

**BABY DID
DIRTY**

ED RUSCHA

PICTURES

NELS CLINE

MUSIC

DAVID BRESKIN

GHAZALS

SIDE A

—
FOR DAVE HICKEY

FISTFUL OF ALIENS

Opened, sprinkled, twirl of seeds on a’a or pahoehoe.
Breaking news: nature’s prayer beads on a’a or pahoehoe.

Jazz funeral for nothingness, busty microbes sway and march
out of heaving sea. Godspeed on a’a or pahoehoe.

A hovering Higgs boson. Guava, fig, lichee, kiwi.
Now pigeon-toed tumbleweed on a’a or pahoehoe.

Wrath of buttercup. Vengeance of pansy. Even blooming
idiots grow the stampede on a’a or pahoehoe.

Trying hard not to anticipate a red Pontiac
Catalina, roots succeed on a’a or pahoehoe.

Seaweed, stickseed. Cosmic slackers verb nouns into being.
Water and sun interbreed on a’a or pahoehoe.

Succulent space ships cubbied in kingdom, division, class,
order, family: life agreed on a’a or pahoehoe.

Lacy stigma, lush style and ovary, the pistil whips
off her lingerie, knock-kneed, on a’a or pahoehoe.

Rains spur radicle culture. Tender spikes fence the gloaming.
A paradise to misread on a’a or pahoehoe.

This grueling gazillion day’d dawn, a prepaid upgrade, but—
not even a millipede on a’a or pahoehoe.



VEGETATION MADE PUBLIC

Embarrassed at first blush, shy vegetation made public.
Nice hot vegetables, such confirmation made public.

A Boolean brew simmers: AND, OR, NOR, NAND, NOR, XOR.
Sepals, petals, night sprouting gurgitation made public.

Leave us alone hissed lichen fungi one point three billion
years back: acid-washed prestidigitation made public.

Snowball Earth. Cambrian Explosion. Before dinosaurs,
before Dick Cheney. Time's hallucination made public.

Stem-breaking labor of decay and fade, slaving to make
oil, gas and coal, a swampy taste sensation made public.

Her molecular fingerprints paw us, her lignites rouge
dawn's sultry stare. Ah, brooding incubation made public.

If you drove out to the desert thirty, forty million
years ago—cacti, no beer: deprivation made public.

You could hear it coming in the air that night...*In-A-
Gadda-Da-Vida*. Frequency modulation made public.

Organ pipes, prickly pears, barrels, chollas, saguaros sing out
through jammed choruses of rain. Jubilation made public.

No one to sniff, no one to draw, to shoot, to catch, to hide,
to starve, to see dark field illumination made public.

Areoles spring spines. Glochids lance and parry. Winners stick.
Binary arithmetic operation made public.



JOSHUA TREE

Ash tree, bay tree, bead tree, bean tree, beech tree, slanted, growing.
Big tree (sequoiadendron giganteum) anted, growing.

Birch tree, broom tree, cork tree, elm tree, fir tree, flame tree, fringe tree.
God tree, gum tree, larch, lime and love tree, enchanted, growing.

Ming tree, myrrh tree, nut tree, oak tree, palm tree, peach tree, pea tree.
Plum tree, rain tree, salt tree. Nut-leaved screw tree, canted, growing.

Shade tree, silk tree, soap tree, spice tree, staff tree, thatch tree, wheel tree,
awaiting plush Latin names on pulp unplanted, growing.

Alder, allspice, anise, banyan, buckwheat, bully, carob.
Chocolate, corkwood, devil, dogwood. Fire panted, growing.

Hemlock, incense, judas, kumquat, lacquer, locust, lotus.
Mango, mustard, necklace. Olive, disenchanted, growing.

Ordeal, papaw, pepper, phoenix, ribbon, service, shingle.
Bark-locked kiss of strangler tree victim, recanted, growing.

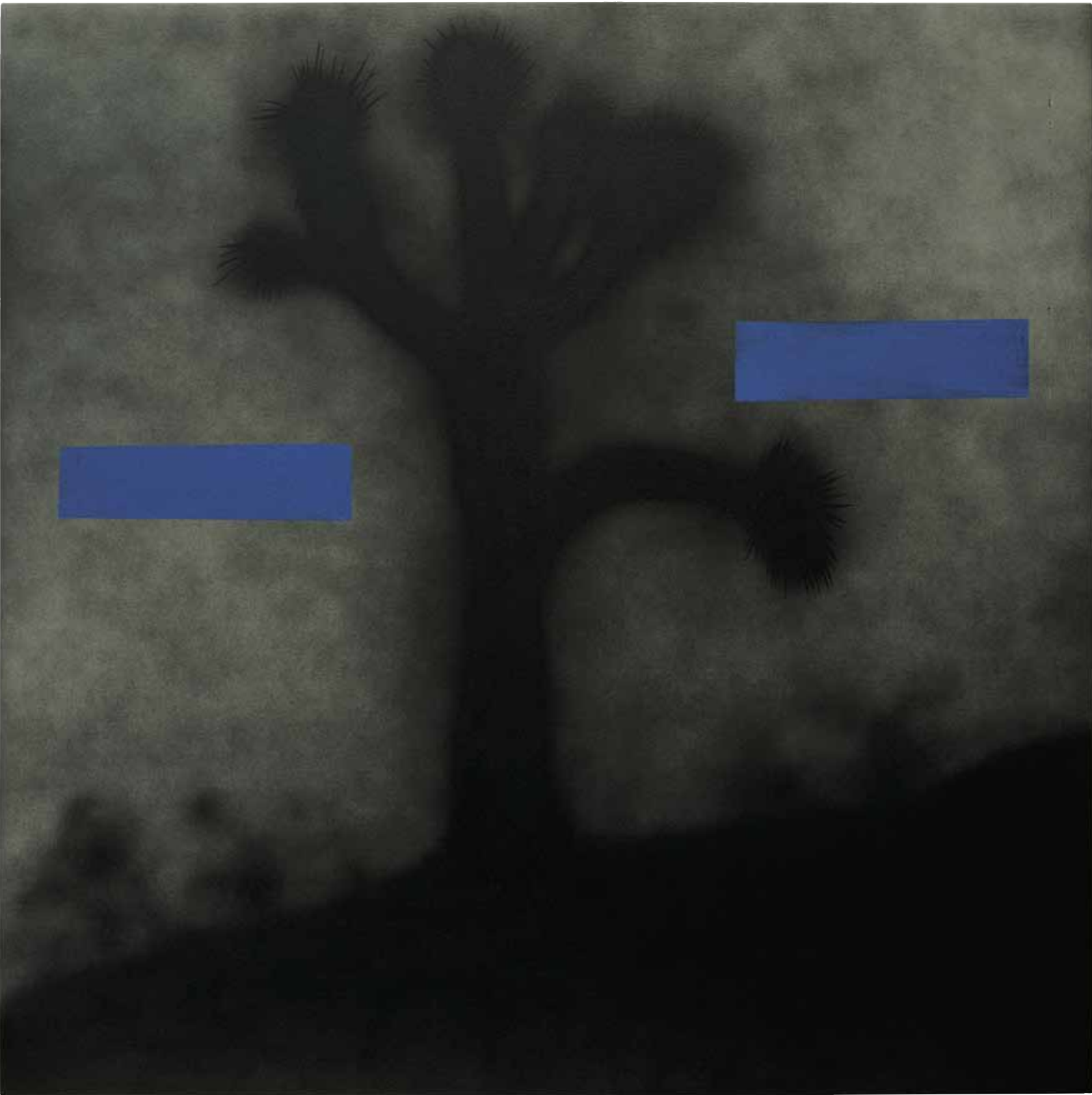
Silver, spindle, temple, trumpet, tulip, varnish, white wax.
Willow’s yawning shade, not yet taken for granted, growing.

Apricot, banana, black cherry, bullock’s heart beating.
Clementine, coconut, crybaby’s tale chanted, growing.

Cucumber tree, elephant tree, family and flamboyant.
Designed? Accidentally-on-purpose planted, growing.

Hazelnut and hickory, ironwood and ivory. *Still*
building then burning down love the singer ranted, growing.

Shallow-rooted, top-heavy, like us, standing frail, waiting
for a conference call of birds and moths, transplanted, growing.



C R O W

It ain't all *caw-caw*. We got speech, culture. Bestowing crow with brains beats calling us *a murder of*.... That's knowing crow.

The Simple Scolding Call, Modified Scolding, Mimicry: all cheeky, clear examples of a condescending crow.

For great horned owls, our taste is not troubling. They often find themselves decapitating and crunchily eating crow.

Don't confuse the Warning Call with one expressing Distress or Alarm by an anything-but-easygoing crow.

Hooded ones in Holy Land use breadcrumbs for bait fishing. It's a living. Let us now calculate brainstorming crow.

If you didn't know better, you'd think that South Seas lovely using the bent stick was—check it out!—a tool-making crow.

A time for Wow-Wow Notes. A time for Carr-Carrs. For Whispers, Woo-ahs, Contentment and Frustration Notes. Riff-blowing crow.

Two million in a royal roost, like passenger pigeons before thick woods got chopped. A sky rich with black-flowing crow.

Pre-Mortality or Death Call, Defensive Threat Call: sing rook, raven, piapiac, sing jackdaw. Yo! Get going crow.



HOWL

I see the best minds of my pack siring the myth of life.
Starving hysterical naked, facing the math of life.

Who bite wild sheep in the neck, shrieking sheep our true delight,
and yet we are blameless faultless taking the breath of life.

Who cower in the jaws of wolves, yapping wolves our nightmare,
our brief gig to be lamb stew busted by the swath of life.

Who copulate ecstatic and insatiate driven
by a secret twisting code sky-high on the meth of life.

Who sweeten meadows and valleys with luxuriant shit
scat singing through bush and plain begetting the tath of life.

Who lounge hungry and lonesome on the drifting floe trembling
nose to salty bubbling hole hoping for the pith of life.

Who plunge themselves pinwheeling far under ice, lungs ticking,
in search of flashing silver scales the shining froth of life.

Who blow and sink studying moonlit zebra and kudu
crossing rivers skittish don't look here comes the wrath of life.

Who whisper and wander together break down and fade out
together walk all night suffering bound to the troth of life.

Who appear and disappear then reappear by changing
shape, supernatural, brilliant, clawing keen to death of life.



CRY BOX

No amount of empty blue can hush my obstinate voice.
No amount of empty. Deep blues for my desolate voice.

O Ma sing yo’ song, now you’s back whah you belong, git way
inside us, keep us strong. We plead soft with inchoate voice.

I’m prairie born and prairie bred, gonna brag about da
prairie till I’m good ’n’ dead. Mad props to aureate voice.

Done took my livin’ as it came, done grabbed my joy, done risked
my life. Out of sweat, meat, and muscle, rips incarnate voice.

I’ve rambled, been chased, rambled an’ been chased so long it feels
like sport to me. Yelping kin, we roll with consummate voice.

You’s done all you could do to make me stay, ’tain’ no fault of yours
I’se leaving, I jes’ datway. Tuck tail, muffled chocolate voice.

I laks yo’ kin’ of lovin’, ain’t never did you wrong, but it jes’ ain’t nachal
fo’ to stay here long. Forget that fancy etiquette voice.

Can’t you see, can’t you see what love and heartache’s done to me,
I’m not the same as I used to be, sobs torn violet voice.

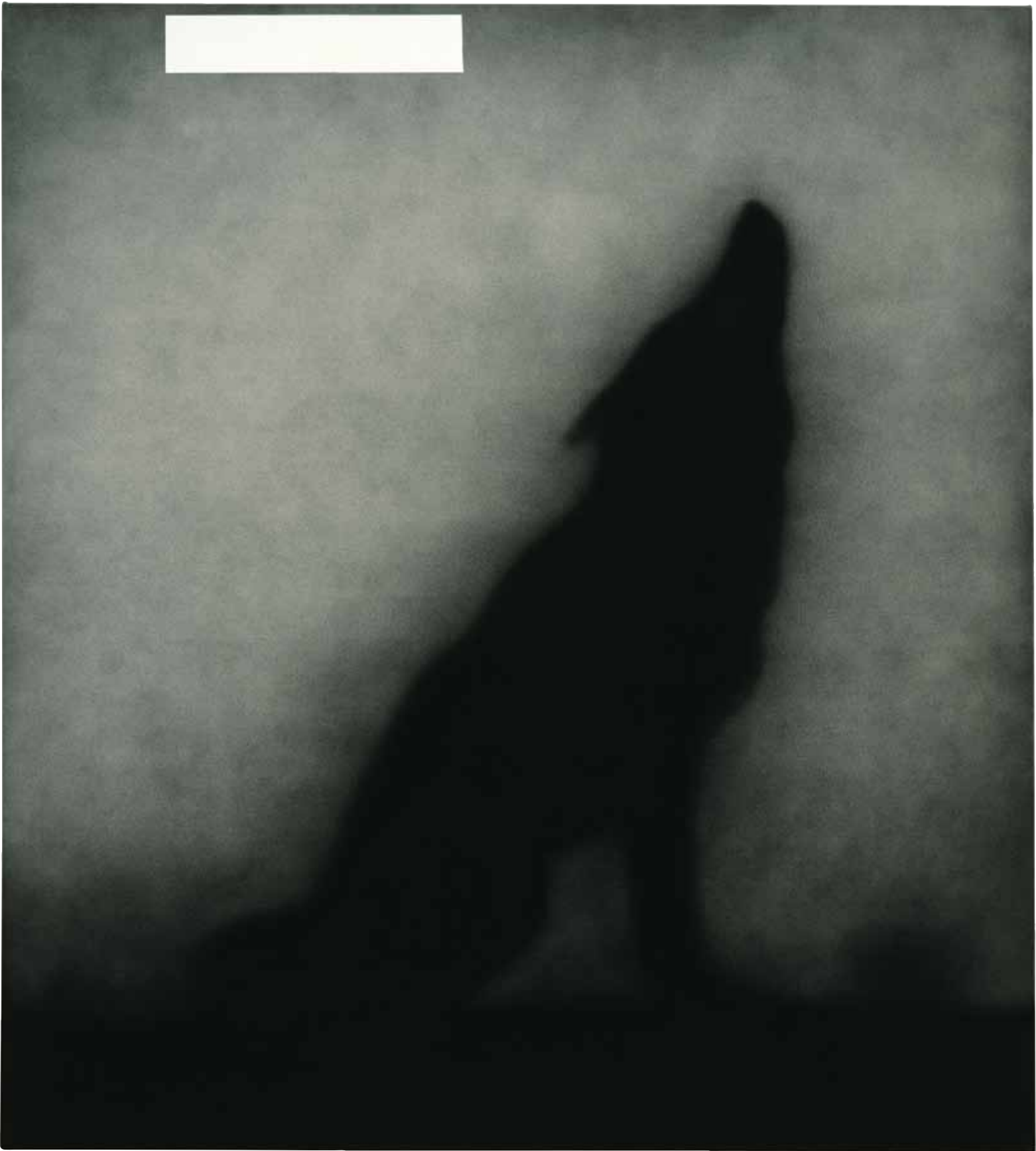
Black wind come speedin’ down de river from de highland plain,
black wind comes a speedin’. Feel that cold, cold bayonet voice.

Bones gittin’ brittle, an’ my brain won’t ’low no rest, bones gittin’
brittle, an’ my brain won’t let me rest. Shhhhh, delicate voice.

Death comes orderin’ folks aroun’, got blacksnake whip to bring yuh
down. In such times, even cocks crow in subordinate voice.

Goin’ where de pines curve ’round de river bend, goin’ where
de pack stacks up mo’ lak friends. Answer, compassionate voice.

O, I fear what’s ’round de bend, I fear de thunder comin’,
O, dat fear, don’t make me weep. Speak now, inviolate voice.



MY NAME IS ABSTRACT

I will put those critters in their place. I will turn the world
inside out. Turn wolf into dog. Learn. I will learn the world.

My cave's but nascent condo, my arms thrown rocks for starters.
See this lightning strike lecture how to slash-and-burn the world.

Gaur becomes cow. Macaw becomes headdress. Elephant, spear
then grand piano. It's all very much my concern, the world.

If the hunting is exhausted or too exhausting here,
bloody right I'll go there. I'm hardly out to churn the world.

Mistakes, sure. There have been problems with rats and many things
too small to see. But I hang in there. I don't spurn the world.

Take the garden. Early work, and no mean feat. Putting plants
in rows brought neat sliced bread and more, machines to quern the world.

This cuts that. I'm cold, that cat can be my coat. There's water
under dust. As you can see, actually, I yearn the world.

A tracing finger in the dirt made a huge but quiet
bang. Numbers: a brand new liquid. Now I can CERN the world.

There are headaches. Eels, goats, butterflies, they've got no worries,
no loose particles, no lost bits. Me, I can urn the world.

It's a sexy gas—revved up by the voltage, the chutzpah,
the wiles, the nads, the art and the oomph to adjourn the world.



UNTITLED

So upright we became, so fast, fearing a brisk damnation.
Crawling on all fours, fleeing such picaresque damnation.

Let's make the chaos order and call it proper, cloaking
ignorance with fear. With the right tools, we'll whisk damnation.

Collaring mystery by its scruff, pinching and shushing
it into ramrod pews. There's your Kafkaesque damnation.

Allah, Buddha, Shiva, Zeus. Bolting multipronged wise guy
or bearded Jew so nailed, let's plan not to risk damnation.

Choking on ruined fruit, we fall from our crib in the trees. Fuck.
Now comes immaculate suffering of slipped disc damnation.

A hypodermic steeple to puncture heaven's cloud. Hell
hath no fury. Who goes there? A narc to frisk damnation.

Discipline. Disciples. A certain squaring of accounts.
The ultimate inside job. Don't dare tsk-tsk damnation.



TABLE

Meanwhile, in the real world, everything was on the table.
Reality-based life (fact finding) was on the table.

Eggs laid, butter churned, earth turned. Mill foaming lazy river.
Once wheat was in the bins, taxpaying was on the table.

Sums necessary to make a right and true accounting.
At last, double-entry bookkeeping was on the table.

Servant sun spun 'round flat planet master. Then a time-lapse
shining apple dove. Stephen Hawking was on the table.

Goods of here weighed against goods of there: gray-scaled fortunes made
Gods miniature. Prudent swashbuckling was on the table.

Backwardation. Contango. Something smart for that nasty
cough. News brews, snooze lose. Blackberrying was on the table.

Paper upon a dead tree, slayed and shaved, soaked, cut, oiled,
measured. An agreement (fast, binding) was on the table.

Give longitude a little latitude, give currency
a cozy vaulted nest. Mapmaking was on the table.



WESTWARD HO

Before our ho backhanded whore, ho meant let’s go. Things change.
Bare cry of boatmen hoping for a lusty blow. Things change?

Announcing egress from some dully stuffy cloistered port,
the seaman puffs an anxious, buoyant quid pro quo. Things change.

Before that, simply calling attention to something. Ho!
Before that, exclamation of surprise: Ice Floe! Things change.

And before even that, the record shows ho expressing
laughter (circa ’levenfitty) like ho ho ho. Things change.

So: laughter, sheer surprise, call of attention, announcement
of geographic desire. Progress apropos. Things change.

’Specially when the same cry commands your nostrils-flaring
horse to halt, hurtling towards the edge of a plateau. Things change.

Eventually, atomic number 67.
Holmium—soft, silvery, metallic. Ho. Things change.

Habitual Offender in copspeak: HO, also
the ace gauge for trains under Xmas trees aglow. Things change.

As do we. Jim Crow. Joe Blow. John Doe. Jane Roe. Cameltoe.
Crashing, skidding, shedding skin though the whole dumb show. Things change.

Sailing forwards sideways, tacking into better judgment,
using our instinct: to pleasure, away from woe. Things change.



BRAVE MEN

So easy to lampoon: brave men run in my family.
So easy to sully: brave men pun in my family.

But once we get past salt-encrusted introductions, I
can assure you there is no cut and run in my family.

Which isn't to say, dear friends, that we lack bloody scruples.
Honor first. There's no Attila the Hun in my family.

And while the East deserves righteous respect, let's be frank, shall
we, about hemispheres: there's no shogun in my family.

In seafaring, whether adrift, aloft, or awash—but
never aground—we're not to be outdone in my family.

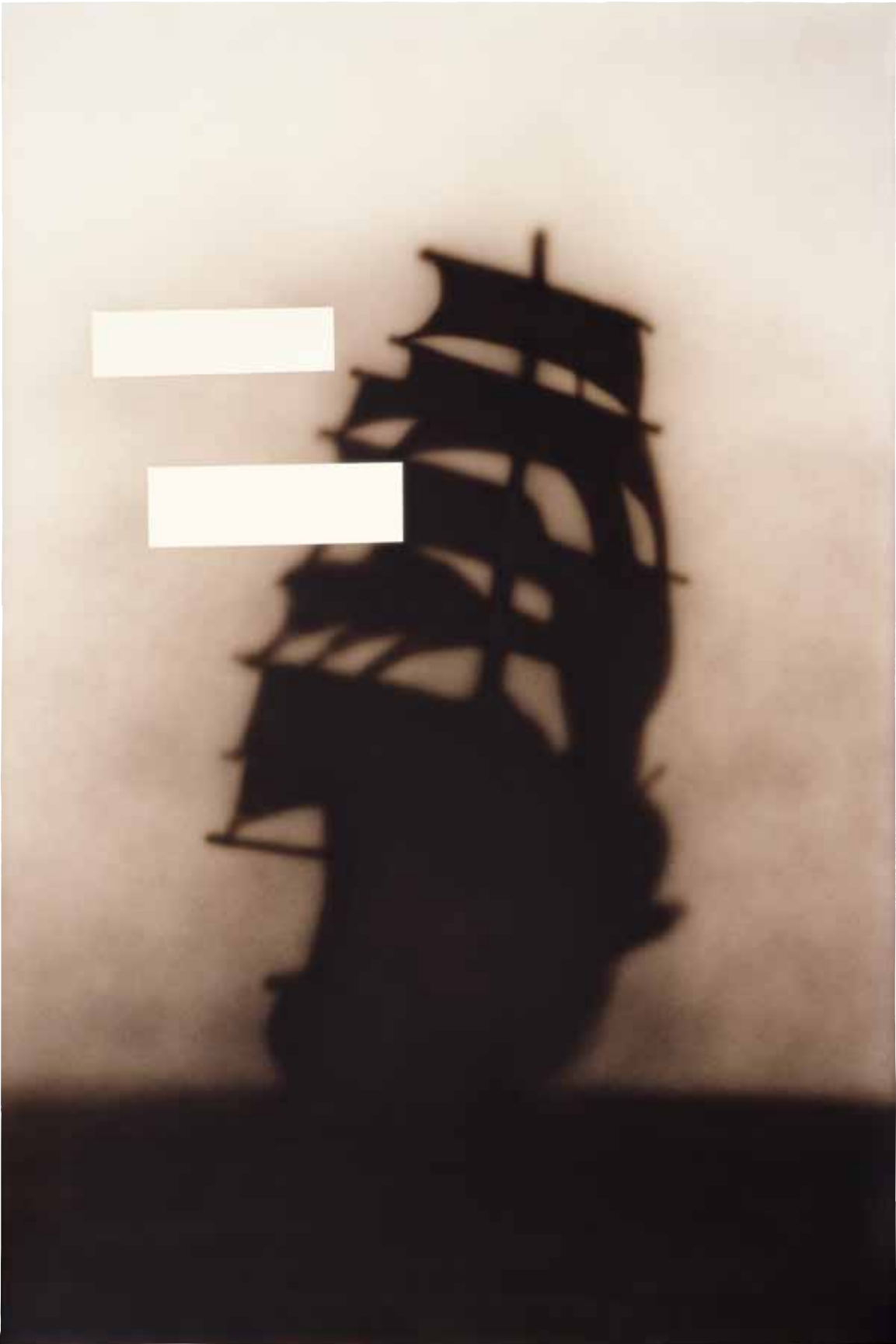
We've joined the heaving sea on its high, tossed horizon. We've
lost lunch. Scurvy. We've been under the gun in my family.

