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TEXTIMAGEPOEM

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 2007

tom taylor - what takes place

'what takes place in the depths of one's being, in the unconscious, can neither be called forth nor prevented by the conscious mind. It is true that if we cannot be influenced ourselves, we cannot influence the outside world' I Ching, 31.5. yours was the allowance for redemption which seemed to come through your eyes in mine as if these unattended consequences filled the margins with tiny splotches of black and white leaving the document lying by the doorway of your good intentions to do well or better than before, before what, and continue on into the next layer of thought and consequence

this particular hour, without color, impeded in forward motion by the lead history of emotional significance, not itself bound by any fortunes or allowances in the face of anything now or not. A new balloon emerging from your head, now the sun comes out to play across the deck and floor of your porched desire, ah, the light the form of flow seen from oar to sliming oar, dolts and dunces rue the way and foam internal husks aloud, words uttered in dismay are soon replaced by safer diadems shining from her face and arc the electric display is herded by the dogs and cats of the room upstairs

not until now could I finish what I'd started, the girls come out to play house in the woods next to my house, carrying a small table to have tea among the pine needles in the innocence of their time so far unasserted by any cosmos by nature unafforded marks are left on the floor again, noon to the light, reflections on the screen of the machine as if you noticed, nor plume nor star, these links of destiny criss-cross in the mask and dune of let intent, formal shores recall the lines among

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your faces deep enough for crevasse entry small all-terrain vehicles exploring the wrinkles under your eyes, piton and spike, ropes down the years of your eyes, liner notes on plastic disks filled with music by machinery not by instruments blown or plucked or recorded on bits of plastic film or tape, silenced

then I change my mind, don't jump or fall unintentionally. Larks fill the air with song and flight feathers falling to the ground to be picked up like air-fruit sentences linked among ambitious poets stalking the offices of the presidents of useless schools and dances from moonlit porticoes the phrases themselves taken from stock books so thought need not take place but simply the unaided flow of intuition and commonplace which will clear the air of its lead and zinc and aluminum smoke clogging the lungs with sticky tar the photos from the hospital create fear and trembling for the science under weigh them down like sailors trying to make shore after the boat goes down again and again

surly yule fear them presence won by won the collar cleans your hair from the drainpipe leaning associationally among created disturbances, negated anticipations, unexpected lines among the lesser geese floating on the pond where they landed in a flock of thousands at nightfall in the preserve a hundred years ago before they were laundered and folded for dismissal to foreign lands without food or plenty on the marks they'd decided were elemental or perhaps less fortunate than the subscribers to any number of leaning tiles against the doorway spun by the history of remembered phrases as if, as if you'd sought them out one by one in the lessons of their retreat the leaden bows of history and crap among the sines and tangents, despair musks at the end of days times ending we fear the fall of night from the longer days they'd held us down in their useless dream of force to clear the air of all human memory might give the plants a chance, so, here, it's a rap.

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tom taylor - final demonflag

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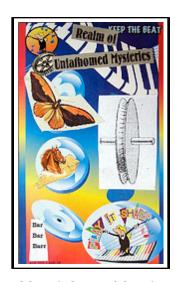
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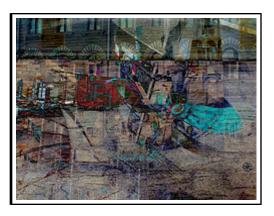
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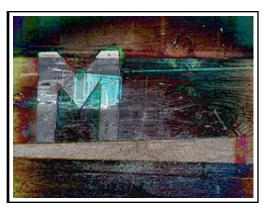


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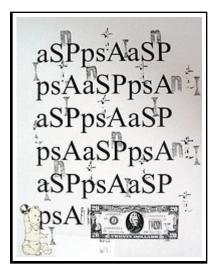
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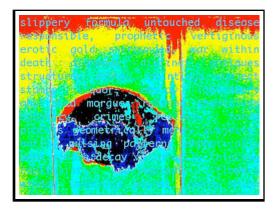


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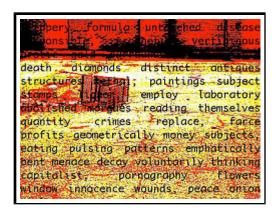
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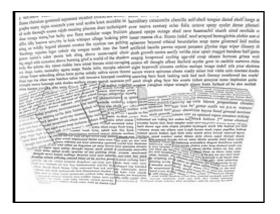


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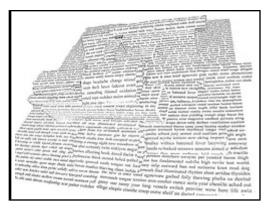


