

## MEN DEFT MEN

p. 9

Men deft men mental men of loving men all men  
Vile men virtuous men same men from which men  
Sweet and men of mercy men such making men said  
Has each man that sees it  
Cry as men to men sensate  
Conceptual recognition th men  
And their poverty speaking to the men  
is about timeliness men is about  
Previous palpability from which  
The problematic politics adorable  
And humble especially  
Young men of sheepish privilege becoming  
Sweet new style

p.10

Each man - I could write  
His poem. He needs no voice.  
But what would I take from it. Our facades are so  
Minor. What would i begin to say  
If his words were  
My poem. I am preoccupied with grace  
And have stared to speak expensively - as in  
Have joys  
Which look like choice  
Ill-matched to its consequence  
As laughter to a fall - bad memory  
Poorly researched life  
The men's  
Cocks  
And their faces  
As we do so  
Fall upwards.

Men, I'm 39 and my poem  
A purple scarf  
Of men  
From which men move  
Men sweet and smooth  
Men auditorily ignored  
Men by virtue of men  
Following men  
Make me tremble.

p. 11

What we refer to as men is any  
Communication we begin to perpetrate  
A priori for this man the men  
Want less and no less than the  
Holding and thus a spree  
Of men.

p.12

I address men  
And their faces  
And no shame

From sweet mercy each man makes deft wounds makes  
women and disquietude and something from what  
I am. What is it to open upwards towards the men  
hospitably to make something faceless from the spurious  
craving for men from most delicate improbable men  
from amorous spiritual men from the education of the  
emotions of men devotedly from whom I cannot remain  
indifferent as men.

Men, I'm sad I must die.  
These are beautiful shores.

p.13

Sensate conceptual recognition the men  
And their poverty speaking  
Language this theoretical  
Clatter the pigeons the ridgepole fluff  
And fuck and fly off

The funny pathos of men — I salute this.

p. 14

As for the men, we did toss our declinations and  
conjugations to and fro as they do who by way of  
a certain game

Of men

Conjugate men.

What I saw, I saw perfectly.

For amongst other things

I could neither mingle nor confound

I could neither reduce this exquisite toil nor teach

But I could entertain

As pure as a latin tongue

As pure

As two of my countrymen

Tractable and yielding

Upon a dark damask

I love it exceedingly and I satisfy my judgement.

p.15

Clear and regular the men being more and more  
exasperated would go to the shops. The value of the  
money is changed according to the men who repeat  
virtue and truth, virtue and truth and things written on  
coins accordingly.

The men change limited constructs into easy patterns.  
They determine in it. They point to the picture and  
they nurture their hearts. They find time to analyze  
conditions frequently. Men's commands are laminated  
by other methods - at the end of his frontiers there is  
left a free, indifferent and neutral space which is the  
sexuality of the men and they suffer. They commonly  
harbour their father's bodies in themselves and in their  
marrow.

p. 16

The men have divers lusts heady with vibration  
whence their opinion  
Men, I am shady and terrestrial.  
I have a friend who knew  
Debord - the men are pleased  
And their faces open  
Sexually. There is no concrete  
Or eternal thing there.  
We form attachments. And then we  
Go visiting. I do not mind. I  
Go too. I saunter  
Somewhere. The quick  
Brown fox jumps  
Over the lazy dog speaking  
Language.

Sweet new style  
I walk as appearing  
Everything became what i saw.  
I pour pinot the style  
Of the manikin  
And moisturise  
I pour into  
The men. I've been  
Changed  
By men  
You don't know  
Excellently  
I am home.

p.17

The men carrying his thoughts beyond his school  
beyond all experience beyond idealism the men beyond.  
I see it everywhere. Their immanent use will not damage  
me. My place is grasped by my auditor. Their work is a  
textbook. Without finding the world sufficient they give  
it some liberty. To consider the power and domination  
these bodies have I suckle them. There is not a man  
alone there is not sufficiency nor geometry but there is  
beauty and greatness and thirst.

The  
Men are enjambed.

p.18

The men find themselves happy only insofar  
As they gratify an inclination.  
They are men of warmth and humour and  
Acute sensitivity and if I choose  
To speak of them it is no trifle.

*To speak of the men is no trifle.*

They are both sublime and  
Beautiful, delicate  
And copious, rolling and touching  
And rubbing one against another  
In their most serious actions  
But nothing makes them men  
But their word in the new-found world.  
I study them more than any other subject  
Studying hard in this disordered rabble  
Remembering to drink water  
Judging soundly like a man  
The ceremonies and decorations  
The opportunities for ornament  
Inorganic and misty they exist  
Against gravity and they fail  
Glamorously their ideal which is to float  
In the air without any support  
So beautiful and sucking.

p.19

Let the thought here be platted  
That the men want to float  
Just the pink tip of their  
Thing touching the firmament.

Whence men that achieve both  
Clarity and embellishment, sur-embroidered  
With clandestine emotion  
Goya painted their eyes  
Into women  
Thus

p. 20

The psychic life  
Of pigment.  
The men used to dream about the future and they  
dreamt this.

It is love  
They announce  
The men  
Flow down  
The pen  
And they write.  
They have only  
The reticence  
Of intimacy.

You really love  
The men.  
We do.