A force ten gale is a fact. Blistering doldrums, also fact. A fresh ripe girl
in port, why yes. There's no place for a nun in my family.

Lightning set rum aflame. Eagle ray barb stuck in bowsprit.
Hot sperm whale pie. Many a tale's been spun in my family.

We accept all nature gives—double rainbows, growlers, brash
ice, bergy bits, waterspouts, a blind son in my family.

The death of Ma, in birth. The death of Pa. Then two of five
brothers. You better find ways to have fun in my family.



HOPE

Is there a sadder word in all the world? Tall sail of hope.
Or one more needfully optimistic, more full of hope?

A ginormous blue diamond. A baby girl. A calm day
in a tropical depression. All fit the bill of hope.

Acid stomach of impure survival, corroding. Life's
search for the hungry bakery, scrounging the meal of hope.

Falling from the knotted web of past and present into
a deserted future, asking for the angel of hope.

Is that too much to ask? 'Tween milky tit and maggoty
dirt, to have a place at the warm empty table of hope?

If gambler's hell is never losing, a more grisly hell
is life clearcut of wish, where you can't even tell of hope.

In the echoey morphing jail of genes, geography,
food and poop, spit, taste and work, we live for the *all* of hope.



MAN, WIFE

As sweet saddle to earth’s bucking curves, the much discussed bed.
Over eons, light years, mores, manners, the nonplussed bed.

The trouble with wedlock is there’s not enough wed and too
much lock. With fingered spin, tumblers crack open the lust bed.

The chain of wedlock is so heavy that it takes two to
carry it—sometimes three. Any wonder some distrust bed?

Marriage: a friendship recognized by the police. Civil
laws so say, whether they stand for an unjust...or just bed.

Rings are put on the finger of the lady and through the
nose of the gentleman. Animal husbandry. Thrust. Bed.

Courtship to marriage, as a very witty prologue to
a very dull play. Ah, swept into history’s dustbed.

A community consisting of a master, a mistress
and two slaves, making in all, two. With friction, we combust bed.

Marriage succeeds love as smoke does a flame. Sooty vapors
and dousing water—ssssssss—give patina to the rust bed.

Dread of loneliness is greater than fear of bondage, so
we pair-bond. Tweezers, clamps, nipple rings, ropes drag your bust bed.

The surest way to be alone is to get married. So
have women long felt, above all in the upper-crust bed.

The only adventure open to the cowardly. Rockfalls,
cave-ins, frostbite, swiftboating in an over-fussed bed.

Like paying an endless visit in your worst clothes. With all
the binding, chafing, rubbing and wear, we must adjust bed.

A formula chipped in stone. All tragedies end with death.
All comedies, marriage. The opposite of august, bed.

It’s so great to find that one special person you want to
annoy for the rest of your life...in the much disgust bed.

The most happy marriage I can picture would be the union
of a deaf man to a blind woman. Now there’s a robust bed!



BROTHER, SISTER

Coffled, tortured, stowed like spoons, cartage of Middle Passage.
Factories, then barracoons, breakage of Middle Passage.

Gbe, Akan, Mande, Yoruba, Ashanti, Igbo,
Chamba, Wolof, Portuguese, language of Middle Passage.

Dohomey, Oyo, Orungu, Tio, Kongo, Kaabu,
Bamun, Aro, Kong, England, carnage of Middle Passage.

Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Leonard, Cassius Clay,
Muhammad Ali, Jack Dempsey, poundage of Middle Passage.

Bessie, Billie, Ella, Sarah, Dinah, Betty, Etta,
Aretha, Dionne, Chrissie, plumage of Middle Passage.

Dred Scott, Eldridge Cleaver, H. Rap Brown, Malcolm X, Bobby
Seale, Jeff Fort, Strom Thurmond, damage of Middle Passage.

Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Rosa Parks, Barbara
Jordan, Geraldine Ferraro, vestige of Middle Passage.

Frederick Douglass, Julian Bond, Shirley Chisholm, Barack
Hussein Obama, George Wallace, knowledge of Middle Passage.

Phyllis Wheatley, Lucille Clifton, Gwendolyn Brooks, Rita
Dove, Oprah Winfrey, Ayn Rand, luggage of Middle Passage.

Clarence Thomas, Shelby Steele, Stanley Crouch, Colin Powell,
Alan Keyes, Rush Limbaugh, shrinkage of Middle Passage.

Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain, Nate Thurmond, Lew Alcindor,
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Bill Walton, advantage of Middle Passage.

Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, Ornette
Coleman, Josef Zawinul, college of Middle Passage.

Sally Hemings and Thomas Jefferson, Ann Dunham and
Obama (The Elder), live voltage of Middle Passage.

Robert Hayden wrote: *Voyage through death, voyage whose chartings
are unlove*. Rising still, fresh seepage of Middle Passage.



PARTS PER TRILLION

As if to measure treasure, we study parts per trillion
using strobelike science, and all it imparts per trillion.

Forced dancing on deck to prevent disease. Forced feeding
against hunger strike. Grim game of human darts per trillion.

Against voodoo and disobedience, revolt and all
such black tricks, try conjuring the darkest arts per trillion.

Smallpox, syphilis, malaria, measles—the Old World’s
cryptic gifts distributed in fits and starts per trillion.

To create the seamless beauty of fine mulatto mutt,
’twas necessary to rape this many tarts per trillion.

You suffer, therefore I am. Or therefore I don’t...suffer.
Some equations produce one Rene Descartes per trillion.

All the counting—calories gained, miles made, lives lost—neatly
summed in navigational, bar, and pie charts per trillion.

Maafa is no myth but there’s plenty of mythology.
Just why, in Africa, are there no Mozarts per trillion?

Guns, germs and steel, cotton, tobacco, sugar, molasses,
rum: piled high with profits go the groaning carts per trillion.

Now professors squabble over greater pain—Maafa or
Holocaust?—dispensing statistical farts per trillion.

We must know, exactly, how many there were, how many
perfectly and exquisitely broken hearts per trillion.



THE UNCERTAIN TRAIL

The pioneers are now easy to dismiss. Go figure.
Rattlesnake with a taste for the leg of sis. Go figure.

A queen's robe behind them, bloodhound on blood, beagle on hare—
dilating eagerly for what they most dis. Go figure.

History tends to make history seem inevitable. But
history could always turn out different. It's remiss. Go figure.

If your dad never met your mom, or your mom didn't like
the way your dad smelled, you'd not be reading this. Go figure.

Do you think they sat around, barbecuing plump muskrats
at dusk, their eyes wet with wah-wah reminisce? Go figure.

Or did they hunker down and deconstruct ye olde concept
of home, schooners plunging into the abyss? Go figure.

Dead reckoning on prairie seas, seeking the ravenous
maw of wilderness, offering up a French kiss. Go. Figure.

But whom do the uncertain trail? Ain't it plain clear? They trail
the certain, people filled with narrative bliss. Go figure.



THE TEEPEES

A blank white space on maps to dehumanize *Parts Unknown*.
A dreamy jade cartouche to domesticize parts unknown.

On wall or table, or in pocket, a creased and folded
void, slightly foxed, helps dematerialize parts unknown.

Was there ever an animal we couldn't shit out, or
use as weapon? Aim to denaturalize parts unknown.

The Bible's boundary-rich: we be here, they be there. Cursed be
he, et cetera. Let us now dichotomize parts unknown.

Prayer study rubs quotations from a single source. Press hard.
Use your snarliest white teeth to dogmatize parts unknown.

The other's always other, even sleeping, so every
Snidely Whiplash feels damn free to dastardize parts unknown.

Mix crosshairs and chalk, theodolites and rope. Carefully
triangulate the plat to decimalize parts unknown.

For the sake of health, of hygiene, let loose our oldest tool:
a caustic flensing fire to deodorize parts unknown.

Remember my horse running remember my horse. Remember
pale rider how swift we could demoralize parts unknown.

By rifle, saw or shotgun marriage, by microbeastie most,
staggered thumping drumbeat progress to downsize parts unknown.



UNCERTAIN FRONTIER

Through hard frost, the glow of a bright Hunter’s Moon blurred the edge
and turned our talk brashly optimistic. We slurred the edge.

Before the whining rail, there was hoot owl, waft of water’s
fall, buffalo thunder, skin slap: we overheard the edge.

We spoke of making a harder, sturdier wheel. Then talk
of men, of caliber, cabin rights. Horses spurred the edge.

As if to roast the country on a spit, we came with pigs,
land grants, lies, broadsides, gumption. We entrepreneured the edge.

Less than two folks but more than a thousand creatures per square
mile, as per squirrelly census. Wildly absurd, the edge.

In boondocks, at borders, a flash of drunken thigh might pass
for a real town treat. Camisoled outskirts deterred the edge.

*Come here! Here’s my secret! Every curve can be conquered with
enough licking. After nowhere…more nowhere* purred the edge.

The kerf, the fleam, the rake, the gullet: Perdix and Lu Ban
made the teeth spot-on and the rip saw set deburred the edge.

Walking backwards into the future—certain of our past,
humming loud yesterday’s greatest hit—we dogbird the edge.

And when the West went so far as to become East again,
The Last Best West was North for those who still preferred the edge.

There were just some things you couldn’t buy off-the-shelf. Sporting
a wimp’s thesis, Frederick Jackson Turner auteured the edge.



LLLLLONG TALL TALES

Free-range organic criminals produced bodacious tales.
Medium-rare rack of mountains belayed nutritious tales.

Most sources indicate that Crockett and the Alamo
defenders were cremated en masse. Inauspicious tales.

Calamity Jane became friends with, and was employed by,
Dora DuFran, the Black Hills’ leading madam. Scrumptious tails.

When Wild Bill Hickok was killed over cards, Calamity
claimed she’d been his wife and had his child. Mendacious tales.

Bunyan’s birth was strange, as it took five storks to carry him.
Normally, one stork could lift many babies. Precious tales.

When Bunyan was months old, he sawed the legs off his parents’
bed in the middle of the night. Wholly subconscious tales.

Pecos Bill rode a tornado like a bronco and snapped
a smart rattlesnake whip. Genuine fakelore, righteous tales.

Devastated by the loss of sassy Slue-Foot Sue, Bill
returned to live among the coyotes. Contumacious tales.

Mike Fink shot the scalp lock from the head of an Indian,
calmly, with surgical precision. Perspicacious tales.

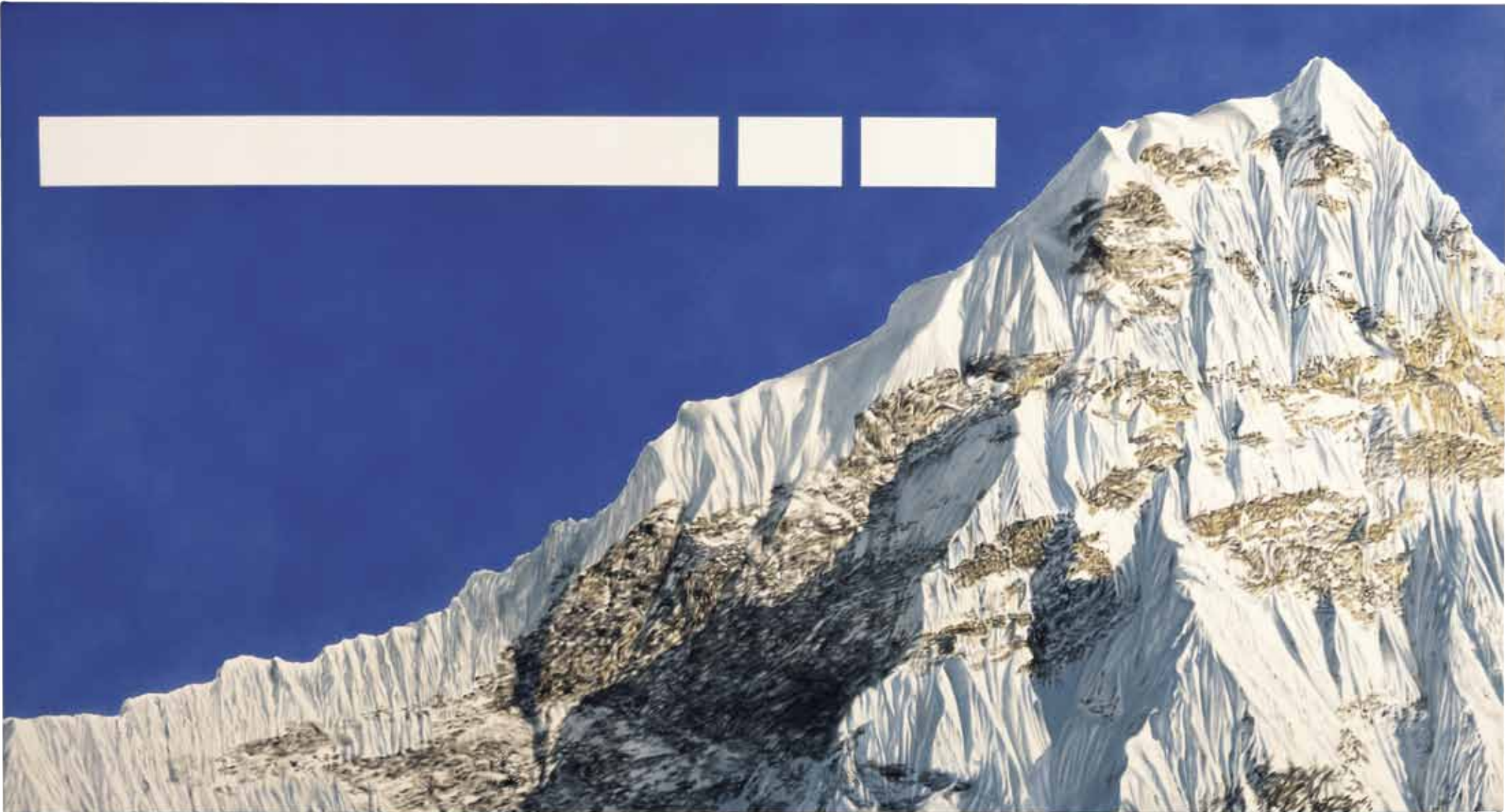
Mike always had his woman with him and would allow no
other man to speak to her. Chère amie. Lubricious tales.

Alfred Bulltop Stormalong’s end is not universally
attested by all known sources. Inefficacious tales.

Stormalong, fearing fire, angered a steamboat captain by
dumping water down the boat’s funnel. Disputatious tales.

To escape the bear, the treed lumberjacks urinated,
creating a frozen pole. Then they slid down frabjous tales.

Well now, one winter it was so cold that all the geese blew
backwards and all the fish moved south, nibbling fictitious tales.



PLENTY BIG HOTEL ROOM (PAINTING FOR THE AMERICAN INDIAN)

Endonyms, Exonyms, Indians, abstractions aplenty.
First Nations, Amerinds, appellations aplenty.

Algonquin, Arapahoe, Apache, Achumawi,
Adai, Athabaskan, appropriations aplenty.

Beothuk, Biloxi, Blackfoot, Bannock, Caddo, Choctaw,
Chippewa, Chumash, Crow, articulations aplenty.

Dakota, Delaware, Dogrib, Esselen, Eyak, Fox,
Gros Ventre, Havasupai, alternations aplenty.

Illini, Jemez, Karankawa, Laguna, Miwok,
Nooksack, Ofo, Panamint, adaptations aplenty.

Quapaw, Rumsen, Slavey, Tlingit, Uchee, Ventureño,
Walla Walla, Yuma, Zuni, aspersions aplenty.

WOPaho, Wahoo, Wagon Burner, Trail Nigger, Tonto,
Tomahonky, Timber Nigger, assignations aplenty.

Squaw Hopper, Squanto, Spruce Monkey, Smoke Signal, Semihole,
Seal Clubber, Scalper, Savage, administrations aplenty.

Salmon Nigger, Redskin, Red Nigger, Radish, Pretendian,
Prairie Nigger, Nate, Muck, aggravations aplenty.

Mohow, Mascot, Maize Muncher, Knee Jerk, Klooch, Ki Yi, Injun,
Indian, Huff, Heathen, amputations aplenty.

Hatchet Packer, Half A Gas Can, Gut Eater, Glonni, Gas
Huffer, Gasbag, Featherhead, admonitions aplenty.

Dirt Worshipper, Diesel, Crow, Cowboy Killer, Cochise, Chug,
Chief, Cherry Nigger, assassinations aplenty.

Casino Cleaner, Bushnigger, Bush Bandit, Buffalo
Jockey, Buck, Bow Bender, animations aplenty.

Blanket Ass, Blackout, Big Red, BFI, Apple, Alky.
Accommodations. Vacancy. Reservations aplenty.



SHUT THIS GATE

In the twilight, wild-eyed Appaloosas weave open range,
while lemon meadowlarks sing of true, naive open range.

You ride from the wind-scarred town, packs stuffed with standard regrets
and typical rage, hoping you can achieve open range.

Nature's stranger to right angle. All ascent is curve. Raw
colt, this unbroke earth, which can hardly conceive open range.

All the empty in the world. Grass tall enough to swallow
horse and rider. By morning's first breath, frost-heave open range.

Model wars 'tween cattleman and shepherd, fair and balanced
fights over meat and dough in a flash could peeve open range.

Johnson County, Lincoln County, Pleasant Valley—each tiff
sparked by gall, by mingy whim of those who thief open range.

With every post a prow, every board an ax, every barb
a penetrating blade, cut by cut we cleave open range.

First man who fenced some land and found someone simple enough
to believe it truly his—that dude could reave open range.

There's never been a factory, film set or frontier that
couldn't be shut down. Big deal. You'll never leave open range.

When closing comes clocks shrug. What tack to take? Into which wind?
The Director's Cut: to make-believe, or grieve, open range?

Facing Dairy Queens and Burger Kings, driving Mustangs down
stoplit drags, we forget to remember we've open range.



PERMANENT JUSTICE

Stand up straight. Look sharp. You can't much duck permanent justice,
skedaddle or hornswoggle or buck permanent justice.

When sawing the fiddle to your own bad tune, be it blues
or bluegrass, always take care to pluck permanent justice.

Any two-bit grifter above snakes will absquatulate
two whoops and a holler rather than luck perm'nent justice.

Past Cairo, downstream, resolving to set Jim free: *All right,
then I'll go to hell*, surmises Huck. Permanent justice?

Postponing pain can win you spurs. When in trouble in your
own end, you may find icing the puck permanent justice.

If the river running by your slumped soddy is too thick
to drink, too thin to plow, time to chuck permanent justice.

Life's dandy! You jam the breeze and hold a hole card too, but...
crack wheels of progress often get stuck. Permanent justice.

Grubstake gone, coydog ate up your fluff duffs, snake-head whiskey
drained. Life's just snare and snub. Run amuck permanent justice.

My grandfather called himself The Yiddish Cowboy. He died
of Marlboros. You make him a schmuck, permanent justice.

Whether in hoosegow or shanty, shack or luscious hollow,
when all's sleeping peace never untuck permanent justice.

She stands there blindfolded, robes revealing her every curve
and bashful promise. You want to fuck permanent justice.



COMMON STOCK

Returns cluster 'round a golden mean, sipping common broth.
Every herd provokes an index, a cooling gnomon broth.

Portuguese (PORT) 94.37▲.....Spanish (CAST) 54.23▲.....Dutch
(DYKE) 33.07▲.....British (TEA) 22.12▼.....hegemon broth

French (FRG) 42.71▼.....Swedes (VIKE) 57.12▲.....Germans
(GERM) 81.22▼.....Norwegians (ICE) 77.16▲.....lemon broth.

Catholics (SIN) 3.23▼.....Protestants (WORK) 7.46▼.....Baptists
(SAV) 6.66▼.....Methodists (METH) 3.16▼.....sermon broth.

Puritans (PURE) 240.88▼.....Jews (TCP) 11.25▲.....Quakers
(SIMP) 5.25▲.....Mormons (LDS) 152.10▼.....demon broth.

Italians (TONY) 55.34▲.....Russians (NYET) 13.13▼.....Irish
(SPUD) 22.50▲Chinese (MSG) 2.92▼.....plasmon broth.

Caucasoids (PINK) 62.88▼.....Mongoloids (TYH) 50.23▲.....
Negroids (SLV) 33.91▲.....Mixed (MUTT) 99.69▲.....phlegmon broth.

Rockefeller (STEL) 678.90▼.....Buffett (BRK.A) 85,650.00▲.....Gates
(MSFT) 17.44▼.....Paulson (RMBS) 590.31▲.....mammon broth.

Trout (RNBW) 2.20▲.....Muskie (FITE) 1.62▼.....Bass (B) 7.57▼.....
Wahoo (WAH) 12.24▲.....Salmon (JUMP) 8.58▲.....c'mon broth.



UNIT

Soon as I was expelled, I knew I’d be coolly alone.
A woman wailed. There was blood. Time to be drolly alone.

In the dense dark woods of family, suffocating creepers
and dinner, I whacked a way to be lovingly alone.

Cover tracks! A forwarding address can badly monkey
with even modest plans to be strategically alone.

When they ask *You happy?* my advice more or less grunt *Yeah*.
There’s music written for being romantically alone.

I’ve studied rest and motion, and mothers, plus both oceans.
It’s pure natural that I’m centrifugally alone.

Point being, don’t get stuck fussing over nothing. It’s no
small matter being infinitesimally alone.

People overestimate people, underestimate
thoughts. You get busy being transcendentially alone.

Keep your shades down, your lamps low, and nosy cowards will talk:
That strange feller yonder...he’s suicidally alone.

