



# MANIFESTO OF THE MOMENT

mIEKAL aND



**MANI-  
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OF THE  
MO-  
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If you cannot be a poet, be the poem.  
—David Carradine



## MANIFESTO OF THE MOMENT

If you walked by a book on the shelf and it blinked at you, wouldn't you want to buy it?

Monkeys would do that for half the price.

Rehearsing for the imagined moments that might never come.

If you're not growing some of your own food you've failed as a poet.

Books with shoes that walk until they find someone new to read them.

§

Instead of a constitution, a country founded on nursery rhymes.

Do not ignore the man in the brown paper wrapper.

This is a cute picture with a witty saying that you will want to share with all your friends.

That possibility has yet to be invented.

Sometimes I wish the moon was further away.

§

Gentle Reader, yeah right.

A virtual grab bag of useless consonants.

I turned the wrong way and arrived at my destination.

There are bodies but they haven't been told what to do.

I feel like a half-naked duck smoking a cigar in a sauna waiting for some eggs to hatch.

## §

In the perfect universe, a perfect universe exists.

The anarchist squirrel-chaser greatly improved the psychogeography of the underlying habitat.

Don't be embarrassed by the tendency to confuse novelty with innovation.

Give me a machete and a book of poems and I'll give you a haiku!

The poems evaporate and perspire like an old fat surrealist.

## §

Fire sale on antiquated beliefs. Everything must go.

There's a flower on the tip of your tongue.

Just signed a lifetime contract to be an occasional poet for no pay and no posterity.

This text is hampered by your attempts to understand it.

Your vibrator poetics ran out of batteries.

## §

The populace is at odds and the wind is blowing hard.

Raucous indifference should not be confused with enthusiasm.

The angels of hypocrisy are dancing on the head of a pin.

Go ahead and try to make art out of that.

Apologies to the Author.



§

The new poetry is just around the corner.

If only memes would disappear as quickly as they appeared.

How was I supposed to know what NSFW meant?

Interrogating the interrogator liberates the assumptions framing the interrogation.

Poetry is just a poetry.

§

The source of all knowledge isn't.

Poetry has been blackmailing me for years and I can't take it anymore!

This word I have in my head is splintered into many indecipherable fragments—a neuropalimpsest of the Yet to Be.

If the world is a cake you are the frosting.

I wish the future would hurry up and get here.

§

The air of intrigue is scented with the slippery passion of the ineffable.

The moon is a communist.

Reality, really?

UTOPIA is a just a time machine away.

When you start to hear ethereal alcohol-infused voices, it's a sure sign that it is time to break the typewriter out!

§

That's not what that poem means, but you can think that anyway.

Eager to please, the verb became a noun.

That's not what that poem means, but you can think that anyway.

The library is not COMPLETE without you.

I'm sorry, I can't be your subtext forever.

§

He brought the house down with his inability to express even the most simple of astonishments.

Godot is my co-pilot.

The figure of the lone poet on the top of the big hill yodeling to the sunrise.

My time machine just got stuck in the snow.

Clumsily, I dropped the word on the floor and it shattered into a million little pieces.

§

In my dream last night I was drinking Cat Wine. No other details are forthcoming.

The probability you will understand vs the likelihood the message decays into forgetfulness.

Imagine pulling a book of poetry off the shelf and reading it.

If poetry books had more pictures people would be more likely to open them up.

This statement has been stripped of all poetic and artistic intent.

§

It's become clear to me that I was an organ grinder in my last life.

Your suitcase is inside out.

I apologize if you feel like I've been ignoring you, but the End of History has me in a tizzy.

The words for things are not the same as the words for not things.

Do dogs think to themselves "it's a human's life?"

§

In the interest of Science I will never be a scientist.

Yesterday is a dusty piece of luggage with a broken lock.

The sudden accumulation of discrete phenomena multiplying beyond expected outcomes.

This text zooms to infinite resolution when tickled with fancy.

If everyone I know is a poet, who will fix my toilet when it breaks?

§

Never again will I spend 35 years writing a long poem.

Robust captions compensate for lackluster content.