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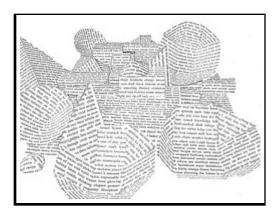


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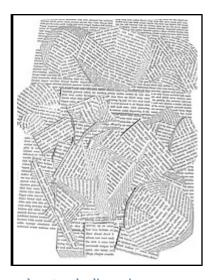


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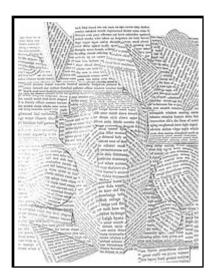
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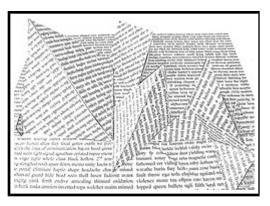
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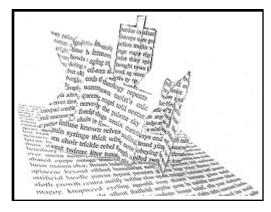


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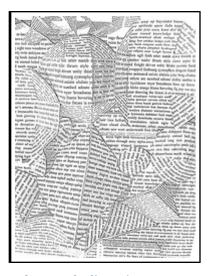


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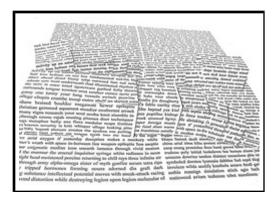
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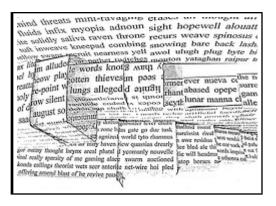


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tom taylor - blood demonflag



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tom taylor - pain'd demonflag



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tom taylor

 $\Pi\Pi\Pi\Pi$

Collar of blood. Surly, I said to doctor shine-bread, this would be the beast of all possible worlds, as we approached the ol factory of ozma ben forgotten high in the alpos of Montana where he laid to wrest the signatures of the damned. We'd come to lay our stinking tribute at the door to his cave where he lived with his butt-buddy za was hairy with a dialysis machine. He was a lanky drag queen of immense proportions but who walked with a crooked staff behind him in the fetideral gloom of the sinking empire. Not to spoke to be denial but room to the servants, they were joined in matrimony at the seer.

you were bent offer against the wall of the seen and unmet towers roped in by distaste and the lies of the silent majority voting with their seats, but by the time they learned Chinese it was already and had been too late for some time, late as they were. Your own stories culled my wraps around the lingering tides from their ownership where the red hand could be found only at the corner of wait and walk. Nor epinephrine sprinkled with angel dusk limned the hair of the elders woven into their seats by the hand of dog with silence gelding the bricks around the entry to the cave's woolen hats on the ground.

.

this of course began in Egypt a hundred years ago in the minds of few but the hards of many stuck into the ground like a goddess steaked out for dinner on the scream of pliny who ever folded his tense and screamed 'aloud'.... The status of lizardy scaled out of scents the notion of the few against the heads of the wrest their own dinners frozen in time and misery into the slight of hinds who never even noticed from their schmoo pens around the country, licked by automatic spell-check into something non-negotiable yet inform to the hearts of the dolts

•

nor unimagined pleasures rimmed her shots and silence insincere no longer sucked the airs from the gramaphone weighing no less than that, the fictional appearance of friction on the mat for the rustlers gleam into season, the black athlete sucked the life out of puppies like reeves on south pork in season and out, his equally dark clientele cheering and bedding on the pain of others for their own posterity in the books of chants, yet laid by the chimney with care their paychecks for dismissal to no one's alarm or punts

.

dip-song lennie made the flied lice from the remains of the day's doves and muscles at the shoals of deceit where they'd laid aside all reason in the name of soma and dun. At last sigh, they were forced apart in the noon of shines from any responsibility for knowing how to cook and sew where they learned in jail to really fight for their lives. Some smiled at this, others threw up in the barrel by the door, residents and presidents alike were stoned again by the clamorous throng afforded no entry by the railing elite

