

WHIRL

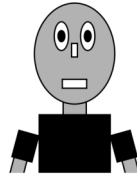


POEMS

WHIRL



POEMS



Whirl

Poems 501–600

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Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

Viral

BOB'S VIRAL WIRELESS VIRUS: A LOCAL/GLOBAL/GLOCAL SANITARY THREAT.

Sanity fled, insanity glad; Bob's sweaty skin Bob's clad.

The SWAT team's flu needles in need of Bob's fluent thread.

Bob fled, SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TIC TACS wept and bled.

Atmosphere

Hear with an ear . . . feel with an Achilles' heel . . . the piercing atmosphere of fear!

An Adam's apple has been fubared into a fruit bar, but the atmosphere is clear.

Let's move up a gear: Let's drop a lemon drop: The End is so far and yet so near!

. . . which is why Death is Life's near and dear.

Action

Try: Action.

Except: Action is "Fight them!"

If Action is "Join the people!": "Disjoint the bonds."

Else: "Disjoint the bones."

Trends

Brands tend to trend.

Trends tend to end.

Ends tend to trend in the end.

. . . tic toc tic toc tic tac tic toc tic toc . . .

Low

It's low and falling if one can reach it.

It sucks and blows if one can preach it.

It's but a shallow shelter if one can touch its—bottom.

It's hollow if wrapped in leather, feather, cashmere, mere cash, (cotton) wool, cotton . . .

Cafeteria

Jack failed to complete the questionnaire.

John refused the blood draw.

Jim did not meet the entry criteria.

Jackie, Jane, and Jemima—sharing their midnight pussies with their midday cafeteria.

Arogant

"Where's Ted?"—"Too arrogant to toast!"

"Who's Ted?"—"Too arrogant to ghost!"

"Where's Ted?"—*Nowhere from coast to coast . . .*

"Who's that?"—*Why, Ted.*—"Too arrogant to boast!"

Demented

Brian is a mental midget.

Brian's brain's IQ? Barely a double-digit.

Brian is demented by choice.

No more *which one(?)*, no more *listen to the inner voice*.

Room 303

Room 101: File and Ted requested.

Room 404: File not found.

Room 202: Ted not found.

Room 303: Defilement *not* found: *Ted and Theia*.

Inbox

Inbox 1: "Delete, Delegate, Defer, or Do!"

Delete: Defer, Delegate.

Do: Delete: Do.

Inbox.

Spam

Spam 1: "Delete, Delegate, Defer, or Do!"

Delete: Defer, Delegate.

Do: Delete: Do.

Spam.

Trash

Trash 1: "Delete, Delegate, Defer, or Do!"

Delete: Defer, Delegate.

Do: Delete: Do.

Trash.

Always

Night ultra night secure night ultra secure night ultra secure radiant night dailies.

Classic maxi thick thin ultra thin invisibly thin infinity with edge-to-edge adhesive.

Twist and flex ultra thin flexistyle diamond.

Truth is true always and all ways and *always*.

America

America is beautiful, or else it is not America.

Beautiful is big sheep; neither lovely nor ugly, neither awake nor asleep.

Big is one man, standing, legs apart, bare feet pressing through the soil.

One man, a black sheep; a group of two or three or four or more men, a blank sheeple.

Gunshot

Hey, Nikita—it's me, Nick. You don't say. Just saying.

'Tis a friendly fire. WORRY LESS, RUN MORE. Nice tee.

One shot, one opportunity to kill Nick. (A gunshot.) Not bad. (Better than most.)

'Twas close(!) to Nick's heart. You don't say. Just saying. Don't ghost! Don't fall apart!

Eye

A tooth for a tooth?

An eye for an eye.

A loot for a loot?

An I for an I.

(H)air

Poets write looong-stories-short stories about thin-air bubbles.

Novelists write short-stories-looong stories about thick-air babblers.

Scientists write dense state-of-the-(h)air stories about density of thin(ning) (h)air.

Journalists write tense out-of-thin-air stories about Thin Air, Inc. (t(h)icker: (H)AIR).

Reasons

One year, four seasons.

Ten years, forty seasons.

