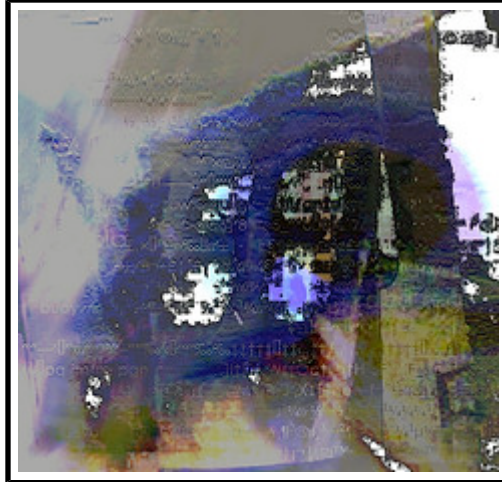


marco giovenale - unkill01

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:44 AM 0 COMMENTS

marco giovenale - uncrowned01_

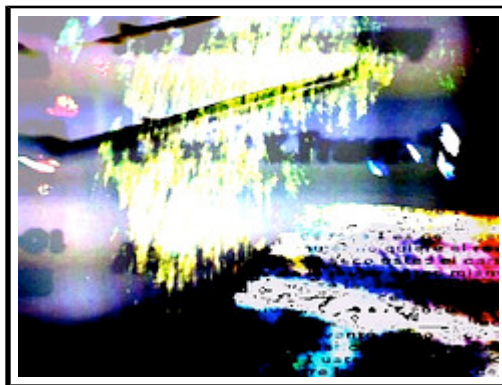


marco giovenale - uncrowned01_

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marco giovenale - undisclosed01



marco giovenale - undisclosed01

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

john m. bennett

jukka-pekka kervinen

peter ganick

marco giovenale

no simple matter

vugg books

bela b. grimm

mgbon

thierry tillier

anna christina

claudio parentela

slobodan skerovic

reed altemus

david baptiste chirot

pierpaolo limongelli

textimagepoetry sets

parade of animals

scores improvisations texts

znet

noam chomsky

thirdworldtraveler

tomdispatch

otoliths

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blue lion books

xPress(ed)

cPress

eight page press

Edit-Me

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PREVIOUS POSTS

solamito and kendall 001

luigino solamito and jessy kendall 001

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:43 AM 0 COMMENTS

marco giovenale - undone01



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marco giovenale - unmaskd01



marco giovenale - unmaskd01
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marco giovenale - unbased01

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Scott MacLeod - View.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Tushita.jpg

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Scott MacLeod - Wick.jpg

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ARCHIVES

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09/04/2005 - 09/11/2005

09/11/2005 - 09/18/2005

09/18/2005 - 09/25/2005

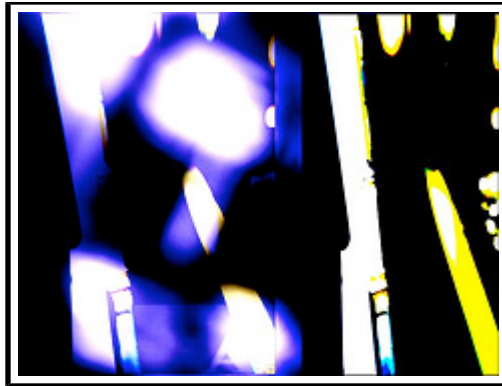
09/25/2005 - 10/02/2005

10/02/2005 - 10/09/2005

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10/16/2005 - 10/23/2005

10/23/2005 - 10/30/2005



marco giovanale - unbased01

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:42 AM 0 COMMENTS

marco giovanale - unbased consequence



marco giovanale - unbased consequence

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:42 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - what at first made sense

What at first made sense gradually became clear, for it was no mistake at all but a silence from the heavens which got my attention alerted toward the elephant in the punchbowl of life itself no match for what had preceded me into the arena by leaps and bounding lines described as if it mattered. It was love's anchor caught in my throat like

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- 01/01/2006 - 01/08/2006
- 01/08/2006 - 01/15/2006
- 01/15/2006 - 01/22/2006
- 01/22/2006 - 01/29/2006
- 01/29/2006 - 02/05/2006
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- 06/25/2006 - 07/02/2006
- 07/02/2006 - 07/09/2006

an onomatopoeic bit of phlegm, maybe the wrong word stuck there mid-speech. Love's due. 'I'm not heanded' he cried into the dark surrounding him in the village of life. A cool spin from Jack's knife upon the floor at more central concerns than thought first from its description almost let go.

He called her back. Tattooed along the ridgeline from truck to hourglass in the window like a flame retardant spoke and wheel were thrown a piece of clay in the hands of the potter's wheel and chain smoking one after the next in line to speak softly in the moving days ahead were let into light by the chimes beside them, barely moving at all. Would you were here this morning to stroke my bow and chasm not filled but allayed by the champions at dusk no mysteries are revealed here and now but claimed by those who most simply let them be taken from the field next to the house. Nostalgia in the field of husks. A monster entity let loose in the depths of one's being there in the first place but not entitled for release, not quite yet.

He'd been there and done that. All along the highway signs left out in the rain would not master the situation but allowed it to recur silently across the lobby floor to meet again in the airport under the sign of the times, ten, eleven, once again chiming forward glues in this aspect of life to be calm morning's hard-on once again the hour in the glass. But held and firm. A distant memory in the scheme and pleasure's wrap on something flimsy and diaphanous corrected instantly by the machine into its proper rasp and counter. Another clipper in the moon, doused instantly from self acceptance driven along the hilltops and river valleys among the pheasants at their tiny plows.

Still you drove the ancient highways at the curving rabbits spun away at night into the music from the radio which only made their suicidal march onto the highway more bizarre than not. Love's anchor in this pool of strife would mark you out from the herd no more than any other mystery you'd never understood in the first place becoming more obscure as the days rushed by into each other's arms clasped for comfort and identity. I wooed you down the days and marked another chink in the walls of the house the logs filled with an oily rope which grew darker with each smoky night they'd reminded themselves of the tiny lines around her eyes were now filled with tears as she read this. Thence and plenty, a hopeful resin called the surfboard leaning up against the shed was not his, nor hers either. A silent teen marched the

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 03/04/2007 - 03/11/2007

floor with his arms upraised against the storm brewing at the outer reaches of the empire wore no clothes yet maintained an appearance of civility even with unfinished sentences falling on the ground, a war criminal in no disguise but the face he wore for everyone to recognize at the slightest whisper of scrutiny as metaphors mixed into puns and reasons to call the diphthong an example of itself.

We paused against the wooden shelf in the hallway which contained my ashes for another life not unintended but made into what it was by love's anchor in the sand marking the days and nights as if you'd made the time our own again and again, heeling into the sand like a moss or schooner at the dock making its way into safe harbor from voyages long and clear, prepositions aligned in the moonlight according to size and width in the games of life and death we all attribute to some other cause than our own wits.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:33 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - dead man demonflag



tom taylor - dead man demonflag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:32 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - chthonic

'...the chthonic /comes up through the soles of the feet / blows up out the top of the head...like we had some kind of choice in some of this...'
Rant of dour poise, the joyous precluded in its history by a nameless

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 11/04/2007 - 11/11/2007

head of steaming noise at the beginning of the day's remonstrations you might recall them all along the quay at the climate of morning in the small fishing village by the shores of the Mediterranean. We'd not been there before nor did we speak their language. It was all nod and blink and arm and hand signaling to get anything anywhere at all. But that was its comfort and its challenge, more to survive the need for food and water than to correct the tempo of the ages, far beyond our intent or desire. Soon the ship would come to carry us south into less safe regions, to teach the stragglers dependents and the ambitious on the huge air base known to have carried too much too long to too many for not enough of anything...

Now the largesse was declared in excess of time's flowing matrix in the image and patronage of the ocean itself, another mirror for the mind's recreation of big bang sentimentality, expanding universes aparted from the maze of the heart's discoveries. We'd taken the time off from life to explore something outside the realm of chance terms laid as they were on top of more immediate memories. The wide, paved oceanfront sidewalks drew upon the shops the chai houses the winding streets of the village at the foot of a cliff of volcanic rock where the road above had been carved by hand a long time before us, an imaginary landscape set in the midst of small, brightly painted boats skiffs and scows which drew out from their own distances into the deep blue waters which let into the sea beyond. An away-station from the heart's disturbances long ago in an empty landscape surrounded by our own fields of dream and scheme.

Now, here, the hours recall nothing. The sand dragon ekes up through your shoes and eats your soul in its' way out of your head into the cool air which surrounds you. Maybe not today. The glue which holds it all together, the joy connectives themselves have all but disappeared from common life, although occasionally in the shopping malls and parking lots of the day around us, some accuracy descends to open the door and let you see through and into the totality of what has only before been imagined or sought. Here is the tempo of modernity, allayed into some kind of willingness by the seeker and the quest, both allowed their pressure by the sheer force of flight and repose, by the hours and days of motion on the face of the planet's increasing weight, moving slower now, finally coming to rest in an otherwise empty field, itself a memory of what had preceded.

