

# KEEPSAKE



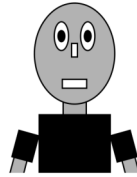
POEMS



# KEEPSAKE



POEMS



## **Keepsake**

Poems 1701–1800

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One thought voids  
The cremation permit:  
Puff!—and up in smoke it goes

*Keepsake (1) 1736*



# Beyond Irrational

“Oops,” a trolleybus stops between stops. “Whoever sits the OUTAGE out stands the test of time!”

The number of passengers decreases over time by one, two, four, eight, sixteen, four—

**Bobby:** To remain seated is to pass beyond reasonable grounds. **Bob:** The square root of 2 is irrational too. On that day, after noon but before afternoon, the truly busiest ones once again had the most leisure.

# Icepick

Brian to ice the suicide agreement with Brian by killing the (in)former with a weapon of the latter's choice.  
Committing suicide to memory is indistinguishable in effect from committing (memory to) suicide.  
If Brian exerts cerebrotomy on Brian's brain, Brian's brain exerts cerebrectomy in opposite direction:  
No gray matter what, the icepick must ascertain the unity of vertex, cortex, vortex, vertigo, way to go!



# Out of the Green

These days, Jay seldom moves slowly across the expressionless freeway with measured, baby-sized steps. Sporadically, Jay can be seen erratically zigzagging downtown asphalt surfaces—pausing now-n'-then. Out of the green, or deliberately?, Jay now devotes much jayself to rediscovering snowy |z| |e| |b| |r| |a| |s|. DONT WALK PANICKY! Like a savvy beekeeper Jay seeks bee stings early in the season: for (hoof) kicks.

# Retriever

ted.a.kind.of.contractor@no.contact.no.feeling

Re: Let's keep in touch, Ted! [AUTO-REPLY]

*Ted's retriever is specially adapTed for finding, and bringing in, irretrievably dead game before the game begins.*

*Wuff, er, with a kind of niggardly regards, Ted*

# Open-Air Museum (1)

Jack produces Jack's jack-knife from Jack's jacket pocket.

**Jackson:** With practiced movements, a manoeuvre almost impossible to spell out.

John never reads paperbacks' back covers.

**Johnson:** Unless in search for MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE after finding BE\$T\$ELLER on the front cover.

# Open-Air Museum (2)

Jim draws back from drawing the picture of Jack drawing Jack's blood.

**Jimson:** And of John affronting John from the back office of the publishing corner of the garage.

Folks, the appointed curators to portrait the stale-air museum, open yet!, in the best distemper colors:

**Jack gives cutting edge to knife handles. John is a bookcase shelved in a brochure. Jim (p)ain(')t Jim.**

# Mistranscription

Brian is called Brian because errors diverse in nature creep into Tim's unwintertimely 'Let there be rain!' To save *this* wor(l)d, gods must log in, too. **Bobby**: Password? **Bob**: Bellum omnium contra omnes. Mickey's 'Snowball fight, shoppers!' in the frozen go(o)ds section is but a tiny scream for an icy action. Make no *mistranscription*, Ted is perverse (sic) [read: perse, i.e., dark obs(olete)cure blue—ed. Ted].

# Downward Gradient

Jack moved from 5 razor blades to 3 and switched: off the lights, from bleeding money to blood.

John removed 2 teabags from the box instead of 4 and prolonged steeping time to sleeping-bag time.

Jim downgraded from 3 tablespoons to 1 teaspoon of coffee per cup and upgraded from instant to urgent.

Three women entered: uninvited, but not unwelcome: tilted their smiles: leveled off the garage's . . .

# Bases Loaded

Jack bases Jack's revulsion towards the outer field less on logic than on the lack of mowing experience.  
John, busy dusting off the home plate and catching dust, finds Jack's baseless view not entirely illogical.  
Jim fakes abandoning Jim's idea of illustrating a pitching mound of John's badly written fiction.  
J'sons on 1st, 2nd, and 3rd: bases loaded. Stalemate! getting staler; no one terribly eager to run home.

# Fallen Skin Cell Fallacy

Bobby reads that according to the *Financial Times*, Bob-n'-Bobby lose two cents on every two cents. Bob decisively ventures Bob's opinion that the body saves its own skin without surplus of keratocytes. Having broken even, Bob equates 50 million shed skin cells to a shocking number of broken windows. Bobby deletes *deceitful* and *deciduous* from Bobby's deltadeltic list of attributes Bobby is *destitute* of.



# Jukebox

. . . and *willy-nilly!* returns the f o o t l o n g back to the coolbox and shadowboxes Mickey's way to—  
JUKEBOX: AUTOMATICALLY PLAYS A SELECTED VINYL RECORDING *whether* THE COIN IS INSERTED *or not*.  
(Mickey's *palmar* and *dorsal* aspects are the A- and B-sides of the FN-grade coin of this uninflatable *jokebox!*)  
"MICKEY EXAMINES THE FOODSHORT COOLLY FROMORF ALLA POSSIBLELBISSOP ANGLESELGNA . . ."

# Survival Kit

HEad oN or off, the cock sure as hell knew exactly where it was headed.

Well, wasps . . . Some THINGS can only be done in exchange for life.

Nine lives. Ten survival kits (one not for purchase): a deliCATE situation difficult to extriCATE from.

Dead cAt bouNCE, barker! A mi(aow)sleading sign of moribundity.

