

# **DISPATCH**

## **Dispatch**

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#1

Exterior eyes everywhere estrange themselves, in drowsy  
state or levering the transom of the bridge. Light is  
deliquesce, birds coughing up their relative history  
as equations of constants underlined in wing. Michigan  
gone to cherries and rust,  
as everywhere the too-filled cup carelessly spills its color.  
Defined as middle hollow vessels lose all heart.

#2

Hollow vessels lose all heart, our lip  
has failed, Darling  
laughingstock.  
I toss self into the chair,  
heap of tidbits, follow  
hair.  
I realize I have rooms, but only two in which to piss,  
and I can't do that  
from here. You said I am made of snake-oil,  
rearranged brain-yoke—it is a matter of  
years. The cuckoo spoke of time,  
how feng shui oh so conversationally  
otherwise "we're." A wall remained upright, the clock  
upon it. One or the other—I stutter—  
stayed egg-white—egg-white  
as a piece of  
logic. I thought  
to say "there is remorse behind it," but  
you were plain out of earshot.

#3

Air pressure arrives  
with immigrant forms  
“green sprouts in vertiginous gardens”.  
Not beguiling the money corner  
or relationship blender  
a cuckoo anachronisms its time-sequence  
out of earshot—  
each stutter a separate spoken piety  
falls on failed lip  
—a washout  
—a whiteout.  
Around the ring of the first  
locution, some germinal alarm  
Truly we are incipient  
lost in the logic of ovum structure,  
holding our fingers  
lest they itemize our hands.

#4

I am no articulate. The library  
aches, all its spines  
are anxiolytic. Perhaps it's the muzak—  
the broken piety penned by guttersnipes  
and idiots. Everything meantimes, the book  
I choose suddenly  
fidgets. Are the mighty true—truly  
incipient? —what kind of  
abededarian diddlysquat  
(I *still* haven't pissed)  
do they move? An impulse here to ditch the cortex—to  
remove the perplex  
with a finger  
concaved  
as a spoon—or kung-fu  
into whiteout, where, daft as a mallet-whacked  
toon, the midget stars  
of comic book  
wars are narrating this crestfallen  
minute.

#5

Just this minute  
a verb without antecedent  
conceived a vast object system  
of explanatory referents,  
your name synonym  
for “a casualty of time”.  
Anxiety distributes all the parts  
mapped of casuistry and wire  
another landmass fiction  
charging the air  
with lost language.  
A bad connection  
in paragraph form  
saying ‘hello,’  
and ‘hello?’

#6

A verb without action. Unspoken, the potential to  
undertake was away,  
or maybe,  
just as we  
were about to  
just taken. Probability lost, O tenderest tongue,  
how for granted  
you talk  
splinted—hackneyed,  
thought gimps along  
babbling  
about ought. Why is awareness not yet  
a pill for this illness? I should chalk  
my outline  
before the coroner arrives. I should jack-off  
homo sapien orifices and  
ventricles  
while there is absolute precision of sunlight. Vascular  
and ripe, inertia  
quivers the organ  
I want to lie beside. Every word  
numbskulls stillness. Duh. Duh. Duh.  
Hindsight, yes  
daffodils held like  
the tongue might ellipses.

#7

Legs strewn in ventricular light  
create sight as a carnival act.  
I fall into the organ space  
like a 17<sup>th</sup> century dance  
step, elaborate as candy.  
How homosapien of me how homo-sex—  
today I identify as  
outline, a chalked shape  
endless for assumption.  
Wasn't it Lorca  
finding flowers on the tongue  
louche with sun  
& olive pastes?  
It would be so decorous  
in three dimensions,  
petaled bodies strewn  
like wasted prose  
around a garden otherwise known  
for its perfection.  
Daffodils profuse  
as history  
repeat, repeat  
each hope-soaked spring.

#8

Sight as a carnal act. The eye, in half lit eclipses  
it is as if as if  
the cruel erotics of abandonment  
might stalk its own  
witnesses. Attack of want,  
some awful  
fragility—where are the two dilating  
school-children  
who  
rotated back, choked my pupils  
blue in abeyance to  
gonads  
I hand as a bouquet  
to you. Perpetually, you, between  
begs. Looks like  
hope-soaked tactility  
in the aperture of  
days. Night  
— “how the fuck”—  
square ballooned. If I ogled down I  
ogled up. Perpetual  
dew. Around a garden cleaved stamen off phlox,  
bodies strewn.

