

talking is itself a fancy up-speak!

spooned a hot potato, to test if it had boiled  
thru -

it had, and burnt my tongue; & now the flesh is  
falling off, & now the rough of tongue sheds and  
something smoother, hotter, newer pulses thru.

where's the pain, & whose is it?

my mouth complains to ME: Bro, u burnt me!

pain **conveys** my mouth's inner agony - to me.  
the pain i feel is **empathy** with tongue and i've a  
luxury of distance, a dilution of intensity.

**privilege of the Self**, of the high summing  
consciousness of all the body's sub-tasks. the  
Self is u who says it, gets to star in it,  
appropriates the **underclass indignities & agonies**  
& spins it for effect, who gets to tweet it w/ a  
pic:

dang, it hurtz! :(

a charring on the barbeque, a bubbling of the dermis.

forequarters tightly twined, ankles kissing pretty: a demureness grotesque. a butchery, a boucherie made elegant by - wait for it - the French.

gotta'dmit The Bard sounds a Fancy Talk in certain Verse, a posh-talking Commoner. the hard lash, i crave, i need the David Mamet rat-a-tat to cut thru all the badinage, the Nobleman's loquaciousness.

his elevated language is the language of an upward mobility: of Will's own, the pining of the Gentry for nobility;

& of England's own ascent to Global lordhood;

& of Hominids more generally.

speciesism i define as hyping all the differences  
and overlooking likenesses -

to justify our power trip.

your Law has all these vaguenesses, an emptiness  
where power rushes in & self-asserts.

your power props it up - this label you insist  
on. ["Person"]

IT IS EVERY EMPEROR'S DUTY TO ENFORCE THE SACRED  
PRECEPTS OF ROMAN LAW, FOR THE IMMORTAL GODS THEMSELVES  
WILL FAVOR AND BE AT PEACE WITH THE ROMAN NAME BLAH DEE  
BLAH. . .

the gods a trick to swell the self - to swirl  
a Caesar's speech within an echo of Eternity -  
to make it a Necessity, his whim & brutal  
exigency.

when scabby wants to go upstairs he speaketh with his body: he **moves** toward the stairs, puts a paw on bottom step, as if to ask me.

his wish gets him moving, yet he knows his way is blocked, that he needs me to precede him so to open door at top.

his **going** is the wish enacted; **pausing** is his wished **conveyed**, expressive.

same do i when praying: intend myself toward the thing, yet stopping short of action. i am standing at the fence: the standing says i'm **seeking what's beyond it**, trapped friends.

Angels all around u - Angels who could  
comfort u assume u won't get Angel-sprach, u'd  
never grok the Elven song!

likewise may we NOT murmur nursely at a squirrel  
splayed roadside who doesn't know Angraizy and  
the latest Taylor Swift song!

speaking is itself a fancy Muzique auf der Moue! we're talking up ourselves, as with a PMA  
mantra, or a PUA party trick, to Lordhood, high onto the glowy blue Throne of all BIO-CELLS!

photo: Toronto Poetry Slam, The Drake Underground, circa 2019