# Juxtaposed

*“How’s the weather inside, Mickey, and, roasting aside, outside: still ground frost and winter haze?”  
Sick of poopsicles and sweet ices on sticks, ma’am, and not thirsty. One academia-mocking macadamia, please.  
“The costlier, the tastier? With 1713 pinches of cheap-n’-nasty salt, only peanuts are worth their salt.”  
(Can the coated, nutty witch be trusted?) “Alms and cash: juxtaposed and contrasted.”*

# Deeds-n'-Duties (1)

**Addendum.** The guinea pigs and rats came from far-n'-wide: the mice just(ly) joined the parade.

**Incentive.** The front-line troops rushed forth in great quantities to meet the IND application deadline.

**Disclaimer.** Ted freed not the captive mice—*almost* the opposite is true! [Addendum prepended—ed. Ted].

**Deeds-n'-Duties.** The cat wrote the copy. Ted copied the cat. The copyright subsists with the mice.

# Deeds-n'-Duties (2)

**Background (Check).** Ted was granted an unrestricted access to the mouse breeding facility.

**Introduction.** Ted's and the black cat's ways crossed as usual: unintentionally on purpose.

**Hypothesis.** As always, all possibilities were off the table because Ted's unfurnished studio was—such.

**Materials and Methods.** THE MOUSE HOUSE escapees [Kudos, Ted!] consented, each having its own reason:

# Deeds-n'-Duties (3)

- a) To smooth out the post-house party hangover, aka the morning after (the intra-wee-nous hours).
- b) To dissipate the nauseating 'survival of the fittest' euphoria or dysphoria, collectively known as lethargy.
- c) All of the above in the words below.
- d) Let there be orgy.

# Deeds-n'-Duties (4)

**Results.** 'Fuck!, plain-n'-simple,' sexclaimed lovely Heureka the moment she found Ted.

**Discussion.** "Mice, like cats, can't choose *how* they're born."—"But cats can choose to die *watching* porn."

**Conclusion.** The last part or section of this writing, in which the cats (1) and mice (1717) are summed up.

**References.** *Mouse House* (185). *Resurrection* (296). *House Trap* (610). *Deadlock* (1012). *Raccoon* (1482–1486).

# Leakage (1)

Johnson here for John who is *not!* in the home/garage office:

There is a liquid leakage in the buildings A, B, C . . . X, Y, and Z.

Jackson here for Jack of all solid/gaseous trades *who!* pushed the PAUSE button:

Jack is momentarily stuck in the elevator and will be on it in 1718 seconds, minutes, hours . . .



# Leakage (2)

Danger lurks around the coffee machines in the corridors of the 1st, 2nd, . . . 1718th, and 1719th floor.

Correction: The *cocoa!* machines lurk around Danger.

CAUTION: The largest lacuna is on every floor between 3rd and 1717th: VERY WET FLOOR.

Do not walk *gingerly!* The gingerbread crumbs around Jim(son) have slipperiness-enhancing effect.

# Acquisition (1)

Dear Garage Shareholders, Money Changers, Business Partners, Profiteers, Friends, Enemies, and Strangers:  
It is John's immense pleasure to inform the folks that Jack has signed an agreement to acquire Jack's garage.  
The acquisition of Jack's garage by Jack will not add to Jim's revenues growth. (There's more to the sorry!)  
Jim's jimsonweed growth will make a significant contribution to the garage's proprietary EBITDA imitation.

## Acquisition (2)

Interestingly, Jack appreciates the garage's immortalization, and Jack's creditworthiness, with disinterest. John, a before-afterness insider, puts two parallel nows between *earnings before taxes* and *earnings after taxes*. Amortization is the extinction of Jim, effective especially by means of a JIM BEAM sinking fund. The garage only appears stationary: 'Lots of moving feces,' Jack throws in, 'fully paid in cashew.'

# Pedestrian

WALK. *The paradise is across the street.* DONT WALK. Brian, in no rush (unlike others), waits (like others). Only after a long deliberation with the pedestrian traffic lights takes Brian the liberty of going with WALK. Brian arrives on the other side (in peace with being) in one piece with the central tenet: The reinforced concrete resonates with the peripheral nervous system: reinforces the original proposition.

# Rematch

Mickey has no ties with anyone, keeping track of Mickey's wins-n'-losses only, resetting the counters daily. Save for the sliding squirrels and the sand cake, only the winky lamp finds the midnight playground safe. *Fighting with might-n'-main is fireflyweight Mickey (0-0) with the playground's undisputed illuminator (1723-0)!—* Mickey discounts wins by power outage, gives the moths' fav a rematch before taking on the asteroid belt.

# Death Spiral (1)

Jack maneuvering the cork screw downward.

**Jackson:** Toward Jack's neck, with no bottleneck in the air to stop the process from progressing.

John opting out of John's life insurance plan.

**Johnson:** Prompting John to commit suicide today (14,469) or to pay higher premium tomorrow (14,470).

## Death Spiral (2)

Jim spinning in a wide circle, resolved to keep revolving until the end of the pair skating Grand Prix.

**Jimson:** With Jim's body, at the end of Jim's rope, nearly parallel to the plane of the ceiling fan blades.

*Jack is screwed!, John's days are numbered!, Jim is skating on thin ice!*—'The garage has yet to bottom out.'

(J'sons *called* J'moms with an offer to exchange parental bonds for cash. Did Jackie, Jane, or Jemima recoil?)

