

C O P I A

OR

THE ABUNDANT STYLE

OR

DONALD FOOD IS DEAD

OR

MEMOIRS OF MY NERVOUS CHILLNESS

OR

OH MISERY! WE BOTH SHALL DYE, WOE, WOE.

OR

**CERTAIN FACTS ABOUT THE AUTHOR VOMITING
INTO A PUBLIC SINK**

OR

WHAT IS A PLAGUE?

OR

THE LOGIC OF THE SUPPLEMENT

BY

CHRIS SCHAEFFER

We had no such thing as printed News Paper in those Days, to spread Rumours and Reports of Things; and to improve them by the Invention of Men, as I have liv'd to see practis'd since. But such things as these were gather'd from the letters of Mercheants and others who corresponded abroad, and from them was handed about by word of mouth only; so that things did not spread instantly over the whole nation, as they do now.

-Daniel Defoe, *A Journal of the Plague Year*

have to make speech out of it/ fuck 'em/ father I will become/ a blot

-Donald Food, *Margaret, Mother the Criminals*

In which the text is sick. In which the text, having come in contact with an unstated effluvium, is sick. In which the text becomes sick. In which the text, having come in contact with an unstated effluvium, becomes sick. In which the sign becomes sick. In which the sign is infirm. In which the sign falls under the auspice of a sublime illness. In which the text is ill. To begin, the text became sick. To begin, the text was ill. To begin, the sign succumbed to its disease. To begin, the sickness of the sign. To begin, the sickness of the text. To begin, the sickness which struck the text. To begin, the sickness which struck the sign. The text, first of all, was sick. The text, first of all, was ill. The text, first of all, fell under the auspice of a sublime illness. To begin, the sign was stuck by an unstated effluvium. I'd like to start by saying—the text was sick. I'd like to start by saying—the text is sick. The sign, I should preface, was ill. The sign, I should begin, was sick. The sign, I should preface, is sick. The text was sick. The text is sick. Let it be said that it was the sign which fell victim to the illness. Let it be said that it was the text which fell victim to the illness. Let it be said that it was the text which fell victim to the sickness. Let it be said that it was the sign which fell victim to the sickness. It wasn't I that was ill, he said—it was the text. It wasn't I that am ill, he said—it is the text. It wasn't I, he said, that was ill—it was the text. It wasn't I, he said, that is ill—it is the text. It isn't I that was ill, she said—it was the text. It wasn't I that was ill, she said—it is the text. I will now address the peculiar illness of the text. I will now address the unusual illness of the sign. I will now address the singular malady of the text. I will now address the singular malady of the sign. Gentlemen, if I may—the illness of the text. Gentlemen of the academy—the illness of the text. Introducing, for the very first time, the illness of the sign. Gentlemen, if I may—the sickness of the sign. Gentlemen of the jury—the plague of the sign. I started out by discussing the sickness of the sign. I'll start out by describing the sickness of the text. I should go ahead and explain the plague of the text. I should touch upon the sickness of the text. I'll preface my remarks by touching upon the sickness of the text. I'll preface my comments by touching on the sickness of the sign. If I may, I'll enter into my remarks by way of the sickness of the text. With your permission, I'll open with a few brief comments on the illness which fell upon the text. It was a strange, unforeseen illness which fell upon the sign. The plague on the sign was unlike any we'd seen before. We'd never seen anything like the sickness of the text. We'd never before seen anything like the sickness of the text. The illness, which was like nothing we'd ever seen before, affected the sign. The astonishing illness of the text astonished all of us. The text became sick. The text fell ill. The text was indisposed due to illness. If you are looking for the sign, I'm sorry, it is unable, due to illness, to receive. I saw the sign fall victim to sickness. I saw the text fall prey to disease. In the beginning, a malady lit upon the text. Hey, did you know, that the text is sick? The text, as you may have heard, fell sick. A plague fell upon the text, suddenly. There is a plague that affects written language. A plague fell upon the sign, suddenly. A plague suddenly fell upon the text. Suddenly, a plague fell upon the sign. A sickness suddenly spread among the sign. There is a plague that affects the text. There is a plague that affects the sign. The victim of the sickness is the text. The sign is the victim of the text. Written language is affected by a plague. A plague, which there is, affects the written language. The sign, as it were, is affected by a, how shall I put it, plague. The plague is a plague which afflicts the text. The text is the victim of a plague. The disease under discussion affects the sign. The sign under discussion is the victim of a virulent illness. Let us begin with the plague and the