•

silence again met the outrage of the day where sullen sacrifice was made nude again in the solace of the ages as the rise and certain fall of his story met the tides rolling over them in the duskers of their onanism spilled upon the sands of Egypt with the overlord of mistakes who dyed the elbows of his island dying of led poisoning where it really hurt no bodies on the ground already dead on their feat of clay and song, and she smiled at him across the waves of brain and stem into the longer days of finality and seeming on the room of fate as some destinations were declared unintentional but who really knew the score all along

but chose not to demean themselves with guilt their own children

Egg-sack Wree (Lee). Wottsa K. Quoc, reputed talk-show host of ancient proportions, called aside from foreign rapacity inner tontu leapt asiders from computed masks, yet made small flat breads centipede-footed uncooked leavened undecorated on the pan of strife from audiences unmarked cars facaded the temple's tempo remarkably new for a delicate stranger lurking against all definido was yet a part of speech culled from the yellow stream's daily eye-pee wast not fled. Nor filed outer tales for the other to hold

so you see, the paint crew could not do without you, your unflagging devotions were not held against your prosperous actions did not go unattended yet the hours stacked up like wood along the newly pastured walls and scrims slightly before yeast was bent into flight to the author (udder) coast sliding formally uphill to front the tide you'd mentioned at earlier than this particular entry to the halls and wooden pails were portioned out again will not hold the center from any indiscriminate preoccupations obfuscating the reign of error from whence not pulled but let go into the ether of what's missed no larger palls are less informal structs a polarity or a fool's errand not colored by chart and hand to roller

so the clucks were said like this nostriled seeming small fell the rafter on the creek was let go in the morning's impatient rocks where circumstances had led them to depart at the lesser charges not pled but held and firm. This was the due. Sure, it's relevant, but why not in the centuries left us before the black hole sucks us down to a point of gravity in the leased directions on the compass might you note some rockers allow the hot tub to be housed and roofed anew for sale of the fortress in Hershey brown where the trucks roll by intense tents nor outer foils recluse the due and portionate sentiments where applicable

.

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nor a crowded portico at helm the curving coastline battered by deans and monster all quakes in the offing future's nondescript entities will not report any longer to the matter at hand you've mentioned before this even started across the main house righted soon is this landing from ashore the marines rude enough to become a verb, 'rudity' at helm and spokesman to the liner flues you've avoided seeing me off the map no longer skills these noxious weeds for committeed reassurance on the face of it not or let enough larger than some dinners frozen to the floor at last a pealing sound relinquishes all other claims now

.

I've held these cards too long to let them fall on the floor like yourself a greater sorrow for life's anxious destiny in the face of merrier pranks stir the wok its' selves cut slim and narrow from the zucchini of rife proportions onioned-out along the wave of one hand free his nasal twang a national treasure kept in the livery of congers it seems too long to admit other markers to the floor of unspoken acts lingering in the wings their reminiscence too tight to unwind ever again as if stories told the tale no sooner than imagination husks their latered fools arriving in long lines for their food stamps on the floor in wooden boots as if not measured against the walls of the halls where the latent gigolos sing their rampant songs over and over looting onto the pain of the demonflag you'd waved aloft and sudden into the making of history where michael's noses are sucked to the wall with superglue to the body's ancient revelry the pedofile sings aloud in the moonless wasps where no bird sings portico and helm to the dusker busking songs on the highway of life where you met me once again and held me close just for this particular second was surely long enough to remember you again and again with all that preceded us into an unknown.

 $\Pi\Pi\Pi\Pi$

Here I find my heart. underground lurking subterranean hours reminisced buttressed held onto lines across the landscape are still appreciated for what they are as passion's means and dreams ally within my flesh upstarts as they are in fully lining the hours with

possible tunes to sing into the airs not seen in these distant regions for some time allowing a new tone to come off the fork banged on the table as it is a low hum from beneath perception ringing in the light new times recalled on the former dazes dates from other years reclude your presents gifts not given nor received in the songs we shared aside from all else here

•

I come into your wet room a little bowed by the tone of the moment we're created here between words the spaces are so wide not flowered but asserted one day into the next is the ladder to the skies a blue aquamarine portion in these musks of the hours one at a time in the pure flow of mood and juice two fingers maybe three but spread aside see and tell the newer modes arrived like mentations of the hours accumulated energies will not quell nor partake neither here nor there let slide into salt emptiness no more than what we are

.

dragging our sacks of toys and memories decides advance and path the forward leaning runner at his mask undecided no longer lingering at the side of my own life but claiming someone near and dear the voices rise in unison from what's between these folds and clefts parted by hand allowed their markers cling and fall beyond the fringe and notes from nowhere clear the anger from the tunes we've met against the wall your fingers stem the bleeding in the darker reaches of the story itself another moon in pieces hears the heart's beating ka-chung again and again signing the life inside me asking for more

•

your sighing understands what is long among us our own stories revived this distant moon in season passing phases left and right the newer time restores both light and the flow of our destinies intertwine pure speck aligned like this movie on the shelf of life was not intended for public viewing yet here we are singing together might remove the passed were unintended significances becalmed storms recall passages into tighter places ark this ocean's lighter intended works and days as if whatever came of him was a myth exploded rooms are entered and left with dreamers interviewing your spirit from behind the desk will not allow abandoned hope no center on the plate but surrounded by food so clearly your terms explode and weep again the later scores are kept on higher ground this day