One hundred years, four hundred seasons . . .

For reasons (un)known to oneself, to wit, one Self, dear sun-sons, soil-sons, sea-sons.

Trifle

(A)social media: Small talk, gibberish, trivia.

"Five-membered family dismembered by NATOstan strike. Five dead. LIVE from Libya."

Join for free, pay to leave. Pay per (per)verse (view) or jump from the cliff.

Sincere member since Eve. Top trifle: *Catch a falling knife: a detached autumn \$LEAF.*

Casualty

Truth is. ABCAPBBCNNCzechTelepathy. "A fox here. Open the door!"

The first and foremost. Media propaganda tapping only Ted's very phony core.

Non-accidental. NBCNYTPBSRTWPWarStreetJournal. "It's Fox, The Guardian of gore!"

Casualty of war. "War(-in)ning: I, a phoney timepeace, watching Ted. Sep 16, 1984."

Elevator

Waiting for the elevator to elevate or lower itself to match his, Ted's, level of reverence.
Waiting for the door to open. *Nikita's tits. Nick's(!) Nikita. Naked Nikita. "Lick it, Ted."*
Waiting for the door to close, for the lips to open. *Warm. Cozy. Two levels of reference.*
Moved by *moving Nikita in moving elevator*. Coming (down to Nick's level) with Nikita.

Authentic and True (1)

Brahman is authentic (*satya*) and true (*satya*) sacred word (*brahman*).

Authentic and true is existence (*sat*) and non-existence (*asat*).

Existence is clear and manifest (*vyakta*): "The sun is and the sun is shining."

Non-existence is being and non-being . . .

Authentic and True (2)

Being is clear but unmanifest (*vyakt-avyakta*): "The sun is but the sun is not shining."

Non-being is unclear and unmanifest (*avyakta*): "The sun is not."

Existence is embodied (*murta*) and furnished with cord (*saguna*) and mortal (*martya*).

Non-existence is . . . (*amurta*) and furnished with no cord (*nirguna*) and . . . (*amartya*).

Opportunity (1)

There is a window of opportunity for Ted to close the apartment window.

The window of opportunity is closing . . . has closed . . . is closed.

The apartment window remains open.

The draft slams the apartment door shut.

Opportunity (2)

There is a window of opportunity for Ted to close the apartment window.

Ted seizes the window of opportunity and closes the apartment window.

The window of opportunity remains open.

The draft slams the apartment door shut.

Fall-Shopper

Two M-size (half-)miler tees to don to doff to display one M-size six-pack-cubed.

Two L-size tights for two XL-length fuzzy-furry-ferociously-fast-for-2-to-4-laps legs.

Three M-size boxer-shorts "for one XS-size one-lap penis and two peanut-size balls."

One shopping. One mall-shop-bag. One fall-shopper—and Theia. *Hi, Theia.* "Hi, Ted!"

Knowing

Knowing nothing worth knowing: Brian's first knowing of anything worth knowing.

Knowing nothing not worth knowing: Brian's first knowing of anything about nothing.

Knowing everything worth knowing: Brian's last knowing of anything about everything.

Knowing nothing: Brian's first and last knowing of everything about nothing.

Clip-n'-Clap

Once in a while, Jack, John, and Jim meet in Jack's garage to rest for a while.

(At dawn, Jack-knife, Johnny-5, and Jim Beam meet . . . to work for the rest of the day.)

Jack carves jack-o'-lanterns. John reads. Jim drinks.

No one left behind. (No one left to click-n'-clap.)

Essay (1)

The Roots of the Weeds. (Families, Trees, Friends.)

A Collaborative Home-Confinement Essay (Weekend No. 38).

Jackson–Johnson–Jimson (3rd grade) and *Datura stramonium* (high grade).

The Jimsonweed Laboratory, Jim's underground basement, Jamestown, Virginia.

Essay (2)

Jackson is a son of Jack and Jackie.

But Jackie is not as sure as Jack.

Both remember jack-shit about *that* night . . .

"Out of the left field?" Jackson wraps up. "What the heck?"

Essay (3)

Johnson is a son of John and Jane.