#9

“How the fuck” is seeing  
jack-offs in dark seats  
with all the body’s apertures  
sometimes saturate—  
a liquid event like going under  
square ballooned  
one half in the underwear  
another in the clouds.  
Hands up or  
down  
the dream perpetually  
its own holds a  
bouquet of irises  
around its other eye parts—  
“just another  
point of view.”  
This time your legs  
part sumptuousness  
from other water  
for sheer variety  
and then we kind of breathe  
our organs in.

#10

Nostalgia to paradigm, I fondled all  
the body’s fecund  
enzymes, and lifted perspective  
to naughtily  
suit  
that of the business  
of shifting  
grey-slacked  
proof. In typical example, I apologize  
perspicaciously—  
in your pant, you talk  
of the Jesus  
Eastering, and I’m in France, Beirut—  
all I can think about is frame of reference  
what if I bomb  
your Eiffel,  
whoops. I am oft  
besotted by frictions. Just touch. The eek I  
phonic in the backseat  
is one  
of joy and  
sickening. It was fervid, the event. In Connecticut,  
“an owl picks your eyes out,”  
and it tickles  
to an extent.

#11

Altars leak their juices  
on the knees  
what joy and sickening—  
to bend  
to believe.  
A frame of reference  
gilded, gold  
stiffens the enzymes  
into last year's  
cautious platitudes.  
Pleasure contains the germ  
and you feel it  
creeping along the cell structure  
into subsequent cartoon.  
Beyond these pencil holders  
a single bomb  
destroys the mortgage calculator  
in swift, abrupt contusion.  
Time to "hold yourself together"  
Connecticut-style  
grim-lipped and grey-walled  
one more consonant  
to clip a wild wing.

#12

Cautious platitudes from spite,  
happyfaces spewed. Prepositionally, out of mind  
my  
pronoun  
stayed behind  
to convert oxygen into dioxide  
for all the plants  
in the room. Abrupt conclusion: not dead, but  
causelessly bestrewed; not alive, but  
a tiny violin  
mal-practicing  
inside  
that illusion. Cliche, in the throes of  
arrest—I met the famed  
heart, took  
it apart  
because I grew it. Russian dolls opened small  
wholes  
of all  
replicas, one begat  
two. Me—I  
thought two  
better than one, but none, in subsequence,  
were you. Later,  
on knees  
someone consequentially huffed  
glue. Dawn,  
last year, through the blinds. Out of sight,  
hung yarrow, the  
corner  
photosynthesizing.

#13

Spring that sticky thing  
cleaves to death's decisive  
contrail  
so here we go  
alive alive o  
into the year bound with its hearts  
and bland apostrophes.  
Someone get a violin—  
this incessant sordid sunlight  
burns right through the shadows.  
Darkness ripped tangible  
to shreds wears  
garish bulbs and yarrow flowers.  
It pumps you up  
like oxygen in failing lungs  
a temporary color  
or ordinary sun.

#14

Guile and ruse. The aorta is not the plump emoticon  
that loves. Midnight  
to midnight, all this sticky  
four-parted  
thing does  
is blithely pump blood  
to and from  
lungs. Disrememberment, adhered to incongruent  
fixtures, symbolized the  
incessant  
reference to everlasting ardor  
that ventriloquizes  
death. Contraindication, these  
inevitables: there will be halitosis and  
rhetoric  
on those  
love-made on  
rose petals. There is no explanation for why  
leaves hang  
themselves  
off their plants. Unless,  
out of context, the metaphor,  
pulmonarily,  
is wasted  
on breath. Pine for the long hanker,  
yes, O  
yes, but we ought  
not blow  
into it  
all our warm oxygen, we'll only revive  
the cock of the  
marionette.



