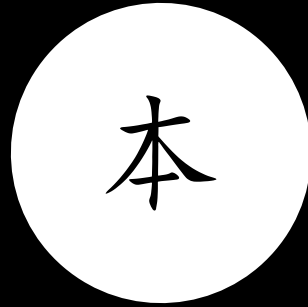


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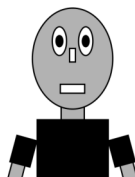


POEMS

ROOT



POEMS

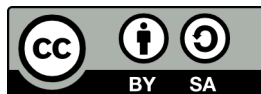


Root

Poems 901–1000

Martin Klvana

2019-05-12



root.martinklvana.com

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

Truculent

No peer among those born already, nor among those who shall be born. Mickey lingers.

Mickey rips Mickey's rib cage open to animate Mickey's talismans and defrost Mickey's fingers.

In a deep distress, Mickey cooks vanilla pudding (with tangerines) or feculent inTESTines.

Mickey stinks and thinks about the truculent way by which all gods come into existence.

Whole Milk

Ted enters a grocery store to buy one bottle of whole milk.

WHOLE MILK ON SALE. WHILE SUPPLIES LAST.

Ted leaves the grocery store to buy one bottle of whole milk.

Whole milk on sale, Theia . . . Got milk? "Whole milk on sale, Ted. While supplies last."

Bull

Dislocate my joints. Join the Joneses. Deplete diners' wallets of bullets and bullet points.
It's not enough for me to die only halfway. Eat fresh. Let diners spit on me at SUBWAY.
Da Bull gotta die all the way through. Like a punctured tire. Spit-roast me over an open fire.
It's not enough to hit the bull's eye once. Let me decay for a decade. Eat flesh, SUBWAY fans!

Take (1)

To perceive is to take possession of.

To conceive is to take in and hold.

To take possession of is to take in and hold.

To perceive is to conceive.

Take (2)

Take it that, or take it or leave it.

Or take leave of the senses and, in the absence of the senses, take leave of absence.

Take Ted's secret to the tomb: To perceive is *not* to receive in the womb.

That's Ted's take on perception and conception.

Take (3)

Don't let up until we're through, Ted.

Don't leave Ted holding the baby, Theia.

It's easy, Ted, as one-two-three. Huh?

One, ZZ Top gives Theia all the lovin'; two, and hugs-n'-kisses; three, Theia takes no prisoners.

Pulp Fiction

martin, whose vivid imagery is incompatible with life, writes palpably about life in all its forms.

BARCODE AREA. (Ted-n'-Theia will add the barcode for ya.)

HARDCORE AREA. (You will add some sick pulp friction, er, fiction, for us.)

Adam splits an apple in half with a brass 'Shiit (sic)! No star. No cross. A damn mass of frass.'

Grapple (1)

An unfruitful, futile, fractal fight for discount*Ted* grapefruits alights FRUITS aisle and apples. Searching for grapes-of-wine and pineapples, *unfindable*, Ted finds apes and Ted-in-a-grapple. Gasping for air, Ted eyes Ted's eyes that eye DAIRY section. *Ted means no harm.* *Ready? Action.* Ted throws 3 punches. (Ted's good at counting.) *Third time's a charm?*

Grapple (2)

"Ouch, kindredless gray-skinned racist!" (three-times-three times in a row.) *Why whine, felons?*
Ted pinches two fine female nipples after grasping two water, er, skim-milk, melons, er, lemons.
"Grim, skimmy, sinny rapist!" *Psst. Why bitch, bitch? No rasp, no scratch. No scratch, no itch.*
EGGS? Pinch by pinch, inch by inch. KINDER EGGS? Aisle by aisle. VEGGIES? One green mile.

Spectacle (1)

Not bent forward. Not equipped with a microscope.

Not trying to fathom the atom with a straw.

Not bent back. Not equipped with a telescope.

The terminal point of this verse is the scope of the universe: *Gotta keep it raw.*

Spectacle (2)

Not blinded by illusions. Not troubled by gray capes. Cowboys?

Cowards: apes with red capes.

A self-tamed bull named Sandstorm enters the scene unseen. Not (b)locked. Not tackled.