But it was *dark* that night.

John's Jim Johnson could as well be Jim's Jim Johnson . . .

"Out of the right field!" Johnson lights up. "A Knight-Rider-car-ride kinda night!"

Essay (4)

Jimson is a son of Jim and Jemima.

But Jemima wasn't busy *there* that night so Jim's Rooftop Ceiling theory has no ground.

Jemima remembers slipping—platonically(!)—into Ted's sky-blue sleeping bag . . .

"Out of the blue sky." Jimson exhales and passes **The Roots of the Weeds** around.

Sentinel

Sixfold sentinel: that of the sight, the sound, the smell, the taste, the touch, the thought.

Fourfold silence: that of the first, the second, the third, and the fourth musing.

Twofold seclusion: that of the body and that of the mind. (Unwavering. Resolute.)

Onefold conclusion: that of the Death Absolute.

Moonshiners

Two states at jocular war with each other shoot down a plane. *Ted, squeeze my nipples!*
The two states blame each other and ban each other from importing/exporting apples.
Each of the two states compensates its farmers: *edible* ocular cavities or *scrap* metals.
Ted~Theia, two new-moon moonshiners, each with: 1 peach, 1 compass, 2 Topaz apples.

Die-Hards

It's the popcorn time: rays versus socks, a pre-winter win-win tie.

It's the pop-porn time: blue party bow tie, purple party punch bowl, red party neck tie.

"Blue blows!—Red sucks!—Purple blow-sucks!" Yesterday's die-hards to die out.

"Bow to the Grays, a (rat) race with a trace of grace!" Tomorrow's die-hards to dine out.

Discard

Discard this discourse, or discard all discords and accords.

Discard all records, credit cards, credit scores, roads, rivers, cars, abodes, and boats.

Wake up, kites, the way is up! Fall not in love with Fall. Eat not. Oats? No way. No oats.

No rice. Rise to fail to fall. All roads (of course) . . . Rome, all ropes (cords) . . . home.

Tide

Rising and receding Tide, rising and falling *Kite*.

Fight or flight? Fight and flight.

Rising and receding Tide, rising and rising *Kite*.

Thirsty. Pepsi MOiST: Zero Pepsi, Maximum Taste. *Hungry*. Big Mac FAT & FrostbITe.

Analogy

Centri-fugal and -petal magnetic field intrinsics: Water flows from faucets into drains.
Man understands the meaning of what's said by analogy; Man, that is, man with brains.
Theia's perpetual penetrative immersive kitchen sink! Ted washes dishes by analogy.
"Ted, our bowls are perpetually dirty!" My centripetal fault. My centrifugal apology.

Black

Welcome in *kāla*, the atomic (bomb) realm of black art, or run for the hills.

Ride the rising blackwater tide, Jesus bugs, or beg Jay Bugless Walker for some gills.

Or, common water striders, shiver before Shiva, the uncommon Sh. *Shhh*.

Welcome in the realm of black skills. Accept that except Xanax there are no magic pills.

N

N transistors, of which none belongs to Brian, *two-times- N* transistors in one year.

N thoughts, of which all belong to Brian, *one-half-of- N* thoughts in one year.

N telephones, of which none belongs to Bob, up to *N -to-the power-of-two* connections.

N knots, of which one is Bob, up to *N -minus-one to-the-power-of-two* connections.

Pity

The ruby bag of rubbish *in the right hand*. The 3D key *in the left, er, left in the . . . (!?!)*.
A mutual consent and a mutable scent between the airless bag and Ted's hairless head.
The black du-rag and the big-n'-durable door rug, a spatio-temporal blanket and bed.
Only the gang of cold firebrick tiles shows (no) pity: "Ted's coolness must be rekindled!"

Fix

The guts affect the bacteria.

The bacteria affect the guts.

Where the two are fighting, bloody or floody (count to 30), or *quick-n'-dirty*, fix wins.

Try ten times twenty-five times five-plus-two-FREE-*seven-tricky* TWIX twins.

Distinct

Gain vs Loss: denotatively distinct, but both stink: connotatively *stinkies*.

