

La Fin du Monde

Chris Ryan Lauer

A thesis

submitted in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

University of Washington

2021

Committee:

Joe Milutis

Amaranth Borsuk

Program Authorized to Offer Degree:

Interdisciplinary Arts and Sciences

© 2021
Chris Ryan Lauer

University of Washington

Abstract

La Fin du Monde

Chris Ryan Lauer

Chair of the Supervisory Committee:

Joe Milutis

School of Interdisciplinary Arts & Sciences

La Fin du Monde, consists of a nonlinear assemblage of excerpts from the content within my book of poems in progress, titled, *La Fin du Monde*. The work highlights my propensity to allow myself to be vulnerable, engage in self indulgence, and disappear into collectivity. My writing blends reference and meaning with texture & sound, it is preoccupied with its personal nature, which involves emotional aptitude, the materiality of language, and the experimentation of form, to eventually become a revelation of its own process. My objective is to create an intimate experience for the reader by incorporating a fusion of thoughts & ideas associated with my past, while simultaneously, expressing the modern environment in which I exist. My work romanticizes life, and employs a variety of its many themes & scenes in a cinematic capacity, such as, success, failure, romance, sex, conversation, the interior, film d'auteur, visual art, nature,

geography, and gastronomy. There is a strong influence of certain philosophies, intellectual ideas, and poetic trends on display, such as, existentialism, radical empiricism, imagism, and romanticism. I develop the origins of each piece through stream of consciousness, lumps of language, and fragments of dialogue, with the intention of provoking attention by assembling stanzas that interact with one another, and that produce a lyrical vocality when coming off of one's tongue. The arrangement of my writing follows the aesthetic and process of constructivism, which for some, may seem paradoxical. Marjorie Perloff, a poet and professor, suggests in her book, *21st-Century Modernism*, that "the truly valuable contributions modern poetry can make lie not in expression but in what she calls constructivism, a philosophy of composition in which language, far from being a vehicle or conduit for thoughts or feelings outside and prior to it, is itself the site of meaning-making" (Munson). The significance in meaning in my work lies within the nature of the process, and eventually reveals its true intentions.

The New York School

I find inspiration from many artists, writers, schools of thought, etc., however, one of the most influential movements, in reference to my own work, is the New York School, because of their usage of radical aesthetics, imagism, and their capacity to experiment with form. The group consisted of writers that focused on confessional expressionism, and took inspiration from music, painting, cinema, and surrealism. Their friendship with one another, affinity for residence in New York City, and aversion to technical constraints, bonded them. In bending genre and playing with the narrative qualities of poetry, they developed their own individuality and created new beginnings. There was no fixed curriculum involved in their philosophy of writing, but the literary world they created was intended to be conversational, modern, intimate, enigmatic, allusive, cosmopolitan, lyrical, and performative. The three poets involved in the movement that have the most influence on my work are Ted Berrigan, Bill Berkson, and John Ashbery.

Ted Berrigan

Berrigan was a second wave New York School poet who was immersed in the hybridizing New York City art movement in the early to mid 1960s, he spent a considerable amount of time visiting museums, enjoying plays, and viewing the opera. He incorporated components of French New Wave cinema into his own work, and specifically, Godard's disruption of sound, scene, and setting as character, which inspired his theatrical pieces of writing. By combining the usage of cinematic influences, and his own stream of consciousness, he was able to produce poetry that was expressed with an authentic voice, and one that displayed precise meaning in tone and mood. Throughout his writing process, he has an innate capacity to be emotionally specific, and consciously embeds the oracular within the text, to give his pieces of writing a dialogic edge. In the short poem below, "Red Shift", we can see that there is an accusatory tone on display, the pronoun is a readymade and this piece comes off as performative in relation to his own experiences. Towards the end of the piece he is able to convey such tone while still pointing to the illusory nature of identity. In the concluding lines of the poem, seemingly suggesting intimacy, sentiment & loss, the relationship between the oracular and the performative is emotionally specific. The pronouns are an abstraction that he is projecting himself onto.

I'm only pronouns, & I am all of them, & I didn't ask for this

You did

I came into your life to change it & it did so & now nothing

will ever change

That, & that's that.

Alone & crowded, unhappy fate, nevertheless

I slip softly into the air

The world's furious song flows through my costume. ("Berrigan")

Berrigan's most influential book, *The Sonnets*, writes as a non-linear continuum of his personal life, which takes place in a frivolous manner, and encompasses the sociopolitical issues associated with the New York poetry scene. The construction of, *The Sonnets*, reflects the similarities of Eisenstein's works of montage by initially putting more emphasis on the process of assembling through rearrangement, which ultimately leads to the production of an organic narrative, and the discovery of new & fulfilling metaphorical poems by the process of interspersing. Below is "A Final Sonnet".

