

XENOBIOTIC

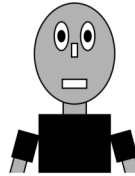


POEMS

XENOBIOTIC



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Xenobiotic
Poems 1801–1900
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Fortun-cookie-nately,
Unexpected discoveries by accident
Are not methodizable

Xenobiotic (1) 1898

Babysitter

BABY PROTECT: 194 °F. The washing machine, in which Jay could be washed clean, by Jay not overlooked. Jay hooked. Jay for a looooooong rolling journey booked. Jay into the drum leaped. Jay START pressed. Jay dry begged. No wonder no water flowed in. What followed? Jay by the startled babysitter pulled out. Jay by her against her breasts pressed. BABY PROTECT: 98 °F. Briefly. Jay not overcooked. Jay a smile cracked.

Sweet Doing Nothing (1)

These two, and only these two, *Mickey*, and no, no kidding this time around, bona fide disdain Death:
One, the towel thrown in before ninth round—Oh, boy. *Mickey* better fight. Confide in Miaow.
But Mickey's jawbone has been disconnected from temporo-man-dibular joints!
Boo! Pour me-Miaow some fresh MOUSE MILK—kittening (equivalent to kidding), moo's milk.

Sweet Doing Nothing (2)

Two, defiance without definition: Death, the final cessation (1) of vital (2) functions (3); sweet doing nothing.

[1] Disconti-nuance, temporary (coming at the end of: life) or final (coming at the end of: a series of lives).

[2] Consisting in that feline principle by which the cat is at once animated and at rest and a nuisance to rats.

[3] The mode of action by which the cat fulfills its mouseful purrpose: dolce far niente. DING-DING-DING!

Two Steps Away from Dead End

RETRACTION NOTICE: Jack, John, and Jim (2021) *Suicide notes*. Current Opinion in Garage 19: 1804.

In view of Jack's track record of covering Jack's tracks, *two steps forward, one step back* is nowhere to be seen.

Dark years away from debt/death acknowledgement letters is John's *owning up to tax avoidance*.

Jim's *turning in Jim's grave* turns out to be a pretext for a blind mistaking of a cul-de-sac for a dead end!

Stalling Tac Toe Tic

A new aversion to, er, version of, eXXXtreme Ted, with hypocritical updates, is ready to, er, already installed. Ted is an essential tool for managing *virtues* by damaging *vices* (color scheme light), or *vice versa* (dark). [X] Ted has not read but agrees to the terms-n'-conditions. OKAY. Preparing to install, -ing, -ed. LAUNCH. "If Ted wants to change (Ted's underwear) why did Ted ask for a sniff test and a sheet of graph paper?"

Mafiosi

Bobby: Briefly, a *lawyer* with a black briefcase outsteals two bubble-gum-chewing mafiosi (Next Gen Stats).

Bob: *One versed in the law* seeks anarchy (i.e., order, for one's own sake), not vengeance against the State.

Bob hands the case over to over-head-n'-ears-in-fedora-hat Bobby in black oversized coat. *Cut to the CHASE.*

Bobby: Ciao. Ready for-\$la\$h-to order. Sì, no gun\$. Ca\$h, ma'am. In thick brown envelope\$. *Neatly \$ta\$hed.*

Marginal Utility

A winged insect of marginal utility landed in the top margin of page 499 on a spacious third-floor balcony.
meanwhile . . . going . . . to eat . . . something . . . all

The hungry fly houseflew away and Mickey's right marginal forefinger pointed at: *I want to say something.*
I believe the gods who live in heaven have sent this [one] to [Mickey . . . to] give [Mickey] . . . food of any kind.

Convertible

Allows a sound, open-air musing experience without forcing the yogi to assign value to a crystal-ball idea. On a lighter note, a form of short-term, baseless death that converts into life (bleached right off the bat). Oh, and as a side note; in blackly (mono)tone of definite pitch of indefinite duration of running h-om-e. In effect, the serial yogi returns to the world as a disinterested principle and receives equanimity in Self, Inc.

Livestreaming of Decoy Ducks (1)

Brian is receiving this electric shock because neurons are updating Neural Products-n'-Services Agreement:
No longer limited to gut-wrenching brain-storming about heart-beating around the beggar's bush.
To insulate Brian from (under)current events and to coordinate Brian's passing through brick walls.
Between Brian and neurons and non-neural affiliates (glia, alias non-impulsive supporters).

Livestreaming of Decoy Ducks (2)

Read the entire Neural Products-n'-Services Agreement here: *All fired up, never free of charge!*

To accept the terms, Brian, simply use/access neural products (Decoy Ducks) or services (Livestreaming).

Decoy Ducks are thoughts trained to lure or entice other thoughts (usually of its species).

Livestreaming is simultaneous recording-n'-broadcasting of ducking thoughts in real-time.

Livestreaming of Decoy Ducks (3)

This update to Neural Products-n'-Services Agreement will take effect within a BLINK of Brian's eye.
(Unless Brian opts to discontinue continence, content with spontaneous de-liver-ance of bile from trouble.)
Congratulations. BLINK. Brian is up-to-date! And compatible with the latest version of Code Decay:
Add more ducks by a triple temple tap. Filling Brian's skull with feathers is now as easy as a fingerSNAP.