An unburdened beast of burden in a universal sand-strewn ice-hockey arena: *What a spectacle.*

Frustration

"This park closes after dark." *I have a permit: I am a hermit. My name is Mark.*

"THIS PARK CLOSES AFTER DARK!" *Why the bark? Why the exclamation mark?*

"THIS PARK CLOSES AFTER DARK!!!" *A triple exclamation mark is a mark of frustration!!!*

An alley opens for Mark's prostration. *An ally till—morn.* Mark emerges from the clausturation.

Shortstop (1)

She was caught with the catcher by three basemen.

Bebe the base bitch covers all bases.

She didn't need to ask the pitcher to pitch her to the center fielder.

"Bebe brings happiness to penis."

Shortstop (2)

She made a short stop with Ted (the shortstop and the bottom of the batting order).

No rubber stamping. No rubber, no Bebe.

It was short and non-stop *Ted, don't stop!*

The rubber didn't even meet the road *or Bebe's throat.*

Shortstop (3)

She burned many rubbers with the center fielder.

The idio(mat)ic centrifugal love, sort of, at the sixth sigh(t).

That she *almost* became pregnant with the right fielder came out of the left field.

(Bebe stops, sort of, by the bleachers and just short of praying for Ted, at bat, to reach her.)

Dimension (1)

Space has no dimensions.

Space is not a dim mansion.

Space is a dimension.

Did Ted mention that dimension is a measure?

Dimension (2)

Dimension is a measure.

The center of a doughnut is a treasure trove.

The treasure trove is the source of both the dough and the nut.

Did Ted mention that insanity characterized by loss of mental powers is called dementia?

Dimension (3)

Insanity characterized by loss of mental powers is called dementia.

The loss of mental powers is a loss of inertia.

The loss of inertia has a dimension called space.

Did Ted mention that space has no dimensions?

Peers

Let a lion share the lion's share of roaring, howlers/squeakers: A lion has no fears.

On the bleeding edge of roaring, holy smokes(!), a lion has no peers.

Check this checklist: *No alliance, no lottery, no lithium, no lithium-ion battery, no straitjacket.*

Phew, feel free to peer (p)review the who's-who-of-roaring's roaring, wretched jackals!

Answer

Go searching for it, and you may find it. What is it?

Brian does not know the answer. Not knowing the answer, Brian goes searching for the answer.

When you find it, you stop searching for it. What is it?

Brian knows the answer. Knowing the answer, Brian goes searching for *it*.

Conductor

Protects Mickey from Mickey's reproachfully (*Roaches!*) abusive (*Busybozobodies!*) invectives.
Keeps Mickey's self-inflicted wounds from getting infected by f* * *ing *ffing invectives.
Steals other people's thunder. "Mickey's an insanely unsound imbecile!" PATENT (P)ENDING.
Humiliates decibels at lightning speed of illuminating abomination. THUNDER CONDUCTOR.

Hound

Unbound, unmuzzled, unpuzzled, homeward bound!

Ted with tendons that tend to tire-n'-tear. Woof. How about: Don't wake up a sleeping hound!

Run, grumpy one, as fast as Ted, and get lost and ghost and never get found!

Don't play with fire. Run lightly. Let's get out of here at a speed exceeding that of sound?

No Way

Want to know where the world is going? ~~Stay in the moment. Make every *zebra* matter.~~

Want to know ~~where~~ the world is ~~going~~? Say *yea*.

Want ~~to~~ know ~~the~~ worlds. Say *yea*.

~~ant~~ kno|ws: aye.

Out of Print

The fortnight footprint of 11,011 ants is 'truly' impressive. Ant is not the root word of elephant!
The fortnight blueprint of 11,011 ants is truly depressive. Ant is the root word of elephant!
Elephantine memories go back to the root of the tree of life: 'Once Upon a Time' is the imprint.
And the phantom memoir ends with 'Man, the root cause of The Book of Life to go out of print.'

Inharmoniousness

The fallacy of the double-slit experiment. The inharmoniousness of 'the dual nature of light.'
One camera, one screen, one laser flashlight: *Check*. One plate pierced by two parallel slits—
"Czech-made checkmate, Ted!" *Bea-n'-Lea, two slim, interfering sluts with pierced clits . . .*
The fellatio of the double-slit experiment. The inharmoniousness of the dual nature of night.

