

1.

One Day,  
The sun forgot to come up,  
The day after, it was right there again.

2.

he's like a talk show host; Radio. Laughs at his own jokes and uses the word "delightful" as if it were a screwdriver challenging a torque wrench to a pissing match. He believes in precision and sailboats but can never dig deep enough to get the dirt from under his fingernails. He ages his words like brandy and drinks them religiously. He's a language alchy. He heads up a committee that determines the strength of arguments, even the most incidental are taken into consideration. If JFK was a Soviet, would him and Krushov be friends and then fall in love with the same girl and have a falling out?

The committee assesses values based on qualitative and circumstantial evidence and files it in cabinets shade coded along the grayscale. Special spectacles are used to discern the varying shades of grey and grayer. They are kept colorless to minimize irritability and quell personal conflict amongst the committee members. Radio Alchi scribbles on a stack of 3x5 index cards, kicking his cheeks around by virtue of madness and getting lost in limbic gyrations, drops his cards into manicured grey screening rooms.

3.

back in the den with Radio Alchi, P.H.D  
Still drunk from last night.  
Not me though, I don't drink... I meant Radio Alchi. He's a semantic whore.  
He wrote down Kings speech on those 3x5's but dropped his briefcase on the way to work, messed up the order like any proper alchi.

Radio Alchi is a Birmingham bitch from a Birmingham radio bottle.  
Statistical cream pie would be known if by any other name.  
While he is spurting like a wet clam, he gets right up on in his radio bottle, slugs on over to the thermostat and kicks off the a/c, cooking the air like a disease. His sweat coats the floor sand like on the beachside. Now this anatomical waterfall of a critical thinker eventually begins forming coherent words, though still mostly soaked in radioalchi bi-product.

"To solve a problem," he says two breaths short of abrasively, "you must be a critical thinker."

Radio Alchi announces this over the bands... as those words make their way onto the radiobottles sandbox, a pack of house rats commit a mortal sin and are excommunicated, un-infested. A power sprayer turns on its owner and winks before spitting his chrome off.

This cat calls himself left but keeps his toes in the conservative bathtub.  
He opens up the phones for "Dogma Chat" and thirty minutes full conversation take a swim in Radio Alchi's sandbox... Radioalchi's Sandbox.

4.

"and you, Garcia Lorca."

I don't know when Lorca was alive and frankly, I have no interest in incidental details. Some people transcend even themselves.

Would I humanize him if I contemplated his context? Would I imagine the way his cheeks float over his jaw as he resonates what kind of voice? Would he be sitting in a chair or on a "Chair?"

For now he is Garcia Lorca. Would he be Garcia in the wake of our acquaintance?

The real question I would like to pose is this: Would his grandeur wane in the incantations of his words if said every morning, like a waking prayer?

"And you, Garcia Lorca."

Did Garcia Lorca travel to hate Lima in his Yage birth? Did he stare from a fishing boat and sing dirty sailor songs, moving the bowels with its rhythm?

5.

Pauli was a phenomenologist. I don't know what that means exactly but it sounds like a job that involves words and mystery, like in a book about the C.I.A. written by someone who knows nothing about the C.I.A.

Pauli would make it a habit of spying out from his house some days, staring out of a porthole window at people walking by and the real estate agents showing houses and herds of men building half-resorts with the ocean and leaving them unfinished like architectural tombstones or monumental spirit house.

Sometimes, the radio would blare out of his porthole window and radioalchi would be there screaming at the ocean.

Pauli would himself classify cynical envelopes and mail them to Sweden with "SOS" inscribed on it as if his porthole was a safe door and the room was a boat but it wasn't.

Pauli was a phenomenologist.

6.

There was this guy once. One day, he woke up and realized he had split his hooves in his dreams and that upon waking, the world had forgotten to give his feet back. Split hooves. No feet or toes or anything. Hooves waiting to be shod. It was not the kind of generation or atmosphere, which lends itself to allowing a man to shoe his hooves so he had to make due.