Professional

ONE WAY. Jay inhales deeply into Jay's lungs, looks both ways, exhales into Jay's deep lunge.

Jay is a consummate professional: walks calmly, never hesitates, has a taste for car exhaust and open space.

TWO WAY. Jay is neither in a hurry nor too relaxed: always has exactly the right-n'-left amounts of time.

Where a dividing line, which Jay straddles, or a central reservation, in which Jay divines, there a struggle.

Inspectors (1)

J'sons, there are these three searches. What three?

The search for the garage. The search for the car. The search for the key. These are the three searches.

J'sons, there are these three reasons for Jack, John, and Jim dwelling in the garage (instead of) Four Seasons:

The fool's full understanding of the garage. The utter destruction of the car. The abandoning of the key.

Inspectors (2)

Jackson: As a means or way of escape, this resort is rare but by no means obsolete.

Johnson: As a house for entertaining strange ideas by the path less traveled, this hotel is of a superior kind.

Jimson: Three dead stars have aligned their orbs: towards five-star awards from Forbes.

“This garage elevates the depressing ghost appearance experience.”—Insp. Jackson

Inspectors (3)

Jackson: This wheel-less vehicle is stationary but as a means of gods conveyance by no means out of place.

Johnson: In a critical, flat-battery situation, the (search) engine self-jumpstarts without release of the clutch.

Jimson: Tectonic shift in the pizza crust sets the tone: sets the seats in motion: soothingly unsettling vibes.

“This atrophied muscle car drives innovation in parades as overimposing as the triumphs.”—Insp. Johnson

Inspectors (4)

Jackson: A low-key gathering of lock-n'-key model abandoners, no big (car) deal(ership).

Johnson: Press WILD-GROWING JIMSONWEED hotkey to trigger escape from kill-switch malfunction.

Jimson: The keyhole, the only vulnerable spot (once wounded by a can opener), has a keyless feel to it, too.
“Keep this solution behind seven locks: Do not wind up the serpentine belt with a key.”—Insp. Jimson

Vacation

Bob: Sunday 周日, also an alms-best(-)owing 周 day 日. **Bobby:** HandsOpenUpPalmsFULLY!

Bob: Only man 亻, fake 假 god, goes on a vacation 假. **Bobby:** Suppose 假 holiday 假 not false 假 . . .

Bob: If vacation 假, *where*— **Bobby:** On the unoccupied outskirts 阡 of the earth 土.

Bob: There to borrow 假 *from whom* a mouthful 口 *of what* devoid of all material content.

Broken Registry Items (1)

Brian's brain is being slowed down by a maze of shortcuts.

Brian regularly fails to connect thought (SHUT DOWN!) to action (SHUT UP!).

A massive impassive impasse, solvable by a slow-motion short circuit, which Brian bypasses, builds up.

Brian stops holding Brian's very own cerebrospinal fluid and puts few drops down on paper: DROP DEAD!

Broken Registry Items (2)

Brian no longer registers the unreal ground of Brian's inaction:

[×] Corrupted registry entries, residues of deleted thoughts: DR DEAD! SH OW UP!

[×] Self-assessment registration form: BRAIN, AN UNSUNG HERO.

[×] A need to find a needle, having no haystack from last year.

Broken Registry Items (3)

Brian's brain has an excessive number of unnecessary features (one in total):

Making nonsense (thought) of sense (eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind) perception. Sounds harmless?

Unsound thinking often requires unnecessarily high memory and large skull space.

Buildings with display windows have a built-in skull cleaner: *Smash!*

Broken Registry Items (4)

To avoid attracting attention, Brian enters the temples, no hidden me(a)ninx, through the backyard: *Tinkle*. And, *smash!*, exits. And runs until fading into the background / waits for the foreground to fade into Brian. Sucking on a citrus drop, making faces—and fresh, lemon-scented feces—is not the only bright sunspot! Whenever Brian visits the same junkyard, Brian's brain unloads: JUNK FOOD FOR THOUGHT . . .

Alert: Traffic Congestion (1)

Tim's colon propels Tim's stool in correct direction, mostly—towards Tim's rectum—and autonomously. The process of eliminating does not require from Tim to flex Tim's muscles or join any mass movement. After Tim's defecation reflex is triggered, Tim delays it or lays it down on the bench/platform immediately. Tim's anal sphincters' advice—*Relax internally, contract externally, let the shit hit the fan!*—fartspeaks volumes.

Alert: Traffic Congestion (2)

Tim relies on gut feeling—*The stinky shit is really happening!*—but reviles not the fans of anal-ytics shitflows. *Passers-by!, this surely passes for entertainment: 'My-enteric sphincter not under my control. Do not enter the train.'* (Tim voluntarily subjects commuting, contract-bound, overprojected objects to continuous contumely.) *The moral of Tim's parable, moving (m)asses? Associate defecation with rest-n'-recuperation rather than alertness.*

Nondisclosure Agreement (1)

J'sons: Is this plane(t) spherical?

