

I'M GIVING MY SORE HANDS TWO PAGES TO WRITE FREE  
AND THOUGHTS COME OVER THE BENDS POURING THROUGH  
UNLIKELY TO SPIT THEY TRAVEL AS WONKY AS THEY DE-  
CIDE TO LAND. BOOKING TICKETS FOR PLACES DISRUPTED  
AND SHALLOW FENCED IN BY WATER WALLS I THINK OF  
WHAT I AM DOING AS I DO IT WITHOUT CENSORING  
THE DOING ALTHOUGH AN UNCENSORED MIND  
EXISTS ONLY IN RETROSPECT AND SENSE COMES  
THROUGH THE SWEAT OF PORES UNKEPT WITH SKIN  
LIKE THIS THICK HIDE YOU'D THINK ONE WOULD  
RESIDE IN COMFORT AND STABILITY BUT A GOOD  
SHELTER LEAVES MAKES WAY FOR WONDER AND  
WANDERING MIND EYES THAT TRY AND FOCUS A  
SUBJECT TOGETHER BULLS EYES TOGETHER SLEEP WILL  
NEVER FAIL TO BRING BACK A DAY OF CABAR  
TO ONE'S BONE LAYING THICK ON THE SLAB OF  
DVD TONE DAY COUCH LOVE SEAT I WRITE OF SITTING  
REST AND UNRESTFULLY LAYING OPEN EYES CREEP KILL  
THE NAP TIME CRAWLS AS THE ALARM TICKS OFF  
AND JUST AS THE NONSENSE GETS GOOD I RE-  
MEMBER WHY I SAT DOWN AND BEGAN THIS  
ESSAY - TO WRITE ABOUT THE ACT OF THE  
AUTOMATIC, THE FREE VERSE TO END ALL POET  
WANNABES THE STING OF SELECTIVE WORDING  
OOZING OUT OF THE RED SPOT WHERE ONE  
IGNORES AND CHANCES QUICK CHOICES AND ADV-  
CES A BAITERING GAME OF DECISIONS ON  
PAPER INK PAPER INK HAND CRAMPING TWITCH  
OF AN ACTIVITY A FOOLISH WAY TO REMIND  
ONESELF OF THEIR LIMITED VOCABULARY AND YET  
THE QUICKEST WAY TO UNLOCKING NEW LANGUAGE.  
FIRST PERIOD OF THE SENTENCE BEHIND PAGE  
HITS LIKE AN UNKNOWN SLAP THICKS THE BUSH  
OF TWIGS CRAWL CRADLE CAP UP THE STREAM'S  
COOL CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE MIDDLEMAN CAVES TO

UNDENIABLE WRITES FOR GRIT AND SCRATCHING OF PAGE.  
IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO WRITE THE LONG WORDS  
I COME UP WITH MORE I SCRATCH OUT THOSE THAT  
SEEM UNSURE ANY BURN IN THE ONLY THINGS THAT  
CAN BE NAMED IN INK FOREVER PENCILLED THICK  
THERE'S THAT WORD AGAIN BLAND LIKE A TEXTURE  
TALKS ON A PAGE FELT BY THE MIND AND  
WRING IN THE HAIRS ON AN ARM THAT STAND  
FOR NOTHING I'M REMEMBERED THAT I'M LIVING ON  
UNDER A FLIGHT PATH I AM WHICH THAT WHICH  
IS BURNED BY THE WAY OF HER LIGHT AS THE  
OVERHEAD IS TOO STRONG COMING ON - NO ROMANCE  
IN THE NEW TONIGHT - MY ROUNDS MADE AS I  
MAINLY EXERCISE MY MUSCLE ON THE ARM THAT  
IS TAKEN BY AN UNDENIABLE URGE UNCONTROL  
YES END THE WORD THERE & COME BACK AROUND  
TO EXPLAINING THAT WHICH CANNOT BE EXPLAINED  
AS IT IS THE ONLY THING THAT REMAINS  
AS THE AUDIENCE WONDERS WHAT WAS PASSING  
THROUGH THE AUTHOR AS HE EXCLAIMED IN  
TYPE THE LIMELIGHT LIES UPRIGHT AND IN  
A GASP WE ARE REMEMBERED THAT ALL GOOD  
THINGS ARE RELATIVE TO OUR BETTERING OF  
OURSELVES NOT THE WELLS TO BE WISHED FAIR  
LADIES WILL BARE WITNESS TO NAKED CAIR'S  
AND DAMSELS WILL KNOW THE THINGS THINGS  
THINGS THAT MAKE UP THEIR PLEAS BUT  
WE ARE FEVERS OF ENVY FOR CREATION OF  
GREAT POSSIBILITY - EXPECTATION COMES ARISES  
AS I GOINT. END OF THE MUSCLE.

20:43 SEP. 20TH 2022

- I come up again minutes later as one would for  
air, this time punctuated and fair as the maiden  
I might or may have mentioned. She is one Sly  
beast she who turns my hands into submissions  
of no grief no feat lesser words are sure  
said with pride but this way at least I can  
see them as the glide and I'm not listening  
I watch the words come out of your mouth  
as the y're listening, but sitting here by  
candlelit gaze I can slip my subconscious  
my memory of muscle calligraphic memory  
photo genic memory, palaces of unkept memory  
and imagined sentences. Sentences us  
phrases. Its a mind sorry a race against  
the latter (the mind that is) vs the  
muscle the decision and veto what can't  
be stopped who is a phantom and who is  
the cop who tracks down the killer when  
really the interest of it isn't the charac-  
ters who omitted or committed but the  
fact of the crime. As I fatigue I sleep  
in future so I come back around baby  
talk lame or so words that can't be said  
you'd think fuck why didn't I come up with  
way for this seal why did I have to pick  
up an envelope to be licked and leave the  
letter lingering on my tongue chemicals  
of or are and no fun.

A QUICK WIKI SEARCH MIGHT SUGGEST THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AUTOMATIC WRITING AND FREE WRITING - AS THOUGH THE LATTER WASN'T A POSSESSED FORM OF THE ACTIVITY AND THAT NO SUPERNATURAL FORCE PLAN AROUND ITS TONES. BUT I SAY I SPELL AND I DECREE THAT THE ACT OF SPEED-JOTTING, WHAT HAVE YOU, IS A GHOST OF CONSCIOUSNESS. I TRY AND GET AS COZY AS I CAN WITH MY OWN THOUGHTS SOMETIMES, OBSESSIVELY, THE ACTS OF TAKING IT IN ARE NECESSARILY IN VAIN AND BY THIS VANITY I SIT TIME AND TIME AGAIN TO TAKE IN A MOMENT THAT WAS AWAY HOW I CHOSE TO CAPTURE IT. I COULD BORE YOU WITH MY EDITED THOUGHTS AND MY CLEVER WORDS KINDLY NUDGING YOU INTO SUBMISSION SO THAT YOU DO AS I DO BUT KNOW THAT I SAVE YOU THE HARM BY READING MY RAMBLINGS RATHER THAN MY SCRATCHED OUT PHASES AND TIMED HUMOR. TAKE IN THE MOMENT I TOOK TO DWELL IN AN ACTIVITY, AND NOT THE TIME IT TOOK ME TO SHOW YOU MY AUTHORITY ON A SUBJECT THAT CAN'T BE GOVERNED.

WORDS AS SHAPES.  
STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS.