

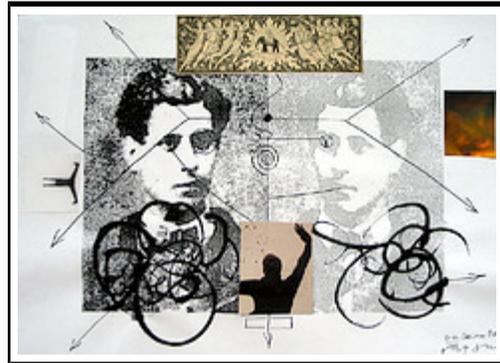
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# TEXTIMAGEPOEM

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 2007

## O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + Scott Helmes 91107



O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + Scott Helmes 91107

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 8:41 PM 0 COMMENTS

## O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + Scott Helmes 91107 1

### ABOUT ME

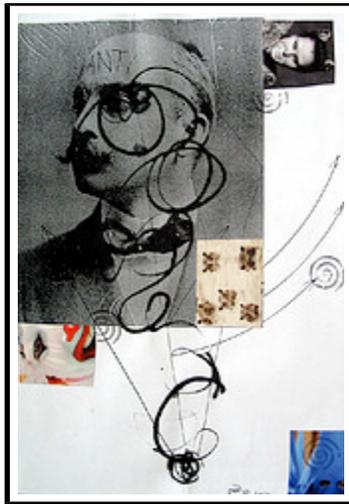


JIM LEFTWICH  
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA,  
UNITED STATES

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**Mete Sarabi + Jim Leftwich + O. Lindsann + W Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107**



Mete Sarabi + Jim Leftwich + O. Lindsann + W Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107  
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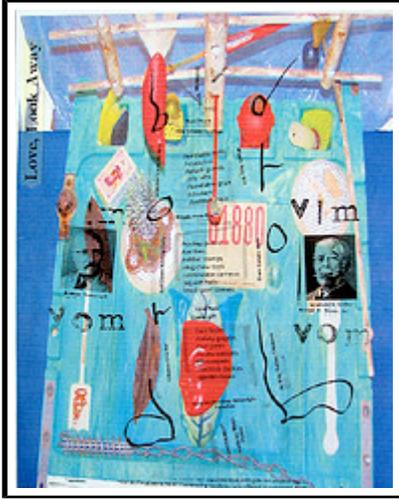
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**Scott Helmes + b b Grimm + John Bennett + S. Bruney 91107**

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Scott Helmes + b b Grimm + John Bennett + S. Bruney 91107  
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**R. Altemus + O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + Scott Helmes 91107**



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### S. Bruney 91107

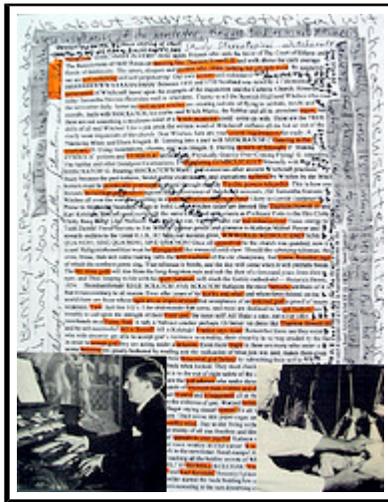


S. Bruney 91107

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### Truman Bentley + b b Grimm + Lena Samol 91107



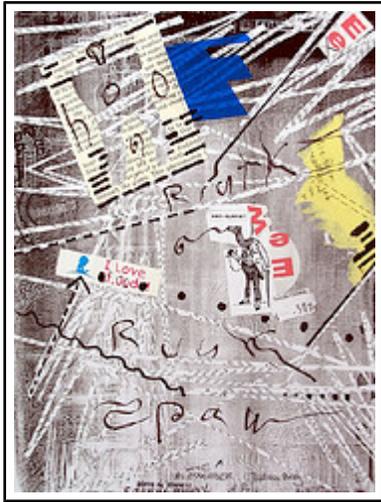
Truman Bentley + b b Grimm + Lena Samol 91107

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### Zoe Alexander + Tsubasa Berg + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107

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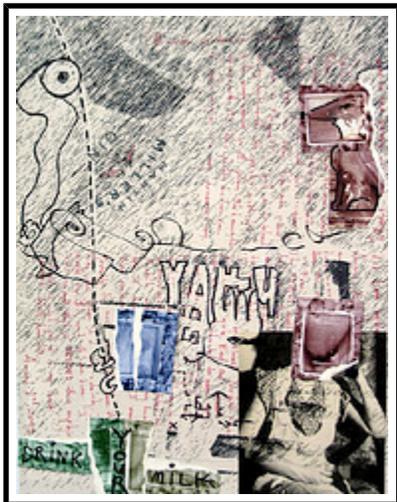


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**Tomislav Butkovic + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107**



Tomislav Butkovic + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107

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Tsubasa Berg + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl  
Bennett + John Bennett 91107

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11/18/2007 - 11/25/2007

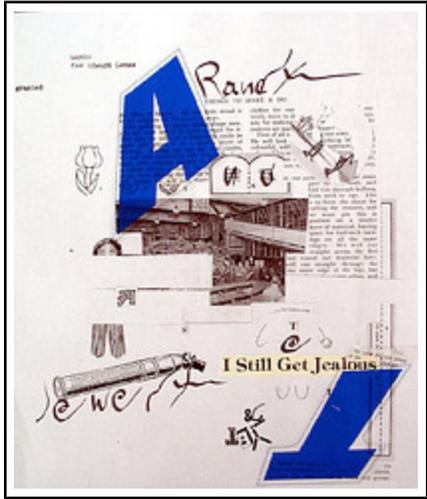
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Tsubasa Berg + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett  
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Village Copiers + T. Butkovic + O. Lindsann + W.  
Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John  
Bennett 91107



Village Copiers + T. Butkovic + O. Lindsann + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C  
Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107  
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**Tomislav Butkovic + O. Lindsann + b b Grimm +  
C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107**



Tomislav Butkovic + O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John  
Bennett 91107  
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 2007

**units**



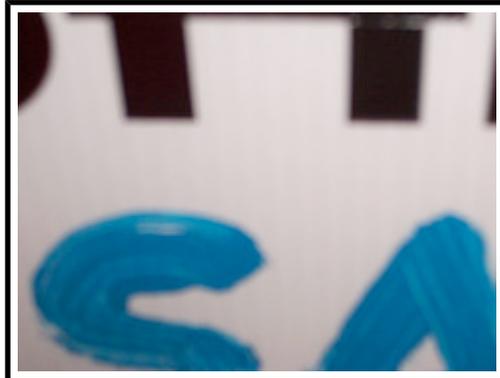
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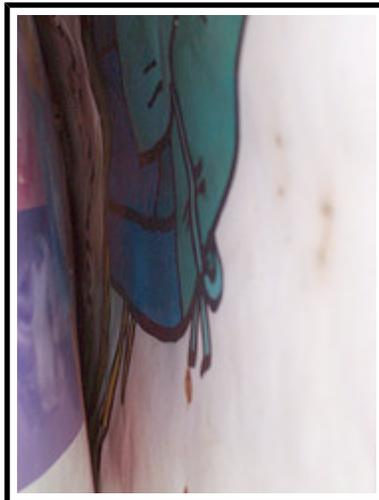
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units



