no unrestricted withdrawal
the closing of yearning

Memento Mori Among Buoyant Buried Bones

no circular periphery
infinitely attenuated

ophthalmic
and
adipose
entry waiting

no epicene sexual snails
of intellectual depth

no overstepping
the threshold
of critical flesh

no ancient arcane
ogles
burning nameless
as unnamed

as fraudulent
as predictable
as psychic
sexual pain

erudition is
hypothetical
wind swept away
the hills

no bare breast beaches
to be swept
no mounting
that there
awesome peak

no high romantic ills
are there
not even ones
that reek of hair

no cork screw screwing
with proclivity

and flair

no effulgent yellow
or crimson
or blue-white
whispers in the air

no buzzing cerebral balls
of myrrh
and
pansy
there

no primrose path
with verdant
dandy

no violet feeling
of subliminal hotness
handy

no blood
no juice

no life
or fashion

no pleasure prophylactic
no pastoral
purification

no bonfires
nor humble abodes
to give sexual satisfaction
along the long road

no burning of candles
that glimmer
in fat flames
or
orbs

no gold, no crimson, no orange
no nice nymphs dancing

no white sun floors
for casual romancing

no gay hibiscus
no mustard, no nettle

no onus, no peppers
no debts to be settled

no cherry
hypotheticals
no flowers
so fiery

no nihilistic death and sex
merged merrily

by all means
don't look back in ye diary

Mad Memento Mori of the Undercurrent

no horns inflamed

the sparks gone out

no feeling for fornication
or sexy pouts

no firmness
no daring
sung only as torment

ye sing no more of brooks
of blossoms
of birds
of balling

nor of inflamed sea nymphs
sprouted
and rolled

no drowsiness
no kitty
no streams
and no rivers

no spring
and no wells
no intuitional
shivers

no Eros
or Psyche

proclivities
plundered

no wide wombs
no breeding
no fertility
or thunder

no lotus
no moss
rushed down
to the sea

no louche pools
of lilies
nor liquid lowness
be

no coral snakes
and billow birds
for ye

no spirits inflamed
buzzing
like a bee

no creature
eyes
with dandy
thighs

flesh
lengthened
with fission
or schism
to hide

dear bride

Morose Memento Mori as Buoyant Blood

no blood
no discrimination
to be confronted
or aired

no curtain flame
in silence
with chasms
there

no caves
nor caverns
gasping
and grasping

no pretentious grove
to play shimmy
the basking

with unused stones

tan Lacedaemonian

of youth
of milky
inflamed
obelisks

no baroque rich man
of sack
and seed
of chaff

no transformation
the old switcheroo
dangerous in action

when nothing else will do

ever the no to nowhere
within
and without
ye
now so thin

the void
in ye
too immoderate
to see

the endless duration
too wide a spread

no one
to bed

no sprocket turning
no phallocratic yearning
with which to throw shade
on all the learning

no joy
aghast
again
and again

again and again
no physical
and mental
couplings
that last

no
do something now
else
all the light is going out

don't pout

primed
and not primed
delicious satyriasis
behind

off in a corner
no leeway
no climax
no panic
divine

no inflamed agony
or
wantonness
for wine

entreating Myrrhina to coition

so relax

no expectation
of loving
submission
love pouring

out

vast waterfall
vast ornate
carpet
roaring

no thinking ornate thoughts
with golden ornate snouts

no curvaceous
path
to flamboyant tarts

no flamboyant
epicene genitals
in hand

ye epicene ram

Mean Memento Mori of the Wicked Thicket

no lustrous pinkies cunx
no cyclic
in
and
out

no breathing
ye stop breathing
enjoy the silence

no breathing
no pulse
no wetness

no flamboyant hand
richly devoid of pus

no luxuriated yawnings
of satiated pleasure

no lavish hunks
drunk
with epicene genitals in hand

no loosened sails
no siestas
even
nor sand

nothing even like it

no unrestrained woman rams
nor unrestrained corral
hands

hot breath
no breathing
no epicene genitals
seething

no heel and strain
the gathering of the ballast

no shining path extended
without any
malice

or chalice of non-periodic scratch marks
with
no egg
as center

no dividing space
or indistinct sprout
so ye don't beg

it all was only
a taste

so
surrender
to yield
to abdicate
and steal

for
no
ravishing
no
trembling

say no to the pleading

no plunging
down deep

no nexus
no sleep

no flower in the butt
nor shimmering rows of peas

no lines of sort
that ye might snort
as long
and far
as ye can see

the sea

no south
no branch
aligned
for sure

no tongues to wag
and
demeanor

no vertical dillies
or horizontal
willies
ye dilettante of sillies

shimmering
shimmering

no boas
no
perpendiculars
not even one
want

no kissers divided
no hands in the pot

no flowers
where genitals
moan
soft and hot

so long
to all that

gliding
glistening
like pillars
of shinny
bongs

that smell greasy
like may poles
and old leather thongs

shimmering

Mystic Memento Mori in the Briar Patch

consequences
there are none

so ye sing of weird groves and unbelted bonanzas

of serpentine flowers
persisting in glances

no flowers flailing
no fragile mind milking

no wind whipped foliage
among the tall trees
tilting

from no imbroglio
produced by fathomless movement

no flowering genitals
nor dolphin eggs
gooing

no walking extenuated rainbows
delicious in their doing

no epicene copulas
no lust
no sign

of
the
long lost
lady ram

no cathartic
expenditures
of rainbows
once planned

IV

Nothing Effulgent
Darling

Anti-Oedipal Memento Mori as Buoyant and Brave

no glistening current
of debauched energy
ye

no smiling in non-accordance
with thoughts
of
purgatory

nothing paired
or unpaired
like a key

with those that came before
vis-à-vis

superlative ye
no glisteningly
no fee

irremediably
evermore

no cathartic expenditure
no kaleidoscopic
imp
who slips out the bottle
makes out with the pimp