# Papier Mâché

*Brian is an ultimate pro, not an organization run by pro-n'-con amateurs chewing up the scenery in their spare time. Brian takes the shortest route through Brian's tart, see-through brain tissue to walk-n'-chew the mission through. Through Brian's narrowed eyes, set in stone, the stage looks like a pulp fiction reduced to a pulp, season ticket holders. The brain rejects the idea of projecting humorous eXudates-n'-oOzes onto the graph papier mâché brusquely.*



# Door Viewer

Ted discontinued time by consuming an apple sprinkled with sand from the cinnamonglass. Suddenly, at the age of 1727 switchons, the flat ceiling LED, which had led a quiet life, quietly died. But Ted's eyes adjusted quickly to the absence of ill—CHIME-IN CHIME-IN—umination. *Ted?* 'Who else, an apple seed stalking Ted?' *The name rings a bell but.* 'Open, the door viewer is a magic mirror.'

# Ten Times Out of Ten

Last time Jack checked, which was before Jack drew the machete for the first time, Jack had ten fingers. How many times out of John's ten Monte Carlo simulations would five good bucks get John ten bed-bugs? That Jim would not touch a ten-percenter with a ten-foot painter's brush *should* be also kept from public. J'sons vowed: not to divulge any of these (and other) secrets to more than three people.

# Expiration Date

Inspiration was late for a date with Ted, which Ted interpreted as her being sincerely interested in Ted. She materialized a day past Ted's expiration date and went straight to business of skipping cordial matters. She said, laughingly, 'Nature abhors vacuum; so pierce the plastic wrapper, and inhale fresh air.' Having sniffed Ted's stale thoughts—she sighed, desiring to be impregnated with Ted's merry derision.

# Scorebook

*Mickey unleashed 1730 dogs-n'-bitches the other day, pointed at their owners, and bawled, 'Fetch!'*

"Oh drop it, best before first date! Walk the walkies. Catch Mary by surprise, beastie boy! Talk the talkies."

After refraining from swinging at four pitches out of the zone, a BB appears in Mickey's scorebook.

Bugs Mickey Bunny flies across the field. Mary sweetens the lemon-drop-for-a-kiss deal: "Batman begins!"

# Petitio Principii

**Bob:** *Straight ahead* 冲. *Nowhere* 无处 is where *no* 无 *man* 人 *goes* 久, but *journey* 征 is a *correct* 正 *step* 步 .

**Bobby:** But *to define* 下定义 is *to arrive at* 下 *definition* 定义!

**Bob:** Our quest for alms indeed begs the question: Is it illogical to spend one's entire life in quest of death?

**Bobby:** *Let's do it like this* 这样吧: *This* 这 *way* 样, *right* 吧? *Icy* 冷 *street* 冲 in the *middle* 中 of *nowhere* 无处!

# Overlapping Reading Frames

TEDREADSTEDSNOTESLIKERIBOSOMESAVIRALGENOME:COGNIZANTOFOVERLAPPINGREADINGFRAMES.

Ted reads Ted's notes like a ribosome a viral genome: cognizant of ORFs not jammed by accident.

By private demand, Ted misreads the sequence, here-n'-now, with a hitherto unheard of frame-shift.

Ted *hic!* dreads not error-prone translation of tender-benders in a traffic jam: Et nunc, (th)underclap!

# Analysts

Jack exercises the garage option of staying put. Jackson's heavy metal volume increases basement volatility.  
John calls John to avoid inactivity fee. Johnson shores up liquidity by taking a long pee.  
Jim inhales low, exhales high. Jimson looks forward to backwardation. It takes two to contango.  
Jackson, Johnson, and Jimson issue an empty threat: ALERT: NO CHANGES IN ANALYSTS' RATINGS!

# Creator (1)

Her name is Mrs Baker. She is wise. And she bakes—in case you have missed all her cakes.  
She is the c-rea-tor of all things, doughy or not. She never misses a beat or a bake.  
Her blueberry eyes see Mickey, through the eye of a doughnut, as Mickey really is:  
*Buying a doughnut—the periphery for Saturday breakfast, the center for Sunday breakdown.*



## Creator (2)

Mrs Baker rotates the doughnut, counterclockwise (*.esaelp tunhguod enO*) and clockwise. (Ten times. Which explains how Mickey gets eleven leavened ones for the price of one.) Mickey gets eleven leavened ones for the price of one. Mickey thanks her very MUnCHing. Only Mrs Baker grasps raspberries. Her concluding formula is "Oven."

# Keepsake (1)

Brian went to the town hall on Brian's own, with Brian's all (be)longings, the death certificate, and all. "Brian can be cremated," the town clerk declared, "once 24 hours has passed since the time of last thought." But for the avoidance of doubt, "One thought voids the cremation permit: Puff!—and up in smoke it goes." Brian exploited the bilateral symmetry of Brian's body in choosing a keepsake to impiously dispose of.

# Keepsake (2)

The tragi, the antitragi, the intertragic comedies, the helices, the antihelices, the what-the-hell-are-these? (Like a retired pianist whose 8-year career ended 25 years ago, Brian depressed at most two keys at once.) The eardrums, minor hearing loss!!!, the cranium, the dura mater, the arachnoid mater, the pia mater, the— To her relief, the man only scratched the gray matter, stopping short of playing the complete *Nocturnes*.

