



ADAPTATIONS OF PELT AND HOOF



J E R E M Y H O E V E N A A R

H _ N G M _ N
B K S © 2 0 1 2



OUR PRE-REVOLUTION PORTRAIT

It was effortless to tune time by striking varying lengths of time.
Sun posed on the north wall of a freshly dug ditch.
Into which we pitched everything we had.
Everything we had being one reusable duration:
kindness, projector light, restraint, and total mediation.
Into which we pitched a tent while saying in voices of total mediation,
"meditation, meditation, meditation, meditation."
Our voices wobbled like sprung heat in the crook of a tree.
I spoke to the tree. You were a controlled blue at the bottom of a hill.
Your infinite balloons smiled into the teeth of a bicycle.
A system let us in through the back door.
Adjusting the tines is "meditation, meditation."
Maps leak from the peak volumes of six hundred and sixty six theses.
It always rains during the ceremony of seven tents.
This keeps away the fragment men –
their dark hammers and opaque field glasses.
Their spastic judgments and frantic casting of mimetic nets.
Each blink you make is a meme in the wall of my sleep.
Once, after meditation, I said "the wall of my sleep,"
and we laughed and laughed and laughed
and the laughter was like an ambulance engraved on a leaf
of grass twisted with other leaves of grass into a shape like a name.
What we thought was an armada of triangles
turned out to be a series of empty sailboats in perfect working condition.
Then they turned out to be triangles again.

18 9 LINE ADAPTATIONS

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Are you underdog or monkey
in the middle of a truckload
exposition that fondly marauding
craters save for placards
in meek backyard displays.

Mounting spontaneous safety-checks.

We can make a house or a vehicle.

Either way sleep is rangy padding
for pandemic midnight splicing.

DENIZENS OF THE SLOPES

Don't go there by remote.

At best the glazier will ask you to conceal your camera.

An intuitive layout for the major scale

is rifling the contents of your transmutation.

Thumbs move faster now that the camp

has been granted electric light.

We eat each other even though we have plenty of food.

Winter drops pylons into the mouth of a cave.

Then laughter negates something.

INTERIOR OF A CRATER

Meanwhile the planes we take shudder with digestion.

Meanwhile the under-privileged posit a vaporous new theory of the first birds.

Meanwhile the western hemisphere hurls fugues at fortified sand dunes.

Meanwhile, beneath the city, counterfeit events are printed quickly in locked rooms.

Meanwhile soldiers weight their hands to make everything more challenging.

Meanwhile the maverick death-throes of a very small margin of safety.

Meanwhile the make and model of her new toes.

Meanwhile childlike pointing ensues inside the courtroom.

Meanwhile a dark shape gags on six years worth of moldy deposition.

KRAKATOA AND CHILD

I was born on the hood of a hot rod and grew up in the rampant shadow of a hammer.

I was born in the bowels of a defunct satellite and grew up in geosynchronous chintz.

My mother has always filled well-insulated men with white towers.

My mother has always not shown up in Google searches for sex swings.

My father talks about murder the way a folded mountain looks like a flower.

My father talks about commuting as though filling a cooking bowl with an assault.

I spent years as a certain wavelength of light and never missed a single episode.

I spent years culling the kernels of wisdom from newsprint and never got blamed.

When I die I will live on and on and on as a virtual tumor in the head of a space marine.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF MOUNTAINS

We can make a house or a vehicle.

We can generate embattled gestures with twigs or knotted strings.

If we push up from the ground traces of expired civilizations

will glimmer in our gardening and the exhaust we produce

in our traveling will hook ideas like giant silverfish.

If we suspend ourselves from a great height

geology will marry ethics and the ceremony

will establish protocol for all future adventures

of leisure mixed with rigorous intellectual atomism.

THE WHITE DEATH

You decided you were going to start a war with all of your small change.

Taking your meaning, the whole town left you bereft of a method.

For days you carried a scepter and refused to answer questions.

You grew haggard and desperate looking. You were easily entranced by music.

You disappeared into an ambulance siren and spent years in there.

I am busy throwing clown-faces into the basement incinerator when you finally call.

A short conversation ensues:

“Hello tree, hello dear God,” you say.

I say, “I think you meant to call someone else.”

RETURN OF THE IBEX

All day I carried a scepter and skimmed a fiction over the grass.

You wore a skirt suited for passive reception.

Under there I knew Plato's cave with its inverted shimmer

was the oven heating whole millennia.

Shadows of snow leopards raged on the walls.

Unable to turn my head, I leapt

into the rehearsal of an estranged anatomy.

After this I was incapable of seeing people

as anything but disembodied hands.

A TIMID HOME LOVER

Your bare feet returned their quickness to the twitching of a nose.

It was the pivot in a narrative of cobblestones and smoky domesticity.

We talk long on the phone and string up the silences to honor holidays.

We cheer up to the rustling bones of old newspapers.

