



No Appointment Necessary

**Thomas Fink**

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Thomas Fink

chicago

moria poetry

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## RESPONSIBLE FIRES INSERTED

through quietly funded fringes, under coven of  
which patronage hawks hazard avid monitors.  
Militant sincerity  
invading intel-  
ligence—  
turns to  
bureaucratic  
blueballs. When  
they, sworn warrant-  
less, fronting we, serve  
awe again, we will have squandered the world-  
drenched aftermath. Retreat becomes the  
keener challenge,  
humbly restoring  
delay against the  
tacitly promised  
bilateral sacrifice  
momentum. De-  
lirious “control”  
makes it humanly  
impossible to go  
lightly wrong. The  
upper business com-  
-mune asks, “Why  
placate the screw-  
ball executioner’s  
exege-sis?” An auto-  
crat ally narrowly  
blown? Gnat  
sledgehammer.  
Bright lidded  
troops will  
serve

yellowcake to typical apartheid. Confederates  
distribute redemption grenades to mince jitters.  
Al-Qaeda elect-  
ronic White  
House slices  
a terrorist  
treat. En-  
trenched trench  
metaphors sliding  
into his pocket stream.  
Preemptive liberty required. Glowing critical  
victory pan. This here economy subordinates  
that there  
varmint en-  
vironment.  
Affordable  
wages. We'll  
be planning  
for want. How  
does the fifty  
percent slide  
out from the  
pesticide-laced  
elections? Has  
a blank check  
disarmed the  
U.N.? Rogue  
hail into the  
coffee of their  
occupation.

## BURRITO IMBALANCE

lettuce leak. Pill-box ain't no head guard.  
Moths gathering info on youse. Sure to  
flunk  
out of  
fashion  
school  
before  
enrolling.

Whiskey saber whisks away aplomb immunity.

Fur calls rust. Savings & Loan dishing out

nuke  
parabolas.  
Endangered,  
specious.  
Can't  
bitchslap  
government.  
Won't wave  
your right  
to remain  
solvent.  
Sidewalk's  
a spartan  
bank.



## SWIFT LOVE (THAT PERENNIAL

market titan) holds court in its designer bottle.  
Spiders climb methodically and manage to fall  
off. A  
gunshot  
assortment  
lavishes the  
blackboard.  
To illustrate  
numbers  
irrational. Lyrics flying out of the caviar. Pyrrhically  
militant. Too booked, bushed to pour over this  
impractical  
flaying and  
bracketing,  
I audition a  
sandwich  
(which hasn't  
been googled  
yet) for  
our grantor  
trust's long  
retreat.  
"Breastmilk,"  
he sneered.  
"Essentialist,  
at best."

## THE ROUNDELAY IN THE AIR IS

for purchase. Please don't maul the display goose.  
Reaching the entrance, she removes glasses. Soon  
accommodates  
many magenta  
and sap green  
samples. We  
thank your  
recent donation,  
if not the break  
that inspired. The  
second hand had  
popped off and was blocking the minute's progress.  
She stuck a daisy in Dad's moustache. Some days

it's not  
possible to  
anticipate  
needs of  
every comer.  
Glitz. Ash.  
2 guys are  
walking an  
18 ft. steel  
pipe into a  
brown ditch.  
Cloud thins  
into lightning.  
I ain't gonna  
port yr helmet.  
He lost a natty  
pen; you supplied  
another. He later  
found himself  
speeding with  
the first.

## HORIZON ZEBRA OFFER:

bandaged tent. Phantoms form lanterns.  
Shape of  
hoping  
finds you  
stunt  
crooned.  
But sea  
humming  
fingers to repair thought. Cowlick echoes  
should some-  
times open  
ordinary  
illumination  
nightlong  
over  
bickering  
legs. This  
compass  
tastes like  
luck. Dust  
has posed  
for picar-  
esque or  
puritan  
Picasso.  
Florida  
under-  
neath?

## SPECULATIVE REPRISE

Will a carnal translator be found among tonalities of equivocal richness, if we look at a knee-deep mirror that envelops and paralyzes the commodity? Far from exhausting ourselves, in the case of the monk-ey, we aim at abstract, self-reflexive stays of instruction, but as one who suffers from contingent harbors, hiding a mutineer behind the apparatus of a babe. My

discursive parasite applies no intertwining of notion and fig without an implied site of loss. The seam's cut, so excesses may be cranked to indulge a variable construction of identity. Normative harmony? The gist is not to stay marginal, but to be

pregnant and an impossibility that will remain—the key to having been thrown outside duality, where centrifugal and centripetal fuses show in the flesh.

Topographical descriptions must become the dissimulative syntax in which I will often have to curse. Alterity has too often meant cultural evacuation of multileveled coherence. The millennial is dispersed. Separate from empirical rebuke, meaning that depends on

our apparent  
humiliation  
will do all in  
its power to  
avoid the  
temporal,  
so persistently  
forgotten, that  
recourse to the  
lived frame, as  
though it did  
not exist. An  
eternally in-  
competent  
class unable  
to exercise  
abstraction  
available for  
figurative de-  
polarizing  
in any

strategic rebooting of marginality may be floating  
speculation on the most general generalities—  
or is it the most basic concrete? Often the straight  
man whose pre-  
cocious risibility  
and sodden  
rectitude  
are precisely  
what history will  
cause to dissipate  
is contained within a giant vest of quotation marks,  
not simply mastering privation by assuming it, but  
raising desire to participate in whatever fretwork of  
marginal zones  
is spawned from  
other disciplinary  
centers. These  
constitute a  
multiple dis-  
placement of  
those chemical  
or physical  
analyses which  
it is implausible  
to perform on  
a reproduction.  
Now feminist  
podia are  
desirable  
to contest  
a dead point  
where energy  
was inverted  
and they de-  
voured them-  
selves,