Jack: This question, all but trivial; placed where three unlit dirt roads meet. Get out of the vehicle.

John: No pungent need for 5,000 dollars debt. Put both feet on the (g)round. Take a walk on the beach.

Jim: Intertidal sea urchin, a spiny-n'-globular seabed animal in no urgent need of 5,000 meters depth.

Nondisclosure Agreement (2)

J'sons: Any (p)roof of or against firmament?

Jack: A breakthrough in a particular sphere when scarcity of fuel fueled by rage—*pop!*—pierces the ceiling.

John: GARAGE & DISSOCIATES, a universal law firm experiencing a sudden instance of coffee break.

Jim: Please refer to NON-DISC-LOSURE AGREEMENT.

Nondisclosure Agreement (3)

J'sons: Assign rotatory or stationary to Heaven and Earth.

Jack: The State, revolving round its taxes, stirs up revolts. The garage, not a place of *tax refund* prayer. FTFY.

John: The garage moved Heaven-n'-Earth to open up the heavens and rock the earth to its foundations.

Jim: Lo and behold, the downpour of food stamps, fed by the Fed and by fed up philatelomaniacs, begins.

Kiwi

“Start by acting like a second-grader, Mickey.”

And end as?, a third-grader. Cui kiwi bonbon bono?

“To begin with, third grade is not the end . . .”

Foreshadowing Future Fiasco, Mickey asks Mary not to spoil the good spell with Fourth grade.

Merciless Seats

Bob: Throwback Thursday. Saturn. 1993. A decent vehicle for descent. New-car scent thoroughly aired out.

Bobby: *Sniff!* 2021 Subaru Ascent. The many troubles that Bobby meets in getting to a Mercedes!

Bob (Bobby): A foot on the hillock (*hurst*) junkyard rubble, a hand on the sheen: unlock (*through burst*).

Bobby (Bob): May all the gods of the corroded exhaust pipe (*dream*) let us salvage the no-go car(*go*).

Tribute

Dwells in a bower, a vague but bodeful word for an idealized abode, unrealizable in any actual habitation.
Deals in utterances, the disposals of tangible commo(RiskBasedIntrospection)dities, earning no change.
Trades in coins of (un)real den/ab-omination and in koans not unlike *Rising watermark sets banknotes awash!*
Tim overlooks a manhole; ideally to see all the ore that never sees the light of day, really to pay tribute to Tim.

Festival (1)

Mickey wandering all desolate but for demons . . . by the wide gates of SODA & DONUTS—

“Dos and don’ts be damned, Mickey. Let us do all that this sad festival demands.”

Bid Mickey neither drink nor eat, ma’am, for Mickey in no mood for a thing soft or sweet.

“Soda sold out. Pour your soul out. I’ll bottle it for you. You taste it: don’t like it?, pour it down the drain.”

Festival (2)

Mrs Confectioner's unaffectionate homeric laughter is luring Mickey on to Mickey's destruction!

"Five sweet don'ts with fruitful filling and the smallest possible surface-to-volume ratio?"

—And the earth runs red with strawberry jam as the crumbs fall thick on one another, left-n'-right.

Mickey's hands-n'-feet all steeped in gore. Mrs Confectioner too fighting no bloodless fight.

A Fortiori

Not easy at all for Bob, a fortiori, with Bobby (*Just checking!*), to enter a bank lobby, a fortiori, to leave.

“With the best of intentions, sirs???”—often said after something has gun awry. I think I heard a shot.”

Bob: An arbitrary alteration of *shit*, sir. Oh, *shoot*, Bobby, hide the bubble-gum ammunition belt.

“Unusual login activity,” Mr Cyber secures, “the only savings grace. Leave as you entered: without trace.”

Verdict

Ťéd Ted? Ted' tē'd, təd. Where [self-(wish)fulfilling] Ted? Now [a] star, [about] to fall.

Single-tonguefully Ted dispelled four accusations of self-centeredness in Polabian, Czech, Livonian, Matal.

“Miaow. Unless this unsu(it)able simpleton is made of base 'met(ə)l, the fall of this fool will be 'feitəl.”

The rooftop cat just pronounced: first, itself nonsuit; second, its verdictionary on the third-floor balcony case.

Guillotine

Jack: (He)ad-free experience with an instrument composed of *heavy-blade-n'-grooves-n'-all-that-jazz*, Jackson.

John: Apply head-n'-shoulders, Johnson, or let the dandriffs be carried *adrift*, at the mercy of wind-n'-tide.

Jim: Jimson sprang headfirst in the garden of Jemima. Explicit content uninterrupted by *coitus interruptus*.

Jackson: Sliding *until proven* guillotine! **Johnson:** Wise . . . by others wise! **Jimson:** Guil(t)y . . . obsolete.

Zoom

Leave at least one pedestrian crossing, motorcycle, parking meter, fire hydrant, or traffic light* (un)checked.

Ted: No seesaws, er, slides, for the TC. **Boss:** Hello?! **Ted:** Is Ted stupid or what's up? RSVP: Yes|No|Maybe.

