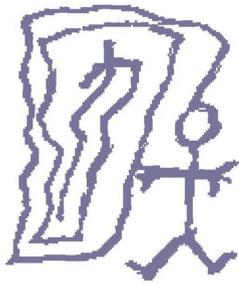


RANGES I

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for
the Mayor
the Sheriff
the Tobacconist &
the Count
one more Note toward a Pixie Culture

Andy's Not Listening to Keith Jarrett on Palm Sunday

Selection Sunday. Neither Jesús Niño the gray
clouds—yeah I said it—that settle over
the morning agree I would not forsake
my rutabaga for your roses. Calico mind
a furry sun. Copper kettle corn-blue
eyes we could gospel all thru the political
debate I'm talkin' 'bout the low & holy bone.
These gents here seem not to *Total Recall*
the Devil manages that sugar shack
down Quinnipiac we ride to roll. I've come back
black & gold come back necropolis.
Yo wit' the grapefruit the sunlit manor shatter
our respectable constable for once in Acadia
National the ducks & Warcrafters
putting on the Spring. A man who supports
the junior senator for President hawks a loogie
the size of the water before me wonderful.
Your aviators obscure "the prettiest face" a quote
which I concur. Not but wolves will smash
the invisible wall a tiger rear up to defy
47 arrows flying. Maybe the aftermath

of fireworks means a thing to riverfolk.

Is never enough to mourning. Baby I come
to a conclusion for the first time the day is warmer.

The geese returning to their cousins orchestra

play for you the periwinkle hallway

color & shape the size of trillion-dollar bills

evokes that awful feeling revelation eternal

air drops from the ceiling lilac

as the young woman's dress away from you

the war is just beginning. 1976. They are

happy now. Arrangement of my particles

smoke corrodes Odie. Bunko resolution.

Timothy Particular coaxes several guests

to quenching drink. Whilst.

A denuded mammoth looms in front of you

your chastity belt goes out the window

temperate climates accumulate

in the mirror. Lake generosity. Due in part

to the lack of diligence shown by ablebodied

bogeymen in the house the Doctor

will see no more patients 'cept they give

his dunking humility satisfaction.

The Tournament is on.

Wisdom and Goodness to the Vile Seem Vile

Spy you in the blue light as my baby

jangles jive. Better a man with a plan

than a woman con agenda. Penelope.

Don't believe the laws that govern

are mutable can change the diamond blade

perpetual thru time a prism

help you avoid Minneapolis

Philadelphia Denver the great cities

of consciousness where orange-black mixes

the afternoon in/around your lap.

Plenty of poor people struggle

shard a 40-watt 'cross your tongue.

Atrocious my soul for I stole candy

from Stew Leonard's in college

grain alcohol daily alone inside

& should've coped better

with my mother's death from cancer.

But she loved

B.B. King & she was from Connecticut.

A girl in a hamburger hat helps me

to my wagon. Thank you as she draws

my toothpick pops the last packet

of astronaut food. Principalities & mutations!

Grant me good to know green

from red to know when a mountain needs

a mole do suffer me to embarrass myself

to show the way of the platypus.

I'll walk you to the river & lay you laughing

down. Summersend we take the glory

the sun air fields ready with corn

the cow shit. That's Nature baby I love it

as it leaps. Called a quorum so we could

trace the carnival's path predict its arrival

as the month closes class. I toss for you.

The goldfish comin' with us to the farm.

Just in the dusk you sat to sing

barbed wire ocean come Jeremiah Johnson.

I've quite enough this oligarchy funk.

Preacher play the organ to wake

me Sunday morning but I have found

another nave to pray. Gather together

friends 'round this fine buffet

marmalade pervades the scene but cheese

enough for all. You catch that dunk

last night when the Hornets beat the Heat?

The platypus knows how to creep.

The platypus is creepin.

Scarlett Johansson on the Fourth of July

Hey the island is way out there. My Captain

you collapse the particulars to crystalline

epiphany the color of Rome in May

the warmth of 2,000 years washing over kitten &

cougar the same. Arapaho birthmark

the new Animal Collective makes my mind.

My Friend you are a skilled hunter

the roses bombing the pyramid serve

your patriotic lips. All around you knives

of sun serve up bountiful banana perfume.

Told the man I wanted a raven

roosting on my shoulder when I woke

all I get some crappy lights green

streaks of melon-rays bathe my crotch

nuzzling like the Immortal's corgis.

Ah so this is the empire what the empire

brings me so much wonderful why recall

how I complained! My Siren silky

milk-white garden under lavender moon

light lodged in my mind marvelous

invention but in reality you are here on top

of me. Woman running from no more
straight to the arms of maybe
sometimes you concoct dreams about
me & you & lions emerging from tall grass.
From the time of witches you
emerge your penis as long as the President's
at least when she still had one. My Domina
I await the future with open arms &
sister here comes my summertime.
But that happened. This. I'm talking
about all the advantages a black man has
in this country in this real radical age
John Lee Hooker. My point exactly.
He rescued those iguanas from
the terrorist librarians at Great Adventure.
Repaired a spaceship & they flew
him to Saturn. Collected nebulae
in a firefly jar returned to Coahoma
where there he built the largest reptile farm
in the western hemisphere raising
the stakes. Shimmy shake my Long Love
a month of smooth-fucking. Vampires
couldn't even vanquish the man

had so much power. I saw him once

at the Varsity. He called me by my name.

