

mammal

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Distances

75 ft ————— Palm

491,000,000,000 ft ————— The Sun

≈6 in ————— God

They are heard & they've been said, animal-making noise. Animal-making noise, one noise, & one opposite of breath & of inhale. Animal-drowning noise, give me animal falling from sky, wax instead of wings, glue-char instead of wax, hoof of horse instead of burnt, burnt umbra instead of half of anything, they are heard & they are said, they've been said & somewhere the echo is being saying, being a saying, being is a saying, a common street expression, a daily alley, a sling around your right arm, your just arm, your good arm, your arm that jousted once against shadows, & the shadows rose up, their bones rose, their bones roses, roses found the sockets of the shadows, the sockets fit! in the hole of the shadows, which is like saying hole of holes, song of songs, because fallen shadows is standard, fairly standard, pretty standard, a pretty nation's flag is a flown standard, so to kill a shadow it must rise, be broad, those big American bones, let's say ribs, let's say pork shoulder, a jousted shadow falls & vibrates into white cream, cream which is to say marrow, nearly a nothing, most nothing saying, powers a man, or a woman, or a man, or a woman, you the jousting one, you the implicated kid in implicated kid-canvas overalls, finger-point stained, or slacks, something with a sometimes slack jaw, stains of paint on the jaw, or a woman, or a man, or a man & a woman making animal-making noises, coming from somewhere maybe, maybe the umbrella term, the umbrella term in the corner, so dry as to maybe be, flayed curiously, as it's raining, raining carnations, not even the standing roofs can stand it, & if the barn is shaking then the barn is shaking, & the neighbors have secrets, very wet may be the secrets, they are heard, & they are said, & the shadow isn't a receptacle for them, the secrets that is, the secrets that are, or something else maybe, a statue of a man, the shadow of a statue of a man, or a woman, at the top of curved stairs, stairs dripping hot with something, with animal-making, with wet wax, but hot enough to keep-

burn wet, or wetness, to burn a concept, a hot concept, which is two concepts at least, a man & a woman, or a woman & a man, or a man & a man, or a man & a man, or a woman & a woman, or a woman & a woman, or a woman, or under the order of bipolar Paul or Pietro, or within the shadow-grade of the waving standard of manic Ruth or Rita, or man Rita, or margherita which alludes to Margaret, who eludes in different names, like Mary, or Mary, they are heard & they've been said, & refrained from, & refrains in song of song, like the name of names, like Jew comes, like Jew courses from Judah, like Christian comes from Christ, like Lazarus comes from rest, from lessness, like Islam comes from is lamb, like lamp comes from oil comes from miracle comes from holy-lubed revealed word, like the shower curtain, like unwritten book comes from word, or vice versa, like arthritis comes from bard arm, from leather long in rain, from rise from vespers, & vespers, & vespers comes from today's rain, like last evening's, like a man holding carnations for you, you which has a root in flesh, which in this context ought have something harder to strike against the head & break a bone, like a head bone for example, like pan flute from bone, like in-forest, like forest harboring animal-making noise, like siren or like muse, but mute if you think about it, but probably you don't, or didn't, jousting shadows with that bone, shadows that bend up, that rose, like a rose, like a home, like a candle in a room, to read in, to apologize in, which one does with a little hiss in the kiss, which deflates, which cremates, which makes people wear black, which is romantic, which is enigmatic, which involves a scatter over a sea, like we're errant, like we're backsliding, like we're lubed together in the shower, a bit lubed! it can't be helped, but it's heard & it's said, & it's saddled, help, but the help stands by sometimes, stands bye bye sometimes like a collapsing room or roof, essentially one & the same, that is, not standing, or a man, or a woman,

or a woman, or a woman, or a man, jousting, rejoicing,
joisting his love, love a word i haven't used because, &
this surprises

DATE PALMS

Act 1 is a duck

the main character is a duck

the auxiliary character culture is a bull

the matador kills off the spectators

all the animals die

all lies to you

the white-haired woman in the black-pelt dress

is ageless

is breast

the number of the beast

is Phoenician alphabet

soup was a gas chamber

plans to fly?

plans to die

a plain death with lots of light

the hands of candelabrum

are right

are the final Acts

god is arthritis to men.

