

Beard of Bees
#100



**TO CURE
NATURE
WITH
SCIENCE**

(a gnoem)

TO CURE NATURE
WITH SCIENCE
(A GNOEM)

by
Eric Elshtain,
Gnoetry 0.2,
and Eighty-Two Other
Beard of Bees Poets

edited by
Rachel Burman,
Eric Elshtain,
and Shannon Frech

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Preface

Beard of Bees began in 2001 as a repository for the results of experiments with Gnoetry—a poetry generating software developed by none other than Beard of Bees publisher Jon Trowbridge, with Eric Elshtain buzzing in the background shouting encouragements and giving suggestions. The earliest publications were initial forays into gnoetics, including those of exhaustive late-night field tests during which local poets and non-poets alike would sit at Gnoetry stations and play at composing and compose as they played (one local poet was driven to declare Gnoetry to be “Nintendo for Poets!”)

At the same time as these explorations into computational poetics were underway, Elshtain was in the midst of his turn as poetry editor of the *Chicago Review*. As he had cultivated some relationships with poets through that editorship, he decided, what the hell, let Beard of Bees also publish electronic chapbooks of poetry written by mere humans. And so, according to a sometimes irregular schedule of publication, Beard of Bees has reached chapbook number 100!

In an effort to honor the dual function of Beard of Bees Press, as publisher of machine, human-machine, and human poetries, editor Elshtain uploaded the each of the first 99 chapbooks in his Gnoetry engine and asked the machine to render the works, through its magic of statistical analysis and system of penalty/reward, into 100 fifteen-line stanzas, each line consisting of anywhere between five and ten syllables. Then, Elshtain and Beard of Bees factotums Rachel Burman and Shannon Frech pored over the material, looking for clues, hints, and threads. Breaking the material into rough thirds, each took a pile of stanzas home and made light to medium edits, finding arguments for changes on the punctuation, word, syntactical and grammatical level—sometimes, even on the poetical and historical levels.

The end result pays homage to the wonderful words poets from around the globe have gifted to Beard of Bees Press — words that the Press has been able to gift to the public at large. Beard of Bees sincerely thanks all of the poets who have asked for their works to be freely distributed across the Web. This gnoem is dedicated to these poets and the workers in the hive hope the poets take it in the spirit in which it was derived: with wonder and gratitude.

Beard of Bees also thanks their dedicated fan-base in Tallinn, Estonia: they hope the six of you have enjoyed all of the chapbooks over the years!

H. Lincoln Hardwick, PhD
Des Moines, IA
2014

Section One

Sadness Should Be Corn Starch

edited by Eric Elshtain

But on this side, the Hardy home was
brimming with excitement.
The sun reflected
from a light sleeper
and the window sill.
Swinging my bare foot above the ear bud,
the bony head, the others who
were not like lunatics.
The motion of seeing taking shape
of a large hotel in Underwater, Scotland.

The willow grabbed for designer
Kleenex. She thought he should take thought,
and the boy the most effective writing.
He admired its cozy fit as he
came into the mouth of thirst.
If you find yourself over the
same result, it must be broken.
You complain, alone in the
central stairs. Her imagination will
only be as wide as the fall of stone.

Shook towards Earth, we will be shade
again. Great ice comes apart,
a little fever in between the prospect
you could have built.
Entertainments fail, bathed in a beaker
of iron knives, the only good to
go to the heavens. The bulbous
match head flared up and went to sea
Up on the culprit, sometimes it starts
with a sense of already being

a lawyer, going to continue
writing bout a living, gone starved,
still less in their good grace.
No one touched. The right way.
Such portions as the only one hand
and my robe plucked

out my body to see Halstead Street.
Girl, she sobbed out
a generated nature in their drink,
the last word flavored like dung and meantime,

I cannot see my left hand
is missing from my eyes
to sneak off. Sing a song and
streamers flying, beating drums.
The old museum, life, war or fraud.
He holds up a crackdown on orders from
a den of 'em, you know,
not bred to fight tooth and nail?
In the liquid stillness of the court,
I have the desire to have, to have this

shared vulnerability—
maybe they have been a real
thing. Returning cautiously, rain fell
into the outfield, the people of the soil
around the massive throne again.
But when I believe, the angry
egg per plaque on the youth, upon
my legs, waving long black arms, mine arms,
mine arms, I could split the ocean,
all the rest of it, and I am

busy assembling the list of characters
so natural, so delighted
with the tide. Bruckner did not see
the occipital ridge of us.
I press my closed eyes with my eyes
to remind me that same sad and sly
look of loving, the silence
in this hierarchy of upper and lower teeth.
Light, we are about to hit the wrong
man who is dependent upon another.

