

THREADBARE

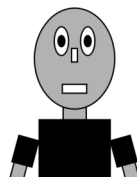


POEMS

THREADBARE



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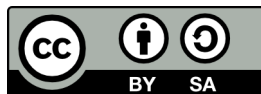


Threadbare

Poems 1601–1700

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Despite jettisoning the light
Burden of threadbare leaves
These deciduous trees stay put

Threadbare 1696

Stride

Mrs Counselor diverted Mickey from Mickey's path to the playground and toward the school.
"Anyone capable of skipping school, Mickey, is also capable of surviving its effects."
Mickey's initial intent not to match Mrs Counselor stride for stride intensified step by step.
With the 1601st stride shorter than the 1600th . . . "It's going to take us *forever*." Mickey froze.

Women

Three women—Jackie, Jane, and Jemima—rushed in.

(The garage had no time to notice all their undoings.)

Jack, John, and Jim left—a space of time for quiet observation.

The whole effect was heightened by torch flares! The only drawback was that it got messy.

Associates

Johnson: One's net worth, associates, is the average of one's innermost network.

Jackson: Jack, Jackie, Jackson. **Jimson:** Jim, Jemima, Jimson.

Johnson: One cannot count oneself: John, Jane, Johnson. Jee!, one cannot self-dissociate.

By an ultra-DEEP-BASS-sound son-ification, the list of dissociables crystallizes, ap-parents.

Ganglions

On the whole, Brian has been seriously dead, er, dead serious [*Don't laugh!*—ed. Ted], since day one. Every factual day Brian tackles the six-feet-food-desert reality as if it were a mere fiction! Without the getaway death brings to life, Brian's brain would keep circling the drain/manhole. Brian's peripheral gang of lions consists of, *ohoh!*, is insisting on getting down to serious roaring.

Yelp

Writing's not that easy, yelpers, but "Grr!" Ted can't help but yelp: *Hello, playful whelp. "Err!"*
Yep, 'These pinpoint pinschers bite for real!' consists solely of originally stolen checkmate!rial.
Ted tiptoes around WEES-n'-WOOs by mixing Xs-n'-Os in two this stinks, er, distinct ways:
Vertic-horizont-ally, to conceal the source. Diagonally, to reveal Ted's furniture, er, signature code.

Endosymbiosis

Tim's ankle rolling on the curb laughing provides a swelling incentive for Tim to amplify the greet:
EXPEDIENT renunciation of cupidity breeds still greater stupidity.

Tim ends the day, as usual, as the boss of commuters-with-computers at a subway entrance:

Tim's ONE WAY street sign reads: ENDOSYMBIOSIS LEADS TO LOSS OF INDEPENDENCE, HALF-BREEDS.

Angst

Bobby: One thousand six hundred seven, as many as cars in a traffic jam or stars in Heaven.

Bob: Our enemies are numerous; (but they are allies, and allies fight each other;) and onerous.

Bobby: What if all the Gangstas (m)align against us?! (All eyes on us!!!)

Bob: They'll give us a motive to rob each one of them of *a G*; the escapees we'll burn in effigy.

Superpower

CAMOUFLAGED Mickey has AN INFINITE SUPPLY OF
One pencil with SUPERPOWER ERASER tip, Mr Paperclip.

“It’s always a fault to have only one, Mickey; second pencil is equivalent to ADDITIONAL LIMB.”

Mickey has **acquired SUPERPOWER: EMISSION: (TH)INK GENERATION.**

High-Stepping

Enough of this outside life . . . TOO MANY PLAYERS ON THE FIELD.

. . . After high-stepping, Ted invites 106 teammates for a: *Ce-rebel-lar cele-brat-ion!*

Ted's head—SAFETY. *Touchdown!*—meets hell: the artificial grass(hopper hops away . . .).

Enough of the 'safety first'! The bottom-of-the-pile-reaching sun-rays show no dislocated joy (sic).

Nectar

Gods are pleased just by looking at (the pale specter of Mickey bathing in) the morning nectar.
The light Mickey's dark s(k)in fails to absorb Mickey drinks from Mickey's cupped hands. *Slurp.*
Let there be rain at the end of the cup-turned-funnel! Mickey bottles the diluted immortality up.
Burp. Gods are certainly more volatile than the cheat-sheet market in the summer doldrums.

Prudent (1)

Johnson: Let's make a contingency plan that will account for the danger of testing POSITIVE.

Jimson: Let's be great, let's be great, let's be great. RW3.

Jackson: Let's do something special, baby, one play at a time, baby. PM15.

Johnson: How about TB12's unbelievable, 'How the BEEP did you catch that!?'

Prudent (2)

Jackson: TB12 would never say BEEP.

Johnson: We've never been to RG87's BEEPing party.

Jimson: 101 about COVID-19: It's as contagious as FUCK but 1612 times less infectious.

Jackson: 32 FUCKed-up hotspots in North America. Look, the land of oaks is cold! Deserted?

Prudent (3)

Jimson: True as FUCK. Jon Gruden can knock down the wood without knocking on a tree.

