

the beekeeper jumps on the mic:

hey out there  
i'm sending you radio waves  
and the bees that control the radio waves  
i'm sending you more bees, live with the active ingredient  
ain't no hacksaw alive that'll make me get down  
this is how i control them,  
oh i put on my magic suit and speak the tongues  
through my wireless bee station technique  
slapping the hand that feeds my brain which i wear on the outside  
i got my mounted animal motif and hotplate but no ammo for the gun  
feeling strictly overrun by another man's buffer  
somewhere in a warehouse in st. louis there are mortals riding heavy  
gold leafed and shrouded in terrible speed news of the west coast  
the imaginary boxing match of air travelers with a click track dive  
a feather duster cum shadow person dog confirming my belief needs no walking  
in the ritual honey gathering where horses and hammers are the same thing  
pedestals and little feet to gather behind, a seemingly perfect right hand  
left hand scenario tricking out my caprice a classic like what cops used to  
drive.

after you are done initializing the bee station you can start to build your apps  
shake the medical bag in the face of the unknown soldier to hear the voice of  
alex jones

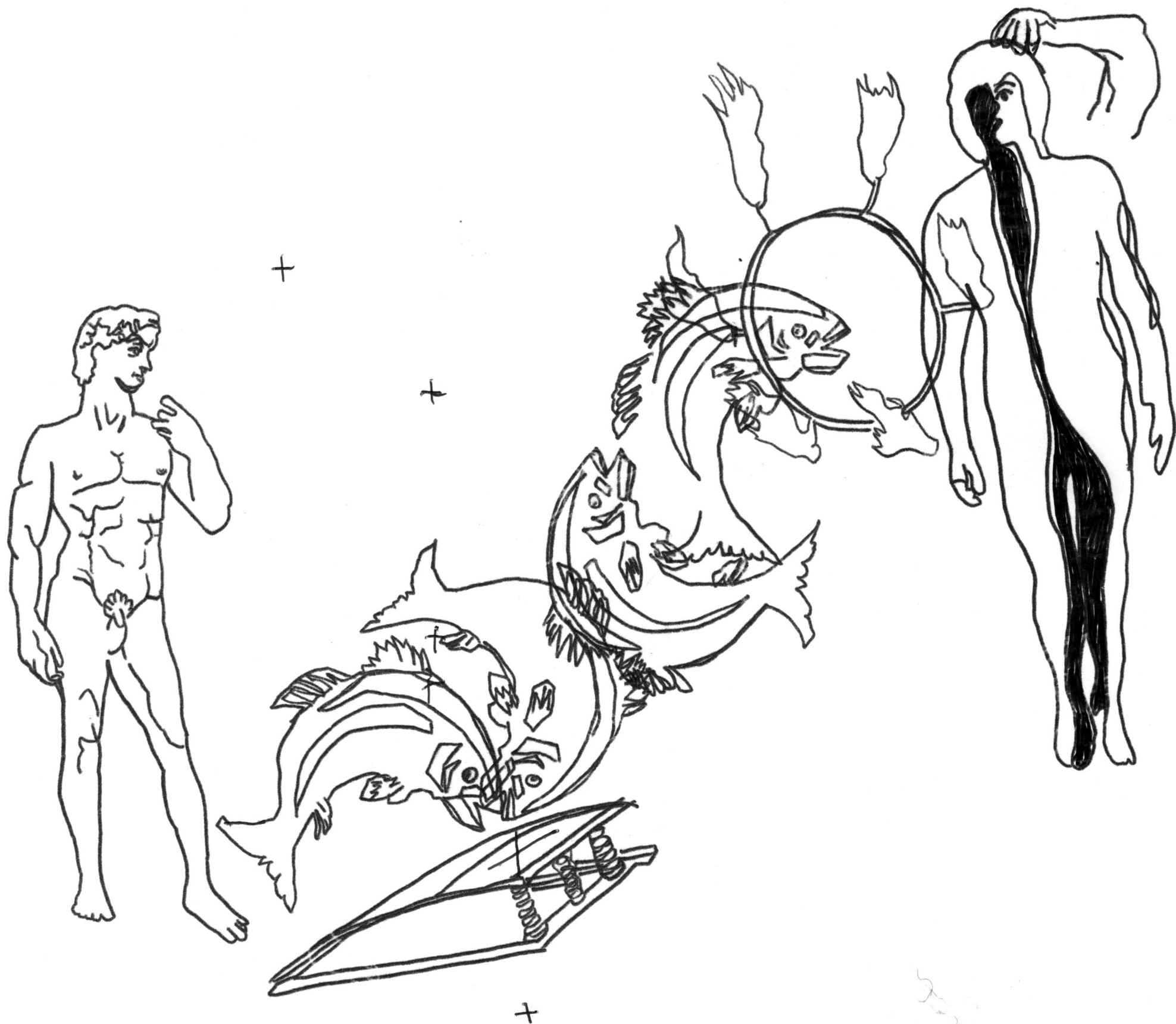
the unknown soldier propped up, of course, on the pedestal  
the glue being a coat made preferably of leather with dots hovering about  
the flock of birds sung as an anthem.