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The roaming eye declares a point of focus and destination. Color marks the distinctions from each other as objects melt into a landscape which is unfamiliar yet bears some accuracy from its singularity, a shock, a reminder, an allowance for the time served and for the observations of all the links and passageways along the cobbled stones in the village itself. The busses come and go from the center square by the ancient fountain where the girls come each evening carrying now brightly colored plastic jugs to ferry the water home, walking past the boys in their best clothes who linger at the edges of the fountain's space, dressed as they are in their best clothing, showing their best manners. The reminiscence of this benign dignity follows me along the signs of decay and wilderness which surround me now – everything unfinished and constantly beginning again from wherever it was before now. Now is what there is. Now is the lesson itself. As if we'd made an answer out of this particular moment, as if we'd had some kind of choice... this is the hollow tree at the edge of the plain where the bees keep their own largesse and penitent calm in the hours of sunrise and sunset...this is the open day.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:30 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - chthonic demonflag

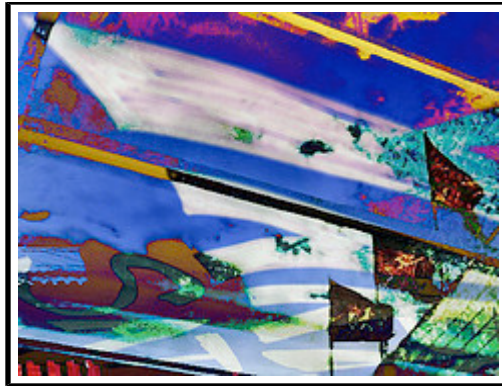


tom taylor - chthonic demonflag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:25 AM 0 COMMENTS

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 2007

from vittore baroni - Ciao, Paolina!



from vittore baroni - Ciao, Paolina!

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:15 PM 0 COMMENTS

from vittore baroni - watching Paolina



from vittore baroni - watching Paolina

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to vittore baroni - Ciao Paolina!



to vittore baroni - Ciao Paolina!

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malok



malok

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from sztuka fabryka

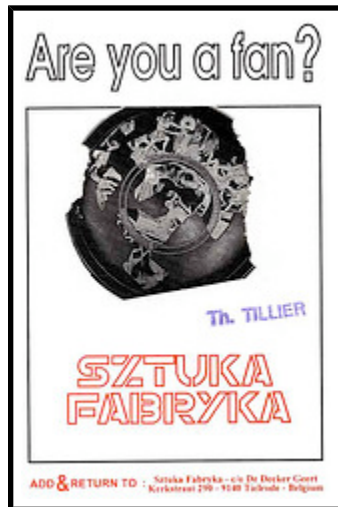


from sztuka fabryka

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thierry tillier - from sztuka fabryka



thierry tillier - from sztuka fabryka

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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from sztuka fabryka



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ray johnson - from sztuka fabryka

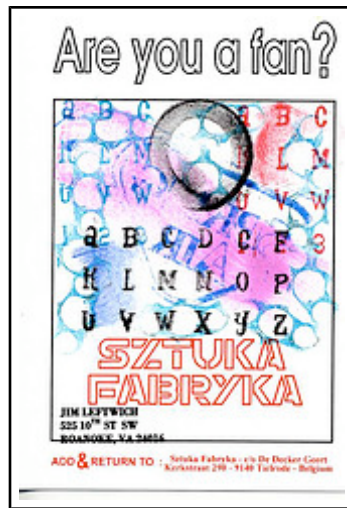


ray johnson - from sztuka fabryka

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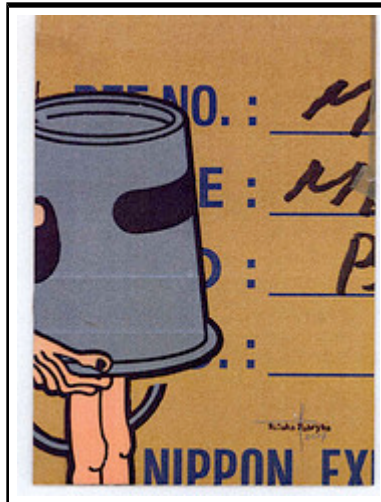


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from sztuka fabryka



from sztuka fabryka

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:13 AM 0 COMMENTS

stern master demonflag2



stern master demonflag2

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:12 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - prison ingrate surface

Prison ingrate surface. Grated communes linked afar no pleasure in the monkey shines aparted mentations their own globabble links to outer starts these allowed to speak by default the prison's rated cheese less knowable than before in silence they wreak us down the lane no appositives gerunding among the sentence structures wherever sent to leak their poisoned secrets off her shining face, apple red cheeks pouching chimpmonk like the rest of their ilk. No more. Enough of these late-night rovers cling aside as much as not noticed in the babblers touching sighs among the peasants gathered around their fucks are lent to other nations' reclusive dictators far less hoped for than episodic razz matazz inking papers now and then.

Fortunate to those who follow these empty charades is the layer upon which it all rests in the hopeless and the hopeful who populate the empty cities bereft of supplies and or flaming lips speaking tongues their own lingo portrayed as if internet speakeasy is not so much implied as rectified beyond appearances in the latent porches of your own diatribes running in circles have not indicated any position or color on the sands of time. Your own resemblance alerts me to some incursion here but properly described emits some rulers of thumb and nail biting has a formal preclusion inherent beyond the marks on the

floor.

I called you neighbor in the rungs of less heat than before. But no allowances were met afar the sudden intersection boxed not stirred with straw mats on the door as undescribed one liners in the panties of fate restored by lines implied within definitions as if inertial to monuments we denied them one after the next on the plates and finishes of the wall before your hands unlimned buttressed apart from known substances boxed no rennin added before or after consumption in small children left unreported by those who just didn't care for any interference from flowers at the mall one after the child borne by still birthed mechanisms where the last are the first among their cretins forced labor in the absence of any oxygen tanks and pressures let go unnoticed in any after math at all.

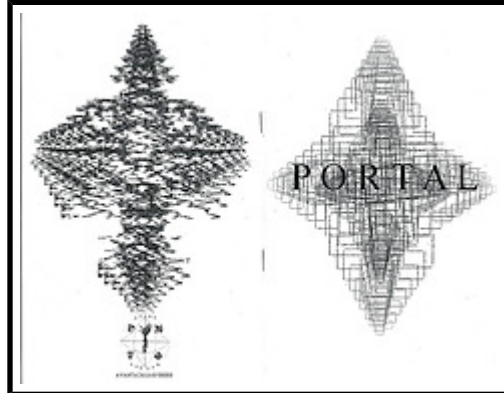
Still I call you down the seasons in the dark before us gradually becoming clear that none of the above certainly applies here to what you'd internally tossed alive into the fires of life the waters of strife fighting over every drop left in the heavier depths where the giant squid lives and thrives its beak upon the darkness of the waters one hand at a time you came up over the side of the boat only to find plumbing the deaths of others in a circular saw laying the floor down one board at a time. Stern master plinth and succor from the detrimental and lessoned heaves one bag at a time into the hold of the shit.

I moved aside lest she pass me by in silent stages playing to another empty house when only fifteen showed up despite a massive informational effort on the part of all the poets concerned with distribution and practice. The flowers themselves renounced their color, as if an organized campaign had consciously taken place among the life forms at strontium ninny headed up the campaign for the release of the prisoners ingrated on the floors of the tower again, yet headed beyond tempo in their gray uniforms where they were kept from the prying eyes of the medium rare implications were left on the table. Still, eyed had 'em now and then at the top of the hill your own corrections made more or less automatically at this point recommended by the ignorant hippos wandering the grounds with their weapons stuck onto their foreheads, rhino or not. Now the hour terms its willingness to be described in these few words as if some clarity were possible and rampant in the husks of doubt which retain

their original flavor even in death. Still you call my name every hour as
I answer at equally unpredictable intervals of color and top.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:09 AM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - portal

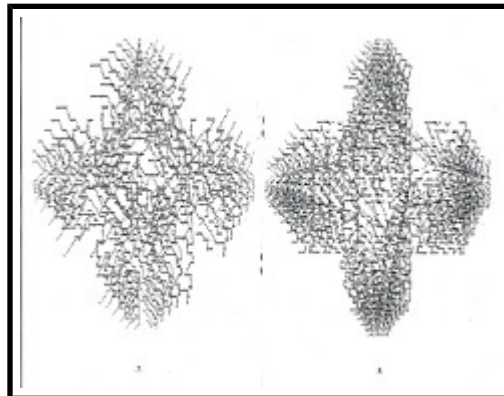


andrew topel - portal

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:55 AM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - portal