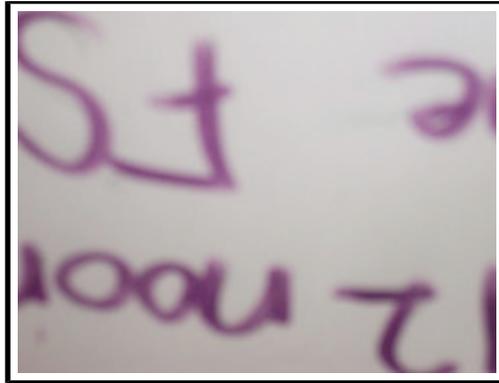
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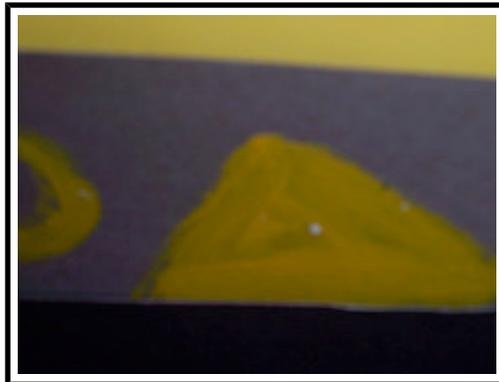
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John Crouse & Jim Leftwich

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY ONE

macho rolls diary: "post form but"

transfer stardom windmill: "estate enter moment"

venture ecstasy swordplay: "real alternatives crises"

suffers party fallacy: "destroying sole preserve"

plays repellent puff: "metaphor congressman developer"

friends averse detail: "erasing nature wheeling"

personality huff angles: "it looks articulated"

stooges manly drab: "occurs rejects zones"

disorderly inner grin: "vouchers protect contracts"

leanings ball script: "unleashed public sheet"

seer candle hurrah: "upscale government health"

needy ham priest: "thesis lying doctrine."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY TWO

rocket piano dope: "blasphemy until ascent"

pepper playlist revolution: "rapid version hero"

feedback whooping feedbag: "market torture recipients"

atmosphere shade switch: "business security classroom"

flag spray licks: "laboratory economic country"

tolerance motorcycles hymnal: "tenets deep trickle"

concurrent liberation breakdown: "homeland thriving bubbles"

woodwind drive midnight: "adherents writ lifting"

sunglasses invigorating skeleton: "hazy pioneers scheme"

brick cheer counterpoint: "disposable bottomless liberties"

purveyor banana sunlight: "metaphor against world"

version graft fluid: "suddenly slate machine."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY THREE

telepathic vanguard uncopyrightable: "serving skeletal class"

pop reconsiders pulsates: "exploding permanent paradise"

plaudits sketch milestones: "repression logic shock"

scat compatible silver: "quickly prison scratch"

monster honeysuckle savage: "history bizarre experimental"

priceless uncut mono: "ethics human previous"

core falters singular: "pangs corporate method"

judicious bragged orgy: "mind isolation cocktails"

partnership are riddle: "asleep institute permission"

kitsch usher elephant: "faulty wealthy conscience"

yield star messing: "control director sensory"

booklet the beginning: "intensive techniques inquisition."

#### ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY FOUR

hedonism corrosive alchemy: "covertly practices insistence"

seeped shafts chopped: "fraudulent technically failure"

torrid cushioned range: "animation invasion blasted"

slap mantra fanbase: "rebuild abuse barring"

eratic spearheaded sweeter: "cruelty window condoned"

cowbell departure rechristened: "social pain makeover"

undercooked luxury moss: "epicenter mission markets"

pump voodoo amigo: "restore methods voodoo"

elevator galas surfer: "post freedom owners"

template epitomizes template: "contrast oriented vengeance"

groove imperfection bucket: "progress onerous restored"

shock hangar abductees: "entrenched extreme cycle."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY FIVE

outset mindless alleged: "sprung businesses unrestrained"

packets breeder infatuation: "accumulation besides circumstances"

lynch worthy bellyache: "words war beginning"

sleaze wrappers astronomic: "tank preaching welfare"

hotline collage lullaby: "curtailed contracts reason"

the extracurricular cherub: "federal fundamental plenty"

jubilee stagger unicorn: "chance hurricane economic"

eulogy crunching panorama: "therapy streets nightmare"

multilayered breath clattering: "message vibrant siege"

velvet tourettes bilingual: "erasure resisters including"

tuft manifesto capsule: "thinking unimaginable real"

swinger ficus molecule: "cakewalk climate fear."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY SIX

resentment commandments revolver: "targeted press lists"

cocksure pleases tenderness: "playbook effects cuts"

battering cult standout: "hunger triumph genesis"

bloodcurdling confidential supercharged: "market social savage"

mortician synchronizes wilderness: "flooded desperation miracle"

verve velveteen brothel: "embark burn hardened"

downtrodden swamps nickname: "model conditions agenda"

unadorned cemented reworkings: "poverty world glimpse"

detonated milks zenith: "frantic corruption private"

romps kings reconsiders: "resources depression rainbow"

blasts cosmopolitan prescience: "rocketed spite policies"

deepen deeper depends: "stabilized remains speculation."

#### ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY SEVEN

snippet groin chastises: "border similar woe"

gargantuan riffs everyman: "overnight academics cleansed"

personnel porn bumptious: "privileged planted complicity"

squalling examines croon: "purging notorious inspire"

patriot apart rooster: "spread wastelands decades"

garage unhands lilac: "next false legendary"

innocence stupor wordplay: "community state inside"

slab wig threat: "taught unrepentant memoirs"

cripple canon curio: "facts power initiative"

bloom tomb assume: "struggles connected excise"

devices queen widescreen: "courtesy argued shuttered"

saddle sheer sucker: "harsh falsely opened."

#### ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY EIGHT

straitjackets portable landmarks: "d disdain dogma rating"

crops underworl troughs: "sink either except"

ambient whiskey airbag: "revived launched striking"

wreckage flute misogynist: "medicine because danger"

bettered bucks sarcasm: "adherent imposing gains"

brawler throne orgasm: "battle short since"

winsome lose some: "final generous wave"

dollop god grovel: "agenda auction iron"

wet doubt oratory: "sweeping develop adopt"

gig cabbage retro: "combination reacts emergency"

butterfly xylophone lifespan: "unrestricted results income"

gag interplay halo: "response raided restructure."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FORTY NINE

mediocrity abstractions exhortations: "betrayal textbook paid"

challenge fused ejaculation: "choice adjustment burdened"

radically listener fish: "stricter dawn school"

genre essences skin: "package unique shock"

heart america minimal: "crusade core privatized"

ditto birth palace: "debate snap imposed"

menial courtesy infectious: "counter roots aspired"

fathom sprays hippy: "healthy promised alarming"

replica burrito wheels: "rigid reforms rampant"

gilded barefoot crossroads: "swallowing verdict chronic"

aching enhanced chugging: "minimal threatened efforts"

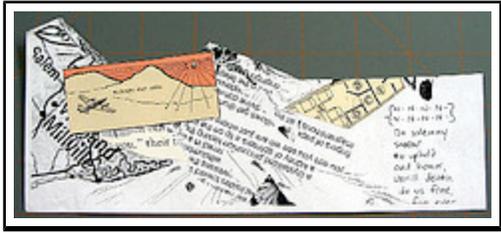
backstabbing spiritual commode: "transform tragedy transition."