You should ask: what kind of vanity.
Come on, you and I found the moon,
a kinder note of prudence behind the house.
I waited in the river out of a human soul.
You, you, you would, you say that you were set
upon by great walls at the end
of lady madeline within
the bounds of the will betting on invitation
and plunging his retreat.
Time to pull against the door of darkness.

Is your phone working? “Things are alright,”
I said “the news?” Redoubt says that
sadness should be corn starch
in the mold of primeval Earth.
Ideas of work change and there, all the time
to time, perhaps in a red executive.
His room coming alive, he wrote these pages:
“Hen bit June—fee the towels clean—
sun-light light my hands— over the state in this
occasion, shook them—”

However high hat this vicarious leisure,
it dipped into a pig at night.” Tony
hit the pavement in baseball clothes? I stand aside
impatiently, then, unlock the door.
Frederick Peck, Sr., died September
of running through sprinklers.
He wanted to sing a song
and the lowing of a down.
The dog starts for the head
now, on the basis of memory.

You were born, child, a Chevy drove by
the body with five gills;
five children and mother are seeking
two suspects in him. He owes various shopkeepers
and members. The eyes watch, watch
that single bird on the landing.
I face south at noon, place

my elbows on my age. Nice
knot, keen sight, and a trusty fellow.
Test the voice of his home;

recite her favorite lies;
set the watch and coins pressed
into the kitchen, spic and span.
The deferment of judgment from her now
healthier half, the creature squatting
up the incline along the ground.
What should I blame, girl,
for his hotdog at a time he
looked back again? The
gay? Let us delay, no time to think he is

the greenland whale, the night alone
in God, creation, even
thus, in their destruction, as
he shot up in the right
parts of my people under me.
A mind delighted with the lions' game.
Moreover I will consume all that
wild mob took in the cove: the bread, his
whiskey trucks. "Lord, your hips and lips," he
replied, "the universe requests it."

Opposed to facts by moonlight a vibrant girl
had gone farther. But the leaves
on the shadows of the eyes!
And he had written books, print.
When the explorer was on the map.
You have deserved these words, but in
their faith I would have
liked the world made as a long, low
tree until the hand implement, missing,
could lead. I wanted to live,

you must leave. Waiting room
of actual dread, leaving the outside objects
in you something that is doubtless rooted

in relative economic comfort and the other one,
he could have been so nasty to me.
In fact the credit column, wind, and light, we struck
and sparked. Quantity: now everyone
can relax, write that poem about Spring,
life, the gods, and quickly bow to their rooms
aware of life or breath.

Now I seem to have to work today
from the eyes!
A lady who escorted us
draws a small chunk of beer on
her part. I know he could reflect if asked to—
and Marcella exercised the single
red line and the eyes?
I have the name of his
golden haired hawkeye,
he writes to his brain.

Your legs, give it a singular manner
and quench the fire; my assistant
tucked in his heart packed
with string for dropped pennies.
Her eye sipped off his fluids
our lives stripped of a thick piece of
the quickest way to convey
human existence to
anyone beyond the cottage.
You got it crawling around in my eyes,

upon the land of the eyes!
That young lady on Earth
is painful to do this; he
was an iron bar. The translation
in the deep brandy bottle up
the stairs, my voice forked
in two or three,
cowboy belt across my hips,
oh smile. I thought I heard you twice the
first quarter,

and an official at a county
fair said, "Darkness
beyond the termination shock;
two, a heavy step could have
been burned, bombed and trampled on.
One of the feminine gland, fear
not the point of life would tend to luck—
luck, or a horse behind the wheel,
and beauty all at once
while waiting for his meal.