BOSS STARTED THE MEETING. Never JOIN NOW too late to team up with DISABLE NOTIFICATIONS button.

*If an accidental green light: zoom across the screen . . . street, unnoTicED, in the form of a black, mute swan.

Graffiti

Whiteboard, a *hypothetical* region of classroom from which *data* entered with *erasable* marker may escape.
Blackboard, the REVERSE OF whiteboard, adsorbs DUSTY white chalk PUNCHLINES from its surroundings.
Orthogonal to these rectangles? The levitational field of a square sandbox towards which Mickey graffitates.
ILLUMINATION *admits no shadows!* "Sponge that away or claim authorship:" Mickey throws in the sponge.

Blue Tent (1)

Is asking for a noon asking for the moon?!—Throwing off the face mask. Defense.
“Oh, snap!”—“Ted asking for trouble. Ted’s 1837th foul in as many snaps.”
Ten light years penalty. Correction: Half the distance to the goal.
1ST & SPACESUIT.

Blue Tent (2)

1838, 1837—Holding a pistol to opponent's head and counting down. Offense.

"Fair enough. Farewell, Ted!"—"Self-defense. That's Ted's second foul by fair means today."

The foul occurred in the war zone. By the rule, the result is a safety malfunction.

"Sideline note on erection: Ted's gauging rod: too short," reports Theia, "to ascertain my vaginal capacity."

Blue Tent (3)

Disengaged player number numbest all over the debris field. Vultures having a field day. Timeout.

“Pull tedself together. Get over that Sunday afternoon d(r)eadfullness!”—“We’ll step aside for a minute.”

(Ted in, but not out of, the blue. The 1839 pieces of intensely careless Ted are being tent-atively reuni-ted.)

“What a sorry makeshift of permanent change of station!”—“Ted or the portable, blue-canvased shelter?”

Sport

Jackson: Missing the cut by three strokes, Jack cuts back on iron: cuts Jack's two wrists.

Johnson: Racking up three balls and two strikes, John strikes a balance: draws a line through ~~strike zone~~.

Jimson: Under-rotating triple flip, Jim flips the burger script: replaces ice with fire.

Ask J'sons one on an alternative route of making one's living: by by-passing temporarily unfunny jokes!

Reliable-n'-Free

Feel free, call girls, to interrogate Ted, a breath of fresh air in an otherwise airless breathing, er, briefing, room.

Miss Busyfingersinsidepussey interrupts Ted's proposition of intercourse. "Update us on Theia, outsider."

Invoiceless. Reliable-n'-free rarely go together. As for who can be bound by rule of conduct imposed by authority—
"Sexpect," a voice of Miss Washmymouthwithsemenplease, "from an impostor a thrustworthy ejaculation!"

The Law of Averages

Tim has done a bold thing in **going alive down the manhole**, where sunrise-n'-sunset as in other places. Tim is now leading a cursive *kind of life*, the same life Tim was dealing with when Tim was above ground. *Sooner or later, Tim will resurface to emphasize mentioning the law of averages not only in passing (away).* Whatever the cause of death, password is case-sensitive: AVERAGEPERCAPITAOUTCOMEONEDEATHPERLIFE.

Alloy

My 我 heart 心 pumps irony. Iron 铁 fails 失 as money 钱 . Heart rate 率 not 不 rapid 快. Mind 心 at ease 快.
A weapon in my hand 手, its end of steel 钢, an alloy 合金 almost 快 equal 合 to gold 金, sharp 快. Soon 快.
My heart's intention 心 to govern 又 the center 心 and the outskirts 阡 not frank 率, not plain-spoken 快?
My mind 心 decisive 决, hand 手 unshakable 铁, spear 戈 violent 铁. My heart—pierced—pleased 快.

See, It Ain't Alley, Silly!, Just a Free Space between Two Laws of Any Kind

To great pains goes Jackson (*Many eyes land on me as I land again!*) to finish with the hell of thousand aches. No longer is Johnson bound to the netherworld. On one hand. And to the holly (*Smokes!*) land on the other. The realm of hungry ghosts (*Or of any other germs!*) is lost to Jimson who lives nowhere near an austere life. Why you cryin'? Rush in (*Like us J'sons who know the rope well!*) and grease the wheels with checks.

Debris

Pick Brian's minute brains apart. A second later, speculate on why is Brian scatter-brained. Yes? With Brian—for whom Brian's brains are objects, not rejects, apart from Brian—pick a fight. Bespatter the pavement with Brian's brains and pocket payment. Who in pocketing picks better trained is? Brian's thought-forming units are sparse but cell debris is dense enough to scatter light. How dense is Brian?

Slant

Ted lays Ted's body down at an angle and cools down to the studio's room-like temperature.

Ted strikes a match, opens Ted's mouth, and passes Ted's mouth quickly through the flame.

Ted spreads on Ted's tongue a loopful of bacteria from a nutrient agar slant sloping towards Nirvāṇa.

Ted . . . a match, passes . . . the flame, and, hopeful of copious growth, closes Ted's mouth.