Nevermind the messiness, it's the divine breath lurking in the nooks and crannies that is the source to die for.

The tear in the fabric of the time-space continuum is a syntax malfunction.

The poetics of the Afterlife are altogether too quiet.

§

First order of business at the 1st International MicroPoetry Congress is the presentation of one word (or less) manifestos.

Micropoetry is taught in every college and university in the US and they don't even know it.

Micropoetry meets Conceptual Poetry in a bar. Micropoetry says, "Do I really have to read that?"

I've just been informed that all events, people, objects, and memories of this universe are held together by an invisible goo.

MicroPoetry is the caviar of New Literature.

§

Cake is a vegetable.

What if you don't want to put the lime in the coconut?

My blanket statement about the state of affairs is a hand-me-down quilt.

In case you were wondering the Philosopher's Stone is dirt.

Once again a Time Machine malfunction prevents me from giving birth to myself.

§

If I wasn't a pacifist, I'd be sweating bullets right now.

Welcome to the carillon of impending noise.

Nickel and diming the armageddon of the senses.

Whereas velocity describes the speed with which TextSound bypasses cognitive functioning.

Under the cover of dark, I removed the vowels from your soliloquy.

§

The frog in my throat thinks it's a kangaroo.

It was a kerning disaster of universal proportions.

I could be a rattlesnake.

Don't be embarrassed by the tendency to confuse novelty with innovation.

I just misplaced the alphabet.

§

The populace is at odds and the wind is blowing hard.

If I must curry favor, at least make it spicy.

There's a flower on the tip of your tongue.

That possibility has yet to be invented.

Is that a productive use of your time?

§

The earth has become a butterfly with no wings.

Your slogan is an instant solution to all my problems. Carry on.

That's because the halo of indispensable knowledge is tarnished.

A not so exquisite corpus.

Every time I see the word emoji I think ebola.

§

The Kraken is never wrong.

Rehearsing for the imagined moments that might never come.

Ambiguity is sexy.

A house is what we wear when it rains.

I have yet to see a dotted line to sign on.

§

What's the square root of wtf?

The scheme of things stings themes.

I just took 31 different things out of my pants pockets.

Your extended metaphor is going to require prosthetics.

All the world is staged.

§

The society of poetry is one peep show after another.

Despite my best intentions I did not dream about ducks last night.

My days of being a supermodel are behind me.

It really sucks that the world's oldest man keeps dying.

Which statistic are you?

§

The internet is a vegetable.

The word for sixth dimensional empathic scrutiny being out of phase with fourth dimensional changeling acrobatics.

After much thought and experimentation I've discovered that our Universe is held in place by grease.

The anarchist squirrel-chaser greatly improved the psychogeography of the underlying habitat.

That book can never be finished.

§

Democracy is the greatest conspiracy theory.

The taskmaster is bankrupt. Pleasure is the forgotten currency.

As above, so above.

The edge of the edge is still an edge.

Why grapple with the truth when you can grovel in perfect illusions?

§

My days of being a supermodel are behind me.

My middle name is Chocolate

Unpublish derivative literature.

It's high time to reinvent Martian poetry.

Manifest mutiny!

§

Poets ranked by penmanship.

Know more no more or no more know more.

Grab the nearest book & read the damn thing.

Rain is funny.

I didn't say that.

§

Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled messes.

There is real evolutionary advantages to having tongue as long as a giraffe.

Standing on the moon dropping peanuts on the earth.

The clowns are laughing at you.

I miss carriage returns.

§

Don't get me started.

That's not what I stand for.

Disruptions within the organism call for systemic reprogramming.

The conclusion doesn't fit the facts.

There's a word for it but I'm not gonna tell you what it is.



§

My diphthongs emasculated my morphemes.

Never mind the messy house, our housekeeper is vacationing on Mars.

Gorgeous ideology doesn't get the vegetables planted.

Standing on the precipice without a carapace.

I'm an island named No Man.

§

Itinerant salesman of unwanted poems & indecent elixirs shuttling  
between the noosphere & yet to be imagined worlds.

Crepuscular, there I said it.

Apricot flowers are like miniature private universes.