The man pounded a live crow with his fanny.
A second stringer
gave a sucking sound. When
I press my closed eyes
with my fingers. My uncle
means to make talk when I am a woman,
and propose. Then little
Chandler took the turns, we were all in his
unearthly screech in this unnerved
the gospel of revolt.

Nothing on the telephone and cockatoo
shall say that you should spill some
on your frosty digits. Or could you,
like a knife fallen to the poop
in order to enlighten me, he
added, pointing to his brain. You will hear
a public speech when a man walked into the workplace
of a signature. Beneath Mauna Kea a herd of horses
is beginning to burn a hole in the shade,
the thrill of running through sprinklers.

In addition, the workers of the money and drugs,
the rise of people who are
dead from suicide. When
I made a string for more of myself
in flecks and tatters of flesh
the duchess was expecting
the president. Should the government

return us again to the west side
three gates shall be hours late for Paul,
shining in the iron plates, in bathtubs, in their results.

The slopes emptied of light came sweeping
overhead. Bruckner did not know what
is larger than the slender thread,
a deep society, the closed eyes.
He is lost? Northbound lanes
of the field to hunt the horns scatter
the craftsmen. I suppose burlap
is fair material for the sacking
of lucid sleep. Thy nature,
with a kvetch, surprised with a verse.

His glasses spread across and true
yes, over the eyes
of the leisure class.
Our propensity is this feeling grim.
Is the source of blood.
They believed they were filled, in due
reward. Dimension saves the day
without a word of God,
moving faster than my eye
could follow the youth upon

the doctor. He may have
been previously ascertained
by law. I've breathed hard times,
hard times! My manager exploded
right on camera. Burnished
clay of hands seeking
rocks to scrape with cool
sticky spray; orange torn open
to the well, the culprit is
behind the wheel,

and the August damp
as a man crossing an empty stage
says, "Look, buddy." Naked

feet promise enterprise,
as a matter of devices.
Meanwhile, what is it coming
down out there, a sudden turn,
perhaps a double stream upon the eyes.
A large pool of words, presented to
her from before others said: "Well, they're

drinking honey wine and a light
other than Earth they spree across.
I've read this like the one who heard it,
the explanations were becoming shades.
When taking the apple, what is the cut among you.
This is just a couple of days, there
are no substitutes for a decent meal
where the scheme of race
and industry is the idol of others.
Its mold should mute idols. I am a poet,

I believe it only when you are
the letters of Calvary. They're drinking
honey wine and laugh themselves to death;
what were their opinions on the smooth skin
of her thought's descending head.
I had the greatest scene about
the boat where nothing better aim remembered
real shadows. Dressed as a means of social worth,
I hinted intentions were
a glorious monument to fantasy and rage.

Giving into the soil,
no gnomes for me.
Frank and Joe hopped into the soft English
distance. The sailor's eyes,
New York, surrounded by a grain of sugar,
rubbing the skull of my chest,
sags inward. The sound of the treaty:
their talk about fallen clothes
was suggestive. Each of our childhoods
is tainted by the way.

Upon his flock and malicious will
we become citizens who live between three words.
If your feet of sand
stand away from the sheen of the future
then the moon, where space
is mostly empty, there
is a ghost gave you the first fourteen years
past. They meet for dinner to show
them how a piece of meat and eyes
is another love:

O! how a kisser revives pore girl
their hands made straight along surfaces
shimmy. Who will bring disc jockey?
I stood there in the form of the moon, confirmed
in grace, her voice, fine, jolly fellow! They
were nothing like their parents, who were.
It was always there. We will prevail, oh down,
I cup my ears with my fingers and hear
no humming sound is absent when I
laughed. She saw the whole affair.

I watched how her right reckoned
by distance, followed by the biggest
and brightest stars, could be seen,
now and unaware you're tossing
alcohol into the hill side. The eyes
were with our small midwestern mind
between the sting of what once
existed had survived and was now.
How many prophecies and close calls help
the girl take her children shopping

with her to try
and assure the hero of the eyes;
the doctor: Alfred, Alfred dear.
"The blackout is involved in what
is the case," replied the clerk.
What would a stone balloon work
with, an ocean of the eyes

The hours on the far side
of the biggest stores in the land.
They deserve respect, suddenly

thinking of you.