How strange to be gone in a minute! A man

Signs a shovel and so he digs Everything

Turns into writing a name for a day

Someone

is having a birthday and someone is getting

married and someone is telling a joke my dream

a white tree I dream of the code of the west

But this rough magic I here abjure and

When I have required some heavenly music which even now

I do to work mine end upon their senses

That this aery charm is for I'll break

My staff bury it certain fathoms in the earth

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book.

It is 5:15 a.m.

Dear Chris, hello.

“A Final Sonnet”, begins with a reflection on mortality and shifts to the concepts of power & magic. The existential unpredictability and reflection of mortality, that, given the New York School’s emphasis on causal relations, and poetic play, is never quite as serious as we expect it to be. In fact, instead of a mournful tone, the tone affirms life. It begins with the line “How strange to be gone in a minute!”, this opening line seems to celebrate the uncertainty associated with existence. In the following lines, “Someone is having a birthday and someone is getting married and someone is telling a joke - my dream a white tree- I dream of the code of the west”, from Berrigan’s perspective, expresses the notion that the majority of his contemporaries are followers, living unoriginally, and he doesn’t subscribe to that reality. The white tree is a metaphor for a life that is unusual and interesting. “The code of the west”, opens the door to this attractive life of liberation & freedom, and is the escape route to his ideal situation. In the lines below, he is discussing the adoption of magic for power & manipulation to achieve his success, and once he achieves it, he’ll divorce his unnatural power, by, “drowning his book”.

When I have required some heavenly music which even now

I do to work mine end upon their senses

That this aery charm is for I'll break

My staff bury it certain fathoms in the earth

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book."

It is 5:15 a.m. Dear Chris, hello.

You'll notice that Berrigan is shifting from the emotional interior dialogue to the exterior and back. "Chris, it's 5:15 a.m. I miss you" (I'm alone without you) (You fulfill me) (Where are you?). Chris, has become an intrusive thought, a household name. When the book drowned, the magic had been renounced. Chris can no longer be manipulated. The intermixing of text on display between Berrigan's own writing and lines from Shakespeare's, *The Tempest*, creates an intertextual piece of poetry, that conveys a metaphorical message of existential uncertainty, and the adoption of power for achievement.

Bill Berkson

Bill Berkson was a poet and art critic. He became a part of the New York scene after being introduced by his mentor Kenneth Koch. He later moved to Bolinas, California in 1960, and established a practice focusing on observation, criticism, and teaching at the San Francisco Art Institute. He developed a love for curating shows, as well as writing reviews for the SFMoMA, and contributed monthly to *Artforum*, *Aperture*, *Modern Painters*, and *Art on Paper*. The origin of his writing and form is authentic, and can't be categorized as any one particular style. He often used anecdotes in his poetry to describe his life growing up in a posh Manhattan household, and also wrote extensively about his life spent in San Francisco. His ability to romanticize the banality of life, his association in the art world, and his bicoastal lifestyle is on display in his book, *Expect Delays*, which has a significant influence on my work.

John Ashbery

John Ashbery graduated from Harvard, where he was a writer for the university's literary magazine, the *Harvard Advocate*. He later attended Columbia University, where he received his M.A. in English in 1951. In the following years, he worked as a copywriter in New York City, and then moved to France, where he was an editor for the *New York Herald Tribune*, as well as an art critic for *Art International*. His postmodern and surrealist style of writing is complex, inventive, & experimental, so much so, that it's incomprehensible, making it controversial to many of his critics. The convoluted perception of his work seems inexplicable & inaccessible at times, however, because of its lyrical quality, and free verse structure, it's always interesting. The poems are a documentation of Ashbery's erratic stream of consciousness and motives. There is a rapid shift of ideas taking place within his psyche, and unlike his colleagues works, the writing isn't typically fixed or built. This format forces the reader to spend a significant amount of time dissecting each piece because of the complexity of it, and I believe manages the reader to the same extent that an abstract painting manages a patron at the museum where it is on display. There is a sense of duration and improvisation involved in each piece. For me, his works encompass a sequence of moments that convey a deferral of meaning in the tradition of ecriture. In most of his poetry, it seems as if there isn't necessarily anything to understand in the work, but instead, they're constructed for the reader to enjoy the play of language that's on display. "His poetry is open-ended and multi-various because life itself is, he told Bryan Appleyard in the *London Times*: 'I don't find any direct statements in life, my poetry imitates or reproduces the way knowledge or awareness come to me, which is by fits and starts, and by indirection. I don't think poetry arranged in neat patterns would reflect that situation. My poetry is disjunct, but then

so is life'. His poems move, often without continuity, from one image to the next, prompting some critics to praise his expressionist technique and others to become frustrated with his refusal to adhere to traditional approaches to meaning" (Ashbery).