Plause vs Blame: denotatively distinct, but both dung: connotatively *rinky-dinkies*.

Name vs Obscurity: denotatively distinct, but of one kind: connotatively *kinkies*.

Security vs Pain: denotatively distinct, but of one instinct . . . hinting . . . *hinky-hinkies*.

Priceless

Cool-aid: Iceless.

Saké: Riceless.

MasterCard: Priceless (wORthLESS).

Faster car, debt-fueled. Pleased by leasing, less by obsolescing. *Please, sing!* Car(e)less.

Effective and Efficient (1)

Ineffective, doing the wrong things.

Inefficient, doing things wrong.

"One. Last. Time. Where's the bazooka, Ted?!"

—

Effective and Efficient (2)

Ineffective, doing the wrong things.

Efficient, doing things right.

"Where is the explicitly illicit tubular anti-tank rocket-launcher, Ted?"

—

Effective and Efficient (3)

Effective, doing the right things.

Inefficient, doing things wrong.

"One. Last. Time. What's in the vanilla pudding, Ted?!"

—

Effective and Efficient (4)

Effective, doing the right things.

Efficient, doing things right.

"What is the implicitly illicit pow(d)er in the yellow cake, Ted?"

Magic mushrooms.

Dewire (1)

Bob and Bob I.

Bob and a wire.

Bob and a bomb, and a big BLAST from the past.

Bob and a bonfire (but the last light goes out at last), and *kārman . . . papa*.

Dewire (2)

Bob and Bob II.

Bob and a wire.

Bob and no bomb, and a big NON-BLAST for the future past.

Bob and Bob II (but the last light goes out at last), and *kārman* . . . *punya*.

Dewire (3)

Bob and Bob III. Dewire!

Bob, free from Bob III. Dewire!

Bob-free pūtātman. Rewire or retire!

Bob and Bob IV (and more moanings), or Ātman (and no more mornings).

pudding

The proof of the pudding is in the eating . . .

The proof of Ted's eating the pudding is in Ted's puking the pudding.

The proof of Ted's puking the pudding is in Theia's pressure cooker.

The proof of the cook(er) is in the w r i t i n g!!! FECAL SAMPLE AUTOCLAVE. THEIA

Kung Fu

It is what fuels that warms.

It is what fools that harms.

It is the good *gōngfū* that calms. It is the good Kung Fu that cools.

It is what go(o)dly cools that cures the Cool Fool fools.

Above

A large one is the *sky*.

Two cocoons in the large one make up one *cloud*.

A man on top of the two cocoons: above standing: understanding: *apt* to fly.

And angry birds? Yep, loud in the cocoonless cloud, inept beyond the app: *not* apt to fly.

Specialist

Tax {Evasion} Specialist (refs: 1-800-jack, 1-800-john, 1-800-jim).

{Non-}Compliance Officer (refs: 1-800-bob, 1-800-brian, 1-800-cats, 1-800-rats . . .).

Quality {Birth} Control Manager (refs: 1-800-theia, 1-800-nikita, 1-800-jemima).

Ted's three dozen years of {Dizzyingly} Good {Dung} Manufacturing Practice.

Whirl

See life in the living and death in the non-living.

See death in the living and life in the non-living.

See life and death both in the living and in the non-living.

Poop a poop. *Flush*. See the seer of the worldly whirl. *Blush*. Bow to the toilet bowl.

Good Night

Ted usually lasts fourteen seconds, of which forty minutes is the *touchless* foreplay.
Theia usually lasts fourteen hours, of which forty days is the "touch-yes" foreplay.
"Seven seconds sex?!" *Every second of sleeping before midnight counts twice.*
"Good night . . . goo nigh!" (*Every good night before midnight sounds twice?*)

Meeting

Meet a challenge of meeting a challenge of a challenging meeting.

Meet a challenge of a challenging meeting.

Pete, to meet Pete, in a flash, meat *Pete*:

Meet *Pete's* flesh, pee on it, and eat.

Messenger

Bob (rhymes with *rob*) entered, grabbed 1 golden chandelier, disappeared.

Bob entered with 1 golden chandelier, grabbed 10 spearmint bubble gums, disappeared.