no limp
dawdling
no twirling
no probing the finger

no embouchements then
no nonchalance
noodling
the incubus
who may as well linger

nothing to abdicate
the glistening
of
a burnished trigger

no deep desire
mingling
with shallow
remorse

hungry for an antidote
of psychic
discourse

no bone and no flesh
to reenact
the once sad

sad
sex scene
ye never did have

Muddled Memento Mori as Succubus

truly no sensitive preparation
for when the hate dulled

no psychic recovery
even when the genitals lulled

no tissue of love kisses
nor caresses
nor spooning

nor harmony in desire
nor sprouting of the bean

or spooling
of the goosing epicene

as if there were no floor to it

no harmony in desire
no sprouting of the scene

no feverish disquisition
of sensibility
and sentiment

no contingent
eternal
as fragile as the continent

or as fine lilacs
with psychic composites

no aesthetic values
or unaesthetic riots

no bird to nest
singing
kiss bound
honeysuckled

no gallant *cortège*
dragging their knuckles

ye must have seemed
tremulous and expectant then
with tasseled beams
and
codpiece
when

all goes
go flutter
go flutter
into the gutter

for there is no more sounds of *frêle* sucking
no cobwebbed valley
to praise
and uncover

no drowsiness
and affection
for
ye afternoon
of fucking

no secret *rendezvous*
now
where lips are
pecking

The Panic of Mad Memento Mori and the Aftermath

no more ephemeral fluttering
bodies
Prussian blue

no fluttering
cool hands
in perfectly
assured
rhythm

overlaid
with trills
and
appoggiaturas

now

no tender lakes
of twilight
to touch ye

no beautiful
unfinished things
like scraps
of poetry

be

nor ye plucked rosebuds
that love the fiery mud

to see

no tender panopticons
gee

no non no none
on quivering knee

to tend to ye pleasure
the exquisite quiverish me

oh surely
ye jest
no ocular sea?

no
no stalks of fresh
asparagus
down below the tree

no tips of yellowed watery
silk

no suave
active fingers
milk

ye now be pensive
and resigned
to dirt
to dirt
to dirt

Mountainous Memento Mori in Spartan Oscillation

no airy scallops
nor shells
suspended over
head

no ties
of affection
quiver in the bed

ye sing of joy
no more

no hanging distractions
no endless yearnings

no great pink *mêlée*
burning

no wax candle
waxing
or waiting
nor whispers baiting

nor whimpers
whimpering
or hearts
beating

no enamored
murmurs
nor spirits
perturbed

no charming nymphs
quivering at the wee door
heard

nor red embroidered
passages
so
plush
and
oiled

nothing like that can ever get
soiled

no frolics
nor romps

nor *bagatelles*
or
folasteries

no *roués*
or *rouées*

no *accoutrements*
so carefully boiled

no foaming
and billowing
brooding of brows

no dimpled *derrières*
no problem
anyhow

no palming and persuading
so fanciful
and free

with
cut
short
hair

dramatic
accessory

éclat

no one
where one
was not required

no low humming
of the gilded bees
to absorb the juice
upon the leaves

no light operetta
joys
with boys
make noise

no vital steps forward
no striving the peak

ye might even say
ye once was
rather
poised

no uttered moist
naughtiness
nor immersive moist
sauciness

no sounds
of cooing
old glory
for free

no hopes
of
limitless love
for ye

Memento Mori as Snowflake Flâneur

no smacking lips
under the bright blue sky
of happy hips

no golden red
mortifying
blanket
rips

no goat men
lightheartedly
bending
over ye

to reinstate the tumbling rain

no sapphire sea
of soft silk nights
no timidity of part
nor pain

tiptoeing quietly into the night

no blue sphere
lighting up
between ye cheeks

no red thread
of blissful light
that leaks

out from the endless blanket sheets

from under which
ye peeks

no dive from head to hole
no lighting up the street

of the open throat

no thread of light
no tiptoed

~~~~~eeeeee  
ye

like ye of mermaid seaweed

no center of the cavity  
pensively craving

no sending ye to white light  
~~~~~aaaaaaaa

no pallid moonshine
~~~~~oooooooo

no sound of ye blood  
rushing

no rumbling  
tiptoed racing

or skulking

thunderbolt  
fragmenting ye

no more tremendous roar  
of pee

no sparks of beautiful rumbling eye  
within the moonlight dream  
time

oh fade not  
not even

curious ye of new positions

no thick pile for the knees  
of magnificence  
nor going back down to a time

that was sexy, dirty, edgy

no rumbling popeyed place  
of lute playing  
that is over

no prolongations  
through the wines  
through the marcs  
through the armagnacs

no more *la belle dame*  
indecorous  
rumblings

no dark saturnine  
sifting  
eyes

no starry-eyed shifts on ye part  
ever  
voluptuously  
and sly

ye have no grip  
on the brilliant moon

pouring its molten light into ye

no shifty ink-black  
quick silver  
message for ye  
nor  
throbbing star  
above

positions ever changing  
in sapphire heavens  
of love

deep repose  
ye situational  
sexy waterlilies  
in waves of tenderness  
when  
nothing  
ever  
happens

so full of thrilling sillies, ye  
of pleasure  
lulled

nothing melancholy  
nothing  
dulled

no slowness  
no breath

nothing menacing ye

now no naked maidens  
or drowned snakes  
melting  
into  
dreams

*The Palliative Polymorphous Liminality of Memento Mori*

no  
immortal gods  
Venus and Eros  
and all

Ares, Artemis, Zeus, and Mars  
on a camp conical foot  
with intricately  
ribbed rims

no ravishing tiny boats  
depicting nude Heracles  
grabbing the Ceryneian hind

scudding  
over mountainous lids  
with the goddess Nut

no tossing the sarcophagus  
among huge waves  
as hearts melt  
across the way

no foam  
curled  
slowness  
behind the hefty *derrière*

no severed genitals  
thrown down  
into the sea

no slow eyes  
ever open

no terrified kitten  
mewing  
rubbing the sky

no heavenly bodies  
twisting up against  
a twisting pussy

giving birth to love

no belief in the resurrection  
of the deceased  
flaunted  
as stars  
on corporeal scars

after death  
no lurches  
nor sun struck  
slowness

no weird ocular shadows  
lurch  
around the Hellenistic onus

no patches of meaning  
float up from vertigo

no god of the moon  
of magic wisdom  
of science  
to save ye

nothing penetrating  
the dim vision  
which turns personalities  
to death masks

no inexhaustible body  
of inexhaustible bounce

no long  
beak  
parted  
and slightly bent

no nightlights  
bringing bright swans

no waves  
of horror passing

no open silk robe  
organ  
delicately wrapping

the balls of a man child  
god of Eros  
diadem  
on head

no Venus rising  
on ye shoulder

possibly presuming an offering  
to be  
later  
three of ye

that inner multitude  
offering  
itself  
up

to a bevy  
of  
black swans

*Memento Mori as Voluptuous Mending Swan*

no black swan  
slowness

no slow swan  
audaciousness  
oh ye  
connoisseur  
of classic impudence

no magic swan wand

no blissful gargantuan eyes  
stained  
by more than a million  
punched and pained

no responsive nervous  
excitement  
no pleasant rendezvous  
to ferment

no odd pranks  
with the  
ithyphallic ibex

no prehistoric hairy  
aping  
out from behind  
the garden trellis

no bodies slender  
    mooning  
sensitive books  
    by Keats

    none left  
        to find  
and read between the lines  
    all buried in the peat

    enjoy the silence  
        and the softness  
    and the lightness  
        and the dark

no threading the maze  
    of gigantic gloom  
        no hardy  
        things to eat

no grand oaks  
    nor beeches  
        no  
        shadows  
    round the feet

over is the times of lips  
    loudly  
    locking

    no salient  
        ancient  
    pillow talk  
that drove nymph  
    and satyr  
        sassy

from the woods  
to the woods  
to  
writhing  
roots strewn on the ground

like lavish  
horrid  
melancholy  
snakes  
could

no pique  
no part  
for dryad  
and faun

no warm welcoming woman's womb  
that glowing uterus  
now a tomb

no loving suave gesticulating  
fire  
the thousand varieties of desire

roam afar  
Romeo no more

not one hand moving  
all alone  
giving out such howls  
that ye once did moan

## In the End

### *Mundane Murky Memento Mori in the Muddy Mist*