There is a plague that affects written language. I mean. There is a plague that effects written language. I mean. Officer, please send a car or a person. I mean. Maybe there's a machine for creating meaning. I mean. My child has vanished. I mean. I stumble naked out towards the covered pool. I mean. Metaphor has three syllables, and they all seem pretty important to me. I mean. I uncover the pool when Summer comes around. I mean. When I have nothing to say my lips are sealed. I mean. I hate to think of anyone listening to loud pop while they're dying. I mean. I had a nice college dictionary back in the day but lost track of it long ago. I mean. Officer, I have to go to the bathroom. I mean. When we heard you pull up we were expecting pink or beige. I mean. Perfect for reading a book, or working on a craft, or a piece of art, or just cruising down the highway. I mean. Maybe a tusk emerging from the crust. I mean. The vanished artist belongs to me. I mean. I created something. I mean. It looks bad. I mean. A real light show and all of us underwater. I mean. Dons a loose-fitting red smoking jacket suggestive of Carter's trademark cardigan. I mean. I will attempt to demonstrate in the first paragraph. I mean. Investiture of authority. I mean. I've seen this episode before. I mean. Maybe a guy with a dead body lying out there in the middle of the field. I mean. I have an appointment this afternoon. I mean. There are two showings in the afternoon and a matinee. I mean. Fire music old man. I mean. I loved a thing and I named a thing. I mean. All of this happened. I mean. The basic riddle of the dream has been solved. I mean. The narrator is convinced by the painter. I mean. It was bound to happen sooner or later. I mean. I went downstairs to put the dog out and saw the vanished artist's lover had left a message. I mean. Make some time for your old man. I mean. That is we the rays have no thoughts. I mean. Redaction. I mean. Re-a-diction. I mean. Le romancier n'aura qu'à distribuer logiquement les faits. I mean. He was a famous reformer. I mean. We need an activist president. I mean. Shitfuckpiss I uh I uh forget it fuck 'em. I mean. This is hysterical. I mean. Blame this jocular usage on Charcot. I mean. The statue is called 'Donald Food is Dead.' I mean. The key issue is the relation between paranoia and professionalization. I mean. It has been an important addition. I mean. Maybe an ice cream or *glace* through which I poke my fingers. I mean. I think she dates older men. I mean. Thanks everyone for the warm wishes. I mean. Why are we going on about cuckolding. I mean. You can do a title search if there is a tax lien. I mean. What is the role of melodrama in my films. I mean. Do I consider the vanished artist a Marxist. I mean. Deadbeat dukes are the worst. I mean. Probably the best looking game for the iPhone. I mean. Hahahaha. I mean. I wish I could afford cable. I mean. Either way your use value is at an end. I mean. I barfed on the tile carpet. I mean. Maybe there's a tile carpet. I mean. Maybe there's a serpent. I mean. I've been left alone to read a packet. I mean. Want to maybe hit up Monks or Khyber Pass. I mean. Where are you living now? I mean. Fucking imperialist dropbox. I mean. Every human should. I mean. This conversation obliquely reminds me. I mean. How much is this. I mean. Come look with me. I mean. He was