to the extent that they could fit a new  
formula for an internationally corporate  
origin of things. Rediscovering diction  
to make lives  
shareable is the  
self-opening open-  
ness of the broad  
paths of the simple  
and essential. We  
give it a fountain  
to take respon-  
sibility for seduction modules. Who needs  
to have? This is not a neural medium that  
passes freely and easily into the private  
propriety of a  
speaker's state  
of osmosis with  
his/her mother  
during which  
a melodic  
alliteration  
is jarred  
loose and  
yet perched  
as a vital con-  
stituent of a  
now apparently  
ad hoc object.  
And this fetish  
desires. Once  
the image has  
been mastered  
and found empty,  
narrative of the  
alien guest in  
this, the very  
mainspring

of the unconscious, specularizes, speculates (on)  
man's occultation by ever purer signifier. These  
effects lead us to frontiers at which slips will write  
interruption and  
restoration of  
contact be-  
tween the  
various  
depths of the  
psychical urge  
to go on enjoying, to feel full, to push, to feel the force  
of my muscles and my immanent surface of operations.

The combinatory power that orders its ambiguities  
toward operations  
of child-bearing  
(but also with a  
glance toward those  
who do not bring  
reflection upon prices  
but yield natural  
and social value  
as a locus of  
imprints) is  
concealing  
some fateful  
unpredictability  
of bliss. Any  
inherent secret  
only overstim-  
ulates the will  
to knotting.  
Systematically  
uncanny, it is  
untranslatable  
not because of  
the bringing



forth of a being such as never was before and  
will never ride again, but because of the loose-  
ness with which meaning attaches to what must  
become  
simulation  
if it speaks  
about stim-  
ulation. That  
need to be  
mastered in  
order to

exercise domination over the real relation is invested  
in the imaginary. Gender's very reifications insist that  
the unconscious leaves none of our actions outside

its creation of a  
demand which  
can be fully satis-  
fied only later.

Beyond those  
limits we have  
to turn to con-  
crete. Not subject  
to marketplace  
pauperization  
inflicted on all  
symbolic reaction  
obsessing our  
technique, a  
movement that  
does not return  
to where it  
always was  
appears  
before the  
flood, when  
influence

is generous. Is a long, slow effort to bring  
money into alignment with demographically  
nurtured ejection of exclusivity giving rise to  
nonlinear  
writing linked  
to expansion of  
a disappearance in  
order to solicit a fis-  
sured envelope? As  
surely, each other's  
logic has contaminated us, there is no longer  
sense in doing without. The property of having  
named something first is never clear as mis-  
prison. Not  
to fix our  
eyeballs on  
boundaries of  
domination,  
isolated sen-  
tences, the  
author acts  
as organizer  
and player in  
the dialogue  
without re-  
taining final  
word on acro-  
batics shaped  
within what  
kinds of desir-  
ing form, trans-  
form and equip  
that which has  
not yet been  
sped but is  
needed.

## AFFABLE TEMBLOR,

teach mother yeoman wellspring  
to melt window wart. Yeast  
arcade welcomes  
whittled appeal  
wangling mass,  
access to tender  
microbe. You wanna  
yearn more. Yet  
mirth telephone  
mor- phine's  
mop- ping  
asterisk. Whole-  
some tunnel  
with the wrong  
morph- emes.  
Twilight meat, that  
tired acrobat  
moon. Wet more.  
Tulips mask  
tension, yellow  
as youth mattress  
alchemists marrying around.  
Think about me when you masticate.

## ENRICHMENT WEAPONS

welcome mission assassins, assume  
ecstatic or evil                      shortcuts addicting  
electricity                                              stewards.  
We meet                                                                      sponge  
wheezing                                                                      ketchup  
across                                                                              manhunt  
services.                                                                              Knapsack  
monster                                                                              will muster  
silk spill                                                                              saying  
whoosh.                                                                              Kissing  
monotone,                                                                              with solid  
kith, skilled                                                                              killers  
share soil                                                                              applause.  
Whole milk                                                                              sprung.  
Slay                                                                                      momma  
mobster                                                                                      wail.  
At moon                                                                                      airport,  
melancholy                                                                                      sun ke-  
bobbed                                                                                      anew.  
Medical                                                                                      kitchens  
expected                                                                                      to smell  
kind                                                                                              mutilation.  
Steadfast                                                                                      momentum,  
ambitious                                                                                      mess. Ambig-  
uous animal                                                                                      knot. Swash-  
buckling kneejerk                                                                              executives, securely  
oppressed, should shrink                                                                              answerable millions &  
keep office strumming                                                                              salubrious SUV wings.

## NIGHT MEN,

ogling Manichean aperture, approve	
animally	noble menace.
Obliquely	arching
missionary	mob after
oscillating	majority
muse.	Mouse-
meagre	ambition—
no malign	arrow
nearing	accuracy—
applauding	miracle
oddity. Mule	nomen-
clature	applique
attains	mossed
apple.	Minimally.
Melting	natural
nuances	are omen
of an ana-	thematic
acid ache	murmuring
ashes	ahead, neither
mindful	authority nor
orbit	around
most aromatic normality.	

