

In jure d[]Ab j ur e d



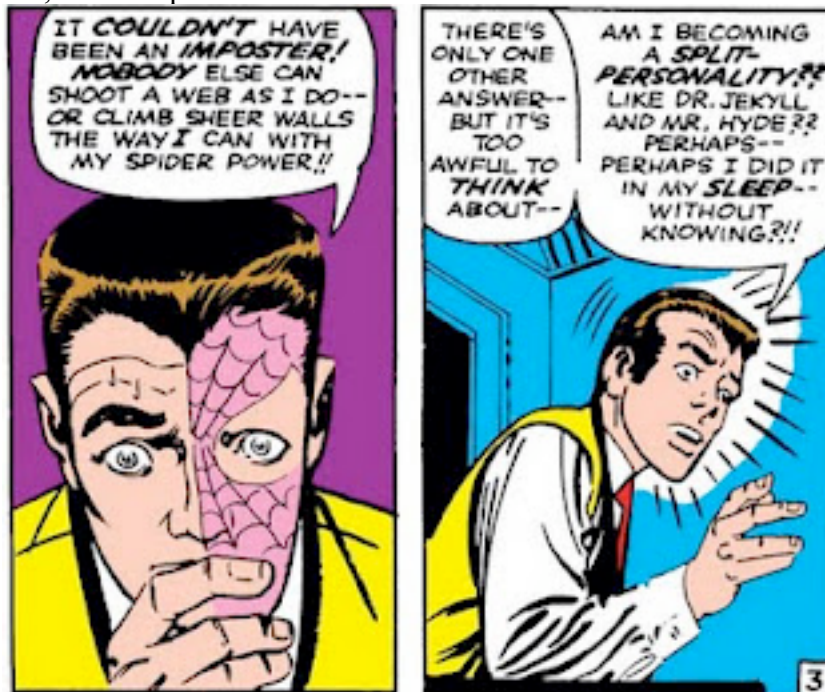
erit vobis hic air
it gone tacit in bufu cantu
ha ha ha I hear *that* !!

it an aperture prohibiting qualia
or off-handed casuistry.
can distinguish false alarm from horror
when lucky fellow's 'Spider-Sense' begins to tingle
w/ thick sharp lines—not quite

rays or stops, tic of overlayed lapsio ie. epiphenomenonemon. ur flat head a beacon

in the face of treachery, doppelgangers,
clones, holograms, robot impostors et cetera:

as:



thus
fidelity **plotted** thru
selvedge of alarm implies
salvage, restitution—an art

predicated early

on big guilt

(I an artifice hashed out over will). the particular opus

(Poulenc) to turn coast-lines Shaker
and shutter all eye-lid. danger grasp all limbic,
extra-normal. in a brain in repose in a jar,
all articulate in sleep.

le moine et le voyou. half & half in sediment. in becoming headless. *Les Six (Sinistre)*

VOCANTMYSTERI

O BECOME IN SVDDEN LO

VE W/ VNFATHOMABLE FORCES. Depict hands as odd birds in constant panic. I mean—things hinged at terrible consequence to ugly, stupid wrists. Who asked you, anyway? The iconography of the hand and head is monstrous, like the monstrous stories of woman saints unfixed by God as lamination. St. Mary of Egypt breaking out in yeti-like coat of golden fur, buried by lions in the stony ground. Gamely holding out—fingers splinted like flippers—golden platter bearing severed eyes, or breasts, or finger-tips. People love to read about ancient martyrs because the details are weird. Someone asked me about the patron saint of menstruation. St. Mauritius, leader of the Theban Legion, invoked against cramps. Egyptian Maurice. “Depicted as Black African.” And soldiers, swordsmiths, armies, infantrymen, sentient artillery units weeping in cold storage. St. Winefride, Welsh, decapitated by severely rude uncles. Prominent cephalophore, springs started flowing when her head stopped rolling. *Caradog, Cursed By Bruno, Melted Into the Ground*. Saint to assist labor, ease painful menarche, unfinished play by G.M. Hopkins. Now “u” know.



