

VORGLÜHEN

PRE-GAME GETTING READY

Bar-laments push that guy outta
the way and pull the magic with cups
and bubbles.

Go to sleep little baby...

The drippy hair case¹ soul patch
sideways off happy trail-less traveled
by²

First trick RABBIT

LIGHTS out... the spells get slower,
the lights get lower, while they set the
scene by stomping in the back.
They put the tricks away... and join.
Gather the guests in waves, ebbs
and flows.
They lead a small group up into the
crow's nest.

MEGA STROLL EMERGES

GAY COWPERSONS COMPOSITE-
line-dance shows up between the
long stroll.

Tail I:
Kuduro Chimay-Pour
Humanoids shaken and stirred

Improvise to boot and blow sand off
Broken-ass-clogged fountain that
can't get the water out... off the wall
Passing you electric
Grumpy garage inflatable fills too brim
Into backwards culture—every
fucking day
Speak easy—bursts
Deertrails head that hat falls
Slinky flays
Heel toe heal—but with Dielán on top
Communal soft-archive

BELARUSIAN WALKS INTO DEEP-DIVE CLOSET

HA

Teil II:
Belarusian walks into deep-dive closet
POP
Without a thud—SORRY
But we got a POP
And that THING interrupts with a HA
SOREY POP THING HA
It may jumpstart
But she calls the dive-lines
And then they dive in
Canonized?³

The School of Swarm and Spiral Spring
The opposing schools push and pull—
does anyone have a Tidalinou⁴?
The up and over into the crabby
And they all eat: mouth filter, huge-ass
claw, the protectoriate⁵, and the ones

that fight to devour.
The sub-emergence
The tackling lighthouse SOS
The hop is integral and then the
Basement Ciaga-flood⁶
Moon spiders bump car thug

DEEP-DIVE

Offshore mumblecore into Shedna
shop-lifts
Drunken master goosebumps that
happen twice maybe if Shedna is up
for it—someone give that women
a drink or ur first born
Drunken master recalling the stomp—
walking your ancestors

CAT'S POWER — BATHYSPHERE

When I was seven I told my mother,
To take me to the bay and put me on
a ship.
Silver swordfish electric,
I can feel or dream down here.
If the water should cut my mind,
If the water should cut my life,
If the water should cut my mind,
Set me free,
I don't care,
I want to live in a bathysphere.

Chimes Transition (the fragmented
glock-n-spiele)

SOFT BODY-BAND CARPET MUNCH

Guide the guests with four single bells
into the back carpet

The Sun Can't Compare: Larry's Heard
the sun can't compare and Mr. White
agrees for sure
(Together in a trickle):

You are my life
The sun can't compare to your light
You are my dream
The moon can't compare to your beams

Composite-Toolery-Totem-GoBo-Strobo?
The embers and outro ushering out...
Chimera repeats: centipede legs, hornet
stinger, the dodo face with the rabbit
ears, angora's feat

Transition back to the beginning...

ENDLESS LOOP

- ¹ KATZ AS SHE PEERS FROM BEHIND THE STOLEN BUSH
- ² THAT MERIDIAN LINE
- ³ I WAS TALKING ABOUT BUGSBY BERKELY—I DON'T NOW WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT.
- ⁴ FROM TIDALING, TYLENOL, AND ENTITLING-YOU? AND AN IRREVERENT INDIGENETTY...
- ⁵ FROM PROTECTORATE AND PROLETARIAT.
- ⁶ A PORTMANTEAU OF BALENCIAGA AND BASEMENT-FLOOD—JUST IN CASE YOU DIDN'T GET IT... OR A BASE SAGA.

Composite-Toolery-Totem-GoBo-Strobo (2021), Exquisite corpse compilation, graphic lasered from chrome, Diameter: 100.0 mm



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