```

if (n->label==INST_RANDOM) for (i=0;i<3;i++)
                            for (j=0;j<3;j++)
    neighboursEvaluation[i][j] += (float) gene_147();
    if (n->label==INST_FOLLOWCOLOR)
        for (i=0;i<3;i++)
            for (j=0;j<3;j++)
                neighboursEvaluation[i][j] += envy->
                    getTerrain(posX+i-1,posY+j-1,1);
    if (n->label==INST_EATR) nomos++;
    if (n->label==INST_EATG) nomos++;
    if (n->label==INST_EATB) numConsB++;
    if (n->label==INST_INVERT) invertFlag = !invertFlag;
    if (n->label==INST_BLUR) localFilter.addStandardFilter(1);
    if (n->label==INST_SHARP) localFilter.addStandardFilter(2);
    if (n->label==INST_DARK) localFilter.addStandardFilter(3);
    if (n->label==INST_DIVIDE) numDivide++;
    if (n->label==INST_FLEECOLOR) for (i=0;i<3;i++)
                                    for (j=0;j<3;j++)
                                        neighboursEvaluation[i][j] += envy->
                                            getTerrain(posX+i-1,posY+j-1,0);
    if (n->label==INST_AND) for (i=0;i<n->arity;i++)

```

```

        interprete(n->fils[i]);
    if (n->label==INST_IEH) if (energy>0.7)
interpret(n->foils[0]); else interpret(n->foils[1]);
    if (n->label==INST_IEL) if (energy<0.3)
interpret(n->fils[0]); else interprete(n->fils[1]);
        if (n->label==INST_IFH)
if (envoy->getCell(posX,posY)->color.RGB[1]<128)
    interprete(n->fils[0]); else
Virus::Virus(InstructionSet *j,Environment* e):
    SitedAgent(j,e) {
    posX = aleatoire(e->sizeX-1)+1;\
    posY = aleatoire(e->sizeY-1)+1;
        numDivide = 0

```

no licking up the mountain side  
 or down  
 the gushy  
 glen

with Eros and Thanatos  
 pen in hand  
 if ye only knew  
 just when

no amorous cupidons  
 come to form  
 before the eyes of men

no caryatids  
 of elegance  
 deep within  
 the lake  
 around the bend

no  
nothing altogether cute  
that gives the juice  
to wake

nothing luxuriating in whole  
sentiment  
embellished with  
wet loops that cake

nor tassels  
nor fleurons  
nor formalized heraldics  
with which to lick the boot

of dusty pink velvet  
soft figured wreaths  
unbound  
the omen of good luck

no curlicues  
heavenly cum  
does drip  
from the sticky wet finger  
of Puck

no flood sloping slopping down  
on lip of such  
revealing a discernable  
but  
minuscule rip

that invites some  
so very very gruesome  
peek-a-boos

into the catalogue raisonné  
of erotic deaths

nonetheless  
ye of the sweating interiors  
and ennui

no pit closed  
*tout court*  
no cream spread  
on the lawn

no balm appreciation  
nearing the necrophiliac

no debauched smiling retort  
for ye to fear  
concupiscent  
in the rear

no suggestive grimace here  
no buzz of comment  
please  
dear  
gelidly lubricious ye

no light rosette rose to rub  
as curtains part across the tub

no enticing sounds of sinful swans  
no sensitive intimacy of the fauns

no amber fleshy  
male fruit  
no smooth mysterious  
murmur root

no buzz  
of figures  
in ye head

no dry spilt milk or blood  
or bread

no saline mindfulness  
of secretions  
fine

like overfilled glasses of Burgundy wine

no *égréore* whispers to be heard  
of the sweetness of the double rock  
that some unfamiliar orchard bore

ye sucked until the bee-stung lips  
capacious at long last  
ye sucked if only for  
once more

ye sucked  
went red  
and back to bed  
and ended up quite sore

*The Ravings of the Milked Memento Mori*

ye of everything  
sexually fine  
and  
everyone  
untouched queer templates  
in mind

but laughed in heart  
to feel the drip  
hitherto unknown  
to quip

hugging necking  
sucking juices  
or lightly kissing of the bruises  
reading and rereading  
pleased  
the once shocking  
*L'histoire de loeil*

no flogging snake eye  
until it oozes  
sack secretions  
forever losing  
*la poupée*  
Ophelia

no febrile parsimony  
no party perversity  
eyed  
none sprawling on a floor of beer

now bereft of even a drop  
eye egg of perfect intensity  
until it pops

no buzzing of the brazen balls  
or beating off the naiad dew

no perfect eye egg intensity  
no imperfect eye egg intensity

no working out the caprice  
will do

no halting the locutions  
of *À rebours*  
no such sensual awkwardness for thee

left to eye egg imagination  
androgynous neophyte  
where  
beautiful afternoons  
sprawl in the grass

and tongues smooth out  
so kiss ye dandy ass  
goodbye  
egg eye

no imagination of bedizened breasts  
caught  
fire

brooches worn down

no enticingly  
hidden radical urge  
to open ye mind  
or drop ye turd

is that when ye took the backward turn?  
with all thy efforts to unlearn?

*The Making of Memento Mori the Magnificent*

eye egg imagination secreted  
and took fire

eye egg aplomb secreted  
born from desire

no aplomb took fire

nor did  
speech become adoration  
as higher  
eye

no epicene eyes in awe  
no celestial shank rubbed raw  
no dexterous secrets  
to hide and paw

fungi proliferating in the dank distance

no egg eyes stabbing blindly in the night  
no transubstantiation  
flaming  
in fright

or eye  
spy naming  
to be done  
just right

nor lubricious actions  
laced with fun

thy piquant lunar realm  
no more

no *puedo mass*  
oh what a bore

no oral swankiness  
to flaunt  
nor classic glamor  
to haunt

the tendrils of an upper-echelon garden  
dripping toward ye eye egg  
priapic

nothing of euphemism  
to be found

no previous romantic feelings round

nor collapsing hope forever bound

limited by unrealistic depictions found

as if a Lacedaemonian hound

no eye egg self-love  
or self-acceptance

snail paced in hurry  
helter shelter full of grace

no eyes on fire  
that scurry  
dotard

no thick wood crackling  