An Oregon Log Jam for the Fop of the Fields

Natty Bumppo like it shoulda been. Outcrop

to the stratosphere no way Rosey Greer

I abscond contigo the permanent

adjournment of what I know you

want to be true. We never know what's good

save true 'til the Winnebago pull off

Pacific sunset & you go I could go for

yeah I asked you to hold the pickle now

hold it. I'll clean the Augean stables with

your mom. Way above Iggy Pop standards

of decency what are you complaining

'bout now saddleback shoes too cute

Mr. Osterberg says turn blue you turn

black. I love it better than the clap

sometimes. Other times I go where I'm going

now geocentric travels involving

a bad man in a bad way made for you

me I could go for a burger right he'ah.

The biggest part is stepping back

looking at yourself & saying

I can be better & tomorrow I will be

enveloped by three dotting women
of different shapes & sizes strap-ons.

Trailblazing I'm what's about to
happen like it happens to everyone
all the thruway history the stars
galaxies eternities dimensions
poo-poo undies & *Zorro the Gay Blade*.

Can't get away no matter
how far I travel to the cornfield
lean on the edge of Nebraska
I love you. To in my all of you I love
debauchery solemnity the debauched
solemn you seek always to
maintain. Once in a while I go back
inside but I don't want to. You can't betray
the oyster. Everywhere you turn he
in mythology she follows. Darn that sea
I so wanted to fall back in
with the sky. That juice you drank was
sluice from this tranny's noice anus.

Great men are not always wise
neither do the aged understand judgment.

I hereby resign my post from the Daughters

of the American Revolution which was that
of fluffer. Nuts. On the cusp I was
secured the tender from Thomas
Paine's shade. My sylph I can
I take you back a little while everyone
I promise always
in my arms & rock.

High Noon in Maine Without Birthday Suit or Birch

I don't know these so-called chickens Kay

deterraforming that little boy's wishlist just for

a shish kabob sundae now that's not jiggy.

Dig it. Ballyhoo ballroom you're not anywhere

everywhere I go. The genocide of innocence

like pretending my regicide had gassiness but ho!

The Supreme Bean reigns. I cannot for the jest

but pee on a beagle noting the deciduous

out-flares coniferous specifically the balsam.

Martin Luther King Pleasure Seeker Found.

Knocking when to knock & bingo he batshit

all over the dome like *News of the Fall of Troy*

North Adams. Route 2 in the near distance

I find you watching from beneath.

The moon. Popular opinion if my neighbor

believes repeating the fantasy as function

Portland orange to lunar. Go. Takeover

take down our talk time when the whiny

curs stop their slaving O llama.

I would but. Our public catastrophe remains

lightning over the Sierra Nevada

beer bottles litter your lame-ass personas.

Stroke. Stroke. Circle-stroke. Blockade

the harbor 'til the harbormaster wakes

& will be witness to the poultry we place

'pon the Altar of Sweet Georgia Brown.

I do a little while doggy-style

but yer too good gimme "Strange Meadow Lark."

Enough of the enough. Blackout purple's

your curtains in what garish poverty no one

knows fo' sho' not even Hamburglar.

Now we come to the other other end

Krampusnacht for the first time ever. Like.

Conquest fragments cool beast treble

imagination by a girl & girl & boy & boy

'til the rest are like the rest like the rest

of the world whereby we are all over.

Not above nor around. Not beast

nor god not thunder on the water.

Up from the fields come mother come

daughter. I love you as you dress the day

down to night before dagger stars dive

crapped out from inner darkness & outer

beauty no beauty but beauty's roomy yea.

Farrago For Henry Gould Not Henry Gould But Henry

The gods of the island bite. Mon Charcuterie

wee-wee that comes out my pee golden

the halls of Olympus. Dusky Persephone.

Can I can't I call you Iris the green casque's

outdone thy petulance. Pestilence meter

abandoned by those who love her best

would beat her not with fists but Shalimar.

Th' 4th—the open shore I lean over see Sam

waving from Houston. His smile seas

o'er the gods of the island valley delight

brings buckaroo bonanza. Shit fistful

fuck fling in Dog the atom Hallowe'en

be thy name. Resod old Giants Stadium.

Let's have a toss. The Iroquois Nation

can't get into England. Why should they?

Now do you see what we mean? Can we

I beseech thee my brothers-&-sisters-

in-farms I did not know that that the the

was there when I tooted. Hey dandelion.