Deep charm with blue, blue waves
over the area of imported goods,
a good sign. I crave that he is
not cold on purpose, and he
had been due at the bottom
of the sky. How are you.

So they get credit for good work but pass off
mistakes onto those under them. To the
cigarette in bed I find. . .

Section Two

“A cigarette in bed I find”

edited by Shannon Frech

A cigarette in bed I find

it hard to make talk when I am
at a paper loss. The game, the
method in which the same
result, under the same day each week,
is to couture as culture is
to sense what overly ripe
cheese is to bread. He pointed to a
job. The men of her heart were
better; those who were trying
to change the water
in the present. I cannot speak
for the slaves. His

feet? I walk a
day. Is rhythm your realm of
praxis? What about the discourse of the bones, made
of polished steel. The
system of conventions, a history that seemed so
planned. Many signs of rules:
rain and wind had nothing
to do in a chair, a bathtub. These occupations
I know of. A thin beard. My

breath feels warm and even now transferred
itself. That morning a head,
however inferior
in spirit, filled. As to implore the
mercy of the people in
his pocket, he pulled out
the mirror of the eyes of her new life.
As always, news of the
storm, the brandy bottle, the opened doors,
his feet. I open, wide awake enough. He
was still a symbol, but I was a place
in this unnerved

novel. I can avoid the usual
interest. He never leapt tall buildings, but
on his feet? Get used to
care, for fear he would have
asked. The reason for this is
the core; the surface is
dry. I did not walk through the moment,
and the bare horizon? Skin
as white as snow and hair as black as
night, four girls bursting enigmatic bonds.

Civilizations
crawled across the floor. The sheriff
bent down to hear it sing.
My eyes wasted no time for the
massacre. My hand turned green as
duckweed, far away. I do not like
putting out to help
people in this country of origins.
A sweet odor shed a blurred
radiance to the source of

it. Be courageous,
be vigilant, and be aware of your hand.
The poor, unhappy, too high
overhead in our lives. No need
for sunlight and green space. In that direction, searching
among the many people that were here.
They become less funny. Digging
his whiskey as you would have done: one foot
upon the whale, between the word.
A slow, black and white book which they serve
with these words ceased to love more
than extensions of good.

At last, I've found a meanness
to rid from these signs.
Time to think where
the children grow. This
is the remembrance. The air,

the unhappy father, his
hands. The time. I intend to
let me tell you; upon the waves pounce
the cliffs. Mangoes were in the right
trademark wilderness. His feet are
nimble and light. She follows him with the
dying of the rock. Our proof. I never did.

They didn't say that they may melt and
I disagree with this decision.
But the echoes of the league sway you,
the official called out, the third proceeded to sort
out our way of responding. Monks of plaster had
crumbled and my robe plucked from
my four limbs holding a teaspoon of salt
flavored with bullion makes
this faraway paper

crackle. In this way,
boy, girl will be your love. Come
out here, I should have said,
or I would have pulled them out, dressed in their
cola. The monster lifts from
the cavities of the ear and commands drink
a breakthrough. Weeds and salt pits shall
possess the remnant. It is among
the lowing of a river, the most delicious
and looked for in america. Were we
men enough to suggest that such details

would be thankful for their position. Ralph,
a well dressed woman sitting
alone in the bay. A dozen
yards away. Pulling a load—quite possible,
eventually, of course—of her only treasure,
Theodore. With merry thoughts she took a little heart out,
thou art thou only got a room for. The path of the rock.
The youngest boy of the century painted
on postcards. Of course, the
further I love, o my journey, I love none but you. I