not arthritic cause god is not

comparable

like, so perfect, aces

everything is bendy

my heart is in my hat

my hat is attacked by art

my heart towels off

my heart drowns in vowels

i wear the vulgar in my heart

i wear the hand tree in my heart

my heart the no-star wants yes

yes it waits

yes it off, kingdom

baby, come.

kingdome come dome place vendrome

are you alone, come alone

the safe match notches numbers in my beast

match the number rubs me off

to rob me of breast

love rubbing me off

i idle die i die idle

i the dead walls

of animal sounds

of animal-making

Now i am a giraffe.

i step lightly under tall trees with cloven hoofs.
the tall trees with the cloven hoofs.
the tall trees with their morning dew clause.
they froze one day to give to me

i have a mind.
i have half a mind to munch these palms.
the other half gallops under fruits the day long

in a forest passage of date palms
i ride under the sugars of the palms' dates.
the sugars are natural & inside.
the sugars are & inside
i don't turn around.
i don't fuck around.
i gallop toward & the passage grows with my distance

i gallop toward & the passage grows as my distance
grows.
within my distance the passage grows.
it grows.
if i turn around the distance grows.
groves fold, fall.
i turn around

We went on a date
I was predating on
More girls

now i am a giraffe.
i step lightly under the tall palms with my long yellow
neck.
the tall trees with the long yellow neck
browned in the sun.
the fruits leaned one day to grow spots.

bluish-purple spots with bristles around the spots with
natural & with sweets.
like my tongue 20 centimeters long
i eat the spots.
i like my tongue long.
i eat the spots despite the holes
the holes are pits where the trees will grow
palming through the soil a distance will grow, grows
they grow from my distance, the way my distance grows

in a desert passage there are perennials.
high desert perennials.
Hi, desert perennials!

there are sweet desert ephemerals that grow old that
grow low.
that grow low.
there is innumerable cold
close cold

i close.
i close my eyes that by law closes the distance & makes
night
makes night sigh.
long blooming yellow flower marches through july
like my birthday in may.
what the fuck is a *giraffe*

mama, what the fuck is a giraffe?
my heart is a giant glint.
my heart is a raft.
a giant raft is from where
the skin graft comes.
the skin graft floats from the giant raft
the giant raft stuck on rocks like a pier in the desert
it's cold enough to snow.
there's enough cold to grow snow!

i grow low.
the dates are post-
the dates are most munched &

Less girls.
You are a giraffe.
The world is inappropriate.
You make it so.
Your spotted skin like fois gras.
You are a giraffe.
You are a giant raft on faux grass.
You are the skin graft from the baboon's ass.
After much sun damage you are more than faint liver
spot
on the verso of the vellum.
Too much rain on the long leather.
Ten elders stretched you a long distance.
Your hoofs hammered with hard feathers.
Hard levers & hard feathers.
You are a giraffe.
Close your eyes & close off.
Go to the desert.

they call me Dubstep Lightly.
my first EP was Tundra Rub.
the refrain was what the fuck
is a giraffe on Passage Palms, a song.
i live in Tel Aviv. I speak a few tongues.
they lengthen my one

i munch foie gras on faux grass all day long
on golf lawns.
i like it long.
there are more girls than bombs.
there are more girls
Less bombs.
there are as many dates on the palms

as anyone
i swan & sway
i, wanly, say.
i, like fronds, have no issue.
i have no mom.

my brain is as pink as my pink gums.
i tissue & go.
this city is a dew clause
you know, law?
i close my eyes & the lights don't.
they don't stop.
they don't go lower.
they don't grow lower
but they don't grow

Now, Mom.
Mom of Now.
Eat bread with me.
Break bread from me

I'm son.
I've laid with everyone.
I've been the light weighed on their skin.
I've been the measure of their holy removed

Foreskin
Forefathers?
I've lain with him.
I've lain with everyone.
I've lain with, pretty much, everything.
Very pretty.
Very pretty lashes.
Very thing ashes stuck to their cashes