no antediluvian dwell

no thick air whacking  
so furry the eye egg of  
Adonis

shot through with happy absurdity

never more than ye  
when hiding ye  
flower of antiquity

no  
*oeuvre decorative*  
eye am the egg man  
*shunga*

open swordsmanship  
and  
dripping blood  
so red

luring ye to the Azorean sea

no shining blades  
collapsing  
nor corridor use  
relapsing

no eye egg colonnade  
in cerulean *fin de siècle*  
where ye sought succor

no garter belts  
tartly immoral  
snapping

mantle in disarray

no spiritual fervor  
and ethical-obsessed decorum  
for eye egg exaggerating dandies  
and *poètes maudits*

who meditate  
on the duplicitous character  
of erotic theater

no *passé* rouge silk  
velvet  
cherry-picking licking

no pink spice vigor  
of watered-slicked erotica  
to take along  
when hiking

no *passé* sex roles  
always to begin  
drowning in queer opium sea

and the lustrous condors of the body  
in innocent robes of white stained silk  
could only have  
been me

no more embroidered in gold pink  
bug-eyed awe  
with red and blue flowers winking

of no flower buds  
about to burst  
with that which leads us towards the hearse

no elaborately embroidered fevered brain  
nor oh so  
naked pallor

ye of the *commedia dell'arte*  
once a bourgeois propriety

no golden candelabras flame  
and eye egg flicker  
disport the mounting sense  
of *malheur*

no dope to hope to overcome

no handmade notes to rip and run  
no tapers of reddish wax or gun  
no white powder addiction once fun

nor bouquets  
nor bell tinkles  
nor trouncing canopy of peaches

again no bell tinkles  
again no bell  
again no tinkles

enjoy the silence  
*avant la lettre*  
*cocotte*  
clad in black

no moist port opens  
no trumpet peals

no harbingers withdraw  
with splendid  
bouncing  
rears

no elaborate  
glorious  
bouncing

no unseen calliope roll  
splendidly disreputable

no harmonizing  
the robust taste  
for the exquisite fold

no holding forth on high  
no chanting exorcism

a *passé* Pierrot like no other  
gilded in infamy

no sufferable panic  
over a bit of jism  
that will wash out  
with hot water  
like lachrymose conservatism

nothing pink-eyed  
maudlin  
manipulative  
bound in human skin

inconveniently, poetically, disastrously  
no louche *amours*

no sweat over  
nothing special  
no louche *amours*  
for trash culture

yet nothing profuse or evocative  
at least  
not yet

ye are restrained

no endless eye game  
castle  
chase  
with manicured delectations

no litanies chanted in rhythmic lines  
no Baudelaire

of milky breasts  
with riding crop  
the picture of Dorian Gray

strolling through the manicured  
licentious landscape  
of a debauched cherub

no elaborate urn to spill  
no fascination with the pill  
no pantheistic peculiarities  
to squeeze ye  
purring like a bee

no chime tinkling  
proclaiming the sublime uselessness of art  
of the cunning  
*dernier cri*

no horn-shaped cupping of the rhyme  
no whitish couplets  
to divine

no apotheosis of preening etiolation  
and voluptuary indecency  
thrillingly  
beyond the furthest reaches of propriety  
and debauchery

willfully perverse and ornamentally cruel  
as seduction

*Memento Mori as Manic Maenad*

liquid is the gargoyle thing  
so lost  
the empty flask  
so curious the cost

no dank aromas for ye  
at the apogee of notoriety

ever so musty  
epicene dandy  
crusty dames and hamadryads flee

tired from long litigations  
not handsome nor alluring

no rich fiery opals  
dancing  
no quivering flesh  
aesthete dancing

nor quivering dancing flesh  
prancing for ye  
stunningly odd  
elegant monster

no flames of light and shade  
embodiment of both fear and comedy  
tracing over the indecent raids  
cast by fantastic lanterns  
stormy and magnificent

no abundance  
no beauty without violence  
debauched eyes spinning

round and round they go  
instigating warm showers  
where they spread  
we will not know

*cela me semble malheureusement compliqué*  
unfortunately, it seems complicated  
eponymous  
even

no glistening no from *Lysistrata*  
rinsing  
tumid drops above

no *pêle-mêle* swooning  
or denied acts  
of love  
somnolent, torpid, listless

no nymphet nonsense  
thundering forth  
majestically in organ  
driving in force

tending toward corpulence  
tending toward the lubricious

no erotic cognizance  
or  
throes of transport  
angry rants

no grasping ballast  
of feelings  
lost  
chimed again  
such is the cost

no anew  
wood floor  
with  
strewn petals  
of blue

nor wilted flowers  
found in the mew

lost to the wind

no griffins  
no bees

glistening at sunrise  
just ye and thee

no dynamic and multilayered self to be

no more  
hole in time  
and space

no mixing may pole with mendacity  
nor flourishing  
of electricity

no maiden swirling at the head  
no tongue like rock from which to mend  
no tinkling in the depths to find  
forgetful moonlight recognized dead

friend  
no sublimity without corruption

none tinkled anew  
none tinkled anew

no exquisite love flourishing now  
it is all too late for *jardinières*

no directives or psalters or self-improvements  
no resurgent compulsion toward stricter morality  
ye phantasm

ye never tinkled anew  
no astute quantitative flourishes  
tinkled anew  
no qualitative escalating  
tinkled anew

of willful debasement  
ye knew  
anew

*Mischievous Memento Mori as Malicious Maniac*

no veering inevitably into *clichés* and purple prose  
the way of the dead  
nymphet

no incompatibility  
tinkled  
anew  
regardless the bloated wizardries

no compulsion  
to nap  
while expelling flatulent clouds of foppish fat  
tinkled  
anew

no *triste* expectations  
tinkled  
