

plunder of the high shiny piles

a horse people, half-men, burn through Eurasia's  
new Cities.

a horse people, half-men take back the Field.

sons of Gaia, Galileans, unconverted simpletons.  
ones yet un hypnotized by city lights sent to break  
Beijing & Alexandria; to lancer all these  
suppurating cancers.

assaults on NAL, mid-construction: **much to the  
annoyance of experimenters.** passes at the monster  
setting deep into the heath.<sup>1</sup>

even, see, the City's own Caesars! who burn **other  
cities** - so draw unto their own a great  
avenging. the City has been hacked; Cato, deep in  
Rome, speaks Rome's self-delete code, for Carthage  
is **the other City**; and every city, Carthage to some  
Rome, even Rome; so Rome soon burns, by his vow.

the boast of Ozymandias: **I destroy cities!** story  
of the Psychopath's bas relief in throne room's  
anteroom, a waiting room of enemies & emissaries!

a dying breath's brag: he turned it all to sand.

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<sup>1</sup> birds relieved themselves on the spark chambers and mice ate into the gas line for their  
last meal. Peter Galison, How Experiments End [U Chicago: 1987] p 211

re the rape of Nanking, re your Hardcore  
History. the City is a whore - forgive me, but  
i wonder: is she asking for it?

a girl in want of punishment, who knows it.

in rolling grind of coal cart, a lust ever  
grumbles. in gropes on a bus, in a schizo's  
filthy mumble.

the City is a whore: she gets them hot, then lets  
them have it out in a Witches' nacht.

an old Civic rite - the burning of the  
Citadel.

the City peace, the Central Park: Potemkin face of  
travesties that fund it all. Sunday's gay parade  
- the Boulevard per se - is a laundering of  
ecocide, a propaganda Op.

the sacking & the looting are her origin & end  
- forgive me, but the whore's true face.

the surface of the Earth swept to high shiny piles:  
a sweeping Civic history, a sum of the millennia.

conversion of the Biome into pile, then we burn it.  
a pillaging, a ravaging, a potlatch, an accident  
- on the ground, we give it many names.

for one who circles over: a sacrificial flame! a  
smoke sent up, the molecules of life floating high  
for his capture!

writing of Apocalypse is cheap, a cheap effect.

is that **why** Apocalypses happen?

two levels up: the Author seeks effect. is bored  
& shakes the Etch-a-Sketch.

one level up: a demon circles over. eye keen &  
evil on the glowy little pyre.

down here, i'm typing what you press at me, the  
face-rape. a false-friendly banter but i show my  
spite, i tire.

i take the easy gag; i set it all afire.

we set them off from sand, all our glittering containments! from  
delta drained & cracking, from pasture burnt to badland.

ZR-1 U.S. Navy, ca. 1920-1925 [Library of Congress]; Grand Place  
Bethune showing the clock tower, ca. 1918 [National Library of  
Scotland]; Büroflucht, 2006, by Stiller Beobachter; Luminescent  
molecular "yarn", 2006, by Oleksa Sorokin