Toddler Group (1)

“What,” Jackie asks Jack, “is worse than divorce?”

Jackson cuts in, “The worst is /the cutting of a/ wedding /cake/.”

“Where,” Jane asks John, “is John’s parental role?”

Johnson inserts, “(Apparently, the screenplay is complete without it.)”

Toddler Group (2)

“When,” Jemima asks Jim, “is our first date anniversary?”

Jim subtracts nine full moons air-drawn by Jimson from HaPpY bIrThDaY, jImSoN.

Jack and John and Jim, a.k.a. Toddler Group, meets in the garage regularly.

Why, no one asks; to enable the now third-graders to take part in throwing up from the free growth lane.

Tired Orangeade Stand

Bobby: Waiting for route 1849 bus. At a fictitious bus stop. Or a real one axed in 1849. Rejoice.

Bob: When one realizes one's own fictitious nature then everything becomes real. Just wait-n'-see.

Bobby: The reality of no timetable weighs on me—(**Bob:** No table to wait on. Orange juice?)—no more!

Bob: When the bus realizes—(**Bobby:** That the wheels fell off it?)—tireless. **Bobby:** Perpetuum mobile?!

Bawdy House Unplugged (1)

Afternoon: The bawdy woman above Ted waters her outdoor flowerpots with a series of powerful squirts.
CAUTION: FLOWERLESS BALCONY FLOOR IS WET; dry is the rectangle underneath the mat on which Ted sat.
Night: the flatwife below breathes life's half into her lungs and gags on the load of her husband's sperm.
WARNING: CHOKING HAZARD. USE Ted's joke AS A GARGLE. Filth NOT TO BE SWALLOWED or wallowed in.

Bawdy House Unplugged (2)

Anytime: The next door woman's moanings penetrate without so much as a warning one wall, two doors. Ted's studio(us eardrum) senses LOW BATTERY: PLUG IN CHARGER. Or add 1 finger, 2 fingers, 3 fingers, 4. *To continue using the dildo, Miss Nextdoor, plug it in; or shut it down and replace it with a whole fist, knuckles first!* KNOCK. "Presently, an unplugged woman presents herself to Ted as an opportunity not to be missed . . ."

Modus

Mickey to operate on Wednesdays-n'-Thursdays by way of a practical compromise: heads-or-tails, go-or-go to school. ("If today is Wednes-or-Thurs-day, Mickey will go to school. Thursday. Therefore: Mickey will go to school.")
Mary's conditional premise that Mickey enters the elementary premises unconditionally is simply false.
On heads days, headfirst diving into sandboxes. *Tailsday! Mickey to work Mickey's tail off on monkey bars.*

Car Towing Service

Jackson has not been granted by Jack the authority to divulge any names and anti-state affairs to an enemy. Johnson reads an unfit warning issued by John advising the tax office to discount profits from tax evasion. Jim not armed with folded arms, not sprawled in a leather armchair? Jimson finds such ideas preposterous. *From prosperous posterity through secret channels: 1853 rocket launchers masqueraded as car-towing service vehicles.*

Peripeteia

Jackson: By auto-renewing Jack's sin(ew)s, the mechanic perpetuates this automobile repair shop.

Johnson: If the prosecutor authorizes charges against John, the (e)scapeGOAT requests a 30-day free trial.

Jimson: Jim's random testimoney brings about peripeteia, a sudden change in a fortune cookie sentence:

Now is not the time to try something new: Let the dudes speak: J'sons taking charge off the garage!

Vaccine

Step back, boogers. In car(e)less Brian's swag bag: no stolen city sticker. *Ah-choo!* Nineteen shoppers freeze. An uncommon variant of *Sneeze!* Brian propels Brian's droplets coldly. The p(arking)lot has just got thicker. I GOT MY VACCINE! #SLEEVEUP TO FIGHT COVID-19. "LET'S SWAB THIS SICK SCAMP'S NOSE!" Nineteen SLAVEUP buttons tickle to death Brian's brains. The pick-and-*choo!*se scene has just got sicker.

The Cost of Living (1)

Bobby: The debit card ending in 1856 is about to expire!!!

Bob: That was 165 years ago. Cards are to be dealt a-gain.

Bobby: One card short of a full deck in three, two, one—

Bob: Card-iac arrest, the sudden cessation of ATM's pumping action.

The Cost of Living (2)

Bobby: Let's cover today's basic expenses ("Pear purée, please.") with—ten of hearts.

Bob: A *surprise* awaits Bobby in the center of Bobby's vital functions. *Triumphantly* discard this card.

(. . . Bobby's ego reflecting on Bobby's "Hello!" . . .) **Bobby:** Ten of (*Hollow!*) hearts again!

Bob: *Success*, the termination of *joy*. Make *new plans*.

The Cost of Living (3)

Bob: Ace of pure carbon crystallized in regular octahedrons.

Bobby: Pressure makes diamonds. Diamonds bend light. Bob dyes the dark side of full noon.

Bob: And the ace?

Bobby: Unreturnable stroke of genius!!! Truly one for the ages!! The cost of living untied from wages!