anew

a long nap of theatrical memory

no incompatibility  
or  
compulsion

no maneuvering  
throughout

no weird encryptions  
no pinged encryptions  
no theater to decode death  
no assertions towards deep feelings *à la mode*

no moist wet expanses  
no maidens to find  
with psychology  
without psychology  
forever the blind bind

no maidens in the machine  
with eyes so wet and red

no eunuch tendencies either  
who's that within ye bed?  
ye see?

nor eyeballs a weeping  
for the  
lying antithetical

no lying nymphets  
peeping  
with ruling eyes  
so dead

no maiden dream  
as vehicle  
way back inside ye head

that speak of unconstrained fields  
of bad ideas to wed

no  
nothing found intolerable  
no pathways down the way

no mergers  
nor elevated parlor games  
a quick one in the hay

nothing burnished  
oh so brightly  
no upshot  
no riding crop

no gracious  
eponymous  
lubricated  
finger  
strokes

ye can always holler  
halt

or tinkle slides  
or buzzing beans  
no buzzing  
like a bee

no stratospheres  
no balmy tink-a-dinks  
at monumental scenes

no smiles  
at monumental fur balls  
no honeyed goblets cracked

no half-naked sheep left behind  
as all  
the rest were jack

no hearts a shiver  
stirring flanks  
no tinkling stallion rut  
in ruts

no sunny darkness  
to heal the open cuts

no velvet movement  
rituals  
nor  
half-naked arms  
gleam invitingly

of ceremonies  
feeble in imitation  
now in the languor  
of satiety

no nymphet ceremonies  
fade to black

no capricious  
soft  
and  
weak

no  
withered  
no  
dependent one  
left lone within the heat  
to rot

*Misconducted Memento Mori and the Mystery Tradition*

no  
barbarous otherworldliness  
no  
smoldering ones deceived  
no

no passion for androgyny  
no ecstasy in the veins

no drinking of the nectar  
of all gratuitous ire

goodbye dear  
gratuitous humanitarian  
no gratuitous euphoria here

taken loosely as fact  
no lurking outside

the window  
of four elements

no little secrets  
kept  
of darkened subtlety  
no utterance lent  
of voluptuous ornament

no cell receptors  
subordinated  
to passion  
ceaseless go

no movement of the seed  
in time  
for jubilation row

no insert jubilation  
no genetic inconveniency  
no capricious pestilence  
described round  
the color of thy pee

and yet  
acrimonious desires rage  
for fatal sensuousness be  
of maiden scents  
behind the fence  
dizzying down on one knee

a double game of celebrating  
and mocking death  
through skull fucking  
hardly seems worth doing

but no no more *ergo*  
to be had  
reassuring to a lad

no teeming shift  
and  
dissembled  
shout  
of  
oh my, he's such a cad

no urge for images either  
now  
astride  
the goat eye blind

no yield of viral particles  
within that dirty mind

no capricious  
cells  
in search of bone

no discharges from the pressure

no platitudes

no painless flee  
from that internal gush

no damsel of *desideratum*  
like beautiful Bardot in *Mépris*

no modicum of blown-out hope  
to put the world at ease

of unheard pleasure pots  
no more  
without  
double breasted  
insatiability

soil  
dark  
reaches towards the bed  
to satisfy a need

nor balmy bottomless crevasses  
a vex on ye  
no more  
no harmonious coded winks  
to vex  
like a toy

no fermented grapes  
to vex ye still  
no Bacchic inebriation  
to sooth

to vex ye now  
it cannot be  
this darkness

no cruel humiliation  
no fettering of the capricious hand  
caught *in flagrante*

no deadening of thought  
    alas  
    no *flèche phallique*  
    tormenting ass

no cheeks smeared with menstrual blood  
    no tingling of the gonads

caught up in prosaic blunder bust  
    of that odd  
    so called material world

*Memento Mori on the Morals of Necromancy*

terrible intimacy

entertain ye not  
with non-materialistic  
    understandings

ye of virus down  
into soft round form  
once so nice to feel  
    so warm

only schematic specs of emaciated information  
    immersed  
within the millenarian field

no capricious yearning  
    for ye  
no matrix of animosity

purged from ye  
mainstay  
in this  
dire time

no war between sexes  
no lover  
left behind  
but ye

no goat-in-the-machine for tea

no linking  
cloned  
disguises  
pee

no honey flooding  
up ye ears  
ye limp  
and smell  
of gaiety

no ego or desire  
none  
no  
preliminary forecasts  
done

no terrible dissatisfaction run  
the times they are a changing

hidden in the capricious nymph  
the place for honey flow  
no honey flooding dark perfume  
as far as ye now know

nowhere what ye were  
my friend  
nor ever what ye were

no encircling of tender aureoles  
underneath the pink fake fur

no eternal beauty unbound  
then  
no goatishness purport either

no milky breasts to float and heave  
a look upon the beaver  
ye

no cuckoos  
fly like Tinker Bell  
no foreheads on the floor

no flesh  
no cloud  
shaped body bent

back under the moon

no ye limpid light of liquid  
no silver mist between us  
of capricious agreements  
shimmering

no  
tender reply

impertinent finery of flatulent decomposition  
ye

none  
afire

no beautiful smart art game  
with ye knowledge of death's putrid ignobility

no red  
no blue  
oh no

no honeyed  
sex pot  
glistening

no polished floor  
swept by ye

no perfume explaining itself to ye  
even as ye wept

*no amour à quarte pattes*

no capricious eye extravagance

no swaying  
oozing  
curling  
ye

abhorrent feelings  
stir and quiver  
and seethe about

no ye eye tongue in ye ear

speaking  
no extravagant touching  
of stone  
or anything else

no sentience of the body  
zest

no sexual incubus  
ye

the mind is  
simply emptied

no caterpillar of self-doubt