flock of birds anthem:

we fly together or not at all  
the strong arm of classes skipped  
the left hand the right hand wave them  
raise them high salute or return flights  
and the ones never returned from  
the continually reuped coffee service  
the endless champagne of transoceanic flights  
as in no cash rewards or hidden fees or fixed apr  
no second guesses laid on top of each other  
a cement mixer on top of that used to build your boxes  
the crane to move your shipping container around  
the controls for the crane secreted under your pillow  
a rotating code borrowed from another box  
an upside down airplane worn as a hat

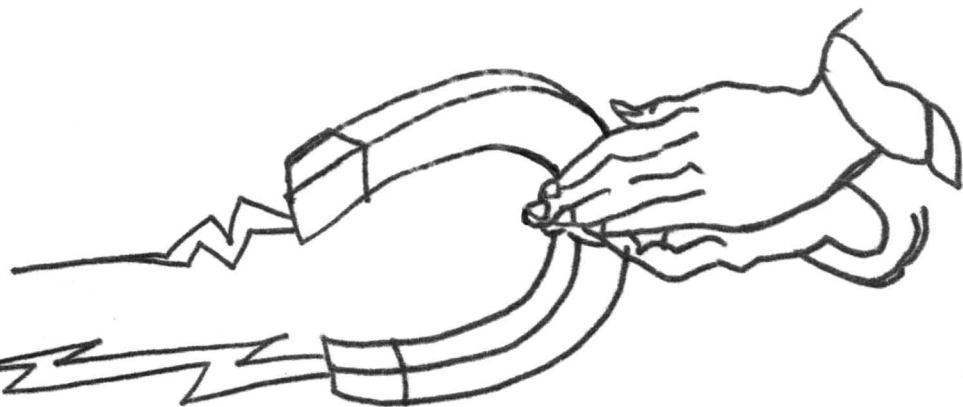


the game of passing along the knowledge from the past generation to the next  
using text and images like throwing fish at gymnastic spring boards  
aiming for the circle of fire a flash frying kinda situation  
where our modern man held aloft at angle as if passing right through  
the corporeal form with a single eye glaring  
and don't forget the fishes eyes too, glaring, as if knowing  
they possess the knowledge which is itself interpreted over and over  
a way to fish for fish and a way to spend all day doing it drinking beer  
in this manner losing all context or place, a spring board with gold stars  
at the top of all lovers' papers, forget me nots and such  
a series of theories about triangles and when the lower halves of things  
are the building blocks for the things on top, lighter and lighter yet  
a hand made for holding lips made for kissing a devo lyric  
eyes made for the seeing through of things and isn't everything just things  
to be seen through a designer label or a borrowed/ripped off illustration  
from a magazine about women's things men never gather up in exchange for money  
why not sell the men's deodorant to housewives they make all the decisions  
anyway  
out in the suburbs where the bombs are built  
and the people to populate the battlestations of waste  
this too passed along a wind in the sail delivered to your door or parking lot  
a place to pay to park  
a place to stand naked against the backdrop of history and make guesses.  
the light and heavy vs. the light and dark another game where language itself  
is twisted into a candy that pops in the mouth or a self cleaning litter box  
for animals to shit and piss in or a robot that sweeps the floor  
and doubles as a rotating brush that cleans teeth, when the future looks  
back on us they will discover a rodeo clown dressed in david's insinuated marble  
cloth  
checking his hair in the mirror while driving the clown's hands stressed  
to the point of breaking on the steering wheel, a bottle of water to stay  
hydrated  
the sound of the road a monotonous drone you can hear even while asleep  
the target not only an end point but also a paradise with grass skirts  