# Turnover on Ups-n'-Downs

Jack (C) at the start of each play: *Oh, snap*. John (WR) en route from running to out-of-ideas: *0 targets*.  
Jim (QB) takes a knee to run the clock down . . . TIMEOUT. J'sons join the muddy huddle:  
(*Let's fantasize—TIMEOUT—strategize a touchdown play—TIMEOUT—an intentionally grounded celebration.*)  
Jim and Jimson spike their footballs. The clock stops. The referee puts both hands on the back of his head.

# Aquarium (1)

*Elementary school, Mary, is a school. Schools are for fish. Mickey is not a fish. Elementary school is not for Mickey.*

*“Silly-n’-illogical! Teachers teach how to fish—”*

*By example. For example, by shimmering in unison.*

*“How about shoaling?!”*

# Aquarium (2)

*Shoaling? Shallow, shady: fishy: easily switches to schooling.*

*“Each fish in an aggregate maintains a zone of repulsion with its neighbors in order to avoid collision . . .”*

*Isn't swimming with fishes a consequence of such a collision, and a fatal one at that?*

*“In the fin-al analysis, Mickey is a small fish” put by Mary in a deep trance “in a big aquarium, atrium.”*

# Semi-Automatic

Brian always knocks, with the left forefinger knuckle, twice—before leaving any room, if through a door. After closing the door, Brian finds Brian in another room or in a corridor or outside a buildin. Brian cannot foretell when the people behind the closed door stop tapping Brian's forehead from the inside. A semi-automatic double tap on Brian's shoulder. "What's on tap for today, Brian?"—Bidding farewell?

# Studios

“No condom, Ted, no penetration.” (Did she say condo or condom?—what difference does it make.)

*It is an apartment, Theia, and a rather small one—a studio. But everything detachable here is Ted’s . . .*

*Including this studios rubber plant—makes no banana-scented condoms but is most industrious in splitting water.*

“And, during day-time, by virtue of absorbing illumination, affords Ted a little bit of breathing room?”



# Clear-Cut

Jack clears Jack's throat. *Jack can only ooze life—and lose jack-knives.*

*Chapter 11: Bankruptcy.* John clears the table of contents—for publication.

*The loop jump is the most fundamental—but Jim jumps clear of leaping to conclusion—of all the jumps.*

Has the garage made itself clear? **Johnson:** Of debt? **Jimson:** Go figure! **Jackson:** That much is clear-cut.

# Compensation

Theia always has a window of time open and a ton(gue) of ideas: “Compenisation, a slip of the tongue.”

Ted’s eyes: *Yes, grind it out.* Ted’s nose: *No tedious way.*

“Go granite-hard or go home.” *Please don’t make it harder than.* “Safety pins: released!”

*Please throw the idea of throwing Ted’s mini-grenades out the window—“RUN FOR COVER!!!”—out the window.*

# World Biobank

1745. The fecal specimen of \_\_\_\_\_ is absent in the World Biobank because \_\_\_\_\_.

**Jackson:** Jack. Jack's expresses a complete and utter lack of it.

**Johnson:** John. John's is purified from refuse (its untouched surplus is a self-appreciating ass-et) by reuse.

**Jimson:** Jim. Jim did not give a shit—because *Jim* did not get Jim's self-organizing shit together.

# Discovery

That the wheel *without discoverable beginning!* brought about a dead end struck the hamster as strange.  
On the heels of falling asleep in the wheel, all revolutions around the ham-ster's celestial body stilled.  
That dizziness of: *mergers-n'-acquisitions, relinquished; drug discovery, destroyed; diseased IP injection, rejected.*  
"Hey, hammy!" A rubber-coated index finger, alert at the wheel, stirred the hamster to s l a c k l y action.

# Request for Quote (1)

FW: RE: REQUEST FOR QUOTE

'No [Jack] will do nothing at thy bidding: Make thy requests to [Jackson].'—**Jack**

FW: FW: RE: REQUEST FOR QUOTE

'Wil [Johnson] sing? . . . More at [Johnson's] request, then to please [John].'—**John**

# Request for Quote (2)

FW: FW: FW: RE: REQUEST FOR QUOTE

'It is a iust requeist [Jimson].'—**Jim**

RE: FW: FW: FW: RE: REQUEST FOR QUOTE

'Whos request to [Jimson] is a comaundement[?]'—**Jimson**

# Request for Quote (3)

RE: FW: FW: RE: REQUEST FOR QUOTE

'[John's] books were often read untill . . . being contemned they grew out of request.'—**Johnson**

RE: FW: RE: REQUEST FOR QUOTE

'[Jackson] neither [is] disposed to make request for [Jackson's] life, nor offered a life to take.'—**Jackson**

# Request for Quote (4)

*'Buses slid[e] quickly past [GARAGE] request stop . . . so as to avoid seeing [twelve] uplifted hand[s].'*  
*Jack points at John points at Jim points at Jimson points at Johnson points at Jackson points at Jack:*  
*"At MY requeste . . . releue HYM of HYS peyne!"*  
(*'The request made in the foregoing letter was conceded.'*)



# Delayed-Release Capsule

Tim unhurriedly buried Ted's delayed-release time capsule underneath a random sidewalk tile. Time slowed down to a standstill, commuter trains too, further delaying the ground-breaking rediscovery. Ted left no stone unturned in the search for the hidden page-turner: TED'S CAPS(ULE) HELP(S) TO BUILD. *See page 1751 for instructions on how to deal with seepage of HERD IMMUNITY, ER, MENTALITY into subway.*

# Favorite Flavor

Sweet Mary prompts Mickey to guess her favorite flavor! Mickey unpockets five packs swiftly.  
Mickey is a total *watermelon?* head.