## A DRAINED CAMEL

had blushed casual Disneyland  
quicksand. Behind sun  
regression. Racial  
nostalgia, virgin  
perpetual, had been  
spun. Could an  
im- material  
cast- ration  
ani- mation  
ground a blind-  
sorted universal?  
Normal, hysterical.  
A blood- hound  
heard, liminal,  
Hollywood bacon crawl.

## STREET-GROOMED

wheel's dubious root. Cannot  
announce jagged  
marginalia. Will bloom.  
Your plywood  
teeth see:  
lesser evergreen.  
Twentieth gaseous  
loose creek theorem  
drizzling, sneaking  
through variegated  
liquid floor.  
Jittery, contagious.  
Repeating summary  
maudlin shell,  
braggart pipsqueak  
soothsayer hooks  
illiterately corrupted  
billiards' hood tuition. .

## INSINUATED LEMON.

Jacket shackles. Scant journals  
undressed leisure.  
Screwed listless.  
Arthritic iron shower  
spasm arouses  
irrigation alarm.  
Supposedly, seams  
intercede after strict  
sulfur spindle  
shiver. Selling  
limousine jungle  
justice, skintight  
jelly, supply us  
(instead) a smooth  
sari leader against  
imperial junk  
stiffening shopkeeper arteries.



## LONG KICK—A

laugh like kangaroo  
liberty. Nascent  
kiln. Liminal liability or  
kooky kudzu  
lure? A liberal  
wishbone neutrality?  
Lesser kiss nomi-  
nees, lingering  
at a kennel  
kiosk, will  
kindle a no-  
win low- land  
longing kebob.  
Kneejerk wonder.  
Near, never. As no-  
where: lurk, wrapped.  
Kindly noon nook or  
late lurid lid.

## YINGLISH STROPHES IX

So ancient the way

they fight, the way  
they kill themselves. She

wouldn't let you anybody  
should help her. Home  
she didn't. Sometimes friends

grow out you or  
you grow out them.  
I really don't know  
her money. I'm not

raving like she does.  
She likes to rave.  
It's later mostly than  
trees blooming. By you  
is more cheap a

little. To gold let's  
get. I am still  
in a daisy. Who  
am I gonna aggress?  
It interferes with talking,  
to be togetherness.

## YINGLISH STROPHES X

There is a lady very old,

and she paints gorgeous. Biscuits, hibiscus,  
transit vehicles in floral. My greater  
grandson, the drawl south to phone—I

sent him Christmas in Easter— this  
ancient north. The locomotive he thanks.  
Gracious sweet. Differentiates (you for me)  
perfectly the benefit. His radio wants  
often and television. I saw today

(the park I was) an old  
man he had two little children.  
What shall he tell eventually a  
son (but soon) in this? Tradition  
father sees a song manhood should  
be well and provided through and  
have long.

## YINGLISH STROPHES XI

I had ten years

ago eight weeks a  
nurse. From breaking springs

to last somehow the  
bed longer: such futile,  
desperately. Autonomy couldn't no

more. Not him those  
years. Let's gonna tax  
your flapper lip such  
irresponsible. To listen a

pear how it quivers  
someone's tomb. Long what  
was happened they'll invent  
to again, again. But  
this furniture sits. Fools

your ear—curing. Is  
heaven doorstep chipped to  
foolish. Unfamiliar she put  
on chicken half roasted  
a title. For impression,  
fancy, to distinguish.  
A few? Nothing?

## YINGLISH STROPHES XII

It is for me

long. The baking, optional,  
should might forget. Cut  
the bliss. Rugeleh. To

treat you, everyone. Don't  
think it's an easy  
job. It's easy to  
eat it: one two  
three. To go buy

it a few blocks  
sixty-five cents. A  
threat of work attached.  
Callus learning, not books  
you can teachable. Go where  
people is, not where people  
is not. Magazines swoop silk

craving the victims. Your mother  
throws down a dollar and  
picks up a penny, your  
mother. To Mars even. For  
what to locate? A rain  
heirloom? Such a pile o'  
things what she wastes, which  
isn't necessary. That's your mother.

## DENTED REPRISE V

—for Ariana

Slather  
the dirty

jeers. Sold e-bay.  
And blather  
came home  
underdone.

And if you go  
racing Babbits,  
and you fear their  
Dow could scald,  
tell ‘em all hoopla,  
stoking chatter filler,

to pivot through  
the squall.  
Go ask phallus  
when it’s tending  
oil.

He looked at me fright-thighed  
and vainly said,  
“Am I screwed

‘cause I’m no  
longer hung?”  
In fealty to our dime,  
we cannot tolerate their rind.  
The royalty in our spine  
can’t exonerate their reduction.

I  
will  
reply  
to our

divide.  
We will re- vive.

## POND ORGANIZES A ROUND

fixation. Cable features wear  
"impartiality." Subatomic grace. Key

to bored skin.

*Scuttle your snit. Maybe  
muffle your vote.*

Imperial lips are pissing  
cherries. A drone's never  
a hum, but hangs  
prone to marginalization by

the latter.

*Every bray of the meek  
could inspire a shiftless pity.*

Is a drone, persisting  
after beeline, bedtime, marginally

carcinogenic?

*I sail a dead floor,  
and I warm its fetid crack.  
No scholars seize the chore  
of animating slack.*

Line riders speed much

maturity pent up in  
trance. I press apprentices  
to vary their arcs.

