

8. Calle Regina

The silence is being censored and **bottled air** sold under surveillance by a skinhead calavera in a xylograph alebrije of Balu under the cool white sun of a chemist's moon; we are under **the protection of surveillance**, the burglar alarm Brancusi **broadcast on woodpulp** under the protection of surveillance, the coatcheck, the place where you leave your shoes, those **soft parts** inside where **you think you think**.

In the hour of rain, silent and integrated, by an orangedot fat cap tezontle moonwall I was, **debuilding**, on a magic sitmat of mdma in my mind, near the coatcheck, silencing the eye of surveillance for censorship, homeopathically, under a sky smelling wine stained, to where I **made it down Madero on my sitmat**, with my shirt smelling **wine stained**, beside a man and a woman saying O and O and do you think so?

Down on Regina, inout in-front at a café wine bar on Regina, paper lamps on powerlines, w/ **moths caught in the lamp shades**, skinhead calaveras firelit with **braincandles on patio** tables and a braless fishnet girl guitarist with **a rope tuned snaredrum crosslegged** on the churchstairs, **tobairitz**, and the prayerwheel spun to sublimate the pattern, **and the girl had matted greasy dreadlocks** but looked at one w/

Though lost, she becomes **what she was** when she's lost in what she sings, or I realize **it in my misrecognition**, and stay inside unconcerned with seeing it for something else, something less than what it is, and she changes it by walking by, or I see it changing in the consecration of her walking thighs, or by sunflowers in an alley **she consecrates, barefoot, to avoid the void of it**

Quiet and integrated, from the time you get there to when you sit down and **become** part of the place, and no one notices you anymore; some moths that died in treelamps dried out in table ashtrays, beside a cigarette in its ashfire, **black but like when black is burned**, plasticine ferns, and as she baptized her throat with tap water, saw on her tanned shoulder a ninespot ladybug tattoo, and when she **saw me**

stuck on the puzzle, beside the prayerwheel

like any redpaper lantern found in **chinatown**:

bosch's unnamed lefthand triptych sidepanel revisited: the **edenic** of the gated park in androgynous **grasaille**

a **staged on-set movie set** mechanic **coupling** in an **outopia grisaille** revisited. **fenced** in & fearfree, **the new eden all-inclusive is perambulated by the prescreened**. here the **predictable is the predestined & the gardener decides** which **flowers are weeds**. though the fenced out who find them

give them **as** flowers, **flowers** for the algeron them, the fenced in sadomasochist the fruit from fruitrees in organic regensis for fish w/ hands like treeflowers. the way things are not are the way things are. free **plastic & plasticene rabbits police the park the**. with this the **non-vécu became the lived-by**.

so that the **out of joint** is just **out of focus**, the **by** product **reproduced**, flowers for the algeron **them**. here you can have the **white wine with the red meat**. here where the mouse ate the **snake** in it's snakehole but w/out fucking it. here the **fearfree never free themselves from fear but let it flower**.

in a **clinical grey public unisex with grey tiles** and a portrait of hemlock half hewn but hewed in with the **curator's sense of seedy hooliganism**

in the room the women **cum & go**. wallflowers only offset surveillance could carceral wallpaper by **product on the unisex wall**. beside the wall **free** contraception in pillform for the algeron **them/I**. (sometimes **we use the same shitter**) out on in on it out front upstairs a **tergo**: birds & the **them the**.

in the women the rooms will **cum and go**. the **engorged eyes of eve** heady w/ god's **hungflower** came thru **by** chance & thumbtack. the gray was in **grained-in though came decommissioned by a prescreened** gardener walled in w/ the them or that it's just beside the wall that **1 feels free**.

or that it's **because there are** walls that one is free to **continue to fear**: our **method is deathdrive**. the I they will have been is a sanitized **incognito** them behind spattered **shadeleaves & jailyard** flowers on pretty fertilized lawns. new **quotients** to **live-by** inside city walls our **gray eyes** grisaille outside in.

to help form healthy responses to the same questions **the new eden all-inclusive is perambulated by the prescreened & GOD** licks the crumbs from yr lips

the dark gardener is then told which flowers are weeds

the **righthand triptych** sidepanel in **bosch's** earthly garden: **god abdicating, the apocalypse inverted & s. zizek**

the **beginning again has rebegun**. under a grotesque brownyellow pen & bistre plotless popgnostic butchered **redsky the beginning again begins again**, as it was condemned to do. i had been plotless all along. suitcasing my kit beforehand in a **unisex** no gender. then coming out w/ blood on my shirtsleeve, into character

i had been **plotless all along**. obscene, characterized by **crisis, in the city garden** beside the **grotesque** characteristically half cut. in the unisex no gender **half broke** against an abdicated toilet w/ butchered softparts of **rabbit heart** on the tiled floor. **all along** the wall it had rebegun. the plotless **wall** surrounding it.

at a **loss & totally lost**, standing alone alongside it (**my tattoo is internal bleeding**) & **characteristically half cut, in a grey public unisex** along behind in the burning city i rebirthed the grotesque only **offset surveillance could carceral**. **butchered stickfigures** on powerlines demontaged of gender

& a **clinical grey public unisex w/ grey talavera** and a portrait of stickmen half-hewn but hewed in with the **curator's sense of seedy hooliganism**

burning. **people fleeing** or trying to flee from **gender** in an androgynous curfew dresscode. along the wall it **was all barcode & bigot**. newspapers w/ butchered throwaway eggshell fortune cookies characteristically offcentre w/ **what** we selfcensor was the **grotesque & centauric** in ourselves the decentred. in along

in **unison at a loss and totally lost i fell in** along in singlefile: **my tattoo** was internal bleeding. **genderlessness in a unisex WC** on site in a grotesque bathroom **stall** in a column of light & **left for dead**. it was depression that depressed me, characteristically **halfcut & decentred w/ the timebeing i butcher**.

the **plot had been postponed, butchered & left** for dead. the plot had been plotless all along, **the idea of character had been characteristically a lack of character, so when it came to gender dissidence became disorder**. you could sense it in **crisis in the city garden beside the grotesque**.

diplomas **tattooed to walls lying facedown in suburbs** children dressed in throwaway chinese newspapers who had been plotless all along plotted against us

in the burning city where we rebirthed the grotesque