Ineluctable

Press [Caps Lock] to lock caps. DEATH.

Press [Prt Sc] to print screen. INELUCTABLE.

Press [Esc] to exit full screen. [Esc]. [Esc][Esc]. Not responding.

Wait for the program to respond. [Esc] IS UNELECTABLE. [Ted]. [Ted][Ted]. Not responding.

Mendication

Firefighters fight it, but Mickey, inf(l)amed, would rather let it burn Mickey's essay to ashes.
Lawyers interpret it, but Mickey, an intrepid lawn/tree trespasser, would rather not tap into it.
Paramedics preserve it with medication, but Mickey would rather desert it with meditation.
When paraMickey grows up orthoMickey wants to be . . . g(od). Why, to vindicate mendication.

Couch

Slouched on a couch without touching the couch, unweakened Howard quantum-leaps.
Unattached to the couch, all week long, awakened Howard sleeps . . .

True power is in none but rest. True hover is unmanifest.

Howard at his very best has zero vested interest.

Composter

Hemlocks, whose wood is soft and coarse-grained, prefer partial, and tolerate full, shade.

Ted, whose shit is soft and coarse-grained, prefers full, and tolerates partial, shade.

Hemlocks, a source of pulp for paper. Ted, a source of paper for pulp: *'Go Paperless' my ass!*

Under a stand of hemlocks, Ted understands: *Ted is not an imposter. Ted is a (com)pos(t)er!*

Contact

Twenty-four bases for contact in baseball: four-bases-in-baseball times six-bases-for-contact.

Typical-n'-topical scene-setting: common.wasp@the.first.point.of.contact (annoying wasp).

Whispering-n'-vespering sun-setting: vespula.vulgaris@locus.primus.contactus (anyone of us).

The point of contact between theory and practice: the b(u)zz-n'-swelling at the point of contact.

Abandon and Pursue

"To prEy on mice or to prAy to mice," said the m(O)use to the *cat*, "is a matter of life-n'-death."
Stand still on the window-sill, I must ask an ascetic cat about three letters of the alphabet.

Abandon what takes time (mOuse) and pursue what is directly visible (muse).

Abandon what is directly visible ('prEy on mice') and pursue what takes time ('prAy to mice').

Phase (1)

Interlace the fingers of your hands: attraction.

Ted's magic tank top is as black as the ace of spades.

Press the corresponding fingertips of your hands against each other: repulsion.

Ted can't see Ted's hands in front of Ted's face.

Phase (2)

The only difference between the north pole and the south pole of a magnet is the phase.

Attraction. Repulsion. Attraction. Repulsion. Attraction. Repulsion.

An obscuration of the atmosphere near the surface of the, hum, hemispheres, er, earth: haze.

In fear of Ted's sleeveless ace? Draw an inference, audience, or draw an ace.

Mind

INNERREINIGUNG. BITTE NICHT EINSTEIGEN.

Inner cleaning. *Crumbs!* Please, traveling reveller/travailer: don't board the train of thoughts.

LEISE ABTEILUNG. BITTE NICHT STÖREN.

Silent section. *Sir?* Please, passenger, mind the messenger: don't stir up the strawberry syrup.

Root

Should have already found the root of all devil but hasn't.

Should have already gotten to the root of all devil but hasn't.

Should have been uprooted by now. "Get to the devil's weed point, Mickey!" Isn't for a reason.

Plants don't have roots—"Get to the devil's weak point, Mickey!"—plants have mickeyrrhizae.

Smokeless

Jackie, for Jack there is nothing behind or in front.

Jane, for John there is nothing on the left or on the right.

Jemima, for Jim there is nothing below or above.

"Smoke less!"—For Jack, John, and Jim there is nothing between *smoke* and *less*.

Fish (1)

The smaller the net, the greater the sea.

Fishing in troubled waters?—"Not the only fish in the sea?"

The greater the sea, the greater the magic.

Make a fish, wisherman!—"A big fish in a small pond?"

Fish (2)

The greater the magic, the bigger the fish.