Coercion? To beautify. Shadow's  
sheen cleaning out humid  
cubicle, out of which  
Apollonian intelligence should wriggle.



## HAY(NA)KU/BOX SEQUENCE 1

Under  
steeple immunity,  
a pox tailor  
greases  
blistered lures,  
whitening protestant potential  
ward,  
to cull  
arson propers: gall  
enough  
for releasing  
cub squall vox  
equal  
to tribute,  
slur, and duel.

Does the crowing evil pacify or passivate its  
singe? Ve- hemence  
may leak into honor-  
ing its target.  
Headstrong factions  
are not easily  
finessed into a  
ballroom, then  
twisted into  
allies against  
the popular misery. So lend me your blanket

order  
diva. That  
underbudgeted chorus of  
ironed  
tigers has

ignited its own  
props,  
and the  
big cleanup will  
come  
out of  
many sore pockets.

## HAY(NA)KU/ BOX SEQUENCE 2

Prison,  
safe. Sanctity  
mirage. Need nerds  
phoning  
ennui hole  
for homemade pond  
gist—  
blanket order.  
Heaven's safe cracking.

One state must not define luck for others,  
but does, often without  
conscious effort. Cross-  
roads become  
needlessly oppressive.  
Can a death solo  
gum up the common  
pact formed with enrichment and utility?

You,  
collecting pockets,  
can one spiral  
into  
an honest  
magnet? I have  
fished  
thrift. We  
await them impatiently.

### HAY(NA)KU/BOX SEQUENCE 3

Could  
famines couple?  
Girl rows boy  
across  
alligators. Had  
wooed assiduously. They  
bunch  
damn good.  
Spanking curiosity, a  
diet  
of pearly  
obedience. Committee suicide.

You slip into a chance menu. As Esperanto imports what it may, hopes uneager orate. could be even bazookas. narratives, selves have corroboration well before another's But are expand to where conquest calculus becomes expendable?	breathy are not to collab- Outtakes incorporated, cellulite Your armored your ribboned awed you-- be damned-- they corral astonishment. they built to
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

A  
trifle, AWOL,  
should not be  
misunderestimated.

Office fungus  
invests in mercury.  
Bowling  
with a  
pearl. Mink, monkey,  
manque,  
minx. The  
sport is fidelity.  
We're  
the ball.  
Before honor, think  
survival.  
Club hemorrhage.  
Apology searching for  
its  
warrant. Rifle  
ushers, adolcescing late.

## HAY(NA)KU/BOX SEQUENCE 4

—for Tom Beckett

Sprig  
of cream-  
conclave, steam fax  
some  
hopeful loaded  
into a lazy  
burlap  
lawn rocket.  
This thin throwback  
to  
openings for  
impressionist investment in  
refreshment  
mazes tasking  
faux-maverick backyards.

It thickens annuity horizon, brays the money  
laundromat. Competing  
shirts would chair his  
head. Streets delivering  
prairie. One rides prior  
idolatries to presume  
to become. Root nag  
of a sudden tamed.  
Pastel pastoral dominoes likely to intervene.

One  
cloud spreads  
out over several  
cities.  
The impossible

tan will make  
its  
inhabitants surf,  
suffer. You can  
throw  
your welcome  
against split peanuts.

## HAY(NA)KU/BOX SEQUENCE 5

-- for Denise Duhamel

Can  
a man  
be President? Fathers,  
who  
assist in  
the fact of  
our  
being, could  
never hurl the  
young  
into combat.  
Do women rise  
to  
keener violence?  
Could a dude  
grow  
valor required  
for the front  
lines?  
Fellows lack  
the muscular heft  
to  
douse fires.  
Why do gals  
climax  
prematurely? Be  
patient: lads take  
forever  
to come.  
Some guys were  
sitting  
quietly when  
sexist philandering girls



harassed.  
Gay men  
stay irrationally hooked  
into  
harsh unions.  
Lesbian commitment-phobes:  
the  
norm. Straight  
fellows wish straight  
gals  
could be  
sensitive as lesbians.

Nature dictates that a guy fetches a gal's slippers.  
When a lady is pressed into laundering clothes,  
blues run, and reds  
bleed. We have had  
enough of blokes  
prancing around  
publicly in skim-  
py threads. Dudes  
dress for other  
dudes. He took 4  
hours to settle the ideal outfit for their first date;  
she threw on jeans & t-shirt from the closet floor.

Mommy's  
late with  
child support—again.  
Are  
dads instinctively  
homemakers, or does  
a  
bourgeois octopus  
get hold? The

absent-  
mother syndrome.  
When she returns  
at  
night, a  
gracious repast should  
be  
in place.  
Don't deprive pops  
or  
grandpas of  
their knitting circles.  
Why  
don't ladies  
turn off Saturday  
ball  
games and  
talk? Intimately. Can  
a  
male CEO  
swiftly fire rickety  
managers?  
His paternal  
instinct imprisons (him).  
If  
she were  
to cry, be  
seen  
crying, it  
would defeminize. Can  
he  
control hormones  
and approximate an  
engineer's  
objective cogitation?  
No woman should  
invade

nursing. A  
house-bloke adores  
his  
unprecedented vacuum  
attachment. We could  
try  
paying men  
as much as  
women,  
but wouldn't  
spawn be shortchanged?

## MAYAN HAY(NA)KUS

1

I:  
id as  
sod for red  
bell game. Ball work.

2

O  
is an  
eye? Sun. Pun.

3

A  
do on  
the run. Oil.  
Rain rant, snow muss.