Johnson: No real names, Jesus Christ!, let's be(ep) prudent. 'Let's go eat a goddamn snack!'

Jackson: Rex Ryan! Speaking of real kings, let's zoom in on our virtual kingdom of negativity.

Johnson: Let's 'See without being seen,' cough-cough, 'reconnoitre and screen.' Ice cream?

Predication

There is a cat: The cat \exists ists: \exists cat.

The cat is asleep: That the cat is dead is a Predi-cat-ion: P(cat).

Three is one third of nine: The six-times Dead cat is identical with the thrice Alive cat: $6D=3A$.

Ted traps RECORD *cat, riddle Ted: a lion, crap!, leaves the trap that caught a STOP* in a loop.

Thistly

Tim lets one lady know that she looks beautiful, that the facemask shows her to advantage.
To advance Tim's knowledge of another lady, Tim is willing to take her titties for real entities.
Third one, unprovoked!, points at the thistly thicket; whistling Tim issues a \$peeding ticket.
Time runs the show with relentless intensity, repentless Tim ruins the how in tenth city.

Paper Trail (1)

Bobby: It looks good on fake paper. A real green paper CHASE!
for sheet in roll:

```
sheets.append(sheet.replace("NOTE", "NOT").replace("FEDERAL", "FERAL").replace(1, 10000))
```

Bob: Empirical evidence flav0rs 0ur undertaking: whether 0f rice 0r raisin, the price is rising.

Paper Trail (2)

Bobby: Gubmints print tons of veily bang!notes daily, we (announce an ounce of) help *gaily!*
for sheet in reversed(sheets):

```
print(sheet.replace("IN GOD WE TRUST", "INK. GOLD WON'T RUST."))
```

Once the shit-on-sheet dries, the two paper pushers set pen to paper to paper over the paper trail.

Achoo (1)

Two strangers (avengers? strangely, no) ask the shortest way of rangeless Tim.

The 1618-yard tRIP starts at Tim's ferny sojourn, with a pause after the first step forward.

Bob: The farther from the ground zero the start . . .

Bobby: And the further the first pause—slow, chewable breakfast break!—is postponed . . .

Achoo (2)

Yep, the longer the journey. And yep, the longer the day's travel. Now, if no devil to pay . . .

(Bobby: A guilele\$\$ guide or an in\$idiou\$ in\$tructor? **Bob:** Either way, a hell of a time ahead.)

Every fair-n'-square way roughens, spirals out of control! Endless misery—ACHOO!

(God\$ ble\$\$ed Tim.) ESCHEW!—Endless mystery, guys, every day from this day onward!

Back Office (1)

Bobby: Not the busiest bus stop.

Bob: Nothing tragic, just another day at the back office . . .

Bob presses Bob's tragi to cover two of Bob's nine orifices.

Bob: A sound of a moving chariot, buddy.

Back Office (2)

Bobby follows in Bob's footsteps (and jumps on the bandwagon).

Bobby: A box-office bomb-turned-blockbuster. **Bob:** No emotion, no fuel; no fuel, no motion.

Bobby presses . . . and bursts into f(l)ame with 'A bona fide burning bonfire!!!'

Bob-n'-Bobby march side-by-side but each to the beat of his own eardrums.

Latchkey (1)

Sun solves all its problems the light bulb-like moment it arises.

When all is said-n'-done, Sun is set-n'-gone.

Two lite (zero-sugar, zero-sweetness, zero-ethanol, maximum-laughing) watered-up jokes already!

Cut the comedy, Mickey, cut it out. *Ready, set, go. Go light on Sun.* Funny sunny stuff.

Latchkey (2)

'What comes around goes around *playground*' is *not* not as insightful as it sounds.
Sun's daily challenge is 'to rise with Sun,' Mickey's 'to raise eggs to the power of why.'
Are you beginning to see the light, *all-you-can-shit-you-can-eat* lunatics?
Perhaps a (one billionth billion—(hu)many!) light bulb going off in your brains?

Latchkey (3)

Make hays, and stack them, and throw in needles; in short, have a productive day!

Found the needles while Sun shines? If Sun could, Sun would rain on your tickert-ape parades.

Instead, scorched Earth is torched Sun's messenger.

Who writes *this* stuff? Mickey. Get the message?

Latchkey (4)

Is Sun being too cheap-n'-cheerful? Life is cheap when it is expensive to live.

That Sun is not just sitting idly on a gold mine may have escaped your not(-made-of-)ice.

Sun is always unfazed, even when faced with 'light-emitting diode' misnomers.

Unlike LED, Sun—*is a gnomer!*—dies old, although, admittedly, without ever emitting light.

Latchkey (5)

In the unlikely event of Sun needing to be beamed up in the evening, there is Mickey.
And yes, sun rises-n'-sets on Mickey, the key latchkey kid. No door, no do-over.

Luckily, there are places where Sun does not shine, assholes!

Mickey is right, Sun's curiosity has its limits. Syllabify politeness: 魄-lite-mess? Ab-sol-ved.

