

i'll simmer long then Out myself

i'll simmer long then Out myself in NUMINOUS DISPLAY.

i'll leave agape a smirking clique, i'll turn a room awkward, in the least.

in Q & A today i said you Equity apes who open with your sorries to the Anishnaabe [sic] -

these natives were in crucial bonds with animals, i meant. tho wonder re the slaughter of the megafauna.

our Seminar is silent. i've spoken long, again. more & more i'm first to speak, an elder gotten over with a maybe. . . ah, Next? our Majors must be feeling for the slender young Parisian, very pleasant, something-Nguyen.

i'll simmer long then Out myself: o don't mind me - the birds shall have their say i say and span my arms to draw the wider campus in.

lids low, i'm swooning now, navigating higher wind and then we all hear it: a muffled flapping, overhead.

the other side of ceiling it's

MY PIGEONS TAKING OFF

■ scattered laughs, as each seeks consensus in the other's face - on how to keep this all in proper limits.

■ touché sez the Speaker - & MIRTH is our corrective: a knowing grin, a banderole of certainty.

these birds have comic timing, a Routine!

here he goes again one said / let's fly they all agreed.

that's their schtick, they bitch about our very Act, then leave!

i've simmered long, sitting thru the same address:
On Human Nature.

at Stanford it's **The Way of American War**, with
"Mad Dog" Mattis. Victor Davis Hanson his side-
arm.

i'm lining at the aisle mic, am livid and i'm
shaking.

i've simmered long, biting tongue, arms crossed
aggressive. **Arrival** was a window that i sat
before, trying to hear the only one not acting: the
artless one, the Show's true Expressive.

the film reverts to **Contact's** Homocentrism. the
folks who made **Arrival** are the Earthlings in **The**
Day the Earth Stood Still whom Klaatu warns -

a Consortium you ignore, we surround you.

i here, am prey: evasive while being torn apart.
you know that i am prey by an evasion in my
argument, a flutter in my heart.

you're dripping from the cuspids when i'm
proximous!

i'll say it fast, i cannot hope to win inside
your den. my people's plaint i bring you, then i
scram.

of course i lose the tet-a-tet! your Reason is a
power that you argue me to bits by. it's just my
point, you prove it: you have a strength you beat
us by.