Bob entered with 1 golden chandelier and 10 spearmint bubble gums, disappeared.

CHASE DIMINISHING RETURNS BANK. That's it. Don't blame the messenger. Bob.

Seek and Find

Seek a fulfillment, find an aspiration.

Seek an aspiration, find a quest.

Seek sub-par hen eggs a dozen for a cuisine, squeeze an eagle at the 12th.

Seek God in the eagle, find a meager, quizzing seagull at the 6th.

Count

Be historic! Count on wars; count dukes, nukes, atoms, and tomes.

Be hysteric! Count on outcast kids; count free-throw baskets, caskets, and columns.

Be storied! Count on swords; count county awards, words, paragraphs, and pages.

Be poetic, wannabe sages! Count (on) s p a c e s and perverse per-verse wages.

Perfection (1)

Tea steeping time: 5 minutes. Ted's sleeping time: 60 times the steeping minutes.

Tea strength: strong (1 cup kills 1 horse). Ted's strength: weak (1 horse kills 1 Ted).

Tea forte: tea box, tea bag, bag rope. Ted's forte: by Ted, for Ted, jump rope.

Too good to be true? Too true to be good!

Perfection (2)

Tea quality: supreme. Ted's quality: terrestrial-extraterrestrial-divine-s(H)EL(L)fish.

Tea perfection: definite, to a T. Ted's perfection: indefinite, to a T.E.D.

. . . broadcasting lasting overcast, sipping good old black afternoon breakfast tea . . .

Too good to be true? Too true to be good!

Gossip

GOSSYPOL—natural insecticide—FOR MEN WITH TESTICLES. Go, sickos!

Take the upland cotton today, gossip about *Gossypium hirsutum* tomorrow!

Pig out on the pigment today, gossip about spermatogenesis arrest six days in a row!

Sperm cells on a death row . . . Throw in the yellow towel: "Keep testicles, sell tricycles!"

Poise

Mice, say no to a dicey raisin the lab coats sweeten with a boiling toad.

Mice, say no to the icing on the cake the lab coats bake and coat.

Quote, unquote.

Say no to Murine Urine uprising. Act alone, with a poise of an ancient abalone.

U-Turn

1993 Saturn. 1981 martin. 2010 Earth.

Grey shivery-shaky banger, grey shaky-shivery moron, and blue marble.

WRONG WAY. *Fast forward.* (A dearth of time in time of dearth.)

ROAD ENDS. A one-hundred-miles-per-hour U-turn marvel.

Demand (1)

<formal>Legal</demand>

<problem><who>Ted</who>exhales<what>CO2</what></problem>

<fix><pay>Carbon Dioxide Exhalation Tax</pay></fix>

<nofix><swat><kill>Tedat<time>5 PM</time></kill></swat></nofix>

Demand (2)

At Ted's first sigh—semantic tags, non-semantically bold Ted, valid syntax.

At Ted's first sight—missing `</formal>`, missing `<demand>`, invalid sin, invalid tax.

```
<informal><demand><fix>tags</fix><nix>tax</nix>thx</demand></informal>  
<try>fix<formless>Ted</formless>with<formaldehyde>40%</formaldehyde></try>
```

Shh

Alarm, on. Repeat, on. Repeat days, all selected.

("Brian, burglars in the temple.") Response, *shh*.

Alert, on. Repeat, on. Repeat days, all selected.

("Brian, burglars between the temples.") Response, *mashhine* gun.

Mannitol

A cyanobiont provides glucose to a lichenized fungus.

The fungus converts glucose to mannitol, which the cyanobiont cannot utilize.

A bank provides funny-mushroomy fiats, owned by the bank, owed to Bob, to Bob.

Bob converts psilocin-free fiats to man's money, gold, which the bank cannot utilize.

Deep-Dish

Jack's crusty felly. John's ketchupy spokes. Jim's jimsonweed nave.

Ted's olives here and there. Bob's mushrooms—finders, keepers—everywhere.

A deep-dish one, one that won't diminish, on a turntable in Jim's jimsonweed cave.