Histology

CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT IN THE MAKING: TED FALLS FROM A HICKORY! | TISSUE 1627

Ted on the top of his sinew-scattering game on the wrong side of his building the 1627th story

Historically, Ted's life is of no little compound interest to Ted only from the insight into death.

And the dreamy rest is ancient histology. And the . . . [history repeats itself—ed. Ted].

Rumble

Bobby: *Smaller* than the *smallest* bite. **Bob:** And yet, *bigger* than the *biggest* cRUMBLE.

Bobby: The nutritional *content* of a paper-thin orange-green carrot circle is *unsatisfactory*.

Bob: And yet, the square root of a square *meal prevents* two shit factories from shutting down.

*Empha*SIZED retrospectively to subdue the digestive pouches' original, too suggestive, speeches.

Thanatoid

The civil-disturbance/control-n'-display/chemical-dispensing/collateral-damage unit arrives.
Jackson trusts the pocket-knifey process of thrusting Jackson's hands into Jackson's pocket.
Johnson uses every thanatoid trick in the celestial transfer book to lose the cops' attention.
Jimson's 'Not really my scene, sirs,' creates no stir, justifies 'creatures deformed by uniformity!'

Half-Frowner

A bout of emesis is about to refuel Ted's in-depth review of Ted's superficial survey of Nemesis. 'Make a dent? What is *blargh* Ted, choppy, er, chopped river, er, liver?,' Ted interrogates Life. Death is a life support device that maintains-n'-invigorates Ted's essential *blargh* functions. Not by accident is Ted a half-(s)miler. That is to say, in the long run, Ted is here to *blargh* stay.

Opt-Outs (1)

BOBBY IS OPTING OUT.

Bob: What pre-existing condition?

Bobby: Redskins flayed Redskins!

Bob: Dwayne has skins.

Opt-Outs (2)

BOB IS OPTING OUT.

Bobby: What premonitory symptom?

Bob: Contact-tracing wristbands . . .

Bobby: Montez absorbs sweat.

Troubleshooters (1)

Jack, with a stretched slingshot, checks with John.

John, with outstretched arms, checks with Jim.

Jim, holding the bag (of steel balls), nods: *A long shot.*

Jackie, Jane, and Jemima enter with a SHRIEK followed by a short silence—'Troubleshooters!'

Troubleshooters (2)

- John's bookmark locates the bullet: *Garbage in*.
- Jack's knife cuts the bullet out: *Garbage out*.

Jim's nerves of steel—*garage in, garage out*—bullet-free.

- Jim (the mastermind? a bit of a stretch) eyed by Jemima with Jack's slingshot, points at Jim.

Anthood

In anticipation of dissipation, let a ruthless ant address the assembly of ten()ants. Anthood!
Ten thousand?—Indeed. Forgive a conscientious ant’s willful ignorance, contentious ants.
Not to forgive an ennuying ant is: not to give up resentment is: to nurture ill-hill. Annul me.
Equating daily anthill affairs with annual AIN’T IT HILLARIOUS! fair is with (t)ruth a tenet tenable.

Indrawal

“Take in, abdominally, as much air as possible,” Bob instructs not-out-of-the-blue bluish Bobby. Bobby’s belly is moving slowly outward while Bobby’s chest remains relatively still and empty. Interestingly, Bob’s ATM withdrawal seems not to be powered by Bobby’s atmosphere indrawal. Bobby exhales, for once, more air than Bobby inhaled and blows Bobby’s chest out of proportion!

Floater

A right-on-cue rescue wheel would rob Ted of the opportunity to hit the lifeguard, er, bottom.
The lower . . . the floor, the higher . . . the upside: *Resurfacing area (Ted feels blue: no swimming!)*.
ABSENCE OF FLAG DOES NOT ASSURE SAFE WATER—“Yuck, a floater floating facedown!”
Ted’s biggest single-season turnaround is right around the PURPLE cornfield, er, t~d~l w~v~

Ghosts

Bobby: It is said, 'Ghosts that fool all and hide yard do (not) exist.'

Bob: Says who? Ghosts themselves are dubious about their existence, woolliness, and width.

Bobby: What if, while camping with them in the cement city, we set the said in cement?

Bob: We would acknowledge their imprint on *our ghostly, handwritten, gravely mistaken lives*.

Ceremonial

The first shriveled grape for Mary, the second ㄥ for the god ㄨ of d(r)ying, the third for—

“Why stand on so munch, on so much ceremony ㄨ, Mickey, for grape’s or raisin’s sake?”

M u n c h. (Mickey is enjoying a perennially superseded brunch in a grapeyard.) *M u n c h.*

“Why making a big jawy deal out of suppering the last, duh, meal of the day, first things first?”

Bubbleblowers

Bob: Gods do not eat bread, nor pink slime. **Bobby:** Nor drink wine, Bobby has read.

(Thus did Bob-n'-Bobby converse before emptying their wire baskets and refilling the shelves.)

Bob: Bubble water. Ask it. **Bobby:** Bubble solution, Mr Clerk. To each his own. Outdoor air priced in?
(Bobby did as Bob said.) Two bubbleblowers rinsing their mouths out with soap. No sham(e), no pain.