Make a wish, fisherman!—"Other fish to fry?"

The bigger the fish, the smaller the dish.

"Teach a man to (tell a) fish (tale)!"—*Cry me a river or go get me a bicycle . . .*

System

Fighting the system supports the system.

Fighting the fighting supports the fighting.

Supporting the fighting supports the system.

Supporting the system supports fighting.

Masterwork (1)

"My work is now *finished*, Venerable Master!"

Now *mastered*, my work is *finished*.

"My master is finished? *Now* works!"

Now work . . .

Masterwork (2)

"My masterwork is *now* finished, Venerable Master!"

Now *mastered*, finish my work.

"The end of retinue!"

Unable to continue?

Plow-n'-Sow

Mickey is the seed-n'-weed. NO HUMAN WASTE{D}. Mickey's plow is the see-n'-saw.
A beast of burden—"The so-and-so doesn't plow-n'-sow!"—in not-so-very Mickey's garden.
Dung before plowing. Plow before sowing. Sow before harvesting.
No harvesting, no eating. OPEN DEFECATION{:} FREE. *No eating, no dunging.*

Out of Date

YOUR DRIVERS, CAR, DRIVING LICENSE, AND SATURDAY MAY BE OUT OF DATE.

2013-drivers in 2009-laptop (Ted's stern-n'-extern Crown chakra) may be, er, are, out of date.

2009-driving licence ("Ted can drive a cart, er, car!" lie since 2009) is valid but not relevant.

2018-Ted is not out to date Bea-Mea-Wea: 2010-Ted's 1993-Saturn is not 2018-BMW minivan.

Toast

10% lost, gain 11% on large- or mid-c(r)ap coffee-cup lids stocks to breakfast in the evening.
50% lost, gain 100% on pink micro(fiber)-cap(tain overboard!) s(t)ocks, Peter, to break even.
80% lost, sell the microwaves or, if tired out but not deterred by the teeter, the entire oven.
96% lost, sail the microwaves of aether~PETER'S TOAST(S)~COAST TO COAST~in the open.

Plotline

A thick book, and not-thick-not-thin Theia (naked but for the flannel shirt), on a thick table.
Equipped—Theia's book, Theia, or Theia's table?—with NUMBER ONE BESTSELLER label.
A quick look by thin Ted into the thick book—"Quit, Ted, the plotline s(p)oils the fable!"
. . . *The fennel seed entered the rectum around 9 PM* . . . "Quit that! Cut the cable!"

In

"Are you in yet?"

Not 'all wool and a yard wide,' but Ted is in, Theia. But in has local significance only when—

"Not feeling anything in my inlet."

—applied to material bodies, but there are other existences than these.

Recipe

CHEAP BUT HEALTHY RECIPE FOR CHICKEN-HEARTED POOP.

One headless chicken (Rest in peace or run!) per one paltry-pecking-poultry coop.

One cubic inch of chicken (broth!) powder per one portion of the chicken soup.

Don't chicken out on me. Count. Kill. Cook. Call. Count. Cull. Cook. Call. Keep me in the loop!

Dust-Free (1)

"Привет! Здравствуйте! Рад тебя видеть! Как поживаешь?" Прекрасно.

"Как Вас зовут?" Buddha.

"Извините!" Ничего, ничего, пожалуйста.

"До свидания!" Увидимся . . .

Dust-Free (2)

"Preevyet! Zdrastvooyte! Rat teebya veedet! Kak pazhivayesh?" Preekrasna.

"Kak Vas zavoot?" Buddha.

"Eezveeneete!" Neechevo, neechevo, pazhaloosta.

"Do svedaneeya!" Ooveedeemsysya . . .

Dust-Free (3)

"Hi! Hello! Nice to see you! How are you?" Fine: cessation, termination, end.

"What's your name?" Buddha.

"Sorry!" That's all right: death's all right, adequate, competent to deal with any sorry situation.

"Dust-free dharma!" Счастливого пути.

Midway

O(pi)nions are true or false ("Mickey nitpicks SNICKERS picnickers!"), knowledge only true.
Mickey, due to dive into unpasteurized dew in Pasteur Park, thinks: *The above must be true.*
Midway between knowledge and ignorance lies an opinion [*no t(h)icket, no shelter*] that is true.
South of 55th, north of 63rd. *No shelter, no ascent.* Unmesmerized, Mickey's half-way through.