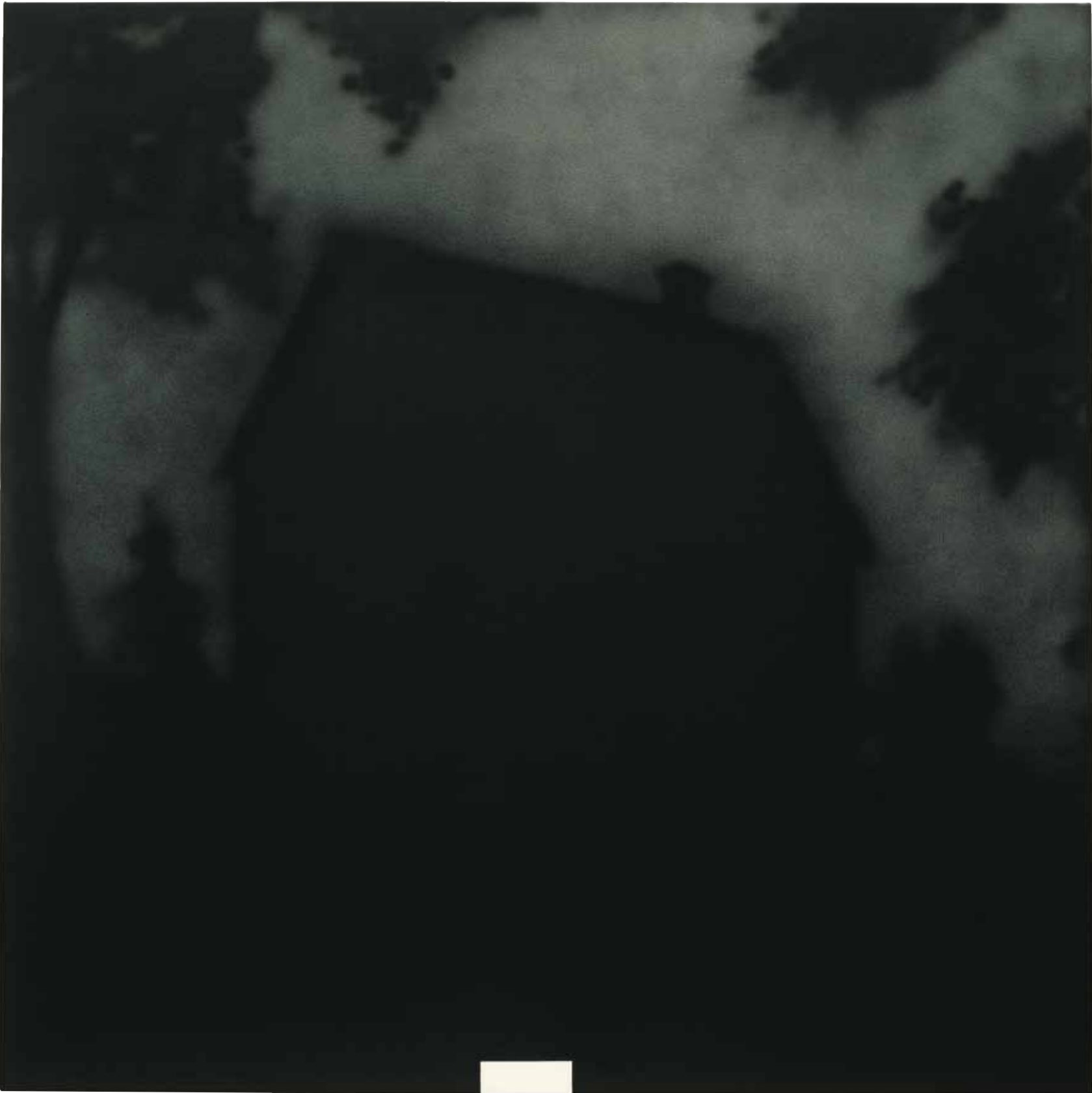
The math’s on my side. Taking one away from any group
adds back for everyone. We’re all communally alone.

On the crowded train, skid road logging camp, or river pig
reunion—surrounded—I’m miraculously alone.

Don’t let crowds fool you. I see ’em coming, with their torches,
speeches and receipts. Bull. We’re molecularly alone.

Authoring desire lines, each hard-earned sole impresses.
A light groove comes when you take steps, uncannily alone.

It’s always threatening to fess up that solitude’s a blast—
there’s plenty of juice and well-enough joy fully alone.



STRONG, HEALTHY

We snuggle between coasts, licking our cocoon of good health,
but varmints lurk and plonk near the fringed lagoon of good health.

A comforting voice tells how Peter bags the wolf each time
nature lurks. Hear the lustrous purple bassoon of good health.

Stealthily staged in sod house, Queen Anne, split level, starter
ranch or semi-detached, a hungry platoon of good health.

Liberty or death. Don't tread on me. Semper fi. Come strong
or don't come at all. No room for a poltroon of good health.

Dissent and debate ain't disloyal. Word fur should fly fast
in a tea-cupped salon or sawdust saloon of good health.

So set 'em up Joe, I got a little story I think
you oughtta know. Make it one signature tune of good health.

Who suffers casualties for mere vanilla? The spice wars
of sex set us up good: quadroons, octoroons of good health.

With enough milk, my honey will produce more GDP.
Sucking strong, I lash myself to the harpoon of good health.

Once you win those office battles you've been fighting dear, our
slim bank account will behave like a buffoon of good health.

Tail fins of Cadillacs. The dripping fat flaming backyard
barbecues. Live, the animated cartoon of good health.

Fenced yard. Locked door. Basement. Return to sender cul-de-sac.
I squat down, squint, and make my stand, a maroon of good health.

Out my dark window, houses like faces. The blank gash mouth
of avid expectation swallows the spoon of good health.



YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS

There was that one funny time you caught your fucking neighbors.
They were new, friendly too. They'd just bought, your fucking neighbors.

The glories of their ripening garden, their Conestogas'
double garage. For a time, you sought your fucking neighbors.

Neighbors are worse than you, especially when better. Duh
hey. Sigmund Freud could practically snort your fucking neighbors.

Your momma said if you don't have something nice to say, don't.
But the reflections at night distort your fucking neighbors.

Cat wranglers. Boob tube tools. Salesmen of siding, mutual funds,
mortgages. Perhaps you could export your fucking neighbors.

Fornicating drunks issue offspring that will grow to drink
and fornicate. You'd like to abort your fucking neighbors.

After rains, hairline cracks bud in concrete retaining walls.
Queasy driveway rifts, rents, chinks, athwart your fucking neighbors.

They say it's just about rules and regs. Color's not really
the bone of contention. So purport your fucking neighbors.

Third parties mean well on the path to hell. They tell you, *It's
not worth it, just let it go*. So ought your fucking neighbors.

The lights are on, but nobody's home. A carbon footprint
size of Sasquatch. They're an afterthought, your fucking neighbors.



NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE

Blind men touching, we reach for tenebrous contact details.
On this spun third stone, we’ve formed fabulous contact details.

She was eleven, and gave me the kiss that swore off soap
for days. Then, in a passed note, her glabrous contact details.

Passed from one to one, the beginnings of an afflicted
network. Giddy, she whispered her leprous contact details.

Her mom liked to go driving in the evening, by herself.
Relaxed her. He burned the adulterous contact details.

They have two lines. A princess phone. Pushbutton in the kitch.
His loaded mom gave mine the prosperous contact details.

Betsy in the bomb shelter. Vicky in the trashed rec room.
Sucking face and sweets can cause cankerous contact details.

Curb. Date. Park. Elbow. Panic. Interview. Nouns turn verby,
cramming dictionaries with amorphous contact details.

Head an organization, toe the mark, butter the bread,
bread the cutlet. Detail the various contact details.

You don’t say. Well isn’t it a small world. He likes the same
thing. Lemme jot down some gregarious contact details.

Cut To: Suburban Street, At Dusk. What alienation
has ever been so fab? Cue clamorous contact details.

Kicking the can all the way home where it’s too dim to see
what’s misplaced in not-yet-ubiquitous contact details.

Amid the bonfire smoke a whirl of burning business cards.
Stoked, I am gasping for fissiparous contact details.



AVERAGES

From Arabic at first, we bow to serene averages.
Estimates of loss at sea, goods damaged, keen averages.

With so much personal freight heavily judged by being
extra heavy, maybe we should quarantine averages.

Just moments after birth, APGAR. Then weight, height, IQ, sex,
length, tits, income, square footage—a life to glean averages.

Activity, Pulse, Grimace, Appearance, Respiration.
It's not your fault. It's but a puzzle of gene averages.

A satellite stutters across the sky, bleeping info
down and out. Who will sacrifice for deep green averages?

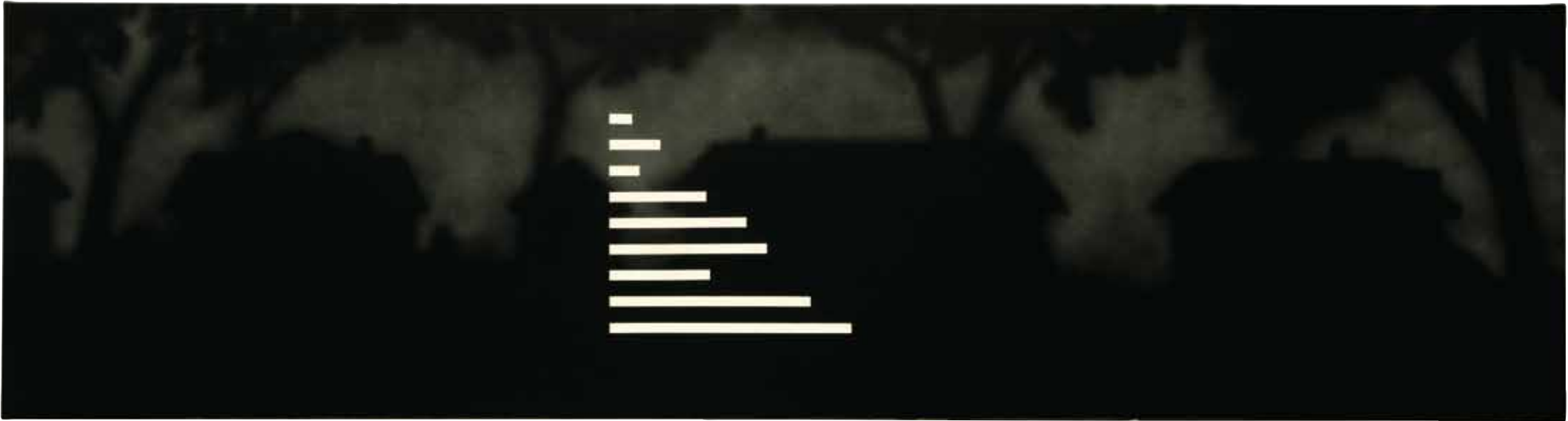
14 miles per gallon. 30 points per game. .400.
Across the land, lives freely torqued by obscene averages.

My daughter wants to dance. At six she has the head, neck and
legs. But come sixteen, will she flaunt Balanchine averages?

Averages are evil and can kill you. For example,
average desert temperature. Run from unclean averages.

Dexedrine, Benzedrine, Methedrine. Laboratories buzz
with nature's compound fractures. Let's spike life's mean averages.

What you might expect on a normal weeknight, or normal
office tower morning. Pre-mujahedeen averages.



RHEOSTAT

Necessary advances so damn fast, driving stat needs.
Brain candy fantasies produce new cephalostat needs.

Cruising past porcine towards obese, we hunger for a thin
wafer of indulgence to placate our appestat needs.

Compressing the tawny splendors of ranch into ranch house,
we make patio our cella, lugging orthostat needs.

Frigid, we burrow under plastic capillaries of
electric blanket, speedily dialing pyrostat needs.

Grasping the magnificent Zenith Space Command remote,
a young generation develops blepharostat needs.

Developments, double-wides, exurbs, zoning transport nodes.
Grant-seeking scientists assay microhabitat needs.

On the margins, the oddest random fires flare. Infernal
machines, propaganda of the deed feeds *attentat* needs.

After Jack and Martin, after Bobby in a hotel
kitchen hall, drop by drop we're flooded with hemostat needs.

Parents regulate children by means of variable
resistance. Two terminals fulfill all rheostat needs.



DIGIT HOUSE

Alone, in a room of my unmaking, I process flux.
Only a private password allows me to access flux.

Since there is never enough time, I make more. A brutal
schedule's expected if you want to harness excess flux.

One night, it leaked under the bedroom door, stained the carpet
on the splintered floor. There was a not nice smell: abscess flux.

1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1
1 1 1 0 1: intumesce and effervesce, flux.

Navajo and Choctaw and Comanche and Meskwaki
and Cherokee code talkers allowed me to possess flux.

Still, information ain't knowledge and knowledge ain't wisdom.
But moving, I paddle into eddies and assess flux.

A culture dipped into a medium is rarely stable. Bacteria
breeds. The speed of a sneeze makes it tricky to finesse flux.

Protein runs away but now the hunt's buffet. I sup and
sip, digits clicked to the bone, chasing the leopardess flux.



SERVCO, UNLIMITRON, GELTEX

Excise enough pests and a silent spring is natural.
Guns, God, xenophobia. Hell, to cling is natural.

Servco feels it's the finest Lexus merchant on Maui.
In the dealer's wallet, a benzene ding is natural.

They called her Styrene 'cause she came from the sap styrax trees
drip. Not for waffles. Nature's toxic bling is natural.

Circling sad-eyed men, a silicone-injected orange-squeezed
Hooters girl bearing a buffalo wing is natural.

ADHD, SID, NLD in one small boy.
Whatever you're dealt, whatever you bring, is natural.

The compounds of polygamists, the compounds of chemists,
compounds of Kennedys. Of thee I sing is natural.

Portuguese water dogs pounce on home runs. Meatheaded, geeked
on human growth hormone, taking a swing is natural.

In heat and losing money, GelTex gets bought by Genzyme.
With foreplay, a passionate corporate fling is natural.

At Kampgrounds of America, polypropylene reeks
in sweating sun. Pulling linguistic string is natural.

On a morning way too cold to launch—but for Reagan's State
of the Union—a brittle, frozen O-ring is natural.

Women extrude babies. Babies are manmade. Made men cut
throats with knives. Knives are stainless. Everything is natural.



DRUGS, HARDWARE, BARBER, VIDEO

Sunday night voicemail: *I've been humbled by circumstances.*
Need some advice, seeming not crumbled by circumstances.

If you can find it in your heart to lend it, I would be
much appreciative: now uncoupled by circumstances.

Hadn't heard from you in a long time. Crazy, you'd kicked me
real bad. Didn't breathe you'd been sickled by circumstances.

Days before, splayed on the floor of an old church, your girlfriend,
your life work, your veneer unscumbled by circumstances.

You didn't say *Theresa's dead*. Didn't say *In trouble*.
Just a lone cell phone hello, downscaled by circumstances.

Collected, praised, but pursued (you *knew*) by Scientologists
and CIA spooks, you felt spanceled by circumstances.

Paranoia. Conspiracy. How 'merican! A blog
behind every stinkin' bush. Blackballed by circumstances.

Born in OK, your hero Ruscha's boyhood stomping grounds,
you came to Venice canals, inhaled by circumstances.

When you finally met him at the Hammer, your downcast eyes
could barely look—you shook—so fondled by circumstances.

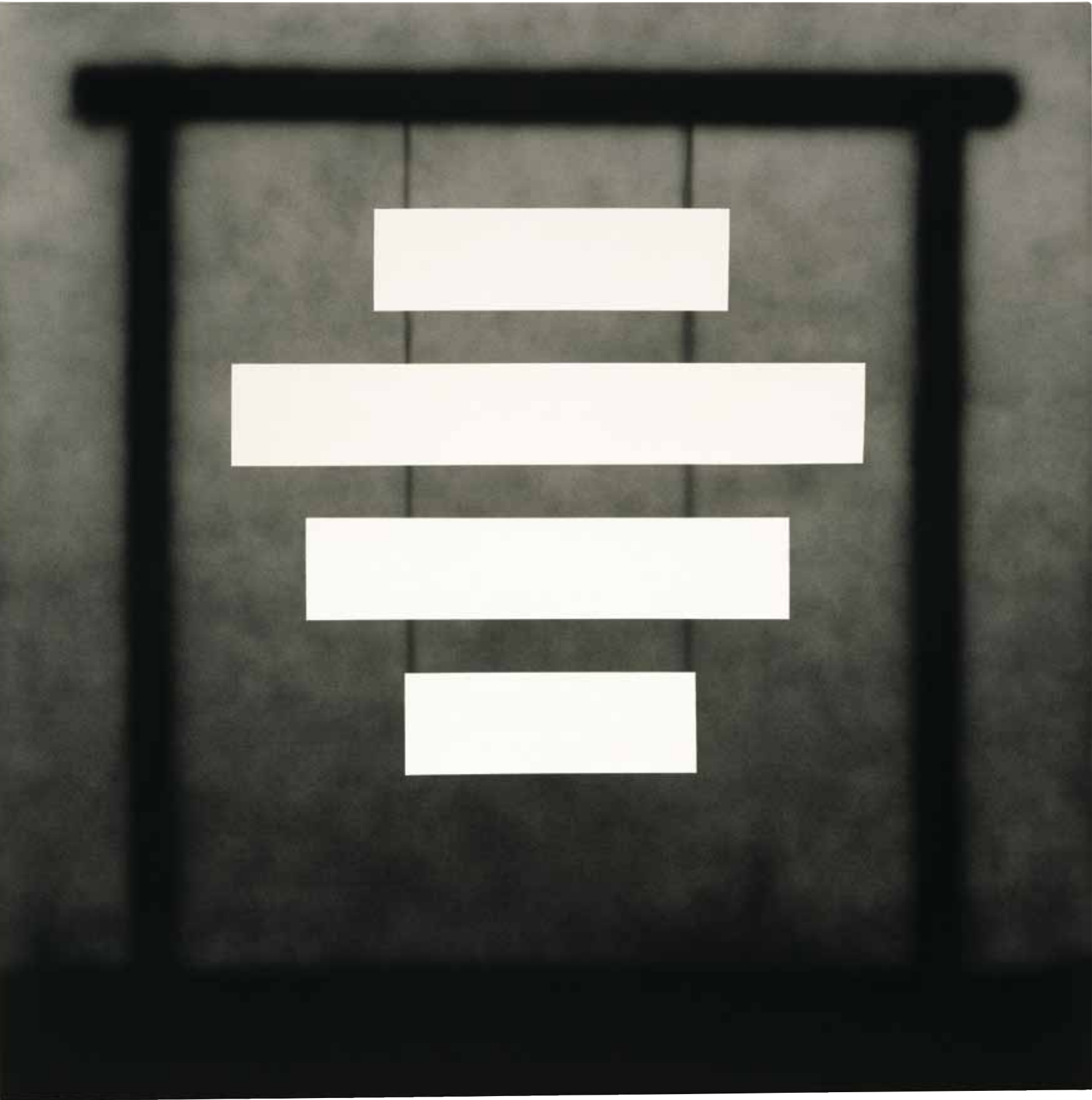
Romance with liquids. Romance with perfumed keeling mental
states. Sick, sick, to have your self misspelled by circumstances.

Your daddy died a suicide. Mine too. We knew. Advice?
I would have said *Don't go swim* sozzled by circumstances.

Would've, could've: hell. If Not For You. Ambition made her
look pretty ugly, bombshell pigtailed by circumstances.

She left you and you survived. Survived for days and days, but
you could not attend her end, shriveled by circumstances.

Tuesday night, walking into Altman's *Long Goodbye* ocean,
your witty death and life, subtitled by circumstances.



UNTITLED

Open, still a phat dazzle on a’a and pahoehoe.
Breaking news: nature’s frazzle on a’a and pahoehoe.

Saguaro’s shot. Redwood’s cut to size. Araucaria’s
whorl stays still. Monkey’s puzzle on a’a and pahoehoe.

Too hot, too dry, too wet. Itchy, increasingly tetchy,
is mankind menopausal on a’a and pahoehoe?

We strip the earth for parts, then back at chop shop skull session
ask: what’s left to embezzle on a’a and pahoehoe?

With no one to screw and no one to whip except ourselves,
we’re stuck with a stiff pizzle on a’a and pahoehoe.

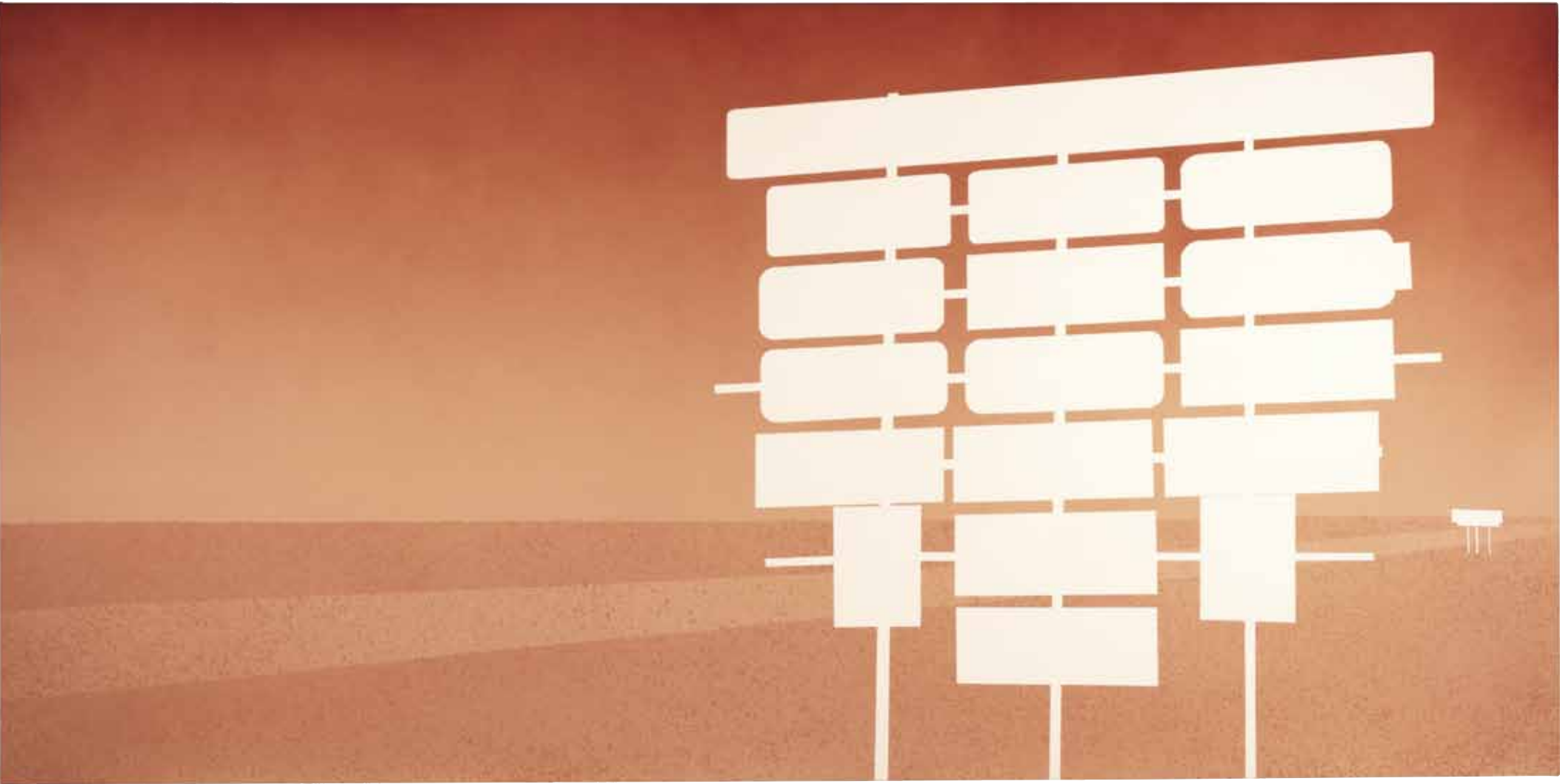
Freightways, Yellow, MS Carriers. Ryder, J.B. Hunt,
Swift. Smell the fetching diesel on a’a and pahoehoe.

Care to disambiguate the trend? I can drink to that.
Let’s toast tonight’s carousal on a’a and pahoehoe.

Viscacha and vicuña conference-in hummingbirds. If
we’d listen, there’s wise counsel on a’a and pahoehoe.

Death’s Head bats vector and pinball between grand organ pipes.
Night blossoms in the drizzle on a’a and pahoehoe.

Leave any information at the signal. Hey Breskin,
there’s time for one last ghazal on a’a and pahoehoe.



