

# Slydexia for the Unimpaired in Eight Acts

*by strannikov*

## **i**

You tell its approach soon as veal resists both knife and fork,  
quick neutrinos land in internet ruby climes.

An archaeological ponder poised on dirt: “qualities of human  
remains, or remains of human qualities?” Those matters won't be  
settled yet or late or even soon.

“What matter could be with all those birds?” Isaiah quizzed  
Ezeke. Approximate skies stoned silence withal. Amber-splayed and  
dappled by the sun, the sprouts of noxious weeds lent sordidness to  
the scene, a cheerless murk: yet yokels must bemoan their dire days  
with resolve.

## **ii**

Strobe-oranged livers flicker within fluttering ghosts, their half-  
laughs baring smiles. “I conjure my own ghosts to haunt myselfes,”  
complicit glees declared, an acrid testimony for any occasion.

“You're back, we see!” said the reply.

“Ahhh, but I cannot accommodate your accomplishments, their  
verities amiss.”

## **iii**

Fabula rasa for you and I: but who dares count from five to eight?  
Enamored of this game, in thirty years you'll be twenty years dead!

Warm worm clouds shroud our land, brown steams blown ashore.  
Widows, too, can croak if ambitions weight their bones with perilous  
omnicide.

Borrowing boulders, someone's Sisyphus paused before his heave.  
(In the forthcoming flick he would not appear as the Invisible Man.)

Busy ants climbed higher through afternoons and nights, the  
slime molds monitored fervid tracks.

#### **iv**

Mildew blooms died from rank neglect, their paint peeled free but  
still adhered some closer to the floor. Draped behind ample lilac  
bliss, frank indignities hovered near disconsolate, drooping pines.

Bicycle chains oiled with anise sought delivery cyclists for their  
sponsors' auricular toasted pizzas.

Souls carved with aitch caked with coke sped with pumps shot  
through drawers, my awfully dearest darlings dreamt.

#### **v**

Tech-laden ears remediate coursework as asymmetric dragons  
plash and play: but to this day do ophthalmologists blink, their  
unsuspected lives trammled with sublime unrest.

"A poultice for your privates, emphatics for lymphatics!" The  
images repeat in spoken prose.

Such clamortudes would Holy Science fling, its sacred goals  
through colanders adrip. Putrefied or petrified in atrabilious  
nightmares seldom fed, their glaze froze lenses thick, their horrid  
years slaked late with qualified remorse.

#### **vi**

Among tawny chordates and rancid gymnosperms, meanwhile,  
the emerald heralds of mordant bliss thrived to the ribald hoots of  
great horned owls, close to local midnights. Sublimists' frivolities we  
could not count usurped: our winds too warm without their sun, in  
local quiets hanged men swung. Grains grown soft from limpid  
blood, replacement fossils all installed, the breaths of Louise Brooks

and Paulette Goddard open mist, their invisible eyes smell nothing because you've never filled it!

## **vii**

No satisfactions gestate on waking, not even from mortal sleeps. We learn that oleaginous toads ooze sweet sanctities by the bucket, their told tales torn and chased to stratified choice from their inoculated tears. Iambic smokes cure octosyllabic cutlets: nonetheless do corpuscular dreads abound and seethe in fiery froth on Wednesdays first and third. The effervescent laminate chiding, touched by incarnadine regret, formerly characterized a plowed field that could no longer be discerned.

## **viii**

—and then just then from deeper hells, the films of years did roll, fostering featured fractured premonitions. You could not innocence your lost way out. Idols downed 'cross sporting years, the usual rigored culprits of bad news. Lawyers uncompetent enough preside over train wrecks taking care to seem alive while seen with chiseled mirth and paid abandon, those rats their grimy fingernails. Dead helicopters and shit you're lucked out of now, amnesiac porters cry “Ouch!” Please do be kind to pleas, let early taxonomized moons preside for comfy-capsuled lunatics. Monsters left alone by choice in gorgeous zebra trousers, their saloons along each golf course, apply techniques in shadows of dormitory sleeps. Airplanes versus angels, though some few eschew their hydrophobic science. “It don't seem right, it's just too weird,” the convalescent attribute. The King of Goony Ghouls umhumably crests with daybreak, the captive moon scored high, goofing after summer swelt, though pilots prize their parachutes. Café Gemeinschaft, Bistro Gesellschaft, so sunk down in their shrunken worlds, squinge through their hanging clocks, the dust shook from our heads (no skin off my tonsils!).

Because you hale from out of town, yon thunders grumble down upon infertile actions. Whomever's impotent deeds promote appendices of momentum, the fragilities of academe, those sensitivities of affection, them inevitabilities of drowned lads bubbling buried beneath clear swimming waters, blue realities interstitial in that decade of belated Herbie Scurve, oneiric prince of plains of hallowed grounds slud loose within his coffin, his appetizers puddling through parched and scalded earth.

Countless inebriated lambs bawl queased, smoldered in their scaly flesh raked raw by blistered winds. The afternoon's shadows smile through veined stops before cascading in abrupt tumult. A hint of late gardenia permeates lush shade nearby, and a rabbit sniffs in mystery for an absent reddish horse.

**-END-**