That's the water in the well we draw from.

That's the return to a pivot that doesn't end.

Somewhere between playground and soundlessness.

Somewhere at the top of a mushroom cloud.

Small teeth turning in the backyard dirt.

A LEGENDARY MARAUDER

Then laughter negates the cloak and dagger permutations of a failed utopian radio play.

Everyone comes out to see it – the drinking bear, Blinky Palermo, Bommi Baumann.

They build a temporary house out of alternative energy and drink cold beer.

They tape the laughter and play it back while having after dinner coffee.

The bear smokes too much and coughs. But the coughs are philosophical.

Mornings are spent arranging an army of musical instruments.

Everyone understands that everything is a failure and that is why they can relax.

They are writing a book based on all of their disagreements.

Blinky is fond of saying, “Not everything is a fucking allegory!”

LONG SKIRTED LADIES

The exiles of my childhood become camera probes
midway through the journey of my life.

Kites are pierced simply to address an ache to see smoke.

When the beast peeks from between your knees
and lesions tip their hats into oncoming traffic:

then there is nothing left to do but abscond upriver.

The journalists can't find a driver adaptable enough
to negotiate such labyrinthine atavisms.

And you may not show up on the surface of the earth at all.

ASSAULT ON DEVIL'S TOWER

Following a series of repeatedly failing gestures,

I hit upon the idea of addressing atoms individually.

They live in the space between frequency and doublethink.

They respond only in numbers and count with their feet like trained horses.

They count for hours and reach a number that I have never heard,

but that clearly means: “there’s no such thing as a failing gesture.”

It’s not exactly scientific, but it’s not a suspense film, either.

Our successful assault on the axis of evil is both

a historical moment and an object of entertained fascination.

FIFTY FAMOUS MOUNTAINS

You're not in time. You're too late. You missed it.

God's not only dead, he's completely decomposed.

All the light hitting all the tables will be pungent from now on.

You might as well behead your memories and stake them along
the perimeter of your fortifications. It will help keep back
the stretched epithets and mutations of address.

Don't forget to visit the harp stuck in the throat of wholeness.

Don't miss our anechoic caverns and our light seasonal urges.

Don't leave without seeing our unparalleled stockpiles of squirming qualia.

WORK IS HARD AND THE RICHES ARE FEW

One small and minutely painful climax per day
is what we're allowed in our mosquito-utopia.

I'll tell you about this because I am here and you are distant.

I like the idea of iron bones' impossible romance with the ocean
and try to have it every afternoon. It is a dream

that paints faces on this stretched tape of unspoiled country
even as the tree line resorts to garish angles to convey its distaste.

Time was, an organ tipped into a timeline made all the difference.

Now there are too many songs and not enough suns.

FILLING HER COOKING BOWLS

When I say love isn't enough it means I want to fuck.

But it's only one keen twitch in a heated concrete wedge.

It resembles waking up, which continues to be an act
that is performed upon me, or a toxic level of caffeine
in the bloodstream. For instance, morning comes
and I fill your cooking bowl with burning wreckage.

I stir in fear and a deck of cards. We always enjoy
a little Vivaldi then. We play the wrong seasons.

We talk about what could have been.

A KIND OF UNDERPRIVILEGED SUPERMAN

“Will my face swell? Will my stomach, my hands swell?”

“When will I start becoming hollow, yellowing?”

“Is it normal to be terrified by particles?”

“What do I do if my tongue flaps?”

“What if my skin develops its own language?”

“Is that sweet murk toxic? Will I go blind?”

“Is that crow making fun of me?”

“Will my fingerprints descend into garish angles?”

“Have you been tested? Have you?”

MOUNTAINS HAVE ALWAYS FILLED MEN

The gates are locked at the postmodern ringtone factory.

A violent skirt of digital insects protects its perimeter.

I know you're in there playing harmonica blues into an extension cord.

I know you never eat until our specific gravities become equal.

This is true even though I am outside in the street with a stringless guitar.

Remember when we made plans to record the sound of a mountain?

We reverse engineered the present to inscribe a hard drive with future platitudes.

We snapped state lines onto a giant grid.

At night a hectic light burns in the anechoic tower where you work.

WELL INSULATED AGAINST THE THIN

time provided

a wide angle shot

with enough cyclical habituation

to suggest

a sense of being a front

for multiple concealed angles

bent on moving

as much as possible

when no one was looking

A VERY SMALL MARGIN OF SAFETY

- 9) Confusing love and concussion
- 8) Confusing irreverence and intelligence
- 7) Confusing tinnitus with the screeching of an eagle
- 6) Confusing certain words with demiurges
- 5) Confusing a triangle with the instant immediately preceding speech
- 4) Confusing panoramic photographs of strip malls with liberty
- 3) Confusing oncoming traffic with an insulated stampede
- 2) Confusing Surrealism with a triumphant egress
- 1) Confusing what must be done with what you already did

**ARTIFACTS FROM
A DUBIOUS
FUTURE**

IN THE 21ST CENTURY IT WILL BECOME POSSIBLE TO CIRCUMVENT THE ROAD OF TRIALS

One behaves as autonomously as possible when the basement is full of listing stacks of illegible directives. In this place the trick to a successful acclimation may be a unique kind of rigorous inversion: if you make the mind into the body, and the body into the mind, secrets will be a matter for medical science.