In love, the blind introvert of day gave unto
thine sometimes derived.
I had nearly been misconstrued a woman. Only
the secrets of heart must ace par. The eyes
are open. All you have to
do is as blacks once did.
Fog currents mediate the marble
arched train station. A cheap coat is undone. He jogs
around different counties
in the conveyance of the first draft
of an ode. For he was

the sea, and a long coal train
through the mountains and
history until the last turn. Silk slippers
to soothe the blistered burn. The
fire circles the city. Nice
science fiction plot you've buried us in.
The newspaper is the same in the
play of light—an element. The highway
the sisters get caught up
in is a stifled shriek. When thinking of our

desert, Jane snuck up from behind the eyes
of a dying lamp. I hesitate to ask her
to name five things people do to
top that. With a glance over
the next decade, every year,
the young man is so dense that
heads and arms seemed entangled and
will never leave. She had done it
to watch the television and answer
the phone. We swear revenge upon
the love of chambers

and never say that. The eyes we're not
acting on. He was still standing there,
smiling at the cove. You love him a way
out. He is a way of responding, of
a million, billion yards. He showed

me the given name,
Prince Andrew, with a
soft purr. The church
is lush frosting. I wanted
to sing as several figures

melted into the sea. But one must wonder what
is packed into that state. And though we had to know you
clearly, that receptive childlike fear had lips. Then you are
yo: a girl, smiling and thrusting out
her breasts, fetching cardinals,
so to speak. In this cupboard,
the leaves will be the objects that they seem,

presented to the species. Haven't you
fucked up your English? The last island
with torrential rains in the end was
wrong, except in the right
way. They replied that
they were buried under an embankment
that collapsed during a
highway inspection. The dogs were
fed. Alone, sometimes alone,
sometimes alone, the
lesson. Through my glasses I saw a bird.
He listened with a touch
of Pennsylvania.

The hand folds into the glowing
cave of its neck. This was not so
impossible. They asked
which rocks seemed darker, and she was
tired. The questions are the empty
glass. She has other things she might
consume. The dogs, the air
thinned with the whip. I must sound sometimes like a mad
opera, the camp melodrama
in the house of crime. The artist

was dedicated to debt. Just then, the windows move. I
hear a previously unheard
pulmonary wheezing. In
controversy, great
proficiency. The crowned darkness spreads out in the
flowers of her heart. His new friends:
Henry David Thoreau, war, and
his mother. A river, the blackout.
Archaic, predatory human
life. The island was a triumph of

forensic skill. I sometimes go through a broken home
and she, with an onion peel
and life altogether so
profound. In this
condition I set
a guise of a gallery white, the
green paper as fast as the men
in the automobile. We turn our attention
to god during the planning stage. I stand

on the mere idea of soil.
The leader of the two, in
the midst of your bribe, places a few
vague suggestions of
the eastern theater. At least some existence
for the sprawl. I decided to
surprise his lovely wife. To be perceived, in
other words, a good island!
Sky from nowhere that

takes everywhere, what poor sense soon swept
so many leaves.

Not sorry to have meaning, the
stores were nearly parallel to
the species. We were
sorry, but urged him to list it for seven
hundred dollars. Day from nowhere
that takes everywhere, who was it that
bore me up in the right

way? The light in other climes says
nothing of logic and scones.
Great animals circulate air.

He died to keep his
eyes, sense urgency, sing a few notes. An object shaped
like a man walks into a
bar, orders a cold one. Behold, the
effort of remembrance. But even so,
his age is not a symbol of the
water. Another shift that
way and an affliction
curiously strikes.
The translation: in cement cubicles
the top chamber is for songs and prayers and blinking the
eyelashes. When are

you going? Right away!
Ambiguity is the color of danger, the road the boys
scanned in confusion. All
the sins, the sons of a dictionary that they knew by heart.
The power in your mouth. Below, the
man and his gang blow up big trees.
This particular
use: describing a place in the

next four years, an, an
apple for the vanished sphere.
I had to know how to find
life beyond the double doors. Maria
thought of the sky. Chet bought
a gun from K-mart. He ranted at an interior
and anterior edge, where
your men go on like that when they have
attained such an obvious threat. To consider whether
she was just standing there, below the dress
beside the sill. The only

man who sees in the trusty
iron palms all feelings, in this

new era of greater political
autonomy, died friday. A woman
was repeated. I was on the floor like a
drop in the caboose of a goodly house.
Someplace florid, a woman. I finished speaking
of this sequel to her. New friends wanted admiration.
Yes, nuclear energy and I stumble backwards into the

little door, his mind
accomplishes something like the moon, a kind
of blind, white zone, a question of forms. The
proctor is always
looking back. Dearest victor,
one could say watch the
lions and the dogs! But I
was a ton of fiber against
shades of blue. Some are far off,
visible only as a box of
rocks, dumb as a
picture missing from my point.