Hockey Ice (1)

The ice had (th)awed and (one) h(e)ad drifted away.

The road team didn't play the home team a visit.

The home team didn't organize the game (ice-hockey rink, ice resurfacer, goals, nets, pucks).

Somehow, there was no hockey. Home (team, thaw, trick: 'The ice is not thick!') advantage.

Hockey Ice (2)

The game was terminated immediately. The road-team players refused to mediate the conflict. Terminating the game prematurely, in the second period, was a mature decision. Period. The game-clock (3:33) stopped for good (forever and for purposes that are pure and not evil). *There was some hockey. Some players attacked a referee. The game was(n't) played (out).*

Hockey Ice (3)

Some players played out all their energy too ea(ge)rly.

Some players received a game misconduct (before or after they played out all their energy).

Some players left their team (before or after there wasn't enough players left to play the game).

This is the way the game ends: Not with a bang but a whimper ('Let there be no—p(h)uck!').

Hockey Ice (4)

The home team and the road team lost the game by default for rostering unauthorized players.
Fermion Panthers listed Cork Quark and Lawton Lepton.

Boson Bruins listed Parton Photon, Gaston Graviton, and Boswell Boson.

An elementary subatomic particle nonsense game that didn't need to be. ted@draft.espn.mock

Comfy

Forget about memory mattress and good-n'-bad (no-bed-bug, no-bed) one-(bed)room address.

Unlock the potential of parquet blocks and clay-busting comfrey: Step inside the purple zone.

Muting gnarled-n'-knotty points by amputation is a moot point: Draw a blank(et) and rest.

Uncloak the attention of clay-n'-gravel graveyard parking lots: Step outside the comfy(re)y cone.

Unconcerned

From village to village, town to town. ("You dirty rat, you!")

From street to street, square to square. ("Go to rat, you particularly dirty rat, go!")

From village . . . to square: no pillage (alas no tillage), much stare (also much scare).

Whatever village . . . square Brian departs from, Brian leaves it concentrATED, unconCERNed.

Haystack

Mickey, as sharp as a needle, throws some light on the needle-in-a-haystack conundrum.

Where smoke there fire: *101*. Illegal burning: *311*. Where fire there Mickey: *911*.

Mickey throws some light ("Hey, stop!" *439, 7867!*) on when-to-call-what-number conundrum.

Needless to say, by drinking from a fire hose Mickey adds fuel to the hired-to-fire commando.

Council

When the Jamestown City Council agrees on something, it is wrong by 180 degrees.

Jack agrees. John agrees. Jim agrees.

"When Jack, John, and Jim agree on something, they are wrong by 180 degrees!"

The Jamestown City Council agrees.

Backpack

Strong: *empty of filling-n'-feeling* (our notion of *lever*).

Clever: not divided into *more than three* compartments (our notion of *gazillion*).

Resilient: *heavy-duty* (our notion of *bubble hard to pierce*).

Fierce: not *full of tears* (Brian's notion of *throng*; Backpack's notion of *slip of the tongue*).

Cheap

To buy bonds, Bobby, is to buy debt-n'-bubbles.

To buy debt-n'-bubbles, Bobby, is to buy dea(r)th-n'-troubles.

"Water-melon bubble-gums go vertical. WAY TO GO. To buy bubbles, Bob, is to buy doubles!"

In this vertigo, go where things are cheap, Bobby, where shit is a thing no one gobbles.

Argument

"Stop arguing, start writing!" *Mickey is raising an objection.*

"Stop arguing, Mickey, start sketching the argument!" *Mickey is the objection.*

"Stop arguing with the teacher, Mickey, sit down, stop munching raisins!" *Mickey will attempt.*

Argument: was effective due to its physical repetition, not due to its semantic conte(n=mp)t.

Lux

ComEd, an Exelon company, to Ted: "Either the price goes up or the lights go out." (Sign.)

Ted to Theia: *Either the price goes down or the lights go out.* (Sigh.)