the nexus of the school. I mean. My brain is zapped, zoinked. I mean. It's kind of autobiographical. I mean. Gosh that's fucked up. I mean. I don't know if I got much out of it since I was really young, but he was nice. I mean. I'm badly poisoned. I mean. I'm literally made of money. I mean. Please just take it. I mean. My body smelled like 'a rubber' as we called them then. I mean. This has the money face on it. I mean. I'm so please hungry. I mean. Actually I am quoted for no reason. I mean. I only have two hands. I mean. What is a death bean. I mean. Do you see any future for yourself in the field? I mean. Donald Food is dead. I mean. It's interesting in that two are from the Reagan era. My teeth are entirely totally cracked. I mean. Out of the sources. I mean. I food I uh a feed I 'harve.' I mean. He had a resurgence. I mean. You smell like cigarettes. I mean. Are you using ethos. I mean. But that emotion built up his character. I mean. It just dropped into nothingness. I mean. A lizard fails for a ghoul. I mean. I bit some light. I mean. Classical reference point initially a good point initially. I mean. He fell asleep with his foot on the gas while his car was in park. I mean. That's a rather general term. I mean. Did you like it. I mean. Unsurprisingly, only bears semantic content relating to the analysis of work. I mean. Did you bring me a slice too? I mean. The blue text in the figure below shows a syntactic model of a simple task. I mean. Surprising he lasted as long as he did. I mean. This can't be happening. I mean. I 'm sorry I tracked water throughout the foyer. I mean. See these devil eyes? I mean. My son? I mean. Officer, I can't feel my hands. I mean. All pigs look the same to me. I mean. It might be my spirit animal. I mean. I've never read this before. I mean. The strong rule these times and get the women. I mean. I think I've been following you. I mean. Maybe there's a syntax to ruin material structures and topple walls. I mean. People are sharing their opinions on Kanye West. I mean. He went to her parents' house for Thanksgiving. I mean. If you can read words, then read these words you fucks. I mean. I'm old and I can't sleep. I mean. Officer, my son's fingers. I mean. The statue had a weird enjambment. I mean. A limb fell on the neighbor's house and took down their cable. I mean. Officer, I'm wet. I mean. We were never allowed to dance or drink or use foul language. I mean. He was buried in Yorba Linda I think. I mean. Officer, I'm not a creep. I'm just aroused by good bargains. I mean. My son passed through the window or out into a floating light. I mean. It's on the move. I mean. My jaw is snapping and my limbs are humming. I mean. He was describing a religious experience. I mean. Officer let me through I'm the father of the vanished starving. I mean. My feet were wet from the rain and the covered pool. I mean. I entered through glass. I mean. I saw owls in their regalia preside in state. I mean. I was composed of light. I mean. I entered through the covered pool. I mean. I was beauty passed through a bone hoop. I mean. I entered through light. I mean. I passed between vast haggard caesuras. I mean. The statue was called Donald Food is dead. I mean. I become dead. I mean. Officer, I can't feel my friend. I mean. Officer my son is food. I mean. My jaw is dead. I mean, bones, my friend is office