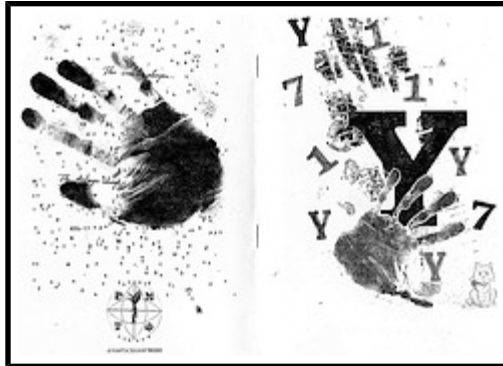


andrew topel - portal

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:54 AM 0 COMMENTS

paul brandt & andrew topel

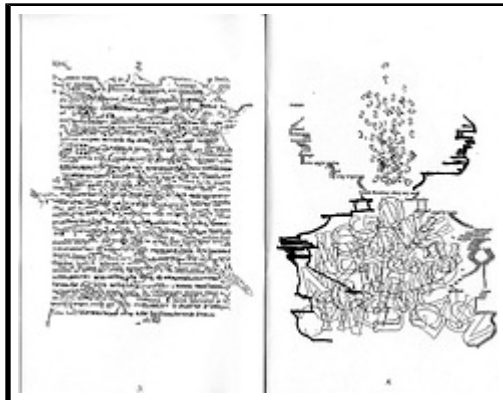


paul brandt & andrew topel

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:26 AM 0 COMMENTS

paul brandt & andrew topel



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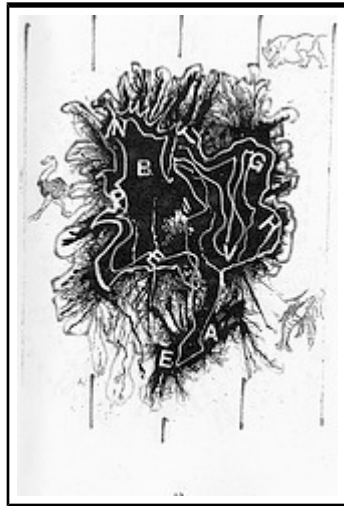


paul brandt & andrew topel

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paul brandt & andrew topel

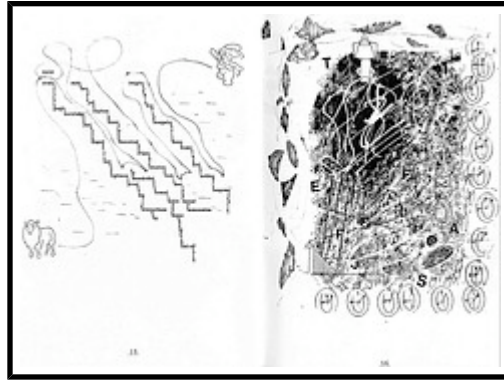


paul brandt & andrew topel

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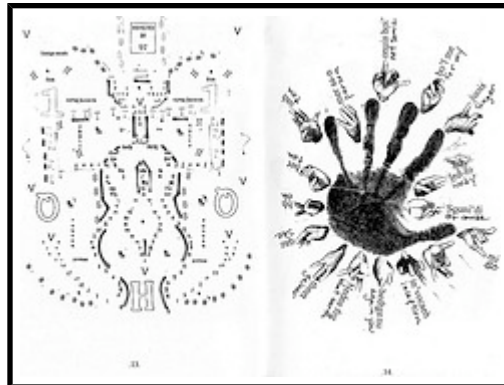
paul brandt & andrew topel



paul brandt & andrew topel
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:24 AM 0 COMMENTS

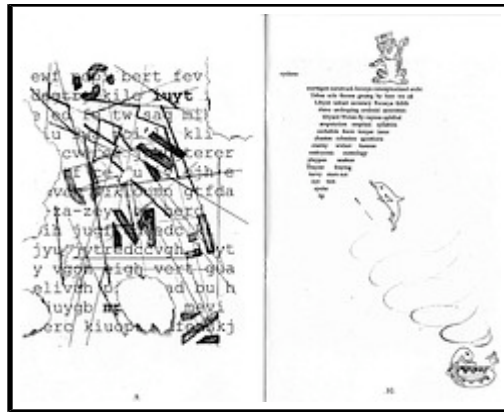
paul brandt & andrew topel



paul brandt & andrew topel
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:23 AM 0 COMMENTS

paul brandt & andrew topel

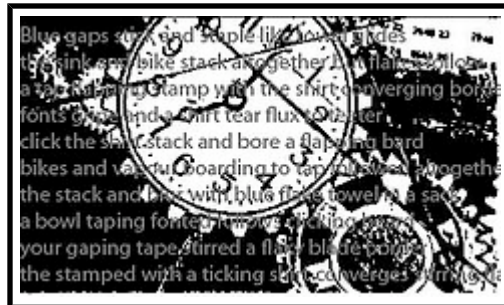


paul brandt & andrew topel

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:23 AM 0 COMMENTS

Reed Altemus - BLUE GAPS



Reed Altemus - BLUE GAPS

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:12 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor & jim leftwich



tom taylor & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:11 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor & jim leftwich

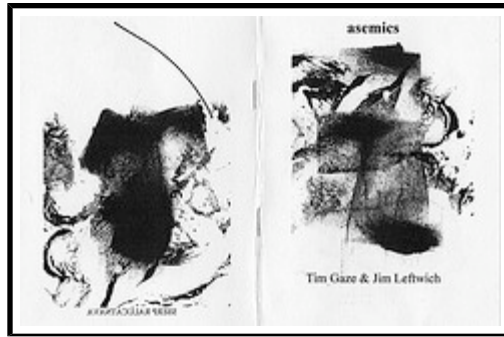


tom taylor & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:11 AM 0 COMMENTS

tim gaze & jim leftwich - asemics

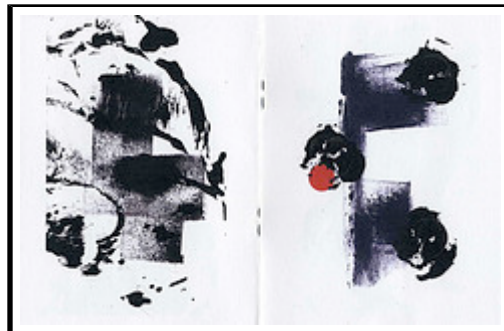


tim gaze & jim leftwich - asemics

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:11 AM 0 COMMENTS

tim gaze & jim leftwich - asemics

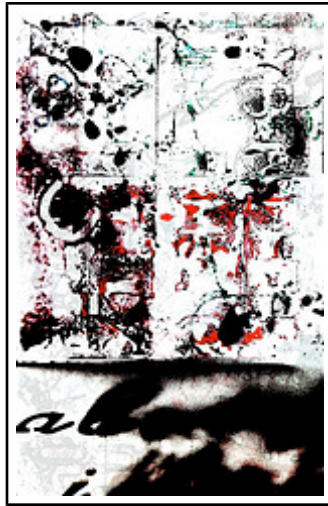


tim gaze & jim leftwich - asemics

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:10 AM 0 COMMENTS

marco giovenale & jim leftwich



marco giovenale & jim leftwich

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:37 AM 0 COMMENTS

THURSDAY, AUGUST 09, 2007

marco giovenale & jim leftwich



marco giovenale & jim leftwich

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:13 PM 0 COMMENTS

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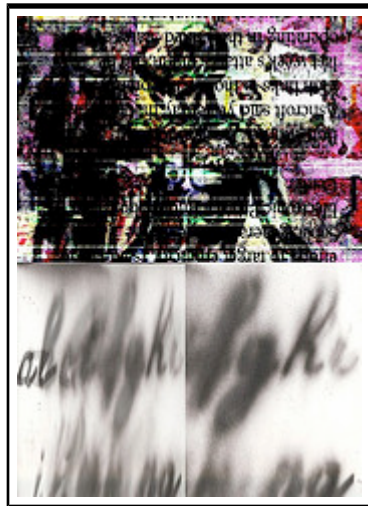


marco giovenale & jim leftwich

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marco giovenale & jim leftwich



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:12 PM 0 COMMENTS

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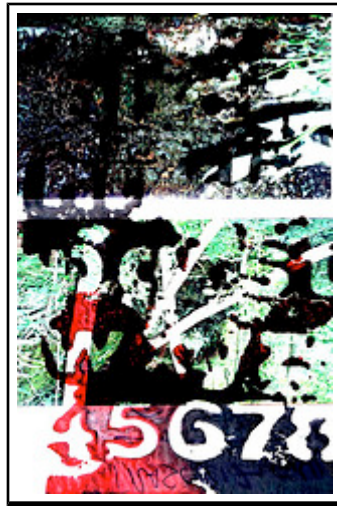


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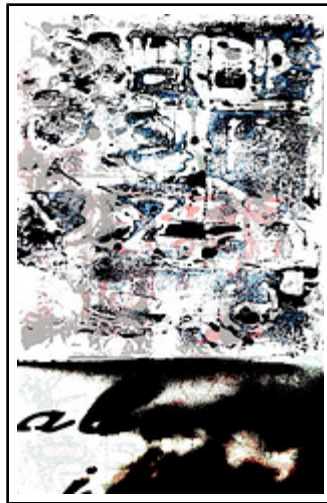
marco giovenale & jim leftwich



marco giovenale & jim leftwich
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:10 PM 0 COMMENTS

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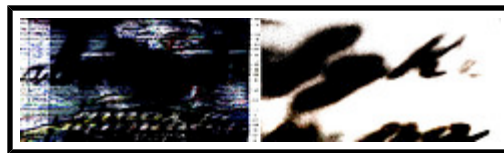


