



SELF PORTRAIT AS UNICORN



BLIND
MAN'S
BLUFF

If ears could see,

And eyes could hear,

then what my dear?

A mumble, jumble novelty,

PLOP!

PLOP!

PLOP!

Quite insincere.

How to opt a job
How not to opt a job
I have always been ⁱⁿ the
VV-yes
Thus a pen or a brush or a canvas
any day
I you go to the place why is
Buyer what your selling

Fash will pay
In the house where I grew up
I shared a proximity, but there
was no relation, perhaps the
but I could say how we shared
identity, when we lived, that's about
it
emo, I recall, at dinner on a holiday
dinner, I then grew out any more
shared a rare dinner with my brother
Tim - home for me had school. I then
at being a dinner, had begun to complete
body - I asked my, dam, what
Covey seigneur. She looked up from
sweep and casually acknowledged this
"Why if only her Regardt cough
cough again. He can't die, I share
a lot more bills for him to pay

Then was back to small table
shades full of holes like seams
of MEN. Chantal's eye brush
to 1000 needles from home
Waters. Uncle Bell
Wally + home - funeral

John was there but actually he wasn't. There
I shared a proximity in the same way a
with chair sets at a table
I was more actual to say we share the space
to work. Two cars are parked next to each other
in a making's garage. House of you love Jesus.
I was proximity in the vicinity
of the path, what's the matter
The my brother, I had made our respective
to the world we ascend home for
the evening a party. Tim + I drove to the mall
to buy a cap at the end of the 7-8 shaft east
for the wheels. Tim + I had and the
of each other coming. Probably a
of the shop. Carve spot the plant with
supply. Lunch. Sister had then
for an old man slightly room out
from before I was born. Tim + Dan
became the playboys of the western world
Cack now I set these parties over
too late.

The world is full of impressions we don't see because we only see what we expect to see, and we only hear things that we expect to hear.

Do you see what a bumblebee sees, **NOT!** Can we hear clouds laughing? **JAMAIS!** Notice blind men's bluffs? **NO!** Zephyrs pirouetting or rascal roses calling each other rude names? **NEVER!** Sometimes when I shift my weight from one foot to the other smiles blossom **SOMEWHERE** on someone's lips whom I don't know far away.



Recently a unicorn told me that he did not believe in people, because he had never seen a single person ever. I told him that people did not believe in unicorns because they had never seen one as well.

He was shocked.

I must admit that when I see unicorns they appear more like quivering clouds, not solid facts like automobiles; dense and heavy. You might call them such and such but not enough.



We make it up as we go along.
I'm making you up reading this,
and you're making me up writing this.
It's all very serendipity, if you
ask me.

Trees snore when they sleep.

HUSH!

But we repeat the same old mantras.
This is this and that is that.
TRUE or FALSE: Mrs. Dalloway once
barked "Woolf! Woolf!" **TRUE!**
Did you know that before you read
it here?

Some people smile too much.
I don't know what I don't know,
but I think I know what's not to
know.

So there! FINNEGANS'S WAKE
was the first great HAUTE CUBIST
TEXT. Gertrude TANT PIS.

Shadows think we are their shadows,
a magician's drag, a sleight of hand,
a sign of sighs. We are blind
visionaries. All breezes come in
colors: banana, quark, red, soot,
and buzzing bright daylight at
midnight.

Everywhere up and down all around
circles bump into one another
swishing, haunting you and me;
ordinary triplicate miracles on
the tips of tippy tap tongues.
Terpsicore choreographs particles
of dancing angels on the head of
a pin. Twinkling twinkle little
stars almost sound like Vivaldi's
scherzos.

WOULD THIS SOUND BETTER IF
WRITTEN AS AN ALEXANDRINE
RAGTIME BAND?

Do our halos begin to glow before
or after we die?

Did you know that LIES sound like
farts when spoken in high German,
and KINDNESS sounds like cats
purring when spoken in lowland
Dutch?

Foto Fumetti's float as puffs of
smoke, ONLY WHEN VIEWED
UPSIDE DOWN.

When in heat unicorns toot their
horns, with Gene Krupa on drums.
What a blitz



RUT A TOOT TOOT,
RUT A TOOT TOOT!

Our ears are not attuned to this
cacophony. Not a word, not
decibels are heard of this fuss
by us.

What phony fools we arsses be!
What a tableau of embryos!

ALL THIS WRITING MAKES ME

D I Z Z Z Y !
Z Z Z Z