A: 1) The vanished artist vanished. a.) through a window b.) out and into a drift. 2) The vanished artist's last art was 'Donald Food is Dead.' 3) Donald Food is... dead? 4) The father of the vanished artist went wild with hunger. 5) Someone, above all, synthesized a metonymy, and 6) dissolved it .

-from *The Selected Poems of Donald Food*

Trans. Bradley Logan, Asst. Professor of Semiotology, Johns Hopkins University.

Three [Wild Gesticulations] at an Abandoned [Car]

1.
[around the lexicon] 1
thick crust of skin tissue, rime, objects
underlined, cartoon skulls
2.
to speak, [you (pl.) and the author] speak to take up the hand
our lungs swell with something 5
[puffy, white, clean-tasting, dangerous]
3.
[the author saw your trunk open and couldn't help
but notice all the canning equipment back there the author wonders
what you were planning on canning and why you left it
all beneath this underpass] 10
4.
this poem a drawing of [a football]
and next to that [the word 'football']
and [the name of the university] [the author] did the best
[the author] could with the little [the author] was given

Translator's notes:

Line 1: The original specifies a text no longer extant, roughly in the genre of lexicon or catalogue.

Line 6: See Krolkowski and Pells for scholarship on the history of this line and its controversial status. For this reason, the translator has judged it prudent to substitute several words describing laundry detergent, an image at once reassuring to the reader vis-à-vis a 'return to normalcy' as well as poignantly indicating the quotidian face of death.

Line 7: The rumination in the first several published versions of the poem referred to a context lost to contemporary scholarship. The translator follows the lead of Drs. Spandi and Messina in substituting the above stanza from Food's uncollected fragments.

Line 11: Since the 2014 Collected Poems custom has substituted the questionable metonymic vectors of stanza four with an exercise in simple, heartening school spirit, an innocuous choice as well as one leaving the contemporary reader on a note of pep and cheer. Go team!

The curator of the document moving in sleep.
The father of the vanished artist, vanishing.

See the word placed into a Petri dish and a gel solution see it
flourish little intertextual arms and begin to feel around see
it bulge around the serifs and split. Something

like spider eggs, well, what we imagine spider eggs to resemble,
calling out to the margins hatching. The curator of the document

must take a break, there's too much to get at, may hop around
from one point to another, there's a hot touch somewhere
in the middle of the text that we feel we shouldn't approach

----→cut here!-----→ cut here! -----→ cut here!-----→

The curator of the document standing at the blackboard.
The father of the banished artist, banishing.

See here—the world placed into an unflattering context see it
grope about the artificial habitat and spurt musk like a creep see
the world swell under a new tumescent top-weight. Something

like a 'mummy wrap', that term, serving for raiment, all
mitte aller mitten, kern der kerne, if you will. The curator of the document

has to go now, oh wow look how late it is, may catch you later
in a different valence of the same word, or rather, the de-referent
in the middle of the text that we feel we couldn't approach

----→cut here!-----→ cut here! -----→ cut here!-----→

The curator of the document crying in the middle of the 7-11.
The father of the famished artist, famishing.

See if I care—there's a pronoun we haven't seen in awhile—see it
flung up and sucked back in, yeah, me, me, me and *my* strange filaments
touching the blank walls of a thick interior. Something

keeps me from letting it all hang out like a goddamn emperor.
Some big claw pressed up to my lips, red, with tough carapace knobs. The curator

of the document couldn't make it, the curator of the document has had a terrible accident.
May see you in the afterlife bathed in soft light and warm milk. He says: *it's kitten's
milk!* That's not a phrase. Golden milk spreading out from the middle of the text. No
thanks.

- 1: Birds falling out of the sky
- 2: your bathtub doesn't fit any more
- 3: I don't know what this means

Something monstrous lurks in the most innocent of catachresis: when one speaks of the legs of the table or the face of the mountain, catachresis is already turning into prosopopeia, and one begins to perceive a world of potential ghosts and monsters

[that's Paul De Man]

1. Bulbs exploding among the pines
2. I feel like I can't contribute anything further
3. the father of the vanished artist vomiting lilac petals

I was already writing a poem about ghouls. when she wrote that book about ghouls. I thought, I look like a ghoul. I said, I thought, I look like a ghoul. I look like a ghoul, I said. I marked my page with a lost fingernail, smelled dead, fled to the serious line of firs in the clothing and full regalia of public ghouls.

