



1997 W. C. C. 1997

“Wife, I...

[something everybody needs
but nobody really wants]

**It took me many years
to develop the product
that changed my life.**

**But when I invented
Wifi Water, I knew that
God was real and
everything would be
fine.**

**Even if nobody
understood me and I am
dead now.**

Hurrah, I awake from yesterday

Salami tomboy, I think

Or I sing

Fermenting things to think about

I whisper to my wife

I don't speak

Alive, but the war is here to stay

There but forever in your mind

Little sprinkles

Cover children on the beach

Without sand

I say the words, I think the words I'd
like to say

So my love, REDACTED and me

Wife, I...

Drowning so hard

I need water

*Decide to take our last walk through
the noise to the sea*

Together not together
Such is the volume of a whisper
The waves crash
And drown
The spectacle we encouraged

Not to die but to reborn

The womb is wet, my salami tomboy
And leaking yet
I still manufacture
My mind

Away from lands so battered and torn

In the sea

The genius are breeding

Newfangled ways

To get wet

Forever, forever

Windswept curves

All along

The shoreline cry

As the towers watch lovingly

*Oh say, can you see it's really such a
mess*

In this economy
For bugs, of bugs
In between
The ringing
We know the resolution is far from
Clean

Every inch of Earth is a fighting nest

The seas freeze over
The birds depart
And misheard words
Echo above the squalor

*Giant pencil and lipstick tube shaped
things*

The landscapes gross with resolution

As the business man

I become

Your cured meat

Sadness

Isn't so lonesome anymore

*Continue to rain and cause screaming
pain*

What for the weather
Without wifi
When an epic poem stagnates
Every puddle
Overcome with disease

*And the arctic stains from silver blue
to bloody red*

Starting in the middle
Of the ending
Gravy roots take form, salami tomboy
To be licked
For the pleasure of industry
And an indifferent Earth
Looks on

As our feet find the sand

We find sad colors

Way far out, way far out

Beyond the ocean

Beyond and onwards

Every sea

The idea is God

And our mechanisms resolve themselves

To a truth

Yet unborn

*And the sea is straight ahead,
straight up ahead*

Still we want
Despite the discovery
A blistering halo
Set nimbly against
The scalped ruins of a man

*Well it's too bad that our friends
can't be with us today*

To see in our achievements
A monetary gain
Uncertain how it seems
To those we've left behind
Who struggle with
Technology

Well it's too bad

The fleeting
A momentary gland
Rush of freedom
Feeling like a man
Well it is too bad
About all that

The machine, that we built

To produce the water
Without the patience of the sea
The idea is not the machine
God is could never be
It's from sweat
Dissect however you wish

*Would never save us, that's what they
say*

How ever you see fit
To say the things you think
Know this:
Your words
Will always be misheard

*That's why they ain't coming with us
today*

Capacity reached
Out from a horizon
In the head
Of a frozen God
Who was left blank
Against a foreign mountainside

*And they also said it's impossible for
a man to live and breathe under*

My industry
Cried out
One final breath
You are already dead
It said
A peel to leave a stain

Water, forever

It's what's left

The product isn't wet

Ask the A.I. liaison

And consider what it says

Was their main complaint

Not also

A promise?

Seven synonyms

And no antonyms to name

No honeypot

To leave the children

*And they also threw this in my face,
they said*

I emerged a salad princess
In the face of great regret
It wasn't until
My brain was dead
That I realized it was a mirror
Not a man

*Anyway, you know good and well it
would be beyond the will of God*

The idea evokes
The cured meat principle
Of my second year
A toddler strewn
Unsteady
Against gentle ocean waves

*And the grace of the King, grace of
the King*

I forage pepperoni
To dip into the water
When the internet is breathing
Daughters
Out of daughters

So my darling and I make love in the
sand

As if our gracious voice
Could foster so much glare
The movie rolls
Between us lies the ego
A decade yet to go
In the new spotlight
The father of a great tree
Shaves a twig
A monkey tool

*To salute the last moment ever on dry
land*

Collapsing Earths
Congeal on island lands
Each a particle
Of something
It's not quite sand

*Our machine, it has done its work,
played its part well*

It churned the product

It sweat

In its own way

The delicate dilemma

Causation

Fear

Decay

*Without a scratch on our bodies and we
bid it farewell*

The salami tomboy
Dissolves into fondue
In the rusty pot
Of the salad princess
Who was a rouse
For our lost ways

*Starfish and giant foams greet us with
a smile*

The twang
Of an oasis, sick guitars
Soundtrack the muted past
From now, now on
I do declare
No seething
Must and rot

*Before our heads go under we take a
last look at the killing noise*

But no words are spoken
The effect is just the same
The Wifi Water
Number one bestselling thing
To pepper
Better experiences
Overhead
And here with us, right here with us

*Of the out of style, the out of style,
out of style*

It doesn't matter

Now

Not right now

What the Water will become

We're the ghosts

Of suspected spam callers

And what's cool

Will always run

*So down and down and down and down we
go*

The turning of a knob
The little handle twist
Bobcats
Cougars
Lions with their lobbed-off manes
We're on Wall Street, baby
Forever Kings
But still the same

*Hurry my darlin' we mustn't be late
for the show*

In hell
The interpretive dance
Starts on time
We're seated
You and I
By a Walrus named Lorraine

*Neptune champion games to an aqua
world is so my dear*

All our friends
Have made it down
The innovation
Did the trick
They're thick with
The without thinking
But for the speaking?
The truth is less
Succinct

Right this way smiles a mermaid

Its gnarly teeth
On full display
Less a creature
Than the wordless breath
Everything you didn't say

*I can hear Atlantis full of cheer,
Atlantis full of cheer*

The metaphors
Have all been grounded
On the ocean
Floor
Drowned bodies
Of the wildcats
Scream of fur
We've seen before

**It wasn't that it killed
me.**

**For, to invent something
so inspired such as *Wifi
Water*, one must already
be dead.**

**And if we can crack the
code of the living, well,
sky's the limit, my
friends.**

Sky's the limit.

