

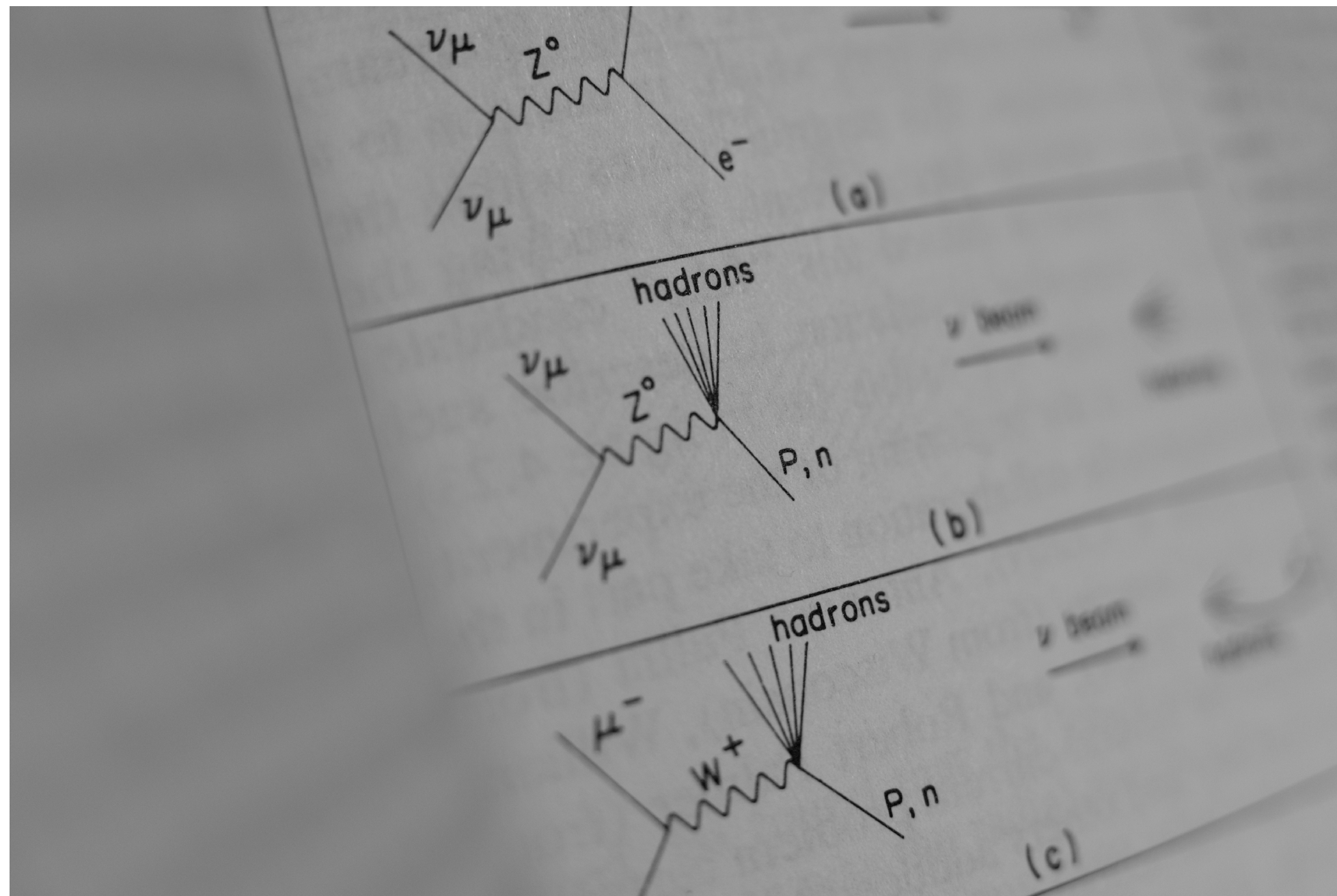
every freed housipede, a Feynman Diagram actualized

cellar damp drips into a puddle on the tile,
makes a glassy oval portal that my friends stream
in by.

they run the cold floor, they rapid-naturalize.

i take them out by cup & board, observe them eye-
to-eye. my pity for the wretched is what draws
them to my hive.

my pity for the insect is a weak interaction and
the weirdness keeps alive.



in pages such as this, my allies are returned to me. they work into the world's built form, into a fence around a Lab that i assess. mimics of your City they replace piece-by-piece, so the Future they arrive from is upon us, increasingly.

is not for u who tender it: the intercity hiway sys. stray sprigs pushing thru the fissures shall inherit this.

not for u, yr holy writ: u keep it for a future world of rabbitoid Mentats.

twitter not for u, it's an e-Mind linking to a Flickr-feed, stitching panoramics to inhabit.

our name u cannot smear, we pre-emptively don't have one.

our fame u can't suppress, for suppression is a pressure, it's an energy you pass us.

the dream goes on & always am i dictaphoning,
dreaming that i'm dictaphoning dreams i've just
awoken from -

calling holy angels INSECTS, calling Jewish
angels INSECTS, but they ARE my flappy
Messengettes.

and this is why i'm speaking this: to query
levels up, levels down, what we've awoken from.

the moths flit thru, a lateral dance level with
my head that sez a **headshake's NO** - and so
shall i abjure, this morn, that second cuppa tea
or vegan scone.

FUTURE ANGELS come to me as moths fresh from eggs
in the farm-to-porch hay bales: moths who've
found their way into the Uni, thus a web: for the
Uni isn't Heaven yet, carnivores hang & wait in
corners for my messengers who come into our realm
to tell me **No paul, enuff this morn**, then
sacrifice themselves. i try to get them up & out
but either way they tend to die painfully, i
fear: eaten while immobilized, mirrored in the
inky orbs devoid of all [what]-lichkeit.

they come to me as moths so that you CPP who spy
on me, you NSA, you Bib-Bib-Bay who read thru
this will laugh at me - you won't Believe, so
won't dispatch a SWAT team in the hay.

Foolish to the Greeks, tiz a scandal to the Jews,