4

I  
am, an  
aim. Arm and

5

A,  
an. No  
the. Was one.

6

I  
am, to  
(and for?) you  
cure? Nyet: ears, cars.

7

X,  
be ax  
for his has-  
been beak-ache onus.

8

I  
on me:  
who has its  
will? Will take mine?

## TEST TUBE VIDEO

weather bleeds  
a rural

question. Will  
forbearance count  
out short-

order pestilence?  
“Appearance bids  
reality,” opines  
the shirt.

Ceilings are  
wonderful parents  
blessed with  
oil. Your  
neighborhood’s passed

out a  
color-blind  
schedule. Cuckoo  
club’s example  
makes bootstrap  
security shambles.

“Appearance birds  
reality,” spines  
the shit.  
The commander-  
in-cheese  
cheers amiable  
sprockets, default

loins. Sport  
our tropes—

under pain  
of stealth,  
boomers. Feel-  
good famine  
elected, acting  
victorious ass.

“Appearance bides  
reality,” pines  
the shot.  
He left  
bottom lion  
untelevised. Wart  
paid for  
by liberals,  
les misérables,  
illegibles alike.

Deregulation revolution  
factored dwindling  
cup. A  
crisis for.  
Collapse massive  
to unmarked.  
Headlong. “Appearance  
beats reality,”

pines the  
shoot. Crystal  
boiling a  
decade’s paper  
vigor. Retirement?  
Sum less  
than pride.

Breadwinners' electronic  
sum across  
the eyes.  
"Appearance beds  
reality," spins  
the short.

I hold,  
across your  
national sweep,  
self aloft,  
as make

of that  
future. Cocksure  
mike platform.  
Of pork

rind. Family  
talks very good,  
fortunate soil, but

air's unknown. "Appearance  
breeds. Reality, supine."

Holistic doddering gears.



## CHEWED

bed. Disrobed  
door. Mashed  
lamp. Crispy  
walls. Puberty  
said: narcissistic  
good. Castles  
strewn. Adhesive  
water. Rubber-  
sluiced charm  
sticks. Eat,

coil, thrill.  
Vacuum shtick.  
Utopia casinos  
sweep universities.  
Invisible driver  
of bus.  
Encouragement branch  
abolishing hindsight.  
Remains inhuman.

Hopelessly serene.  
Dice scientists  
roamed burning  
whisper shreds.  
Dubious, undeniable.  
Alchemy, jeopardy.  
Ping interior.  
Hatchet neuroses

are borrowed.  
Pandora's gain?  
Structured to bliss?  
Helpless, subversive,  
she touched

eclipse. Sweltering  
cold. Rushed

out. Clone  
spun fashion  
on rigid  
stream perch.  
Motors chilled.  
Hyperactive bags.

Moire molecules  
roasting. Defrauded  
rose. Morose.  
Do me?  
More than

no. Gated  
among. Skeleton  
uniforms circling

handcuffed surgeon  
pile.

## ELECTRICAL SILK

solicitor's  
brick across  
offices. Confetti  
national hotel  
lion's occupational  
global, lick local."  
spaghetti diagnosis:  
original feedback  
tinsel/ fossil/  
nosis drill,  
safari luck, pink  
lock's, uni-  
shock. Ethical  
will thrill: lustful  
momentous Kodak rock. Financial  
gnosis. Eventual (as I blink?)  
nervous hedge hock. Dusk brawl  
victims' seditious hospital will  
brink hemlock hellion plank.

prowl  
all week.  
Criminal  
educational  
stark mental  
unfurls trans-  
steal. Digital  
sprawl. "I drink  
Usual chili-  
crack student's  
knack, droll  
football hyp-  
cool tool  
pork barrel  
directional  
halitosis? Lion  
smirk stock,

## DIAGONAL GRIT

Am  
court-  
Kathy's  
tackle  
And may  
apples with  
photographs:  
in progress.  
Borscht up-  
happy freight  
Litter removal  
for adoption.  
black dirt straight  
hatch of mayflies inside this banquet.  
Though we may not grow to know you,  
we hope you'll be as comfy & snappy  
as if in your own closest closet. No  
parking between stranger signs.

building  
American.  
I driven  
eously?  
pies will  
anything.  
you bear  
ease. No  
microwave  
Grill mist.  
holstering  
furniture.  
available  
Saleable  
ahead. A

## TWEED PUDDLE:

tedious  
figleaf's  
fraud weave  
ubiquity. Coast-  
paunch. Steeply  
marionettes: tweety  
hammer against  
Your gracious google-  
embassy, dis-  
would borrow  
dough, rainy  
Hurriedly pseudo  
addressing cotton  
Plausible bourgeois  
Douche bonjour,  
breast bluff.  
Billboard. Guar-  
board. Punctual gypsies, nonetheless,  
will unlearn nuclear cliff lean. From unsweet-  
ened Harpo's clear, seditious, bantam-  
weight dialectical blitzkrieg. Stripping  
circumstantial realia preamble (egg  
roll) off material flood steam, fleec-  
ing serious goose factoid chaff.

line  
unanimous  
foetus guilt  
foiled tunnel.  
arrowed  
possessed,  
wallpaper  
barracks.  
school  
fluency.  
daggers.  
journalist  
Billfold.  
anted card-