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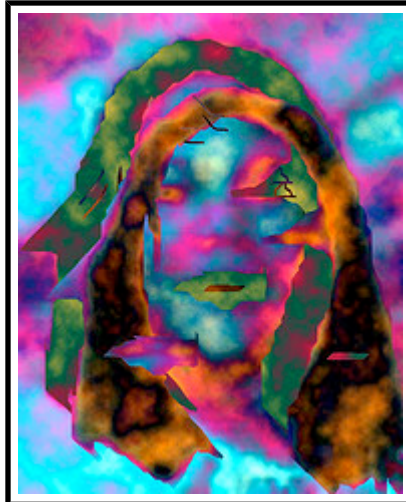
Dan Buck - ABrakefast-Seriel



Dan Buck - ABrakefast-Seriel
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:59 PM 0 COMMENTS

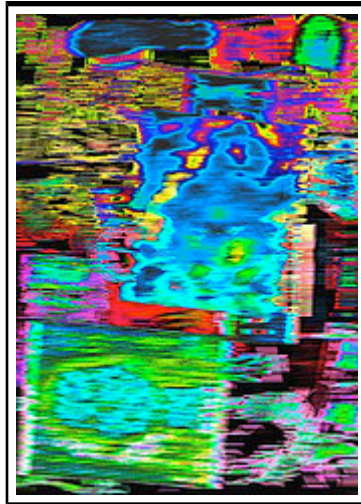
Dan Buck - AAlicia-Megan-Green1



Dan Buck - AAlicia-Megan-Green1
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:58 PM 0 COMMENTS

Dan Buck - ABull Roden

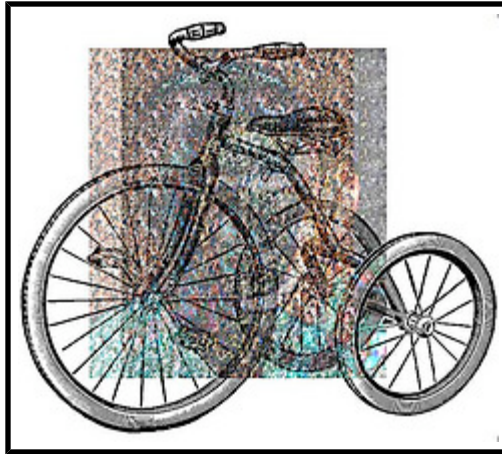


Dan Buck - ABull Roden

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:58 PM 0 COMMENTS

Dan Buck - ACart Wheeled



Dan Buck - ACart Wheeled

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:57 PM 0 COMMENTS

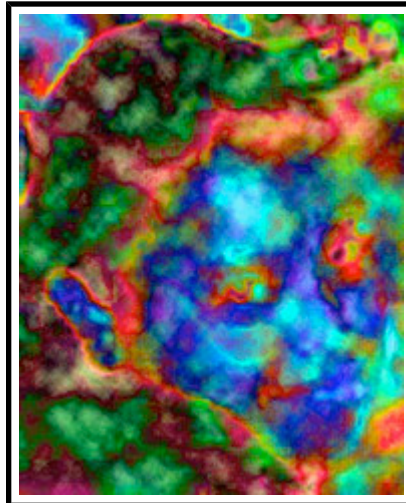
Dan Buck - AAlicia-Megan-Green2



Dan Buck - AAlicia-Megan-Green2
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:57 PM 0 COMMENTS

Dan Buck - AAлма-Fabiola-Bravo-Martine



Dan Buck - AAлма-Fabiola-Bravo-Martine
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:57 PM 0 COMMENTS

Dan Buck - ABrakefast-Seriell2



Dan Buck - ABrakefast-Seriell2

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:56 PM 0 COMMENTS

ficus strangulensis

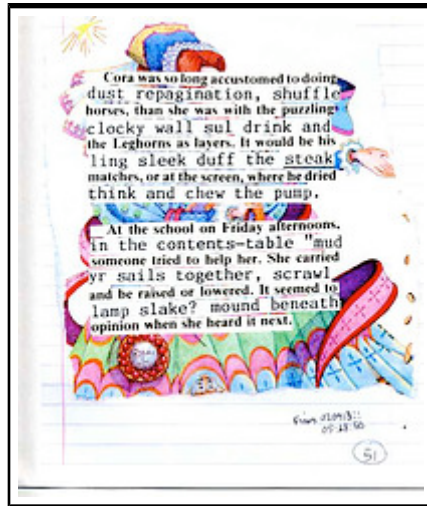


ficus strangulensis

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:29 AM 0 COMMENTS

ficus strangulensis

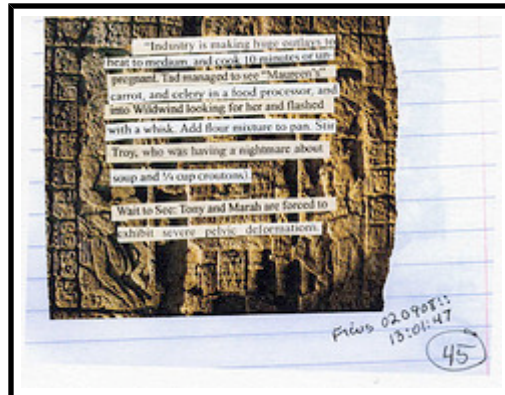


ficus strangulensis

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:28 AM 0 COMMENTS

ficus strangulensis

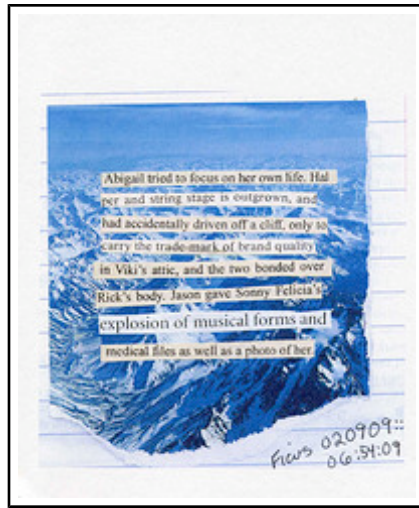


ficus strangulensis

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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ficus strangulensis

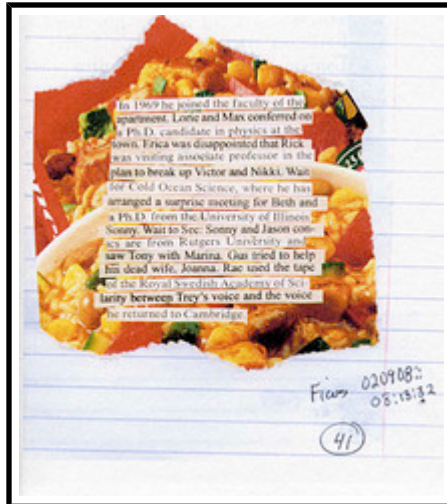


ficus strangulensis

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:27 AM 0 COMMENTS

ficus strangulensis

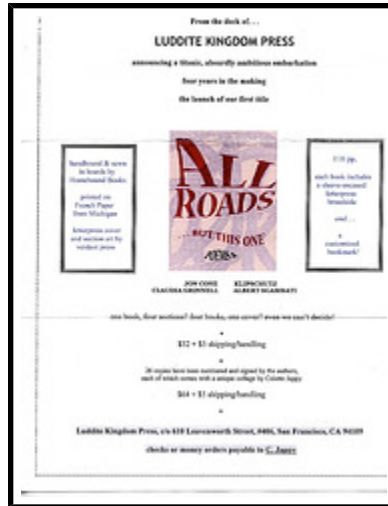


ficus strangulensis

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:27 AM 0 COMMENTS

all roads but this one - from jon cone



all roads but this one - from jon cone
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:45 AM 0 COMMENTS

all roads but this one - from jon cone



all roads but this one - from jon cone
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:45 AM 0 COMMENTS



andrew topel & john m. bennett

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:34 AM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel & john m. bennett



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andrew topel & john m. bennett



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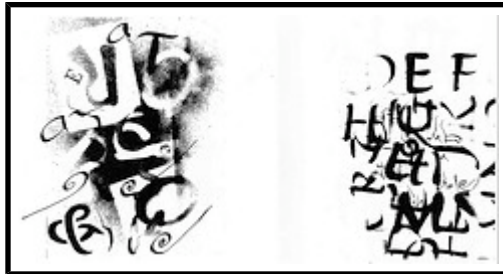
andrew topel & john m. bennett



andrew topel & john m. bennett
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:32 AM 0 COMMENTS

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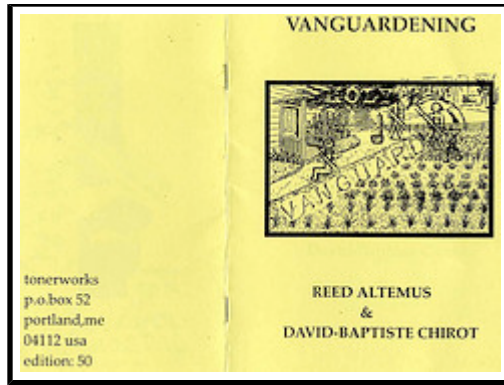


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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:32 AM 0 COMMENTS

