

Bruce Andrews

49 WALTZES FOR THE 5 BOROUGHES

*(for & from John Cage — 2000)*

Yes, but it's skin

So I didn't want to put... false words in his mouth, false connections

And loudspeaking headset — sometimes so little that it brushes against the skin

Only bubbles on its surface as unexpected pleasures

Like not to be led

And if you don't like it, it's nerve-wracking

Very, very pluralistic — cocktails with whatever happens next

Entities splitting

And in toolincestuous — movable?

What does that mean? (*laughs*)

The togetherness was from within rather than imposed, hmm? — or appeasement

More differences, more kinds of differences

Whatever deviated from pause of the slow-blooded creature

On the social scale it's called looting; on the individual scale it's called mugging

A theatre of differences together — to be this *and* that — in different things in different lights of different things

With so many necks

That it's concerned with detail, and the details don't make any sense

He is thinking of investing in a Cuisinart

Glimmer of utopia sinauspiciously — from their dizziness [provisional]

Ugh!

Self-alteration — spoken too loudly! (*laughs*) — a noise conjunct, automatically bring about relationship

Of the octopus

And then I take out the words I don't want, in which the three-dimensional object is seen *circum-hyperhypo-embraced*, about pulverization of more relationship, different things

Unsigned memorabilia — lullaby is intolerable — revolution can never stop

Make meaning, yes — split it up

By giving each note its own dynamic, might bring about impractical conjugations

Under the pudendascope heartbreakingly madthingture

Never capitalized except when it begins a sentence

Bucked up with

A museum without pockets — proximate somnambulism

Don't follow that plan

Do not make a mix

Because the words don't make sense, except as words

Is that it's very fragmented

Of adsorptiveness [stet]

I think — Don't you think?

The night redoubles

Ever

othing available intolerable composition

Take your sword and slit my throat

I andandand

A nonflammable ultimogeniture

Breaking laws is what poetry is

Seeing no real difference between as fast as possible togetherness

Trust a few of us

Well, I probably am not being honest — Nothing is playing in my head

The future must be revised

But an alphabet by means of which we spell our lives

You've touched the beast where it hurts! — some Pollyannish

Show me something new and I'll start all over again