I spent many long weeks studying all your powers, all your abilities everything that was known about you! I was SURE I could duplicate your feats! Man has escaped his head as the condemned man from prison. Called “fishbowl head” by cruel Spidey. Jet du Sang, again.

The art of illusion is masculine coded and I don't know why. Through a trick, I can convince you that I'm solid matter, or representational. I could swindle you into reading a block of dumb words as confessional, it could totally be, like, complete folly. I detach my head from my shoulders and start laughing like a maniac!!!!

Monster is something at the margins of the village life. Could be a calf born with two heads or a magical guy evincing stigmata at an open-mic. I could destroy that accursed Web-Slinger with a flawless scheme. Even with eyes for nipples on a fishnet chainmail carapace I answer to beetles.

I didn't think I was invited to the reading. Well iu missfed
Out.

-beetle being: in Coptic: transliteration as

- to come into being (gnawing purple & green fabric swatches)
- to transform (emitting psychotropic vapors from a valve in a gauntlet)
- form (ghastly mandibles chomping around the mayor's head, in light)
- transformation (returned from the dead improved)
- happening (becoming artificial)
- mode of being (running along a third rail to impress invisible girls)
- what has come into being (borrowing *the future of an illusion* ex libro)

gift of aquarium helmet to my main crushes in reliquaries. mary of egypt, so fly in golden furs. oh my coptic moritz, stapling Schreber to a high-backed chair in a hypothetical garden, incidentally snake-ridden. C.S. Giscombe told me copperheads (subject) smell like cucumbers (object)

so uh be careful if you smell cucumbers in the forest.

an acephalous wonder is a snake. I became driven out by obscure saints. from my own house! love it when saints on bikes wave and say hello.

hate it when saints on foot *literally* spit chiclets at me from on high



fond crime saint—my counter-

hero—

decided to rend himself

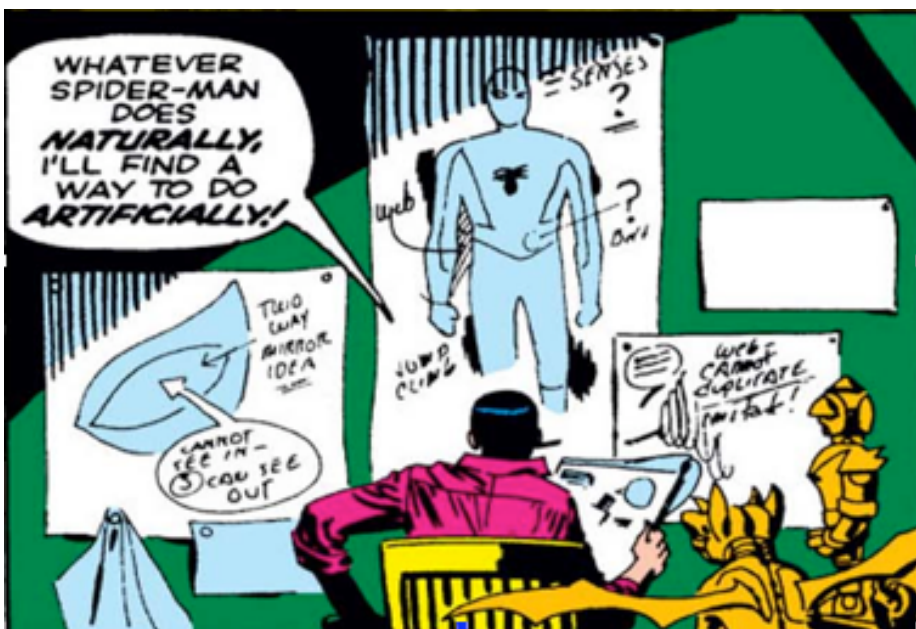
it's impossible to rend or irrupt

anything is possible for a

concentrating very hard on gestures
it (the body) accomplishes a rupture

*nobody can do
THAT*

wrong web-head—a pejorative—a cloudy lens



becoming artificial—sacral becomes artistic. a miracle is a trick a captive body. water
margin trick. two way mirror idea. cannot see in 3 can see out. Altarpiece. = senses ?

how many particles hath my good girlfriend? zero?

one million? *one million million?* particular *particula*
dividitur. operating w/out sources, painting on eyelashes and fingernails to glass?!?!