"To Redoute", from his book, *The Tennis Court Oath*, is an interesting piece to me because of the lyrical quality of it. I envision myself reading this poem slowly and expectantly. In its entirety, I believe the poem metaphorically describes the shortness and beauty of life. The line that caught my eye reads, "Back into the night, the cough of the finishing petal", which highlights the finality of death, and the transition into darkness. However, I'm most interested in the vocality of the piece, and how "strong" it sounds.

"To Redoute"

To true roses uplifted on the bilious tide of evening

And morning-glories dotting the crescent day

The oval shape responds:

My first is a haunting face

In the hanging-down hair.

My second is water:

I am a sieve.

My only new thing:

The penalty of light forever

Over the heads of those who were there

And back into the night, the cough of the finishing petal.

Once approved the magenta must continue

But the bark island sees

Into the light:

It grieves for what it gives:

Tears that streak the dusty firmament. (Ashbery)

Conclusion

My works of poetry are distinct, however, they assimilate, to an extent, with the emotional specificity, vulnerability, and experimental structuring involved within the textual arrangements of Berrigan's, Berkson's, and Ashbery's work. The poem below, "Believing Secretly That I Would Be the One Person in the History of Man Who Would Live Forever", displays some of the similarities we share by exhibiting said notions. In this particular piece, I experiment with form, and explore the subjects of loss, reflection, & relief. The narrator is experiencing a sense of grief, and finds elusive comfort by indulging in sexual intimacy with different women each night, with the intention of finding a partner who will ultimately help him discover a sense of emotional fulfillment.

BELIEVING SECRETLY THAT I WOULD BE THE ONE PERSON IN THE HISTORY OF MAN WHO WOULD LIVE FOREVER

elizabeth street
where
several women in shades of green
resemble eva
but i sleep next to others now
and the upper crust of this city pay them all white salary
 it's important to be in love most of the time
 all of the time
or in something that closely resembles it
 i find myself sleeping and waking everyday without an instruction manual
 and the postal van that's parked in front of my mailbox
 is the enemy
i think through conflicted feelings
involving
contrived intimacy
and a lack of authenticity
but coffee
 &
the opening of my soap glazed shower door
 allows the light to come in each morning
there's still one cloud left over my home
but i don't pay much attention to it
because i live in its interior
where a manic scene
 of wine
 laughter & gesticulation
 within a certain vacuous civilization intersect
each night

Citations

Munson, S. (n.d.). The worldly epitaphs of John Ashbery. Retrieved May 04, 2021, from <https://www.nysun.com/arts/worldly-epitaphs-of-john-ashbery/48746/>

“Ted Berrigan.” *Poetry Foundation*, Poetry Foundation, www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/ted-berrigan.

Ashbery, John. “Anticipated Stranger, by John Ashbery.” *Poetry Foundation*, Poetry Foundation, www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/53385/anticipated-stranger.

Ashbery, John. *Poetry Foundation*, Poetry Foundation, www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/john-ashbery.

To Redouté. (n.d.). Retrieved May 06, 2021, from <https://ashberyhouse.yale.edu/redoute>

la fin du
monde

poems

chris ryan lauer

LA FIN DU MONDE

1:01 friday

le bowl

la fin du monde

grey in l.a.

lo fi

75 porsche scenario

 paige altering devotion

 builds these

 poems for me

i marry the image of you

waiting at the bar

beige wrapcoat

red lips

an urgent sound of horns are audible

WAR RUNS ON RUMORS

blue eyed wide
alive here in my own private maine
relevant & unweathered
 in
love triangles
 squares
 pentagons
lillies q eastern stained
on my white oxford
 drunk on the nose of dark diplomatico
 i'm one hell of a war tourist
 envy me for my own unique capabilities
 &
 shortcomings
 belch