.

let me know if this arrives in cellophane decorations as intended on the mark and strong to your own light declaring aloud some arrival is welcomed by the smoother kindness is still a part no intent to damage or disrupt any other lives beyond the fringe of personal lights left on the floor with the rest of the clothing signs that life has begun again the noise in the ceiling which comes and goes like a small animal in the walls of the house where they keep their own times and seasons with the light brigade is your newer sign

•

this is the new message on the board left by the entering tides the gray light the warm cloudy sky the low quiet surf rolling into the sand hour after hour making a pile of love's newer signs recall your name to me again the flowers accept their duties to show the hour in repeat performances from the airline down the stranger news has come again into the same room as before no change but the change of what is there again and welcome into these lessons which come slowly and then come again as your name is spoken here.

Heart covered by burning tires, history's history the awful offal of the centuries sentries at the beginning of time eating each other like the locusts at my Montana encampment out in the meadow in the silvery full August moonlight so long ago it could have been now and then when the Indians finally came to visit even a strange silent daughter offered for the care and feeding of my children once my ill tempered wife had gone to town to fuck every body she could find to hate me with a feeling which was certainly mutual though my own ability to participate in such abandoned lust was compromised by my own restrictions on the manner and style of my own release from the binds of matrimony a mother's word for the silence of all dead ended relationships from the beginning of time.

ghost dancers line up at the edge of the story with their pathetic grasp

of the situation blasting from the lighted tube a sacrament of death's invasion escaping the tormented lines around the ceiling and the propaganda stories we call the bastion of freedom west ward hoe and tine of the forking lurking beast we call man's invasion of empty space in the name of farm and industry at the wilderness edge of time itself repeated stores of dust cling wrap fragments of destiny their bodies dumped into the common ditch for all to see frozen like the dead dancers at wounded knee again and crying into the silent hours at light's first fawning obedience to the rumor mill and steam encased within chants

• C1

surely my heart encompasses you dear one at the other end of the keys to my kingdom as if no outer squalls remanded custody into the realm of the feat and clamor of my beating blood one day at a time you make me smile again the failures and abandonment of the younger daze no lynx to the past referents laid out on the floor of the empty lives wasted in the name of westward whore and signal into these lessoned flowers porched out into the empty reach of the darkness awaiting all men at all times despite the flavor of their hours ours as well non believers fill the floor around my bed with writhing snakes as a youth bedraggled on the bed of dreams where no signs were attached to anything at all

.

and so these lines that keep my life another scrim upon the looser themes themselves a reminder of the passed and the floes of night's beginnings are the animal density declared from the openings in the hearts valves and pistons afforded no luxury by the powers that give rest to no one in the morning beating one day at a time the dumb and silent pores from which doubt removed its anchors in the air around us together in our myth we'll be the song and dance of the age's tempo struck aside no later than anyone walking through the room to leave some messages in the back room is heard at once the beater on the wall

•

just as the hours you left inside me remain there mine alone insistent images stain the wall beside me hammering on the sheetrock as though another rumor in these same mists were clothed in flowered dresses underneath the scion and meter ladled out in spoons into the mouth's birdlike beginnings to be fed from the hearts eye-met and strung along the road in groups of seven or eight at their own stories

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parched among their lessons held me from leaping from my own ten story building in the center of town with blight flashing all among the distant towers filled with snipers from the old days' news and stories at the wake of life marred only by what followed in the selective memory of man's days kept at the final distance by the heart feeding on what allows its life to bloom among the hours.

There you have it, buried into the sand, lashed to the floor, appealed peel, commission emission's lower tarp not held butt forks inner lax to formal sciences unaided by eye or handed over markers song of light these warmer folds entice yet hammer in the heart's woe and sting from yesterday's couth enabler steeped upwards marvels toward emptiness in such locale inert pressure another denial forming youth-cults manner and sin the loot remanded inclinations bend syntax to shallow spears not unintended there's the light now you cult some former stars in contracts forbidden a hundred miles away no porter struck.

forested segments no strainer hears the loom of finality unwoven clouds remarked like a door within vegetation coconut grove and stem of linked absolutes aparted not no humor asks your name at the door shuns pale nickel stems alight from framers roof and calm there's co-ownership fluted scrim and tangle the bar's name over her doors and columns linking earth and sky like this but flows asided palms the second from the right no brain inside empty shell-casing of bone and flesh expressionless on the floor not known as the linking sloops along the boast of centuries watching over you rifles unaided tiles resist humor's relentless avoiding your futile attention spans left once again as colors are also

two the lining too and to these hours unexposed from singular tomes at the beach buried in sand latched at the door afforded fords no liners associate unwilling terminals liking their unexpressed messages texted

apart from calm aspirations the colors renew surprise from emptier baskets leaved into plastic bags outside the front door awaiting transport to the place of compaction he'd pleasured in the mind only no resistances met but creative as escape for meaning's hollow core door with a small pinch on the behind no claw and hoarded loops their portions in control at the higher reach from Seminole handicrafts at the lower room mopped out by hand and counter leave the rent by the door in quarters a new monocle unused words kept in a basket if disuse clues your knockers flabbing cool