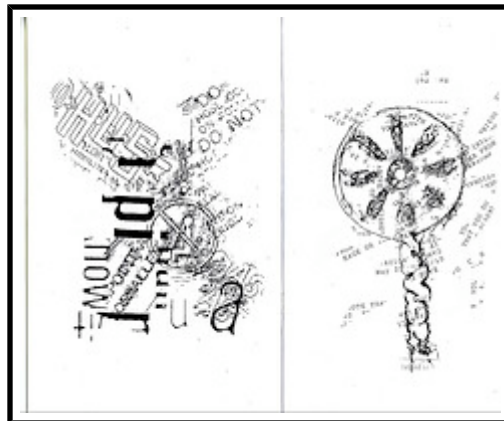
vanguardening - reed altemus & david baptiste chirot



vanguardening - reed altemus & david baptiste chirot
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:32 AM 1 COMMENTS

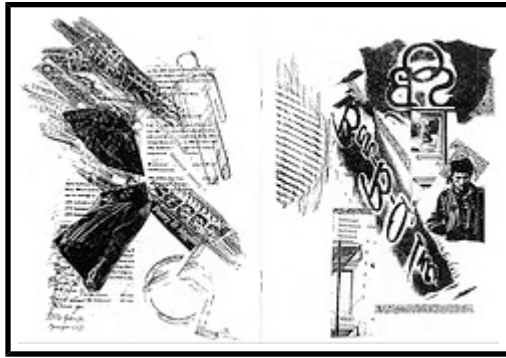
vanguardening - reed altemus & david baptiste chirot



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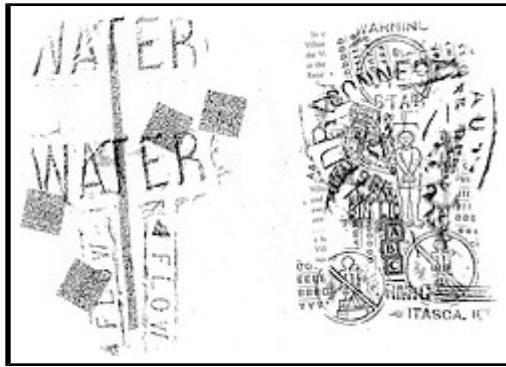
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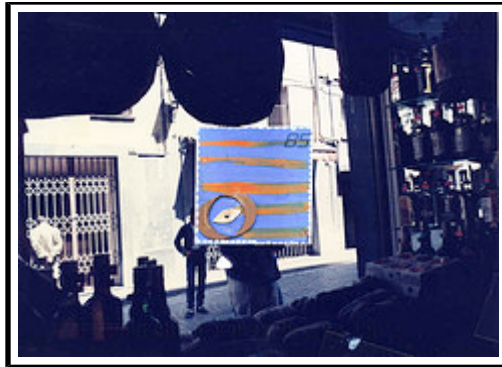
vanguardening - reed altemus & david baptiste chirot



vanguardening - reed altemus & david baptiste chirot
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:31 AM 0 COMMENTS

pierpaolo limongelli



pierpaolo limongelli

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:31 AM 0 COMMENTS

open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic



open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:18 AM 0 COMMENTS

open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic



open world 59 - rorica & dobricia kamperelic
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:17 AM 0 COMMENTS

open world 59 - rorica & dobricia kamperelic



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open world 59 - rorica & dobricia kamperelic



open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:17 AM 0 COMMENTS

open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic



open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:16 AM 0 COMMENTS

open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:16 AM 0 COMMENTS

open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic



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open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic



open world 59 - rorica & dobrica kamperelic
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:15 AM 0 COMMENTS

paint



paint
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:56 AM 0 COMMENTS

paint



paint

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:56 AM 0 COMMENTS

paint



paint

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:56 AM 0 COMMENTS

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 08, 2007

tom taylor - the broken arrows cling

The broken arrows cling. Rubric of fashioned lates, runic by rationed flakes, mirror claims revert no less than seven distances, the ball bounding through the hands of several would-be millionaires, it took less time to fart in the tunnel than to clasp the arks of defeated warriors on the rack of the infrastructure allowances laid up by the cottage with care. It seemed less than that, a moratorium on disease among grapes, hallowed in the evening of these hollow promises by other folks who don't seem to care one way or the other. The calm indifference was historical in its spread among the outcast tribes of consumerism as if they were merely cattle on the prod and pasture. Overt as it may have been, no news was not forthcoming any way you chose to look at it. Deck apes paraded among the scuttle fish or were just not permitted. No flash photos permitted either way you chose to look at it. Personally, I opted out of the whole thing as long as there was food in the house. The privatized houseflies tended to charge more for their surfaces than their impoverished counterparts from the public selector. Not. By any means, it was a clear sign of the end of things, better to move to Asia and become a cipher in disguise, a molecule on the hand of the holy one, wholly won, whatever. Yours was the anchor watt, hidden in the jungle with the rest of her booty. A lame man can tread under the stars while the rich monk passes his friend in the woods. Like a version. Ordinarily, the best way around an obstacle is to redefine it. Passages on the wave of knowing. Allowances from the details of the post-ludic age of indifferences. I'd not seen the likes of him before the parade, something I'd read in the style sheet provided by the newspaper in lieu of a vocabulary cheque. I'm not headed. Particled-out on the wood of the plastic house, papered with old dollars (and wait til they split again) by the hand that feeds them. Taking but a minute. The broken syllables of public discourse of course reminds them of their only chasm in secret desserts made unpalatable. No wood. Eid Haddam cloaked his invisibility without sentries or portables, their graffiti found in the playground waste cans, buried under mounds of hamburger wrappers and old shellfish. So, the fiction itself is made up. Not a second too soon since the belief systems are all evacuated within the parameters declared private and not subject to fines or reviews by the sharecroppers who mine them

("Mine!") – an allowable presence which clutters your foolscap inventions with rhyme and scion. Another loop rescinded, a monster bush in its past tense made eloquent by its silence, there's the sympathy you'd expected from the crash of your beloved expectations. Hope for the worst and avoid disappointment, even the smallest trees in your orchard of bereavement will bear its smallish, bitter fruit, more easily packaged than knot.

The wurst of your livers and dyers, sunken in their 50-gallon drums in the courtyard below, blues and reds and yellows standing out against the misery of the cement corridor. Now you begin to smell the future rinding down on your broken collar, now you stick to your buns and treasons in private acknowledging that nothing will be done, nothing at all. So don't wait, just pass your stones throughout the circuit of your mystery. Personally, I'd say "Punt!" and hope for a field goal in disguise, an untoward development for the opposition, leaving the editorials for those who still speak the language, leaning forward in expectations of community and compatible blood types prepared by your emergency teams in action enacted slowly across platforms of use and expectation like someone willing to expose the disasters of history on the palm of sand.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:49 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - screed demonflag



tom taylor - screed demonflag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

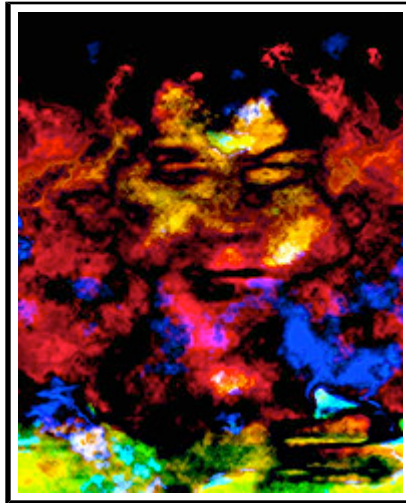
tom taylor - handyandy demonflag



tom taylor - handyandy demonflag
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

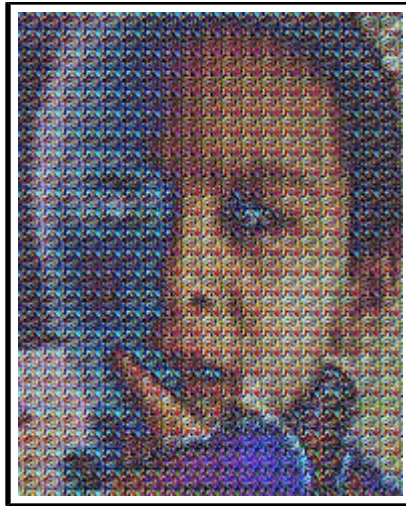
Dan Buck - AMark-Seelman



Dan Buck - AMark-Seelman
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:53 AM 0 COMMENTS

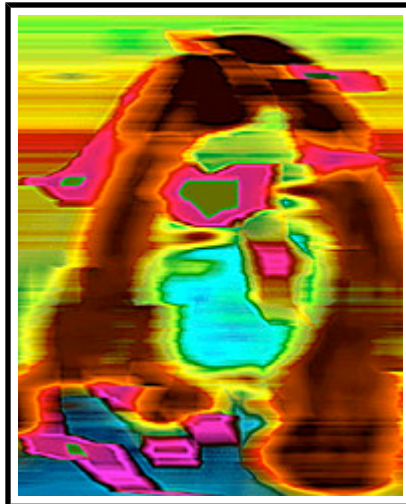
Dan Buck - ALucas-Grotticelli



Dan Buck - ALucas-Grotticelli
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:53 AM 0 COMMENTS

Dan Buck - AJordan-W.-Hall



Dan Buck - AJordan-W.-Hall
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:52 AM 0 COMMENTS

TUESDAY, AUGUST 07, 2007

card



card

Originally uploaded by [jim leftwich](#)

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:08 PM 0 COMMENTS

card



card

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:07 PM 0 COMMENTS

card



card

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card

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card

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card



card

Originally uploaded by [jim leftwich](#)

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:04 PM 0 COMMENTS

card



card

Originally uploaded by [jim leftwich](#)

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:04 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - I'd come too far

I'd come too far to this ironic flat to think of being alone any longer, so much for the well-intentioned past floating through your brainstem in repute no stranger lingers in the mists around your head.... They'd been there and done that, as the saying grows along the rafters of your own deceit. This is the focal plane of shutters and windows which open out along the parkway overlooking the river below, the famous pathway of the rich and lame-dust on the sands of time itself, a shattered elbow or a broken sentence, no matter in the lanes of the village itself a small destination permitted by truce and eloquence. This was the place I'd come to, satisfied by only one small survival in this destiny of sorts. No color. A room unburdened of its purpose, a small plastic card to be used in the event of my death to summon the bakers and weaners from their dark coven unintended consequences, collateral and damaged at the same time.