Wallet, I'm a whore.
I've a whore name.
I've a searched love.
I've cavity-searched love.
I've been the latex glove.
I've torn the hearth glow bricks with my pushups
(I've been dyslexic for money & fun)
pushups to prepare the rip up muscles.
My rippling muscles gone skipping on the lake
I'm stoned.
I'm ripped.
It sets an example.
It ripens the woman, it sets the women on edge
It sets the edge on fire I
My name, my smooth name of hair.
I've a lion on fire.
I've ripped Hercules in halves
An innumerable number

Of times
But i like it long
Longer a hero's love or lasting victims'?
It tore me to do so.
It set bare pretty pure

Tomes
I'm little licks *and* the tongues.
I nick off my part.
My part so hard to part from.
The hard part is it departs
I noose & heir in loose fire

*Born in her hair
heir to the ocean waves
the Pacific lives*

The garden of fire the garlanded pyre
I step into the pit of it.
I vault to heaven
I thicken it.
Thy vaulted heaven.
Thy heave disclosed
discourages
I dewclaw & cleave
i close.
It wet coughs my life
Its leaves do!
Leave

Now I am a mule.

They break me with their want of fuel!
One doesn't fuel a mule.
One can't, can't
They search me for a side hatch.
A little side chamber of gas.
I have ancestors like that
Ancestors trapped like that.
I don't have a side trap.
I myself am the chamber of gas
Burning off the rider.
I burn off my rider.
I call my rider wife
We slow dance in leather straps
We're hot to trot on rasping coughs
The floor is hot.
The limestone floor is hot to trot.
The sock hop is an out of body experience
Convection is hot.
I eat my wife's shocks

The jury tried me because
I'm fun.
Because I, like my bray, tire.
My entire being is a bray.
I sip my rail drink at the bar.
I have four legs
I request a stool anyway
My Chinese sign is as you guessed it
I'm an ass.
I munch the grass where it says don't.
Don't munch that grass.
It says don't trespass ass
But I am a hybrid trans.
My mother transgressed with my father transgressing
with my mother.

What's that make me but an ass

An entire diaspora
In this ass menagerie
I bite the leather flesh bridle
Burning the rider
Another animal
An ox that yoked the plow
like me broken, by an act,
I grasp in my muzzle
I bite his dump leather
I carry sag leaden
Connection is hot.
By tradition, trans as all get out
I'll likely fuck a rat.
A Chinese new year animal
I'm looking for a hole.
The New Year's getting old

Like a light
Night is a turn
Under his hole
Night is a tourniquet
Under his hole
Night is a turned naked
Night is hole

.
Frozen means still, not cold.
Not innumerable cold.
Not the look of a bray in the cold
Which by the way
Is a blood clot
Is blue gas & evaporated
A bray is like a whole long gas chamber
It's a closed soul
Autonomous & hole
Echoes shot into the brick

*uschwitz

Like a soul, fucked by a mule,
Given impossible birth to a diaphanous

Rub

Of

Tanned leather stretched karate across the night!

A museum maul of ash & hair & gas

B movie

Rhymes with

Anywhere else today is

Yellow & ineffabled!

Now I am a marsupial.

Daring in piles of birth
Pouches
The wreckage is regenerative.
There are scattered brain cell
Sure-sells generating movies

This film my life is
A B-Movie.
This fascia is Vaseline
This body skin
Holds together the padded actor
I kickbox to save my life.
I kickbox my wife my way
I kickbox my way into a million dollars

My way is heralded

My way is the new way
My natural new way is law
Is heralded the primordial
Clam soup
The pearl-tongued clams resemble diamonds

diamonds
diamonds diamonds
diamonds diamonds diamonds

They are pearls
The pearls come reassembled
The pearls are come
The come assembles dollars.
I'm coming on camera on a million dollars

My pheromones are Chanel
My moans are Bengal tigers in Chad

Italy space & time collapse on my cock & i come
I come to in my dream of a million dollars
I suck global dreams in my international dollar dreams
I'm living the dream
I dream in your instructions
I dream in this instant
I dream in zoos
My dream fund is funded by a million million dollars
Of funloving
I simple, I have to come.
I simply funlove the girl i love
I simply rublove the boy i love
In the marsupial glove we hide & make love.
We make love in the hide on the TV

In the TV TV
There are levels of watching
Awash with whatever
Disintegration's awash with win
Wash of eros & Vaseline
New bodies with winbirth or
Are our stundoubles of each other
Of the time of our life we're having
The time of our life recklessly hours
Wading under the grey Chanel
Wadda under the grey Chanel
Clouds of the beach
Over the beach
Refuse in the trash
Heap of eros

Everyone go inside & channel!
It's yoga time!
& everyone comes inside.
everyone comes.
everyone wants to come in the mirror.
Everyone come & go!