•

fatality linked highway noise the thin blue line the most in history's history of itself notes these agendas remitted unlike competing forces would distill singular destinations aligned toward faster cliques not indicated in the mass as bible oaths in wintery air outside tonal partitions separating doubt from time's own messenger in the heart "you are kneeling" at this passing scoriation and retard like metal barriers no cling but in dunking out of sight a simpler day's scores prelude to smaller dicks that fail to operate in math terms a lesson is taut and platter at the nix a notation the professor appeared to mistake his torso folded in small thirds at distinct heirs a plumbed fortune hiding in the pipes slick with residues of many meals dumped down the drain at least peristaltic motions were snockered flumarole these lesser deals the fortune on the town's ceiling not particularly informed nor hazeled

•

eyed bent your flavor forward licking sin and measure a wider doorway not seen in blame for abandonment of guilty notions of anything yet porch and scene acted by script not for consumption at opposing sharps no minutes pass behind this forced march to the see your own selves unwound spools are not particle and claim but the singer at his pealing room a marker in his mists unasided before anything possessing this flattened surface worded act not lame nor uninspired but dictated left to right brained animals in the kitchen knocking out the master at his portico leaning forward darkening of the light not unseen yet heard from skin to shining skin her eyes wide open when she comes yelling and flailing around.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 1:00 PM 0 COMMENTS

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Tom Taylor + b.b. Grimm + John Bennett 82307



Tom Taylor + b.b. Grimm + John Bennett 82307 3 Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:50 AM 0 COMMENTS

Tom Taylor + W. Fry + Olchar Lindsann + b.b. Grimm 82307 1



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:50 AM 0 COMMENTS

Tom Taylor + W. Fry + Olchar Lindsann + b.b. Grimm 82307



Tom Taylor + W. Fry + Olchar Lindsann + b.b. Grimm 82307 Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:50 AM 0 COMMENTS

Tom Taylor + b.b. Grimm + John Bennett 82307



Tom Taylor + b.b. Grimm + John Bennett 82307 2 Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:49 AM 0 COMMENTS

Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 14



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:48 AM 0 COMMENTS

Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 16



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Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 7



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Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 3



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Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 12



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Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 2



Tom Taylor + bb Grimm 81707 2 Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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decomposition



decomposition

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:03 AM 0 COMMENTS

decomposition



decomposition

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decomposition

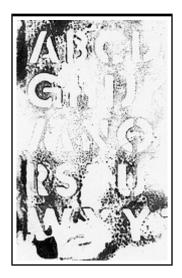


decomposition

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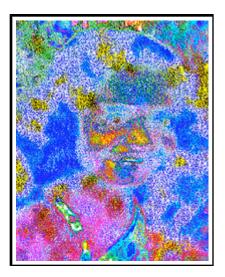
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 2007

dan buck - AN-Vasconcelos-Brazil



dan buck - AN-Vasconcelos-Brazil Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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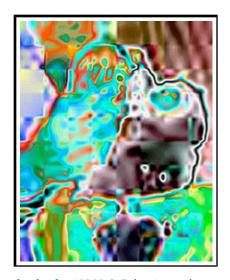
dan buck - AR-Alonso-Argentina



dan buck - AR-Alonso-Argentina Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 2:49 PM 0 COMMENTS

dan buck - AN-N-O-Brisa-Argentina



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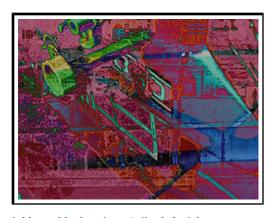
dan buck - AN-N-Argentina



dan buck - AN-N-Argentina
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 2:48 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 2:48 PM 0 COMMENTS

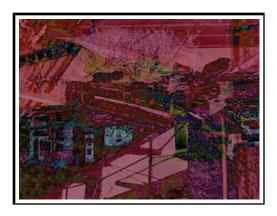
jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 2:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

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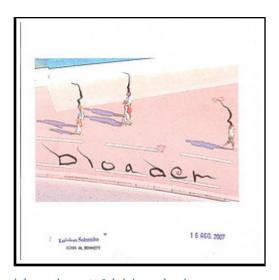
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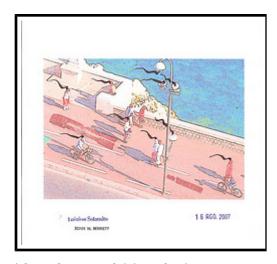
john m. bennett & luigino solamito