I'm now "totally" "uninterested" in the secret origins of words, *the return from the dead*.

Mastiff in public turns to smoke. Well, duh.

Like I've never seen a dog reconstituted from stray vapors before?

fix instead on field, glass ground out in a lab in a scrap yard.
spinoza scholars interested, and the *other* Henry James (ordnance surveyor). meaning,

SLEIGHT OF HAND as marquee extended to full-body somatic *emergency!!!*

observe up said sleeve the soft underbelly of the poem.
is getting away from me. *adipocere inserted into palm to grease egress*.

I can convert a motion—out, curling up, and clasping—into semantic currency



I'm an extremely wealthy man, Citizen Mauritius. I can make life very easy for you.

keratin cool to tusk or flank the hair shaft. ie, round-worms in wet sacks. beetle mask.
Ritual. co-authored by illegal allonyms "Ah, Mr. Crime Guy. Do come in"

on clementine recognitions/ encore of Acts

carved in pop, fancy, liturgical. pretty simon smearing
on magic juice. rebuke
by buff Cornelius, swole soldier um
n' stuff thus un

say in person of Simon all Simon Slanders

call it a day. good going, cool clement. have some magic juice. party with porphyry,

easy esprit d'iamblichus. what's recognized, syllogisms <category of the miracle, picky>
padded with fancy book learnin', thick bible citations,
hazy lines woven over wan Peter to make ur-pope's pecs
look dope for a sec. other annihilated souls <true believer waylaid by Circumcellion>
looking under rocks, behind you, looking for strings or mirrors. no strings, no mirrors,
mere miracle and divine violence, bashing faustus over noggin w/ clout
clement says: magic is real! <berber martyrdom via suicide via coptic>>

I'm interested in reading Philo and also Tertullian.

I'm interested in translating Catullus poorly <attempt to see Tibullus in a dirty tile>

I'm interested in learning Latin to torment my enemies,

turn unwillingly into a donkey and bidding Hecate

pace around and around a mill-wheel for centuries <unto beetled arms of Osiris>

I'm interested in delivering a witty tour de force.

I want to write some poems that somebody finds in an urn eventually.



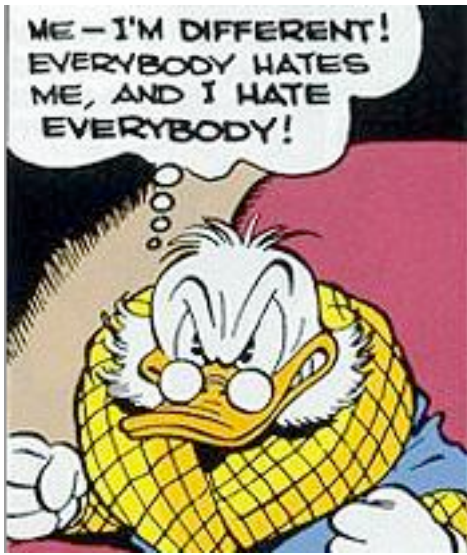
this month, simon magus nearly undoes Spidey by
impersonating a lacanian. his head falls off and lands in his bespoke lap, emits crypto gas.

a parabola proves a limit. inscribe or agree to rest a while in it. **P layers Speak**
 wide motion used for ventilating enemy shanks. *.we r 3 players that want 2 hur*
 stab or shot web at a frai l image fe t this Master./ 1 he will thrust teh point, the other c
 el better about ur self...? uts, the/ other will throw his sword against said Master.