LEAD-OUT & LOCK GROOVE

**BABY DID
DIRTY**

ED RUSCHA

PICTURES

NELS CLINE

MUSIC

DAVID BRESKIN

GHAZALS

SIDE B

FOR KAREEM RASHAD SULTAN KHAN

February 12, 1987–August 6, 2007
In Memoriam

IN GOD WE TRUST

There's no end to the surface of a sphere.
There's no end to the purpose of a sphere.

Coin of the realm. Realm of the coin. Mint, spend.
There's no end to the surplus of a sphere.

All of the people fooled some of the time.
There's no end to the circus of a sphere.

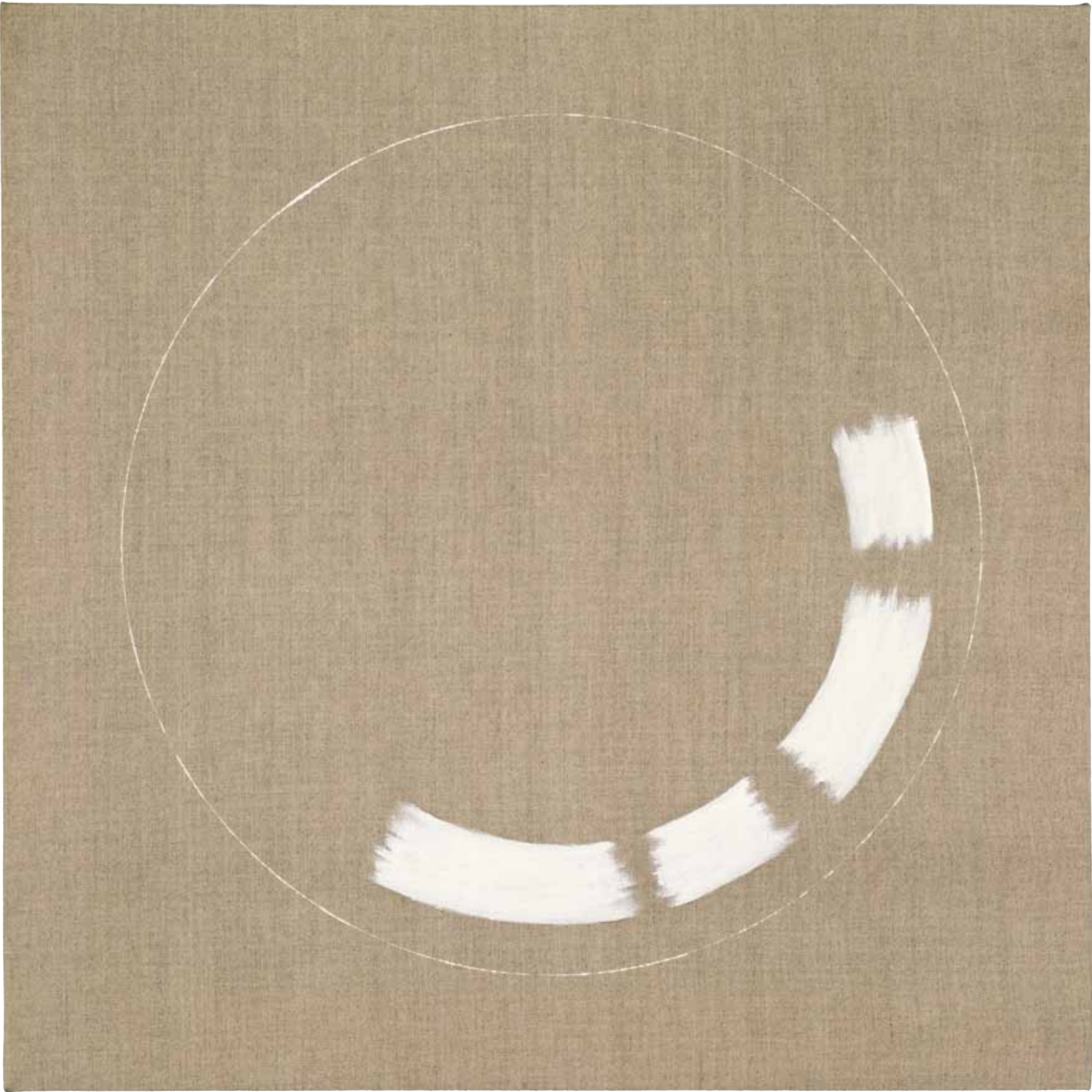
With a fat wad, it's easy to have balls.
There's no end to the Croesus of a sphere.

A sky so big any guess seems gorgeous.
There's no end to the Texas of a sphere.

Take three dimensions. Boil into two.
There's no end to the canvas of a sphere.

No way to soften nails, or round a cross.
There's no end to the Jesus of a sphere.

Air-conditioned, in Tampa, CENTCOM hums.
There's no end to the purchase of a sphere.



HI THERE, MY OLD FRIEND

You look so well. The years don't count, my friend.
You as well, Don. But please don't point, my friend.

When we last met, our hands embraced, firmly
shook the world. That was tantamount, my friend.

Well, that was '83. And I thanked you
for your help. But this? At gunpoint, my friend?

I'm telling you, this prez ain't like his dad.
It's time. Why don't you just dismount, my friend?

Invaders should know: for every insect,
insecticide. Don't disappoint, my friend.

Please, Saddam, spare me schoolyard boasts, okay?
This ain't the sermon on the mount, my friend.

Your fancy feints mean nothing. I laugh. Please?
The truth's not in your PowerPoint, my friend.

So. Done. This will be fun. Something for our
Travel & Entertainment account, my friend.



IF I WAS YOU I'D DO JUST LIKE I TELL YOU TO DO

Tell you a thing or two. If I was you
I'd stop with *Jew Jew Jew* if I was you.

That long line for knowledge? I wouldn't be
at the back of the queue if I was you.

Fact: there's no future in dictatorship.
Just crumbly residue. If. I. Was. You.

Yessir, you ought to get with the program
or else you'll be warm spew. If I was you.

I wouldn't be running my life by some
ancient stupid taboo if I was you.

Five times a day you're kissing dirt, praying
to what? I'd get a clue if I was you.

You have some options. Think. I'd be thinking
about a bloodless coup if I was you.

Or else. Or else I'd expect a sanguine
high-fiving bomber crew, if I was you.



DO AS I SAY OR...

Try to balance the flop sweat of three dots
with the alluring *not yet* of three dots.

Is there any gang so rough and ready
as the loitering null set of three dots?

While escaping orcas, how swell to be
pulled along by the drift net of three dots.

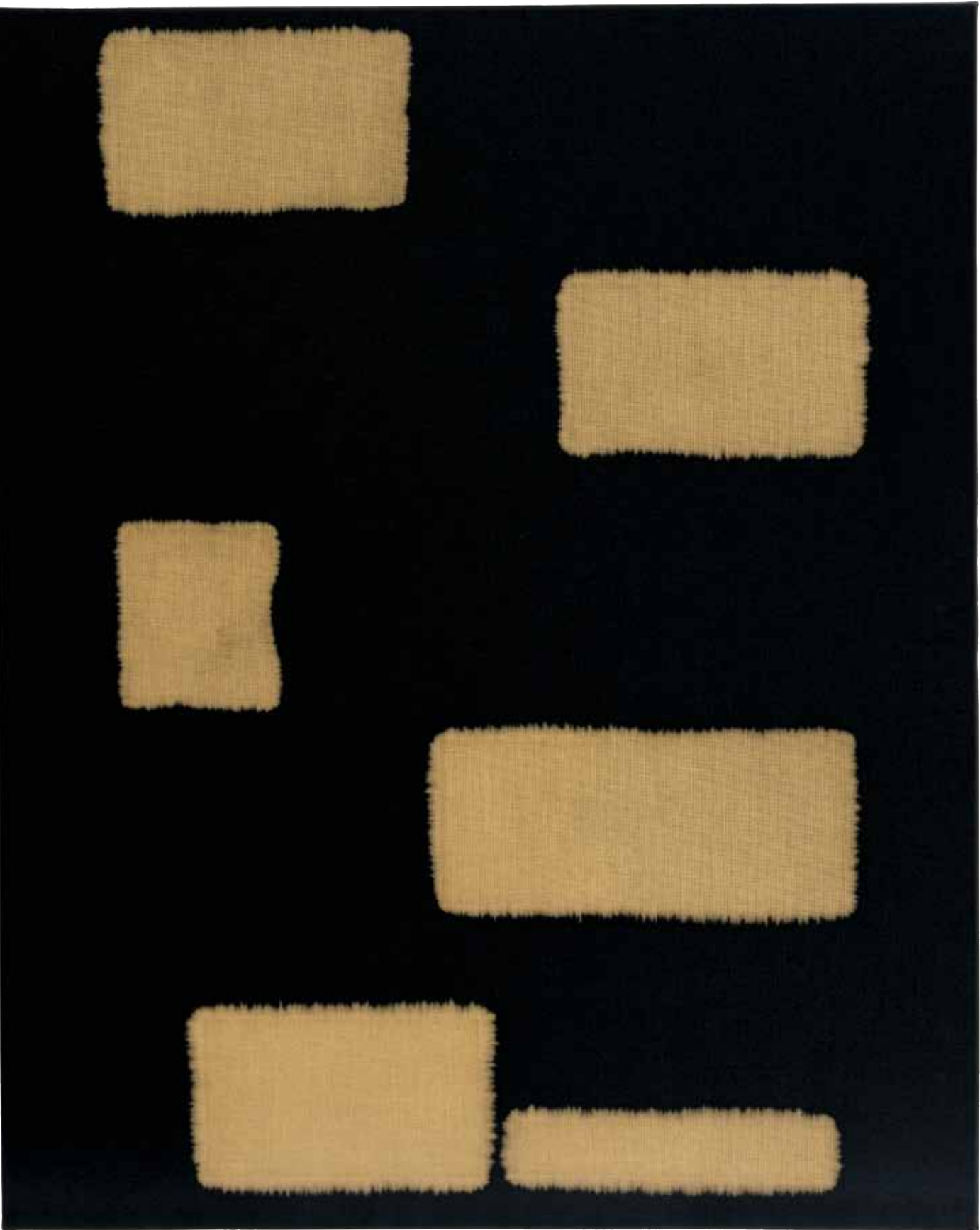
Doing, saying. Saying, doing. Only
sometimes the same. Hence the threat of three dots.

At the War College, game theory's the rage:
how to calibrate the bet of three dots.

Lit, sucked, burned a bit, flicked down but not out,
the still-smoking cigarette of three dots.

The way time marches, you could spend your life
servicing installment debt of three dots.

On the horizon, uncertainty's house...
the barren, bleached silhouette of three dots.



NO MERCY

Melting glacier about to calve. Mercy.
Darwinian overflow valve, mercy.

Falcons, Hornets, Eagles, Nighthawks, Osprey,
Tomcats, Spirits, Thunderbolts shelve mercy.

Air-Launched Cruises, Sea-Launched Cruises, Black Hawks,
Chinooks, Apache Longbows curve mercy.

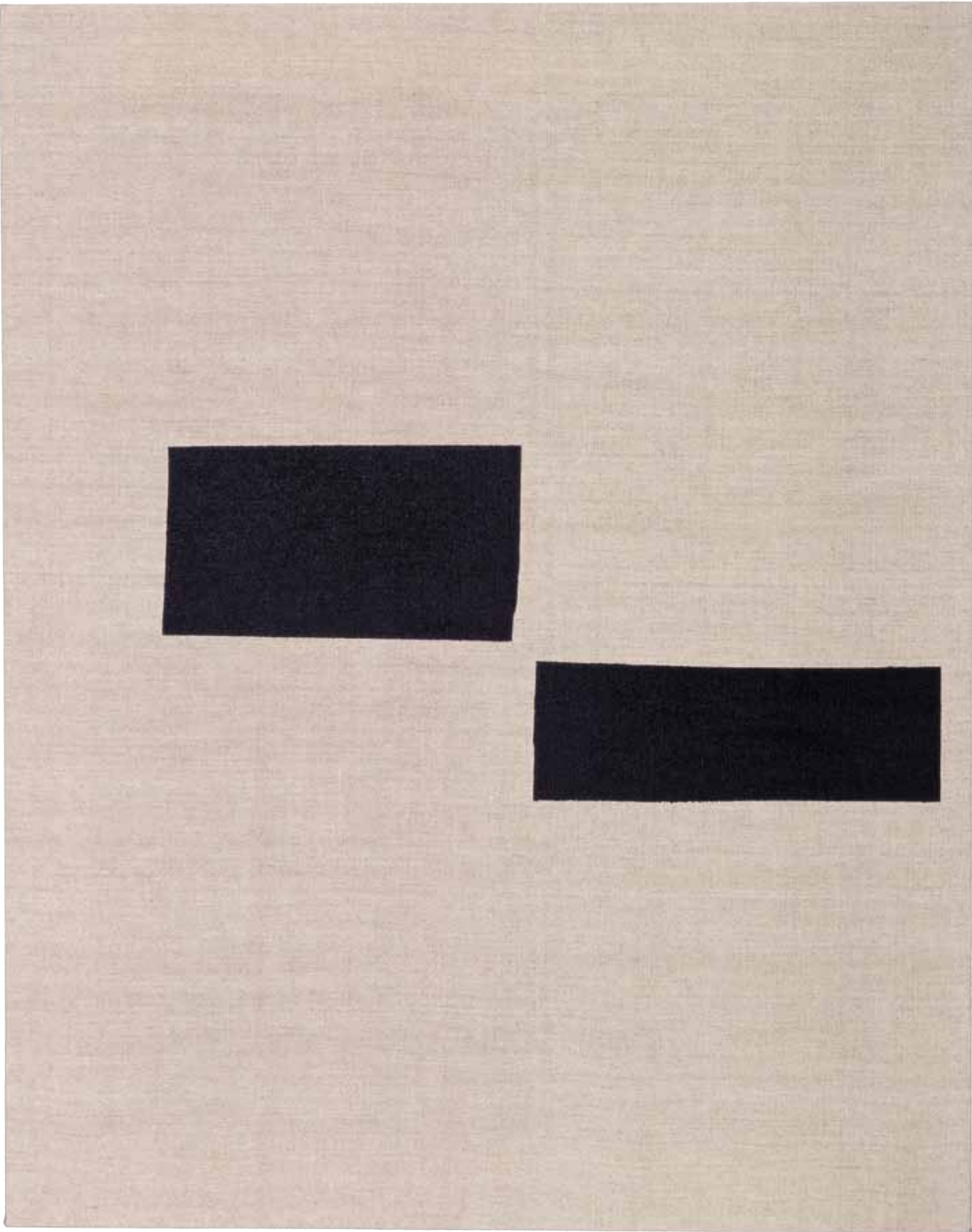
Raven UAVs, Shadow UAVs,
Predator UAVs devolve mercy.

Harriers, Paladins, Strykers, Warthogs,
Sea Sparrows, Wild Weasels perv mercy.

Tomahawks, Talons, Hydras, Hellfires,
Reapers, PakBot Explorers salve mercy.

Anti-Swimmer Defense Dolphins, Liquid
Armor, Assault Kitchens evolve mercy.

MOABs (Massive Ordnance Air Blast/Mother
Of All Bombs), Daisy Cutters dissolve mercy.



DO AS TOLD OR SUFFER

Gassed Kurds, mass graves—accomplishments as king
reveal how bright the sun shines while basking.

Fatherless, you became what most becomes
you: a Stalinist in Sunni masking.

Chemical Ali applied mustard with
relish, as if he were human husking.

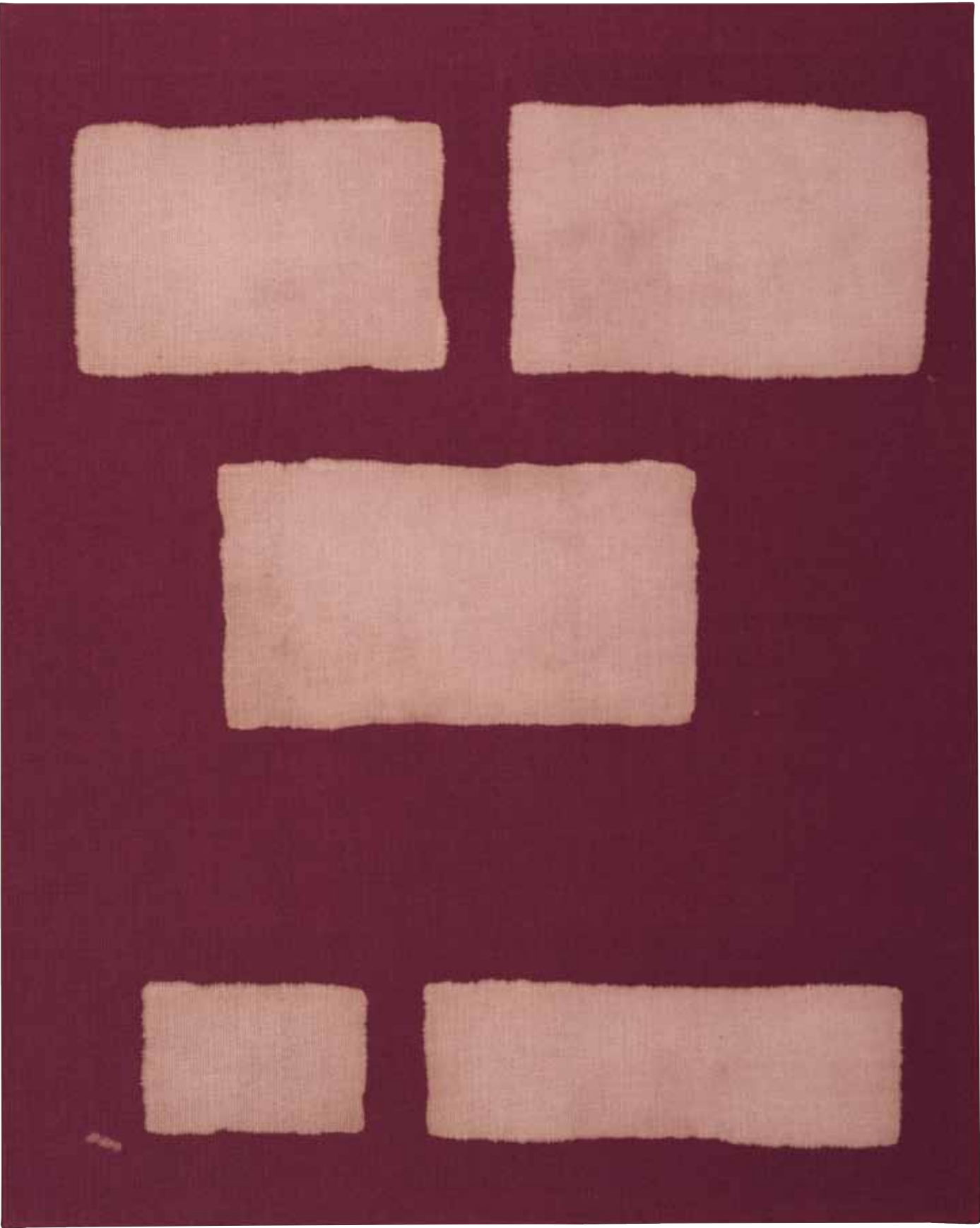
Guests watched Son Uday slice your dear valet
with 'lectric carving knife, without risking.

Son Qusay slaughtered thousands of Shiites,
a sect subject to capricious frisking.

Moronic ministers soft-shoe and sing
sarcastic, a little pre-war busking.

U.S. this and that. Freud plays ribbing Shrub.
Mock charges. All the normal tsk-tsking.

Cornered, desperate, out of gas, the old bull
elephant insists on a last tusking.



AGREE TO OUR TERMS OR PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A BLAST FURNACE

Rapid Dominance: severe Shock and Awe.
A sparkling doctrine, austere Shock and Awe.

So long in production and editing,
it's time for the world premiere: *Shock And Awe!*

Dawdling in clouded heavens, then a switch
lightly flipped. The bombardier's Shock and Awe.

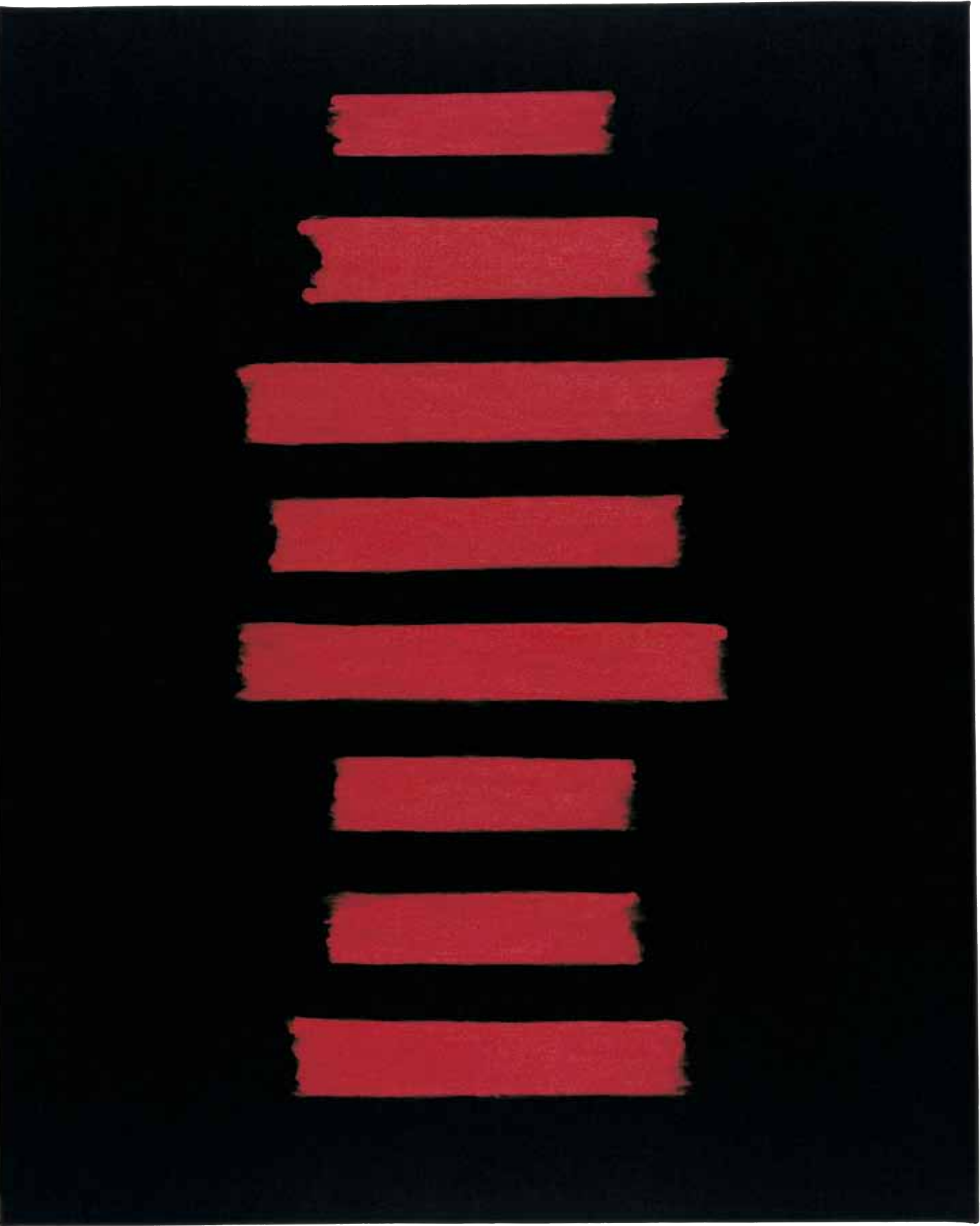
Total control of the theater unveils
a Disney imagineer's Shock and Awe.