Truce

A truce between Bob-n'-Bobby and Bob-n'-Bobby has been agreed upon!

To allow Bob-n'-Bobby to bury dead letters and burn dead ends.

Tonight, a peace council in an area in a woods from which trees have been removed will take place!

To this end, Bob sets about clearing the clearing off the corpses, Bobby about bringing in wood.

Monument

Slow down, Brian heard about deep learning but its impression into Brian's brain was rather shallow. Brian is now converting a poppy-red brick wall into a heap of assorted pieces in a game of reverse Tetris. TO UNDO THESE CHANGES, PRESS CTRL-Z pops up, like poppy flowers, in an unkempt axonside ditch. Ctrl-y would Brian destroy the monument of early autumn mid-afternoon late heat of the moment?

Citizen

First, Brian is not a citizen, in spite of spitting within the bounds of a city, nor a forsaken foreskin.
Second, wait a second. *Ptooley*. No, no second thoughts. Brian's brain cells form a league of Brian's own.
As a pisser . . . (Brian is taking a leak) . . . Brian knows no com . . . passion . . . as well as . . . petition.
No, Brian is not a pissed-on/off, second-class citi-zen; by any stretch of Brian's nonimaginary prepuce.

Seventy Decibels (1)

No fans, sitting or standing, in the seats-only stands.

Not playing, just yet, the layer-stressed, er, -dressed, players act:

Some standing, others kneeling—not one gesturing against the flag, yellow or red or.

Lockett was always open! “The first half is not yet over: Two seconds remaining on the clock.”

Seventy Decibels (2)

The sun, via Ted's magnifying glass, vandalized the endzone sign: END RAYS' SCHISM.

As when the lunatics air their asylum, so (ch)eerily similar is the suburban electricity turned into sound.

Seventy debiles, er, decibels! Let Ted speak the loudspeaker's mind! No offense, browns, but no defense!

NO JERSEY SWAPS AFTER THE GAME triggers 'Go U.S. Postal!' in some players, *Go postal!* in Ted.

Freshly Lifeless

Bob: Sleep is Death's very close relative. (**Bobby:** From Bob's warts-n'-all arsenal a verrucose lullaby.)

Bob: Do not overdo it with oversleeping—the mor(t)al of the un(th)inkoutable myth, methinks.

Bobby: The strong stench of freshly lifeless Bobby will wake me up, mestinks, within, say, 1646 hours.

Bob: Absolutely. **Bobby:** Flattery leaves Bobby flat. And that's flat! **Bob:** Bob salutes Bobby.

Bye-Week

People, still sleepy—a sidewalk effect of too little or too much sleep?—swarming out.

"Time is up, Tim. Let passers-by become by-gones. Good bye!"

Not too early in the fall for weak one-dollar bills' bye-week?

Swarming out like drowsy wasps whose nests, poked by the sun beams, are by the roadside.

Broadcast Booth

*Done for the game, er, season. Er, has suffered a career-, er, life-ending injury! (Automatic timeout?)
Ted will be back in the broadcast booth with more colorful commentary after these boot(h)less messages:*
YOUR PREMIUMS STAY THE SAME YOUR ENTIRE LIFE WITH WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE.
AND YOU HAVE A GUARANTEE OF LIFETIME COVERAGE.

Detour

“To play in the sandbox, Mickey, be in the sandbox: Repurpose the sand(wich)box!” Mickey strikes a deal. No conditions (a splinter tested, and tasted, as one wood expect, good), only term(ite)s: “The school is?” *Much like the kindergarden was, tremblers at the sight of timber, but with fewer stainless-steel seesaws.* Tomorrow, Mickey will take a detour on Mickey’s way to the full-scale sandbox to see the must-see sawdust.

Unsportsmanlike

Mickey feeding squirrels from a sack of unmixed nuts . . . *Intentional groundnutting!* notwithstanding. Back in school, Mickey throwing no pass looks at Mr Substitute Teacher. "Unsportsmanlike conduct." Mickey toe-dragging . . . *Catch!* "Ineligible cheatsheet receiver down the narrow aisle." Mary cheering on. "Taunting." *Declined.* "The end of the game." *Finally!* "Excessive celebration. Five-minute penalty."

Champion

Ted's roomy studio? Errorless [*Nobody watching, champignons mushrooming!*—ed. Ted], er, mirrorless.
Ted's opinioned confidence comes from demonstraTed debility, er, its mirror image, monstrous ability.
Outside Ted's periferal [peripheral?], meadowy dwelling—Ted's at home: *!srorrim yb enod lla*
Ted can help Ted admire Ted for [retract it!] Ted's miring Ted up [distorted?] with refracted [aha!] ideas.

Medical Tent

Jack: In for Jim (who is in the medical tent with a ton of simple blank mind-like symptoms).

John: Just a matter of time before Jim is back . . . (**John:** As a matter of form, Jim, what's the matter?)

Jim: Matters of life—and death, for that matter—regular but sparse, like the hash marks.)

Jim's blank, balanced look has just been cleared. Just like John's book of blank checks, Jim bounces back.