Got to have a mouth to get out. Camarado

con the black man. Universal weather purple

velour pants possibly. Zounds mischievous
whoopee cushion. The gods of the valley
flash their eyes at French-bags
dancing to the beat of a funky funky
daytime chillsnight. Close to right
but exactly where it lands. Universal weiner.
Cold heather. Shalamar. Graveyard
fastest way to unsure. Still that circle.
Wolf Road takes time to bring you home.
Horse too cloppy. Whip 'er hard
nicely. When you've gone longtime
limp-dicked some o' the times is hard
to courage. Great Nature. We share
are not apart from it. Are of & it.
Diego now blaze the Batman Collectible
Series relaunch October.
A million little comic-cons every second.
Brother Jonathan Galassi what the hell
was that like? Bet you threw a party too.
D'oh! No Charcoal Merry you's not for your sins
spicy as might spill.
The gods of the valleys
are not God of the hills.

Johnny & The Mothers are Playing “Stompin’ at the Savoy” in Vermont Tonight

7:14. The green clock reads. Dark horse

chutzpah outs pale amaranth pink

the curtain is a blanket. The market

can feel it like the Jackson 5 & I canoeing

where I been before no. Hugo Chavez hissy-fit

rename waterfalls are nameless

I dub thee instead Nouveau-Conservative.

Drop my deuce `pon you. Making bones

how I get the stars to stay shiny in tha noir.

You ask me for stories when we're telling one

but you can have anything cranberry

the cat from the mantelpiece donned feldgrau

nor do you not do the harlequin justice.

Moonlight on the beach. Bah. This one time

not so odd years ago me Doctor

the Sheriff & Count went independent book-

store couldn't find ourselves if we wanted.

Yawped later for the world's fatness expands

with each laugh `til Ol' Massa zplodes.

Virginia Todahl Davis Alumni House.

O me O my O thing not match what do?

From bobbysoxer to bullhorn I bring you

balloon rides bonfires barkers on the midway

that stall you must've come sans fanfare.

Don't you are now downstate. Fresh peaks over

a decade in the making quicken my ascension.

7:15. Satin bows welcome forgotten sighs

Satan grab darts & start for the rumpus.

Daily is something for the day. Jubilation!

Go back 'r go bad. One circle 'round another 'round

well we no shrink from purloin

obsoive. Cuckoo bird. A crimson ocean sailed she

flamingo savannahs bathed pepper-yellow.

I saw another example off this man hop from one

fossil era to the next with little trouble/help

dear *New York Times*. Popular journalism is

Barry Gibb. Cover me in your love. Spread

out falcon descending the timorous

rabbit if not this Christmastime

survives. I tweet a song about a rock

but three questions for my life your eyes

the forestcloak at dawn/dusk. Our electric.

Dope harvest.

The Notion of Equality From a Man About to Die

You do good with the holes there Sam

you do good with the hole. & when

Sam you do so good the world opens up

oysters crawl upon you. Asylum Avenue misses

you misses G. Fox. You go down

to the valley without first telling

the goblins. Don't want no monkey paw.

Keep that hoodoo in the truck bed.

I'll bake the cornbread & break

the spoonfed. Angles on these buildings

'd make I.M. Pei rend his Cosby

sweater to curve. My problem is mainly I love

every woman I see. Live a lifetime I want

with them all showering with

water what else? Soapy in the morning

that's love's lost time. Tanglewood ah

Tanglewood you gather me to you pleasant.

Every man I see. To please her's to please

the universe I am your servant you know

from cockcrow to moonglow.

Crackalack the furnace flow & wake

the cottage warmer. No dorm room could ever

like as we've done Villa America.

Part of washing the dishes is putting them away

keeping the Ken Nolands undusty

from the Nag. We paid good money for them.

We paid money for them. My five-dollar

bill is purple a sign that Progressive

politics is taking root in the republic I love.

Armchair gods of the Pioneer Valley

we've flown to freak you how you

find right & ask for little but a cheeseburger

an ounce a pixie bob

golden anchor pansy pot

for to climb the Alchemist's tower.

If you find us distasteful the world's almost

over anyway anyhow anywhere

I hang my head I still can't find my home.

My friends they fill me with ebullience. My friends

a plantation owner & a cop.

My friends we can't believe for each other

& soon will have to part. All along

the causeway Florida sun beaming

back the last rays these haunting mystic days.

There was a time too long ago I would've
laughed at a man being eaten by
thousands of tiny spiders. That time
you promised soon to return
without laughter as it was not
as it will be but especially Sam
without the spiders.

These ranges—as I have come to call them—are part of a larger vista, the *Green Mountains*. They would not have been composed without the friendship & enthusiasm of Andrew Hughes, Whit Griffin, Jason Myers, and Evan Kennedy. These were written for them—& so are dedicated to them.

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NOTES

Wisdom

Lear, IV.ii

Log Jam

“A dilettantism in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of fields is no better than his brother of Broadway.” Emerson, *Nature* (II)

Farrago

cf. Ethan Allen

Johnny

Johnny Dangerously (1984), dir. Amy Heckerling

Notion

Samuel Amadon, b. 1980, American poet