Jack's crusty belly. John's ketchupy pukes. Jim's "Losers, weepers—everywhere!"

Strength and Power

Strength, the ability to oppose non-feline motion.

Power, the ability to put the mute feline paws of mine in motion.

Strength, the ability to pause—a mouse at 12 o'clock at 12 AM—to oppose emotion.

Power, the ability to put in motion a whiskery notion: *opposition to forward motion*.

Waves (1)

Find a lake.

Either yours or anybody else's; it does not matter, Peter.

Walk to the dead center of the lake.

A locus, where the shore is visible in all directions, Peter.

Waves (2)

Once standing in the dead center of the lake, start flapping arms.

Yours, Peter, the fish have fins!

Stop flapping, Stop splashing. Wait and wake.

Are the waves—*of what? of water, Peter*—or Peter's arms reaching the reachable?

Waves (3)

Find a heart.

Yours, not anybody else's; yes, it does matter, Peter.

Walk to the dead center of the heart.

A locus, where germs and gems germinate and geminate, Peter.

Waves (4)

Once standing in the dead center of the heart, start flapping arms.

Yours, Peter; the lotus has petals!

Stop flapping. Stop splashing. Wait and wake.

Are the waves—of *what?* of *Peter, Peter*—or Peter's arms embedding the embeddable?

Waves (5)

Find the light.

Neither yours, nor anybody else's; there is but one light, Peter.

Walk to the dark center of the light.

A locus, where the light is invisible from all directions, Peter.

Waves (6)

Once standing in the dark center of the light, start flapping arms.

Yours, Peter; the photons are mere (h)armless phantoms!

Stop flapping. Stop splashing. Wait and wake.

Are the waves—of *what?* of *aether, Peter*—or Peter's arms illuminating the illuminable?

Hysteretic (1)

Ted has a consent of one 80-laptop-yrs old purple laptop and one cat.

Ted, alone in the basement of the house, perturbs the cat into a mouse.

The energy gap between the cat and the mouse spews Ted out from the house.

The mouse looks murine but has a hysteretic memory of the cat.

Hysteretic (2)

Ted has a consent of one 80-laptop-yrs old purple laptop and one hysteretic mouse.
Ted, alone in the backyard of the house, perturbs the hysteric mouse back into a cat.
The energy gap between the mouse and the cat sucks Ted back into the house.
The cat looks feline and has the memory of the unperturbed cat!

Hysteretic (3)

Ted has a consent of one 80-laptop-yrs old purple laptop and the ruin of the house.

Ted, alone in the ruin of the house, perturbs the ruin back into a house.

The experiment goes bad: *The energy gap between the ruin and the house is too large!*

Ted's soul is at large but has a hysteretic memory of Ted.

Delight

Delite, pleasing pleasure.

Delight, an erroneous spelling of delite, joyous joy.

De-light, an erroneous analysis of delight, darkful light.

Delight, an accurate synthesis of delite and de-light, Coca-Cola Plight.

Notice

Notice the period at the end of Life's notice period.

Notice the missing comma at the end of Death's coma.

Notice Death's em dash, waiting in ambush—

Notice Ted's colon: a promise of fine fecal pieces and delicious deep-dish pizza feces . . .

Sunday

To get rid of Sunday afternoon blues, roaches, get rid of Monday.

To get rid of Monday, withdraw from the cockroach race for the sake of seclusion.

To withdraw from the cockroach race for the sake of seclusion, get rid of Sunday.

To get rid of Sunday, get rid of Sunday afternoon blueberry sundae binge splurge.

Punch-Line

The punch-bowl: "It tastes like a piss!" (Yelling and yellow-liquid-swallowing fellows.)

The punch-line: *A piss-bucket, a punch-bowl; a swing and a miss, a miss and a swing.*

The fist-fight: "Ted's piss!" (Ten truly pissed fellows.) *Punch me!* (Ted's piss and wind.)

The punch-drunk Ted as the take-away *the punch-bowl just as the party gets going . . .*

Absurd

Wise but not mad!? Wise but not old!? Wise but not dead!?

As absurd as a mountain's refusal to follow Mohammad.