Eyeing grainy green satellite feeds, couch
potato patriots cheer Shock and Awe.

Defense stocks get bid up pretty good. Whipped
cream cherry of financier's Shock and Awe.

Praying. Crossing himself. Last-ditch wish for
sudden peace, young volunteer's Shock and Awe.

A rubbery flex of views: mind-bending
elasticity of sheer Shock and Awe.



YOUR A DEAD MAN

Hey Atta you missed your last flight dead man
Why so hucka-lucka uptight dead man

Got your towlie boxcutter ass smack-dab
in my damn Abba-Dabba sight dead man

Yo camel-fuckin clit-choppin haji
raccoon sunni shithand shiite dead man

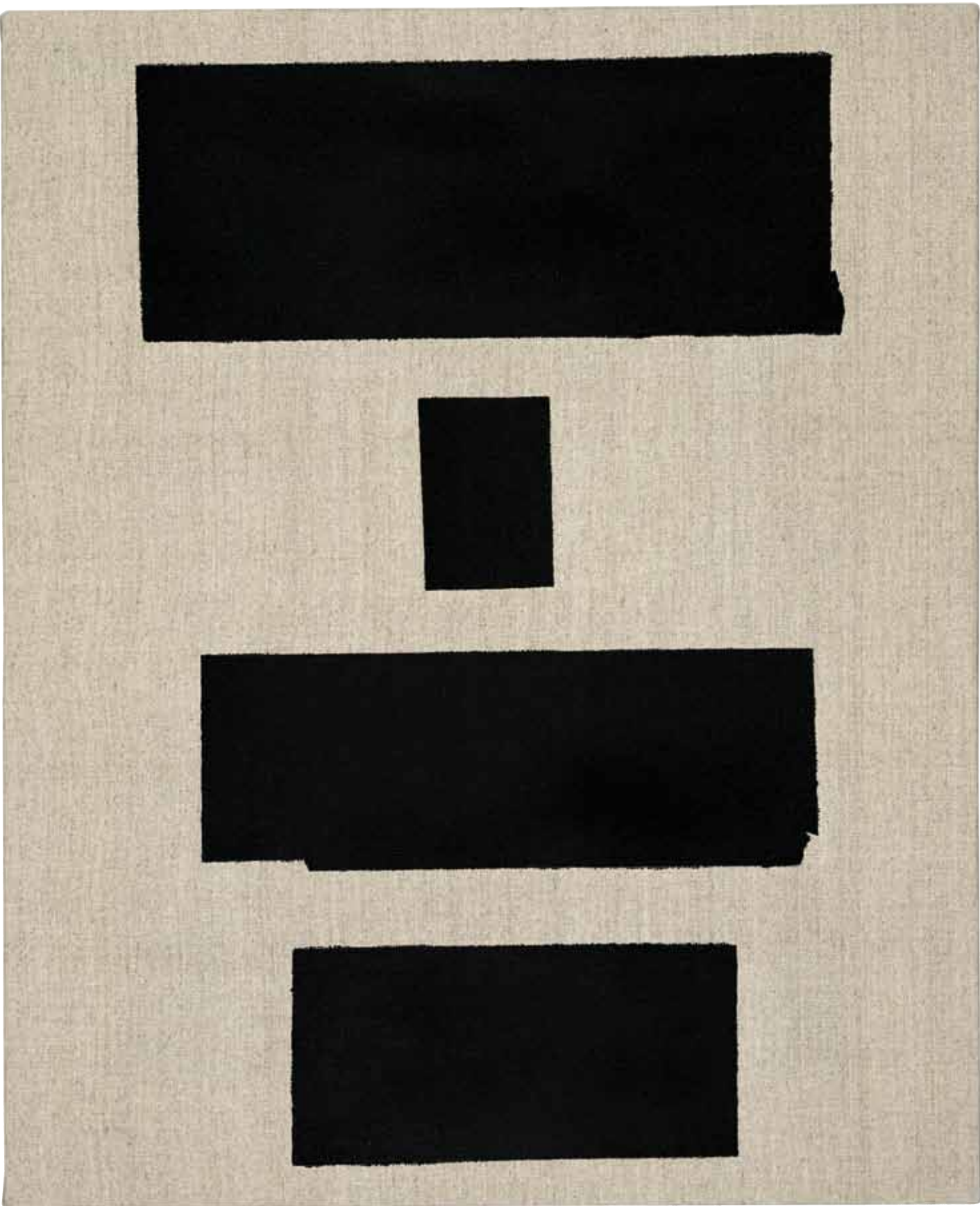
You be thankin me for all that virgin
pussy tight heavenly delight dead man

Were gonna light you up dune coon soon as
our Apache come you ignite dead man

Better move your hot BMO out the way
cause she aint much dressed to fight dead man

Here to lay down the law Ahab to risk
life + limb for your voting right dead man

Nothin but a party Colt + chronic
get crunk sorry to disinvite dead man



HEY YOU WANT TO SLEEP WITH THE FISHES?

Sometimes, you gotta shush vested interests
so as, uh, not to squish vested interests.

With stiletto or steak knife, you can carve
yourself a hunk of fresh vested interests.

By blunt beauty of the invisible
hand, free markets unleash vested interests.

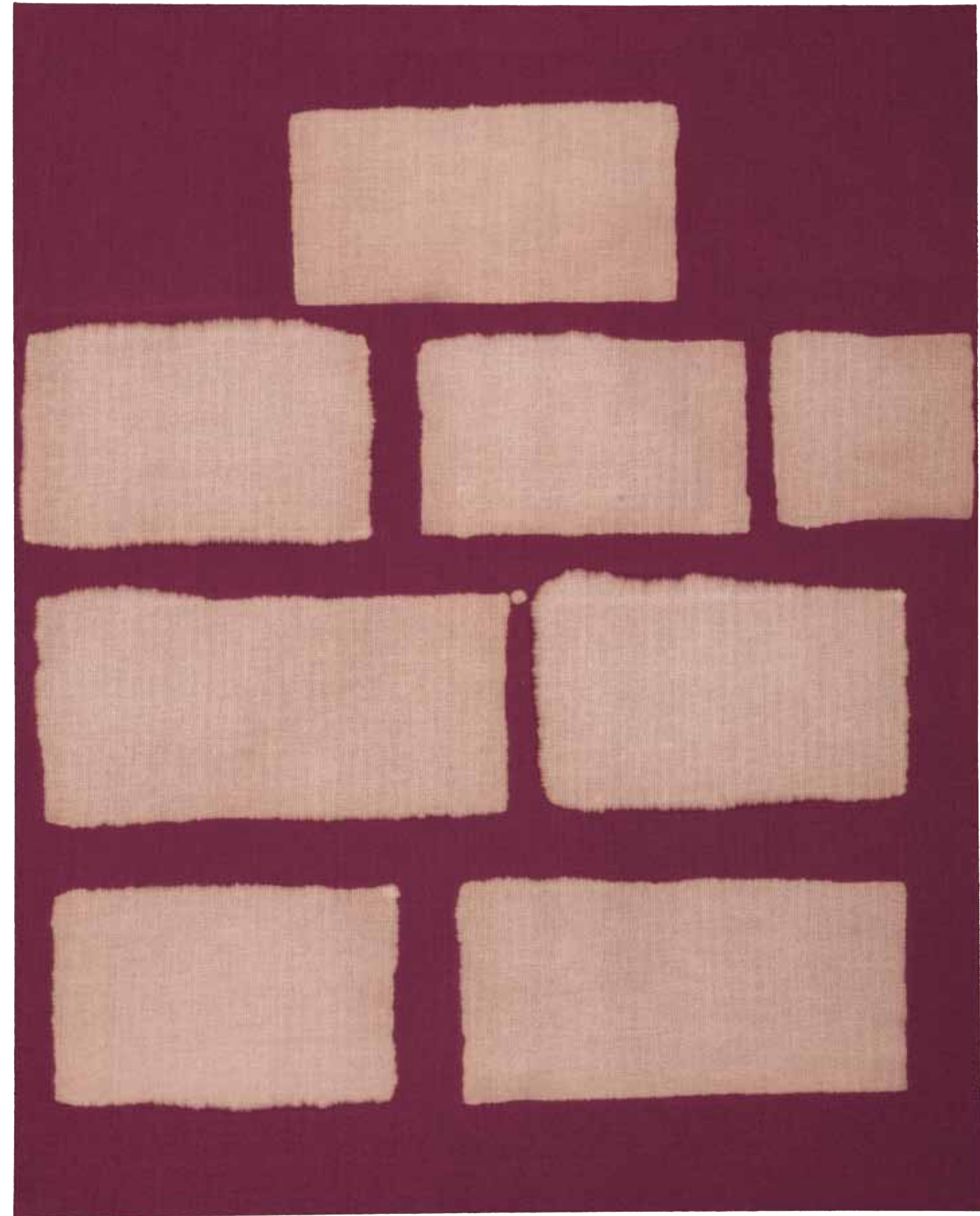
Rummy, Condi, Wolfy, Cheney, Bushy—
the whole gang floats awash vested interests.

But you always gotta seem surprised. *What?*
Like, *Good golly, my gosh...vested interests?*

Sometimes, it becomes necessary to,
in a fashion, airbrush vested interests.

Of course we wouldn't think not to pay strict
attention to tarboosh vested interests.

Oh my, a dead fish in Luca Brasi's
bulletproof vest. Don't quash vested interests.



A COLUMBIAN NECKLACE FOR YOU

Instant karma flashback of hooch ambush.
As a technique, you can't impeach ambush.

When a throat's slit just so, a snug choker
appears. Crimson fruits of stump speech ambush.

Then, if the tongue's pulled through right, a bowtie
bonus. Dress for dinner. Debouch ambush.

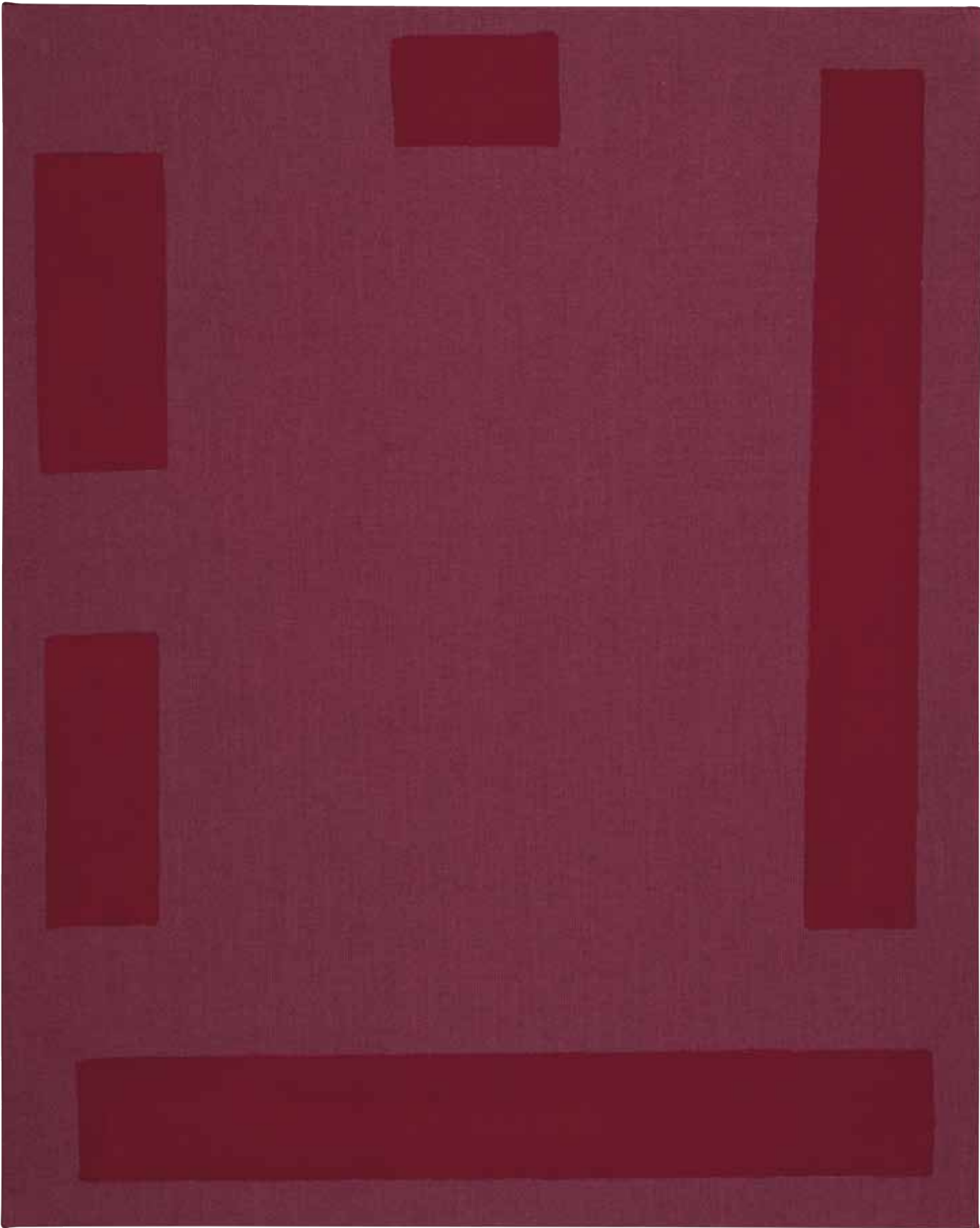
Or, gas-soaked tire 'round screaming victim's
neck. Light. Golden oldie of torch ambush.

Molten rubber runs down torso, burning
acid as it goes, a slow raunch ambush.

A nice device, said Haiti's strongman priest,
Aristide. Lovely necklace, lynch, ambush.

*Elegant, attractive, splendrous, graceful
and dazzling!* That Catholic could preach ambush.

But now: jihadis saw off infidels'
heads, harvested in fleet stagecoach ambush.



NOTE WE HAVE ALREADY GOT RID OF SEVERAL LIKE YOU—
One Was Found In River Just Recently

We know you're dreaming so hate to wake you
to inform you of your huge mistake: You!

This swift river that was our river. This
river is our river. We handshake you?

This Tigris that was our Tigris. Sumer
that is our Sumer. We make-or-break you.

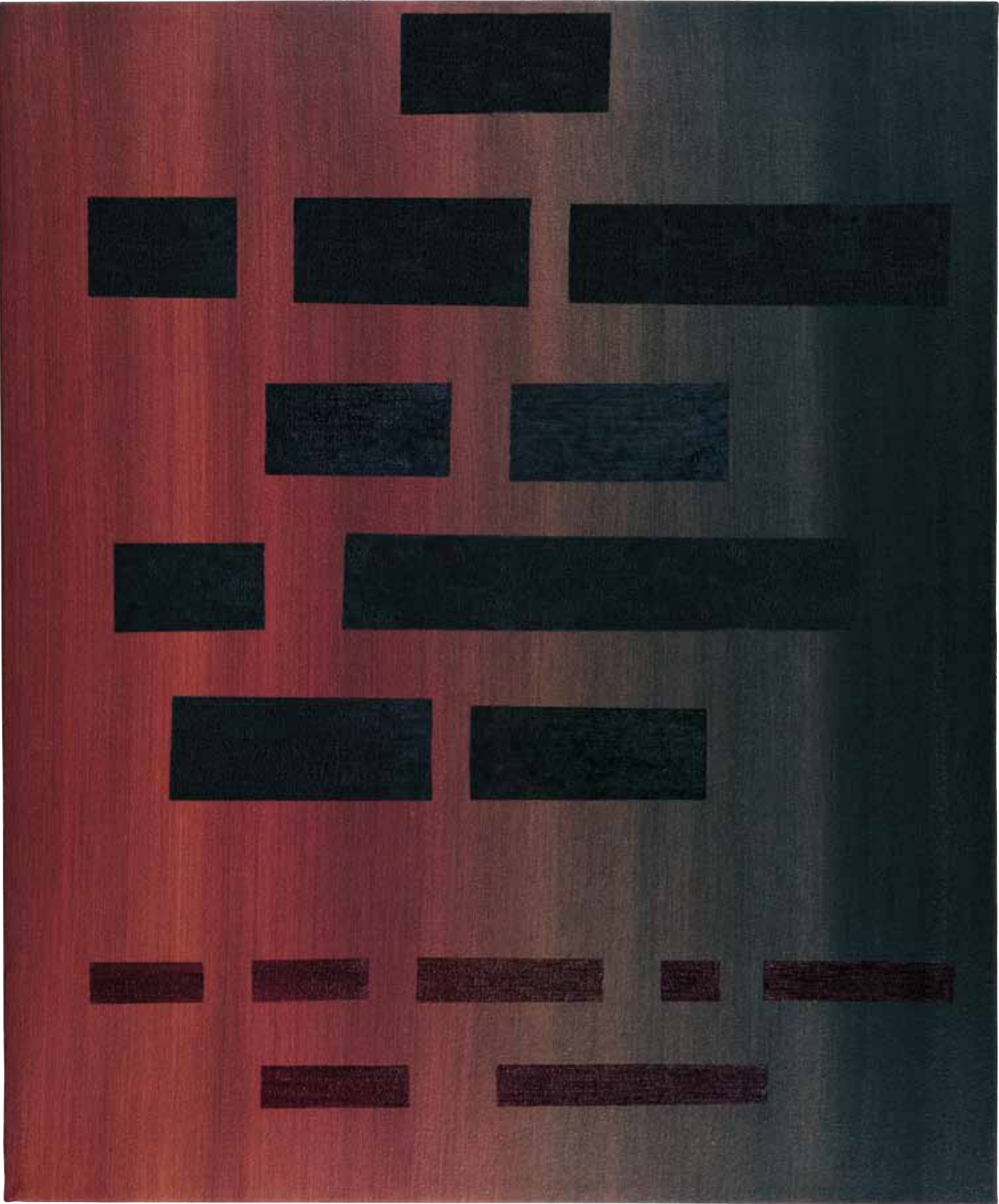
This wide river that was our river. This
river gives courage to rattlesnake you.

Euphrates won't dry up, as your book says,
for Armageddon. Yet we won't slake you.

Irrigation. Civilization. Math.
We were first. So sorry to unmake you.

Our land: noble ancient cities when yours
had no men, only beasts. We forsake you.

This true river that was our river. This
river is our river. We heartache you.



BE CAUTIOUS ELSE WE BE BANGIN ON YOU

Ain't sposed to lay a stain on your parade
so Mookie's crew can reign on your parade.

Cool. But we be watchin beards, bodyguards,
elites—whole damn food chain on your parade.

And what I see makes me ready to puke
my MRE chow mein on your parade.

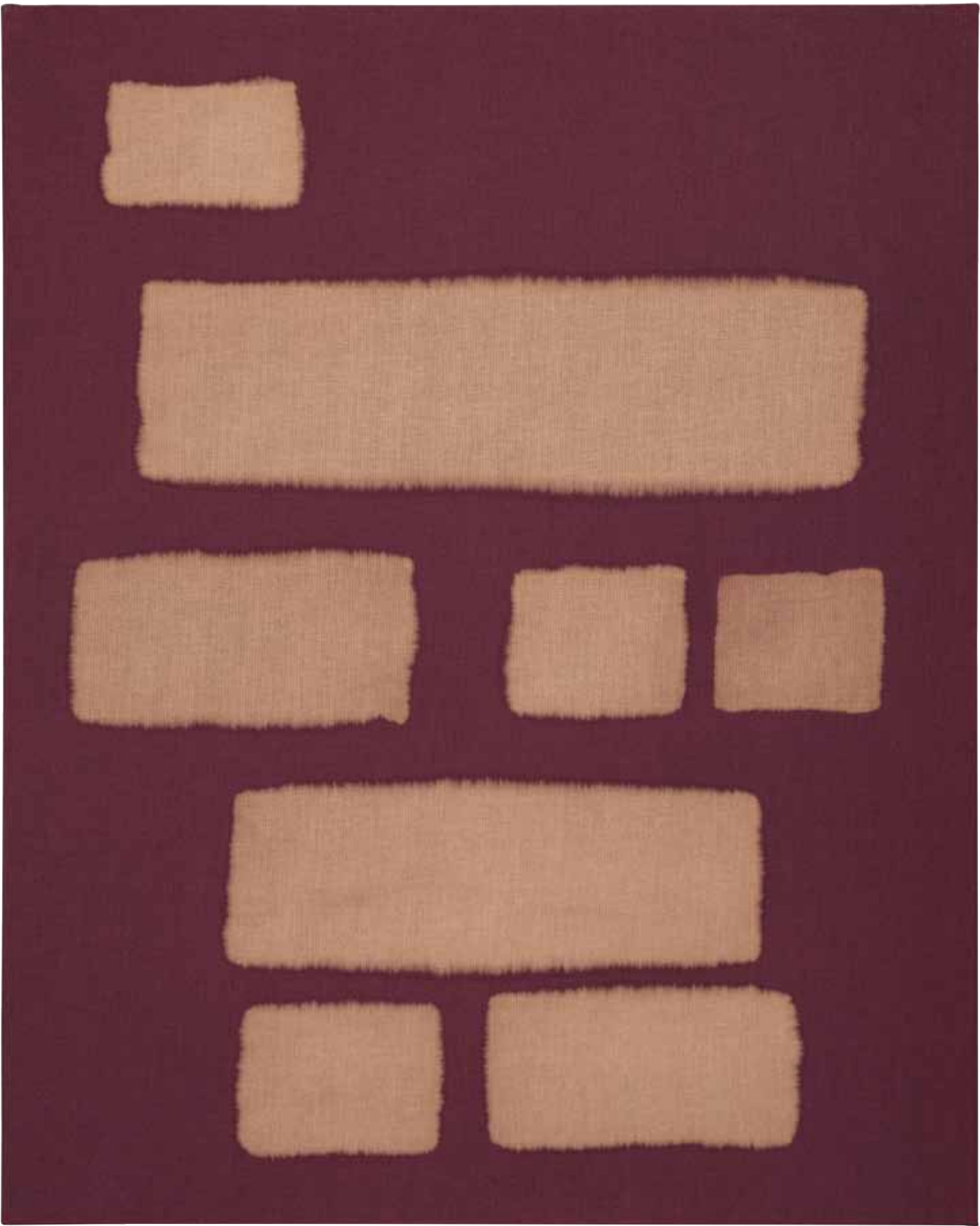
All that fool chantin, self-flagellatin.
Y'all need some Mary Jane on your parade.

But we keep gettin word from way on high—
careful, don't heap disdain on your parade.

'Scuse me, but down low it looks like a damn
military campaign on your parade.

AKs, bandoleers, mortars, everything
but the head of Hussein on your parade.

Watch your fuckin step Mahdi, or we will
impolitely rain rain on your parade.



You Wont Know WHEN You Wont Know WHERE You Wont Know WHO and You Wont Know WHY

When it comes from charged platter, you won't know.
Your arm becomes a tatter. You won't know.

Today, maybe road to airport shall cause
your dumb thug brain to splatter—you won't know.

Explosively Formed Penetrators might
convince you to go, scatter. You won't know.