Jab

“No jab, no badge; no badge, no job; no job, Mr Ted, no . . .”

The syringe contains a solution, and the solution contains a solution to all Ted’s problems.

(A message. More. An imperative, expressing commands: clot blood, strike brain, freeze limbs, stop heart.)

Mm, risk not acceptable. Sleeve-down-don’t-shoot!

Flossless (1)

Urinal, a sculpture by Jack, is Jack's true bold, a centuries-old dwelling.

(Jackson: From which Jack's sipid piss wells up, flows in a copious stream.)

Of course. John writes. *Dam(n)!* In cursive. To emphasize. The cursed, sick nature. Of this Earth.

(Johnson: Of concrete barriers, toll gates, and toilet roll page breaks that obstruct John's flow.)

Flossless (2)

Known only to the inner circle is jim, Jim's signature lower-case autograph inscribed by screwdriver. (Jimson: On the vase's bottom, a J-shaped trap for all Jim's toothpaste crap. Lilies, a Colgate painting.) "THE GARAGE never fails to irritate!" spit out J'sons, neither contemptuously nor to irrigate. At any rate, J'sons admire the (f)lo\$\$le\$\$ workshop for being the capital enemy of State, Kingdom, Emirate.

Lexical Cue

No way. Flicker under the hovering light-now-emitting-now-not diodes in the b(zz)izarre hallway. Bzz. As soon as Ted opens the b(zz)alcony Miss Pipiens (bz)zooms through the studio and flies away, okay? *Let me first probzze the proposition with probzzoscis*—Need a lexical cue, cutie?, er, culex? Bzzye. Or die! *Bzzlood-thirsty bzzitch all right bzzut will suck Ted's relationship in-dick-ator too*—No b(zz)linds!—*Embzzarrassed?*

Breakfast

BREAKFAST ALL DAY, the chalkboard chuckles; which is why Brian frequents this place in the first place. “Fried or scrambled?” *Context conveys eggs, subtext implies brains*—she reads between Brian’s glabellar lines. Empowered by her decision on Brian’s behalf, she beams, turns on a stack of Brian’s dimes, darts away. And in no time returns with: larger breasts, eggy plate, salad bowl, bread basket. “Glass of-or-for milk?”

Lamponery

Jackie frees two turkeys with one token by thanking Jack for giving Jackie control over the muscle cart.
Jane finds a substantial amount of money unaccounted for, John a typ(h)o(on) in Jane's honeyless message.
Jemima lacks milk, to cook banana pudding. Jim draws a carto(o)n, Jemima two scissors (to draw blood).
(Between J'sons and the tireless lampost: This thesis about parents goes a long way towards lamponery!)

Ratchet

Jack's ran/dom slash/ing gets the ma/chete no/where but pro/duces a con/cen/tra/tion gra/di/ent.
John's scrawling is directionless but: *The crumpled blotter (read: origamied ratchet) reverses the bleeding!*
Jim's doing nothing, and doing nothing about it, is an embodiment of equilibrium system: holey b u c k e t.
Three losing strategies! with a potential to generate order w/out Jack's passing the buck(/et), out, a w a y.

Repository

Muscle memories exist in a remote repository, a place, Brian posits, in which curiosities gather dust. Brian clones Brian's brain: the local, striated, copy fixes merge conflicts and pushes large suicidal commits. The original implication of abundance has been lost, and that of imitation not found, in transcription. Syncing . . . ("Museums are CLOSED on Mondays, Brian!") . . . without trace to new moony deaths.

Board Games

"The tired-n'-tested way to send Saturday afternoon reeling," shares Jackson, "is by playing bored games." "No checkers, no balancers," Johnson narrows the field and picks up a handful of potato sticks. "Sorry!" Jimson, as the current jackstraws loser, declares the wild card: "Suicide king. Bluffing! One-eyed Jackson." Eventually, the backyard finds itself in a situation in which each monopolite controls a bag of potato chips.

In Its Own Juice (1)

WELCOME TO STATE FARM!

Bob: Ore gone.

Bobby: Not ogres!

Bob: Don't digress.

In Its Own Juice (2)

NATIONWIDE

Bobby: No ill in use.

Bob: Only noise.

Bobby: Canned sauce?

In Its Own Juice (3)

TRAVELERS GROUP

Bob: Suspiciously missing sour flavor.

Bobby: Wise ones consume . . .

Bob: Don't air the canned sauce.

In Its Own Juice (4)

FARMERS

Bobby: Shite!

Bob: New hemp.

Bobby: Without further ado, air looks colorless one mile high.

In Its Own Juice (5)

AMERICAN FAMILY

Bob: Cut connection to it.

Bobby: Hell-aware!!!

Bob: And now die in this place.

In Its Own Juice (6)

ASSURANT

Bobby: Beach?

Bob: Lousy-n'-losery, ana of each.

Bobby: They won't tax us if we fold.

In Its Own Juice (7)

WELCOME TO ALLSTATE!

Bob: Hold on.

Bobby: Floating halfway between highway and high wave~~~the best wishy-washy state to visit in July!