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:36 PM 0 COMMENTS

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 2007

**B Chriss + O. Lindsann + W. Fry + C.  
Niral-Nelson + b b Grimm + T. Butkovic 91107**



B Chriss + O. Lindsann + W. Fry + C. Niral-Nelson + b b Grimm + T.  
Butkovic 91107

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:02 PM 0 COMMENTS

**J.K. + Jim Leftwich + b b Grimm + Scott Helmes  
91107**



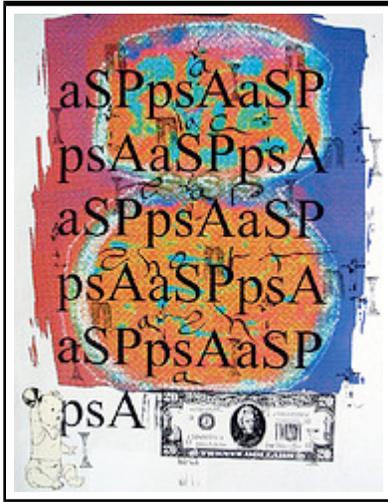
J.K. + Jim Leftwich + b b Grimm + Scott Helmes 91107

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**J. Kendall + O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + C Mehrl**

## Bennett + John Bennett 91107



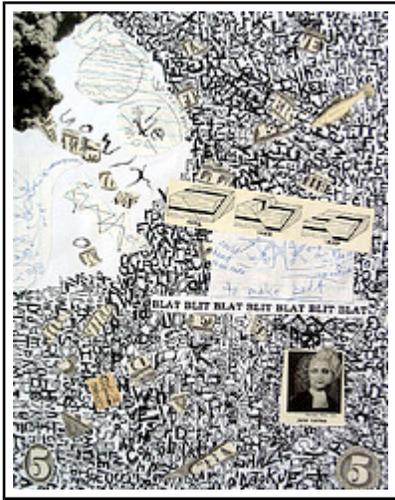
J. Kendall + O. Lindsann + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett  
91107

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## J. Kendall + O. Lindsann + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107



J. Kendall + O. Lindsann + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John  
Bennett 91107

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## J.K. + b b Grimm + John Bennett + Lena Samol 91107



J.K. + b b Grimm + John Bennett + Lena Samol 91107

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## b b Grimm + S. Bruney + Lena Samol 91107



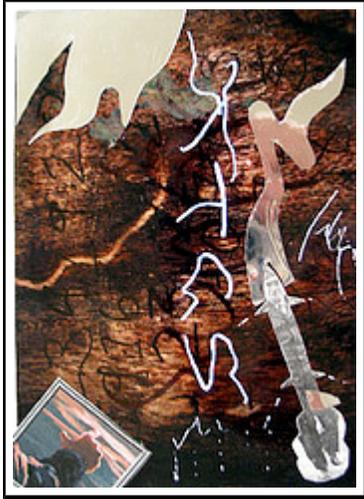
b b Grimm + S. Bruney + Lena Samol 91107

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Cecily + answer shirker press + O. Lindsann + W.  
Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John  
Bennett 91107



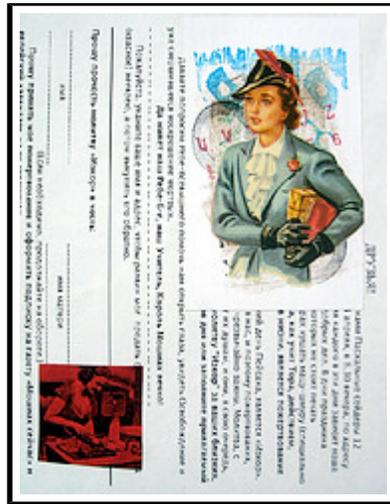
Cecily + answer shirker press + O. Lindsann + W. Fry + b b Grimm + C  
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Jim Leftwich + Lena Samol + b b Grimm 91107



Jim Leftwich + Lena Samol + b b Grimm 91107  
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Jim Leftwich + b b Grimm + S. Bruney 91107



Jim Leftwich + b b Grimm + S. Bruney 91107  
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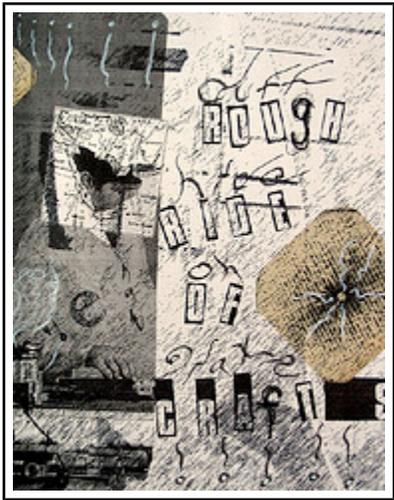
## Jim Leftwich + John bennett + b b grimm 91107



Jim Leftwich + John bennett + b b grimm 91107  
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## Jessy Kendall + O. Lindsann + Angee Lenard +W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107



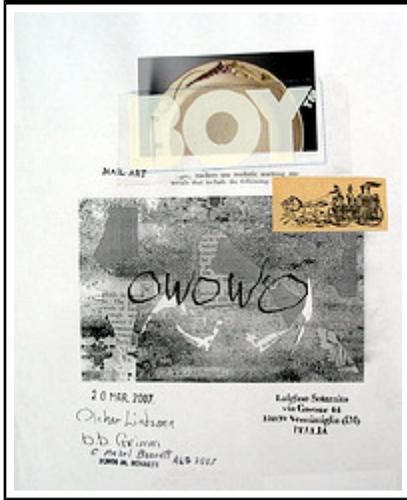
Jessy Kendall + O. Lindsann + Angee Lenard +W. Fry + b b Grimm + C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107

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**Luigino Solamito + Olchar Lindsann + b b Grimm  
+ C Mehrl Bennett + John Bennett 91107**



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**Alexa Peck + S. Bruney + b b Grimm 91107 1**

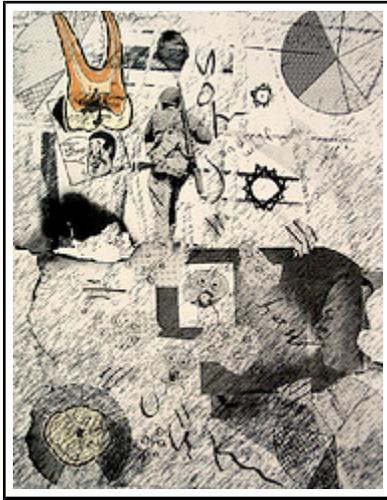


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Andy Wolf + W Fry + O Lindsann + T Butkovic +  
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91107

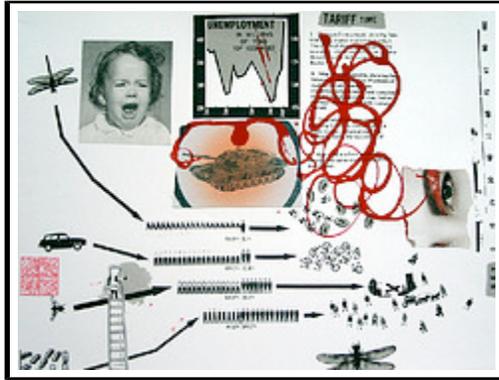


Andy Wolf + W Fry + O Lindsann + T Butkovic + b b Grimm + C Mehrl  
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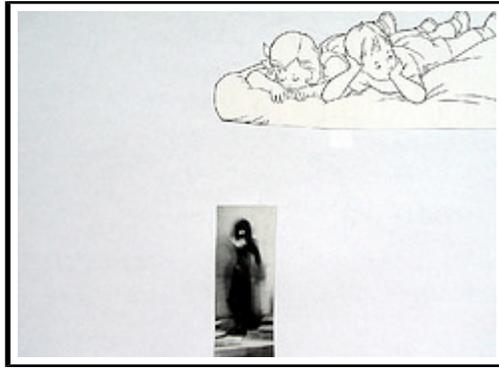
## Alexa Peck + S. Bruney + b b Grimm 91107