He tried nailing hammered out butter knives in horseshoe configurations around his split hooves but it just didn't suite him. He tried teapots and kitchen tiles and railroad ties but they did not seem like appropriate solutions for his particular predicament. Lamenting his woe in isolation, the type one finds themselves in if a dream forgets to return its mayor to reality, (The isolation resembles an elevator that moves horizontally but you can't tell anyway.) he met a woman. She perpetrated apple seed and jack-fruit and her fingernails documented 30 years of sitting by a roadside, dripping fever. He took his shirt off and handed it to her sympathetically. He sat down in his isolation and started picking at a hoof. She washed his shirt with perspiration on a bamboo

washboard with bristled steal as patchwork. As she scraped and scabbled along, lining the seems with her eyes and sending her skin to dance in waves and waggles, tattoos where fluttering across her flesh like driftwood. Anchors floating all the way down from her shoulder beaching on her sandy wrists. Lover's names coming apart and stumbling into each other like buoys navigating over a collarbone like a broken raft at the crest of a wave.

From under the shoulder, two blue shoes sailing by. He put them on in his isolation, the man with the hooves and the little blue shoes, there was no need to waste time better spent.

7.

nino watches me as if I was a nark. Makes a ship pot of coffee too, but I ain't complainin, he's just got the hawk eye, that's all. He watches his kitchen and slop room like a sweat shop, pacing back and forth, smoking stale menthol stick cause they don't make no dip for him no more, rubbing his thumb on his palm like he can't stand his skin no more, he's got the place on lockdown.

8.

Shu is Korean, I like her, she reminds me of someone, she sings my name just right. She's cute too, but a bit prissy I think. She drinks the sun. I really don't want to fuck her as much as just lay around in the heat and count her vertebrae one by one, until the numbers begin to confuse themselves, become worthless variable, her back like lake Baikal, where vodkavites squeeze row out of salmon. The salmon smile while you hold them.

She watches me write from a tethered hammock, as I write about her back like the inner belt, and the apathetic salmon crystalline water that breathes crystalline cool into the valleys that hug its banks.

The second floor of the library has no books, it's sleepy and the sun hits the carpeting, painig the same picture (with the infinite variation). I think about mining for a living, what would that be like, when the sun no longer paints for you, the same picture every day (with the infinite variation. Yeah, I think I might like to try that sometime.

(8.1) Shu and I have came and went. I stopped writing about her and started loving her, I almost feel guilty saying that now. A lot has happened and I don't love her because I think I have confused love for apple cider or candy wine and didn't know it. She didn't want to share me with myself and I was drunk on the beach and under Radioalchi thunder. Now my back hurts and I can't sleep most nights, I don't really daydream about libraries with no books of inner belt motorcades but that doesn't last long. I will leave the convent soon and when I do, it will be to make love, and I will be drunk on it again because my thirst has humbled and the love will be like an ocean. And apple cider's just a smile, candy wine, a hips twist.

(8.2) Maybe it's because we stopped showing each other with words and the world responded. I will let you read our letters later. Maybe later. I need to tell you about garden crisp first.

9.

Garden crisp got lost in his own jive last week. The Piccadilly Café had no room for dessert, too much of his garden crisp java jive. He was a java toilet, he sucked it all down up through the gaps in his teach, licking his fingers with vaudevillian enthusiasm

eyes lit like kids watching the Coney Island Freak show. Two bits to peak at the Siamese twin contortionists, and the woman who can smoke through her belly button. Garden Crisp drops his coffee cup and vigorously molests his goat-t thinking about his navel, or navels in general.

He pictures his navel in a percolator, screaming murder and vaudeville through the gaps of its teeth. Garden crisp picks up his coffee and takes a lingering sip.

(9.1) I had a vaudevillian summer some might say when the rain is a stagecoach. My back yard has the memory of a garage foundation planted in it like turnips. There was a momentary glimpse of billowing Jazz. The grass wears sequence and the sky performs a storm, it knows what it did that night and I know it's waiting for me to put that top hat back on and light that cigar but it's not in makeup yet.

10.

One day, in June, off the pacific coast,  
The sun just forgot to rise.