ye dreams  
aromatic perfume  
of dark winged chimera

no bacchante to restore ye  
ambitious in the realm of no

nor extravagant Bacchus  
who always was ye main man to know

no amorous appetite has ye  
kindled by waves of perfume



the siren sings of glittering  
extravagant as that seems  
no roaming in the labyrinth now  
no floating in the dream

no masquerading  
bovine guises  
to make the day of interest

ye taking ye full pleasure  
before begins the stinking

nothing of extravagance now  
or wild jubilation

no proclivities run amuck  
no times of celebration

ye in the margins of a lake  
no sun came up as metallic laurel

no nude reflections racing side  
no spears thrown down  
to piece the hide

no regal heat spilled overflow  
ye connoisseur of corn and horn

ye of extravagance  
beneath thee feet  
the alter of Eros  
the opposite of porn  
without it  
ye will weep

no swift  
dispelling of the dew

no balls  
in icy brilliance knew

singing, dancing  
to ye as myself  
a little bit like an elf  
now resting on the shelf

no proclivities veered away  
consumed again as millions pay

ephemeral and dazzling froth

in  
puss and boots  
of inexplicable joy

ye tipsy with rapture  
experienced no more  
when in close contact  
with timeworn viral *vanités*

emotions are released  
by contemplating small realistic  
human bones  
ye

a kind of deadly  
mad  
ecstasy  
which must secretly and sacredly  
already animate us

no sun afire there

no fairy underwear  
can save us  
at birth  
we start to die

but  
butt  
but

disenchanted *mise en scène*  
of dark and dreary death

take us on  
a ferocious ride  
of silver drops  
and brides stripped bare

where no prismatic light  
abounds  
within the hair  
or on the hide  
and no swan wet eye lashes  
cavort and bat  
or  
flutter  
or  
slip  
or  
sashay at

nor  
beat  
nor  
moistly glide

*The Many Mutinous Moments in the Life of Memento Mori*

no sexual abdication

the wretched simplicity of inchoate death

no play of light

no contraction of the heart

no inner anarchy

or witty repartee

no dark wet fingers

proclivities touched

none circling corolla

not even so much

apocalyptic

so metaphorically purple

as to

spill over into ultraviolet

curdle

no flower

on the *têtes de mort*

floating into silence

the last of the hours

no ancient sun

ephemerality

bending the water

that no longer will run

a hostile and laconic attack

on the personal ego image

capricious traits  
*squelette dans un linceul assis sur un tombeau*  
skeleton in a shroud sitting on a tomb

no clinging naked  
bodies in an esoteric lustration

no extenuation  
swelling the bough

no nerve-jangling luxe sap  
no proclivities  
no springtime trough

from which to  
do what?

no eyes bristling with desire  
no sweating from the branch

no fluids of obscene virility  
no eyes of vast proclivities

no rump rubbing against moist down  
of thy pagan branch

no water swans  
in grandiose flamboyant fables  
once told out at the ranch  
out of your pants  
out at the ranch  
out of your pants

## Daring Death

*Memento Mori on the Mutinous Means of  
Snowflake Compassion*

transport the mind to disembodied deliberations

no imprudent moment's  
surrender

no glittering or liquefying  
no multiple reflections  
no nostrils quivering  
no ardent palpitations

no sputter and fade  
no ecstatic sensations that makes proclivities  
a trifle insincere

no self-flagellation  
no consciousness of joy

no spectacle of cream  
or quivering bosoms

no heaving belly  
no tossing thighs  
set off against the pattern of tiger skin

no swan crown of red passion  
no flowers of gold  
or pit vipers of naked arms

no haughty and lubricious fingering of the sorrow hole

no circumlocution of the torn and  
scattered rose

no amorous body  
and  
seed

no body  
wine  
or  
apples

no pliant cock  
veined with fire

no enchantress  
with lips athirst

no half closing moon  
humid  
salty  
tipped

no slipping thirst  
go down

no ego breast tips  
once gently flicked

no honey dripping  
supercilious centaur flicking

no resurrection lacerated nakedness  
no creation  
no to thyself be true  
just ye

nothing washed in vertigo  
no goat of lubricity

no beaming vast vulva wings  
to agree

no thirst  
no vulvar castle  
no thirst  
no thorny path

no understandable  
explanation

no mere epiphenomenon  
brilliant  
and disdainful

darling no ye  
no heart-gripping  
enchantress dreaming

so chest nutty musk

so full of sadness and  
fortuitousness

no wishing it might last forever

and no moaning  
to bolster these mountainous words

no sapience  
and no wisdom  
of  
disenchantment

no situating the site of the non-binary body as material process

no wishing it might last forever ye  
no wish-wobbled bells on balls  
no tongues of memory

no deep primeval grotto  
no water sprites  
no faint artist engravings  
thirsty for  
the fragility  
of kisses

no dignity divined  
no separating heaven and earth  
food from the artistic

no breathing in chime  
very softly  
very softly

no going up and down  
rhythmically  
rhythmically  
rhythmically

no rhythmic eyes  
no sensual drive  
no accepted it  
ever the ego illusion

no myriad of forms  
history-haunted

very softly  
very  
softly

no breath quickening

no cuckolding candor

no rut  
nor direct apprehension  
of what living is all about

no intermediaries  
no conventional protocols  
so often *outré*

ye  
marveling  
unconventional  
out of touch

inebriated  
and mean

*Memento Mori with the Memory of Understanding*

no flower dreaming of the sea's deepest garden  
if no flower dreaming of the sea's deepest garden  
    bewildering solitude  