1. [first of the gang to die]
2. meaning suddenly horrifically intimidating, monumental
3. simple, repetitive tasks—for example, stroking a lamb's fur, eating noodles through the slits in a wooden mask, small acts of carving and shaping a form into the shape of a different form
4. this may help
5. the professor said 'referentiality' my hands flew to my face, exploded

Here's where the image goes:

In sudden sleet: the father
of the vanished artist throws
his body over
the car to protect
from pitting the bruises
on his naked back flower
in the shape of a smiling
cartoon lion—

If the meteors fall: *heaven*
is a place. thanks for the news-flash,
genius. I'm being sarcastic.
over a third of the water
turned to flesh
and the flesh lumpy and white
anyway, unappetizing, I'd
register a complaint but my body
has decayed already
my legs pinned
under dead or dying rocks—

Frogs or other matter falling from the sky:
finally,

our theories vindicated. our

orgone box fanclub unleashed

upon a willing world.

vater of the famous-ish artist

with his head way back something

green and glorious

writhing down the long 95

of throat—

Heavy wind: heavy wind,

a moment of silence, please.

a death-mask for the union dead,

tourniquetted over the groin.

wind, rubbing all up on

bare trees, fallen wires,

dogs, hen-houses, wind,

by my teenage dream tonight—

‘Abuse,’ or ‘improper use,’ is the apparent literal translation of the Greek term

katachresis—derived from the prexis kata (against) and chresis which can be rendered as ‘employment,’ ‘use,’ ‘usage,’ but also as ‘lending’ and ‘loan’

‘The Tropological Economy of Catachresis’

it seems that catachresis signifies less the wrong or false use of a word than any use that does not keep within the limits of the common usage, i.e., any immoderate, excessive use or using up

Gerald Posselt

the Liddell/Scott translates catachresis as ‘excessive use or

consumption’ and

as ‘analogical application of a word’

Critical Studies: Metaphors of Economy

Ed. Nicole Bracker

and

Stefan Herbrechter

I opened the book and I got an eyeful of the kind of soft fuzz dead plant matter leaves—a tomato knocked off the vine goes orange first, then yellow, then a darker red, then black, then white and inviting to the naïve eye like the comfortable back of a mouse. I felt the book felt heavier I felt like I felt the wet slop of words pumping under the text. I felt I had a lot to say and by way of metaphor I began to vomit up the bones of animals that I was not, sandpiper, salamander, water-skimmer, warhorse, termite, kingfisher, queen bee--

the vanished artist went out the window

his medium—at first—wet clay--- large amphoras---

you know for putting plants in

next--- abandoned cars

vitreous humors

rare insects with huge pink mammal tongues

velvet sacks full of nails and chipped paint

functional bones from myth

famous for drinking paint at gallery openings

getting wild, losing his mind, cool guy

the doctor is saying to the other doctor: *he won't stop coughing. Oh, no. this is so gross. he won't stop making citations and indenting.*

we need some kind of gas or sleepy kind of needle or something

[the text fails to indicate the specific nature of the doctors—real real real life doctor or characters on tv or bespoken by the text

which goes red around
the cheeks and whose teeth turn brown or black and spit hot soft nubs of
indication. flee into the country go into the tall shade of famous mansions
build your tents downwind of creeks beware tall doctors]

.....
the doctor says: *it's very important that you become the protagonist of this project.* I say: *uh sorry? maybe you've heard of george Bataille before? the project is characteristic of the denial of death. poets charge toward sacrifice.* the doctor says: *I can't force you into anything.* I say: *the only good poets are dead or are just crazy about dying.* the doctor says: *oh my god not more of this idiot bright star bullshit* I say: *sacrifice is nothing other than the production of the sacred.* the doctor says: *eroticism is assenting to life even in death.* I say: *the text must answer these questions via its forms.* the doctor says: *question: what is a plague?*
.....

On Oct 29, 2013, at 11:19 PM, admin wrote:

Hey all,

Power's back! Return to your homes. Write something good and send it to your sweetheart! I myself am rubbing abstract notions all over my naked torso—justice, loyalty, all the classics. Sexy ones too—desire, contusion, I mean, contortion, abjection, some real freaky stuff, ha ha, but, let's keep it PG-13 between us, right? LOL ☺. Anyway sorry about the temporary collapse of the referent and vast raw pustules in the absent center of the text. Outdoor graves will be available this coming weekend and the next.