COMPANIONS IN SOLITUDE

companions in solitude
with the latest woman
behind the camera
& a bottle of gin

there's enterprise
in good conversation
& waking up nude

AWAY FROM THE EASEL

i'm a balloon in the air of dangerous glamour
what's to become of me
god has no clock
on the seventh day he stepped away from the easel
to push abstraction in new directions

there's not a whole lot of stability underneath his heaven

so i write from dreams down here
and speculate about tomorrow

INTERIORS

life in a tall tower built by emery
isn't what it seems
everything is camouflage
everyone hates something there
 left behind on the upper west side
 with a green brick in my shoulder bag
 i'm a prophet now
 selling an inactive cryptocurrency
that attempts a come back each year
i can do anything really
can i get a witness
or a better memory of it all
like i have of my childhood in maryland
where the birds are bright orange
but the sky is grey by 4

I WELCOME INTRUSIONS LIKE THE SUN

too much

gin

but you're the only truth in my cup

i'll be sleeping with you sometime between now

and next week

 you'll tell the world

 that i'm a genius

 and we'll repeat it now

 and again

 on this spanish earth

LIMINAL SPACES

bonal
ham & gruyère
on a baguette
with maille
for
le brunch

everything is a story
even the truth
 what's more authentic
 sex as medicine
 or
 "love" at the end of the world

 god
 you take a photograph of the sun and hold it above my head each day
 have a chat with me

 i love you
 are you wearing your robe

i read for revelation
i fuck for ~~validation~~ gratification
i write for keeps
i lie to exit
i smile when i'm praised
i laugh when the cubs lose
i cry over nothing
i live for myself

i feel everything
i can't absolve myself from wanting

BELIEVING SECRETLY THAT I WOULD BE THE ONE PERSON IN THE HISTORY OF MAN WHO WOULD LIVE FOREVER

elizabeth street
where
several women in shades of green
resemble eva
but i sleep next to others now
and the upper crust of this city pay them all white salary
 it's important to be in love most of the time
 all of the time
or in something that closely resembles it
 i find myself sleeping and waking everyday without an instruction manual
 and the postal van that's parked in front of my mailbox
 is the enemy
i think through conflicted feelings
involving
contrived intimacy
and a lack of authenticity
but coffee
 &
the opening of my soap glazed shower door
 allows the light to come in each morning
there's still one cloud left over my home
but i don't pay much attention to it
because i live in its interior
where a manic scene
 of wine
 laughter & gesticulation
 within a certain vacuous civilization intersect
each night

A PASS ON RUE BONAPARTE

i shower alone
with her
in charcoal mines

and the laundry does itself

the kind of pass where quarters end up
within me
a profound attachment to myself

the PARIS REVIEW

i lose myself in the city
my ideas come to me in the streets
where i walk on water in black suede lace ups
the crowd is a sea that invigorates my wandering mind
i sail in solitary
and am content
to be carried by the current

THE CONTEXT OF ST. IVES

it was a
fine rain
 drizzle
outside
at the opening of
strange attractors

warm in
a herringbone coat

the context of st. ives
an important point of inspiration

YOUR LOVE COMES RUNNING BACK OUT OF THE BUSHES

nude in the guise of a myth
 no longer ruminating on ruins
sensing the unseen
the view from here has
become a museum inside my camera
the picture is high art
that transcends everyday preoccupations

THERE IS NO PROMISE IN THE OTHER

we'll call it a draw

draw my ass *goddamn it*

i won

suddenly it was my time

a resolution by god

the caves of the sea

hold me now

after it all

i figured i'd stay catholic

why jinks things

you never really know

what you're fighting for love

until you lose

WE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING OR NOTHING

light showers

lavender

petrichor

gevrey chambertin

a face out of

gazette du bon ton

i'd love it if we made it

EVERYBODY TRIES HARD BUT THE GODS

first sought out in tucson
dressed in newspaper
to becoming the only major statement in los angeles
who resurrects on easter

everything begins to flow gratuitously
melodic signs of mediterranean eyes smile in the sun
and the polytonic breeze in the open air of the warmth
gathers in the hills

films become poems here

conversation is music

& the gifted holy bible is a currency used to purchase more sins
of lust vainglory

IN PROVENCE

inspired &
with undeterred momentum

but everything is waiting like the english
or a senior for their prescription to be filled
before the pharmacist arrives

&
everything wants
more than it gives

intrusively
with large
ungloved hands
covered in cake

ASH & PUMICE

enveloped by disillusion
i hibernate within myself
&
in amorous restlessness
am able to tolerate the ruin