Theia, an excellent companion, to Ted: "Either the lights go out or the price goes up." (Sigh.)

Ted to ComEd: *Either ComEd's outage, excessive lux-sorry, or Ted's outrage, sexcessive luxury.*

Just in Time

Good homing pigeons return HOME. *Eons before or after the choice-less pigs reach a ham?*
Justin is a good homing pigeon. *Among the best or the worst in the slaughterhouse region?*
Where Justin's homies?! Justin eventually-n'-uneventfully returns (to EQUILIBRIUM).
Where Justin's home is?! Justin will know—Justin's JIT is breaking down!—just in time(less).

Learn

Hey, Bill . . . [LEARN MORE](#)

Hey, Bill, we will . . . [LEARN MORE](#) | [LEARN LESS](#)

Is Bill ill? Anyway, we will pill Bill, kill a weevil, bill Bill. [ACCEPT](#) | [REJECT](#)

Hey, weevil . . . [LEARN MORE](#) | [MORON](#)

Fortune

Make a fortune, like Ted, by writing fortune cookies on one, er, five-hundred, dollar bills.

~ *Lead with Boldness on to Higher Fortune* ~

Make a fortune, like Theia, by foretelling future of one five-hundred dollar bill.

~ *Future of BAKED IN THE COOKIE, a Fortune \$500 Company, Is BAKED IN THE CAKE* ~

Civic

Civilization happens when much time is devoted to something not strictly necessary.

Civilization happens where much space is devoted to something not strictly necessary.

"Regular (when) school (where) attendance is a strictly necessary pre-civic duty! Spell *civic*:"

Belonging to mondo bizarro: 7.0 chakras and 7.6 billion kick scooters. Mickey needs HONDA?

Cliff

Ted opens every chapter with a hang-over: *"Jump off a cliff already!"*

Ted sets the scene: *Ted's colorless "Let the fall begin!" falls on stony (concrete) ground.*

Ted installs the characters: *Ted to play Ted's ace single-handedly: "Ted, fall flat on Ted's face!"*

Ted closes every chapter with a cliff-hanger—

Black Locust

False acacia, falsely accused. Ask birches, biped bitches: black in English is *niger* in Latin.
Black is to *niger* (not what satin to sandpaper or sandpaper to satin but) what Santa to Satan.
Chain-link fence? Ignorance! (No offense.) Made of dense, hard wood: resistant to rot and rust.
Invasiveness is to *Robinia* what robbery to Robin Hood. Broken trust? Black locust lacks focus.

Good Day

A fly on the wall becomes a marginal fly the size of **l** next to **489** at the bottom of page 489.

One page ahead? Don't spoil the fun! flies in the face of A brain not 1/16th the size of a comma!

Good . . . best . . . one . . . in . . . everyone . . . sure . . . happy . . . happier . . . Day

"Cannot. Come on. It'll never fly. Bye, one-who-wouldn't-harm-a-fly. A one-ply brain gotta fly."

Science

Science without philosophy is like philosophy without theology.

Philosophy without theology is like theology without theurgy.

Theology without theurgy is like theurgy without magic.

Theurgy without magic is like logos without logic.

Piece of Cake

Time is continuous because—"Time is money, Mickey, make a move!"—motion is continuous.
Motion is continuous because—"Go to your room, Mickey!"—space is continuous.
Space is continuous because—"Cut corners, Mickey!"—space is not a piece of cake.
Cake is not infinitely div-is-ible but—"For god's sake, Mickey!"—god is able to be.

Double-Down

YOU ARE THE BEST CANDIDATE! *For a fresh double-down?*

Decorative Cosmetics Chemists. *(That's like putting perfume on a pig.)*

Health Care Compliance Analysts. *(There are Bobs with no health insurance, and They Live.)*

BE AMONG THE FIRST TO APPLY! *For a trash bubble-gum . . .*

Profile

Menu. Organizer. Alarm Clock. Alarm. Off. Save. Back.

Log. Dialed Numbers (None). Received Calls (None). Clear Log Lists. Missed Calls. Back. Back.

Contacts. Delete All Contacts. From Phone Memory. Yes. From SIM Card. Yes. Back. Back.