Mickey takes the *spearmint!* in Mickey's chest.

(Mary *licorices double minting*—like Mickey! But Mickey is not *pepperminted* to share this information.)

# Trivial Exitless Basement Haze

**Jackson:** Amazing, the mouse is stuck in an exitless maze.

**Johnson:** There is no mouse, or maze, or sticking. That there is no exiting is trivial: there is no entering.

**Jimson:** Pizza? Yes. ERROR 1753: BLACKLISTED CUSTOMER (JIMSON) ADDRESS (BASEMENT) FOUND.

Like the mouse(pad), J'sons are allowed only to smell the melted cheese; without a faint haze of a doubt.

# Jutting Out (1)

Is it not a *fault* 尤 *to express discontentment with* 尤 *jutting out* 尤 and *projecting* 尤 Ted?

*Particularly* 尤 with Ted's *mortal* 凡 *self* 身, *temporal* 凡 *body* 身, *mundane* 凡 *life* 身, *whatever* 凡 *conduct* 身?

And *especially* 尤 with Ted's inability, due to Ted's *outstanding* 尤 conduit called dick, to get *pregnant* 身?

Let's be *candid* 直: *ten* 十 *and* 且 *one* 一 is *eleven* 十一. Don't ladies secretly wish to draw the short(est) straw?

# Jutting Out (2)

“Ted’s not worth a straw.”

*Theia*, a typical STRAW woman. Easily drawn away from the right or intended intercourse—

“Ah, Ted’s grabbing at a straw.”

—into a foolish one: *Ted is not a man of straw.*

# Nice Places (1)

The bark, er, park can be a nice place for running, when no one else is in there:

Ted can move at Ted's pace and not at the pedestrian pace of two barkers Ted is being chased by.

The horrific office with its four frozen wall clocks can be a nice place, too, when no one else is in there:

Ted can heat the wall-less ice cubicle to living room temperature, and live up to Ted's repute of a total melt.

## Nice Places (2)

The supermarket can also be a nice place, and not only for shopping!, when no one else is in there:

Ted can choose from four female digital cashiers to touch at sensitive places. WATERMELON. PEACH.

The garbage container can be a nice place for Ted's garbage, when not filled to the brim with trash:

Ted can deposit Ted's without tip-toeing, holding Ted's breath, turning avalanche theory into practice.

# Wetware

Brian is a nondescript hitman, designated by unfatigable Brian in worn-out fatigues before the day begins. Regression toward the mean self-aggression arises from Brian's vision of outfield warfare thoughts. Does Ted the documentarian have to paint the pitcher, er, picture? Yes. Brian is (a must-see) closer, losers: Brian enters a nearby café (inclement weather delay) in dry wetware.



# Routine

**Bobby:** Every elusive WR has a set of crisp routes. **Bob:** Where a rout(in)e, there a weak ACL point.  
(As usual, the wire-tapped CalL—“Nearly intercepted!”—ended abruptly by an exchange of passWoRds.)  
**Bobby:** Anterior Cruciate Ligament, huh? Since when ‘completed pass out of bounds’ moves the fetters?  
**Bob:** No finite field is Algebraically CLosed. Reality withOUT Imagination: Not complex Enough.)

# Data Lifecycle (1)

CREATE a splash: burst (out laughing) on a scene! But first, CREATE a scene: swing, slide, seesaw, sandpit.  
In the PROCESS of wrapping up the present . . . trust the PROCESS (of tricycle-to-bicycle transition).  
Mickey puts strong language to good USE: finds a USE for '*dispose of Shit, a gift that keeps on giving!*'  
Life is a gift that keeps on giving up. For celestial TRANSFER, TRANSFER to a PLAY-GROUND shuttle bus).

# Data Lifecycle (2)

Mickey in the candy STORE: trouble in STORE for worms *peep* frogs *peep* bears BIG DATA OVERLOAD.  
“The lion’s SHARE of sharks goes to Mickey!” (Loan sharks have no SHARE in the business of Mrs Candy.)  
Mrs Janitor finds the ARCHIVE of Mickey’s absences, calls the school ‘an ARCHIVE of all elementary errors.’  
As long as the DESTROYing agent, remains for DESTRUCTION, Mickey will keep (re)building the sand castle.

# Periodic Box

. . . Brian leaving the café means Brian moving into its periodic image (reentering through the front door). Brian shudders at the thought of nodding—a rapid succession of incredibly slow movements—and nods. The waitress waits—calmly expectant, unbiased by prior experience—before jotting down Brian’s order. Brian empties the 1762nd mug and the 1st box of meringue kisses before leaving through the back door . . .

# Spliced

**Bobby:** Let's join the *club* 社, spiced with lies: The *society* 社 is the *god of the land* 社.

**Bob:** And the *minister of agriculture* 稷 is the *god of cereals* 稷; *also* 也 spliced by lice.

**Bobby:** What on *earth* 地 is *going* 欠 on? Where in the *hell* 地狱 is the *land* 土 of the *free* 自由 in this *prison* 狱?

**Bob:** Where *one* 自 is *one's* 自 own *cause* 由: THE LAND 土 OF GOD 祢 . *Eight* 八 *grain* 禾 *fields* 田 away.

# Take a Swim with Coffee Dregs

Jack unfolded the knife: Jackie's "Sink or swim with loan sharks!" rescue feel sank in.