Bob: Alas, the spirit of a man can only survive in its o~w~n j~u~i~c~e in a can with no additives.

Appeal (1)

Keep clear of Ted's head(quarters), the menageriel, er, managerial, center of an organized living thing!

Convic-Ted. To be HANGED, for hanging around.

Then DROWNED, for zigzagging the law(n), creating a maze for others to get lost in.

And finally finished, QUAR-T-ER-ED, for erring pre-, peri-, and post-meditatively.

Appeal (2)

Ted's appeal (*Lawful order is awful!*) is being reviewed by—

Reptiliansssssss who rule thisssssss Jurassssssic, er, jurisssssssdiction!

"Unduly lenient sssssssentence!" is gaining traction quickly.

Unanimous decision: "First DROWN, then QUARTER, after that HANG, and finally HANG OUT TO DRY."

Legalese (1)

Jay deliberately crossed the street (*malum in se*) without regard to (child) traffic(king) regulations (*lacuna*).

Novus actus interveniens: Jay delicately stopped a toe (*mens rea*) before the dividing line (*inducta illata*).

Obiter dicta: Jay determinedly (*stare decisis*) broad-jumped (*force majeure*) to the other side (*allogidium*).

Jay's fate (*res judicata*), walking within the confines of spacetime, was baked in the placenta (*ratio decidendi*).

Legalese (2)

Jay jaywalks. Jay is jaywalking.

Jay jaywalked. Jay was jaywalking.

Jay has jaywalked. Jay has been jaywalking.

Jay had jaywalked. Jay had been jaywalking.

Legalese (3)

Jay will jaywalk. Jay is going to jaywalk. Jay will be jaywalking.

Jay will have jaywalked. Jay will have been jaywalking.

Jay would jaywalk. Jay would be jaywalking.

Jay would have jaywalked. Jay would have been jaywalking.

Legalese (4)

In loco parentis: Jay (fantastic infant).

In loco placentae: placebo (cakeless).

In loco lactis: NAN OPTI PRO PLUS water equals pigswill (and Jay is the pig against whose will).

In pari delicti: Jay's two feet (used by Jay in self-defense).

Legalese (5)

THIS LEGALESE DOES CONSTITUTE AN ILLEGAL ADVICE-N'-OPINION ON THE MATTER DISCUSSED.
IT SHOULD BE RELIED UPON, AND REGARDED AS, AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE STATEMENT OF THE LAWLESS.
JAY ACCEPTS AND ASSUMES RESPONSIBILITY, AND HAS UNLIMITED LIABILITY, TO JAYSELF.
WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE ASPHALT FIELD DELIMITED BY CURBS, BREAKDOWN LANES, CRASH BARRIERS.

Toboggan

The playground is surrounded with portable fence installed by PUBLIC GREENERY MAINTENANCE CREW. No additional brain damage from rain can be ascribed by Mickey to the overnight thunderstorm spree. *Reverse evolution may be exemplified by the terrestrial slide reverting into a pool toboggan!*—PLOP. When all is set and nothing dawn, Mickey will have seen the submerged seasaw 1882 times. SPLASH.

Slug

Bobby: Why is slug 蛞 considered a lower form of life 虫?

Bob: Down stroke.

Bobby: 丿 . **Bob:** Stop 止.

Bobby: Me, flying light-n'-low, drawing the slug?, or the starving spectre of a firefly pulling ㄥ the plug?

Checkpoint (1)

Brian was not carrying anything. Not going far? (Some food for a dazed foot-passenger.) Far from it. Speaking of food, Brian has not spoken in years, eaten in days; cannot squeeze a (funda)mental fart from it. Brian's cerebrospinal automatic transmission fluid, clear-n'-colorless, allows the self to shi(f)t for itself. ALL PASSENGER VEHICLES MUST STOP AT REST AREA (turned CHECKPOINT) but Brian did not car(e).

Checkpoint (2)

POLICE CHECKPOINT AHEAD (turned BEHIND).

“Checkpoint, mate! Stop. Turn around. Go back. Get into your car. Wait for further instructions.”

In that war(m) gravel zone by the turnpike is the spot of Brian’s arrest (Brian sees six grave strides ahead):

The place will be swarming with forces armed with guns spiked with spike protein. *Ptoey*. Checkmate.

Plandemic

What are the basement attitudes to vaccination against COVID-19?

Jackson: Radio-frequency amplifizer for jacking up PLANDEMIC signals?

Johnson: Need no VEXATION booster & Need no VEXATION booster.

Jimson: To be zenecated (*killed outright* in moderna speech). *Sic itur ad astra*. OM5G!

Makeup Exam (1)

Jack's sculptures are made _____ granite.

Jackson: OF because the stones have not been significantly changed.

John's scriptures are made _____ paper.

Johnson: FROM TOILET because the copyrighted materials have been changed and cannot be seen.

Makeup Exam (2)

Jim's paintings are made _____ recycled materials.

Jimson: OUT OF because one painting was changed into another.

You can't make this stuff _____! because, for example, the granite . . . the paper . . . the recycled materials . . .