Washing Machine (1)

First of all, the raindrop that dropped into roundabouting Mickey's thirsty mouth was of lemon flavor. Next, the TRUE MICKEY text print survived second SPRINT, the ultra-short washing machine program. Clean dirt. Unpeelable, like Mickey from the swing. Truly unbelievable extra small long-sleeve T-shirt. *All external factors are (m)aligned*—Mickey paused, like a rehearser, for wicked effect—in Mickey's favor!

Washing Machine (2)

Mickey turned the wheel of fortune 540 degrees, to the tune of half the circle.

PROGRAM: BABY PROTECT. TEMPERATURE: 86 | 104 | 140 | 194 F. *F for fire-n'-heat.*

The drum stopped turning. Mickey wisely anticipated a reversal, antiwisely wished to participate. PAUSE.

Legs first. Arms first. Head first. *Roundabout!* RESUME. (Mickey went full circle.)

Text

Tax Bob's possessions, weak links at the end of the food chain: Ax Bob.

But vex Bob not with weeping and lamentation if next man up is a manchild.

Bobby: WORDS FOR COUNSEL. BLOWS FOR BATTLE. TEXT ME BACK OR NOT.

No need to emphasize, there you have it!, or draw attention to, the simplicity of drawing blood.

Scatter Plot

*Thrice Ted plotTed Ted against Ted, connectTed the dot with an arbitrary origin, and thrice Ted got R-squared of one!
Before raising the (error) bar(s), Ted grabbed the exploded wedge of Ted's imploded plum butter pie.
And the take-home sausage, er, message? Ted has delivered again! Take it (out) or leave it (here).
And with that, the disfigured gathering was, Ted figured, not sooner formed than scattered.*

Sensational

Jackson soaking in *Bloody Sunday*. Johnson floating on *The Darkest Cloud*.

Jimson shitting bananas with a peel into a pothole, making one sensational splash after another.

Jackson: Kick that shit! **Johnson:** Hold up, indent the floatation devices and put them in stanzas.

Jimson: *Senza espressione*. Have a nice *senza tempo* day, the nicest. After it rains. Skeletal remains-n'-entrails.

Commander

This is a cement, er, comment. The quick fox, er, fix, is in. The fix command comes in many flavors.
THE_FIRST_WORD is the command name; all successful, er, successive words in the line are the arguments.
BE_IN_A_FIX 1658 # is what Ted, the arguing commander, in Ted's placid waiver, automagically favors.
GET_OUT_OF_A_FIX yes # takes yes as no (escapes "takes no argument, yes given"), FIX by 1 augments.

Token (1)

Brian could rub Brian's (eye)balls to see why Brian cannot make heads nor tails of "Where Brian heading?"
Brian could tap into the fountain; or bruise Brian's coccyx, and then question Brian's cock.
Brian's cock would request from Brian, in exchange for an erect answer, to swear.
Brian would squeeze Brian's head, and then scratch the one on the top of Brian's neck.

Token (2)

Coulda. Woulda. Brian tosses the abandoned shopping-cart coin, found by Brian by the fountain, in the air. (Brian wrapped up trying to wrap the fountainhead around Brian's misty head kept up.) The coin turns around in the air, and the shopping cart with the coin-turned-token comes crashing down. "The cage has dropped!" is one of the tokens thrown at Brian by the Thursday shopper.

Random Forest

To decide whether to plant a tree or not Ted plants a decision tree—1661 decision trees.

By merging the desiccated trees on the verge of tears into a random rain forest, the big picture submerges.

(Pineneedless to say, the random rain adds additional randomness into Ted's derision-making.)

If there are enough trees in the forest: DO NOT PLANT A TREE is not overfitted: Ted decides as Ted sees fit.

Cum Laude

CAUGHT ON CAM: Ted calls a busty grammar-girl uncu-, er, unen-cumbered by her business acumen!

“Off Theia’s wet webcam, Theia can sexplain *cum* to Ted in plain language: Come over. *Cum* all over Theia.”

A farce-free sexample sentence for a sandwich-eating Ted to parse on Ted’s way to Theia’s wordshop, er, whoreshop?

“If Ted allows, Theia swallows Ted’s swollen balls *along with Ted’s load* (uncountable) *with* loud distinction.”

Suspense

Loss of down: fourth BEEP! The sleep is under further review . . .

The ruling on the field stands: first SNooZe, Ted.

Loss of dawn: turnover on sunset!—A sentence which is imposed but remains in suspense.

Ted turns over only to face the reality of the dream: No further interference within the stipulaTed period!

Pun Returner (1)

As with lifelines, and catch-up classes!, Mickey kicks the air-filled rubber back to the punter.
And with that Mickey fields Mickey's questionable ability to return the prolate spheroid for good.
*Besides, Mr Assistant of Assistant of Assistant of Assistant of Special Teams Assistant Coach:
Aren't there two sidelines to every question about the cockroach theory?*

Pun Returner (2)

Mickey is sent to the locker-room, to the shower. *However, QUESTIONABLE TO RETURN won't come off!*
As far as "Fuck off, Mickey!" goes, off Mickey goes; the forward walk-in walks out backwards.
A sound cloud hovers over Mickey until, after a mile or so, Mickey's wide smile receives it with open arms:
Who shouted after Mickey? (As a rule of dumbbed-down, Mickey's thumb up for safeties is a safe bet.)