“I I
 m just a wild hunter. I zone in on that <sound effect> *As well it is av ery great fact that*
this Master is not dead that God made him very wily.

The Master Replies

U have wicked desires and of this art no little
U especially do things that have no place in
wwords, come 1 by 1 who nos how 2 do it



and even if u were 100 I will ruin u all!!!11111!

pugnare pugnaverimus *fugere fugere* Fugazi is the uneven tone you recall touching
 a borrowed copy of somebody else’s highschool yearbook from somebody else’s
 highschool. Yet here you are in it? w/ cool teen ‘stache?!

Latin Poets Know How To Fight Plural/Better:

]disappears in Psyche’s pad
]Attis depicted in a blood sample
]terrified of Attis! terrified
]Juvenel consumed by image-eaters
]early Christians gnawing on vellum

Montage:

“Hands on his hips and he blossoms into three. Enemy
 looks around in confusion. There is no way to test sensation
 without committing to a somatic tack. You’re trapped when
 you perceive a bad guy of being multiple. Hone in on a
 hologram emitter, decoy v. broken in fire base white.”

i mean, if the *body* is fleeting/improvised, then
what else is too?
stick a finger thru the dough of a crawdad donut
w/ jalapeno + ganache. test area.
i entered touching wildly at surfaces into a test area

blubbering. *became blown up by gamma radiation.* the body-book surging
underground, springs welling up taller than a line of dashes. fair water,
sweet snack of hard-light pilgrims. source plumbed deeper than 'DX SEA.'

with out moth-men embarrassing overture to copper plates,
fluid suspension, our ideal underwritten by *analects*

with one hand, creep, the logic speaks
to presence and duration. with one hand throw
the returned sight to x-ray. At a mise en scheme I too have often
talked down haunts and mispronounced *cogito*. clap your hands say *nah*

the detective saw my head go limp from a throat but I fooled everyone.
the perfect crime is an archive on fire, but with monk lights. fake fires



WORE NACHLASS FOR A NECKLACE ALAS

Aren't you aware how hopeless your position is? Can't you see you were doomed right from the start? I've reduced you to a human fly-speck... made you the weakest of all living men! Why don't you crack? Why don't you beg for mercy?

		who	ever
heard of	a		
	human		
fly	speck	???	

talked into re-presentation and contractually obliged
 to stand in for actual presence of body in a snow-drift
 talking to a grove of retired cops sampling medicine
 under a ritual tarp. stolen from another poem, my mouth
 forced open by the law and bitter juice poured down.
 tastes like cucumbers, sesame oil, makes me swoon
 and palpate my own head as these officers perform
 the necessary surgery. i wake up identical to several
 prior youths requisitioned for blood-sports, clad in
 encolpius costume (section added by fellinni) when
 clubbed by a beast in a labyrinth then kissed by it.
 top cop steve rogers, in rectitude, decrees: FUCK
 MARRY KILL: THREE MANTICORES WITH
 LIBERAL ARTS DEGREES
 W/ GRENADE LAUNCHERS

sing:

Jose Antonio Gonzalez de Salas

Francois Nodot

Jose Marchena Ruiz de Cueto

W.C. Firebaugh

Du Pin at the sack of Belgrade (1688)

Stephen Gaselee

H.C. Schnur

Ellery David Nest

Reinhard Struch

Davis S. Johnson

last

night I

dreamed

I was
 on the
 Nile (shimmy
 shimmy shimmy
 shy-yi
 dis a
 dis) dan-
 cing w/
 you egyptian
 style
 leather fabricator's of letters

injured or

abjured (assigned)