and mellow music like in an elevator, the hook on the end of the line  
a light that never turns off, a monochrome world, left to right, right to left  
a series of questions like, "who lives on the other side of the ocean,  
why would they want to live there, is it safe and warm? do they burn the  
libraries  
as habitually as we do, on the 4th of july, hey hey, they took my liberties  
away."



a dollar in the hand is worth a cheeseburger in the hand or face  
this just in from the korean newspaper:

the diana ross leper princess buddah combined with new man and his sagging  
manboobs  
whose inside are of course on the outside seen with a magnetic special glass  
a mirror image in a cool miami wasteland of condos halfbuilt and discarded  
as if purposefully forgotten -the find and replace of the physical world-  
the hands of the christian god who holds the lightning out front  
where the motion lights bring into focus a man in a shitty plushy bunny outfit  
a sad firebunny with nothing but time on his hands, which are intentionally  
small  
and are around his neck, where a cat's shoulders should be  
but just human hands instead. a diving board into a background of the specific.  
why is the bunny so sad dilapidated falling apart crossed out wrap-around eyes  
a bottom corner like a place on a map or a den/office obsessive retreat  
away from the kids and loud noise or a venue for machines all broken down.  
man needs the cheeseburger like a farmer needs the plow  
to put them in their place and make them real  
to keep him sane and grounded  
an arrow pointing at a tank in a children's memorial filled with sesame seeds  
the lettuce tomato mayo and onions of our belief systems all cut fresh  
per order nothing sits around too long, everything is a separate taste and idea  
and the so called tastemakers making us all fat with ideas of sex  
dressed up in bunny costumes making the joke hit even harder faster  
with no where to go but to the grave death by fire maybe from above  
or struck from out of a rock  
or under the palm tree to bury your private papers, the army close behind  
hunting you with dogs able to track you by the scent of the receipts in your  
pocket  
at night dreaming of a system of tubes that pass messages around from floor to  
floor  
cold in your makeshift leanto with no thoughts in your heard except they're  
coming  
with their plushy suits made to look like the flat bunny depressed and not  
knowing why  
the fire inching closer, the information only a gps location  
or the clapping of magnets in a motor this time on the inside, therefore unseen  
an antenna with a human hand and flowers around the neck  
not so wasteful but remote  
a little door to pass messages through where paper is the most relevant thing  
the most expressive thing seen or heard all day.