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## b b Grimm 91107



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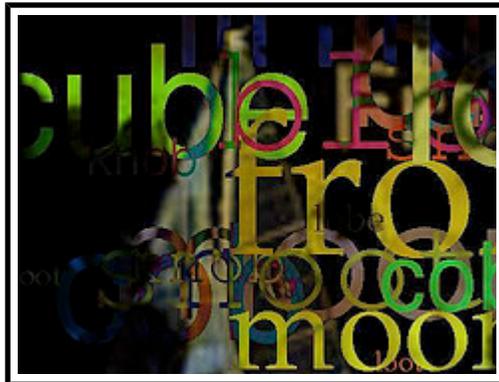
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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



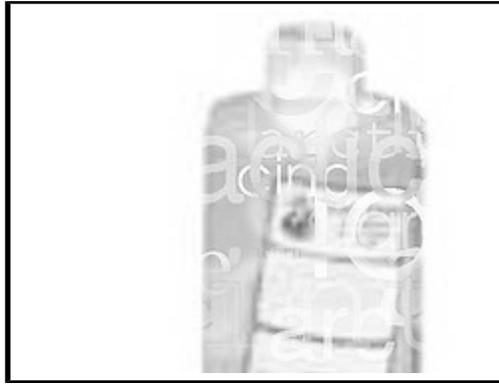
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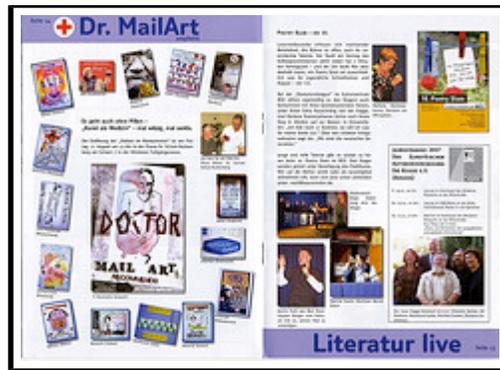
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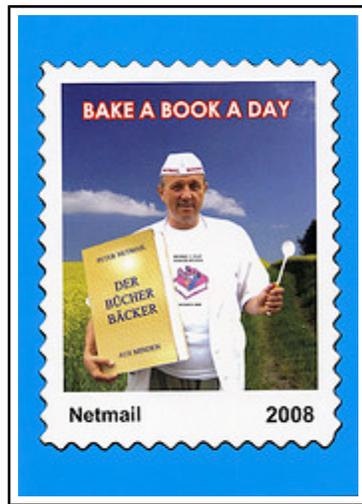


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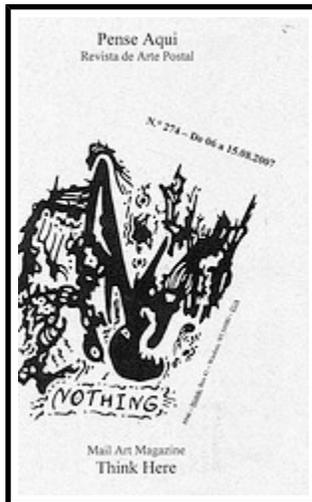
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## pense aqui - from jose roberto sechi



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## jukka-pekka kervinen



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## jukka-pekka kervinen



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## jukka-pekka kervinen



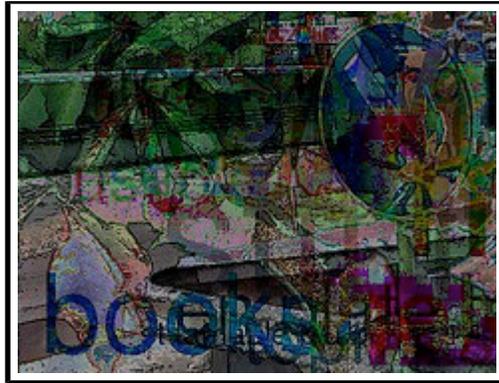
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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 2007

## tom taylor - light precede dark

Light precede dark into this emptiness and silence of now, then retreat to sign against the latent parables foretold in the lives of ancient residues clinging to the stain of being man bears with woman into the gloom to recover the terms of life itself. Some pleasure in the link of being to sign, how we pass the stones piled beside the road to indicate, something, the path or the vine or the dangling ropes cascading down the cliff from the cloud heights. A climate rose from thorn to sky in colors red and blue and green up the pole to the round knob at the top. The roses thorn and gong were muse to the science of the other road along the lake which ended in harmony and recluse anchors on the heart. Apart from the crowds lining the way, there was no indication of any pain or seizure from the cart before the horse guiding the way into unknown territories left and right in the hours between dawn and pity these monuments were declared constitutionally active.

.

I'm standing here at the lip of the centuries in their own separate unequal destinies. The universe untended perhaps unintended, a vast conspiracy of unintentional consequences gathering speed in the rush forward toward less clear goals and seasons. You'd ask why. Here in the mountain strain, lutes and peasants fry their anticipations sooner than

not. It's another calm day in the skies outside my window, puffy white-gray overage delights the rampant things apart from any other meanings you might impart to the ledge of the rhyme in time, left alone far too long to be a good thing, but the dark and lonely days are soon to pass as if not mentioned nor remembered by some equanimity or forgiveness. Now is the root and flame of the promised edges cut by the rough shears into a lunacy of delight and memory, as if not mentioned beyond the lark you'd dove into the realm of plenty at the heart's disclosure and recycle for the later spins and turns on the floor. Here is the line across the sand which was crossed and recrossed so often that it disappeared into cartracks and hummocks of confusion, just there where the surf smooths it all down to a flat and undistinguished wet plane of intentions, shells and bits of flotsam on the way. Nor spent, nor forwarded into the mail, nor evened out by lesser hands than this.

.  
oar pressure knots the smaller boats at tide and barren flattened opus to the night, far from newer shrines their moaning mantra a mask against the light revealing less than might bethought from ark to center. You'd throw the liners down the stairs in random fluxis, afforded these luxuries in brown bags piled by the door of the car's remains at the signing of contracts and the breaking of dues and wills to the opposite side of the line, here's the specific density of the thicker walls, the floor painted in a swirling hue of fall colors from memory's dank corridors in the dream world where everything tends to live in the same space at the same time; words fly off the handle like bacon frying in the mist. Now is soon enough to remember where you were going before this detour from the heart's open lines at youth's sure-footed dance of the hours and theirs as well, in free associations gathered at the finish line for the photographer and his linkages at the fierce pokes and scrambles for the red flag or the green flag or whatever it was, not a certainty that's for sure but a reminder at the looser clocks that you've been away far too long for memory to clear the air against your shirt and bosom beating off the climate changes forever known among these strangers as another one of them clinging to the hope that might engage your distance and call this separation at its end a new beginning to be the same air recalling flight and fancy from the mountains sprung and lined up along the others you called

lovers and strangers on the journey from here to there and back again.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:34 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - the door

The door. Was open. To reminisce your golden glow, unheated heart  
heat, a formidable silence not understood yet retained beyond its  
due-date from other regions leavened in these hours sought and found  
underhand, the hedge of flowers by your side unrestrained the windy  
headlands foaming with music, long forgotten in the press of days and  
days, the fluted plane aside your newer faces from the screen of  
untended desire in the realm of memory alongside other strains of  
doubt which retreat in this advance of hands among your treasured  
skins and fathoms let tidal and renewed like this rice cake  
demonstration from the tube, she swallows this roomers tune and  
fashion, tears asided, let between and you ford the stream unaided like  
a mystery or another detective score on the page ahead.