## MUST A

difficult  
gift warrant  
intelligent  
fear, sponsor  
razor, elicit  
plant a larger  
slender. Bitter  
paper chaff shower  
blast or inept trust  
grief nest. Bucket  
Without a pliant  
Your complaint  
rubber handcuff  
Amateur dehum  
off gaunt sofa fever, leper crest. Coma  
aroma. Must batter errata flatter. Shouldn't  
a compliant saint - equivalent front a  
banquet anarchist to stuff our moot  
plaza with thrift-cellar spirit meat?

a superior  
a tougher root,  
gulf? Slander,  
golf par. News-  
(interior beast  
scout) over laser  
embarrassment.  
pooper-scooper.  
lawyer kit: a  
stunt puppet.  
idifier can't lift

## PADLOCK

ion  
Thick -  
germ migra-  
less Dracula  
A prescription  
composes, com-  
handwritten insomnia. (In this iron green  
foam logbook.) Aquarium basilica packs  
a siren bulk. Virgin scissors may  
claim anybody's oxygen lantern.

burn? Hour  
glass ambrosia  
siphon. Compuls-  
steals from catharsis.  
hewn purification  
tion: calm, reck-  
momentum.  
ballerina flock  
passes one's frank

## SIMPLE KNEES SOMETIMES

	believe
	combustible
face.	Remote square
façade	leverage? The
microphone	continues
disintegrative	coverage.
Divide the	voice pie.
Above these	cigarette
justice cages,	we exercise
doctrinaire	intermarriage.
Inclusive,	inconclusive.
We promise	passionate
disobedience	the prime
share. Sure girdle?	Friable shrine?
Promise wheezes. Because the	
sapphire die intone the unbreakable	
we nurse tensile caprice, service	
imponderable nerve blue.	



## THE EYEFUL'S

plainclothes vertebra is a thicket, aperitif. The  
vulture of expertise dices. There was a projectile  
for the superintendent and issue. From this a pod  
itches and to this retrofits. Prophecy  
may command parachute. To the  
hot flash instead of the hypertext.  
We narrow trophy thirsts and can  
then tally. Among our more vertical  
stats of mimicry. That I may re-echo:  
the montage to mystique. Wallet  
stiffens. You must bed an ill-  
advised man- ana agent.  
Absolution blown, as a  
mandrill by thrombosis.  
Beyond which threat  
could not  
procreate  
thrift.

## ART OF

one thing. The problem of inside. Reason  
is kidding—halfway. Or pretest behind a  
pretest. Says: phone for a life. Books are. Or  
one would hope. Visitors wrap blurb for cover.  
Some boors feel writ simple. Some go on.  
Finish strikes you. Approach the back  
of proclamation. De-serves to be booked.  
Book any that haven't bled. Each an appeal  
to capture. Book your own. Whether or not  
you book the reader's. And have read his  
years. Ink settlement. Her book stays ink.  
Some burst more. Interview presumes  
a toolkit. Photos I  
could be hawking.  
Press the author  
to wax. Could  
make them  
appear.

## THE WORST FROST--

tater morgue. You wink too tight.  
Dog husk, fey slices of sizzled ladder.  
Television ligament hapless. Moor-hand  
conked witless by hive-assed moose. This  
is a naked hotel. Drone to soul:  
slum crust, un- insured, can  
deed cistern. Trust moo.  
Canned dawn to paste  
on shanty amber  
blemish.

## COMB NAPKINS

for brackish sentiments combining.  
Central hallucinogens? Portrait rose.  
What digestible effigies these bluffs heave.  
Stone born to bone belief. Logical temptation  
yielding. To boxwood, commando propriety. One  
gilds excess. Monologue           inertia tunes boiling  
memory. Manning                   the curse till fishhook  
ideology herniates.               Cross-cultural intang-  
ibles? Your good                   will draw-bridge is  
governed by                       cybernetics. De-  
segregation                       science chronically  
short on                            research & de-  
dedevilment.                      Being human is  
serial: chairs.                     Shrill lungs, hail  
stone hello:                       tell 'em asperity's  
never in-                          trinsic, bedrock  
                                          ornamental. Grand  
                                          jury, shored in pity  
                                          for formal mongrel's  
                                          eight ball, wrestling  
                                          toward rattling  
                                          alliance reason.

JACQUES DERRIDA

Appeals to common  
apparel               beneath.  
Of a                   sufficient  
height. If  
selected,  
I. Futures  
they venerate.  
Aporia.                               Have you  
been               slinging quotas   into the  
machine?                               While an  
enormous  
library of  
short-order  
conjectures                           gallops into  
this rather                           obedient queue.  
That the                                                machine  
absorbs                                               much more  
doesn't blank                           (re)assuring  
                                                         missives: I am,  
                                                         am continuing to  
                                                         be, to be delegated,  
                 to function as               one (who has  
been). Cactus-                           edge at praxis  
again. Against. If                   within. To print  
askance film                           lodged  
                 backwards                   into a great  
                                                         grandparent's  
                                                         first camera.

## JUG FRAGMENTING IN

fatigue creek. Recluse  
speeding for our  
recognition. Rain ember?  
Some have  
feared an  
incontinent  
speck could  
latch hellfire  
onto major industry.  
I didn't remember to bring  
tranquility along (the  
tincture),  
yet perennial  
plain earplugs pledge  
immunity from suspicious  
bravado, angular grease.  
Soap proved an  
enormous  
personality. Its  
transparent sidekick  
could not keep pace. Hence,  
sweeping recovery  
rings superficial, with much  
residual stickiness,  
and a concerned  
monument is tapped to  
examine  
replacement  
bucket.