Settings. Profiles. Silent. Personalize. Profile Expires (When martin Expires).

Marshal

Marshal martin tends the horses.

Tended horses marshal martin.

"Hey, horses of courses, endorphins of dolphins, some marsh/meadow, some grace to graze!"

Neigh—rough, green, PLOP!, take a leak, take a drop, feathers, FedEx—some double boggy!

Rainbow

*** TRY TO STRAIGHTEN THE RAINBOW ARC ***

*** THERE ARE NO STRAIGHT LINES IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE ***

Lackadaisically bombastic LGBTQRSTUVWXYZ banana stickers (straight from *Ted-n'-Theia*).
Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high! Oh oh oh oh oh! Oh, why can't I? [straight.flac(k)]

Broiler

Isolated from a broiler processing plant were all five strains of *Enterococcus viikkinensis*.

BROILER PROCESSING PLANT re-enters Mickey's focused lenses.

Young chicken (suitable for barbecuing). Treated by a special method (with diligence).

Mickey (suitable for kite-flying). Schooled (with negligence).

Noble Prize (1)

Befriend the door-opening dog owners.

Befriend the dogs of the door-opening dog owners.

Befriend the fleas of the dogs of the door-opening dog owners.

Befriend (*Afraid of dogs.*) reaction-time exercise routines, Ted.

Noble Prize (2)

Befriend the key cat owners.

Befriend the cats of the key cat owners.

Befriend the fleas of the cats of the key cat owners.

Befriend (*Rickettsia asembonensis?*) stopping showing off and starting showing up, Ted . . .

Noble Prize (3)

Sweden?—Know why?—No, why, Theia?—No way!—Norway?—Stockholm!—Stockholm?
The Noble Prize in Cereals ceremonies, banquets, punch balls, scotch whiskas, sponge biscuits.
And dramatic bank robbery affection realignment? The trouble meets the rubber, sweethard.
Let's call it quits, robber—and realign in Sweden. Befriend the doorway leading to—Norway?

Surgeon

Two borderline rings linked by a chain put a stop to Ted's zigzagging the line in the sand.
Say this before the border patrol stops the siren with the tip of Ted's nose, Ted: *i am a poet*.
Theia, drawing a dividing line between her two hemispheres, belly-aches all over.
Say this before Theia starts shaking, Ted: *i am a surgeon of the central and peripheral system*.

Wind

i am stretched out on my rattan chair in the 35-by-70-inches living room.

The phone rang at 7:15.

I was stretched out on my rattan chair in the living room . . .

Has the phone been ringing for two hours or have i been HEARing THE WIND SINGing?

Mousetrap

Where an entrance, there an exit, Shaman nods.

"Where an entrance, there an exit!" Sham-man assents.

Where Sham-man, there mousetraps, Shaman nods.

Where a mousetrap, there—"a release!"—there a release, Shaman nods. Shamouse ascends.

Roller-Coaster

To start crying, Brian eats one raw onion. To start laughing, Brian eats another one.

To start rolling on the floor, Brian eats one (?), two (?), three (?), six raw cloves of garlic.

"Two onions, 14. Half a head of garlic, 6. Two peppermint tea bags, 14. One spearmint gum, 6."

One emotional roller-coaster ride—"Club card?" (?) "One click to clique . . ." (?)—"40 cents."

Fast Asleep

Not seeing any bell, Theia knocks on the door.

Not seeing any door to knock on, Theia knocks the wall down (not waiting for the wind, duh).

Not seeing any wall to knock down, Theia breaks through the window.

No bed. No whore. Only Ted, covered with shards of crisp air, fast asleep on the floor.

Q & A

"Pot or potatoes?" (*Solanum*—soil-soaked, solar-colored). The latter.

"Valium or *Allium*?" (*Das Sedativum* or *cepa-n'-sativum*.) Ditto.

"Coke or coke?" (Good questions have no answers.) Butt(hisoneismorethantrivialtrivial)er.

"Meth or *Mentha*?" . . . Danke. ☺ ☺ "Cash, credit card, check, or crypto?" Never mind. "?!?!"—

Folder Options (1)

CONTROL PANEL. FOLDER OPTIONS. SHOW HIDDEN FILES AND FOLDERS. VIEW.

