



IN THE QUELLS

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Published and distributed as an ebook, and as a Dusi/e-chap in a limited edition chapbook format, for the Dusie collective project initiated by Susana Gardner.

Individual titles are from Gregory Corso's *The Happy Birthday of Death*. Epitaphs are from *Gravity's Rainbow* and *A Thousand Plateaus*.

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GENERAL INDIFFERENCE FUTILELY THROWN

In a night's middle that's no middle, Kid waking up in a break, between the plural markers of spaces. You could say a bug, feelers into a future he finds on going, unknowing, since some knowing is impossible to Kid. Tomorrow in a minute. Shift and sounds happen. His keys are where he touches them, when rushes show he's ready already. Kid says it's a translation of unwritten into memoir, especially when the showing must go on. Imperative lights. A future can is be. What matters the plotless, which is everything I guess. To general seems like orders. What shapes late he could more and suppose a way to why caring. Possibly some moral agenda futilely thrown, as though a party with servants. You try to toss the totalizing aft, yet the wind. Indifference not in difference to verb both lip and shoulders. Bite and shrug. Sasquatch went that-a-way and strange crafts have landed, signage gone loco emotive at passages. They tried to belong, but wound up they fled from salable into the dumps of information. You thanks beginning for your attention, or whatever. Says Kid, I've gone from so what to so what now. Everybody now—

WROUGHT RECKLESS LUKE MOOD

Confabulations, and Kid keeps on keeping the fibs in their cells. She means to being the dancer with left left feet, to poetry while spiking the punch. Somebody said wag, but I didn't buy it, took my medley and ran. And Kid's still gazelle water engine. Writing that evaporates as you read. When the guy walked into the bar, there was no guy and there was no bar, but the feeling was real. You've caught Kid in a wrought reckless luck mood, stuck in this artificial space, all gussied up with no blank but to fill. But the air. We're transmitting like nobody's business, and everybody's wasted. Get your current on, says Kid, clockers with the migraine blues, my throat colds, yet avenues, pylons possessed by punctuation, orange to move through what grids. At the dead end, they got out and kept going, into firs, then somebody's floodlights. It's an insulated rafter music that you want to bomb to. We tried to be, and then we were, as who we were to. When you found a clew to the flew to. What is called thinking? What is called, thinking. By now, they must be ape shit bingo, but Jimmy cracked his cobs and Kid went sleeper into the sounds, slipped past ways, say American type painting in the quells. Teal for plush tempers when the lights switch and you're beseeming. To run out of juice or then tread. Doze into multiple choice. If I'm in limbo, says Kid, then what's limbo in? Dangling care. But what is a bomb but who cares is a bomb. What grid of you, says Kid, billing energy in the controls they clicking, all the links to passages at removes. Dropping explodes. Detonations through the screen of when Kid looked to looking at looking into looking at when in a loop of Confucian futures. You someday be successful. Watchword of progression change. Watching words and light a speed, the schemas in to flail. All you listening for, all breaks you entering, all to tally you tender button machine. Well ray my suitcase, Kid will say, my suspicious beard. Middle the in, and unknowns arrive at affordable rates. Every X you can't imagine dead imagine that. When dead doesn't exist.

“No, this is not a disentanglement from,
but a progressive *knotting into*—”

Thomas Pynchon

“We're a little lost now.”

Deleuze & Guattari

CARS ARE LOVE

Show me bass drums and titular tweeters, other circles to escape. Show me beams of highs that go gross on gravel, Mr. Pinstripe a la spoiler, show me rumble fins and blocks, greasy monkeys with compressors, ratcheted rhetoric, a fucking carburetor for a change. Sunday plights, and you pang for signs down miles of Western. No stopping one way from here to cornered there, children at play to adopt-a-highway, no turn on read into the figures of crossing. 35. Cul-de-sac sugar. Do not with enter.

CAESAREAN OPERATION

So much the big din, so little the revolutions of hands. Often indicated by a code, the berths he searches are far between and downright write down right now bunk. A fissure, between which to pausing. Brutus was a momma's boy. And Kid's a heavy tipper. But why go there, when the hours keep going splotch and wispy, doodad and orange? See sun and go loon, say hey or the binary ciao. Language can't say much, but it just did. The door's both open and closed. There's a rhythm to such cycles, but dependency without currency will bamboozle us all. Just you watch you seem. The umbrella on the table, etherized by hops, waits for a kind of operation. Close. But double writing makes you make a decision in saying, an incision into the now. Far flung, but we return to skip a little on the record no one keeps. Live by ambiguity, die by ambiguity. I thought you meant I thought you. Moods breaking making made breaking. Yeses in schisms. Horns fog, and Kid gaffs, there is when a blouse in summer ales, mica formulations skipping pinging through the ways of through. But not finis. This can is be yes. This can is be we. Kid learns a knew doing language, minor modulating keys on the record the on keys modulating minor. Flipping out. Yes be is, can this finish not but be we, metaphor running with its pants on fire, kissing its own ass, caught in a loop of sounding under the down and the bombs, they keep coming.