The next day, it was right back up  
Illuminating roads for every who blew out their headlights

Keeping the ghosts away  
Cooking the road kill

The sun never forgot to rise again.

11.

Who's milking the pregnant girl today, huh?  
She looks like she's gonna blow,  
Lactating all over the Berber,  
And panting like a cat in heat.

12.

and the grand inquisitor of the universe stared at the pregnant girl with her head in the guillotine, "I have no more questions"

"Have you ever eaten apple pie?", "NO" she said somewhat confused.

"It's a pre-requisite you know, you have to have eaten apple pie, or at least cobbler"

"I need some cobbler right now," The pregnant girl said.. "no, I NEED APPLE PIE"

he popped her head right out that guillotine and sent her down to the Piccadilly Café for dessert.

13.

I have this friend who loved collecting seashells. It was a guilty pleasure. For him, collecting seashells was trite and despicable, an unthinkable act for anyone of his relevance and cultivation.

He would sow narratives together of over consumption and sea shell stuffing naturalist guilt and it would make him sick like his nap sack was a Daytona beach kitsch shop where he put the sea shells next to the shark teeth next to the lays and Florida embroidered nighties.

He hated these association and the weekend naturalists that patronized them. No, he didn't want to enter any associations with their patronage so he created what he called "post-modern exercises" (back then, post modernism made sense and helped pass the time because people had forgotten how to enjoy porches and they stopped building porches and so people would sit in themselves and watch their own ideas float by.) Each shell was assigned to a story. Each shell was acknowledged both a protagonist and domicile and its relevance was then studied and document on a 3x5 index card. A study might look a little bit like this had the index card accumulated enough merit to actualize:

3x5 index card #96 - Long Tail {shell borough} spotted with an inflammatory disruption in its mid-section.

Harry Silverman - Hated mind control and the thought of anal sex.  
Always drank his coffee with 6 sugars, no cream  
Left the domicile one day in June when the sun forgot to rise.

Deposited: April, 14 - Hua Hin Beach - 2006 or maybe it was 2004

He would develop whole language systems based on the graffiti found in seashells, whole systems of communication like the ocean was the NYC transit authority. He appreciated his ability to make the most out of mediocrity.

(13.1)Seashells have graffiti marks. These tags are left behind by the shells inhabitants in the same way tags emerge in the South Bronx. They are visual responses to changes in the environment. The amendment will help clarify the relationship between mollusks and break dancers and their symbiosis and will help shed light on the zebra muscle infestation and hopefully, we will learn to love these creates that have now made the Mississippi and the Great Lakes home.

14.

I can't sleep. I could feel the 12 floors under me giving into the 12 above. They swell with a pacific temperament tempting pacificity. I opened my balcony door and this is how it will stay. The room will submit to the will of the waves and radioalchi will fade in the memory of his echo.

I moved an armchair out on the balcony. In Russian, I might say this was "nagla." A condition not quite rude but two steps past sassy. I might call it that but I might encounter rebuttal for who am I to make decision regarding armchair utility? What happens if I put the sleeping mattress outside and the hammock in? or if the barbeque grill stages an occupation in the bathtub and leaves me to shower in the sink? Or if the desk is suspended from the sealing and I have to install scaffolding to write? Who am I to so blatantly and gesturally announce, to the pacific temperament submissive balcony door, that she can never put her cloths on, and that I can walk in her everywhere I am.

So as far as special relationships go, meaning, if I was to put Southeast Asia on the real estate market, would this room be an easement or just closet space?

15.

I have a private room on the 12th floor. My balcony faces the beach. I can breathe better now. By that I mean, I could taste with my breath, like a snake smells with its tongue.

It's more than that really, it's like the breath is a carrier for information that can be understood by the skin of a forearm as well as the eye understands a smile

16.

I had a friend once.

He had told me he was lonely.

Displaced.

He preferred being displaced in a place by virtue of not being home, was open to his loneliness.

Displaced.

He had his friends at home. Good friends too. The kind they write about in books about war.

"you took a bullet for me jimmy!"

"give marry sue this letter from me, promise me... Promise Me!"

his life was perfect at home, but he still felt lonely and displaced. Separated from himself. So in this place, he was naturally displaced. Building bonds that he knew where genuine and genuinely temporary. Where there would be no time to involve oneself with bookkeeping and disenchantment. He felt at home feeling displaced. He didn't hide being lonely, he just liked being lonely. He loved the anonymity.

17.

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I feel better here, than being displaced at home. Home tends to lend itself more to delusion. Here I make no assumptions and take nothing for granted. I have friends at home, good friends too, the kind they write about in books about war.

"You took a bullet for me Charlie"

"Give Susie Ann this letter for me, promise me... Promise Me!"

Everything is home.

When it comes down to it though, I am lonely, separated from myself here.

I am displaced by nature, relationships are built with here with longevity in mind but with the faculty of the impermanent. There is an understanding here, a contract that you enter upon arrival.

I can be as fucking displaced as I want.

I don't have to hide from being alone and I don't have to reach far to interrupt the space that divides citizens at home.

I am openly only in our collective loneliness.

I like that.

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18.

What would happen if Garcia Lorca met the post inquisition pregnant Ben Franklin? Would they come to an agreement? Would Lorca have to communicate with her through her attorneys? Would they drink coffee with a hint of chicory? How would they articulate their passions?

What would happen if Garcia Lorca and the post inquisition pregnant Ben Franklin (father of practicality, most famous American) wrote and performed a musical?

19.

When I was reading Garcia Lorca, I came across some commentary regarding a waterfall 70 kilometers from her straddling an alabaster mountaintop flickering its tongue at the sun.

The riding club jotted the coordinates down on 3x5 index cards in longhand, Lorca would have approved.

We rode down in the morning about a week after the sun forgot to rise.

We made the alabaster slopes just short of sundown. There was a woman standing at the foot of the hill whose skin was like the Ocean.

To get to the watertongue at the peak of the mountain, she had to mount a hook to your coccyx and it would drag you up the mountainside like a reverse water slide on a petroleum slope.

It's best to take a painkiller or two before making the trip up Lorca's alabaster mountain, otherwise, the chronic tension might render an individual unable to have the faculty of pelvic movement.

20.

The bikes top out at 80 kilometers an hour and at 60 start screaming for a scrubdown. Gary rides the backcountry collecting snake data. He is hunting a 15 foot python that lives my the condotel. It can't figure out whether it likes living or not so it often doesn't know if it is alive or not. Being hunted doesn't bother it all that much. Backcountry Gary tells us to go to the mangroves, he's never been hooked to the alabaster peeks and has not taken it upon himself to read between Lorca's lines. He has served in two wars and like to think of himself as a hardliner and humanitarian.

21.

When you grow up with Mormons, the only thing you got going for you is licorice. My first kiss was Mormon. He had blond hair and ate cereal with a fork. He wanted to spend our honeymoon in a Utah mountain tree house.

He listens to NPR and bought two candy bars and a pack of cigarettes each morning.

22.

I listen to the semantic syncopations of a woman, melting the heat of Southeast Asian and the paralysis of abstinence and 16 point malt. She's an arrogant woman who wants to bustle. Nothing is more dangerous than a percolating motivation that grows out of fearing cholera and tainted garlic. A group of do-gooders try injecting her with cynicism while she sleeps, but her dreams work like a deterrent. Like alchi DET, or a sign suspended under the doorway saying "1974 can't touch this, please try again next week." She loves the boy that lives down the street, he comes out in the morning to smell 7:45 and measure how far the roses have come since the day before. He doesn't love her and nobody has convinced him otherwise.

23.

I got the dogs on the beach hooked up, ya hear? They know when I'll be comin' down, and I aint ever fed the motherfuckers either, they just like my company. Sometimes they will come up on over and swing some shit with me like "if your sitting on the beach, your just as vast as you are insignificant. But if you're in the water, you're just out for a swim."

I'll just nod my head like I know what's up and watch them take off. And I'll stare at the vast, penetrating waves and feel it's my lawn I'm staring at.