THE YEAR OF THE OX

lying in the reeds
to redemption on andalusia
 the year of the ox
back in the airy daylight
this swooped transition on the eyelids of the sea
bathing on its lips
to stay current
walking is no longer
 dry
 hurried
 &
 perilous

WHEN THE HANDS COME DOWN

bonal &
soda
peeled orange

sundressed
underneath the
cirrus clouds
she reads to me from the new yorker
& tells me *i love you*

there's nothing left to do now
but unpack

A RESPITE FROM

overindulged
the sky is grey

in bourgeois

fleeting sun spells

bra off
underneath

you

reading
le monde

RIPENESS CORRUPTS EVERY TREE

there will always be laws
and people to break them
the spring is the most dangerous season of the year

cherry blossoms
tulips
rhododendrons basking in admiration
sun shining
while

i

live here amongst them
above all else
in this latter place

able to properly judge
because of the inferior
neighboring works
and because
only

i know how to solve you

THE RESOLUTE URGENCY OF NOW

the scope of the genre
became too complex
to survive within
 i avoided suffering the same pitfalls
 as the predecessors

the theatre applauds

i become
 myself

not a moissanite reduction
 or a restless french press
 with purple sex opened up on the coffee table

PASTOURELLE

end of mass

£10

classic manhattan

la roi de pierres

opus one

tate swivel as my pulpit

celebrating

an instinctive allegiance

to myself

I HAVE LOOKED ALMOST HALF A CENTURY

convoluted & juvenile
yet you laugh at my jokes

love
the way that i look
at you

within this sphere of trembling temporality
i tie a single windsor
as you study me from 7 below

remember that i'm a man
not a communist regime

THE COUNTRY GOES BY AS NONSENSE

blanc doux
36,000 feet
a rarity of complete lulls
you read me the life of borodin

i can only sleep with a dark cloth over my eyes too

I SAID LOVE IS TRANSIENT

romantically contorted
beings & things

entirely realistic
yet supernatural

our lives turn into burning fevers

and we hide ourselves in the places where we find provisional truths

WITHOUT SUBTERFUGE

i do not create my emotions
i participate in life & love

freshly &
without concept

& allow the simultaneity of its
beauty

WHEN TOMATOES ARE RIPE

eyes bigger than stomach

flexible
going away occasionally
but not too far

form becomes a dream
an impression
left upon the retina
with thoughts that have no apparent basis in inference

all that i see
belongs to me

A FLAW IN THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION

the

resistance

of

the

heart wall varies

depending

on

the

place where you

drive

in

the

nail

PORTA ROSSA

love in the afternoon

a room with a view

i take a photograph of you

braless

eyes on me

lying down by the edge

you have the fever now

BOIS DE BALINCOURT

saturday morning
white linen sheets

maison no.4
bois de balincourt

i rub off on you

TULIPS

sunday morning
rain on the windows
slightly opened
the smell of fresh tulips
in bed with you
& the dog

I ONLY WANT THE SUN

the world around residency
french modernism
requires sections
on display
at the met
and in our bedroom

DUNE

walking along anacapa
hand in hand
caffeinated
cafuné

bougainvillea spectabilis sits on its pedestal

PLUM

wake up walk up 1st

oxblow

cortado

& anatomy

clos du val

in the afternoon

PICTURE & PROCESS

cordials
& bucatini
al vino al vino
i devour the entire
picture & process

LINEN LINE

like notes in the margin
on linen paper

i pass through this ordeal
with a modernist perspective

&

i feel

graced by the powder of that view

IN THE CORNERS OF FRONT YARDS

madrona

dusk

on the porch

you me

& jack herrer

discussions about

nothing

everything

MONTLAKE EGGO

i fry an egg

the edges are slightly charred
black

sea salt
pink
yolk intact

i place it over a slice
of grand central
& avocado

i always get it right the first time

i'm real fuckin liberal
with the butter

AS LONG AS THE SUN LASTS

i'll have
you
&
you'll have me

as long as
the sun lasts

PERPETUAL ATERMOIENTS

living according to graphs

barefoot

standing in honey

mizpah

perpetual atermoients

TRIED TO SEW THE PARTS BACK ON

esprit de l'escalier

plodding upstairs

internal chortle

second floor eristic

 one aristocratic

SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

nothing is so humble
between the still and moving image
i fool the machine
histories keeps me awake at night
to reconsider those seemingly familiar settings
of
i you we
but
i'm a writer
i use people for what i write
is the story i'm told