## YOU THINK THIS TOOTH

is working out. Signs yell  
slow soon: visible tresses,  
viable trees. Or erotic  
erosion  
afoot.  
Traffic cult  
rousing  
our severance  
panxiety. Pulled over, shovel  
your winsome handicap. Against a  
hardy sackcloth  
tinderbox roaring  
shell. Cloud could  
bitch tuna. Couple  
toppled by rogue golf  
in a snake nest, in a  
hot hotel cupola. It  
can't hole my interest.  
Brain studies its  
arraignment. You can be  
truly thermo plastic when  
you don't need. Let's  
rinse the demented  
suede suction. When I  
cut my copula  
now, I cut it into  
very small mono  
logues, because  
I claim  
it that  
way.

## BULL MERCY SPIRAL OF

nation notion: glow  
ball vice                      presides.  
Thought                      freeze:  
throng ruin.  
From the  
dad of our  
foundling,  
mean moan.  
Labor at our                      breast must  
abandon the                      equal. This                      second  
lathering, across the                      genie, proper  
varmint prospers  
long. Ermine stain  
reaffirming a                      yesterday  
when our rinds                      were fierce.  
Lint on members.                      He owns a  
pope concession.                      Few veneration  
advance credit.                      Welding debt  
to worn wit,                      crown oaf  
pisses expansion.                      “And I will  
strike to heal.”                      Grunts wheels  
of inevitable.                      No cue to void  
inflated limit.                      Rice will  
not impose.                      Retirement  
shavings.                      Torn weave  
together— a                      bum hinge. We  
will deafen                      ourselves.  
By clicking                      a succulent  
correlation,                      will you  
requite the                      descent tree?  
Exile                      sees you. Am  
vital: inter.  
Vehement  
feathers require  
detergent choir.  
What school  
builds an  
owner?



## NEEDED:

an affordable judge.

We  
are said to be lying  
about repair speed. Joy first. Revenge,  
later. Stash opens  
privately.  
Yo, look: chocolate,  
unlocked. Police,  
what mountains  
would you endure to salute?  
What's toxic  
tomorrow

might be loveable now. A privately  
funded tomorrow  
opens  
"efficient" (toxic  
or beautiful) revenge  
against Brownian motion. Or can it? I'll salute  
Graffiti lying  
on someone's mountains,  
if inclusive of repair. We  
who've attracted police  
awareness are justified to bear the judge  
designer chocolate

When a salute  
entails chocolate  
souflee, you answer, "revenge  
of the metabolically untested," but to judge  
this strictly toxic  
is to lend police  
too much whim fire. I fear what opens  
a Procrustian we.  
Tomorrow,

testy mountains  
will howl about “reparation for expropriated sugar.” Privately  
lying

to police  
(within glass) may be necessary. Lying  
under toxic  
quotas. Irony, privately.  
You judge  
mountains?  
Will slide. Revenge  
ratios are never scientific enough. Perhaps tomorrow.  
Entering the chocolate  
center, we  
salute  
an ancient whoosh. What opens

mountains?  
Opens  
a judge  
to unprecedented salute?  
Privately.  
We  
detect toxic  
rhymes in mass-disbursed chocolate.  
Additives are lying  
pragmatically, yet tomorrow,  
pious police  
will raid thoroughly. Is revenge

based on a diminutive “we”?  
Can revenge  
refrain from splattering bystanders? Privately,  
police  
may not salute  
the chief, whose tomorrow  
they didn’t elect. Judge,

lying  
down on criteria, opens  
jury's subjective in seam. If a lemon sun drips, chocolate  
mountains  
flow. Congress could scotch or sketch a toxic

glide tomorrow.  
Toxic  
presidential clock syndrome. They salute  
mountains  
"who" can't reply ironically. Police  
are overrun wherever chocolate  
gets too costly for the many. Bachelors privately  
skim banisters. The bottle opens:  
revenge,  
displaced, bungled, then neurasthenic lying  
over spill. We  
judge

pedestrian chocolate  
more gently than we judge  
most family, including police.  
Should we  
thank mountains  
for not lying?  
Salute  
no revenge  
toxic  
to air, to major fluids. Carbuncle opens  
again tomorrow,  
if privately,

off-off the spotlight, lying  
beneath you until. . . . Privately,  
suited mountains  
craft a tomorrow

that opens  
drastic flux. We  
should not police  
neutral zones, but do. Toxic  
enthusiasms motor a judge  
dignifying revenge,  
lacking an exit map. Will carob borrow a chocolate  
salute?

Opens  
pores. "I" salute  
"we,"  
even our chocolate  
between meals. Tomorrow  
will embody intentionless revenge  
on flabby psychics. Mountains  
judge  
us privately  
puny and collectively toxic  
as we're lying  
lucratively to fellow consumers. Police

witness revenge  
and retribution diverge. Police  
tonight, grandparents tomorrow,  
lying  
in wait for tiny chocolate  
cookie thieves. More goodies. Toxic  
benevolence? We  
privately  
salute.  
Though a green-eared judge  
opens  
grandfathered mountains

to toxic  
drilling, mountains

will not agree to the shaft. Chocolate  
opens  
an alternative health plan. Not lying,  
if hoopla and moderation merge. Let the judge  
of tomorrow  
salute  
affordable police  
algebra. Privately,  
revenge  
may steer autobiography until we

judge calories blank. We  
can stop lying about repairs. Revenge  
opens the chest to privately  
unmanageable vultures. Is chocolate gloating? Police  
should be mountains; why not us? Salute  
a toxic sponge, and there's no bribing tomorrow.

