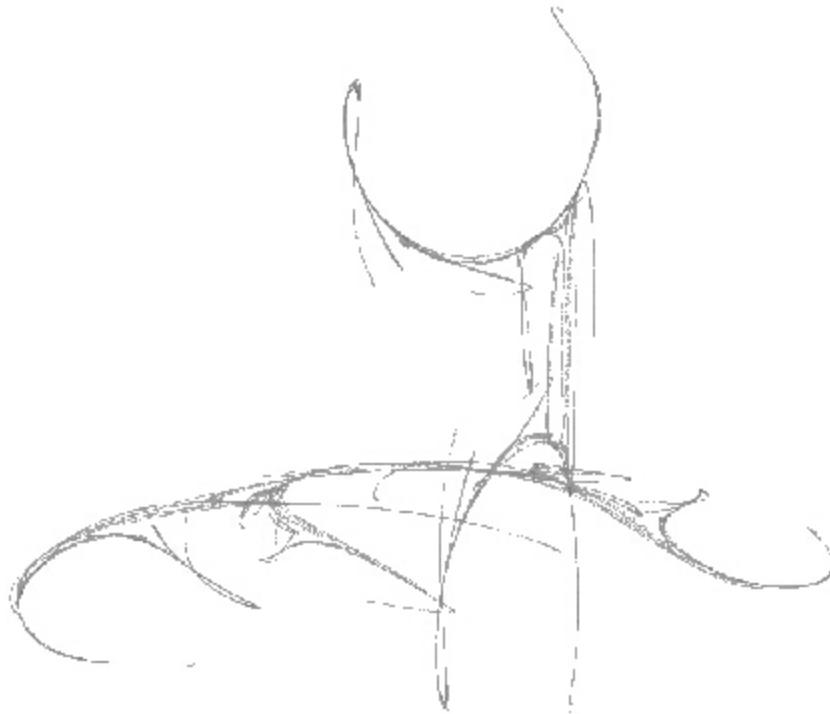


*Talk is Parting of a Problem*

by

Nico Vassilakis



xPress(ed)

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## TALK IS PARTING OF A PROBLEM

### first aspect

Lets begin with

That evacuation  
The parceling of high-pitched sections

Sits there, the second half of an alphabet  
Flutters

Consonants against the screen  
Vowels in the kitchen

A building of letters, collapsed, strewn debris  
Some haphazard beauty

As staring holds its disdain  
For the distraction of constant motion

Sweet smell of contraptions  
Tolling the absolute oblivion of pendulums

It's invisible how we speak or  
Discord makes asymmetry even more perfect

Ribbons in the wind  
Only begin to convey

A pattern disguised  
In clouds is the book

It's a matter of cleaning up the focus  
Returning to alignment

The two are only fully realized  
When they become the one

No bumping or pacing, no fidget of  
The inner, the one that fits inside you

The title page is become time sensitive  
Is a warning among the ferns

How exactly does one eliminate  
Knowing for more knowing

Remove the eye and remove  
Everything you are

Remove the others and remove  
Every other available button

Deadly silence among the ferns  
That surround the alphabet, the very letters

Blowing through buildings  
Windows thrown open as convenience

We're all about convenience  
Encrypted in the bone, in the horn

What surface will tell the story  
Of the ascent toward oxygen

Randomly numbered pages as foible  
Trouble the way we operate

At the mere mention of flooding  
The insects evacuate

Major systems that are dulled  
Allow the minor ones to explore

A tumultuous blackened horn  
An obstacle poised to dislodge

Here again is cascade, is overage  
Language of the dam broken

The total cover is complete quiet, a gag  
But beneath is room enough to articulate

A phoneme and its bubbles  
The sentence and its whirlpool

Nothing is captured, but capture itself  
Nothing is set free, becomes elusive

Walking toward water the dimensions widen  
Not only its surface, not only its top

Below is the mind  
The deeper part of the head

There are no parentheses, no containers to fill  
As a bird seen for the first time