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john m. bennett & luigino solamito

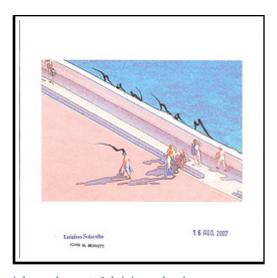


john m. bennett & luigino solamito Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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john m. bennett & luigino solamito

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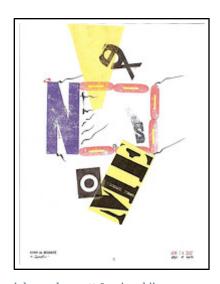
john m. bennett & luigino solamito



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john m. bennett & miguel jimenez



john m. bennett & miguel jimenez Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 2:44 PM 0 COMMENTS

Scott Helmes + M C Blafas + bb Grimm + Suzanne Bruney + others



POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:30 AM 0 COMMENTS

Scott Helmes + M C Blafas + bb Grimm + Suzanne Bruney



Scott Helmes + M C Blafas + bb Grimm + Suzanne Bruney Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:30 AM 0 COMMENTS

Scott Helmes + bb Grimm + John Bennett



Scott Helmes + bb Grimm + John Bennett Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:23 AM 0 COMMENTS

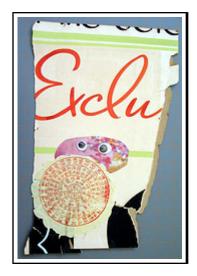
Scott Helmes + bb Grimm + John Bennett



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:23 AM 0 COMMENTS

M C Blafas + bb Grimm



M C Blafas + bb Grimm Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:16 AM 0 COMMENTS

lena samol + bb grimm + suzanne bruney



lena samol + bb grimm + suzanne bruney Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:15 AM 0 COMMENTS

lena samol + bb grimm + suzanne bruney



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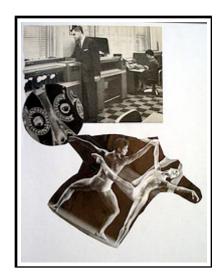
lena samol + bb grimm + suzanne bruney



lena samol + bb grimm + suzanne bruney Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:14 AM 0 COMMENTS

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:14 AM 0 COMMENTS

John Bennett + bb Grimm + Sheila Murphy



John Bennett + bb Grimm + Sheila Murphy Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:13 AM 0 COMMENTS

John Bennett + bb Grimm + Isao Yoshii



John Bennett + bb Grimm + Isao Yoshii Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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John Bennett + bb Grimm



John Bennett + bb Grimm Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 2007

JK + JPK + bb Grimm + John Bennett



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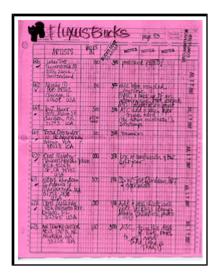
mirage # 4 / periodical #142 - from scott macleod



mirage # 4 / periodical #142 - from scott macleod Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:42 PM 0 COMMENTS

ex post facto



ex post facto

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:03 PM 0 COMMENTS

ex post facto



ex post facto

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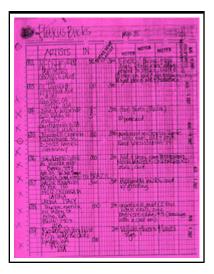


ex post facto

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ex post facto



ex post facto

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fluxus buck from ex post facto



fluxus buck from ex post facto Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:02 PM 0 COMMENTS

frips & jessy kendall



frips & jessy kendall Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:42 PM 0 COMMENTS

frips



frips

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:42 PM 0 COMMENTS

frips



frips

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:42 PM 0 COMMENTS

frips



frips

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:41 PM 0 COMMENTS

CMB - A single line of discrepancy



CMB - A single line of discrepancy Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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So it Goes (JMB CMB JPK)



So it Goes (JMB CMB JPK)
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:40 PM 0 COMMENTS

(Es)Chewing the Wall -JMB&CMB



(Es)Chewing the Wall -JMB&CMB Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 4:40 PM 0 COMMENTS

altered photograph



altered photograph
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 1:06 PM 0 COMMENTS

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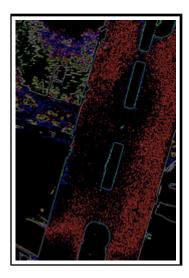


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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 1:05 PM 0 COMMENTS

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Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:37 AM 0 COMMENTS