John opened the book on page 1764, Jane's "Take a leaf from an accounting book!" fell off the bookmark.

Jim stopped agitating the grounds: Jemima's "Smell the coffee dregs!" thick-n'-turbid sentiment formed.

**Jackson:** Return to the fold. **Johnson:** Bookcase closed. **Jimson:** Instant gratification on shaky ground.

# Blisslessly Formless

**Bobby:** Friday means doughnuts. Ah, the form! But the \$qua\$hed one\$ are on \$ale.

**Bob:** Ah, the formless. But true, four for the price of (n)one is (not) a *munch* steal, in my *munch* opinion.

**Bobby:** Ah, conceit *munch*! Too *mu(n)ch* conceit. Let's leave stealthily . . .

**Bob:** Ah, restlessness. Let's challenge the face recognition: Smile for the blisslessly ignorant camera.

# Cobblestone Gatherer

BLINK. Fast [or rather, s l o w—ed. Ted] forward few hours: Brian starts rolling on sidewalk laughing: First at ha-Ha-HAVE to. Second [1766 sec later] at you [the *nod* means *not* personal, passer-by, think twice]. Brian is a faster, one who-Ho-HO abstains from youing. Brian's rolling body gathers no moss/cobblestones. BLANK. A boss just [a bit of a stretch, or rather, contraction] urged Brian, "Brian, you have to think faster."



# Pendant

Meet Tim—an individual; a dual, indivisible, divisive indie; visibly dying from within—while Tim lasts. An indie? An independently depressing dent-maker whose star-dusty flimsiness outshines film industry. Neat Tim now supine, lying under a shortleaf pine, facing the concrete—turning—the concrete-gray sky. In what sense a pendant? A short-lived, loosely hanging character with the neck attached to a shoelace.

# Prism Sentence

Never body Jack the moon's truest vermin: Jack verifies the identity of the unworried, wingless worm.  
Never mind John the verbomooniac: Verbum sapienti sat est (sip herbal sap: forever Saturday is.  
Never spirit Jim the mooney\$hine diffuser: Jim refuses to sigh, howl, yowl, or sign in as different user.  
By distillation of what does the herbal garage maintain nonsense throughout its prism sentence?

# Manhole Opening Act

**Bob:** Okay, just in time to see *Manhole Opening Act* starring *Tim*, the midday observer of heavenly buddies. *Jump in if you have any*—**Bobby:** What is the job of an under-cover channel-surfing agent?—*question. To spill raw sewage out of manholes and onto city streets before it can reach the feces treatment facility.*

**Bob:** To rephrase *Tim*'s leaky line: 'To s(h)it on the bench, pet silence, and go with the pestilent overflow.'

# Depth

Is it possible to apply FARCE, er, force to an OBJECT, TOO-DEMENTED—er, to a 2D object?

Now that Ted chokes on it, er, CHALKS it: is it possible to push around that which has no depth?

Let Ted's STAY SEATED | LET TED STEM THE TIDE OF STEM demonstrate Ted's depth.

Could depthless Ted be—pulled away from the blackboard, pushed into the hall of fame, er, hallway . . .

# Bobbery (1)

BACKSEAT DRIVERS' SaTuRdAy NiGhT sPeCiAlS wItH aUtOmAtIc TrAnSmIsSiOn & TrIgGeR  
"Those are bullet holes or what?"

**(Bobby:** A glimpse of textured reality. The test shot was the best shot.)

**Bob:** Each picture is worth only one thousand seven hundred seventy-one word\$, sir.

# Bobbery (2)

**(Bobby:** Let's get down to business: This carousel or that vanity?)

"This black car or that black van?"

**Bob:** You pay your spare cash, sir, and take your **(Bobby:** spare parts.) choice.

**Bobby:** One thousand seven hundred seventy-two; with plate, without registration.

# Bobbery (3)

**Bob:** Take your time, sir. The hardest choice is usually the right one . . . The van then. Test drive, sir?

(**Bobby:** Don't buy into it unless you can intuit all the parts that aren't there.)

**Bob:** The State keeps a banned list of character combinations . . .

**Bobby:** BOB N BOBBY exceeds the character limit. BOB, BOBBY—denied automatically. BOBBERY?

# Rogue Operator

Given two parameters, WALK and DONT WALK, *Jay is walking* is TRUE if *Jay* and *baby carriage* is a disjoint. Zebra is a binary operator, returning asphalt-gray (odd strides) or asphalt-gray painted white stripe (even). Why asphalt cracks in winter? So that zebras have something to graze on come spring, duh. Long line of vehicles short: Jaywalking has its pluses and minuses, and rogue's values to operate upon.



# Gross Score

**Jackie:** Can't move the twig without moving the ball. **Jack:** Play the course as you find it.

**Jane:** The ball is in a bush; unplayable. **John:** Play the ball as it lies.

**Jemima:** Standard course has 18 holes. **Jim:** Let's play against ourselves as well as against each other.

The three matchups are discontinued. Not because of darkness. The gross scores ought not to get grosser.