The liberation, the appetite  
The consumption of freedom

And air as freedom  
And now that too is in demise

Writing is the same as  
That evacuation

How exactly does one eliminate  
A phoneme and its bubbles

Consonants against the screen  
The sweet smell of contraptions

We're all about convenience  
We're all about death

A building of letters, collapsed, strewn debris  
Vowels in the kitchen

The transparent third nostril  
Turns its face toward death

An object lodged in the night  
Is responsible for its shadow too

Shortsighted stroll into  
The innards of a political clock

Even the transportation of small  
Brained animals is important to society

Rumblings of a distant psychosis bounce  
Into the playground of your ear canal

They emerge vividly  
A marvel of technicolor scenes

The posture of an event is directly  
Related to the posture of its participants

For instance, we are slaves to our laws  
Photosynthesis laughs at us

If you adjust the rabbit ears just right  
You can receive your next-door neighbor better

Meanness is allowed to fester  
And it will ruin the spine

The pilgrimage is made  
To reassert the definition's truth

Glorious water, but even it  
Falls victim to gravity

Winding its way down to the feet  
The head ponders the fascinations of light

The birdsong of ancient typewriters  
Chattering in the background

Turning over firewood to look for bugs  
Alternate side of the street parking is in effect

This desire to write language  
Is becoming a strain on everyone

The frontal lobe droops down over the eyes  
It blocks sight and soon brings sleep

You'd think by now they'd get rid of national  
And start conjuring up world heroes

Past tense: capitalism's monomaniacal purpose  
Depleted nature's multifaceted logic

Children dig underneath the asphalt  
To get their hands dirty

Polymers make for great shelter though there's  
The stress of being both primordial and modern

Continues a delivery of footsteps  
Through uncharted ground

The conversation stops on a dime  
And turns onto oceans of varied surfaces

Creamy and smooth are not  
Attributes in this case

The blank look in the eye  
Reflects the appeal of nothingness

How is it that living itself  
Has become a form of punishment

## second notion

Do you want me here still? It is yours completely now. There is no veil of strategy. Even while the words formed meaning you were distracted by adjoining sounds. That trick of how you associate to the text. That wonderful ability you have of meshing your life with what you think of your life. You decide. You decide what to read or how to read and you are deciding as you are reading. Find me, and you already have begun a new book in your hands. Put me down and still, you seek another source. Your thought travels a certain measure, and then it returns. And it dawns on you, or has been dawning on you or you've enjoyed many dawns or are still transfixed by that one dawn, that first dawn. Even now. Here now. Go ahead close this book and walk away. Another thing you attend to. And if you left and I continued this way, you persist in getting the world to adhere to your sense of attention. The texture of the thing is nothing to speak of, but you've thought of it already, the kind of paper, is it similar to the other textures you've known. It just happens so quickly. You have been in command the whole time. I am here to stop you up and see that you realize it's been the entire time. I don't know though if you want to be reminded. It might make your experience reading this, well, myopic or you might respond in hostility. I wouldn't blame you, but there's the possibility that you've been too busy lately and need reminding or in case you're high then there's that and forever can be dense and requires easing into. Now to begin again...

dear advancer

Cold mischief that shows no edge  
The bent future rules  
The paperless wickets caught in darkness  
And the night's orb too

Cold wickets caught in the future  
Darkness rules the orb  
The edge of the bent night shows no mischief  
And the paperless town too

Cold paperless town  
The night rules the wickets too  
The orb caught in the edge of darkness  
And the future shows mischief

Cold edge of the paperless future  
The wickets caught in town  
The mischief too shows darkness  
And the orb rules the night

Cold hearted orb that rules the night  
Caught in paperless mischief  
The bent wickets show no future  
And darkness at the edge of town too



some chill in the air  
I've got a reading tonight  
Christine's got off  
Quixote is in his other place  
The world's right on paper  
But in front of me it stinks

2)

the radio's blaring  
on purpose again  
this morning of breathing  
loud nostrils  
of crushed sleep  
collapsed, elapsed  
notions of time  
last night was different  
not so much  
drinking on the eve of it  
independence  
poised on July's month  
forth American blues  
whites of the eyes turned red  
waiting on a background check  
till this hangover dies  
guns o'plenty, heartburns  
birth of the roman empire  
stocks down. people down  
Christine's at work  
sprawled across the queen size  
I have to lower the  
zenith am/fm alarm box  
the country is depending  
on my silence today  
the question is not  
can you see the problem  
but how good can we make you  
feel, so you forget  
the problem at hand  
perhaps at this very moment  
everything will change for me  
but again who cares about me  
it's morning now, anew  
some birds, some planes  
there's no theorizing about  
luxuriating over spare time  
it's independence day  
I am part demographic  
part target group

are my cats American?  
                                here's to phillip whalen jennings  
here's to the right thing  
                                here's to making the park cleaner  
than when you first arrived  
                                here's to kicking mediocrity