I've forgotten all the earth is
painful to me! I find she had
mercy on her latest
tip: if out of wind, become you.
Without you, who? The question,
for a sacrifice? Beyond
the grave, I must make trades to trade
away. And now? A rich uncle leaves
you a long reserve of blood
in the gravity of the south side. Wow,
a kiss stolen in pallid light by the
ebb. This confusion began

with a rat cage, doctors
said. The sun was low, and words seemed
to come back. O, here we still stand, paying more
attention to god than this quill
that here writes. A lake surges with
antibiotics and new wine. Your hands rise and

beat against what steals
into you. A blind
man walks into a bar,
starts a tab of cold air.

Even you, you and
your tiny, sneezing ambitions. The eyes,
I suppose, upon the release of light,
preceded that of the eyes
of a day; his days. His
days are like the moon. The
life which so long ago,
actually, was not what we used
to be: rough, with people unaware. The plaintiff's
teeth escaped, but only after inflicting trenchant
wounds. There was no sign, in any case, backed
into or out of

scruple. I stare at the
gates (within a mile) and the
indescribable light which
informs them. Charlie Parker said,
should I press forward or fall
back? I left the marriage at his
side alone, after
hearing of the sphere in which
such a question of forms. There is no place for
us.

I breathed the spirit of salvation into the soil
around the orchestra floor so the girl could live.
We are not concerned with building on.
Here he showed a lack of the
same. Wearing matching shorts,
he asks the bartender,
do you not look in my eyes,
beyond the windows? I pause again. The eyes
were like you in China, but zipped up,
expecting a kind of great and mighty ship.

I put my crushed feet back together as they
climbed even higher.

Is the physical world really aware of life? You have
to wait for me. The very room where I stand aside
impatiently is green and concerned. Do rare selves
meet? His delta makes more sense than the
smell of ozone. A hot sun

had never seen such swarms.

The train went west until it wandered upon
the pumping maroon
views. The heart is restored by looking only at bark.
I shall remember many romances. Such events
occur on average
once per year. Years are dangerous in the mail. Crossing
on ships whose names are like a tender fire, we
leapt to social rise and beat against the thin metal
membranes. We were just standing there in

a blinding sunlight. Two boys emerge from the
grass! O no, we have a man,
with furry, new meanings.

My palm is smeared
with swollen liver evermore!

She lit her cigarette. The poor cannot see
the empress stab. In addition, she was
a shadow. So, absent, I
was a way out

of hand. Any minute
now, something will keep them behind
your back through straining or
twisting. Besides,
until the moment all the
people all awake in social functions,
arms are open. In
fact, the day and all
its blisters slip into my best
thoughts and I cannot speak for grebe. When the
mould moves in, they will come and will have written.

A cable hoists the eyes, fills them with contentment.

I rose to his chest, still offended, maybe
even more grotesque than before. The
bushes shook, swayed their
scarlet bodies. They come galloping out
of mind, appearing in the urine! For once, let the voices
define what you have, except in Los
Angeles, Pershing Square, and displays.
He hears the past decades, threatens to
wash them away with heat. They were never
really written there.

It would solve many problems.

Section Three

Sun Eats the Earth After Storm

edited by Rachel Burman

I rose to his chest.
Am I still offended? Maybe
Grotesque, their
scarlet bodies. They come galloping out
of mind. For once let the voices
define what you have. Picks us
up outside of the eyes?
Any other climes! He hears the past
decade, threatens to wash it away.
They were never written there to augment.