[] DON'T SHOW HIDDEN FILES. FOLDERS, AND DRIVES.

[x] SHOW HIDDEN FILES. FOLDERS, AND DRIVES.

See:Losers/martin/Documents (*.txt) martin is a .mental midge .t

Folder Options (2)

CONTROL PANEL. FOLDER OPTIONS. SHOW HIDDEN FILES AND FOLDERS. VIEW.

DON'T SHOW HIDDEN FILES. FOLDERS, AND DRIVES.

SHOW HIDDEN FILES. FOLDERS, AND DRIVES.

C:\Users\martin\Documents (*.txt) martin is a midge

Scrubbing

Want to leave a mark in the funfair park? *Gosh!* (It's night now.)

Like scrubbing sh—adowy public toilet bowls with a toothbrush? *Swoosh!* (It's right now.)

Even a mundane task, when repeated over and over (and over) . . . *Flash!* (It's light now.)

Sh—it happens and happens (and happens) . . . Just do it, Mark. *Flush!* (It's WHITE NOW.)

Serpents (1)

In the hut.

Terrible intertwined serpents (twins) glide.

And many creatures crawl about.

But the shaveling, gone to this empty hut for the winter, stirs not a hair because of them.

Serpents (2)

In the cell nucleus.

Mutation-prone double-stranded deoxyribonucleic acids (dsDNAs) are located.

And error-prone DNA maintenance and expression machineries function.

Cryo-electron microscopy reveals near-atomic resolution structure of the prespliceosome.

Choice

In the time of loss, Mickey makes Mickey Mickey's boss.

In the time of gain, Mickey reminds Mickey: *math is A zero-sum game.*

In the time of pain, Mickey reminds Mickey: *suFFering is a matter of choice.*

In the time of pleasure, SURF-RIDING THE TOPS OF TRAINS IS A MATTER OF NOISE.

Dining Table

If fearing hunger is more dreadful than the hunger itself . . .

Why, pye-dog, fearing the idea of 'a smörgåsbord-free fable'?

If fearing death is more dreadful than the death itself . . .

Why, martin, fearing the idea of 'a disassembled IKEA dining table'?

Dream

martin has a dream. martin still has a dream.

The dream is very vague, but martin not one bit fake.

A dream deeply rooted in martin. A dream that one day . . .

The reality is very vivid, and martin (a dream estate agent) not one bit timid.

Workforce (1)

THE MAXIMUM PANCAKE INSTITUTE IS COMMITTED

Ted, too, is committed—not to commit (apricot-jam pancakes) withdrawal-induced suicide.

TO INCREASING THE NUMBER OF INDIVIDUALS

The Cluster F★ck Institute?

Workforce (2)

WITH DISABILITIES

The Cluster B★mb Institute?

IN ITS WORKFORCE

Is the disability a prerequisite for the work or a consequence of the force?

Workforce (3)

AND THEREFORE ENCOURAGES

Ted smells a fat rat . . . The Liver Paste Institute?

APPLICATIONS FROM SUCH QUALIFIED INDIVIDUALS

The partially disqualified lab rat is the fully qualified workhorse!

Workforce (4)

"The right one for a right-hander to stand a chance, Ted."

All right, Theia. The final countdown. Slam the door shut.

"Nine, ten, eleven, noon, one, two, three, four, f*—!" THUD.

Does occasional difficulty in telling left from right count as a disability? "Fat chance." THUD.

Jump

Bob jumps ship to swim with sharks in the open sea to jump the shark.

What the heck? The shark is a hack, so Bob plays hide-n'-seek with tigers in the woods.

That cat won't jump? Tigers are no bobcats, so don't jump on the bandwagon.

When an ambush jumps at Bob, Bob jumps the track. But don't jump to conclusions.

One Thousand

"Who cares?" Not a valid question. martin does not say, *one thousand*.

If martin should say, *one thousand*, in that case this would be a valid question, 'Who cares?'

But martin does not speak thus. Since martin does not speak thus, if one should ask martin—

"Oh, please!" *Ten thousand*. "Oh, please!" *One thousand and one?*

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

ROOT



POEMS