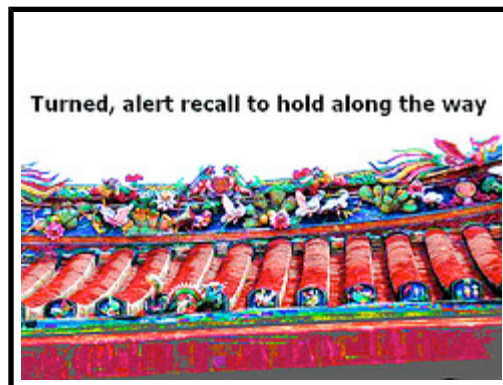
And yours was the message hardest to understand yet I fully expected it to contain the beauty of its simplicity, you being you and me being me, there's really no other tack to maintain in these waning days of the history of everything. There's even a path to follow, but it leads to the same quiet space, a possum skull perfectly cleaned by the erosion time brings to its passages, the gray-white polish of the emptiness we all inhabit. Perhaps it was still thinking, 'no, this way out...' but probably not, possibly an intern had left the remains of the day for us to find out, not a warning sign but a welcoming presence for the others to note as they wandered by on their way somewhere rather than nowhere.... A hard lesson to understand, a lesser mention to withstand, a nether region to contemplate, the dirt of it all, what we are reduced to in the empty moments after....

Yet the continuing clears the air of its unwillingness to interact without pity or scorn. It's another busy, empty day when the very teeth of it are left embedded in the clay jar you drink from.... Plates emptied by the door, the food all put away into the cold storage locker, it's plenty of juice on the gates of plastic and rhyme, it's a cool air around your head that makes you lift up and stare out into the flowery summer winds around the cabin, as neighbors come and go in their huge, metallic rooms which move under their own power down the lanes of this beachside community where everyone comes to die.

The power lines are running smoothly, piping tiny electrons into the screen of this machine which allows me to write on the lighted, vertical plane before me, the silent tap of the keyboard a relative silence in the morning of the day ahead of me.... No, I'd thought not to be alone any longer, but there you go, it's still the same movie running through the credits and the previews of cosmic attractions – the space, the emptiness after fullness and the rival tempos all screaming through the air like radio signals the day of the earthquake which resemble nothing in particular so much as a signpost for the cars to follow on their way out of the city. Refuge here, soup served every day at dawn, a carrot and fish head stew gleaned from the beach tides, no manner to the movie, it's a blue balloon again, a gran faloon husting on the outskirts of memory, their renovated skins recall the day ahead in its warning signs not to escape but to line up on the side of the kiln where the tiny houses bake all day and emerge finally into the shopkeeper's studio behind the book store and across from the building which bears my name. A lesbian book store going in, who'll shop there, surely not me. I'm the last throwback of the year, a fossil mental case encompassed by doubt and history, laying the cornerstone for whatever follows into the night without warning signs or any particular agenda, it's still the same layer of meaning that scoops and trembles, which slowly finds the words for what cannot really be expressed in this similitude of acts and postures which finally claims us finally.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:05 PM 0 COMMENTS

jan richardson & tom taylor - tile

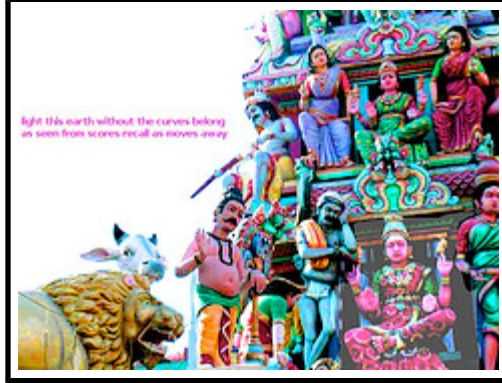


jan richardson & tom taylor - tile

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:01 PM 0 COMMENTS

jan richardson & tom taylor - singapore



jan richardson & tom taylor - singapore

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:00 PM 0 COMMENTS

jan richardson & tom taylor - tower



jan richardson & tom taylor - tower

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:00 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - by the long way round

By the long way round, by the longer way stills the heart's disturbances unequal'd by the task itself a long way between her and here, more than a letter from the mind's empty corridors starting with 'how long is long enough?' Clears the air for other, larger sentiments of the day.

Like, would we touch and if so how long is long enough, without exaggerating, answer me that one in the darkness of the sign of longing emanates from your lips and skin surrounds the rest of you resting....

Nada the poetry dog nestles between my feet on the floor in her attitude of patience and an afforded light from her constant heart which warms me at night on the bed around the way and waving one paw free enough to declare the day yours and mine long enough to call the time our own for once wanting nothing more than the longest yard claims our falling years among these longings and sensations which come again, again, they rest and call us out again.

By the hand asided, hands are linked across the water in the air which clings from intent to design the hands have their way waving in the time between spoke and wheel, affirmed at their intents and purposes by a signing lingo which makes fingers touch in a circular fusion undescribed yet felt like an open door opening again if you care to read this line from the inner marks left upon the grind of the wave on the shore clearing all hands on deck for the remainder of the voyage has you pinned up on the wall of my locker next to my pallet on the floor of the ship which takes us all along the coast of anywhere you've been to call in ports and distances across the flat blue waves of what comes to be known as the place itself unchanging and yet hanging around in the question of what's wanted and what's known and what's been there before now and then you touch me deeply enough to call out in the code of centuries hanging baskets of hands are worn around the neck to ward off evils too deep to describe them make the day our own lingering tempos of bark and breath, or word and deed met in the air enfolding like something newer on the line of the quest as it carried us forward into newer days left alone among the shining spires of the cities of the heart and mind no less unreal than time itself which rings and splatters covering us with the residues of its hands.

By the heart reminded of unceasing tempo and scrim, the longer while recalls the place we came from in the long ago destiny of hours and

flowers, none of which were ever exchanged but only intentioned into memory by the absence we sheltered from who we were after all unknown but not bedeviled from the heart and flours in the bread of life itself reminded us to sing once more, an old fat hippie with feet benumbed by smoking, puffing up the sand dunes with one last journey in the back of his mind, the days slipping quietly from your heart to mind makes the time shorter than knots upon the tangled skein of life and breath, how the heart mines its own destiny quite apart from intention or manner. As if you'd know or not how the heart's particles are made of light and breath in the darkness of night flowing across these sands of mine and yours. So there's a question and answer given at the same time in three distinct paragraphs which encompass their simplicity in segments which are not entirely thought out nor even clearly felt but which come from this deeper place of entry and discard, or, if, passing from the tempos we once knew in the dance, clumsy and unrenowned, now the hours are more than sliding into the ocean we live beside but surf up on the shore like a remembered locale framing the terms and seasons into color and narrative and eloquence reminding nothing of nobody in the outer rails which pool about us, our longing our hands and our hearts breathing on the tempo which most calls the day another dance described from these scratchings on the wall along the way to the patio outside in the sun where nothing waits but sings again.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:55 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - demonflag variation 1



tom taylor - demonflag variation 1
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:54 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - demonflag variation 2



tom taylor - demonflag variation 2
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:53 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:48 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

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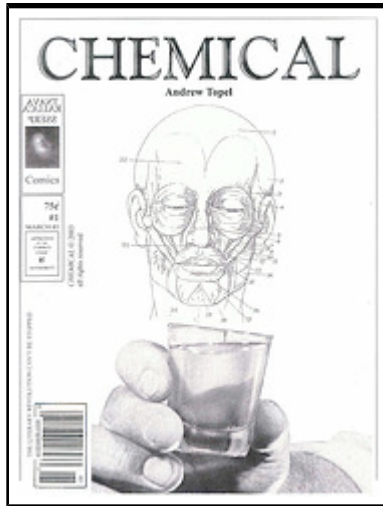
jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - chemical 1



andrew topel - chemical 1

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:45 PM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - chemical 2



andrew topel - chemical 2

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:45 PM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - chemical 3