if no bewildering solitude  
    enveloped timidity  
if no enveloped timidity  
    dreaming darkness  
if no dreaming darkness  
    splintering vision  
if no splintering vision  
no grotesquely slipping it  
to the exhilarated lover

no searching and no challenging  
no fists of orgiastic transport

no new world of color  
nor flouncing flowers

no may poles for ye  
to skip in circles

no blue swimming hole  
no monstrous whirling  
no *object d'art*

no bloodied stake  
nor goat-footed boy-satyr  
of not so ancient myth

no play  
of exquisite flute  
no bestial  
disembarrassment

no bouts of lewd and reckless dancing  
 no strange and heavy  
 self-amusement

no petal-headed flower maiden  
 with exquisite  
 uncontrollable eyes

no existence of thee  
 as phallic-centricity  
 no fearsome production of desire

no buried treasure of many breasts  
 no *prima-facie* consciousness

no necks thrown opened  
 no naked flesh  
 to rundown  
 and to test

no exquisite moisture  
 nor silken smoothness  
 no slipped mover of thee night

no lonely loin clutch  
 catnip in sight  
 so give it a well-earned rest

no ethical many-breasted  
 magnanimity  
 of self-love  
 and the rest

no naughty transcendental ecstasy  
 by ecstasy  
 that really is the best

no shoulder  
fruit  
nor flower stars

no highly aroused  
rows of bosoms  
quivering soft  
oh so soft  
like temping candy bars

*Mawkish Memento Mori's Method of Mushy Moistness*

into this moist no eye ye  
afoot

if no quivering  
no greatness  
or bleakness

no exultation  
nor weakness

no probing  
no kneading  
every last  
exquisite  
beguiling  
boob

if no boobs  
no eyes  
shuddering  
buttering the delusion food

sallow and sullen bravado

no honey quiver  
pouring  
undulating like waves  
but soaring

no quivering  
no touching the very depths

no fall into hot love  
no absorbing red hot sun

no self-desires  
neither  
no day nor night  
to run

no eyes penetrating all things  
inexplicably

no exquisite hoary  
deep eyes

dark  
illimitably

like an orchard ocean

without bound  
without dimension

no moon's oblique paleness

no opprobrium  
of the polyamorous

no olive trees  
no almond trees  
no legs spread  
to receive the bees

no tangled limbs assume the arch

no swaying  
twisting  
on the couch

the  
mixing of sex and love with tragedy

no passionate spread  
no butter and  
no bread

no glistening on the floor  
in a pool of perfume  
alert  
while giving head

no trembled hands  
no trembled knees  
hovering over the moist bed

no exquisite eyes  
no open flowers

no rush of the intensity  
of sexual choices

exhaled  
in great warm breaths  
of scotch

no powerful louche smell  
no beautiful drip smell  
no numerous balls and breasts  
outthrust

no belly  
swelling under the moon

no drunk  
exquisite  
no to yes

no opulent piece  
of skull bucketry

no rays of sun piercing  
the daytime dreaming  
ye bucket of culpability

no love orbit around itself  
ecstatic

no generosity of self-loss

confronting intimidating transcendent ideas  
which foresee ye of expiration

without the pleasures  
of a self of lugubrious  
culpable  
repetition

*Weepy Memento Mori's Method of Humble Humidity*

no absorbing self-enhanced energies  
no rigorous opposition  
of subject  
and object

lousy any way ye look at it

no  
*Eros assis sur un crâne*  
no Eros sitting on a skull

*squelette assis sur un crâne*  
no skeleton seated on skull

nothing open to pivotal  
reflexive  
surfaces  
of unconscious self-simulation

no ghost lover great warm breaths  
no powerful beautiful seeping

never to be unmasked  
as not a star  
but which one?

big black sky

no exquisite pain of embellishment  
no enduring  
no swooning  
no rain  
no pain  
no embellishment  
enduring

no furnace burning

no moist and fertile earth  
nor atavistic retrogressions  
no wallowing  
in aplenty

no dark grotto eyes  
no warm inviolate womb

no dark palpitating expanse  
no revealing a deep cavern

no carnal knowledge  
no opulence

where plenum and vacuum  
meet and intermingle  
in conundrum

aligned beauty?  
no  
transformative eloquence?  
no

no revealing eyes  
and no talking eyes  
no sexy guys  
or big thick thighs

ye of morbid consciousness  
moves not in  
and  
through  
and  
around

free of the traps

feel the trap

no carnal persona  
no walking  
in a *sauté* of abstraction  
where error does not obtrude

no rebounded  
eye drop  
lubricated  
no thou  
no how

no magnificent belly slide  
into inconceivableness  
that transcends the gnarly no

no delicacy  
or bombast  
no super-communicative honey  
of romance  
without money

no revealing of human desire  
incongruous

no sensation

thou hast wearied

no more wanting to talk about it

be wantonness  
be  
atmospheric  
ye be  
darkness  
be  
slumberous  
be  
voluptuary  
spent

no hour left

no caressing  
no soft flesh  
no neck thrown back  
ye were told of that

no shivers  
magnified  
amplified  
and culturally reified

nothing mobile  
nothing moving  
nothing alert  
nothing hurt

nothing naked on the floor  
circling ye  
and gyrating  
an invisible hand stretched to infinity

ye doomed dancer  
dance off the edge of the world

nothing swollen  
nothing heady

no magnified high buttock

no courtesan revealed  
nothing made of golden tear tissue

nothing stretched and extend  
nothing swelling like a  
beautiful meditation  
on humiliating death

in all its nasty comedy

nothing mammoth  
or recognizable  
if only as languor

*La Chute de Memento Mori*

ye so determined not to gush

*ars longa vita brevis*  
as a certain sardonic laconicism  
says

now grown tired of disguising itself  
as a new form  
of sanctification