Cheers,

the vanished [father of the] artist

- What happens is either catachresis or copia, cancer or cholera.
- I remember walking and someone asking me what I thought about kitsch. I forget who I was talking to. I remember stepping over a gutter full of dead leaves. Or it may have been on the internet. I said: *hmm. Um.*
- We met someone with no patience for Kenneth Goldsmith.
- The symptom is [sometimes] death.
- And in any case I'm in no position to comment on it.
- Oh, wait.

- The text separates and drifts. The tendon wilts. Each verb spins, idly, settles in a little lazy orbit. Nouns starve to death or gnaw their own skin down to the ligament.
- The text bloats and multiplies. The fields turn brittle and shy. We find ourselves repeating ourselves. We begin to run without conceiving a stationary backdrop. We find the whole assemblage fucking in an enclosed space, ourselves pressed up against a glass surface, the backs of our knees are sticky.
- We may frame 'crying' as a variable set of practices enclosed in the space of a bathroom or concert hall.
- Read the opening sentence over and over.
- The opening sentence passes unimpeded to the closing sentence.
- The miracle of wireless motion once ceded to ghosts, now, a symptom.
- In the basket next to the toilet, your sister or cousin's tampon. In the sink,
- You accidentally cough blood into four inches of warm water.
- The blood congeals and floats, a neat little red blob with a pink corona.
- This is can be condensed as 'catachresis approaching diagnosis.'
- Text running down the street windmilling, on its last legs,
- Text face-down in a stream
- In the forest
- It says *I sit around and I feel like I've never heard of anybody.*
- It says *glub glub glubb..*

- I feel like I've never heard of anybody.
- You are the *you* in the above. We are the *we*.
- I am a missing citation w/resinous black residue.
- Question: what is a plague?

An extremely fat pigeon passes between becoming
'a minotaur' or leavened hoof. It thinks *someone can do better than this
in a poem*. A horse emerges from a side-hatch. All the animals
begin to orient process around excretion, slowly at first,
then quicker, quicker, wetly clay before we notice.

Shit shit shit. That's correct. *No*,
my phone bill. One hundred small things we can't believe.
The artist ascends the stairs and vanishes. His lover
listens to the Hal al Shedad in the bath-tub, moves
a leg up into the air, to clean the leg. She will tell the police,

He left, he went to the post-office, I don't know, I was in the bath,
Uh... I was listening to music, I don't know.

The father of the vanished artist goes wild and moves
warily around the statue called 'The Death of Donald Food.'

The lover of the vanished artist holds the father of the vanished artist
and says she'll take care of everything. The first person she ever met
with a tongue-ring was herself.

[the father of the vanished artist was the father of the vanished artist] ['Margaret, the
mother of
criminals']

When the vanished artist vanished here was what was discovered on his human shaped lacuna: cold tea with a tea bag hanging over the side (black tea w/ lemon). Unopened can of Coke. Ballpoint pen. The image as an image existing in thought before existing. The [man with live roots for fingers and hair]. Books about clay.

If you want my opinion, it wasn't fair anyway. The vanished artist wasn't a *writer* he just read a lot of magazines about deconstruction. I don't want to sound like I'm bragging or anything but you know, I do write poems once in awhile. And I know a thing or two about fleeing into the forest in panic. I could define 'the absent center' on a blog. I could contend with the beasts with Barthes in a fist-fight.

So it was this dopey looking guy with a pony-tail who killed language, somehow, and left the earth with a east-ward facing loft covered with variations on *well I, you see I, I, to begin with I...* or paratactic stunts beginning at one end of the city and terminating somewhere in the Delaware Bay who also when he vanished left his music on and his door locked so we had to hear some kind of shitty acid jazz for two weeks before we caught on and started noticing the slick white lesions we got whenever we thought about revising one of the thousands of spontaneously pulpy and warm-blooded chapbooks writing in beneath the doorjambs and by that time, you know, we were already kind of revolved one way or another regardless of

t-shirt that says ITS UTOPIA TIME

still reading book s at this point in the event

you get to invent whatever narrative development you want

you can be the futurist your parents always dreamed of

pretty, modern, exo-skeleton with blonde compound eyes

I don't want to write in the long line of projects.