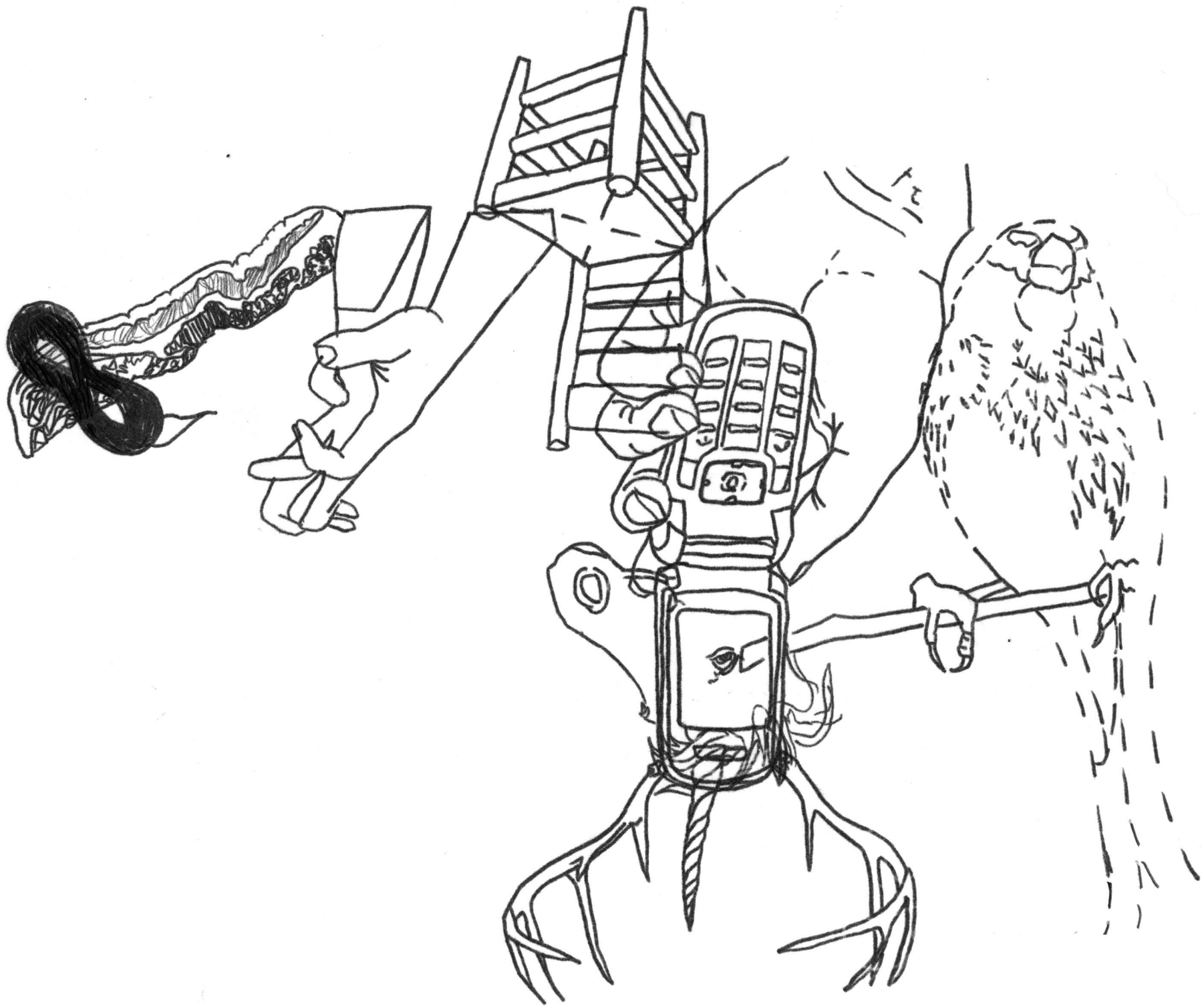




like a bird on a wire  
like masked bacon communicating with a masonic hand gesture  
the medium a putty knife  
falling off an overbuilt chair  
through the lens of nighttime someplace else  
you call on your cellphone for a taxi but instead seance the pegasus  
unicorn unisus pegacorn all seeing eye  
all of this you hold in your hand possibly the entire internet  
a person becoming the internet a series of bad dreams and broken english  
sceptical as to the nature of all things spoken  
unspoken gestured smooth as a coat of freshly painted walls  
that surround and intimidate even though you own the place  
have keys and the like, a way in and out, the total access.  
the masked bacon looks on  
as if a theme inexhaustible, unremitting under scrutiny  
the only light on the dark rapist-filled street is your cellphone  
your only connection to the others, and possibly safety, if there is such a  
thing  
you call your bank and realize that everytime you do its costing you money  
you throw the phone away only to find it later on your desk  
like a ouija board returned and not by you  
you never recovered it it has a mind of its own?  
you make more masonic hand gestures in the hopes of striking the right one  
finding the right combination and unlocking the power of throwing things away  
and fail repeatedly. you tell your friends about it and they don't believe you  
even though every one is going through the same thing and keeping it a secret  
you are the only one stupid enough to speak it out loud.  
after these trials there is nothing left but putting your face directly into it  
and hoping for the best, praying in a way even though you know already its a  
scam.