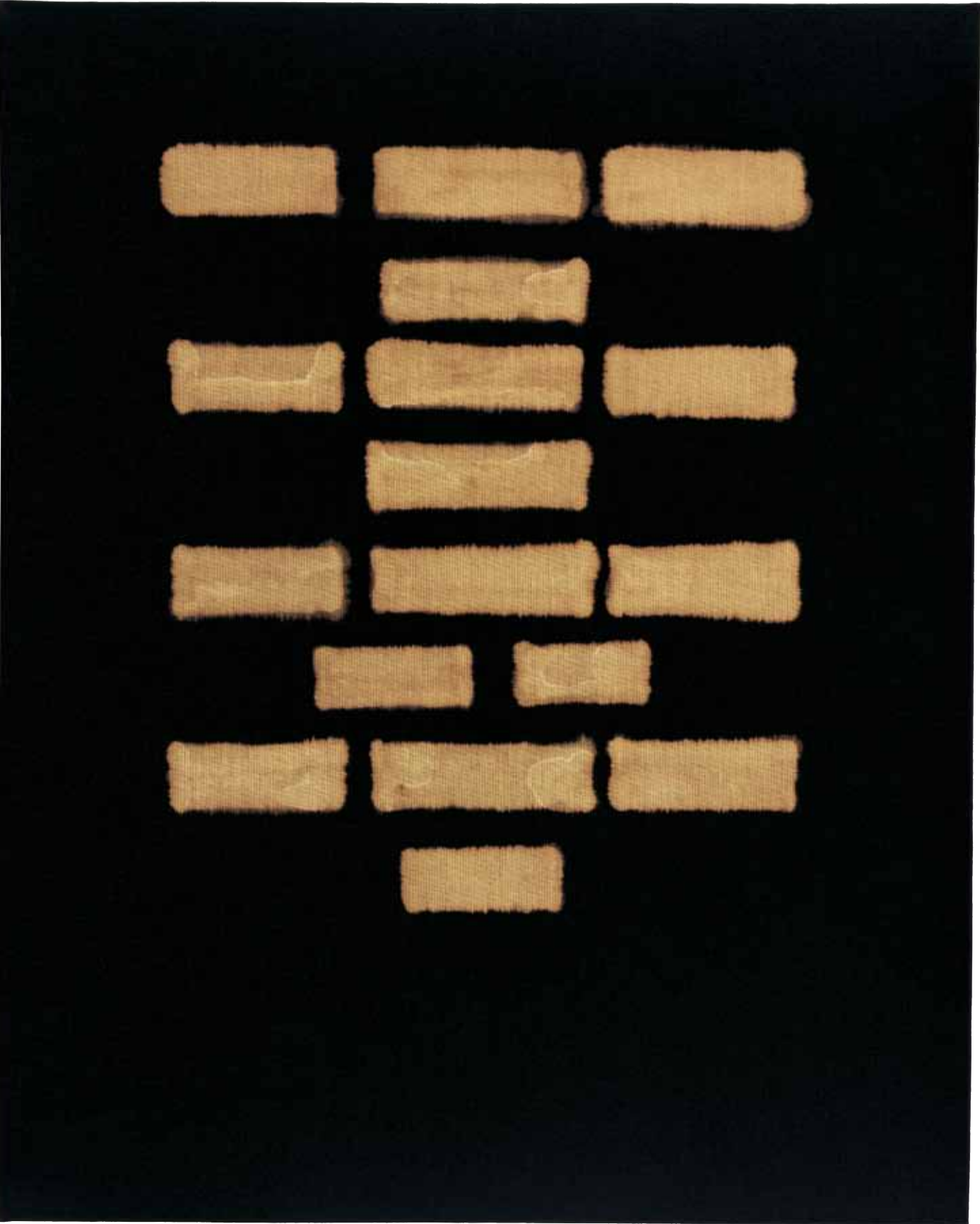
IED with EFP fills Humvee
with your own fecal matter. You won't know.

Stryker, MRAP, who cares? Armor backspall
makes your big chest get flatter. You won't know.

Nails, ball bearings—molten metal will turn
your balls to pancake batter. You won't know.

You listening to your radios? Picking
up all the foreign chatter? You won't know.

Every single thing you thought would happen
we are going to shatter. You won't know.



IT'S PAYBACK TIME

Pacifists try to bulldoze sweet revenge,
but jeez, it's bred-in-the-bone, sweet revenge.

Every sperm has some issues with every
other sperm. For one: zygote. Sweet revenge.

Every story has one of seven plots
and six noisily disrobe sweet revenge.

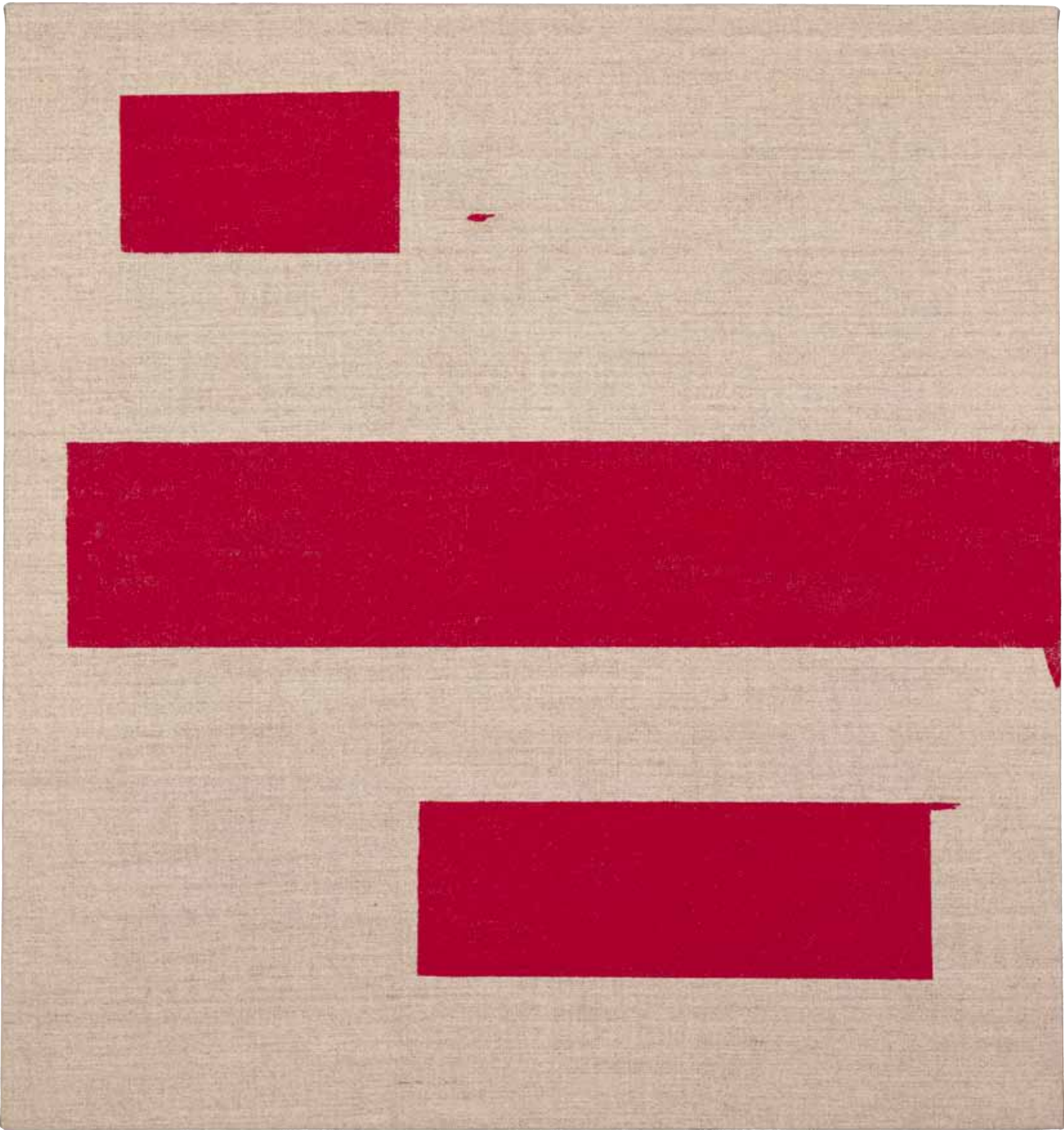
Every fraction of a second, the world
over, in SMPTE timecode, sweet revenge.

Kashmir, Kirkuk, Poughkeepsie. From all points
of fragrant, barbed compass rose, sweet revenge.

Every day a maimed plain-Jane perp presents
her flashy moral peepshow: *Sweet Revenge*.

Every night a wounded man dreams his raw
violin dream of f-hole sweet revenge.

Every ending starts with a beginning.
The heart's perfect palindrome, sweet revenge.



I'M GOING TO LEAVE MORE NOTES AND I'M GOING TO KICK MORE ASS

A videoconference. Our coarse kick-ass
prez eggs on his brass with a hoarse *Kick Ass!*

*If somebody tries to stop the march to
democracy*, we must use force. *Kick Ass!*

We will seek them out and we will kill them!
General Sanchez, please endorse *Kick Ass!*

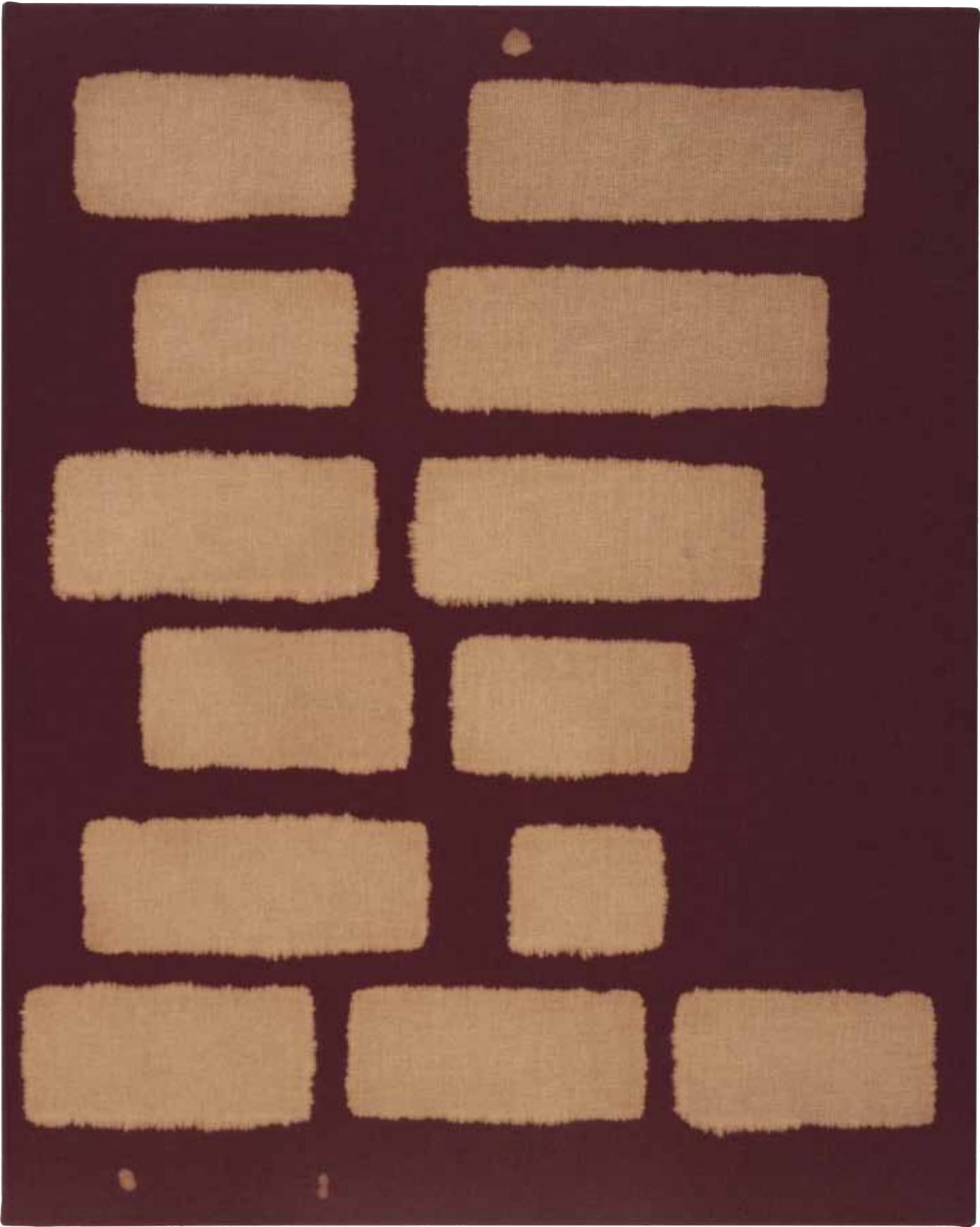
*This Vietnam stuff, this is not even
close. It is a mind-set.* Divorce? *Kick Ass!*

*There is a series of moments and this
is one of them.* Open the bourse. *Kick Ass!*

*Our will is being tested, but we are
resolute.* We're the moral source. *Kick Ass!*

Prevail! We are going to wipe them out!
We are not blinking! No remorse! *Kick Ass!*

We have a better way. Stay strong! Kill them!
Be confident! Stay the course! *Kick Ass!*



YOU CROSS ME IWANNA SEE BLOOD

Deal's a deal. Cross me, I wanna see blood.
I can do some tricks to make you pee blood.

Cut crescent from star, cut Jesus from cross.
In the street, dogs lap up amputee blood.

Cross a line in the sand, a Kurd might say
you're toast, a party to killing-spree blood.

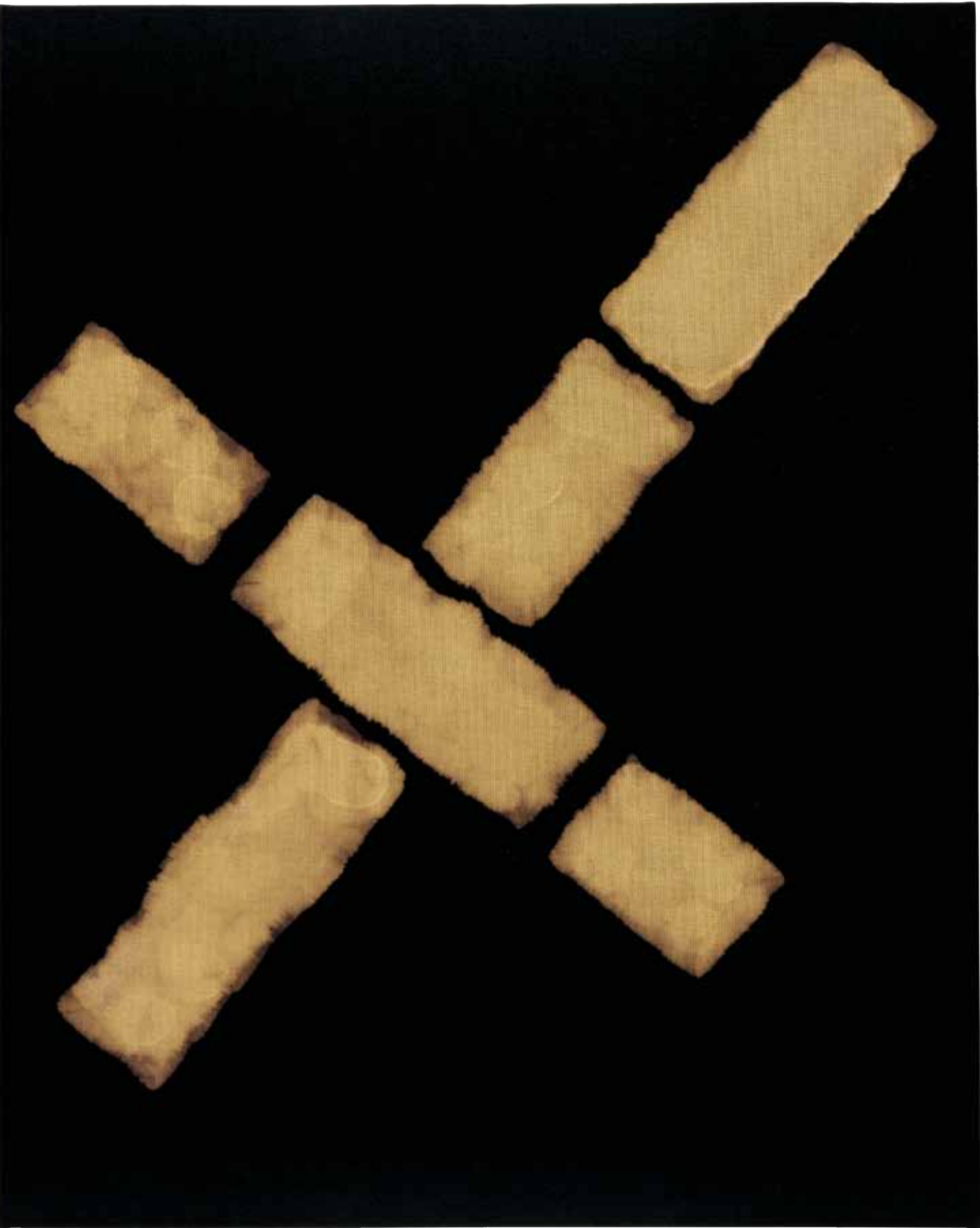
Double-crossed again, Miniconjou and
Hunkpapa Sioux donate Wounded Knee blood.

Yellow Bird. Black Coyote. Big Foot. If you
come across a Ghost Dance, better flee blood.

No draft. Poor's cross to bear. We've heard this song
before: not a drop of bourgeoisie blood.

The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth, strange
fruit hangs. Can't cross out our poplar tree blood.

Crows to pluck, rain to gather, wind to suck,
sun to rot, tree to drop. There will be blood.



I HEARD YOU MOVED TO PAHRUMP, NEVADA—You Cannot Escape

dear BONEDOG some escape huh? that's WACK SHIT
you wrote about your leg. DOUBLEFUCK. Shit!!

when i got your e-mail i didn't know
WHAT to write back. my bad. my own WEAK shit.

when you left they said they were going to
save it. can't believe it. just—dumbstruck. Shit.

i keep thinking—that day we were chill—right
till they made us go back into that suk shit.

i hope you're getting sponge baths from HOTTIES.
FRESH FRUIT! DRUGS! living like some dope sheik. shit.

don't waste jack at Chicken Ranch. WAR HERO
= LIFETIME FREE POON. dope tang chick shit!!!!

i hope you're in MUCH less pain now. i hope
their done grafting. stay STRONG, Little Dickshit

p.s. things here—still totally FUBAR.
gotta go now—S.O.S.O.—go repack shit.



LITTLE SNITCHES LIKE YOU END UP IN DUMPSTERS ALL ACROSS TOWN

From my trembling lip, Praise be to Allah.
Taste my friendly whip. Praise be to Allah.

You work for Americans? Have nice day.
Enjoy your hell trip. Praise be to Allah.

For Sadr? Rude pig. At most you might be
a bargaining chip. Praise be to Allah.

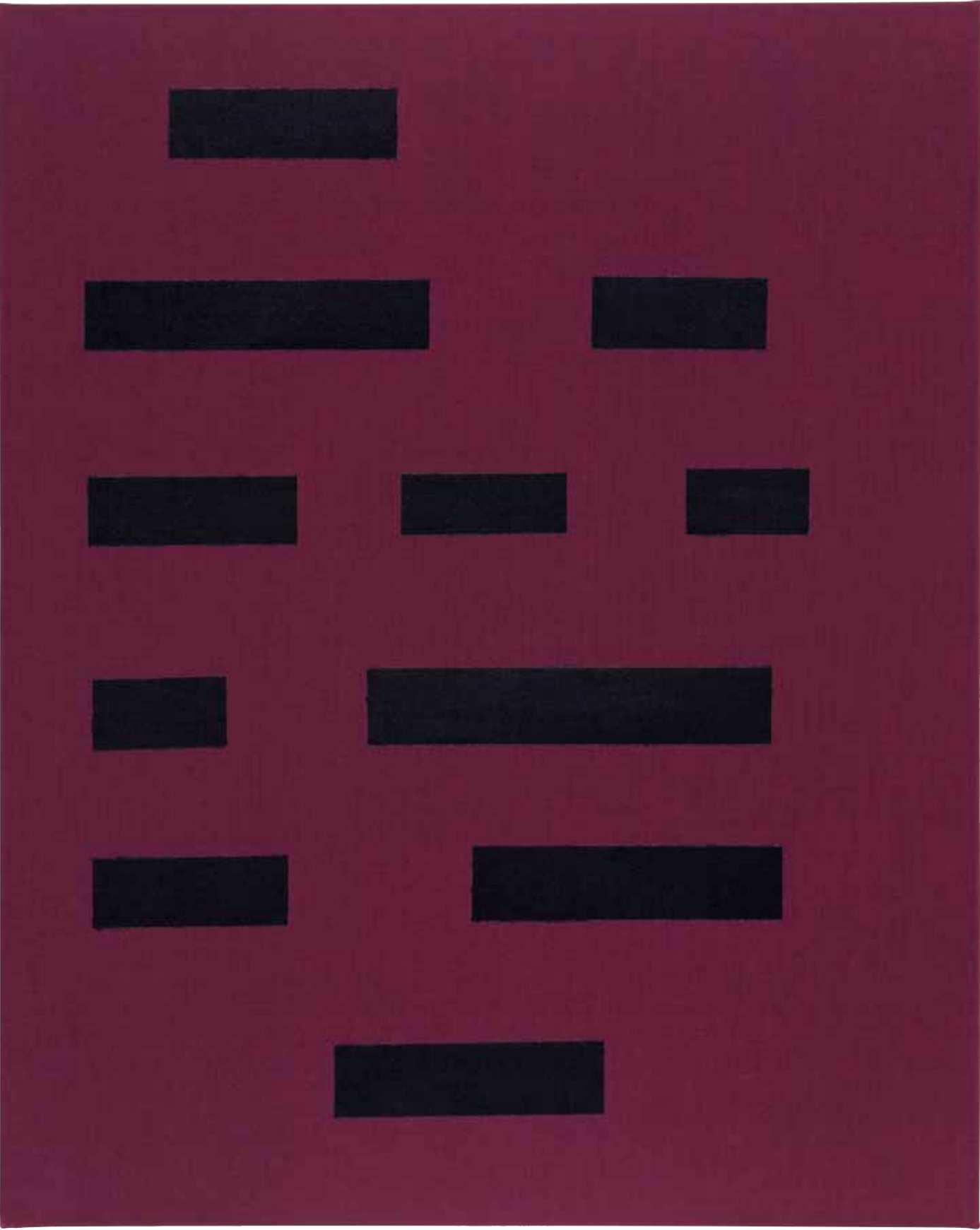
You will find it difficult. The python's
coils have quite a grip. Praise be to Allah.

God's justice will be served when I unload
my whole cartridge clip. Praise be to Allah.

Honey-dipped, set out for bees, under cruel
Jews of Gaza Strip. Praise be to Allah.

Through drying marshes, you sail blindly on
an abandoned ship. Praise be to Allah.

Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong. You are like history's
lost erratum slip. Praise be to Allah.



I'LL BE GETTING OUT SOON AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN
YOUR TESTIMONY PUT ME IN HERE

There's no god but God. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.
99 names, all good. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Incomparably Great, Al-'Azīm.
The One, Al-Wāhid. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Benign, Source of All Goodness, Al-Barr.
The Guide, Ar-Rashīd. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Preventer of Harm, Al-Māni'. The
Witness, Ash-Shahīd. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Subduer, Al-Qahhār. The Withholder,
Al-Qābid. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Humiliator, Al-Mudhill. The
Abaser, Al-Khāfid. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Afflicter, Ad-Dārr. The Restorer
To Life, Al-Mu'īd. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.