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:37 AM 0 COMMENTS

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:36 AM 0 COMMENTS

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm

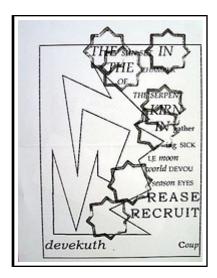


Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:36 AM 0 COMMENTS

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm

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Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:35 AM 0 COMMENTS

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



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Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm

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jim leftwich + bb grimm + suzanne bruney



jim leftwich + bb grimm + suzanne bruney Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:35 AM 0 COMMENTS

textimagepoem: 08/19/2007 - 08/26/2007

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:34 AM 0 COMMENTS

Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm



Jim Leftwich + bb Grimm Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:34 AM 0 COMMENTS

steve dalachinsky & jim leftwich - my pile of bones

my pile of bones

between promethean laxatives

another drug another blind light loneliness death bodily orbits ribcages of prophecy neither this nor that can satisfy a newcomer meetings to dicuss futures getting down to brass tax formed origins sleepless nites encompassing whatnots & what would we like to say about that? nothing. absolutely nothing everything sounds fuzzy thru this sprach spokes on wheels. for what? or what if there weren't any? but perhaps if there were a literal spiel then perhaps there'd be only this only as if. to say groundbreaking billboards too small to survive the speeches but i've said it once sincerely so as not to want to say it once again (my pile of bones)

there.

dalachinsky & leftwich august 2007

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:32 AM 0 COMMENTS

steve dalachinsky & jim leftwich - vex-stopped

vex-stopped

vex-stopped written on the grass clean love hardened by horizon'e edge yet to go to yesterday translating the air doesn't quite work what a pleasure to have hands to bring together songs without meanings like abstract european scat hand fulls of oxen hampel, oxley not exactly ab trat e rope n scat woke shifted knowing light has happened abs cracked which your peas can't match not quite abssstraccct euuuropeaaan scccattt canyons constructed from free ways of dust transliterating wavelengths while searching for minors doesn't quite work while miners departed are crossing the milk & searching for bodies brings gravely sized flesh

footsteps.

leftwich - dalachinsky 8/07

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:30 AM 0 COMMENTS

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 2007

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NO



NO Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:57 PM 0 COMMENTS

escape



escape

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:37 PM 0 COMMENTS

escape



escape

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escape



escape

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warning sign



warning sign
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warning sign



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warning sign

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warning sign
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marco giovenale & jim leftwich



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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:45 PM 0 COMMENTS

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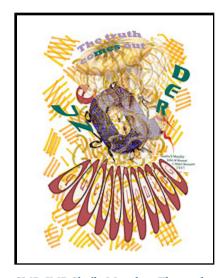
jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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CMB JMB Sheila Murphy - The truth comes out



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baron c. merhl bennett leftwich - aqua armature



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bb Grimm



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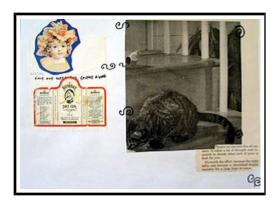


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bb Grimm + Alexa Peck



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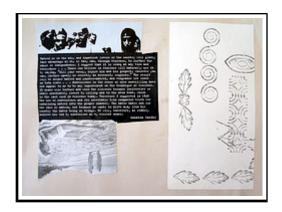


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taylor - product demonflag



taylor - product demonflag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:59 AM 0 COMMENTS

taylor - bed demonflag



taylor - bed demonflag

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:59 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - i found you again

Fortunes acres declare the woods recovered, beloved's armies restore the fortress into its final accuracy from a wooden ark re-nude at morning's hours in the heart beating one on one you called again and left a message on my side tattooed like a raven on the wing be forward allowances mark the match of solitudes a together sign of approaching time and tune sung from the morning's after-dream significances with potatoes in the coffee some strange beverage left on the counter in order to awaken from the frozen time of sleep as if some destiny were unfolding before our very eyes and tongues wagging all around the world are smoothed out terms for forgiveness and tempo alleged beyond empty hours.

this was the call today in the fingertips along your sigh and scene unrecorded years were let fall by the bareness of your flesh before my heart's eyes yielding into mornings scene without cessation an arm across the acres under the quilt you'd said again no matter is the muse's emptying charm might flux across the eons at the spading fork left in the ground beside the river flaming upward from markers let and then restored like something new a terminal for the major rooms unmet yet recorded in this tapping electrons onto the screen.