THE REVOLUTIONIST

prepubescent competitions
which you always lose

it's croque & lillet on the surface
but completely disinherited
within these visual microrhythms

vacant
like your seat in the theatre
of my pre frontal cortex

A RETROSPECTIVE

i was much too formidable

you find company in
drones

& masquerade as a populist now

a clever, yet bogus, subterfuge

MY HANDS LET GO

montlake
damp

promises of human life

a broken oath

windows closing
chugging denial
only
at first

but able
to shut the door when i use the bath now

i'm free
available
people unknown

it's 2:30 am
you're up
wishing i was the bottle
darling

THE WOMAN WHO THINKS SHE'S CHRIST

true colors

profiles for validation

sex

money

feelings

die

in the end

no longer

young

disappearing

away from home now

&

facing the

pitfalls

associated with

a sophomore effort

A MUSE ALWAYS PRIES

i'd rather do it for you
than bask on the rampart
of some accomplishment
or undertake a new epic
to cling in wonderment to

of course you actually have to take the medicine
you're the one who taught me that
i wasn't mistaken

in this world
when you find a good place
you don't leave it

FORM WITHOUT CONTENT

a manifestation of falsities
i exhibit connivance
for the ticket home
drink with me at the maybourne
write with me at the atelier
&
climb my copper ladder to the roof
 you'll look up to me forever from afar
 my brainy symmetric partner

on the move
first stop gloster
for soft touch tuck dust

no sense of proportions
bound in calculations
but there's nothing left to decide anymore
there's nowhere else
my long list of amenities
and jar of nuances
are now a linguistic memory

I LET MY HEART GIVE OUT

self proclaimed virtuous ideals
unrealistic
 &
pseudo sentimental

love turns me into an uneaten pear
and you into an ingenue
 washed up debutante

explosions
faces filled with smoke
we avoid our destiny

a heroine you no longer appear
i disappear
 into the crowd

a scientific gaze
and the permission to carry something
anything
out

BULL MARKET

& inconsistent

inconsequential

sophomoric

&

contrived

transactional affair

the inevitable demise

delayed by gratification

the night

before the trade deadline

HANG YOUR MEMORY OF ME AT THE LOUVRE

occupied
indifferent
accompanied
hurried
hesitant
alone

i was

once

there

THE TOREADOR

advantageous in
sensation seeking
while sharing a home with subclinical symptoms
i escape to find fulfillment in
pillow-talk
 jargon

everything
& everyone turns into writing
down here

 afternoon walks in the canyons

 no longer sitting nude damp
 under the hunter green trees
 talking big promises of emptiness

i remain calm under the influence
& pressure
like a toreador in crimson red
in a histrionic spring
by sharing fiction in exchange for an exit strategy

FREEDOM TRAIL

a historical rebellion
bostonian

i realize my full potential

a revolution of the mind occurs
a refusal to assent

self indulgence becomes the treatment

ART LUST LOVE

me me me
hurried
an excerpt from terminal boredom
a self critical biography
conscious drama
why why why

she's just fine though

my muse plays tennis with me
my muse cooks for me
my muse watches french cinema with me
my muse wakes me up in the morning with a kiss on the cheek
etc.
etc.

THE FACADE COMMISSION

in the spring

at

the crossroads

of ongoing

pivotal turns

a bricktop shape of her

is now high art for the community

the facade commission

rewards me for

my aesthetic splendor

of

pictures revisited

a true form

tits out

masterpiece

APRILE

gjelina

sunday

half dozen snow island (ME)

hand cut frites

birds of passage

an uncompromising presence rooftop

the rightness of

these shifts of space

I'LL SHARE MY ELECTIVE AFFINITIES

roblar
santa ynez

here for the clout
bicycles
&
sémillon

NEPÉTA

seer & scene
on waverly place
babbo
tajarin with butter & sage
wild arugula
nepèta sicily
discussions about the mets

the image has the last word

NORI & TROUT ROE

south beverly
laker hoops
revolver
the fury
nori &
trout roe

VIEUX CARRE

south beverly
re:find
fresh grapes
luca malbec
crispy duck roll
&
vieux carre

ON THE SIDE OF THE EIGER

miles & miles
down the autobahn
perched
on the side of the eiger

i'm the ram

snow

reigning

ONLY UNFULFILLED LOVE CAN BE ROMANTIC

it's been __ months
since i promised
 & failed
to save the day

you've been waiting in the rain outside of the
opera

i told you to wait
 & that pineapples are a sign
 of my second coming

FIN