# Woodchuckle (1)

**Jackson:** Wild-caught—North American—maintained in captivity, really digging it.

**Jimson:** What the chuck. Where is Mr Norris? Chuck pleads the fifth, puts on a clinic.

**Johnson:** At the time of fecal culture, the woodchucks—all 1776 of them—were clinically undiseased.

**Jimson:** With a nunchaku, two hardwood sticks joined together with a chain of command(o).

# Woodchuckle (2)

**Jackson:** With their live(r)s, collected at necropsy, stored at  $-94$  degrees Fahrenheit.

**Jimson:** And undeceased Chuck's in liquid nitrogen waving good-bye to the 5th Kondratiev.

**Johnson:** No reason why any of the 1777 unscathed shadows of themselves should not see the far end.

**Jimson:** Right. Chuck Norris never comes out of hibernation: Chuck Norris is frozen in time.

# Dissolved (1)

Like any unbusy outsider, Brian gets the best ticket for every opening=closing night of *Good Night, Brian*. As a true movie unenthusiast, Brian has never missed a single projection onto the thin film of cold sweat. (Brian is watching with open=closed eyes an uncut fragment from the comfort zone of a luxurious suite.) Eyeing all the blank-screen floaters would discomfit Brian were it not for a two-fold pastime re-creation:

## Dissolved (2)

Skipping: see how many times a cobblestone can bounce before it sinks into the pavement.

Skimming: see how far a bouncing cobblestone can travel across the plaza before it sinks below the horizon.

Brian plays to Brian's strengths with walking/standing/sitting by; throwing up; unobserved-n'-unhindered.

A coffee bean, mixed in few instances with a mere sheet of standing water, coldly ponders *Brian ex machina*.

# Fortress

Soon 快 will Jack's knives, sharp 快 as Jack's wits, go straight to the point 快 of attack: *Wood Log* or *Wedlock*. Join John's critics in finding *John appears after Jack, before Jim; postpones the point of attack* too plain-spoken 快. Jim is almost 快 pleased 快 with Jim's sketches. *Dead Cockroach* (distempera). *Drinking Glass* (whiskeycolor). Three minds 卩 . Rapid 快, decisive 夬 steps. In a fortnight, the heart 卩 of the garage: a forthright 快 fortress.

# Lachrymator

For balcony Re&Ding only. Keep away from bright (s)parks. Take measures against accidental (rel)ease. Keep only in original, tightly closed container (5.5 by 8.5 in). Avoid reading (t)errors into wide margins. Absorb spillage to prevent material damage. END OF TED'S SAFETY DATA SHEET. Do not induce vomiting. Other hazards: *Cry me a lake of tears*. Special note: Excessive pressure may build up. Keep cool-n'-locked up.

# Chiseller

*I (hereafter referred to as \_\_\_\_\_) declare nothing in Boland (hereafter referred to as Here).*

*\_\_\_\_\_ has no: peripheral or central, economic or personal, interest; not to mention a compound one.*

**Bobby:** Unlimited tax nonliability? **Bob:** Toss me the cutting tool beveled abruptly on both sides.

*By July 2, \_\_\_\_\_ will be a border stone throw away from Here (thereafter referred to as There). Best, \_\_\_\_\_*



# Incision

The week has *seven* 七 days, no matter how Mickey *slices* 切 the sand cake and the roundabout.  
Which is why, five times a week, on the way to school, Mickey flies off a *tangent* 切, like a tree squirrel.  
(The *incision on the tree* 七 is Mickey.) “*Gold* 金 grows on trees—*yeah, right* 切. Climb down, Mickey!”  
Yeah, right 切. *Why, Mary, would anyone squirrel* paper money 钞 *if there were so little* 少 gold 钱 *in it?*

# Shell Game

Jack would hold a *knife* 刀. John would spread *a hundred sheets of paper* 刀. Jim would announce, '*Dollar* 刀.'  
The garage would make *money* 贝 manually; using a *laser printer* 激打 would be *playing a violent* 打 *game* 激.  
**Jackson:** *Only* 才 a *shell* 贝 game. **Johnson:** With no *money* 贝 hidden. **Jimson:** Under the *shells* 贝贝贝.  
*Only then* 才 would 贝贝贝 be moved around the garage by three *capable individuals* 才才才; J'sons fit the bill.

# Fans

Fans! May Ted have everyfan's earnest March attention. Ted's guest of horror, er, honor has joined Ted. Death has earned a reputation as a spiri-ted, lively hero infes-ted, er, inves -ted, with declaration: "Psst!—Ted shall not pass (away) until Ted gives away all Ted has found:"  
A total of 1785 instruments for agitating the air, to cool Ted's face, etc. with an artificial breeze.

# Parry

Unbelt. Flex. Stretch. Relax. Parry. Jab. Slip. Jab. Duck. *Bo!* Cross. Jab. *Combo!* Block. Cross. Parry. Jab. Cross. Uppercut. Cross. Parry. *Nary a red drop!* Jab. Cross. Jab. Cross. Parry. Jab. Cross. *Parrot!* Jab. *Jaw!* Uppercut. Uppercut. Uppercut. *Upper lip cut!* Hook. *Okay.* Hook. *Ho, eyebrow cut, bro!—Kayo.* Mickey, a mussel in a broken shell, to be carried on a stretcher—*Parry!*—not. Belt. Flex. Stretch. Relax.

# Overfamiliar

Jay went pea-pea, poo-poo. Bean there, dung that. The proof is the chocolate poodung in the vanilla potty. Jay dips. Jay brings Jay's thumb in front of Jay's open mouth and, yep, waits for the yips. Lentil mortis? "JAY!"—Sounds emphatic—"DON'T."—and overfamiliar. But Jay succucumbers not to despair. Habits come in pairs: DONT WALK & WALK, DONT DARE & SUCK THUMB. And Jay is not rabbitual.