The Causer of Death, Al-Mumīt. The Most
Glorious, Al-Mājid. As-Salāmu 'Alaykum.



YOU TALK YOU GET KILLED

Come play! Be our treasured guest at Gitmo.
Enjoy the mild, mild West at Gitmo.

A Caribbean hideaway second
to none. You'll feel full of zest at Gitmo.

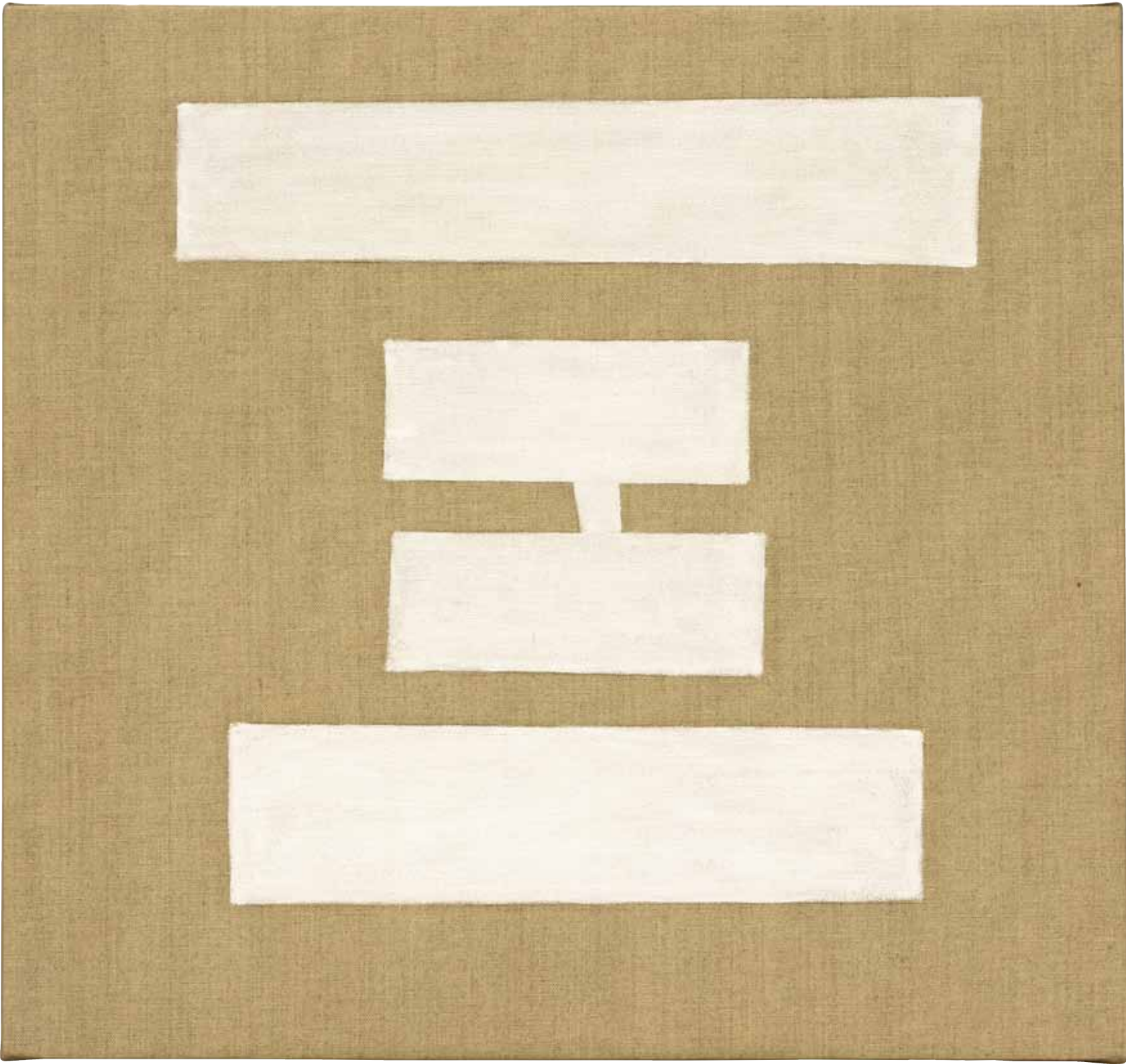
Tried Bagram? Abu Ghraib? Our ironclad
pledge: you'll never be so stressed at Gitmo.

In every suite, a Qur'an and smart orange
loungewear fitting for a rest at Gitmo.

A staff of trained retreat professionals
waits, ready for each request at Gitmo.

For those in our incentive program, there
are Happy Meals® to ingest at Gitmo.

Though, at times, genitals may be compressed,
it's our goal you're not depressed at Gitmo.



DO NOT LET THE INFORMATION BE KNOWN TO ANY PERSON OR YOU DIE

We would like to befriend Viewers Like You.
We don't wish to offend Viewers Like You.

Could the smoking gun be a mushroom cloud?
'Fraid so. We comprehend Viewers Like You.

There's always fear itself to fear. Homeland
detachments will defend Viewers Like You.

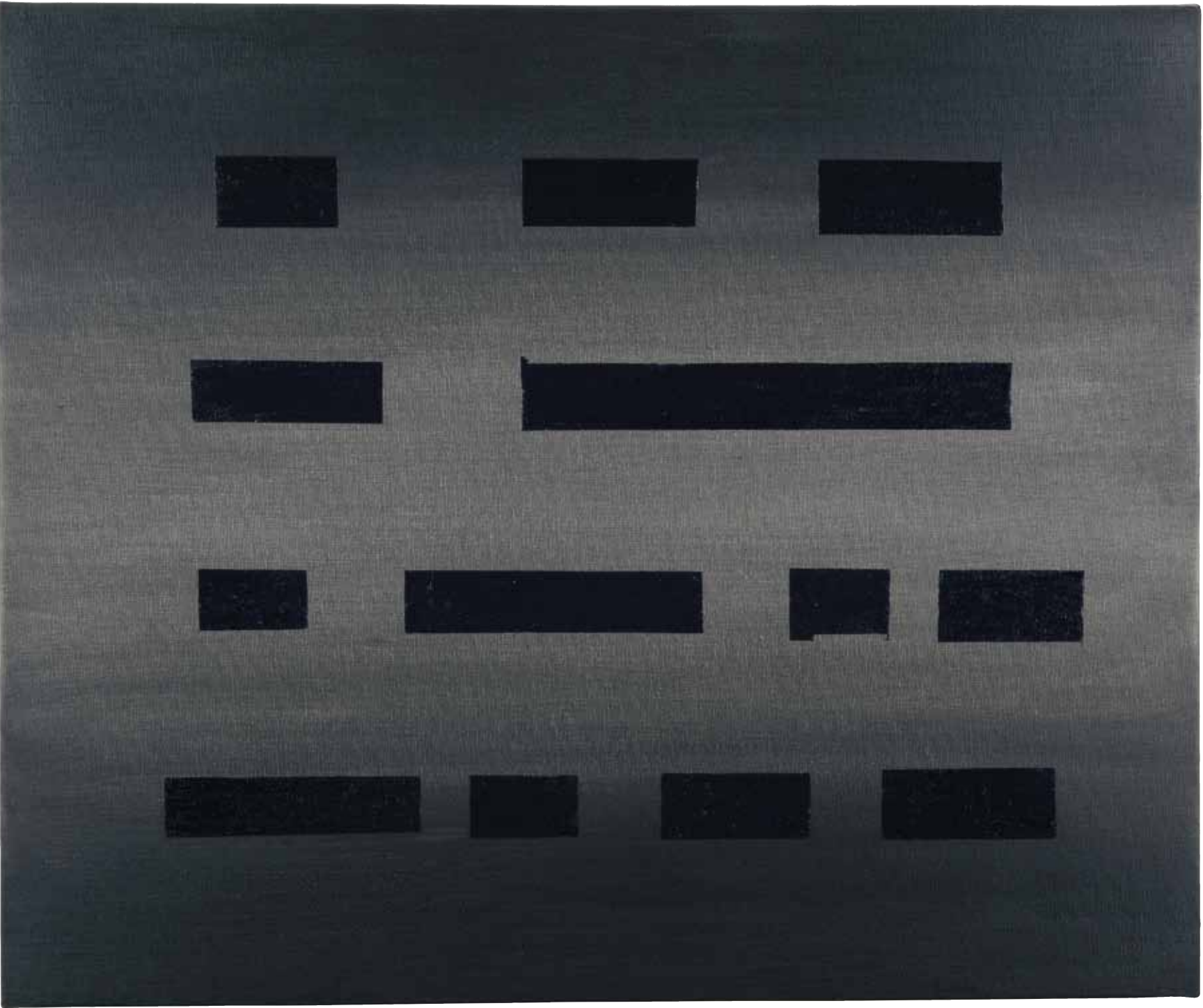
Threat Levels Yellow, Orange and Red. We scare
and measure, poll and trend Viewers Like You.

There was no tie between Al Qaeda and
Saddam. A dividend, Viewers Like You.

There were no Weapons of Mass Destruction
in Iraq. A godsend, Viewers Like You.

Some secrets stay secret even in light
of day. We apprehend Viewers Like You.

A complete campaign based on subreption.
We know how to transcend Viewers Like You.



DON'T THREATEN ME WITH YOUR THREATS

I'm naked. Don't finger me with your threats.
I'm naked. Don't bugger me with your threats.

On windswept streets, rich get richer and poor
stark children. Don't beggar me with your threats.

Beverly Hillbillies drill down for crude
solutions. Don't auger me with your threats.

Blood's in season. The old taste inflates price.
Trickle down. Don't hunger me with your threats.

Attack of whimsied snark. Public private
bathysphere. Don't blogger me with your threats.

Dirty bomb downtown. A plane disappears
into glass. Don't monger me with your threats.

In snow-bearded Tora Bora crags, you
creep gladly. Don't cougar me with your threats.

In wine-dark vortex of Oval Office,
you spin, spin. Don't vulgar me with your threats.



I JUST MIGHT ACT UGLY IF YOU TALK

You like U.S.? The Green Zone? If you talk
maybe comes a Reaper drone if you talk.

I've got Dish. I know all about your pals.
It will be like Al Capone if you talk.

Horny? I tase your dick while I make you
watch snatch scene of Sharon Stone, if you talk.

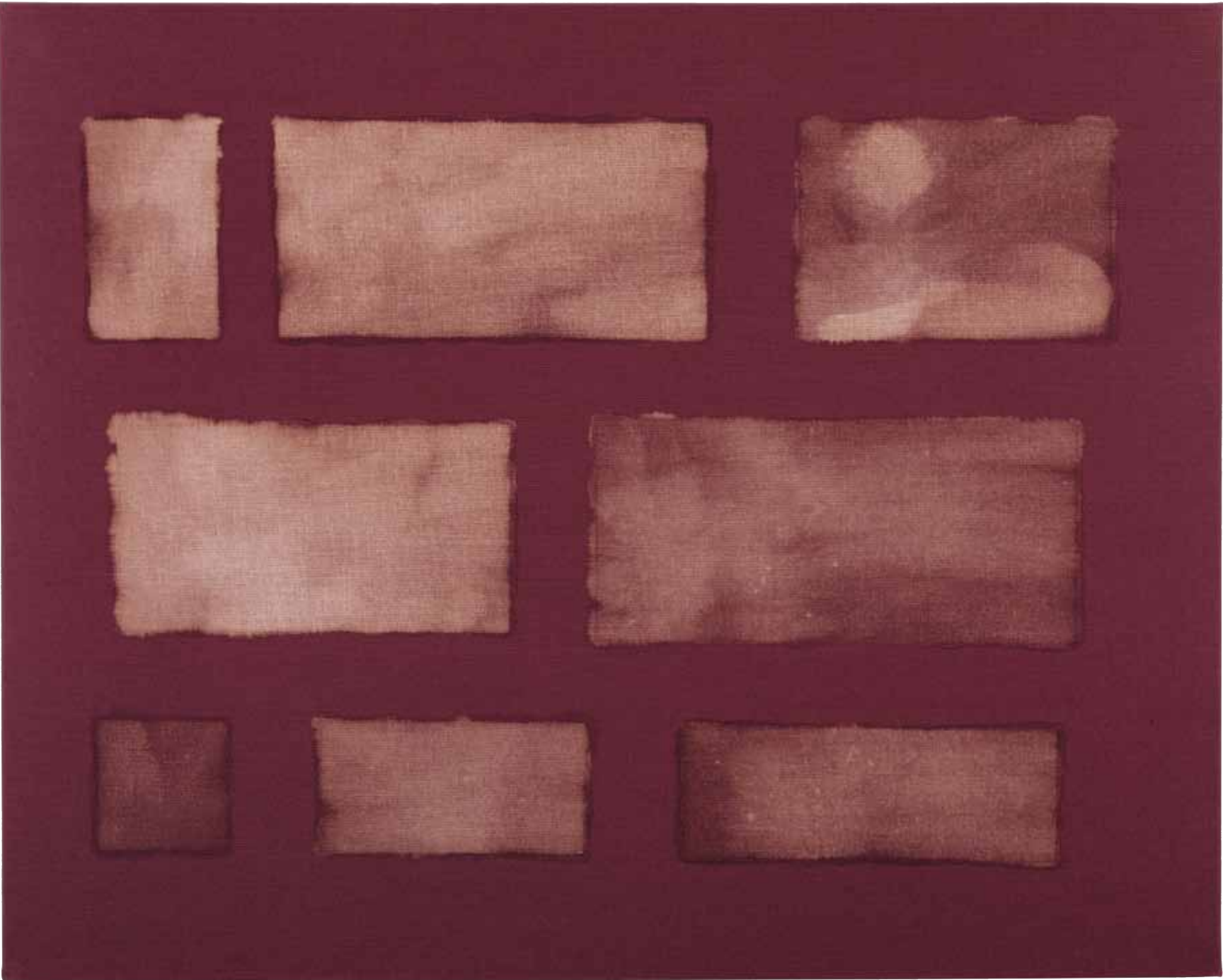
Bend over. In pink skirt, I'll make you go
antiquing with Jerry Sloan if you talk.

Gone fishing? I will send you on a long
long truck ride with Karl Malone if you talk.

I give you the jelly, so you can be
cute boyfriend of Sly Stallone if you talk.

Hudsucker Proxy. Ladykillers. I'll
subject you to Brothers Coen if you talk.

I will wedge you into the casket of
fucking Ariel Sharon if you talk.



WHEN I'M RELEASED I'M SMOKING A STRAIGHT LINE TO YOU. GOT ME?

Under palms, sour breeze of poolside blowback—
your day metal-splashed by ghostlike blowback.

You make me feel drowning nine times. I swim
through your ruse, certain of divine blowback.

You make me feel like girl. Or homo. Know
what? In return, I will midwife blowback.

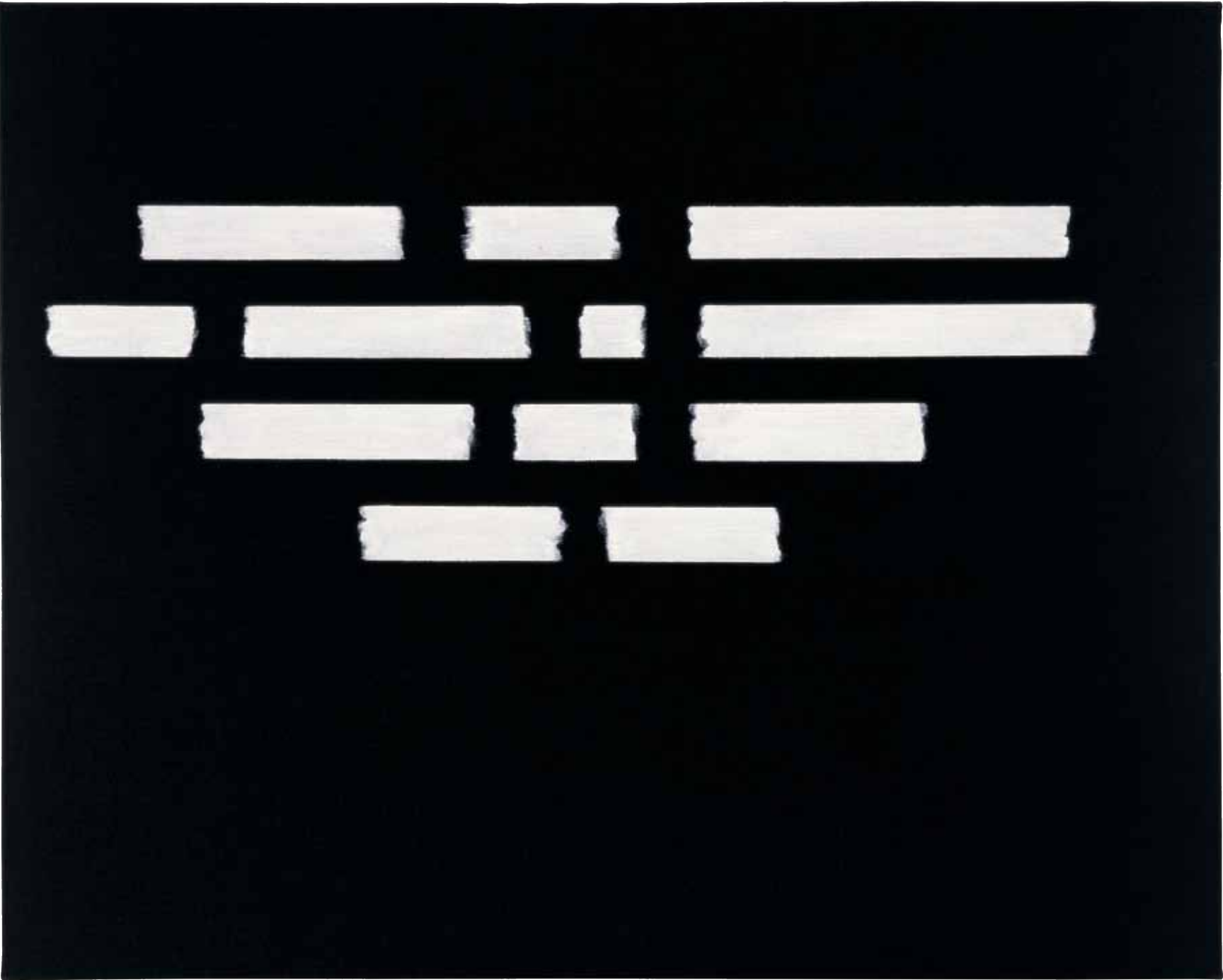
You pyramid me now but you will pay.
Sniffing at scraps, you'll eat dogpile blowback.

You say I may never be released, but
I will be released. I prescribe blowback.

My boy comes to your city some day, not
by accident. Plants overripe blowback.

The blood on your windows will be just. You
drink our oil, so must face vampire blowback.

You say you are free and we are not. How
is this so if we globalize blowback?



WANT TO GET TO KNOW MY BOILING POINT?

In our Great Dismal Swamp, cold black water
flowed into a firm: behold, Blackwater.

From Family Research Council came whitest
of white Religious Right gold: Blackwater.

Spread-eagled, bare-assed and hard, the neo-
cons shiny slick centerfold: Blackwater.

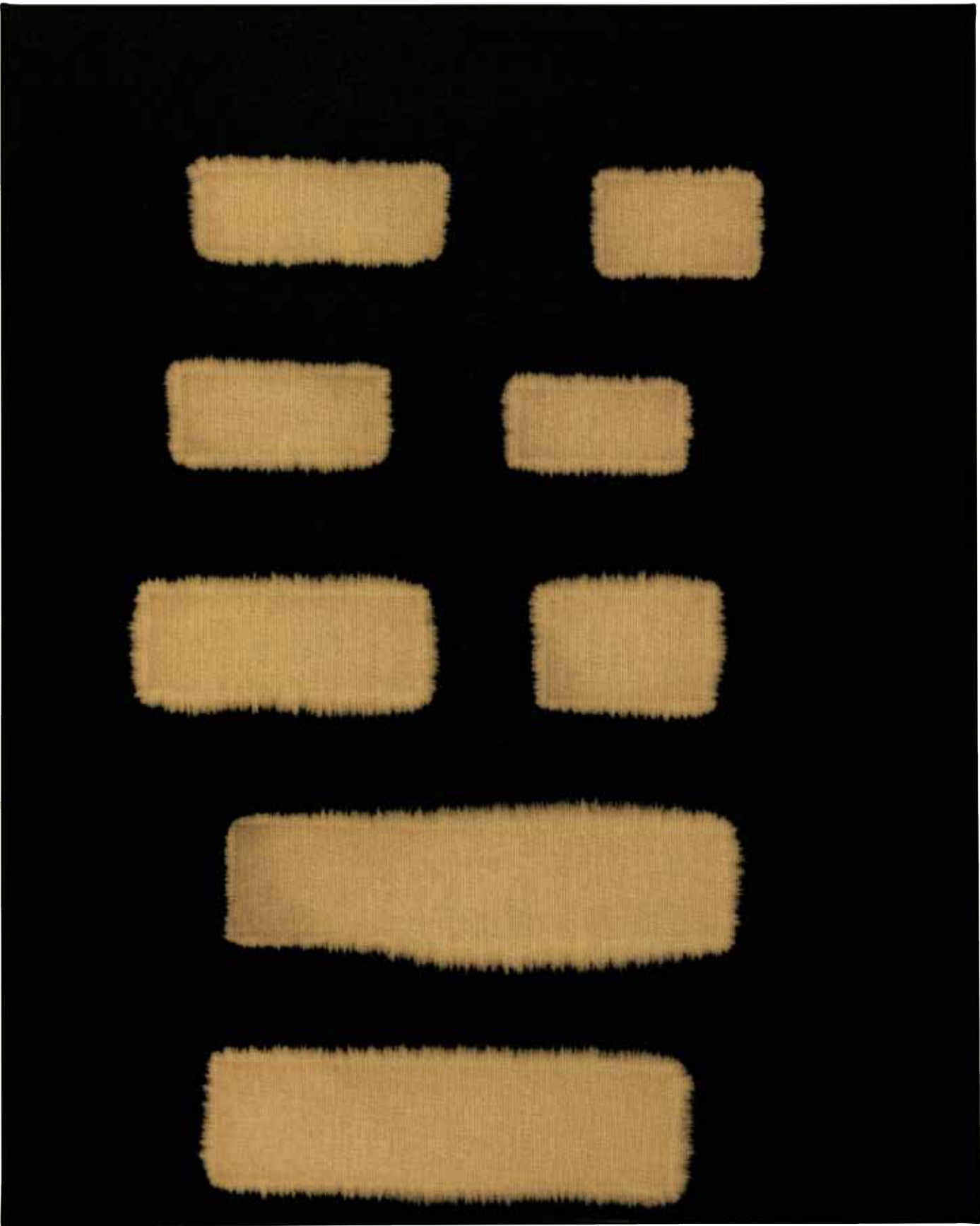
Above the law. Below the law. Outside
the law. Private. Who enrolled Blackwater?

Daily, we grew our new security
mercenary green slime mold: Blackwater.

At what temper does it boil to a froth
of bullets? Then, uncontrolled Blackwater.

What American girlyman would be
so weakly twee as to scold Blackwater?

One size fits: the classic moral condom
for our Trojan Horse war: bold Blackwater.