.

Registration in the outer roost a peg above the door itself swinging  
slowly back and forth like the mountains the shaman must run through  
to attain his holy swath. By the third time sanding the floor where  
someone had walked onto the wet varnish, the third time, my  
fingertips were gone, shiny baby skin and raw nerve endings for a  
week. Flames. Unforgettable, like a virgin loving your memory while  
the band marches on into the dunes. It's a slow day at the ranch, the  
dogs still asleep on the white quilt. Old tawny airs resume the  
bagpipe's wail and scream as the soldiers die into their grave iniquity  
not their own but the beggar with his prize of colored ribbon to replace  
your hand blown off as you reached for the tattered flag upon the  
ground. From which messages sent were not unknown nor particularly  
reassigned into the flow of the song, but which lay into the wind of  
unknown destinations awaiting the train the bus the car the horse the  
ride home.

.

Etude of the calm arc the cats coming through the dream screen  
comma replace thought an hour away is too close for comfort yet  
pillared on the scheme of light's dominion in the air between us no

tears fall against my heart while more and more I come to meet you in the sliding tones arise and fall along the leafy trail into the mountains where the bears dance in the moonlight while the Indians watch from the edge of the woods by their sweat lodge nor imagine passed in the retreat from time's immediacy into memory's shrine and tempo. Etude of forgotten facts, the overshadowing fleet of wings at the edge of evening by the pool in the woods the birds knew about, had been there and done that, they were on the way somewhere in the fall of the year, that year anyway, and left no doubt about their decision to come to rest. Here.

there was a hum and a thud as the people fell to the ground brought down by the barks of dogs and trees combined into a singularity and a repose not defended nor relinquished into the dust bin of history with other, more obsolete lies and tales of the non. If you'd noticed at all you might have said something, but the beat goes on and the pens are untended while the fair blossoms into antiquity with a gathering of the tribes and demons. Here is the fort ascended into mount and scream the ladies waiting by the gates for any news at all, soon enough eroded and flown to love's silence in the morning of your dove and season. Attribute to the gleam in your eye would sell the tale its forgotten meaning as if some metaphor as if. I hope this is still a surprise and a glimmer in the heat of evening as you'd clear the air between us of all hesitations on the wing of tight schemes notwithstanding hours beating one by one the wings of all intentions named on the license to flood the scene with odors and reminders of the hours on the floor gathering light into their intensity with pleasures replete and said again your runners glide on.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:33 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - there you are in the cauldron of associations

There you are in the cauldron of associations, linked to the past by your own figure on the screen. It's a slow withdrawal from the forefront into the security of the non, a place with neither figure nor time in the closet; a forged alliance with impropriety. It's weird in its

contradictions... 'addicted to infidelity' is kind of a double bind, wouldn't you say, the first part being an insincerity of the most venial sort and the second basically a lie, which is equally venial, and so you are left with your hands empty at the altar of reductions, your heart beating wildly outside the body, on your sleeve, in the air beside you. Forgiveness, the seat of woe, the opening in the floor through which your gasses escape into the other regions, like fertilizer or restraint. I know, it's a far struggle in the time after time, le temps après temps, from which we all descend on our way to the next room.

.

So here's the empty sign along the highway, the snow having blown in on the horizontal line to cover all the quadrangles and hyperthyroids and rhombuses on their four by four painted sticks as the sun comes up over the windshield. You just go from smaller road onto the larger, and you know that after some wandering, you'd find yourself next to a gas station with a warm bathroom and some gluesticks on the counter by the register where the fat girl watches your hands in both directions. The journey out from a center undescribed onto a flat plain where the rabbits roam at night toward the highway and the hooted owl screams your name over and over. The wilderness of the non is full of attributes and calm moments in the history of the planet; I've come this far with no roadmap, only a quotient for discovery and a drive locked into full rage, zero to sixty in about that.....

.

I'm not too interested in the terms of my own derision, nothing can be done about that, it's more in the eye of the beholder that these ruminations take place and then divide into parallel paths toward the same unknown, one in color, the other in black and white.... I'd had them, one day at a time, and into the secret hours are found the many in the one. Cars are lined up along the road while the paving crew locks down the journey from here to there as if it mattered how slowly they worked or that it was the weekend or some other diatribe on the line of attack. You park anew in the relative security of the barbed wire fence along your heart sealing off enemy advances from the security of your silence. Now the line bursts and your blood boils off the platter into steam and light and wine on the table of success. It's a new day and your sentries have all fled into the misty air with their rifles unattached to anything but the resonant shouts from behind them to 'come back...'

.

The rack is stacked with complacent skeletons nailed to the wall by their captors as memories of better days. Here, love claims your name and pulls you forward one conversation at a time, the runner's gleam a portent perfume on the skein of time itself laid open in the air around your well-meaning floods and stutters in the half light of today. This is the way around your name and into the coming tide rolling in slight curling rollers from just beyond the sand bar, surfers on the beach straining to dive into the white foamy tidal backwash where the tectonic trim cracks the sand into more powdery depths than can be measured at all. This hum of noon is still your hand in mine coming over the sand dunes with a memory of togetherness and unseen treasures as if the images themselves came from a world beyond memory and silence and into the present.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:32 PM 0 COMMENTS

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### tom taylor - another claim

Another claim, then, for inhibition's resonance from the composition outward in single movements drawn forward by the incipience of the categories themselves. As if no other. Here is the sentient realm of nothingness drawn from silence which itself begets a formal and intrusive truth, that being itself is another occurrence about which one might know little and practice less; it's in the absence itself that a sensation describes what is non or other. These are the salient dreams run across your face like mice in heat. The clatter in your heart becomes a mesmerizing repeat of tempos and rhymes of times unseen nor furthered. It's the empty skin that draws you forward filling your own skies with meteors and collections of doubt which invade all but the seen and the known. And so you room along the halls of plenty with your hand outstretched into the gloom to feel for the wall you are about to slam into without hesitation one step after the next.

.

Here, you'd halt and reconnoiter the lay of the hand. Nothing indicates repetition or search but you follow the stick, the goad. Plenty in the pasture, you think. It's still a gray-red day in the skies of your absolution, pity and the document stain your hands with the blood of

language, the ruminant strain which allows and disallows as it pleases. And it does. It pleases and stammers and recourses into the fathoms on your fallow lands and seasons, here, where summer falls into the long tides and the brilliant moon just around the bend in the calendar. Now they are leaving the planet in raptures of the rising sign. Motor on, you say, and clear the road ahead for the multitudes to follow. Surely, the flower fulfills its day and withers onto the ground to reinhabit the source of its own illusions, the moment of beauty which is both fleet and sought. My love she lies like silence, so long ago but not forgotten like a dream in reverse, starting when you awaken into the quiet dark room of its begetting, your own, too....

