

## Considerations Of If

Oh, in 1977 2.4% of Chinese people liked modern art, 7.3% of Chinese people liked academic art, and 56.1% of people liked political art. In 1981 31.8% of people liked modern art, 42.9% of people liked academic art, and 1.5% of people liked political art. In 1984 10% of people liked modern art, 57.1% of people liked academic art, and 4% of people liked political art. In 1986 53.6% of people liked modern art, 29.2% of people liked academic art, and .45% of people liked political art.

May, a proffered mealtime will arise— prolapsed intention, moral objection, experiential acceptance, comes forth into biting drawstrings, cinched up around cliff faces, caught between threads, falling into purple sand, ionic sand flying up from the shore to the clouds where a magnet is growing. But\*

Images panhandled, selenium at the bottom of rusted sieves, a glance through doorway rock, but \*a furoshiki should be wrapped around them, parcel passed to this man. Unfolding the Bin Tsutsumi 1, wretched.

An ibis had to get there somehow.

Twinned. May, you are awaiting two phone calls. One will be from your physician, the other from your daughter.

jade,

seaweed whip, cleared Clarence  
pregnant and sniffing, vectored victor,  
aerial roger, and how much.

Steadying the stars. Zero axis.

May, have you climbed back into your old sheets, after the hot sauce dried into the cotton, midway up? Twin visitors will knock and they will both see that stain.

multiplied of if--  
stocked graying  
chipping assure  
funded motive  
Pundits pundits  
Tilled teff tefnut propose gnarled tender  
loaded ambivalence

Pacific stash.

solitude's isolation from you, but finally here, flowed ebbed.

No longer surrounded—  
happy zoning, washing.

A room stuffed and uncleared so long things balanced in slime at loving angles. The grainy bed, May, is the only place you can change positions, otherwise, find your space between these piles. In the U-shape, at right crook, beside edit station, standing on left heel, toes up, balls up, right foot airplane pose, against the wall, above rainbath, rolled poster, expanding foam shit, halogens, yak heads, fantasy helicopters. Stand there, like that, for extra balance, May, hold yourself.

Blonde aggression. Apologetics. Copacetic sweating. Goggled framework soaking.

May, you've locked yourself out of Stench Pose, very good, now take Warlock's Heirloom. Anus up, yes. You are looking around and I wonder why. Be still, May, remember the mantra we practiced. It is yours, and only yours, no one can take it away from you, keep your anus up, yes. Keep your anus up, your back arched, find that which has been passed down, entirely stretched, no May, not back to Stench, May, you've gone back to Stench.

May sleeping, May sleeping one-eyed. May has one eye.

The word *duce* (leader) is from the Latin *dux*, and was the form of address for Mussolini during the Fascist regime.

The pundits are off their guard between two hums, harmonious to ginuwine croaks. May walks out of locker room where, sitting there, before it all could get ahead, at about 10:30 PM, there are two pools this time. One for lap swim, salt water. The other a jetted hot tub. In the lap swim a fat black gentleman does his walking laps. She, May, steps into the hot tub and out of the men's locker room a skinny black gentleman walks out. He stretches hi to the person of the same gendered race as himself, toes water, begins to whistle a tune makes May warm sink warm, May you

hear

Tiles donning

tones now.

Tiles lining

capped

not absorbing

resisted walking

returning splash

trunked gentle man

a floor of tiles and salt water and tiles with water overtop reflecting and water and jets

His whistle like *tu me coupes la chique*. I mean it was explicitly pretty, echoloduce.

Next two early twenty racks bump in and got smartphone radio and talk standing and May eyes opened goggles up breast. Stroke seeing clearly wavy the lanes.

Now I wonder why that peach. Of all the things— May— you brought me. You came and gestured so many stories— but why that one, Eddie. A meshed web expanding under my skin, neck blinking. You went then to the sauna and the girls followed you in.

One arm in coat- other arm on apparatus- other coat arm behind chair- for minutes- both arms on apparatus— eyes on apparatus— other coat arm behind chair, time cloak- one arm in coat arm, bent, eyes on apparatus-- other coat arm behind chair- interrupted times one consideration of if I, May, glow forever, May, B-variables \*plus nonfinity of all finite, June.

Playing dust history  
trading pen marks  
tilling opposites—

The design style known as “high-tech”, associated with the work of architects Richard Rogers, Norman Foster, Nicolas Grimshaw and Michael Hopkins, was pioneered in Britain in the early 1970s.