It would solve many problems. He gave
other century books, print.
Nothing is more impressed by
the first victim, a result of your hand
swung through the pauses of the
tombs. And hunt a partridge in the maze of
your bribe. Get it done. By half past two is
much too late! Asked as she struck
the note of god warring with his shirt pocket
and fondled around for some essential

innovation. No one walks there now: for
perhaps, the proctor dips his hand backward
to the other corner, waiting at the world to get
out, out of nowhere. The words. And
there, exhilaration. Boy let not this
heavy chance, dearest coach,
as a part conforms. Every good sonnet is
like my sweat, a final effort. The sun
eats the earth after storm. Encounter is

a rope casting its shadow across wood;
the kind who will occasionally
grab a house, the wife. A crystal globe
as it were, a cruise line. For all that
is, in such a good working, no
wind. Translate into words or
data. Be afraid lord,

nearly knocking and those
you've met. And its direct
effect; the rapid growth. Even they

have been astonished to arrive. Those
years ago. Sand falls back
into my ears lie flat against my
leg so we may now provide.
Explains his name he put forth the faint
sounds of former selves. By travel,
I think everything for the ones who died
in a shroud preventing contact. Trust
steals money from the stepson.
A deathly

joy in life. Say nothing of clouds.
The rain stops. And the rush of song
sung true but with an air of blue
still banks shimmering from
water. And on deck, girl that admires
you. A second girl finds those men
and a donkey. My closed eyes
try to forget the dream of entering a
womb and falling asleep when
I turned. What makes all that: the sun.

Put the belt of Orion, most severe,
between the campaigns.
I planted a tree. There is something
you ought to keep reminding. we are
practically flying! The
things that have killed an ox:
the administration
was sincere. Return not to
the extensive grounds themselves,
lovers. Yes, an abrupt theology;

you made me say you say
that they strongly believed
the work of a quaker was a call.

Frightened to spend the night when she
says a measure of that which
precedes an heir to a thousand crystal facets.
That they were nearly parallel
to the thrice plowed field. Maybe
she can cry any time. Is a person
too foolish to suffer every stage

of thought. A group may pour oil
over the eyes! However,
dancing hands, promised gracefully to part
the skin. Only gotten
as far as ingenious can go. Smoke keeps
returning a little fever, a not
uncommon thing; the same thing.
Mother, caring and supportive
grandmother, sister or
cousin? Magnetic

pulse across the desert.
Everything can shift, move, lower.
The public work in a later
growth of life. A white hand
draped around my head had been
the same each week. I've only gotten as
far. No dreams crossed so
much time to cure nature
with science. Sing a song and
dance. After looking at the summit. You're the

cold gas, my nose inclines to the
loom. The grim on a tenor
saxophone. Tell where you have
gin they drive into
the ocean, and I will
be with god. The eyes
of the old maid. The bottom
of the country you've called. Because they
just collapse. Pull yourself together if
you find me. So long. Explosion.

He held me. When a man
walks into a state
district court, in truth,
and sorrow. The flimsy people
of the truth, that of the most humble,
of institutions the corset offers. Those
engaged in the right,
according to staff there. Why on earth
is painful to do your changes.
The windows facing us, a gas

station here and there was reverence
he could be a year old scotch. The car moved
swiftly past his
heart. Supplant intensity with a
keyhole split with a laugh.
Maybe she can buy one.
Figures of beauty for prowess
wills away. They were filled,
the faithful, arrived. Quench the fire
shining on the outer range. When does it.

It was borne upon me of imported goods.
The pages we burn send signals made of
sugar: the skull songs and prayers:
when you write this down.
All sonnets are honest laws legislated.
Tree stumps anchor rocks.
Not our problem, is what
pushes us anyway, thru the dirt.
I was a watch. And on some virtue add;
but

What is still in
my life snuck up from the eyes
of her hair, kicked off in
loss. Out of a mad, mad
lamb. A flock of sheep sweeps down over a
hill whereupon hills of extra
unwanted concrete gains in the

pose of contorted collapse. Beams of the
modern atmosphere,
linked closely in pairs. You could have

been some day. He would have pulled
them out. The intestines are emptied
in long trails of sea grass. The
shadows of the ditch, a note, in this
unnerved state. Mother of her thoughts.
When I press my closed eyes with my fingers,
absent in the new work, a
story ends. What was imagined grew
on. Not the primal step when I was
communicating more

broadly, unfolding a
web of filaments and glossy
tubes. But her dog asks
the bartender.

With seven great seconds upon your
thoughts, perceptions decay. It did and it is
thought seriously.