The dogs have a good old laugh at me. They write me a memo on a 3x5 index card:  
3x5 index card #167 - memo

Nothingness is different than the absence of something.  
You're an asshole.

They just get down like that.  
They get deep when they're not shitting or sleeping or humping each other.

24.

Vagabond harlots sacked homeroom once.  
The educational harem, full of harlot mystique. Vagabond bombshell, breathes like busty rapture bound and on her knees. Trampoline, seven jets 12 liter Jacuzzi motorcades. Vagabond harlot chauffeurs and everyone, from the poor pimps to the pimp paupers are wailing on the back pad like it was a trampoline. Vagabond harlots sacked homeroom one day, they let all the fifth graders touch their busty raptures, and after everyone was done, they just flew out the windows like cornmeal, in the heat of argument, breakfast, Jacksonville, Alabama. Could vagabond harlots ever perform a legitimate civil war re-enactment? Rapture in Oman. I think a fifth grader came himself somewhere, You could see him rubbing his thighs together like a caffeinated cricket.

25.

got drunk last night  
the energetic provincial stardom is an intoxicant bought and sold by stares. Somersaulting through teak streets between midnight traffic and eyegaze. Sidewalk cookfires and canals flaring out of reservoirs that specialize in distilling provincial intoxication and cooking egg custard. Got drunk at the custard alley off midnight traffic fumigation, migratory magistrates on mitigating motorbikes, swimming through the streets. Provincial DWI  
Egg custard alchi's  
Syllogisms on radio lingo the whole town is like a Greek chorus, sandbox storehouse.

26.  
Radio Alchi melted one day. Straight up, ya her!  
Like the witch in the wizard of Oz or sugarcube hail over the Great Lakes. The beach dogs came up on over and lopped up the puddle of radioalchi, buried the sediment in radioalchi's sandbox. Lopped up his taffy face and tripe tempered skin, Lopped him right up like he was a free 72 ounce T-bone freakshow and the sandbox was an Amarillo roadside attraction.

27.

I got drunk last night. It was the enigmatic provincial stardom making anyone power drunk and stumbling across dusty canals. Mange made for the underground carrying bone-matter, a product of cross breeding and the stagnant smell of rain melting the toilet of a river. Made all the cats go crazy. Town full of cats in heat keeping everyone up, pissed off and envious, titillated.

The girls slept on two beds standing like parallel railcars, I slept on the floor at the foot of the beds like I was the station. It was cold for colds sake and the girls had curled up facing each other in the fetal position like ornaments at a railway station on Christmas.

I was awake or dreaming about being awake. I closed the train station to get myself a drink, at the café, I met 3 Americans with hard-ons for sunken eyes. They where in a sullen mood, forgot to water their plants as it turns out, before they left home. They are sure to come back to the smell of chlorophyll death poor saps. The girls wanted to buy some birds, birds mostly smell like death. Isaac died and by proxy, prescribed a pan-avian death. I need to go free some birds at the temple, perhaps they could fly up to the avian after: "Isaac, birds smell like death. S.O.S."

28.

I had a friend once  
Wanted to be a writer

When you want to be a writer, and bring yourself to decide and subsequently if not by force then by sheer will of strength, enter into the screaming whisper of words, To become a writer, you have to send an application to the committee that decides such matters and they assess if it in fact suites you or if you would be better off as a biochemist who talks to tiny things.

Once you are confirmed, you receive a manual regarding the rules of conduct for being a writer.

And for every place, there seems to be some regional variations.

For example, in a collage in Utah, the manual is delivered in a pamphlet form, on a Brighton Beach boardwalk, the manual is delivered in paper bags but regardless of the method, your name and information are always filed on 3x5 index cards into manila folders into grey and greyer file cabinets in a bottleneck sandbox off the coast of the pacific where they are stored and when our writer will go to the after, they will ask him to fill out a survey on a 3x5 index card which will be put his file and broadcast over the radioalchi band waves tuning out the sound of the pacific in all the ocean closets in the world until someone will close the balcony doors and shut the ocean in.

29.

and so I am home again.

30.

and so, tonight I leave again.