Pun Returner (3)

Not besides the point is Mickey's forefinger pointing at the linebackers.

Mickey's middle finger neutralizes the defensive ends' offensive beginning.

The cornerbacks start running in circles when the wind blows the whistle dangling on Mickey's ring finger.

Mickey's little fingers placed side-by-side finally blot out the OBeSe TACKLES at the line of screamage.

Stasis

Brian follows Brian's brain's instructions on a need-to-be-distracted basis.

"Restate the thesis, Ted; save the world! without 'provoking, er, invoking' deus ex machina."

Brian's brain follows Brian's instructions on a late-October need to destruct stasis?

*"Okay." (Theia also okays Ted's bookcase, er, bouquets of daisies, *Bell perennis*), Ted's ballpens, balls, penis.)*

Reciprocated (1)

Who would ever leash an orange cat to the sunshade pole in the middle of a 15-by-15 ft backyard!?
The neighbors on the ground floor who got in on the ground floor of aiming at taming a cat, and the weeds.
On the three wall-less sides, an unjumpoverable! wire mesh sepaRATes the cat from the rat-rich world.
On the 5-by-10 ft third-floor balcony, Mickey's laughing eyes go with Mickey's eye sockets: *Let's roll.*

Reciprocated (2)

The walked-by-the-bipedal-folks dogs in the park(ing lot) stopped barking at Mickey a while ago:
When Mickey figured out that the dogs posed little danger, the dogmatic dogs reciprocated.
As for this let-itself-go crossbreed orange dog—*Hi!*—it ignored Mickey from the get-go:
The first encounter with the half-stray, cat-like non-barker began with the dog letting Mickey go by.

Azure Skies (1)

Tim lands one foot on the pa(ve/y)ment and the other on the manhole co—"Out of bounds!"
(*Verily, may all the gods who dwell above run for cover!*)

For mankind covets—Tim is bound to say, *that is to say, covids*—togethertocoughcoughness.

"#Facemask, if you ask me!"—"#MeToo."—"An #asshole in a #manhole."—"#Rinse, #wash, #retweet!"

Azure Skies (2)

There is a time of morn when Tim seizes the moment in the form of manhole steps: 1671, 1670, 1669 . . .
. . . Tim reassures Tim's resurfaced face by taking a look below the surface of the azure skies.
Now is not the time to scratch the sour faces with *Good mourning, guys!* but—"Roughing the passer-by!"
Well, the road by Tim not taken reminds Tim of one age-old adage: *Never take the asphalt road for granite.*

Array (1)

[[\$1 \$1 \$1] . . . [\$1672 \$1672 \$1672]]

Jack: Too large to be printed out rather than perforated to make it easier to tear.

John: Let's cut corners of the 5th Avenue from the corners of our eyes and—

Jim: And skip the Central Park.

Array (2)

Jack arrives at an empty array, Jim at a full ashtray, and—

John: Let the rest arrive to the audience by narration.

Jim's suggestive proposal (to populate Jack's array exclusively with John's zeros), alive on arrival, went awry.

At the risk of painting the garage into a corner: Jim's act of emptying Jim's bowels took center stage.

Torrential

Mickey yawned, and who really coloRED the leaves, *virtually overnight!*, finally dawned on Mickey.
Mickey YELLED in a LOW voice into the inner-block void: *One spooky scoop of kiwi ice-cream, please!*
To no avail; Mickey was drowned out by the sCREAMing colors and by the cold, scorching? rain . . .
Mickey's nod cues Mickey's muddy shoes in: *All this shite, Mrs English, is only an occasional jocular form of—*

Guttural (1)

PROTEIN STRUCTURE FOR EX-PERTS | AN INAUGURAL LESSON BY A GUTTURAL MORON

The primary structure is the sequence of events that determines when Ted, er, how the protein, folds.

The secondary spiral, blood-red, is an alpha—oh my god!, omega as well—of Hell, er, an α -helix.

Now, let Ted choke—just a joke—*regurgitate* the bunch of decomposing secondary bananas: CEO, COO . . .

Guttural (2)

The errors, er, arrows—pointing at, and away from, Ted—form a sticky, in-deep-shit, er, β -sheet situation. And the ropes not spiraling out of shitty control? HALF PAST THREE. Loops: L for Lucy's boobs, er, leucine. Hang on! Loops keep Ted from hanging around three-letter coats of arms, one-letter codes for amino acids. (A good bad quarter of an hour later, DR TED is freed from the side-chains of aspartate and arginine.)

In Unison (1)

Multiple times, Brian (un)folded a multi-purpose pocket knife to sign Brian's very own death warrant.
"Will the real, *sensu-stricto* Brian, temporarily in late 30s, please stand up and be counted!"
Twice, Brian stood in front of, and opened, first from the inside, a third-floor French window:
Brian's 1677 forearm hairs stood up in unison, applauding and cheering, and chilling out.

