

*Bailout*

On the backs of our eyes are giant vegetables  
 which destroy our ability to cite specific caterpillars.  
 Above them the hardwood floors lisp and worry.  
 They worry about god.  
 They worry about elections.  
 Salty sweet and butcher paper.  
 They worry about electrons.  
 They think the sky is an ostrich feather,  
 but anyone alive knows better it's a raincoat.  
 Tomorrow it will raincoat  
 and you'd better wear your heart out  
 to the demonstration caterpillar.  
 Salty sweet and butcher paper.  
 Giant vegetables destroy us.  
 The bus stop is waiting  
 to worry an ostrich.  
 Our marbles with being,  
 the floors lisp and worry.  
 More than anyone living,  
 they're here to destroy us.  
 Tomorrow will raincoat  
 the butcher.

| Grade        | A  | B   | C  | D | Grade        |
|--------------|----|-----|----|---|--------------|
| 4-11         | 6  | 32  | 8  | 1 |              |
| 12           | 7  | 25  | 5  | 0 | 4            |
| 13           | 8  | 30  | 7  | 1 |              |
| 14           | 9  | 35  | 6  | 2 | 4            |
| 15           | 10 | 37  | 6  | 2 | 4            |
| Budget Grade | A  | 159 | 32 | 6 | Budget Grade |

• Illustration 26. Section of Progress Record Sheet

**19. KEEP AN ACCURATE RECORD OF WHAT YOU DO.** It is most important that you know exactly what you are doing in terms of *speed*, *accuracy*, and *fluency*. The Progress Graph and Record that accompanies

*Poem*

In Cinci... In Cinci, the brightness.  
In Cinci the brightness of ancient philosophers

flooding the streets with reasons for everything's being,  
even as it's missing, with nobody watching  
out the window or listening and singing  
along with the shadows.

The owls on the march with their babies.  
The concrete blocks drop-kicking the universe.

I can't remember the last time I rubbed  
up against my wife, but soon again I will again,  
and live in the grass stain, under cover of darkness.

In Cinci, the darkness besetting the goldfish,  
his bowl on fire and the family's tree.  
Clearly the movement's a mysterious piglet,  
the forest of unlisted numbers to call.

In Cinci the brightness, a cardiac arresting.  
In Cinci, the blind man's critical dog.

Flood of concussions, insanely parading,  
pinning my heart to a wallpaper wall.

*Reckless*

You can't be out of control in control, but in poetry you have to be. And you can't be greener than ever the meadow, but you might be chocolate and Hamlet same time. Your job's debacle, both fuck-up and flood. The audience is wringing its neck in its hands, its limbs in its trees being chopped off by henchmen. Keep in mind that misunderstanding is a gift of present's absence, the place you need to build a new stadium for to die. Either it's malignant or it isn't. Either it's a risk or it's not. So too when it comes to your living room wolf. Especially the birdbath of coming undone. Index of last lines, mountains of scribbles. The relationship between the writer and the reader is an impossible distance that pretends of a closeness. We aren't stuntmen—we are *actually* hurtling toward spontaneous, unpredictable combustion at the pump. DISK! POOP! UNDIES!!!! said Koch. Influence reminds us, if we let it, what we aren't. To write a thing recklessly one has to be willing to ruin the words into the page, to pay attention differently to the soul's motion sensors. No more fine tuning the cardboard piano, let it be a cardboard piano, sadly, and... And NOTHING! Let it sit out in the rain! Stick your big face in the anemone's crotch. Craft is but a re-visitation in the shadows, and visitation means only there's a body in the box. Always wear a tie when you talk about the weather, but only if it clashes with the lizard in the parlor. Terrific/tremendous says the error in terror. Practice makes nervous, and then we go windmill. Lights out with fangs out, light-headed with racetrack. When we collide in the airway, neither one of us is breathing.