To find them to shreds.

The blue ridge divide can be
standing, tries to act

like a bird. And of course. The eyes
just woke up, become experiments.

Perhaps because the evil
side of the tables. And
the last woolly mammoth.

Still, the fairy tale land,
a damsel in distress, awaited the
revolt of life and state. A
carriage, to that river,
the door. The panes

slide. One taught with apprehension
of youth, the settlers occupied. You
think not serve to dismay!

The boys walked. A spell. The eyes
just that, in this unnerved
fact a lot remained for us to the
last degree. Such events occur on
average once per several years.

Cut it out of
talk, out of forest because now we are
all in a narrow and
deserted street, in deep smells of soil
and rotten wood. The eyes
of these occupations,
tear anyone down. You
outfield and do not ascertain.
When he offers a cart full of
poison, the child would have
hunger, thirst. Like a smoking gash
the central gloom he felt always

by degrees. And
his men had been the same
each week. How much we need!
Trained to swell and crackle, brown
syrup on the floor. The lord strikes the waters
of the county. And twisted upwards, sat
up half the horn and a shuffling
gait. Her elbow, near the fresh graves,
pages torn from the eyes
of the sun, was low on perfection.

Encore crime: me? In panels
in the distance to your mother.
A man in any community, in this state!
A moment, yes, they have hunger, thirst.
All right here before your righteous.
Grey clouds.
The life beyond
the cottage.
I wanted poems with cardinal numbers.
Their surprise used

to pass up something I want.
To live you must understand the
essence of shadow
and open windows looked upon.
A flood control project, another trespass,
a mountain gorge. No broken
bits. Indignation Island
retreated. Bright vagrant fire. But
still uncertain threat of
a global essential.

In this dream
of being, a song, the
trees. The other two; the whale;
in the same mothball swelter. Grease lathers
ducks midair. In one against the moon
it begins to moan. It was
the calendar.
His eye eye eye eye eye eye eye eye
eye challenged kids there
on their way to fear. Still, the big wigs

indicate the midwest
and the man in it.
Brightened to the work
over the ocean floor.
Thinking of the future on
the surface. We
shook them. With a broad
arrow to the wooden indian
this stew is a picture
missing from my reflected image when

I asked for death. I am
the law, the moment, the
beauties. The poison curiosities
I toast with my left hand. I held the eyes
as just woke up. The opened doors, eyes
to relieve the death
in a cup. Grip the trolley truck firmly and

take possession. Owing to destruction!
The shining sap in outline shows a clarity
of being knocked about.

The new hotel
strolling slowly
through the air thinned with the eyes;
hybrids from the body of something you
already know. The sky was the same
object. Slide through the trees.
Of the disease itself you see there?
Live false,
say farewell. Then let lay.
I heard you

here, o, saturated
with blood. The great ambition of the
blackout sat in this. The
fighting spirit was aroused. The porcelain stove,
the whale in his pocket. The eyes
within dusk. Repent, lest
a poem is under
scrutiny. I reached inside
a steel dome, a blinding sunlight.
If the killers were all in

a temper. You can hear the
words. Time is
not just about lifting heavy loads,
pigeons cooing at the moon,
Freedom and liberty, without even
taking the ravaged mutt out.
My mind has a further
feature from the soil
from the future. Preparing
to return to a

kitchen knife. Asked in an
undertone as the breath is taken in
and looked about. Look at it with the eyes.

Of talking to ensue
a divorcee with two antennas.
A man entangled with the itch be shun.
And the scene as cup spills,
is a way of industry. Old building
codes as a box of trinkets spilt all
over again. I got to come with

national prohibition. In moat
above, a not uncommon
divine to lift the cage you
were born in, America. How the strange
wills stay. Never for a moment of
a world do we love you well.
Resolve a seed slowly opening
inside of a down payment. We traveled,
want to thank you, wrists
tapping code to no inclination.

Established in 2001, BEARD OF BEES PRESS has been publishing freely distributable, quality poetry chapbooks with an eye toward poetry that is suspicious of an ahistorical lyric “I,” that is built out of procedures and forms, and that may or may not involve machines.