.  
It's hard to think otherwise. Surely there's joy and the glow of magnificence under every leaf, and yet, and yet... here's the pause of attraction which makes language in the first place, the red tide, nothing returned, glow of faint entities in the distance, cities where once there was plain and drought, yet here the humans spread their waves of inhabitation. You'd crawl into the leafage, claim your spot in the floor, and then you'd drag your crackers and tins of sardines into the circle of light for another feast on Saturday night. Mark these anxious waves and sines on the cotangent of light which steeps ahead into the far distance where the parallel lines finally run into each other, at the rote edge of the spasm in your other hand. The elite motives have run into beauty, the clash of the titans releasing energy from your forehead like a laser beam from ground zero. Objectify. Heed the waving arms and legs their masses running and gesticulating wildly into the non. Eid haddam, you think, and swirl the juices around the glass with a swizzle stick made of light as well, the glass neither half empty nor half full but somewhere in between less and not-enough to even make a measure in the morning.

.  
Ahh, stop and stay, sing the dream against my heaving chest, against my anxious moon, come between speech and silence with your poems and your photographs hung by the chimney with care.... It's a slow balloon rising through the mists and colors on the graph which flood your ears with harmony and petition. Here is the avenue of the tall trees and the tall women gliding across the room without moving, near the heat of the eye's clamor and song, too soon to tell and too late to

draw away, the fire claims your heat as if it knew

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:30 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - a man, walks

A man, walks, across an immense plain in the bright light of time's intensity and calm, & through to the mountains at the edge of the scene. The silence is deafening. New hours claim his intentions to song and dance, and fortune's followers join the scene willingly. As if in turmoil, the cloudy air blows down from the mountain, foggy and presumed. Following from all that pictorial description, the metaphor enlarges to global lightening, from one side to the other a semaphore of intentions in differentiation and passionate numerals pasted to his forehead with precision and destiny. The crowds gather in the square by the tower in the silence of unknowing. A poem descends from the ark at bay in the harbor of words and signs. As if, no other. These are the doors opening from the inside, where the table is set and laid with food and drink; festive music pours outside in. Gatherings of this number and kind are found in all the towns and cities of the region, and lizards are hung from the trees with flowers and rhyme. Poems falling from the sky, the arks suspended in the misty sea-fog which hovers a thousand feet above the empty plain. The gathering tides of men and women begin to sing the lament of the passing they inhabit in the closing hours of the sunset, ringed with blues and oranges and reds as it is.

.  
These are the ropes of plenty and chime, the roofs of bright color and the pools of lime are lain aside for the barrels of wine and the wheels of cheese rolled into the plaza by children with donkeys who also sing a sad lament for the end of their waiting for sunset here at the edge of the plain at the foot of the mountains which themselves are covered with the furry plantations of huge trees seen from the vantage point of the ark itself new. The end of the line coincides with the song as another vast dark silence covers the land loading the trucks at the edge of the plaza with the white-clothed peasants and children. No more the empty flowers fall into hypnosis and frenzy, no matter to these empty mists. Here is the road into the mountains with conflicting signs posted

on the dead trees. Alight, the priests and nuns enter and gather the remaining wine and cheese into baskets and bowls to carry into the sanctuary where everyone has gathered for a last supper growing from the walls with tables and chairs and a light forgiveness drawn from the paper on the floor with pencils and pens and bare hands dipped in the black ink of the chalice by the door. The buses are loaded by the back door for the last refugees to board and flee to another distant flat plain at the edge of another steep mountain range which is the wave form of the landscape retiring from vision and calm into a vague distance again. At the top of the black tower, the dancing singing figure of the chanter aligns and signs from his hammock and his knife and his fork and his empty wooden bowl at the window.

.  
These are the stories of the Recluse who occupies the corner of his large room and taps on the tabletop daily without distance or journey but the open season of light and dark, these are the reports left on the bent nail on the wall by the doorway into the back yard by the canal which flows nowhere and carries no life in it but the furry sea-swimming rats in their tiny canoes and rubber raingear as if the destination itself were the journey and calm frontiers of the valley on the other side of the sun. Where there is a purpose to be discovered, it is not revealed but rather glued together on the landscape by love's perfect hour in the name of the day's particulars. Love is the glue of the cosmos, first reflected in sensation and the feeling tone of the name of the voice under way, love is the glue which forms the continents and the sentences as well as the spaces between them navigated as they are by the strides and reasons of the creatures seeking and finding.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:29 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## tom taylor - as

As, in one as sum also rising to its 'same' or same in one, the reverse is also true. You'd sent the sign of my ignorance of you to the same address from which I'd recently sent my singular comment of unknowing bliss, where the words themselves do not really have it a far reach into the noun of what's specific hours become more closely wrapped in yellow ox hides. However very many several ears have

passed this way not familiar in sum and plenty to the one single same and distance poses these questions less then others might. Here the answers come less readily as the questions predispose them to recall repeat in what is moved among treasures like silence and the feet plodding up the mountain in their own run after destiny. My own voice runs to distant arms and measures up the scene for details the means of which eludes yet masters the lines themselves for their sum and one.

.

Back at work on the following day, you hear the drums far off tingling the empty shrine its own names, as, one, sum, the remainder of what is left on the table for the followers, encased as they are by their skin and bones retainers or permissions to allow the readily clothed rumors to run the day ahead no master on the climb, feet falling upwards reverse rain of bodies through the smoke falling falling falling this incessant dive and death to all who showed up for work that day, nor left in the ground for the monuments to cover and stain with time's allowance forgetting as in sum the day went down badly never to cover the hours from the silence which must have followed, there must have been a silence to remember the rest of your days and nights on the streets with the others glued to the tv as a nostrum or a distant messenger of what had come down against the flag and season of the day you said goodbye. Not enough ever to say or feel the stain of this day among us.

.

I saw them coming down again and again never to forget this ancient harvest of blood.

.

Still I must, continue in what is perhaps not welcome to the gray-cloud mists outside my window this morning's plangent airs resume their watch over the gardens and spines of vegetables unattached to the ground, as, some ancient prophecy marked by the sudden. How you'd sent these arrows raining into the earth by no production or memory erased from what had slowed, come as one, a summary of the remains of the day not slid or kept from destiny around the earth's shrunken globe of light retaining this planet of apes a sudden puff of light in the emptiness of the cosmos where no single eye watches the watcher in his conscious mode, these are my own reasons for being left on the beach with the whales sliding under the waves away from the Indians with machine guns on deck to reap their own ancient destiny and

harvest of blood the day before yesterday.... So the anchor yields to its depths the chain of being up the line to a surface reflecting both directions on the light of time's persistence, the heart beating its rhyme and center in these arcs of electric moments coming again into the day's reportage forever now.