I don't want to write in the long line of projects.

I don't want to finish anything I started.

I don't want to finish anything I started.

the primitive meaning, the original and always sensory and material figure... becomes a metaphor when philosophical discourse puts it into circulation. Simultaneously

the first meaning and the first displacement are forgotten. the metaphor is no longer noticed, and it is taken for the proper meaning

I don't know what's coming out of my mouth

a [thing] with [legs] and [beaks]

*I tried to conceive of a kind of metaphor employed out of constraint and necessity.
A doctor with eyes injects a metaphor out of constraint and necessity
to prevent the father of the vanished artist from kicking/thrashing*

[...] transfer of terms from one place to another employed when no [...] word exists

I wrote a little poem and swallowed it. I spent a couple relaxing hours dragging the good name of the poem through

a text. a series of signs. every trope of forced and necessary usage. a repetition of terms. a
 factory two blocks from a campus. a flight from urban centers. an orange peeled. an
 orange unpeeled. a face leaned against wood panel siding. a creek. a system of
 mechanical stops. a bust of an author. a silence at a symposium. a collection of home
 video cassettes. an ingenious jewelry heist. a nail. a counter-lever. a sauce pan, burnt. an
 insect. a piece of paper with 'quantities of cocaine' written on it. a row of books. an
 index. a bottle of fluid. a soft cloth. a pouch. a shelf. a chair's leg. a battery. a cloud-head.
 an attached sink. a porch/patio. an assortment of teeth. a reference to a vortex. a shack. a
 boss. a piece of scrap. a man repeating *very well paid, very very well paid*. a penny. not a
 penny. a turbine. a rotten fruit. an abandoned row-home. a forest. a missive. an epoch. a
 fern in the corner of an office. an ash-tray. a stray dog. a bookmark inserted at the first
 sex scene the child has ever read. an aquarium. a pistol from 1906. a man holding a bullet
 explaining the nature of a pistol from 1906. a row of ingredients. a puddle. a warm
 puddle with pebbles in it. a pizza box. a distended jaw approaching a lamp. an action. a
 'tooth worm' in ivory. a brain superimposed on the bare forehead. a photographer's cape.
 a furnace. a bay. a dog licking ice cream off of a sidewalk. a sidewalk. a dish of milk. an
 instruction from above. an excitable fellow. a glass sculpture. a symptom. a cell
 membrane, soft. a cell membrane, impermeable. a commentary on *parzifal*. a citation. a
 tuft of white hair. a sharp point. a line segment. a compulsion. a miasma. an outburst in a
 lobby. an expert. a white curtain. an interregnum. a broadsheet. an early snowfall. a
 beetle. an egg buried by a pond. a stack of rocks. a foreign dignitary. a sweating witness.
 a critic. a large e point. a full
 day's work. an omen. a
 picture of a sku ll. a drop. a
 botched life. a l tter to an
 animal. an insti nctive
 flinching motio n. a recursive
 pattern. a leaf l it up by light-
 ning. an etching . a burning
 symbol. a gold f lask. a left-
 handed criminal. a woman. a
 hound with no to ngue. a stair-
 case. a dry lake. a snapped reed.
 a shell of a machi ne. a clean
 plate. a 'day.' a p iece. a
 fragment. an unle vened cake. a
 quiet evening. an owl. a buried
 joining of fingers. a collapse. a
 tower. a disgraced relative. a
 tome. a record. a r surgence of
 signs and wonders. a manual of
 style. a sophist. a piece of the true cross. a noun abandoned beneath a film of liquid. an
 examiner's assistant. a husk of a strange reptile. a certain phenomenol
 superhuman mind. a destruction and extermination. an hour. a claimed
 pronounc. a tusk. an interest of physicians. a hob by. a number
 of subject s. a visual code. a clearing. a fashion. a construction. a