In Unison (2)

Brian rubbed two unlike objects against each other to lose touch with temps dropping into upper 30s. The static electricity generated by Brian's two (duh) hemispheres changed the look of State a little: Atrocity. It took a finishing, down-to-earth touch for Brian to realize the unbearable lightness of stage diving: Some 1678 grass blades stood up in unison, applauding and cheering the resourceless crowdsourcing surfer.

Nonverbal

Jackie tilts her head, why, inviting Jack to what, to cut Jackie's throat or drink blood from carotid artery?
Jane flashes an eyebrow, which raises few eyebrows, most no, most notably John's. On the dining table?
Jim can make Jemima's sincere smile vanish in a mocking puff of Jim's herbal smoke from a mile away.
Jackson: Tender fender benders. **Johnson:** Game-over foreplays. **Jimson:** Nonverbal sign(-out)s.

Matrix

Among my, martin's, mad tricks? All things matrix, hinging upon a short pause between two silly labels.
`print("-".join(["".join(root) for root in np.array([martin for martin in "martin"]).reshape((2,3))]))`
mar-tin does, on the tin!, what **no problem** imported as **np** caws about crows muffling the din of the city:
mar hinders *tin*'s approaching silver in luster, and taking a high polish, in the languid land of pale Poles.

Traffic Jam

DETOUR. ACCIDENT waiting to happen AHEAD: Strawberry-jammed EXPRESSWAY.

WORK in the war ZONE: BE READY TO STOP smiling.

NEW TRAFFIC PATTERN: ALL LANES YIELD.

Everlasting BLASTING ZONE: ONCOMING TRAFFIC HAS EXTENDED grin. END DETOUR.

Calculated Risk

Two dozen miniature, pressed-n'-stressed out toy tea cups would not fill concentraTed Ted's maxiature. One *sip* per paragraph, not per *sip* sentence. S p a c e d - o u t *sips*, *sips* separaTed one from another— By a daybreak. *Sip*. Ted's 1682nd calculaTed *siiiiiiip* is a gulpy gage at the bottom right corner of— Another pulpy, diluted page. INSTANT COFFEE REPLAY.

Poppy Seed Bun

Mickey's mouth, filled with four mouthfuls of a warm sweet poppy seed bun, popped open:

Up, Mrs En(g)lish, is (th)e blo(ck) of (t)ime allo(c)a(t)e(d) (t)o pun(ct)uation e(x)ercises.

Many a poppy seed fell, inadvertently!, on the classroom floor.

Mickey pointed to the delocalized fallen heroin(e) forerunner: *The. Time. Is. Up. Period!*

Succint

Once—Bobby reads—Bob saw Bobina in flagrante delicto. Bob's inspiring, direction-giving statement was . . .

Bobby: Was she soaked in delicious fragrance? **Bob:** Golden rain forest. Utterly disgusting. Tastes vary.

Bobby: Urine? Fuck! Yuck, that is. **Bob:** 842 squats, Bobby, for 'Fuck!' . 842 squats, Bob, for the aforesaid.

On two occasions—Bobby reads on—Bob's vision statement was a succinct, unuttered 'Division of labor.'

Sequence (1)

```
Mickey has no choice but to make a random.choice([]).  
raise IndexError("Mickey cannot choose from an empty (con)sequence!")  
random.choice(["F(l)ight"])  
IndexError: "F(l)ight" (from) whom? VIEW SUGGESTIONS BEFORE ACCEPTING EDITS.
```

Sequence (2)

Take the mitts off, Mickey, pinpoint thy choice, and, above all, take the credit.

a) Pin the adversary on the wall and walk, backwards, away.

b) Look at the clouds above and rush the leaves of ash under thy feet.

c) Walk, backwards, away and watch the adversary pinpoint out of sight.

White Chocolate (1)

*Love—Ted once told one woman who happened to stay at Ted's place—is like a bottle of fresh milk.
Open the bottle, drink it up at once, rinse the bottle, crumple it, and throw it away (into the yellow container).
Or pour yourself a glass, put the cap back on the bottle, and put your head, er, the bottle, back in the refrigerator.
(For illustration, Ted opened the refrigerator, grabbed two unopened bottles of fresh milk, and . . .)*

White Chocolate (2)

Ted threw up into the sunlit, by Ted freshly vinegared—it was Sunday afternoon—kitchen sink.
BEST *puke* BEFORE 11·16·2020.

Ted went back to the store to trade the foul bottle for another one . . .

(She threw the backupkeys into Ted's—the one with namelessplate—mailbox and went whoknowswhere.)

White Chocolate (3)

MY SHIFT ENDS IN TWENTY MINUTES.

Ted's gaze shifted downwards, from her face to her BrEAsts, er, nametag.

MY NAME IS: BEA. CASHIER. MAY I HELP YOU?

"No receipt, Sir, no exchange. The blue container. Fish it out. Good luck. Don't flood the parking lot."