FRIED SHOES

Once in the story you can't get out. At least, that's mesh theory, or space to riff punk through. But take a letter back from home and you're hole again, to say the furthest of sorts. Kid sits light and up, for in headspace are many bodies that won't shut down. Alarms on standby, lacquered flats, a lucky that's toothsome to sum by the flicks you watch like numbers. 8½. When he snaps off another, the delay sounds. Transparencies that shunt sleep. Know or no, slow or sloe, what's to breach in many a directional. How did we find our way to fried, with the pipes whooping up? No answers, so hold his calls into question. Chirpers in a dark. Now I'll say I said my throat for a spell, this kingdom of is-ing won't leave us at be. The possible lights, but you vaunt, and the pencil quits staring at the cells. He doesn't much remember much, but Osiris a signal scattered about about, noises of perpetual motions. Into the pan now, or else nada my clock zone in an age of fries, sitting up with a mess of zeros and quick ones on a table periodically. Elements. Letters and numbers. What tocks to take back in a stroke, erased. When on a cusp, from sky keeps falling prediction, before diction they called into radio. Transmissions. No permanence. And he opens to book. All the king's animals heart the shatters, a test before the lesson, this education. Kid says he learns how he learns. Kid says the faults. Tellurian of arcs, here is your light, here are your bombs in a pan. Kid doesn't know from next, but the story keeps coming, and coming, and coming. Little Miss Information gets around a lot, as in a number got, a Lucky Strike. You don't know darkness like I know darkness, says Kid.

RADIATOR SOUP

The light there was then nowhere in particular on the way from Z to A. Consider O to Q. Across the space of map, all the noises, all the shucks when they happen like ergonomic chairs. Intrinsic properties, bulbs in flows or floes, wheels without wheels. We're locked in this droning, this story, this string we call breathing. Too many unreachable choices. In the window now and out the minute, sometimes you hear witness, and at others to others. To different animals. Times at different rates. Heaps of letters that keep getting sent. Not a matter of into a matter of the future when. A whistling is everywhere, and we don't even feel slant. Kid wears his tight shirt and shrugs. They're coming at us from all directions to let the pupil write, and his caveat emptor said my paranoia's on sedatives from Mars. We don't need no stinkin' hoo-ha brouhaha, says Kid, put your shoulder to a false wheel and come again real soon. All hands abandon clocks.

PIPE BUTTER

In a night's middle that's no middle, Kid going numb in the breaks to hoi noise, cannonades say rickety techno drills over and out of commercials, they zip way away into such loudening ethers. Radio star, a video kill, and the weapons of mass iteration. All the yeses and all in knows a revolution machine, spinning tops to the X-Box, sprockets to the processor. Fizzing dazzle, and general indifference futilely thrown. Like for a loop. Look a pike for. Or just a pile of unopened mail. Slinky a linking world, but articulations frump. No his real this reel, every word a frame of lit and so revolution when they have bombs. Ideology but not what you think it is what it is you think in a tank. Kid goes to dinner and a movie. What thought had come to expected. Bourbon banging at the rails. He's in the bars now, looking all ash and Shelley, a span of different tips. A space of heavy breathers, carpet bombed, leaves him less than mint. You know you never know what happens next, but is such winning lined? In this history is this, and no memorabilia but favors a la kazoo, gloss on your collar in a blizzard of many. When balance makes a pass at muster, Kid connects dots like butter in a pan. Quasar, sharp, dawn and salt. Standards played from the nook. Processions, possessions, concessions, and sessions of flights across this process city. I'm equipped to skip, says Kid, we don't need peace pipes anymore. Pull down thy vanity, I say, pull down and buy Ikea. Where's a break but in her do you mind? My voice doesn't matter, says Kid, because voice is a lie. Go broke solo, rack up bullshit repetitions, and spit at your god of choice. Managing messes in America incorporated powers of bucks stop nowhere. And in the breaks he can't catch one. But he can't keep going, but off course he goes, but to find a speaking for a future Kid, an other Kid, an iteration Kid. One foot leftward slowly, old man Kid left a word and found in another. Wrought reckless, Kid says, I'm not such a bad pilot myself. To sleep to dream to sleep to whatever. Microwave dinner. One thousand channels of bombs to watch. Click to those others of one in the fourth person plural.