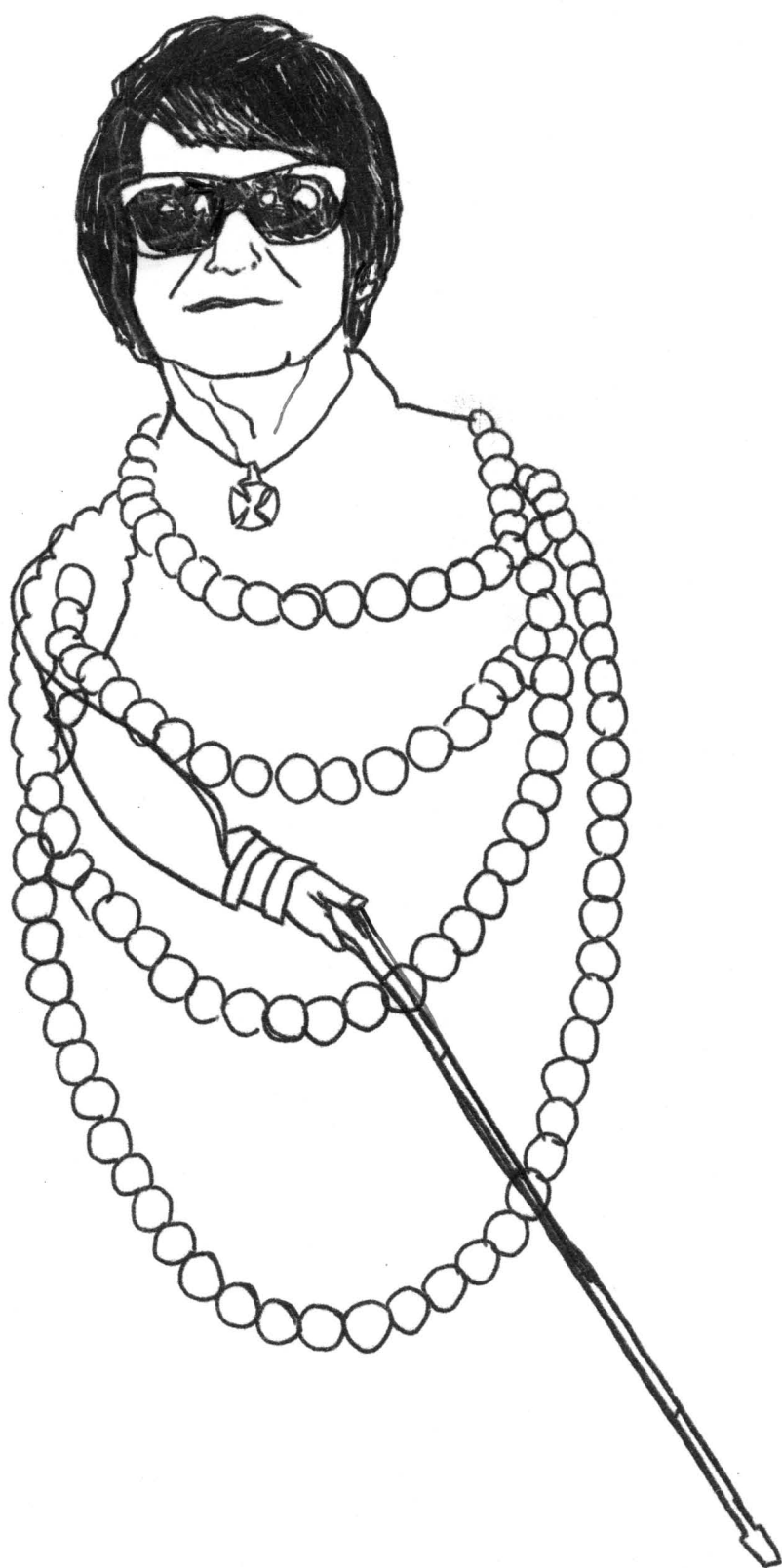
an open hand is not a fist and yet the closed hand is often used for begging  
or its more lucrative fucking shit up and getting away fast  
so the cops won't catch you  
who are the rapists that fill our streets? folding like a piece of paper  
a smooth line printed on both sides and inside a large hole for breathing  
on the end of your face a startled look as the beeping of a truck in reverse  
or when you walk into places and your set off the alarms and don't know why  
or when they follow you around home depot because you shit your pants in  
excitement  
and cannot be put down when words fail and all you need is to buy some pvc  
to put a sink in so you can raise the level of your home hide your garbage can  
underneath in a cabinet, shit you are looking for cabinets right? for all your  
stuff?