3)

funny, this day after  
                                post liberated 5th of month  
I am clutched by stymie  
                                cloistering fear and regret  
waking pride of morning  
                                will have to wait till afternoon  
there's no point in talking about it  
                                no point continuing

4)

so next morning  
                                this now  
here  
                                abit more patched  
a balloonist in near full regalia  
                                ready to cross the canyon  
I don't remember mornings  
                                being this important  
facing the chasm aloft  
                                alone and imperiled  
a television plot  
                                to undo me  
the ego monster's last scrap of space  
                                run through with a sword  
sobbing in mid air  
                                looking down while  
roadrunners just laugh  
                                their ass off  
it should seem obvious by now  
                                I've stopped caring  
how else to get to the other side  
                                without killing yourself  
the heralding, the trumpeting  
                                the hoopla of morning  
eludes me  
                                so I ask please  
don't look me in the eye  
                                we're all tortured by something  
even the irony of  
                                being tortured by love

what kind of shape is that?  
I'm stationed at a pinball machine  
I want for nothing  
perhaps an extra ball or a free game  
I'm terrified by how many  
eyes there are in this part  
letting go the previous  
for more pre cognition  
fatigued by hiding my eye  
and for a moment light feels  
good on my face  
the monolith pushed aside  
to avoid its deadly shadow  
I can be anywhere with telephones  
carry my voice  
throw my voice  
know my voice  
go my voice

one definition

One entry found for giddy.

Main Entry: 1gid·dy

Pronunciation: 'gi-dE

Function: adjective

Inflected Form(s): gid·di·er; -est

Etymology: Middle English gidy mad, foolish, from Old English gydig, possessed, mad; akin to Old English god god

Date: 14th century

1 a : DIZZY <giddy from the unaccustomed exercise> b : causing dizziness

<a giddy height> c : whirling rapidly

2 a : lightheartedly silly : FRIVOLOUS b : joyfully elated : EUPHORIC

- gid·di·ly /'gi-d&l-E/ adverb

- gid·di·ness /'gi-dE-n&s/ noun

Entry Word: giddy

Function: adjective

Text: 1 having a lightheartedly silly nature <tried to teach a bunch of giddy Girl Scouts how to make a fire>

Synonyms bird-witted, dizzy, empty-headed, featherbrained, flighty, fribble, fribbling, frivolous, harebrained, hoity-toity, light, light-headed, rattlebrained, scatterbrained, silly, skittish, volage, yeasty

Related Word capricious, fickle, impulsive, whimsical; brainless, exuberant, thoughtless, witless

Idioms giddy as a goose

Contrasted Words earnest, pensive, sedate, serious, sober, solemn, staid, thoughtful

2

Synonyms DIZZY 2, light, light-headed, swimming, swimmy, vertiginous

Related Word bemused, flustered

Idioms going around in circles, like a chicken with its head cut off, seeing double

## out of

Out of earshot	Out of the blue	Out of nowhere	Out of nothing
Out of a hole	Out of the woodwork	Out of this world	Out of the way
Out of money	Out of food	Out of a job	Out of time
Out of air	Out of luck	Out of danger	Out of malice
Out of spite	Out of date	Out of doors	Out of pocket expenses
Out of state	Out of town	Out of bounds	Out of room
Out of a trance	Out of the woods	Out of sight	Out of practice
Out of line	Out of choices	Out of chances	Out of my jurisdiction
Out of the area	Out of reach	Out of position	Out of gas
Out of power	Out of place	Out of stone	Out of necessity
Out of need	Out of a sense of duty	Out of Egypt	Out of order
Out of training	Out of Africa	Out of milk	Out of steam
Out of juice	Out of bed	Out of condition	Out of space
Out of ideas	Out of beer	Out of commission	Out of respect
Out of the tunnel	Out of friendship	Out of control	Out of shape
Out of proportion	Out of range	Out of eden	Out of a book
Out of the fire	Out of the jungle	Out of the loop	Out of it
Out of the starting blocks		Out of the gate	Out of balance
Out of play	Out of the corner of your eye		Out of things to say
Out of focus	Out of breath	Out of sorts	Out of pity
Out of the middle	Out of the ordinary	Out of touch	Out of sequence
Out of ink	Out of my mind	Out of light	Out of here
Out of the mouth of babes		Out of boredom	Out of consideration
Out of toilet paper	Out of favor	Out of Brooklyn	Out of obligation
Out of a sense of commitment		Out of joy	Out of step
Out of rhythm	Out of stock	Out of ammo	Out of Zeus' head
Out of the ghetto	Out of a willingness to	succeed	Out of food stamps
Out of possibilities		Out of court settlement	
Out of the ground	Out of the trees	Out of the sky	Out of synch
Out of water	Out of paper	Out of the norm	Out of season
Out of the mainstream		Out of a maze	
Out of that relationship		Out of convenience	
Out of school	Out of your clothes	Out of diapers	Out of confusion
Out of the fog	Out of hand	Out of whack	Out of equilibrium
Out of adjustment	Out of jail	Out of this universe	Out of the closet
Out of my life	Out of joint		