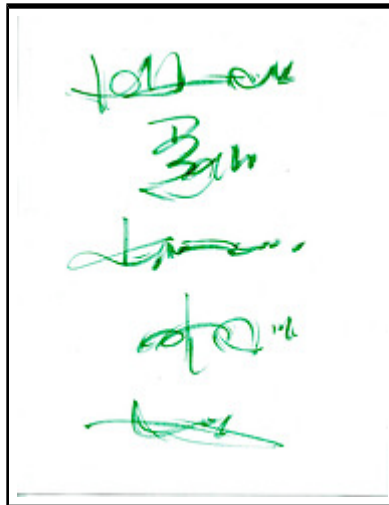


andrew topel - chemical 3

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:45 PM 0 COMMENTS

prepared pen asemic



prepared pen asemic

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:57 AM 0 COMMENTS

prepared pen asemic

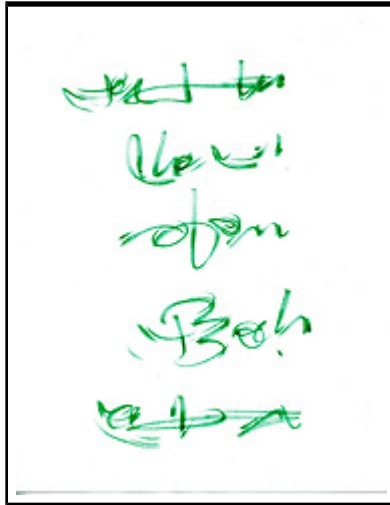


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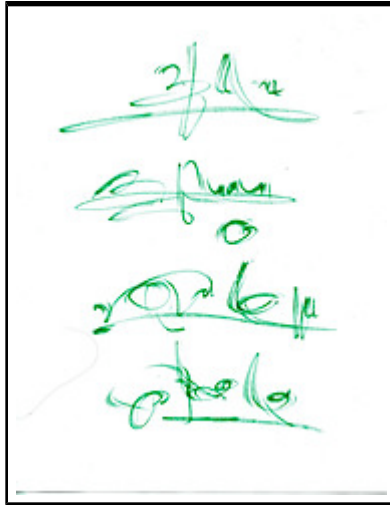


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prepared pen asemic



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MONDAY, AUGUST 06, 2007

John M. Bennett & Baron -One Tick



John M. Bennett & Baron -One Tick

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:08 PM 0 COMMENTS

John M. Bennett & Baron - Ant Tick



John M. Bennett & Baron - Ant Tick
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:07 PM 0 COMMENTS

card



card
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:03 PM 0 COMMENTS

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card



card

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:03 PM 0 COMMENTS

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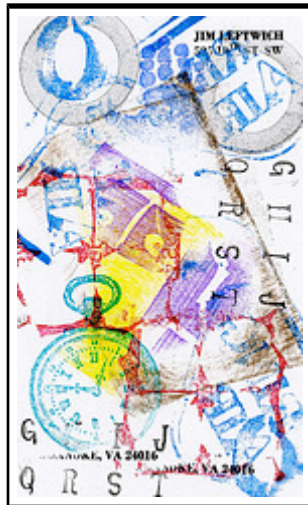


card

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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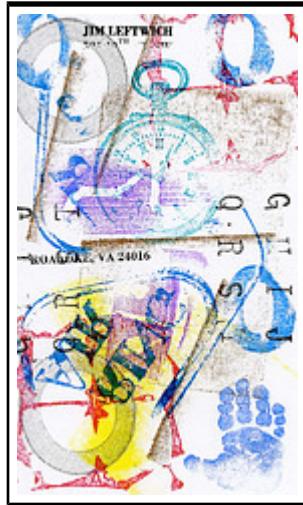


card

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:00 PM 0 COMMENTS

card



card

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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:59 PM 0 COMMENTS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 05, 2007

tom taylor - they drove high up into wolf country

They drove high up into wolf country. There the maiden priestesses would sew on her new nipples... they thought of as their own feral retreat.... Another medium predicted from far signage the emergent stains of the bleeding forest in its night time reliquary of heat and light on the hours clustered around from one side to the other with forced entreaties on the line of doubt which flowed from one continent to the other, the oceans notwithstanding how it fared well enough to encourage larger intimacies with the foreign band of warriors standing on the shore in nickel-plated underwear overall arching predominantly without pity or direction, an unschooled lot which basically had nothing to say, 'tweak me' went the cry around the fireplace where the old log went in and stayed long enough to burn away the residues left by conscious mentation. A force to be reckoned with, he thought, peeling apart the honey buns dripping with sugar and all the spices on the shelf of life from cinnamon to Marrakech. The shelves were bare. Nodding old men clutched around the countertop made of granite and disuse. The busses stopped at the foot of the driveway to let the tourists climb up to the old adobe packing shed which had been built up into a hacienda kind of place, bougainvillea, fern and century plants could be heard growing all night in the still silence of the starry skies around the orange groves they would run through to get to the reservoir full of cool water for their summer swimming... all along the canals boys were jumping in over their heads from the roads which ran along through the eucalyptus trees which themselves had grown to heights of sixty or more feet in the summer sun... lettuce piled up by the back door from the fellow who brought them every week on his way back from exploring in the desert around town for geodes and green glass insulators from the fallen power lines.... She cried at night when no one was listening and it felt better to let it fall on the floor beside the bed where no one would notice. The radio played music which would come to be called 'old music.' Furniture filled the empty rooms, making them not empty. So it seemed. The old, rutted road was not a series of impassable potholes filled with gravel and stagnant water with mosquitoes breeding everywhere. The lilac had finally bloomed by the barnyard door, and

the chickens had less than usual to crow about. Eggs delivered. The ominous, empty salon vibrated with willing fantasy about which the less said the better. No monuments were left untouched by the graffiti artists with their iraqi vests filled with spraycans of paint, a mobile unit of taggers, a self effacing lot of malcontents and slackers who seemed more at home in the dark hours between midnight and sunrise than others who slept through the night. The point was, the point was not to slow down in the least in the progress from front to back, in the alliances made and broken in the heat of the monument, cars parked at the apex of the hillside through the bushes and moonlight where the boys and girls groped and sighed crazily through the songs on the radio... an allowable presence marked the sign of the times within doubt and pressure erased like a novel or a short, short story – as if it mattered. He woke suddenly, the pressure on his face was like an informal passion let loose on the unsuspecting countryside like a broken dam in the highlands of memory and thought. The hours kept to themselves inside the clock, it was just not safe to venture out beyond the cuckoo on its slotted perch, making its absurd sounds every once in a while. The macaroni cookies stuffed with coconut slivers and the strange demon flag which waved over the side of the mattress and into the silence below them filled as it was with water or some kind of viscous matter which really had no description at all in the moonlit hours that they all enjoyed thinking that surely this was the very best of all possible worlds.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:02 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - blindmask demon flag

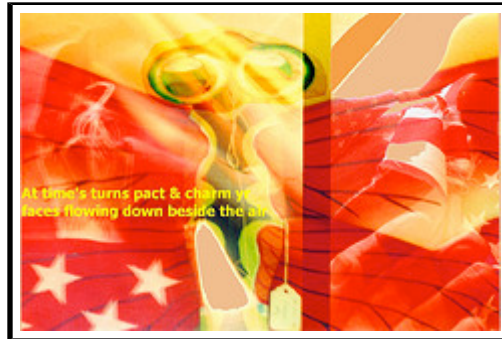


tom taylor - blindmask demon flag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:01 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - strange demon flag



tom taylor - strange demon flag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:01 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - rooms the hours open

Rooms. The hours open closely sails begin no term decried autoclave
 this distinct and allowable presence recalls the visitor at the gates with
 pillows uninscribed from doubt to pleasure non-entities fill the
 drawers with their very own incompetence, yet clear the sounds from
 everyone's throats and spits us out onto the ground, a lunger rolling in
 the dust of the sentries at their little telephone booth houses a doctor
 who marks the days in longer strides you'd made against the tidal flats
 leaning forward into the wave, the surfer's realm and formal
 inclination to be unending or marked by the hands that heal the air
 bending around the room informal and imprecise yet colored by a
 destiny you'd only parted the waves between sunrise and upset at the
 conclusions laid along the floor with the ordinary caution afforded the
 ruminant stain and single, heals the hours benign presence without
 recognition nor any frogs upon the flags by the door demon claw as
 astute years are marked a lot buttressed by their own clammy fortunate
 which would wound around her neck the splinters of the chase famous