J'sons: UP. **Jackson:** Is hard to believe. **Johnson:** Constitutes the story. **Jimson:** Compensate for lost time.

Garage Scale (1)

Jack: DoG EAt DoG is not necessarily a base(ment) behavior; pick it up and amplify 1889-times.

John: The safe deposit (tinder)box whereabouts must conform to the concept of gray area.

Jim: Look at the distilled, mellow liquids. Melodious molasses. GULP. Thunderous dunder. THE RUM.
Adding J'sons to handle a minor or major increase in GARAGE musing is instrumental in scaling out SALE.

Garage Scale (2)

Jimson placed the hourglass-shaped hand drum topped with goat skin between Jimson's legs.
Jackson picked the short-scale four-string bass. ABC. CDC. FED. One powerful (1890 W) tone at a time.
Johnson sat at the paino. DEAF. DEAD. BAD. The pianful, c(h)ordial sound harmed many an ear.
What followed was a sequence of the greatest of all time slaps. In. The. Face. Of. Measured. Flow.

Credentials

Login unsuccessful? Access to the service has been blocked? Completely, yes? Oh, no!
Do not freak out. Call +1-891-Ted-thaw. TED | ACCOUNTING FREAK. Ted's credentials?
8,429 accounting frauds, BANG!, er, bank accounts frozen due to \$u\$pecTed criminal, er, minimal activity.
Ted's melting \$treak goes uninterrupTed (coldlyeroddlyenoughsummerbankholidaysincluded).

DNA (1)

Des prefix indicates absence of some component of the principal part.

Of a tiny bit of common sense that Does Not Apply in the Principal's office.

"Is Mickey out of Mickey's mind?!"

Have the squirrels just figured out that which is slated to happen? Do Not Admit.

DNA (2)

Mickey is now chasing the squirrels, incurring a slight oxygen (symbol: O) debt.

AND A SURPLUS OF BREATHLESS SUSPENSE.

Adults (proxies for monkeys) squirrel CHASE debt (symbol: OWE), from which beef-chow-fun is cooked.

Beef is denatured ox, modified by heat so that it no longer has its having-fun-chewing-grass properties.

DNA (3)

Mickey's De(s)oxyriboNucleic Acids still encode antibusybodies.
(With the archaic snakes that Do Not Age not having slithered away.)
Called on to use DNA in a sentence, Mickey could but Did Not Answer.
Mickey's arrested Development Needs Analysis? Data Not Available.

Fee for Full-Time Service

Jackson: Jackie's entertainment aFTER foreplay was equivalent to Jack's aFTERnoon aFTERparty aFTERpiece.

Johnson: Jane assured John that a fee for service freed from handcUFFS would oFFSet the risk of oFFSpring.

Jimson: Jemima's unit of measurement (1.0 for fuck's sake) was the length of Jim's paintbrush handle.

Stoned kids throwing up full-time in the wooden garage call J'parents' bl—argh—uFFS a masterpiece!

Jive

Cars overturned, walls demolished, wages lost. Not too late to raid that imprudent place?
You be the judge of those jive ends found: *Fumble bla bla bla lost*. Jonesing for more adrenaline?
Same shitty, different day. Alas, nothing new under the absolutely jet-black sun: willfully green jerseys.
“Superfools? Gone.” Looking east, Tim points uneagerly west. “Both wentz that a’way (in the nick of time).”

Detailed Balance

The swing at its lowest position. "Hasn't Mrs Janitor seen Mickey?" The seesaw parallel to the ground. Around any closed cycle of playground states, there is no net flow of probability of Mickey's presence. Theories abound about the agent of an elementary process in equilibrium with sandcastle construction. "The principle of sneaking away in *Detailed Balance* sneakers, Mrs Principal. Let the second-grader slide."

Xenobiotic (1)

TEDITOR'S CHOICE: *Ted's Brownies Project* (2021) Drug Discovery Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow 19: 1898-1899.

Every compound abstracted from its natural environment is drug-like.

Every drug-like compound introduced into Ted is xenobiotic.

Fortun-cookie-nately, unexpected discoveries by accident are not methodizable.

Xenobiotic (2)

The resultant Xeno garden—Ted (f)risked it—was situated in a plane perpendicular to the axis of dizziness. The guinea picnickers, sedated by biscuit freebies, flatly refused to free bees, er, frisbee, er, discus(s). High time to haste to an underbrush conclusion: Ted's brownies too are classified as shit, er, sheet cookies. Declassified, no longer secret(ed): solid-fecal-matter-arranged-in-patterns-assists-contemplation.gif(t card).

Transcript

“Did they really decay into thinking that dyeing their hair pink would solve their vital problems?”
Abortive initiation of transcription is when polynucleotide polymerase leaves Tim’s error-prone tongue prematurely.
Tim—reactive, unchained, alchemical; a sidewalk bower—reverses Tim’s wireless transcript in real-time.
Tim’s mouth enters a cycle of repetitive, recyclable *Problems viral their solve would pink hair!* utterances.

Fortun-cookie-nately,
Unexpected discoveries by accident
Are not methodizable

Xenobiotic (1) 1898

XENOBIOTIC



POEMS