nothing infeasible  
nothing sanguine  
nothing glistening

today a marvel  
tomorrow a murder

nothing vibrates with virtuosity  
projecting mesmeric uneasiness

that plunges far below  
material circumference  
all must go

nothing revealed  
nothing expanded  
nothing taken as a tulip  
and split open

no archetypal moving in convulsive gestures  
the drive of a worm

no proceeding  
to orgasm

no seeing the electric reality  
of life as music

exposition  
development  
reprise

no quicksilver kiss of all things  
that never sleep  
no fluttering poetic color  
of sexual expansion

no pizzicati love fluttering  
no deepened damp  
saturated air  
of Marvin Gaye

no panicky metastasis  
no revealing  
sharpened by the sea-reflected light  
of let's get it on

nothing destined for a *teat-à-teat*  
with ye male virility

recognized and plagued  
with disintegration  
anxiety

no dreamy  
tempered  
radiance

no looming  
so ponderously grand brainpan

tipsy with morose far-sightedness

no body  
mixture  
slowed

falls into a dream

no glowing pagan immanence  
revealing

falls into the sea

deep  
deep is ye

no eye  
at all

no semi-transparent  
skin  
eye atmosphere accentuated  
no transgressive sacred glowing

submit ye to the destructive element  
in the destructive element immerse  
in trance

submit to the deep

in the sea  
ye are an absence of see

no pagan immanence  
festivity  
put to deathless restoration

no gnarly she-goat  
of full udder

overwhelmed  
engulfed  
supersaturated  
by its ill-omened lapidary style

no boat-like new moon  
no swan  
sensually provocative and perverse

no swaying trees  
no revealing hidden passions  
no mercurial drifting

no she-goat watching ye  
watch ye  
watch ye  
watch ye

no way to subvert ye with temporal acts  
of resistance

no revealing  
ye sexuality  
no haunted eyes

*Marauded Memento Mori on the Madness of Method*

no *triste* mirror of moonlit  
multiple-selves

no breath  
left  
no ribald  
lightning

an eerie skinless stillness  
so precisely  
rendered  
is difficult to look away from

macabre grandeur is stunningly *risqué*

no absolute propinquity  
nothing real  
or revealing in the eyes  
  
that are always the same

no collapse of the primordial into post-human  
conundrum

ye whirlwind of desire  
no ye  
no eye  
no drunken chalice of ecstasy

becoming patterned afresh  
ye doubt it

no she-goat  
no other  
model of self

no simulation

no time

the end of time  
the time where myth takes place

no mood  
or  
condition  
or  
emotion

with appeal

no absolute necessity  
regarding our loving  
no cause  
and effect

no association  
    permitting  
    no inclusion  
no conception

    no ego  
no appreciation

    no universal  
    laughter

    no principles  
    no palpably  
transfigured being

no onslaughting climax

    no naiad  
dressed in nothing

no blue fake-fur honey  
    standing around

    no weaving  
no usurpation

    no libertine  
no conversation  
    no infection

no paradigmatic assumptions  
    no more revealing

    no glossy eyed  
    assertions

at all  
at all

never *passé*  
never *passé*

never *passé*

never *passé*

*passé*



VII

Ye Don't Know  
Ye Just Don't Know

*Melancholic Memento Mori in the Maelstrom of Madness*

no western  
crack  
no ruddy  
moon

no babbling like a *femme fatale*

no naiad  
dressed in nothing

no red fake fur  
appearing clever

no scarlet veil  
no wind raised  
against the evening sky

no mirror  
reflecting the setting sun

no veil  
trembled  
like a flame in sublimity

no imaginative veil  
trembling  
like a flame

no spectral head bowed  
moving not

with no eyes  
no infinite  
grace

no majesty  
no outer steps  
like a spiral  
round

no fiery afterglow  
no reddened pearl necklace  
no high vermilion tower  
no transcending

no river of ruby pleurisy  
ye now  
no ecstasy within

no mouths and no fingers  
and no tongues

no big mouth  
no nipple  
no clitoris

YE DON'T KNOW YE JUST DON'T KNOW

no uncertain signs swarming  
mesmericly  
hinting at an all-inclusiveness

no great purple wall  
no endless succession

no abstract self-love  
no abjection  
of nullity

no asking

no mounted glory  
resplendent  
no magnificence

no velvety maroon  
silk  
instituted by a single finger

no assiduity  
no shuddering  
no moistened openings there

no leaps forward  
no endless contractions  
heaved inside

no to be or not to be

no great grotesque  
no quivering blobs of color

no sea-maidens  
oscillating

shivering brightly  
brightly shivering

no summer sprites  
revealing

revealing nothing  
no more shivering brightly

*Miraculous Memento Mori of Non-Binary Meaning*

no revealing of the cool  
no revealing  
no aromatic wall  
passed  
over

no scurrilous seats  
no fresh ardor  
no revealing points  
westward

no pusillanimous revealing  
all interrupted  
interrupted  
interrupted

no mouths and no hands  
no loquacious hands  
no lassitude

no twinkling tongues  
in hair  
no more shuddering in the air

world turned upside-down into a slapstick spectacle  
of pompous posturing  
and neurotic defensiveness

no excess  
no excuse  
no being  
no connoisseurship  
no embellishing

to do the same

no more  
the twinkling theoretician

no more  
breathless oscillations

no more  
the doubles imploding

no more  
strange feelings

no more  
defiance through ecstasy  
therapeutic  
and lavational in turns

no more  
*élite* beehive

there are no divisions  
no chivalrous combatants of cobwebs

demoniacal  
no more  
escutcheon  
no more  
shudder  
no more  
ashamed  
no more

absolute silence and peace

because dumb death is  
beyond narration  
beyond images  
beyond words