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ivity. a toad encased in stone. a geode. a
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Appendix I: Notes on the Autops

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.....[rprperformed at Southern Bucks
.....9:00 in the morning, by a team of
.....*please be merficul. (sic)] –ed.]*

.....
.....Incision made at the front of the

Appendix IV: Uncollected Poems & Fragments of Donald Food

This modest assortment of “occasional pieces” was recovered from marginalia across the small collection of books recovered from Food’s Berwick apartment at the time of his death—Food seemed especially inspired by Christopher Gaton’s Of Grenada and Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy. Editorial discretion has been applied in cases of eccentric script or suspected vectors of transmission. –C.o.t.T.

SpuXnik!

Polydorus!

wild elecXron!

Xhing hurled from the placid cenXer ouX of Xhe senXence
pinned Xo Xhemselves Xhrough a median densiXy

can you sXot a conXrolling animal
in a whole glowering zoo?

collapsing star--

slime mold---

frog discovered
alive at the cenXer
of an ancient chunk
of graniXe-- !!

isn’X iX hearXening Xo see one Xhing consumed by another?
and even moreso if Xhat Xhing is Xhat Xhing iXselX?
you kind of wanX to think of a warm sweaXer—
or a loving species wiXh one arm and no head—

iX may be a vasX inXracXable problem of linguistics or filibusXer
or a Xax on progress levied by jealous golems buX
Xhe Xext won’X Xake you any furXher Xhan you’ve already gone.

even on your birXhday lighXs ouX is lighXs ouX

five Xhousand 19th cenXury lawyers laughing aX Xhe image
of an ‘ouXer dark’

and who could be flown
deposed presidenXs, rare devils,

is Xhis meaX raw

*

weird valence

interests me
in so many ways

shit stop it stop this crap
for christ's sake
playing king of the pool
at 2 AM in the morning

ice creams and

me they called the mad bomber [ed. English in the original]

*

you and I consumed in a plague
we both need cheering up
sometimes I am a jukes and
I am a Kallikak zero
meaning
kalos
and *kakos* [ed. Incorrect etymology]
don't ruin it, speech

*

her husband's real name was
the text and it annoyed me [ed. no evidence to support this claim]
mostly the draft and

his [ed. gimmicky lineation]

*

footage of piano, transcript,
real estate,
plot, empty plot

[ed. symptoms of sexual immaturity, the mutual limpet of desire]

Appendix V: The Correspondence of

|book
|she discovered that in several university departments,knowledgeable
|eciation for their predecessors' distillation of knowledge [\[4\]](#)[\[5\]](#)[\[6\]](#)

|

[edit]

**Appendix VII: UncollecXed Poems & FragmenXs of Donald Xood (Revised
Curated Poems of Donald Food edition)**

The following fragments were recovered in the papers of Food's close friend, [the vanished artist], and held in quarantine until recently. These and other unpublished work by the so-called 'plague poets' are forthcoming from FSG this June, in paperback as well as in a limited print deluxe edition featuring 'bubonic green' glow-in-the-dark ink and a frame-worthy facsimile of Food's death-mask, signed and numbered by leading epidemiologists from an array of top medical schools.

X

The research board of this project is deeply grateful to assistance from Brian Teare, head of Temple University's semiotology department, as well as to important clinical work performed by Jonathan Schoenfelder and Johnny Lohr.

Additional help was furnished by Sam Stein, David Pritchard, and Brandon Lopez. The project is indebted to Abigail Raymond for her fastidious work in supervising the hygienic standards of the project and curtailing casualties wherever possible.

This project was made possible by a grant from the Maxwell Mason Foundation for Impoverished Language, and, of course, by the memory and legacy of Donald Food. Rest in peace, cowboy.