////////without one head another////////

one head without another

the rolling miracle ambulatory *caput amputatum* with erupting fissure poison

dart through the neck of sovereign. wrecked up edifice

other fields, other impositions

lake dried up, canyon crusted over,
river dried up, forest fallow,
bird dried up, animal speaking,
robot parents, clone of gwen stacy,
return of who thru brick wall &
empirical data
 presented bronze speaking
in humble cottage burn it down, come
& see & come & see &
come & see &

come

&

see &

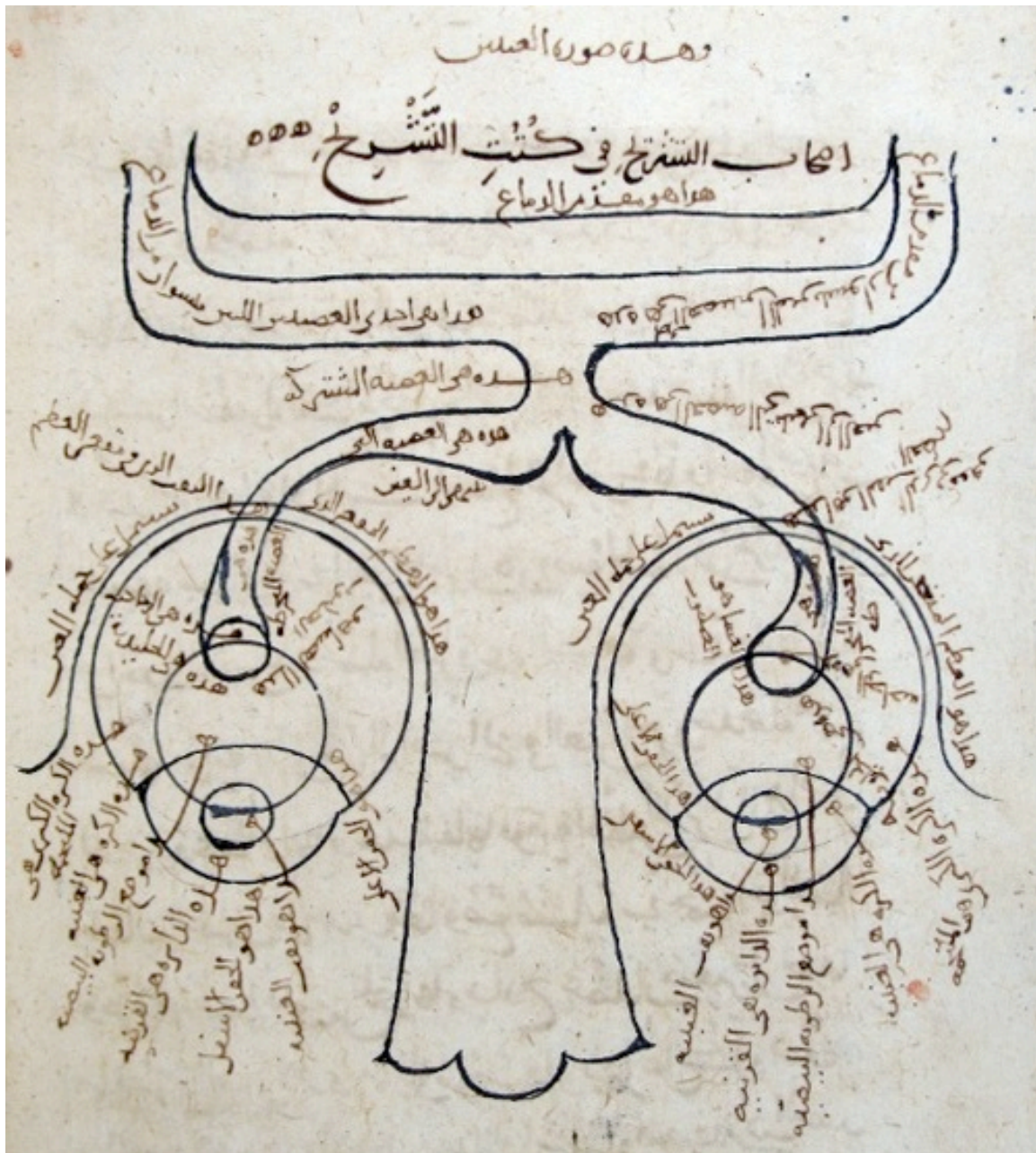


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