

a war that happens elsewhere, elsewhen

History is a war that happens elsewhere, elsewhen:
a lesson underlying every History class!

- School has been a Safe Space where nothing strictly happens!

Praxis be the theory of the practice - still a theory! hard to tell apart, when it's theory that you do, when the talk is all the action!

something always wrong with me, aesthetically a dullard re my body & the breath! never thought to take in air by nostril flare, to give the chest a steady hit of pleasure!¹

am uptight & singular; am tight with what is righteous so from technocratic White, now to Dynamite & Brutherly i modify my cognomen!

- the Coward, often talkative. joke-bragging, charming with a self-effacing Spin.
- am non-robust, a boxer's padded punch would do my head in.

¹ free meth!

the boy makes a grip, see? muscles inter-rove along
sinews & the supple veins he names in Greco-Latin.

his point being: hitting means **working these
muscles**. Baseball means **doing it**: precisely, then
again; til you can't; then again.

and don't decry "da Rules"! the rules embound a
region wherein Play is made possible - or get
u to the mud & roll around, u Big Baby!

am trying to find a jungle gym or workout system,
honest! something clean & minimalist, a bench &
bar whose rental form i tear on way to front of
store -

but seal back up with handy smear of Body Butter!²

² JoJo Nut

them vile Studio goons again, pressing friendly Phil into a **copyright Protection scam!**

the Golden Bear wakens as the train pulls thru, and the Alpha's stupid face feels the graze of Phil's fist into the wall-mounted Callbox - a metonym of **MATRIX**, smashed & badly sparking - a strong start to end it all, a warning they're in awe of!

we love how they diminish as we escalate to street. we're laffing at their huddle in the low-rent foodcourt where they meekly sip their tea, where they talk thru their inadequacies.

same dude who smashed my cell in recent night's dream? the screen in three shards made a mockery of Peace, and he laffed at it, the Peoples all were LAUFFING, they were LAUFFING yet 'tis WE who laugh on THEE, cuzz -

a joy therapeutic, floating free from its **Enjoyer**, so for any one who audits us.

i wanna offer help-up from the sparring-pit floor, yet you'd spit at me & want some more.

i want to talk of **beauty things**, of **softer tings**, of rings around the saucer/cup combo, meaning

dramadies on Channel Four.

possibly, i'd started it. i **had** been striding large of late, & yawing left as always so was veering into on-coming buddy-clatches, asking for it. seeing me, they understand their gravity, my levity. spin my leaf to Threat you've right to hit, into a Trespass u can shoot for why, the heck of it.

ears are up, we scan your hearty YAWP for that
reversal when yr play turns to TAUNT -

& HAAWs of healthful fray are piercing thru the Uni
wall, tho muffled thru my tissue-stuffed ears.

and yr taunting turns to WAR!

ears are up for sounds of what we've yet to test,
from what's beyond the warren green -

from MORDOR!

[nayber-Nate goes HA with SHAAWN, a lord of
Manatoulion.

[nayber-Nate hits swords with BRAAWN: a hunter &
a grower & a Game of Thrones stunt-mon

i think of going out in my bathrobe, to Enter it.
i'll saunter over soused, with my bottle swinging
belt-low: amiable yet ready for it, set to get my
face smashed yet do some sassing first, i'll
quip:

WHEN MEN PLAY WAR ON WARREN GREEN -

a line i'll let them finish. a proverb we'll
concoct by verbal agon, by a poets' Flyte.

WHEN MEN PLAY WAR ON WARREN GREEN -

a line i type instead. your raucous play, the slaps

WHEN MEN PLAY WAR ON WARREN GREEN -

War is on its way, or lately ended!

i take my leave of head-possession, bread ingestion,
thought suggestion.

Griever's Leave from paper sheaf, Emerit-ease from
essay press.

thy YAWP plus my RETREAT from writing more, pace
to pace:

retreating from the Fight entrains a habit of
retreat: to my chaise, where my writing peters
out in this resentment verse, a self-obsessive
wit of the staircase.