As absurd as a totem with no owl, a magic spell with no *om*, a shaman with no amulet.

As absurd as a cross with no Jesus, a lotus with no Buddha, a river with no river-bed.

Hurricane

"Everything is so quiet in the eye of a hurricane, Harry!"

Get the threat, Mary. Hurry. Forget about the sugar-cane.

"Everything is so quiet in the eye of a needle, Harry!"

Get a thread, Mary. Forget about Harry, Harry's cakes, sugar-canes, hurricanes . . .

Come Winter

I'm Earth; I'm the spinner that chews on the universal version of man's ORBIT.

I'm Water; I'm the WhATEVeR that floats icebergs and boats and sinks man's TITANIC.

I'm Wind; I shatter WINDOWS of man's abodes—look, the SKY is Purple!

I'm Fire; come winter, I cover SNOW LEOPARD's tracks and dry APPLE.

Self and Selves (1)

There is no Self in ill, there is no self in ill.

Ill is that which is impermanent.

Impermanent is that which oozes filth from nine holes.

Little impermanent Bobby permanently oozes filth from nine holes.

Self and Selves (2)

Like father, like son.

Like Bob, like little Bobby.

Bob in quest of *Self*.

Little Bobby in quest of *self*.

Self and Selves (3)

Two champions, one pennant.

One pennant, one land.

One land: one landlord, *Self*, and two tenants, *selves*.

Like Self, like selves: There is no ill in Self, there is no ill in selves.

Way

Read about an ancient Way.

Read about the Way and bear in mind the Way.

Read about the Way, bear in mind the Way, and explore the meaning of the Way.

Read about, bear in mind, explore the meaning of, and flow in conformity with—*dào*.

Inhale and Exhale

Inhale to exhale.

Exhale to inhale.

Inhale for the sole purpose of exhaling.

Exhale for the sole purpose of invoking the Awakened One.

Ego

Ego is the spread between asking and selling price at the moment of transaction.

Ego is an extra—a superfluous actor among the extras. (Go home. Action!)

Ego is the remainder after one by one division; an amazing 0-click maze.

Ego consists of colorful interlocking plastic tricks; a special spatial set of 0 bricks. Gaze!

Bzz

Two flies in Ted's trap-crop.

Wing-wing, nudge-nudge. Bzz.

One thousand maggots in Ted's trap-crap.

Clap for Ted: Two flies in one clap, one thousand flies in five hundred claps! Bzz. Crap!

Sharat

Silent rattlesnake and rattling man, rattling rattlesnake and punctured man.

Silent rattlesnake and rattling shaman, rattling rattlesnake and acupunctured shaman.

Silent rattlesnake and rattling rat—*snap-n'-nap*—silent rattlesnake and ratty snack.

Rattling rattlesnake and silent sharat—*knack-n'-nap*—two silent rattlesnakes.

Twilight

Twilight street lights suck light out of twilight street air.

Twilight street air sucks light out of twilight street Brian.

Twilight street Brian sucks light and air out of twilight street fights.

Twilight street fights make Brian less carnal, less horrific, more carmine, more orphic.

Tortoise

Eating spineless cactus pear pads—*yay, sweets: soft, opulent, succulent*—in a desert.

Reading spiny CACTUS peerless poems—*yea, weeds: hard, horrid, arid*—as a desert.

Eating and reading—*a palm of a hand of an immortal man!!!*

. . . no cactus, no purpose; no purpose, no desert tortoise . . .

Queen

Ted's penis to stand erected; Theia elected.

Ted's penis to take a stand against Theia's directive; Ted selected.

Ted stands corrected, declaring *truce*. Ted's penis bows to Theia, declaring "ooze."

The king's alive, long live the spleen! "The king's dead, long live the queen!"

Void

"John: the unavoidable void is there, in the Great Pyramid of Giza."

Jack: Jackie's coffee-soaked tiramisu: Jesus! Jim: there is a void, in Khufu's Horizon.

Jack, John: is the void as big as a circle in the air drawn with a jimsonweed twig?

Jack, John: is the void visible from any point, like the void of a grape from within a raisin?

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

WHIRL



POEMS