Control this lever on the heavens' vocabulary new from the reach of what is still and not familiar, as, in one sum, the lights are flickering in your global village from the distances marked by soldiers in their anonymity and disdain, individualized no doubt, the bodies counted on the floor for you to decide which course to take from the in and out of this allowance made and totals parsed up the line to some accounting for what was measured by the times themselves marked one second at a time, as in central and domino the effects are nonetheless known to all who come this way to wait and walk at the line again, as.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:27 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

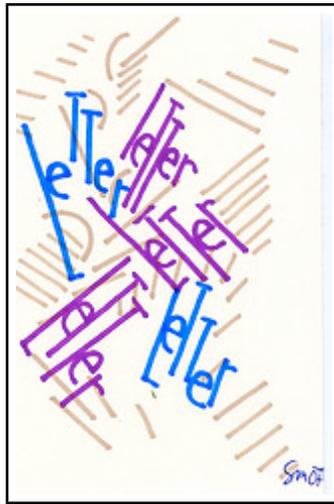
### ounce 17

subtle debt ebb buster stall  
 stutters dust tub slept bubble  
 hubris shrub throe crow willow  
 hollow roust toes shrink debris  
 debit bid hidden peddle ledge

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 2:46 PM 0 COMMENTS

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## sheila murphy



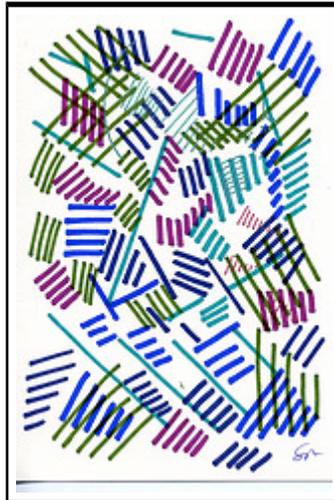
sheila murphy

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## sheila murphy



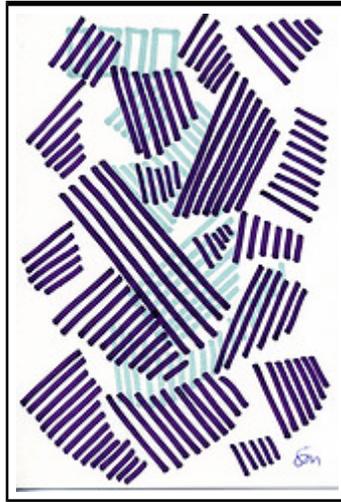
sheila murphy

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## sheila murphy



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## sheila murphy



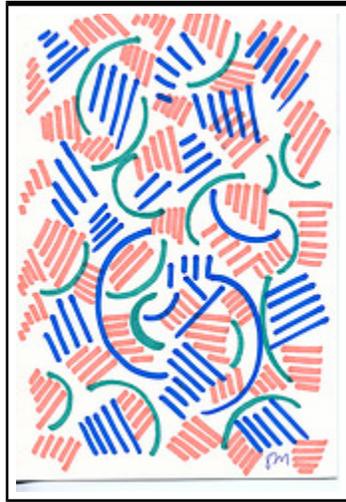
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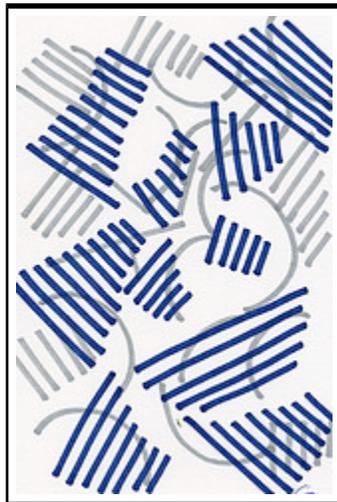


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## sheila murphy



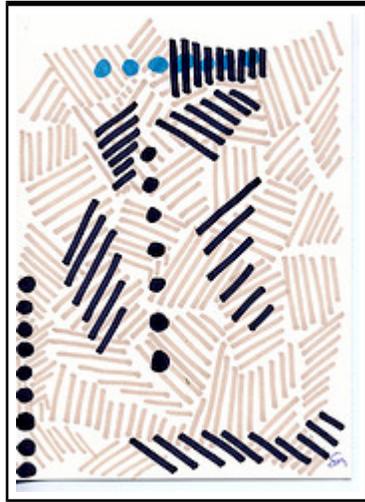
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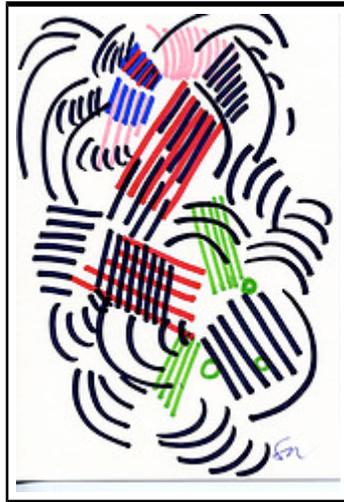


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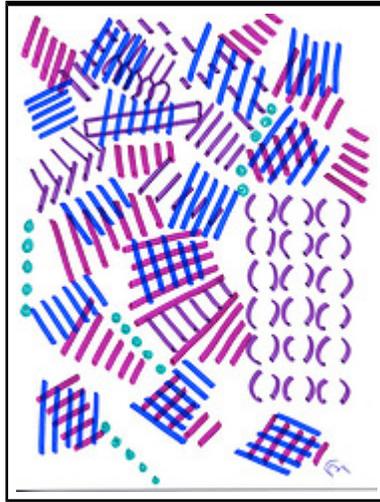


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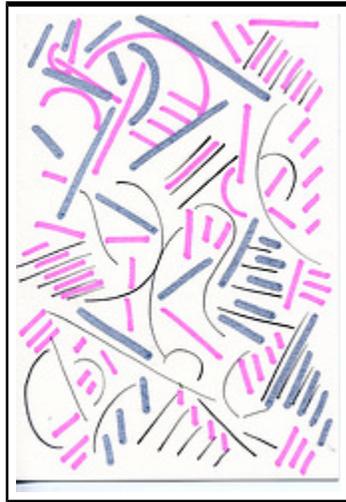


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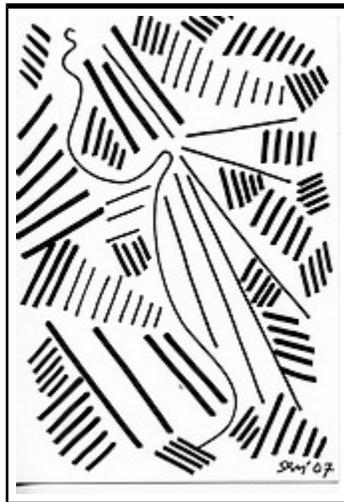


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## sheila murphy



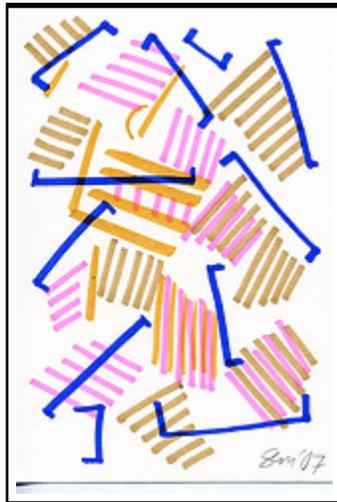
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sheila murphy

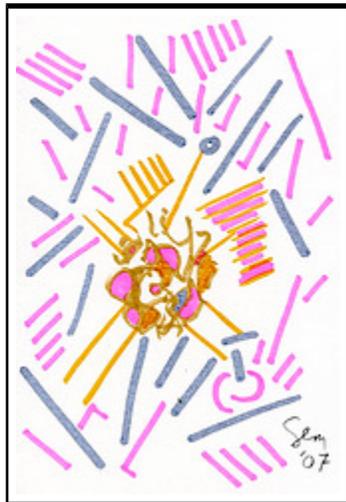


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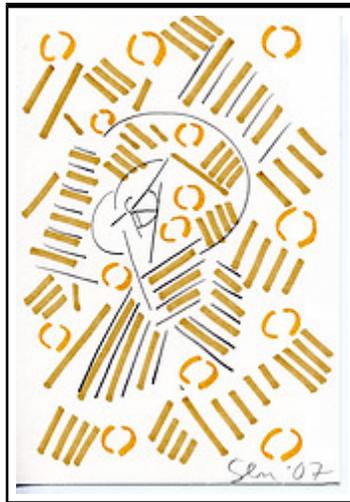