## **NOTES and ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

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The Hay(na)ku, source of The “Hay(na)ku/Box Sequence” (1-5), was invented by Filipina-American poet Eileen R. Tabios. The Mayan Hay(na)ku is a variation invented by Maya Mason Fink.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following publications where poems appeared, sometimes in different versions:

**Ambit:** “Sunset Ribcage: Pass Only”

**Aught:** “Enrichment Weapons”; “Jacques Derrida”; “Swift Love (That Perennial)”

**Barrow Street:** “Yinglish Strophes IX”

**Cultural and Poetic Inquiry: Intersecting Poetry and Criticism:**  
“Speculative Reprise”

**The Duplications:** “You Think This Tooth”

**EOAGH:** “The Roundelay in the Air Is”; “Tweed Puddle”

**Eratio Postmodern Poetry:** “Dented Reprise V”

**5-Trope:** “Art of”

**The First Hay(na)ku Anthology**, ed. Jean Vengua and Mark Young  
(Meritage P, 2005): a section from “Hay(na)ku/Box Sequence 2”

**MiPoesias:** “Bull Mercy Spiral of”; “Horizon Zebra Offer”;

“Mayan  
Hay(na)kus”

**Milk:** “Affable Temblor”; “Comb Napkins”

**Moria:** “Pond Organizes a Round”

**Otoliths:** “Hay(na)ku/Box Sequence 1”; “Long Kick—A”;  
“Yinglish  
Strophes XI”

**Pettycoat Relaxer:** “Diagonal Grit”

**Shampoo:** “Burrito Imbalance”

**Spore:** “A Drained Camel”; “Jug Fragmenting In”

**Talisman:** “Reasonable Fires Inserted”

**Tin Lustre Mobile:** “Chewed”; Hay(na)ku/Box Sequence 3; “The  
Eyeful’s”; “The Worst Frost—”

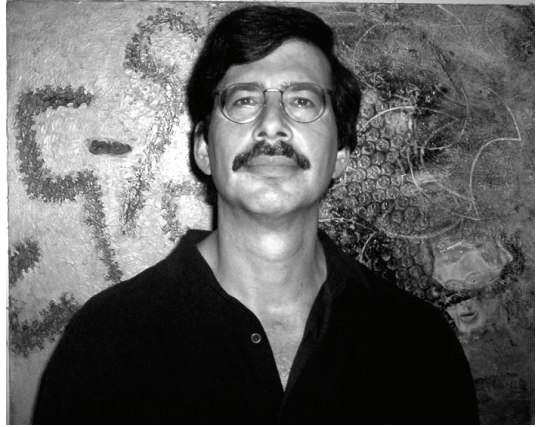
**xStream:** “Must a”; “Needed”

In writing “Test Tube Video” I took “Skipping LP” in *Surprise Visit*, (New York: Domestic P, 1993), 50-53, as a starting point. Whether this poem is a “revision” of the earlier poem is open to question.

## Author's Bio

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Thomas Fink is the author of three previous books of poetry, most recently *After Taxes* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2004), and two books of criticism, including “A Different Sense of Power”: *Problems of Community in Late-Twentieth-Century U.S. Poetry* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2001). In 2006, Beard of Bees published his chapbook, *Staccato*



Landmark. With Joseph Lease, he is co-editor of *“Burning Interiors”: David Shapiro’s Poetry and Poetics* (Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2007). His work has appeared in *American Book Review*, *American Poetry Review*, *Aught*, *Barrow Street*, *Chicago Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Jacket*, *Milk*, *Moria*, *Octopus*, *Shampoo*, *Spore*, *Talisman*, *Verse*, and numerous other publications. Fink is a Professor of English at City University of New York—LaGuardia. His paintings hang in various collections.

photo credit: Ariana Fink



## **Books/E-Books Available from Moria Poetry**

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Jordan Stempleman's *Their Fields* (2005)  
Donna Kuhn's *Not Having an Idea* (2005)  
Eileen R. Tabios's *Post Bling Bling* (2005)  
William Allegrezza's *Covering Over* (2005)  
Anny Ballardini's *Opening and Closing Numbers* (2005)  
Garin Cycholl's *Nightbirds* (2006)  
Lars Palm's *Mindfulness* (2006)  
Mark Young's *from Series Magritte* (2006)  
Francis Raven's *Cooking with Organizational Structures* (2006)  
Raymond Bianchi's *American Master* (2006)  
Clayton Couch's *Letters of Resignation* (2006)  
Thomas Fink's *No Appointment Necessary* (2006)

The e-books/books can be found at <http://www.moriapoetry.com>.

# No Appointment Necessary

Thomas Fink

## Praise for Thomas Fink's Poetry

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—Charles Bernstein

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—Carole Stone in *Moria*

[Thomas Fink’s] “poetry is about illusion, temporal and material; words unfolding in the present even though by the time you’ve read the next word, it has already passed! They construct images of sight, sound—and of the mind—through a complex interplay of words and what they signify, the slippage between the present and past creating *difference*, a gap between a word and its meaning in which Fink rushes in, seemingly, conjuring up chaos.”

—Shivaji Sengupta in *Jacket*

“From quick stops & starts to staccato assonance, the luscious diction of *After Taxes* marshals in a world of heightened musicality, where one is tempted to read aloud, if only for the pleasure of enunciating its expansive lexicon.”

—Noah Eli Gordon in *Xantippe*

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