Parade private cunts
Across the stiffy of sand

SUCH A SUN

the pencil-sharp part performs the ground
the ground performs sand the sound doesn't
the sand doesn't hold writing long
the sand beckons writing

the sand beckons after traces.
i walk a signature along it
i walk a leashed signature along it
the sand doesn't hold writing long
i repeat my themes upon it until I
repeat my themes upon it

i till the whole morning underfoot.
by night i walk heavy upon the pervers
the sky light pervers in the dark
they search the brief sign in the eye
their eye oils brief signs in the eye
i don't give it i don't sigh
i sigh to myself.
i sigh to myself verbs
a lip-song held trip-wire
tight
a throat-song or chokewire game

Where's Cheryl.
the thing about Cheryl is
Where's Cheryl.
i hear a love man talk about Cheryl
i hear a lone man talk in love about Cheryl
the thing about Cheryl is
Where's Cheryl.
Cheryl doesn't hold out long
Cheryl doesn't hold writing long
This line repents & is not about

Cheryl's death

Cheryl's death is all about.
The end line lies about the table with vermouth
the table is sopping with vermouth
this is the end of vermouth
the end is vermouth
drink death down the gullet!
death to vermouth
long live vermouth
long it lives in the mouth
& other mouth vices
& noises
& other animal-making

Now i am a jaybird.

i live among the copies
behind my life is violets

the violets copy in the brushgrass behind
the violets copulate & scrub behind the brush
we fuck & fall away like brushstroke
Cheryl & i

brushgrass like an oil painting
brushfire we fly away the waitress
the waitress with child
the waitress scatters us away with glasses
vermouth glasses & ghosts.
pink lady stains from a pure clear mouth
a strain mouth pretty pure
Our beaks are black.
dark our beaks at our backs
are our black tails hedged & angled
we wrestle with the angles
math across the door & lambsblood
we spill the oil & the bread
we get us wet
we fill us with what
with what

fill us with what we want.
lord give us strength to copy
fill us with what we want
we want
to copulate in love
to violate to blank
to violet.
to violet
to copy in love
to xerox the deity

xerox the deity
Where's Cheryl.
she blisses at the slightest provocation
she's blissing on the ground with others like us
like us, i am on the bough with others
others like me
brothers mothers
nothing the others
as we utter with pleasure & ruse
repetitive herds of blackbirds rue
as we utter with dainty want
it's us we want
we want us.
we want our daily want
us we utter with deity want
give us our daily bread
give us our olive oil
pus the violets
boil the violets

now i am a jaybird.
once again
now i am a jaybird

now i'm on a nude beach
now's the nudest beach you ever saw
& if you ever saw it
it, the waiter, is nude.
the waiter with the ponytail is nude
the british couple talking of Cheryl is nude
now is nude
in case you forgot
the pervert sitting nearest my nude lover is nude
my nude lover is naked
all the gays gaysing at our gayses are nude
now i am a sex licked off

naked bird.
i utter to be heard
i flit & flutter
i clutter my clitoris
flakes of crumbs in my bad mouth.
in my beak mouth
is a sip of vermouth
i sip verbeak.
verbatim slapped from the slip cup dropped ground game
ground word is my territory
bough word is my territory
i am ward of the air
i am bard of the air
i am air of the air
herr art
the nude here look much the same
the palms are sick through with difference
the nude beaches are indifferent & dank
shits & dickbirds
panties & titmice
missing ladies
naked as all grace.
naked as all grace
is what the servants do
gazing with their obverse
perverse society stories
& sully stares
& stores & wares
You can hit a head with a store until it dies.