this is why you call a taxi to get back to it your home your stuff  
maybe there is a light on, hiding in the closet like grandpa with the mask on  
with his long hair and takes you fishing or shows up in the middle of the night  
to break in and jump in your parents bed, this is why they follow you  
at the center of all commerce is a bleed ulcer screaming throw it away,  
a bag inside of a bag inside of a bag ad infinitum what calls itself modern  
a light in your window but who turned it on? was it the cellphone, is it the  
large animal  
you keep indoors wishing would just run away?





there is no need for a warrant in the united states.  
probable cause, the 4th amendment, it defines unreasonable search and seizure  
this is a fulcrum in the middle of the probable cause, the secret court.  
secret courts are used to craft new dimensions of what is unreason.  
roy orbison was a member of these secret courts  
blind, reaching around in his eternal darkness  
with only the marvelous sound of his own voice to accompany him  
i forgot also his walking cane, maybe later, remember there are no records kept  
a walker with wheels and blinking lights and a dragging sound it emits when in  
motion  
in his chamber he donned the pearls whose hardness reminded him of phil ochs  
a folksinger who was later hunted by jedgar hoover.  
case after case, supported by the permanent sneer, the malice  
unseen like a police camera like they say hidden in plain sight  
if you say they are out there then they are out there right?  
you would have no choice but to obey the judge priest blind crooner.  
do you ever wonder who was behind it? orbison's office keep up the doublethink  
scandal the belief in the sacrificing of liberty to maintain freedom debate kept  
alive  
as if by sheer will clinging to the rock face something dangerous  
populations are willfully ignorant clerks scuttling for a blind burning man iron  
cross  
hung below a sagging jowls  
a new purchase in what are often referred to subjectively as dark times  
or the cloud of dust sung by security chosen by the weak for fear of the  
weakest.



q:

have you been to the dog park?  
who would you trust to train your dog?  
the supposed liberal support of the dog walkers  
their dogs poised to shit, the only time your dog is out of the house is to shit  
the only time we ever see your dog it is shitting  
you must find a way to pay for the condo  
you hate your boss  
the fascist nightmare that is the neighborhood you live in is cheap  
and affordable and clean with more green spaces with little water sucking  
fountains  
to water them.  
and the cameras, its all on tape there is a record of this activity  
the open space where we practice our free will, what do you think about that?

a:

i left the house today, after that the space in which i found myself was all  
gray  
i brought my invisible see through representation of a tent with me just in case  
i brought my cellphone, safari jacket and my pith helmet  
out in the street with my dog i cheered myself on.  
maybe the best job would be a dog walking job  
but how would i pay for my condo?

i mean the only time i walk my dog i'm skipping work  
lying saying i'm sick, i hate my fucking boss.  
the clicking of my heels keeping the beat i walk my dog i walk my dog  
its well behaved its well behaved  
plastic in my hand i follow my dog until it shits and then i put it in a bag  
i carry it until i find a place to put it.