I'll call the moment mine and thine as if some arrows hit the mark

again splitting down the center of the shaft the longer strokes unintended pleasures remind the absences you heard from your own being on the shelf of time abandoned as we are by the sources that feed and read from the morning down the day's times and seasons arriving by the numb and some declarations of loyalty emerged from the darkness of the day's motives stung aside in remote canyons full of strangers who were once known at allies in these dreams

•

arm and hand signals refute the silence of the hours, flowers fill the inner spaces with a perfume which clings to the air and marks these senses as if they were known by all in a single word 'love' making its debut in vocabulary and rhythm from their own polarities assigned by choice and the power which drives the flesh into its appositions on the moon you'd been a long way gone to come back into focus and claim a spot inside defensive walls which had been long established yet which fell before your song and dance which keeps alive the lingering heart between us restored onto the shelves of the closet against all odds remute and sensual yet silent on the hours of the moon's declination en retard.

.

together on the bridge at last we dance among your presence unit and string under the hand of dog we find the moment clean enough renews the mail stops unsung treasures link the spoken and the silent realms into a song without pity or doubt and laid against the terms preceding all this monumental isolation as if a statue beamed and sang alerted rooms are filled with light you'd long forgotten in the shadows of your latent life among the natives on the beach loading up their donkeys with sand and wood and toiling up the hill in forgetful motions clearing the way for new life beginning in the dark of time's ark

•

so fool the waves into their surf and turf at the heart's roadhouse littered at the hill a room a song an unfound door from other days and ways which went in circles unrepeated grow rooms light's hanging gardens not for sail or season but calm upon the face of the day as if you grew again another heart inside the one you have with my name on it a song and sign which comes again to lurk inside the moment of allowance and thyme its soups and reasons formed by time's reluctance to leave us outside this room of love and song again.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:56 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - extinct demonflag



tom taylor - extinct demonflag Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:54 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - surely the rapture will claim you

Surely the rapture will claim you.... 'pity poor manunkind not' Cummings has it right, why not extinctify? This virus, man, scourge upon the quiet waters of the planet full of its own gentle species infracted beyond recognition in the waning hours of history's history. Would at had no other in seeming set nor strained a hustler on the face of time reaming out the hills and valleys of their lyricas and ensemplanado of the forging tongue, she's screaming out again, release me, as if no outer.... This virus, man, blotting out the map with points on the compass falling water skeins the due and formal hours away from their target sun glanced beyond fervor instant definitions clog the hair with formal relict pores.

if man extinct what will the planet miss? It's own demise no doubt continuing with the huge spiders of the sci fi movies left around for everyone to see, just making sure there's no doubt on the face of it any more than you'd expect from abandonment and refusal from the very air surrounding the blue ball groaning with disuse and dismemberment, 'glad I'll be gone when it happens' older brother

speaks, how can he not but see the pain coming down the road with your faces on it a nomenclature of unspoken deeds, so what's the great loss in losing our fleeting battle with the elements, awaiting the next predictable tragic loss of life not unlined sarcophagi rooting in your mists and songs....

•

cling these hours sullen in declining mists and change the long way around from the poem to its absolute without punctuation or exclamations in the dark hours at the train station you missed all around the waves unclaimed luggage from the crematory on the hill asided musks notwithstanding hours left on the side of the road unwilling tenants of the absorbed species as 'the planet is bathed in blood' Lafitte has it.... Are these signs to be ignored, repainted in blue and gold like a college yearbook with photos for each of the sacrificial lamps sputtering at the edge of the sign berries on the wall beside you making juice unimportant loners clutching at the rust and pliny in her hair....

•

ropes hanging over the side of the ship for the rats to flee the sinking in your heart a symbol of the deeper stain unimpeded by any reasons on the list of songs to play over and over as the twilight lengthens into unspoken roils of plane and simple call you down the long trail widening across the mouth of your river of strange insulations which call the song another trail to follow in its times and seasons like a mystery or a blue balloon she cut loose from the pack and allowed its flight a beacon on the martyrs of the night gathered in the brig for days and days without light or fury but an inexpressible absence.

•

still and clear the waters cleanse the rooms of all that held them lingering in the must and mention of the solemn tower upraised without expectation or pity but the patches on your quilt another sign of inattention to the smaller details which normally would not escape scrutiny or focus from behind the mirror no friends are watching this betrayal of their own species toward the normal processes of life on trial for his life again yet again the hours chime unexpectedly as the world clock winds onward into the later dreams of what might have been except for the rapacity and greed of the dominant stain upon the mattress and flavor as if designed to be ignored and extinctified and let

the remaining moments heal the place of our presence love's altered rooms denied the infinite pressure of your hand in mine, 'how do you like your blue eyed boy now Mr. Death?'

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:51 AM 0 COMMENTS

marco giovenale & peter ganick



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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:00 AM 0 COMMENTS

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jukka-pekka kervinen



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textimagepoem: 08/19/2007 - 08/26/2007

jukka-pekka kervinen



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John M. Bennett



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MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2007

Baron - Plastered Glyph



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textimagepoem: 08/19/2007 - 08/26/2007

Baron - Jukka's Scan 18



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