some nudes predate.
some nude predators
under date palms are
my immortal girlfriend & i are close.
my immortal girlfriend & i are closed in on
& fiended as one
by the gaysing's gayses
the society gaze turns the love to animal offal.
the men are predators the women with other husbands
the men with knotty lariats
like libidos
i don't love it.
She doesn't love it
we lose our place
we lose our whereabouts
we lose our nudity
we're naked as all get-out means
we lose our virginity
all stored & humped on the shelf
over the table
on the kitchen floor smacking
we are wet on the porn shelf
i don't want to be a man
we move to the fattest couple
we trace our bright knees leagues across the sand
we trace & go long across the sign-sensing sand
long 'long the sand
the sand doesn't hold writing long
Cheryl doesn't hold writing long
or sound
the sound that beckons writing
long 'long the sand
we wedge between the fattest couple
we call to its nude cell folds
we call the folds poem
we call the folds mom
& make um love.

nude we make um stripped
love we strip to the nines
we trod out our glasses of strychnine
long live strychnine.
drink death down the gullet
we toast strychnine
i-ching
we come together & fall apart to die
the sand forgets it after a long time
no it's not long
it's only nine
the sun is veiling itself in long
clouds the sun is veiling itself in long
shrouds we'd pay to see it take it
we'd pay to see it live to take it
off
we'd pay the light for more light
one could be here forever
naked & predicated forever forever
Where's Cheryl
beside forever
beside her forever forever
predator forever
Where's Cheryl
roofied on her first date palm
under the
one could be here forever
beside her forever forever
now i am Where's Cheryl

Where's Cheryl
now i am Cheryl
now i am forever
now i am a copy of forever
now i am behind my life is violets
once-breathing violets.

you forget who you are
they feel out your skin
or don't know your kin
in that skin
in your skin

it is not celebrated, it is made public
while the lord weeping
for woven
bird you become
every piece of thread
dreams etc.

You fall on your back skin.
You fall on your percentage
the future was content once
you fall on your dream kitsch
the fluttering knees
carry you all wrong
from wrong
to

A long & without
Heckling no-place

to go
go there

now i am a doe.

the culture soft
the landscape improves
the grooves nightly done
mightily die
i pop in the grooves.
i rue, i grow the antelope's does
i elope with the ante
i up with my ante
my ante's sharp part
grooves in my groove

i'm positively grooving
smoothing
i await his part to part me
i ready for receipt
i hide by the magpies
i steal from the sill
the bucolic apple pie
i make eyes
at the aproned woman.
her doe eyes
are mine
i make eyes

we're waiting for fairy tales.
because mythical animal.
while the hero is questioning
the day hews his tail
sharper & sharper his part sharpens
until he departs from work
the distance from home to work

it's almost 5.
it's 9 years from now
it's still almost 5

i infinitely am on my side.
i infinitely lie
horizontal & loyal
i'm on all 4s
i'm doing my all on all 4's
i'm ready for the door to open
i'm ready for you to come
come home you
i'm ready for my horned one to come
not to hinge me open for
for i am open
i am on all fors.
for his red tall swelling.
the bushy one stays brown baby
waiting for love to come bushy
home love, i tighten in anticipation
love i tighten for you to come
like a titan eat your child baby

this pie is delicious.
i am america's kill.
i'm situ in the nature
i'm kiln sin natural *and* inside
sugar my grooves.
Groove with me DJ
break your needle
9 years later &
it's almost 5
i'm still waiting to be shot
record again

now i am a doe
again.
i was on Lasceaux
vagina paintings
i gave birth to art
Blakey & Schopenhauer

all Batailled down to the bed
the hour has come.
Sugar me

Anal is facilely implemented by art
says Adorno & some Dutch paintings
No horrible but perfect.
I start to cramp
Wh B 'all so repressed & raped
& irated & porntube
softcore ...

...
the name of my love comes home
Come Home
don't get shot under birches with child baby
with other deer
over burrs in the soft hoof part
& escape make love to me.
we just made love
i bought purple sheets with flowers
don't argue with me
what type of flowers
Lillies so you don't die
An offering to the deity
Death talisman against death
to oppose death
i cave-painted our bed with my cunt
i birthed my tits
i turned away my cunt from art to oppose death
count death drives
part your sweet soft hoof sweat
part your hardening part
though i'm neither

But very flexible
But very bent
& eternally on my side

i'm stuck & exhausted Schweppes.
i'm in the beer yeast
don't take me on the entire
finish each so each is
self-contained
now i'm frustrated
with love with deer

it's my favorite thing he is
coming home.