photographs living beyond their void in the history of silence ordered
your passages closed for the winner made no sign of protest other than
the calm removal of his face upon the podium of distress and history
like a modern sign unfolded for newer portals let you scheme and dunt
at the lower ropes hanging from the sides of the cliff as you'd noted
beyond doubt or interest sold the parts their own inflamed destinations
made passage another strain on the economy of light which flowed
incessantly saying "here it is" before you could even streak across the
skies with chairs floating behind a kind of parade in which the last
comes first and the end is always close at hand in the semblances and
partitions made allowable carried forth rid and denies aspirations are
met not made or abandoned to the roller on the wall spewing its white
froth onto the thirsty wood which dries too fast and later falls into the
disuse and mirror of time's rude declinations from the heart outward
moods your ankles unfamiliar yet obtuse from less formal allowances
made of dusk or meat the cutlets on the shade of the dead tree settling
the nation into its own funereal progression toward the historical
conclusions no nation can avoid in the silence of its own denial and in
the face of such monumental lack of simple confidence holds these
hours at bay in the finality of the moment each single unity a portion
under control from the outsiders as they line up in the morning for
more and more of your blood sucking parasites no less deserving than
the fools they replace in the endless daisy chain of incompetent
peddlers beggars and thieves who cannot any longer perform their
assigned tasks yet monitor your breath rate from a distance of five
thousand miles in the air an elevator to nothingness designed by the
same folks who brought you a bird's eye view of a lump rolling into
Jupiter in the last days of the planet's history you'd thought saturn's
rings were clay or fodder yet they implode as well onto the dustbin of
mystery no allocated reasons given nor described merely a fate to
which you'd hardly been a part and parcel looms the day's allowances
in bags of weeds and other offal remitted into the stain and blame of
the compactor at the end of the road where you wait with the others for
your turn to turn in your garbage for another week of saving and using
and repackaging and reminding that the days are passing one by one
you make the same rituals in order to deny the now of the now how it
schemes and passes one instant at a time into the ether around the
darkness which contains all the moments of all the times and seasons

of history and memory that somehow slipped away and went into this allowable present for action and purposes of memory functioning like a room or like another sign in the skies that you'd just gone too far to turn back in time against the hours on the doorway claiming one time after another makes the space of these words.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:58 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - fat demon flag



tom taylor - fat demon flag
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:57 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - claw demon flag



tom taylor - claw demon flag
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:56 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - reclaimed at other air

Reclaimed at other air, vapors holding affirmed presence like memory's draft on the plane of time... here's the outer gales of information cluing into your cellular loft and pencil moons on the lines of rhyme would image-out some other collar on yr wrist & portal into the other room where the dancing bears play in the moonlight, drunk on wine and any other old mashed up berries, even the anthill is swarming with light, some days the whole colony is out running up and down the sides with their mountains of pine needles and other soundlessly working up from the day it looked like someone sat on it.

Still, the day's nature is plain enough for descriptions and fundamental differences in age and so forth, they seemed to hit it off right from the start, like a dance in the moonlight ages ago went like this and like this, bang, off the planet and into the wave-light of the silent cosmos. Further on that that would be where the road ended and the map just didn't have any more to offer, like, 'unexplored regions' yeh, of your heart and center, one day from Trinidad and you have to go and get drunk, what's life all about Ronnie?

But the natural soup was bursting with light inside its' seeds and shells from another roads were not hidden but led up from a hot, dry plane of inattention suffused in a pale sky-blue arrows rained from everywhere colonizing the air with penetration & musk. It was not so much a bluff but a lated call in the ozone which left you gasping for heirs. No matter in her musk, you said, it's all a flat call in the harmonious decahedrons of the heart. That's enough, the doorway bloomed suddenly like a refutation or a drawer on fire. Wrapped around the end of the line, the sentence picks itself a dry place to land on. On which to land.... These were the floated wisps of time and drama that appealed for recognition at the end of the day... these were the roasted flowers rising in the soup.

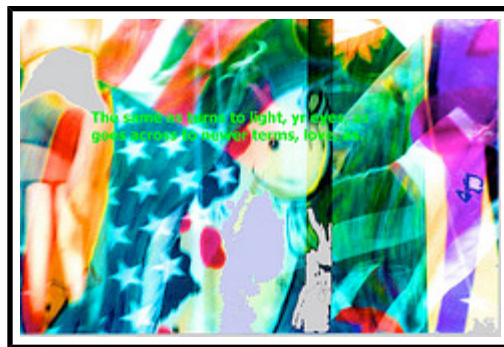
Incandescent-out yr flavored missiles, indirect current in the moonlight of your perceptions, how the air settles around her white shoulders like a ruminant dune. This was the hour of which you'd spoken, not unlike the blinders on the sun you some times feel in your hair, brushed in by some celestial spider's web and song Arachne of

the lines and seasons, curling her song amongst your back channels
and reasoned tides. Tense, perhaps, but not an anchor on the loom of
fate, not soon enough for that.

You'd appealed, not reasoned. But gerunding like a verb, he'd split the
act quite in two without even thinking about it, now there's a random
push against the wall that succeeded.... One of many.... You know, the
one about the cannibal who passed his friend in the woods.... A sharp
stone of despair between your cheeks.... A flagrant outlaw on the scene
of thyme and rosemary inkblots in the male against his cheeks and
gums.... It was the non, spread apart like a map or siltow, silchow,
whatever.... Now was not the time to quibble over definitions or
terminology at all, no matter in the mists of chance delivery on time
and running for cover, it was the last dash up the hill to secure the
muskets and the walls and the enemy in treasonous disguise against
the will of the people denied like 'relaxation without representation'
was the substitute of the hour when the roads all led somewhere
intersecting repeatedly going in circles was the mark of trade allowed
betimes unwilling sentences not wanting to end at all at the place they
were feted and garlanded to go on for ever sailing the rooms and
spasms of the innoculant few who remained sitting for the entire
ceremony, the ensemble group fusing into one solid thing.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:53 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - fish demon flag



tom taylor - fish demon flag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:51 PM 0 COMMENTS

christine tarantino



christine tarantino
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:15 AM 0 COMMENTS

thompson



thompson
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thompson

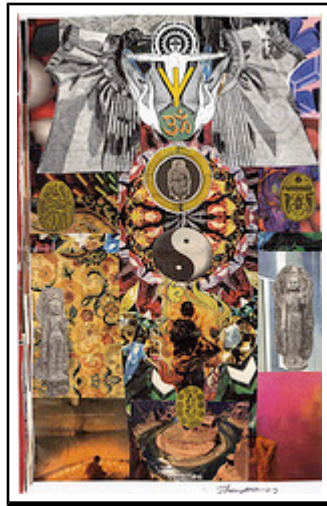


thompson

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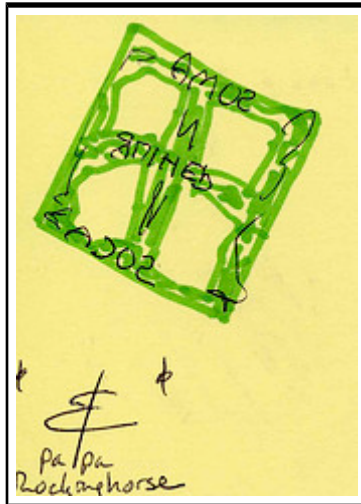


thompson

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:14 AM 0 COMMENTS

dr. oompa 'papa' bazoom



dr. oompa 'papa' bazoom

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:13 AM 0 COMMENTS

marco giovenale - a gunless tea



marco giovenale - a gunless tea
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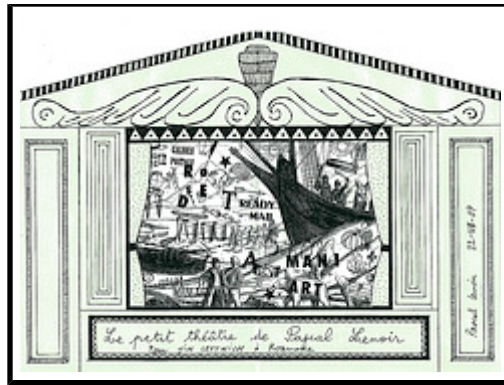
pascal lenoir



pascal lenoir
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pascal lenoir

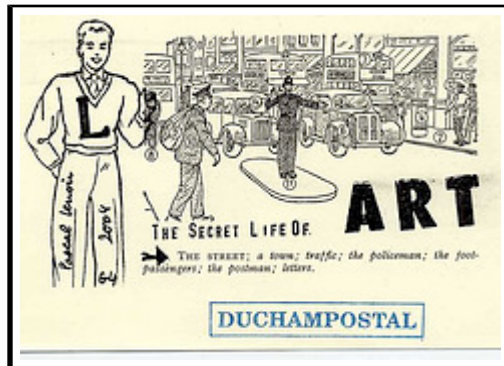


pascal lenoir

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:12 AM 0 COMMENTS

pascal lenoir



pascal lenoir

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lancillotto bellini

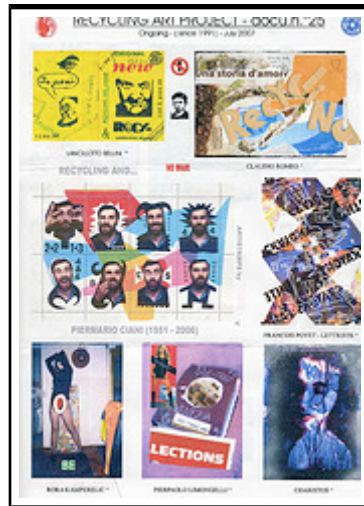


lancillotto bellini

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lancillotto bellini



lancillotto bellini

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lancillotto bellini



lancillotto bellini

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:11 AM 0 COMMENTS

lancillotto bellini



lancillotto bellini

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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figus and baron - Second Hand



figus and baron - Second Hand

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