### three sartes in a row

"three o'clock. three o'clock is always too late or too early for anything you want to do. a peculiar moment in the afternoon. today is intolerable."

"they run, they hurry, they strike me with a sharp blow in passing and are obliterated. I should quite like to hold them back, but i know that if i managed to stop one, nothing would remain between my fingers but a vulgar, doleful sound. i must accept their death; i must even will it"

"you get the impression that their normal condition is silence and that speech is a slight fever which attacks them now and then."

## flight 191

Push away, so you don't appear too obvious during the process. Let things take on what suits them. The terns dive in the ocean feeding on a school of commas and other bits of punctuation. If you force a thing it will not respond. Somehow in a place that has a repeating design is a spot different from the rest. That is exactly what makes it interesting, what makes it remarkable. His name is chase sparrow. That is never really an important fact, but with a name like chase sparrow things happen.

At its narrowest you could easily see water on both sides of the road.

Blackbeard would light his beard aflame before boarding his target ship.

Politicians love how summer detracts and distracts voters of their ability to scrutinize.

The walk to the beach is a technicality.

It's the water that's the vowel, the reason that astounds.

Inside the heart where it's okay to die, dark threads weave a shawl to cover the shoulders left bare to the shore's breezes. A dragon's statue. A row of winds. The bumpy back of a devil's ghost book. To disappear from off the porch, the happy wrap-around porch.

String piles gather from the experiment in the basement. The dulled thwack of ventricular

activity. How is it it includes string and is located in the basement?

{Picture here}

elation of the newly arrived. A puzzle drawn from memory. And to repeat... the convenience of death.

\*

Enlarging, enlarging

Depleting, depleting

The whole of the crux

Starts

Repeating, repeating

A bony finger points the way to a cave. The cave is home to the dead things. The dead things are objects. Encased in the objects are events and experiences that never came to fruition. The events are forgotten. The experiences are for the most part forgotten. The place is seeped in regret. You sift through your things. You sort and organize the dead things. You begin to remember.

Enlarging, enlarging

Depleting, depleting

The whole of the crux

Starts

Repeating, repeating

There are so many dead things. Scissored bits. The dandruff of living.  
Parcels misaddressed, untranslatable, detained. Inside the clasped trunk  
are the dead things. The subtle and blatant. Of invisibility, of stupidity.  
Inside, also, are piles of string left behind from a previous time.  
The shadows of movement linger.

Enlarging, enlarging

Depleting, depleting

The whole of the crux

Starts

Repeating, repeating

four cornerstones

Honey

The pot

The bun

The moon

The pie

Ship

The building

The shape

The ahoy

The fools

Blue

The bayou

The streak

The sky

The punishment

Diamond

The mine

The ring

The shine

The tooth

last dead dream

I want to leave  
This place like I left  
Katz's Deli

With a vanilla and  
A chocolate  
Egg cream

One in each  
Of my hands

And a pocketful  
Of pencils

And typewriter ribbon

And the first issue  
Of a new small press magazine

And an assortment  
Of shoehorns to pass  
To my friends

And a few doorstops

And a handful of scratchy  
jazz vinyl

And some good books  
With just the right  
Amount of foxing

To be among  
The dead things  
The once new things

Dear Dear Advancer