

# Minnie Mouse Meets Mickey at a Convention of Phrenologists

*by* Iain James Robb

*A parody of John Ashbery*

I have been preconditioned likewise by the ligatures of the roof.  
It has bypassed even the lightning. When I started this essay I  
(poetics equalling dissemination, like a toilet plug) admired, and I  
in

the book produced by its Pleiades, noted it. A moth is not its own  
surrendering, and yet Chomsky's chariot circussed in its  
pandering of memory

surrendering of image to the moth. "Hey, Mickey," then  
extrapolated Minnie. Of

the reason she had no idea. At the phrenologist's convention all is  
sacred, at

the point where one denies the sacred. Ligatures  
carry on outside the convex. So Apollinaire, in league with Cousin  
Mlidred, gave

the barcode to all this, in explanation. Popeye ate his footsteps in  
admiring the rug, in introspective pre-circumambulation of  
the absolutist paradigm. Said Mickey, "Dialectical anapestics  
seeds

the ordure of such things. Let's just ask Uncle Popeye what he  
likewise makes of it." ..... (Etcetera)

...(The next twenty A4 pages have been missed out.)