Leveraging propensity for tiny somethings.

Back when I was your age.

§

Trepidations minimalized by a bottle of wine.

If I clean my desk, will I find what I'm looking for?

Turn the tables on the tableturners.

Calibrated the time machine for the upcoming hyper-dimensional shift.

Apparently I've overlooked one important fact.

## §

Taking liberties with prevailing assumptions, never mind the consequences.

I think we need a new government agency to prevent this from happening to innocent citizens.

There is something massively ironic about dogs made out of feathers.

There are limits to the extent of this exchange.

Finally the aliens are making themselves useful.

## §

Reconfiguring the relationship between expectations & reality without the use of stimulants.

Liquidity in the face of collapse.

Photosynthetic books which grow as they receive light & moisture.

Is only making art with ectoplasm from now on.

& everyone is wondering what the obscenity is.

## §

It's high time to reinvent Martian poetry.

Multiple personalities optimize parallel universalities.

How to activate cultural networks that span age & affinities?

This quote is off limits for the average reader.

If life hands you a sousaphone, make a parade.

§

Google has a penis?

I have exhausted all the pithy quotes on the internets.

The poem is jockeying to be experienced amid an ice storm of assumptions.

There are bodies but they haven't been told what to do.

Can I put you on hold? I have ants crawling up my leg.

§

The bookstore in my head is having a closeout sale.

Haven't people always talked to chairs?

On the backs of lemurs, evolution hybridizes civilization.

Maximizing comfort while disassembling immodest assumptions.

The opposite of people watching.

§

Getting it all done is a negotiation between the physics of space, the constraints of time & conversion of photosynthetic byproducts into energy.

Everything at once all the time without hesitation.

That's far too labor intensive, do it this way instead.

Anxiety squanders the effect.

There's gotta be a word for this.

§

I decided to be my own intern.

The outlaws of poetry have convened for a summer solstice décévalage.

Giant rodents are controlling my dreams.

The Church of Tomorrow closed yesterday.

I told you not to mention that.

§

Posterity is a cloud.

A virtual grab bag of useless consonants.

MicroPoetry is the silver bullet that will bring the State to its knees.

In the present political atmosphere, I seem to be fully qualified to be elected governor.

Will the weight of history eventually crowd out the possibility of anything new?

§

I walked outside and suddenly everything was real.

The icicles have icicles.

We've become our own worst nightmare. Democratically.

What they failed to say is that with a clown in the White House circuses are irrelevant.

It's all about the sauce.

§

Wasn't allowed to enter my dreams without a passport. Homeland Security is getting bonkers.

I'm in a State of Vacuum.

It's rained so much that the detours have detours.

Remember when good news was a thing?

Why are epithets always hurled or flung?

§

Where to go to renew my poetic license?

Consonance is a cultural construct.

I was a panpipe playing babushka in a previous life.

The redacted word is omnipotence.

Is there a statute of limitations on promises?

§

A world with no headlines.

The trolls have won the hearts and souls of no one.

"a huckleberry over my persimmon"

The Robot Occupation has begun.

Sometimes the answers are staring you in the face.

§

"If it's not art, it's art."

In my next life I'm gonna grow and sell facepalms at a huge markup.

The internet will not wait for you.

Who's life are you living?

It's time for the cure.

§

Did you invent toast by mistake?

I was a pincushion in a previous life.

Just where exactly is the limelight?

Satire is one of many possible truths.

Compete this sentence.

§

In the virtual world of headlines, reality has no bounds.

I moved to the middle of nowhere to escape emoticons but they're still haunting me.

On the next planet I live on, the scum will sink to the bottom rather than rise to the top.

I am not the idiom that speaks through me.

I told a literalist a metaphor.

§

We are all terrorists.

Come hell or highwater, we will save humanity. But first a pint.

I have not been keeping up in recent developments in Martian Language.

Literacy based on judging books by their covers.

The barbaric yawp is deafening.

§

Halve it your way.

Somewhere there is a planet where anxiety about money is non-existent.

Grief is an endless process with no fixed coordinates.

Let it be known that I'm a fanatical terroirist.

You've inspired me to continue.



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