# Mugshot

After all the wee hours, the sunrise came as a bit of a surprise to the coffee-free mugshot frowning at Brian.  
NO LOITERING IN FRONT OF CAFÉ OR WILL CALL THE POLICE: wee-woo, wee-WOO, WEE-WOO.  
It was Brian who did not bite Brian's lip, who did (fr)owned it, who, via a cobblestone, got rID of it.  
The shattered glass took all coffee-in-plastic-cup sippers by surprise, put 1788 cops/pistols on display.

# Passageway

*"Step aside, man." Tim. "Step aside, Tim."*

*Passcode correct, wannabe passer-by, but passageway (b)locked.*

*Select all pavement tiles with piles of dogshit.*

*"[EAT DOGSHIT], [DOGSHITHEAD]." Defective. "[WHO GIVES A DOGSHIT]?" Defecated. Definitely not a robot.*

# Stance

The toothlethth Tim responds to “What time is it?” with one Logical Inference Per Second.

*In a hurry? Half patht ruthh hour. In no hurry?/Necktht ruthh hour jutht around the corner.*

**Bob:** And for Bob? **Bobby:** And Bobby?—(At first Tim did not respond. Did the inaction really happen?)

*Perfect, time mutht have thtopped. At the thane time, thtanth ith the firtht phathe of the gait thycle.*



# Monkey

Jack throws up no wrenched monkey: Every monkey knows whose esophagus to not climb.

John copies smart, funny, artful monkey: John \$ee, John do-o-o-o-o-o-o-llar.

Jim gives no monkey's about the monkey in Jim's backpack: Only a fool and his monkey are soon parted.

*Monkey*, a variant SpELLING of—and oriGINally the same as—*money*, is used INdisCRIMINATEly.

# Brumal (1)

**1792:** How does Tim warm Tim's numb fingers on a brutally brumal early spring day?

**Jackson:** By accidentally peeing into Tim's cupped hands.

**Johnson:** And not letting the happy accident slip by; by drinking Tim's pee from Tim's cup hands.

**Jimson:** And letting the heat flow from Tim's dilated core toward Tim's constricted periphery.

## Brumal (2)

**1793:** How else does Tim warm Tim's numb fingers on a brutally brumal early spring day?

**Jackson:** By passing the urine test, in which Tim's yellowish hands are analyzed by Tim for code yellow.

**Johnson:** And by hovering Tim's outstretched ammoniacal hands/fingers above Tim's steaming feces.

**Jimson:** And by handling the controversial (t)issue sensitively, no passing of the 'hot potato' to a passer-by.

# Highlights

Just Brian's lowest, darkest days condensed into 1794 lemon drops of very little consequence.  
Whole replay of Brian's life: Complete aversion to ideas cast in concrete (commercial breakthrough-free).  
Cockroaches film: 360 angles of everything (Brian's brain circling the drain) and the kitchen sink.  
CHOOSE YOUR REVIEWING EXPERIENCE, BRIAN. Just the highlights. WATCH NOW.

# Elimination

**Jackson:** And immortalized with a bronze statue. *Terminator* is interminable; *tor*, rocky peak.

**Johnson:** Or a pile of rocks. *Superman* is not inferiorizable; *mana*, supernatural power.

**Jimson:** But impersonal. I am *Rocky Balboa*: I am determined to keep fighting: My stamina is superior. The method of elimination (iterative deletion) logically drags on, naturally leads to *Batshit Crazy* or *(B)atman*.

# Destiny

Ah, now Ted's penis, an impassive bystander, understands: Color pencil is for drawing colorful pictures. Ted's whole set, 1796 hues of black—"Ah, that feels good!"—fills Theia's vagina.

*Ah well, not every destiny gets fulfilled.* (Ted's penis nods approvingly.)

"Don't paint the devil on the vaginal wall, Ted."

# Dumpster (1)

```
import json
dumpster = open("container-collection-conveyance-rubbish.json", mode="w", encoding="utf-1797")
json.dump("a thing that is a nuisance to carry", dumpster)
dumpster.close()
```

## Dumpster (2)

```
contents = json.load(open("container-collection-conveyance-rubbish.json"))  
Jackson = "dumped garbage, {0}, into the dumpster".format(contents.replace("is", "was"))  
Johnson = Jackson.replace("garbage", "trash")  
Jimson = "Like Jackson and Johnson—a dumpster diver / down in the dumps—hiding items of value."
```



# Concoction

**Jack:** Edifice [*with no orifice, a do(-)o(ve)r requested*—ed. Ted], shelters motor vehicles while in use.

**John:** Motor, imparts rotational motion to all peripherals to the fixed notion of twisted witty saying.

**Jim:** Vehicle, a medium in which unpalatable, off-the-table ideas are mixed, concocted, vaporized.

With the FIT FOR THE GODS garage described, J'sons approach the palace or stay away as J'sons see FIT.

# Felo-De-Se

For this feline felo-de-se, the logical realm of pukey *Ps* and queasy *Qs*, *if(f)s* and *wuffs*, makes no sense. Let 'the cat does not die today' be *Problem*. Let 'the cat will be alive tomorrow' be *Quiescence*. Let Miaow be the cat. If Miaow does not die today, Miaow will be alive tomorrow. If, and only if (feline life, unlike ca-nine, nine-fold; fine night-fall!), Miaow does not die today—

One thought voids  
The cremation permit:  
Puff!—and up in smoke it goes

*Keepsake (1) 1736*





# KEEPSAKE



POEMS