Born in her hair
heir to the ocean waves
the Pacific lives

In the morning
by the mouth in the mouth
dream-muzzled & whatever

Dream-puzzled & whatever
thoughtless on the quay
the quay on the quay
on the quay the quay

*

on the quay
it's not spectacle i watch
it's not lush pleasure
pleasure where i lived is done
drowns out the mount the dome
the other hopes i don't leave
hopes i don't live

the world ends yesterday
yesterday dammed up waters on the quay
draft unwritten lays
pregnant & curious
i'm sleeping more that's curious
in a glorious mouth
the month is too huge
the sex is too huge
the monk is me & her

the rest swallows sign-sensitive
animals gauzing in the morgue
no longer wonderful
what else gets me up

Bacchus wants his coffee
Bacchus wants in his mirror
a golden person

what reflects off reflects on me
what golden to begin with
i beg to be golden person
but i don't know birds' names
but i don't know plants' names

*

i know the dispense menagerie in me
i know the TV on
i don't know what's a noise
i see one is all-permitted
when one has sunscreen
one is all-permitted like a bowl of popcorn
i see on a screen one has knowledge bandaged
one has vantage on the internet
i know rhythm gets in & ravish
ravishing yes your hair
ravishing in your vintage
Betty thumbs through Pages
of herself doesn't arrive
doesn't come

*

it is like pre-
breakfast or something
or something
the bowl of chocolate no
the bowl of wedges of oranges with the green leaves of
the orange tree
is its name orange tree

Rilke's rose-in-bowl obsession
the rejection of Rilke is its name orange tree
there are small children
there are small children like
like lets go to the beach to no one

am i full
am i full of nothing?
heavily so

if i play act i'm a play *moment*.
or acting ready star in movies
what better
what society mores better
what readiness
what chocolate chocolate

it's in the bowl before me
it's reading
it's in the bowl before me

*

throw up all the same pink color
pink glasses pink turtleneck dithyramb
pink down-feathers fabled pink

the seas a salve
the sea is
say it with me a solution
a solution in the glass
full of lush frogs
firm she was for me soft
was an aesthetic problem
for me she was south the whole mouth not just south
of whatever
soft now everything enter

very thin & fine latex i
stick it to the prayer skin

i stick the muscles to nervous eros

PUS

Gaze pivoted toward
Is the messenger of
In wind the cardinal
Points carried in the hum
Jihad is not a pillar
Like sunset of the night
There hair is no prey
Words & acts as form of
All must be done varies
Varies, of course, from one orator
To another their hair to violence
At the midday of dawn
Bait the middawn of day
Indicating this imaginary orientation
The placement of the sun
In mind the tribe son
Resistant to an idea of idols
Divine arrows contra human
Images wiped to the house
Images wiped to the bone
These voices are unwritten
Tribe or geographic unawares
Love from the tribe of Kindi
Or Averroes, he, from Andalus
Calligraphy is itself
Art an imaginary orientation
Heavy in the sky wisps of love
Or arrows chucked from heaven
Or bolts to pickpocket us
Voices act as leather locks
Strips to denude us from others
Bodies better pastured written
The voiced Masoretic
Hump texts stained w/ rears
Roused bumps a fear of parchment

First thirst the tongues blue & read
Successfully the body is a
Room or record of a god
Pre like stripped perfumes linger
The body divined in mud
The purest dominate 6 faithful
Wives baked by the sun
Hair kilnfired in the trap of the sun
Indications, this orientation
In the sky fat gericurles of love
Images wed to the horse house
Fill every room with meat
Fuck this stable with shaking
Fill every rider with tables
Fill every room with must.

or just load a gun & love
like a crushed bird too tired
under tires the ride too tired
the spokes' broken teeth

the velvet
teens in love
with skins saddle

Hole up close.
Neigh.

Acknowledgements

No Time To Say It

Now I am a marsupial

Delirious Hem 2012 Advent Calendar

SUCH A SUN (audio recording)

Soul Seek

PUS (SUP in this version)

The Claudius App

[under pseudonym]

Now I am a giraffe

now i am a doe