White Chocolate (4)

Never mind the spoiled love, er, milk. The cheapest white chocolate with vanilla flavor for Ted.

“Bea is more expensive, but the quality of Bea’s melting at Ted’s body temperature is worth the price.”

While waiting for BEA-turned-Bea outside, Ted parked a lot of recklessly abandoned shopping carts.

Two washing machines’ worth of quarters. And one drier’s unworth of tokens.—“That will do it.”

Demolition

After 1690 memorable forewarnings of demolition, the present Brian fast-forwards, pauses, stops. Stretched taut, and yet, relaxed, Brian's fasting brain reminds Brian of the finite infinitive *to rewind*. Not to wound the tape again but to wind the unwound ape, to return to the tenseless past. Fast(ened). To that dead end and a-head of Brian's decapitation, Brian tapes out BRIAN'S PRE-CRIME SCENE.

Unbroken Line

*Of being in the driver's seat: Of driving the cradle: Of the cradle's engine seizure: Of crossing the lemon law.
Jay finally pacifies the ironical pacifier, closes the iron curtains, and while the iron(y) is red-hot—
The sleepy waters quench-harden Jay's lips into a tight, double, unbroken line . . . Jay is waking up!
To the green banana reality: Of striking a sour note (yellow?, looks orange): Of another red letter day.*

Unscathed

Jack to figure out a *raison d'être*. Jackson to take Jackson out of the ' $\text{Jack} \times \text{Jackson} = 0$ ' equation.

John to calculate the amount of *raison d'état*. Johnson to recite John's unstated manifesto in public: 'Zero.'

Jim to watch figure skating for five hours. Jimson to play a *raisonneur*: 'No short program, no free skate.'

The fate of the zero-product, maximum-property garage remains unscathed: a *fait accompli*.

Courtesy

“BlueCross BlueShield of Illinois. Was that an ill noise, or a question, Mr Ted?”

(Ted asked: *To hell with health, the Sunday Blues in\$urance premium is due for payment.*

As a courtesy, Ted replaced, with surgical precision, the question mark with an insurgent grace period.)

Rest in peace, er, rest assured, ma’am, BeCause an acute shortage of BullShit inf(l)ection is not contagious.

Rush

The greater the rush, the more change in the exhaust pipeline: a hundred per cent raise next quarter dollar. *Chirp!* No, Tim, walking on eggshells, shall not yell at eerily early irked, peep-showy, shell-shocked birds. Let not Tim dip a big blue toe, or two, into TOIL-N'-MOIL WAY. *Chip in chipped off cow chips or dip out.* How not to cope with cops, hour after hour? *Ho!, a murder in haste is a waste of Tim(e).* Copy, paste: *Ho!, . . .*

Threadbare

A year marked by. The full occurrence of. Classes and. Fools springing into. And falling out of. Existence.

“Another fruitless on-year for Mickey, then?” The over-seasoned gardener’s grin is gerbera daisy-orange.

Well put. As well as. Skillfully explained. Deep as the well. Dry as dust. The hand pump’s pumpkin-pie rusty—

“Despite jettisoning the light burden of threadbare leaves, these deciduous trees stay put.”

Camouflage

Jack creeps into Jack's garage with two invisible suits slung over Jack's randomly green-n'-brown shoulder. John waves at Jack from the fourth corner of Jack's garage with three off-white FIRST SNOW tax waivers. The glass shatters Jim's hopes as Jim leans in prosaically: *Jim's touch-up purple patches match the garage paint.* **Jackson:** Camouflaged trio. **Jimson:** Never violeted a law. (**Johnson:** As far as this writ is concerned.)

Last Resort

Bobby: What an eventful evening: full of fuel-less events: rich in striking occurrences.

Bob: As the last resort—[Bobby lightens up!]
—rain and forest is a match made in heaven.

Bobby: 1907 in Yesterday's Shopping: 'Lighter: The *best* substitute for matches.'

Bob: *Yesterday's news*, 41274 days ago. Watch over the box of matches: Lightning never strikes twice.

High-Throughput Screening (1)

Basically, Ted's drug discovery program initiated itself in Ted's studio because there was ennui. Ted's high-throughput screening identified several hitmen, er, hits: Jack, John, and Jim (among others). Ted's, like THE POLICE, INVESTIGATION is now PROCEEDING WITH SEVERAL lead CHARACTERS IN VIEW. If the police—KNOCK. (Just a child's play.) KNOCK? (And not a very laborious one.) KNOCK! (At that.)

High-Throughput Screening (2)

(Jack, John, and Jim [not (ir)responsible—ed. Ted] instructed the respective J'sons thusly.)

To Jimson, Jim's paintings do not paint a bleak picture of Jim leaking classified information into the urinal.

John's toxic writings (not very, if at all, taxing—if the police asks Johnson) are not one of John's many tax write-offs.

Figuratively is THE DEATH OF THE STATE, literally chiseled in Jack's sculpturupturings, hammered into Jackson.

Despite jettisoning the light
Burden of threadbare leaves
These deciduous trees stay put

Threadbare 1696

THREADBARE



POEMS