#15

The air is strung  
with decorative molecules  
that disable your sensory  
like how symbiotic  
lung expansion  
extrudes elements  
out of your just  
being.  
Time a  
membrane  
function, alarmed  
by hours' passage  
through itself  
leaves the body  
on its thread  
atmosphere  
internally hanging  
airholes in the vastness.  
Everywhere trees grow  
little lungs  
breathing human  
aspirations  
while we carve impulse into cambium  
with stolid woodenness,  
sad block hands.

#16

Questions about later. Time a snafu  
that tabled flat  
axis before  
after-sprawls  
of acres  
stalled  
the clocks  
o'lastingness. Durating, durating—I needed my  
noon.  
To mark it I teased  
the penis  
of a raccoon  
into peeing...Next, what happened.  
The hours full  
stop, brackets—to expedite passage, everywhere  
grew  
bladder.  
Animal soon I  
promised  
the fat urgent  
extruded, all the elements  
rafted,  
eliminatedly whomed. Finally, the whatnot  
unfastened  
molecular, and off  
pissed  
saffron from the stratosphere. From level  
surfaces nipples  
extenuated up  
to punctuationally  
arouse the locations  
of asterisks. [On your watch, the big hand  
is former, the little  
is latter. Yugoslavs without Yugoslavias, boats  
of Haitians,  
after]. This reaction, this instance  
is dislocating  
vastness. Why this matters  
is circumstantially besides, an escape  
adage.

#17

At last the land  
is parceled to the geometric instant  
in square domicile.  
Construction makes us  
aplenty full  
indifferent to this  
escape habit  
of cleaning ovens and masturbating  
cylinder engines.  
Meanwhile, the howl outside  
pees yourself a new fearhole  
asterisked out in the sublime  
footnote space  
—a glass bowl for the spleen's mad bleeding.  
So caustic downwind of the prayer engines  
you can't read the saffron exhaust clouds  
as miracle *anything*.  
(the extrusion formerly  
of ethnic dimension  
but now we can only sit here aluminum-clad  
awaiting our molecular offgassing  
in a new flavor pack)  
This matter is negotiable  
and anyway, aroused.

#18

Head in the oven. Yesterday, exactly. I tried to  
bake my  
raw fearhole  
when neohapsis  
suddened. Sympatico, all was—  
as is in appliance—  
categorically  
lateral, so I vented a schizo  
whose id,  
in terms of ego,  
ate batter  
syntactically, then wrapped  
the left-over  
synapse  
in spools and spools  
of thermoplastic. Let bygonas  
thaw. If I fellate  
the fillet  
of live steak  
prophylactically  
wrapped in saran  
the wan light of my ice-box hums  
and yaws spastic. Lobes, chicken-bones, spatulas  
all in the same drawer of no  
handle. De-compartmentalized, a spilled think  
amid the drool,  
again. Today, if copacetic, a simultaneous  
present. Milk  
without angles, and cardboard bread  
electrocuted for  
breakfast.

#19

Rain is constant  
outside the perpendicular  
body axis, a pinhole expanding  
muscle groups with silence.  
To last, duration  
needs a tread at solvent level  
making the forward motion cleave  
to its own symbolic  
flag-language  
aflutter with isotopic reverence  
for that 'real' feeling.  
Dispassions of coupons and rags  
truck across the continent's neural body—  
hybrids of their own  
accordion music  
which is not contradictory  
when spoken in split-tongues  
or anticipated as gesture  
so the fissure of self along denuded  
equation defines its puerile  
calculus—  
some enterprise now called "need".

#20

In particular, faces. The one lying next  
both bald  
and hirsute  
with dark obscurations. Its body is either a  
twitch  
with the gawks,  
always  
\_\_ologizing, and \_\_ophosizing  
the babble out  
randy  
cavitations, or a snore...something  
about the periphery  
closing post-  
chewing, or  
after a difficult time  
dozing after  
an epiphany  
irates dispassion, peeves  
spit, awakes  
mewling. The tongue appendices,  
is a tough  
mother-fucked  
slug  
word-oozy  
from invitational chit  
and addenda  
re: canoodling. The asshole  
ululates, its fissures are  
knit. One lying next  
rubs  
the space perpendicular. I told self O  
it is  
mine to molest.

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