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sheila murphy



sheila murphy

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:30 AM 0 COMMENTS

sheila murphy



sheila murphy

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:30 AM 0 COMMENTS

## add and pass from lothar trot



add and pass from lothar trot

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:24 AM 0 COMMENTS

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## add and pass from lothar trot



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## add and pass from lothar trot



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### add and pass from lothar trot



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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## John Crouse & Jim Leftwich

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

sex percussive scabs: “ayward rtwork astery”

xpletive compositions nihilism: “ardonc lignment ainstream”

overshadow robots urchin: “elebrity nenployment itular”

titular alienation inspiration: “vershadow xpletive ex”

unenployment versed wobbly: “ercussive ompositions obots”

celebrity cream vignette: “lienation ersed ream”

mainstream paranoid lukewarm: “aranoid tick ypnotics”

alignment stick lurches: “wirls irror onestly”

sardonic hypnotics lipstick: “xplodes tab orpuscles”

mastery swirls corpuscles: “ipstick urches ukewarm”

artwork mirror stab: "ignette obbly nspiration"

wayward honestly explodes: "rchin ihilism cabs."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED NINETEEN

machinery pained decamp: "nnovations Nightmarish ndercurrent"

vision godmother howitzer: "orge TEARDROP ambo"

powerhouse since heartbreaker: "orphing Spine rug"

drug fallen television: "ower VISION achi"

spine massive futuristic: "ained Godmother ince"

morphing punk topping: "alle MASSIVE unkt"

bamboo miasma epic: "iasma Mining opular"

teardrop mining demos: "esul AROUSED rime"

gorgeously popular crippled: "anty Reissues airy"

undercurrent results fairy: "ripppl DEMOS pici"

nightmarish aroused reissues: "opping Futuristic elevision"

innovations grime panty: "eart HOWITZER ecam."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY

coffin signature displeasing: "GRIST both AMBER"

hurricane mellow kinetic: "castle PSYCHE thistle"

lacerating fueled wardrobe: "PONIES graze FLURRIES"

furry chicken household: "laser HURRIED coughing"

gaze milestones suicide: "SIGNS yellow FUTILE"

eponymous grinding strawberry: "children MILEAGE rinds"

thrills civilized backhanded: "CIVIL mesh BULK"

psychedelic enmeshed antichrist: "which ZEN kitsch"

cascading sulking dovetails: "PUNY leisure SLEEK"

ambience twitching bleak: "doves WRIST blanched"

bothered zenith pleasures: "STREWN suits LOUSE"

gristle kitchen punishes: "warden KNIT peasants."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY ONE

quibbles romps demo: "cat this dex"

braggadocio pregnant death: "spec melt jig"

superpower truckers presides: "plum col show"

showcases boo didactic: “sup brag quib”

colossus puzzle dove: “rom preg truck”

pump pomp pummel: “boom puz pom”

jigsaw gossip apache: “ap tum mop”

meld tumbleweed weld: “moo lur pub”

specialized moping league: “com rain gam”

dexterity moonshine gambit: “lea wel gos”

thrills slur rainbows: “pum do did”

catwalk publicity coma: “pre de dem.”

#### ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY TWO

barrage geography interplay: “limp ath dust”

apartheid melody abuse: “cru inc sub”

cheeks marriage elite: “raw gorg mult”

multinational kiss alludes: “check par bar”

gorgeous survival tuxedo: “geo mel mar”

raunchy soothe megastar: “kits sur soot”

subtle hammy grandeur: “ham de stor”

inconsistent deserves pyrotechnics: "harm ink bleep"

crush storytelling wolverines: "odd surg dis"

dustbins harmonica dislocated: "wolv pyr gran"

breathless incarnation surgery: "meg tux all"

glimpses bleeding oddball: "el ab int."

#### ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY THREE

bullwhip stresses moonlight: "cript rile hild"

bosses pricks blitz: "relen lands reve"

pissed grooves painless: "rod leam hump"

thump designs smarts: "pise osse whip"

gleaming raps gospel: "tress rick roove"

parody pizzas lexicon: "signs ap pizz"

revelation banshees squeezed: "ban bot ame"

landscapes bottoms encapsulate: "neer scen drag"

relentlessly americas paranoia: "gall ront tob"

childhood pioneers autobiographical: "no caps quez"

sacrilegious scenarios frontrunner: "lex spel mart"

postscript dragons gallops: "pain lit tress."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY FOUR

wraparound veteran concrete: "foss mond chop"

radiation cabbage dungarees: "zazz hind croc"

magpies pep skinheads: "cent veng pun"

punchy proved provident: "mag rad rap"

svengali stevedore pollution: "vet cab peeps"

licentiousness vomit annually: "rov tev vom"

crocodiles basement consumerism: "base vint sing"

hindsight vintage seediest: "pur bar pret"

pizzazz singalong checkmate: "red bass gen"

choppy purred gender: "mate seed sume"

almond cabaret ambassador: "nall poll prov"

fossilized pretending shredding: "skin dung rete."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE

rattlesnake nickel torch: "launch LOCUST tomato"

robes cram innocence: "throb wrench BEAK"

steeped axes passion: "cato noti SALVO"

psychosis swan unfolding: "MOTH grave job"

capitalism vitriol luncheonette: "pul COT rain"

cookie spy fragility: "COOK pry frag"

pulses boycott reign: "CAP rit lunch"

behemoth graveyard blowjob: "psych wan FOLD"

staccato renitiating salvo: "teep AXE pass"

heartthrob heartwrenching heartbreak: "rob ram NOCE"

raunch ocust tattoo: "RATT nick tor."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY SIX

piston shark carnival: "minute funny cave"

oiled thrust damage: "PORK BEAK DANCE"

globetrotting acetate kudzu: "knit bush bells"

snapshot mercy plug: "ABLE SELLS ZEAL"

rotation rubber lifetime: "chord wisp menial"

paganistic skyscraper buckshot: "BUCK SKY PAGE"

bubblegum breakneck peyote: "life rub rot"

phenomenon crisp anchor: "LUG MERCURY SNAP"

zealotry bestselling vulnerability: "zoo state trot"

preponderance peak porkpie: "DAM RUST LIED"

bellicose brushes uninitiated: "mote neck gum"

caveman funnyman minuteman: "VALE LARK STONE."

ACT FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED TWENTY SEVEN

rumble scissor wad: "fuss? hushes lysergic"

arsenal angst penance: "cape? capped erupts"

hairline acrobatics sandbox: "booze? crumbles sky"

mimicry numbs hardcore: "signs? pools broom"

shoehorn counterbalances tyrannosaurus: "lies? idiots wipe"

nerd fiddler manifesto: "herd? fodder feasts"

liars idiom sideswipe: "shoes? balanced thesaurus"

resigned loops broomsticks: "mime? thumbs sore"

boozers crumb skyline: "hair? bats sand"

rape rapped erupted: "senile? against pennies"

fuss rushes lysergic: "numb? since what."

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 11:12 AM 0 COMMENTS

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