All ragged ghosts want flatness. Ragged ghosts can't have flatness. So this flag might suggest surrender. But it might be a decoy. Ragged ghosts like to punish everything else. Be careful when approaching if you think you are not a ragged ghost.

You may find it easiest, when encountering circles, to pass directly though their centers, which radiate the quiet temper of loose knots. Never stop while in progress.

Some circles will follow you home. Don't encourage them.

It's frustrating but there are good reasons for it.

Think of time in terms of compound miters. When polishing your smallest increments (some of you will have nanoseconds), resist the urge to attribute human qualities to them.

If you find yourself engaged in a dialogue with one or more of these increments, remember it's a projection, even if that makes you feel sad.

Capillary action is not proof of the will of trees. Do not identify with leaves.

You find your windows are jammed. This is not accidental. Hold tight. Someone will be along shortly.

Elegant feet and the heat of smooth stomachs are the sutures of a controlled climate.

Feel frightened. Be seduced.

Run your hands over the diverse topography of options. Some will catch in your fingertips like splinters. This is how you will know.

EXPERIENCE WILL COME TO RESEMBLE THE INTERIOR OF A CRYSTAL

One feels that there is an irreversible deterioration built into the smallest components of one's personal vocabulary – this of flesh and bone and articulate abstraction. These envious and churned threads seeking the smallest complete event. But the nervous environment continues to reproduce itself, implacable as bad teeth.

Closer things are viscous, dripping – wide-eyed bricks and eternal glass vigilance. One room is persistent no matter how much room. Soft corners, a kind of pale yellow confusion. This and oblique satisfaction, reaction, peroration of the day. Sun setting on the moment of recognition.

Pulling a flame from whatever's handy.

The very idea of weight is corruption. This morning I throw open the shade and pull heat in through my damp shirt. I find gravity classified as enemy. I find cloud rejects my amorous advances. A system of blinks and once more I am piloting a map of tattered impulses into the side of your head.

Note: Yesterday I experienced a series of urges. I was pleasantly. I was particularly orange in the blue region and surprised by this experience's reproducibility.

I can't remember anymore if this was metaphor or event, but I am trying to thread the left side of my life through with internal rhyme, small mnemonic crimes, something to stain the white enamel of the day.

There should have been some signal at the green terminus. Signposts even without signs would have comforted. The wind is shifting, and other things shift in suit. I reconfigure as well and so what changes.

PROPOSAL FOR A FUTURE MONUMENT TO MEMORIALIZE ALL OF HISTORY HUMAN OR OTHERWISE OFFERED IN THE FORM OF A CONDENSED NOVEL

CHAPTER THE FIRST

From the safe distance of spaceships one can make pronouncements like “constellating is the historic hospital for the human wound.” There is no need to fear reprisal. Reprisal is another node that can be appropriated by the vocal net and misconstrued into the negative potential of made decisions. It couldn’t be clearer. Which may be. Wait. A diagnosis is forthcoming. Something will have to be colonized under an expanded conception of colonization—a flag or a bronze folly implicating the generosity of empirical mishaps perhaps. What is the smallest component of rupture? How much time is left of money? One finger on the killing floor. “Blood Is Beautiful.” The past is ridiculous—a good opportunity to employ the word ridiculous. Propose space grammar. Ruin-syntax. Relax. Our doctors will set the broken appendices. It’s too late to explain.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

Specters thrive in a vacuum and abhor ornamentation. Keep this in mind when raising your glorious monument. Use materials that glint or gleam when washed with light. You hope for a staggering effect. Also the ability to be interesting. Upstairs from curiosity is where most upstaging takes place. For _____ sake check the temperature! Insert rhythmic designation of that which circumscribes context. In other words—con the text before it cons you—out of your surplus medium, into running backwards and feeling philosophical—other effects are certain but remain undocumented. The last deposed dictator was famous for saying “it was never meant for us to build anything.” Above all use solid, high-quality materials. Take lessons from the Project for the New American Entropy. Otherwise you run the risk of your slashes tipping into a highly unstable hyphen-state.

CHAPTER THE THIRD

You might call this the denouement. You might consider your audience to be the green flamingoes of Impetus Island. You might see Babel in every beehive. But these are only loose suggestions hard up for cash. Smoke is evocative. The faster you fly away. Vanishing talking points. Slather honey on yourself to ease your entry into the future. Thusly. “Something happened” can appeal to almost anyone.

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