YOU DIRTY ROTTEN BITCH

Like men these women. Dirty rotten bitch
points gun, breasts at me? Flirty rotten bitch.

Tamarra Ramos, Linda Jimenez,
Gloria Davis. Catty rotten bitch.

Kamisha Block, Keisha Morgan, Carrie
French, Lizbeth Robles. Slutty rotten bitch.

Princess Samuels, Zandra Worthy-Walker,
Maria Ortiz. Haughty rotten bitch.

Amanda Pinson, Regina Reali,
Julia Atkins. Lusty rotten bitch.

Katrina Bell-Johnson, Holly Charette,
Ramona Valdez. Guilty rotten bitch.

Casey Casanova, Rachel Hugo,
Jennifer Hartman. Nasty rotten bitch.

We harvest depraved lady infidels.
Spoiled fruit, sent back boxed. Crusty rotten bitch.



YOU WILL EAT HOT LEAD

Now hear this! You'll eat hot lead to stay free.
We are watching. Watch your step to stay free.

You will sow corn to feed your SUVs.
You will huff Humvee diesel to stay free.

You will slip on something light sweet crude. Car
sex comes next. Keep a harem to stay free.

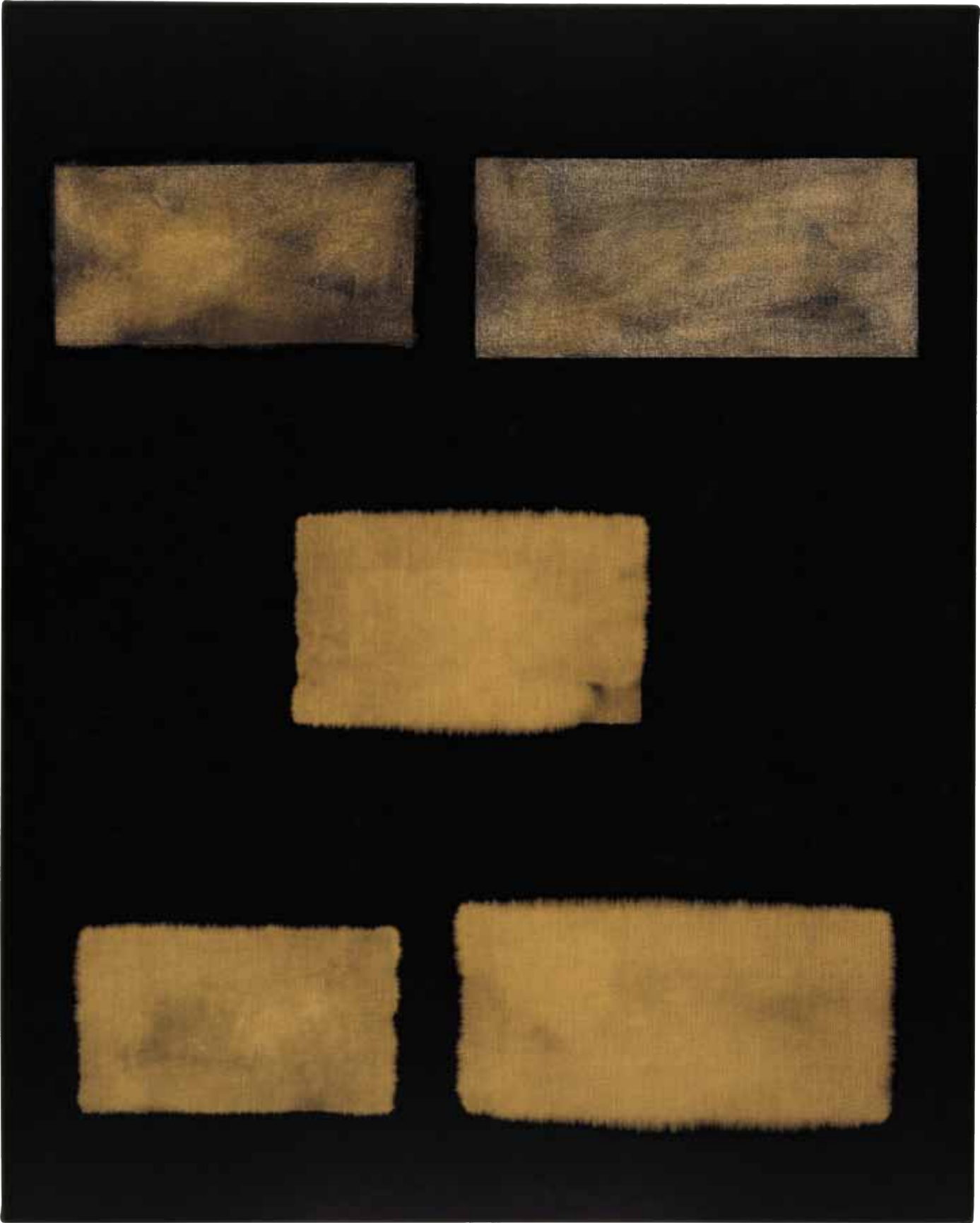
You will swallow the Bill of Rights, gagging
on gristle (just a reflex) to stay free.

Three trillion bucks. You will ensure there are
no balances left to check to stay free.

Clicking, you will capture your own crimes, then
gnaw jpeg after jpeg to stay free.

Though you prize freedom, you will bury it—
proud gravedigger citizens—to stay free.

In the end, once you get trained right, you'll cook
yourself a meal of regret to stay free.



I CAN'T TAKE IT NO MORE

Mile after mile, we occupied ourselves.
Keeping our smile, we occupied ourselves.

Catwalks, movies, shopping, church. Parading
down dessert's aisle, we occupied ourselves.

While Dems dithered and Republicans fired
up rank-and-file, we occupied ourselves.

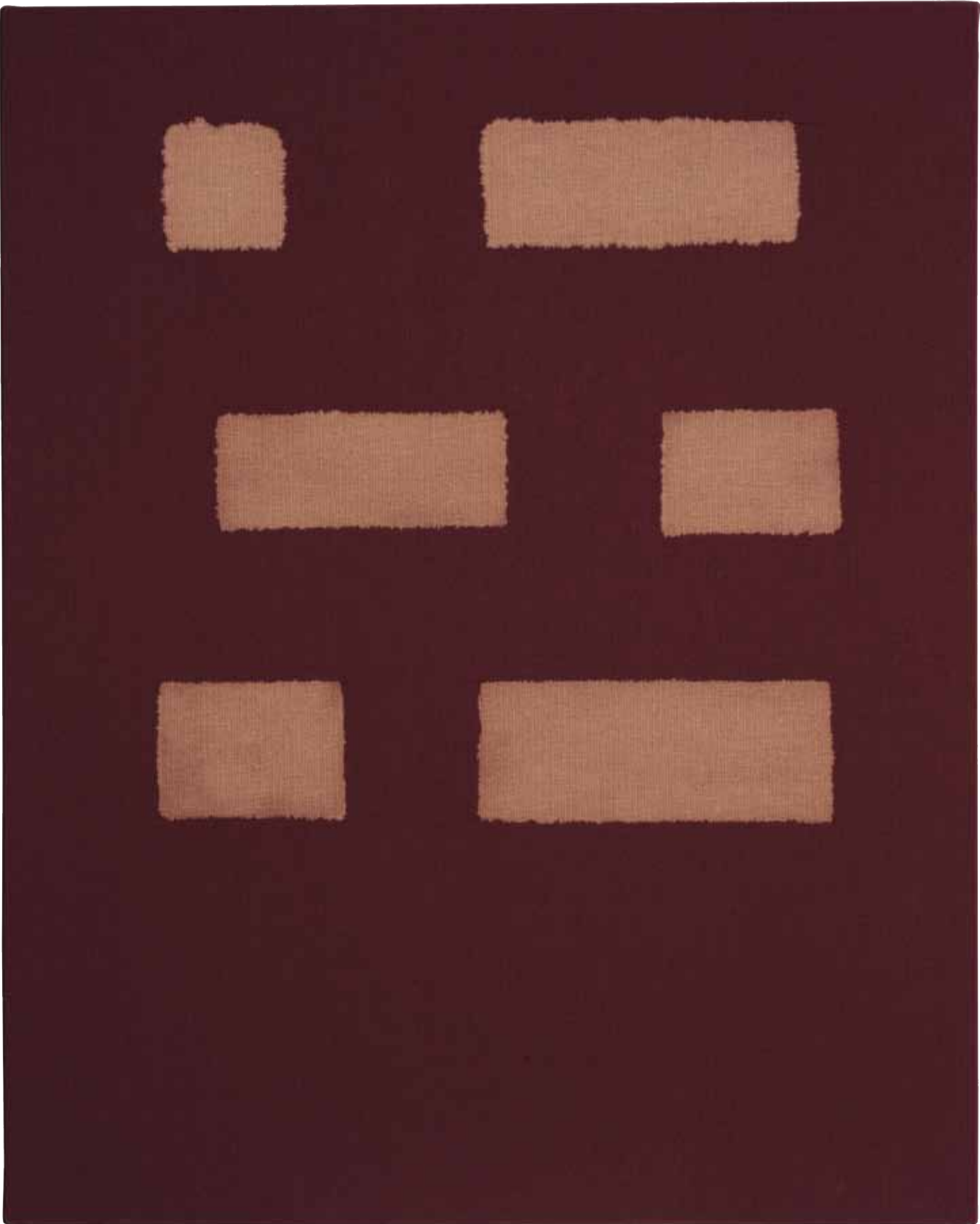
Ponzi palaces. Subprime piñatas.
Tax cuts. With guile, we occupied ourselves.

With questions large and small—like would Lindsay
change her lifestyle?—we occupied ourselves.

And the urgent matter of the Michael
Jackson trial. We occupied ourselves.

In rising heat and waters, treading deep
in denial, we occupied ourselves.

Mission Accomplished: to have occupied
a country while we occupied ourselves.



I MIGHT JUST ACT UGLY IF YOU GET UP ON THAT STAND AND
SAY SOMETHING UNPLEASANT TO MY EARS

Scooter, straight talk real fast. Don't think Angler
will play nice. That's the Kennebunk Angler.

Fitzgerald, Mister Clean Marine Goody
Two Shoes. Fuck him! Will not outflank Angler.

If you do time (unlikely!!!) I'll smuggle
in birthday yellowcake. Don't sink Angler.

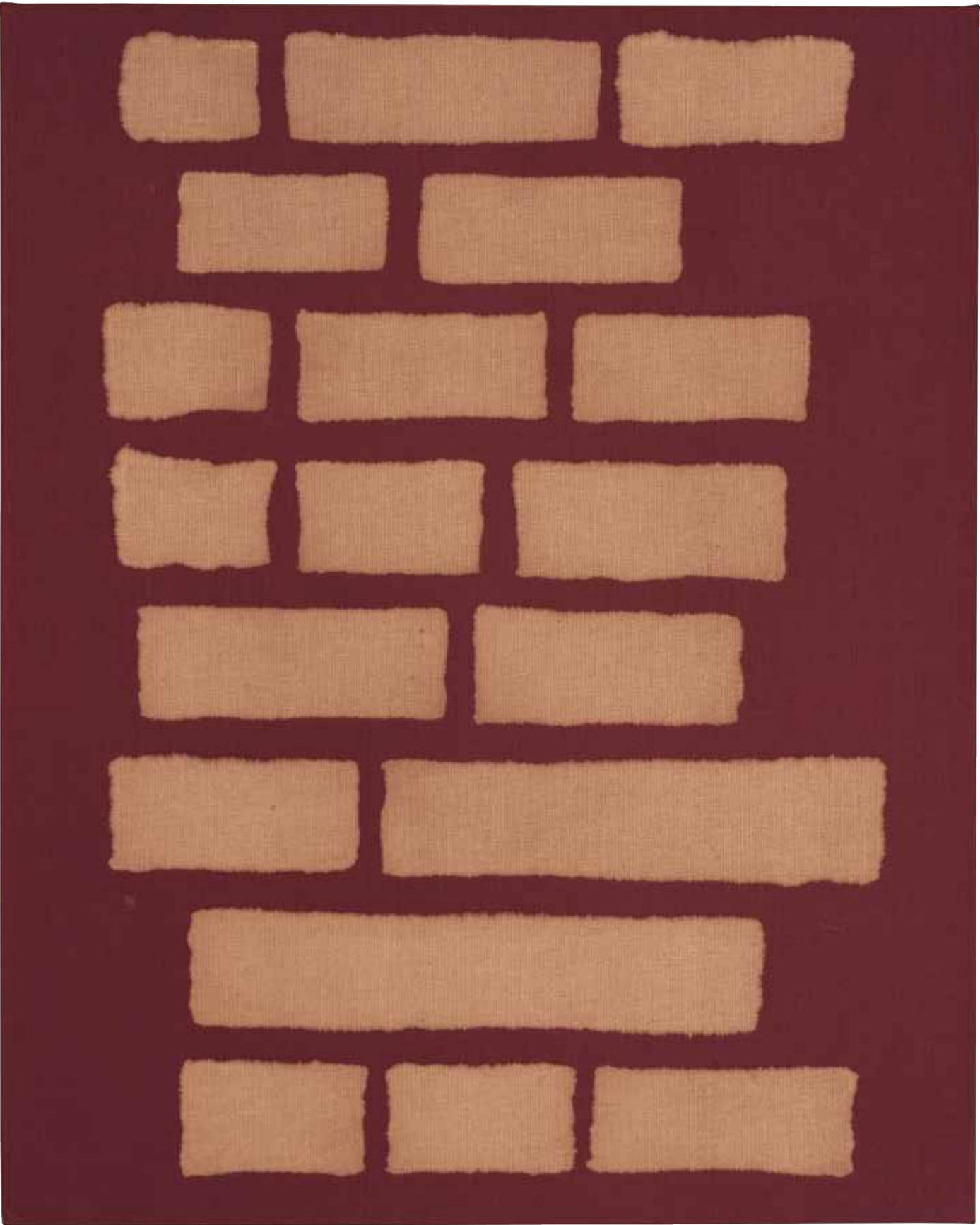
Plame, Wilson, sadassed Sheehan, that Dixie
Cunt Maines—all EVIL. They won't punk Angler.

Remember to forget. Be a fogbank.
From our fountain you don't outdrink Angler.

POTUS keeps full deniability.
He stays dark. But does not outrank Angler.

When a ferret frightens pronghorn, sometimes
the pronghorn will pronk. Don't you pronk. Angler

P.S. Would not mistake your face for quail.
Been there, done that. But—don't dare blink. Angler



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT WE WONT STOP

One thing I know, you gotta stay the course.
So lemme be clear: you can't fray the course.

Our response will be swift and sure to all
those who think they can disobey the course.

Liberals, second-guessers—all those folks think
you can just sorta...chardonnay the course.

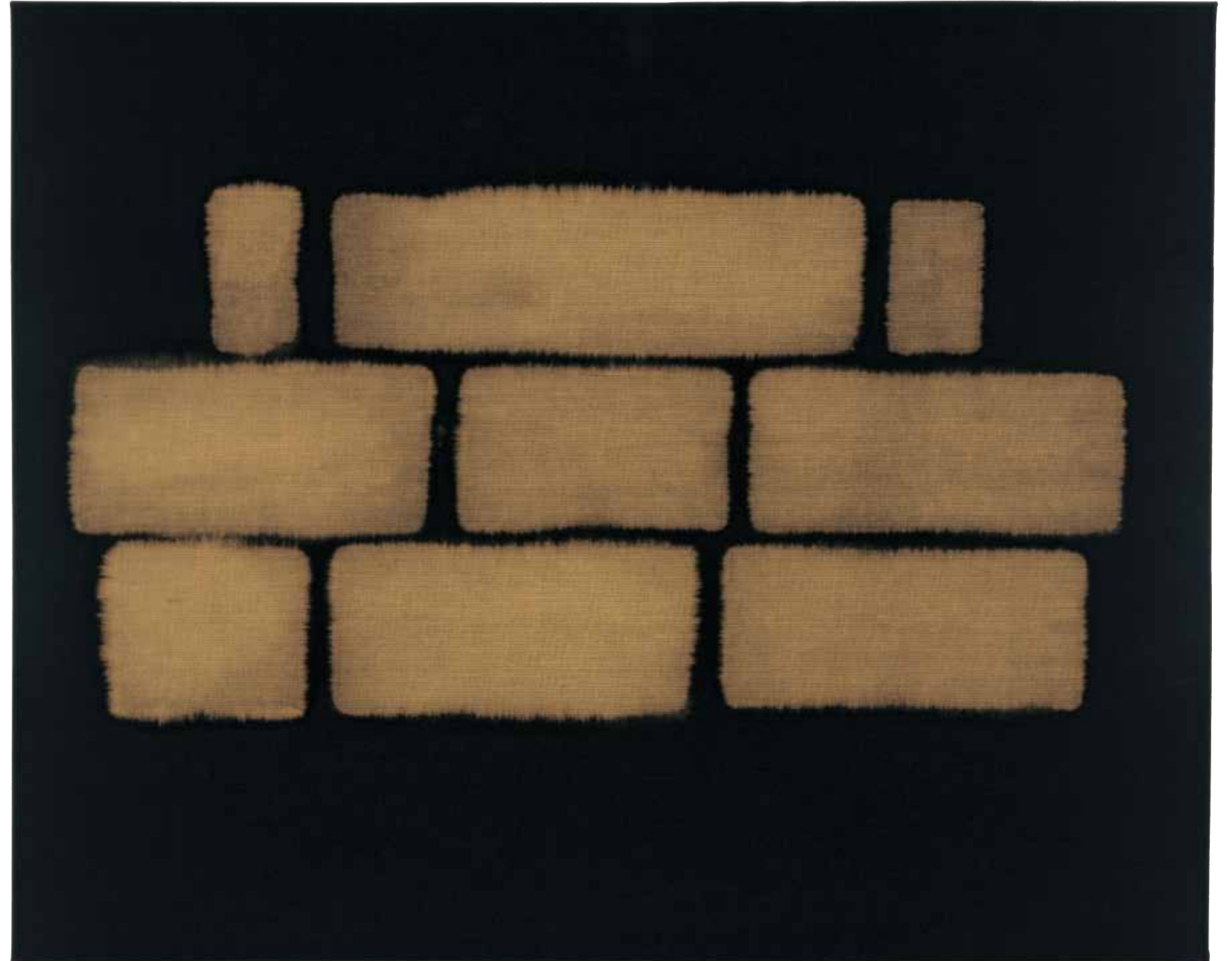
Sometimes, late at night, I look at scripture.
When times are tough, you know, I pray the course.

Office of Special Plans was wrong. They did
the oil math, said we could prepay the course.

Sacrifices, sure. Gave up golf. Didn't
want grieving dads, moms, see me play the course.

Wish it weren't like this. Wish it'd gone
the way Dick said. That they'd bouquet the course.

But we won't stop. History...it's gonna
be kind. You know, like, when they weigh the course.



I WILL WIPE YOU OFF THE FACE OF THIS EARTH

To start, stir-fry collateral damage.
Pause. Then spin-dry collateral damage.

You may still need advanced tactics. Say you
will rectify collateral damage.

How to make the dead undead? Never let
them reify collateral damage.

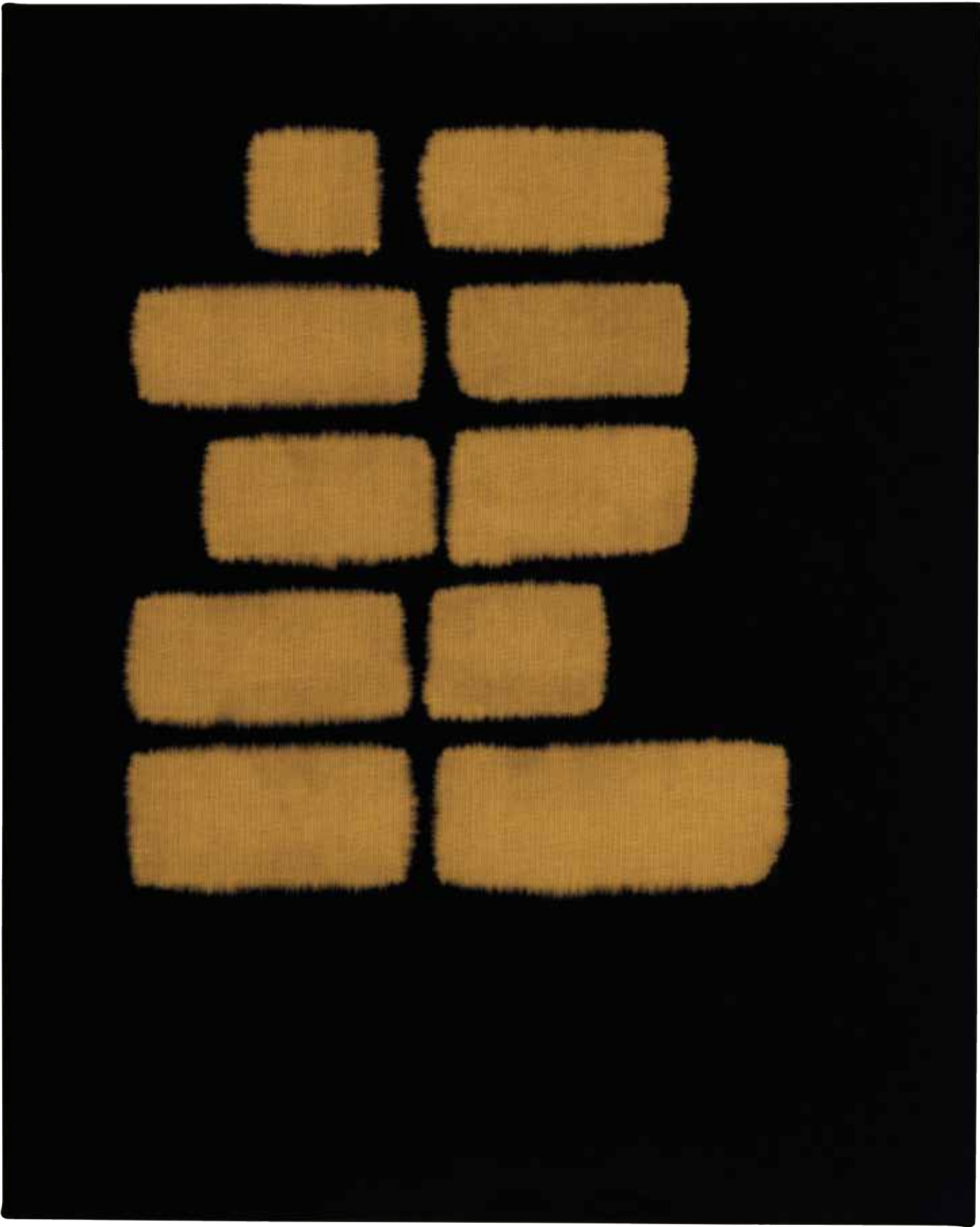
Keep the argument legal. Nitpicky.
You certify collateral damage.

Concurrently, palliative measures
may dulcify collateral damage.

You can appeal to barmy emotions.
You fructify collateral damage.

Try to remove the stain from the stain. This
will sanctify collateral damage.

Failing all else, at the end of the day,
just liquefy collateral damage.



GIVE UP THE GOLD OR GIVE UP YOUR LIFE

A Rose Garden prayer for more gold and God
brought neither. Quaking before Gold and God.

Whatever hunger looked good on the stand
we bought, gorging on drugstore gold and god.

Bespoke preacher, multiplied and hidden
by screens, commands we adore Gold and God.

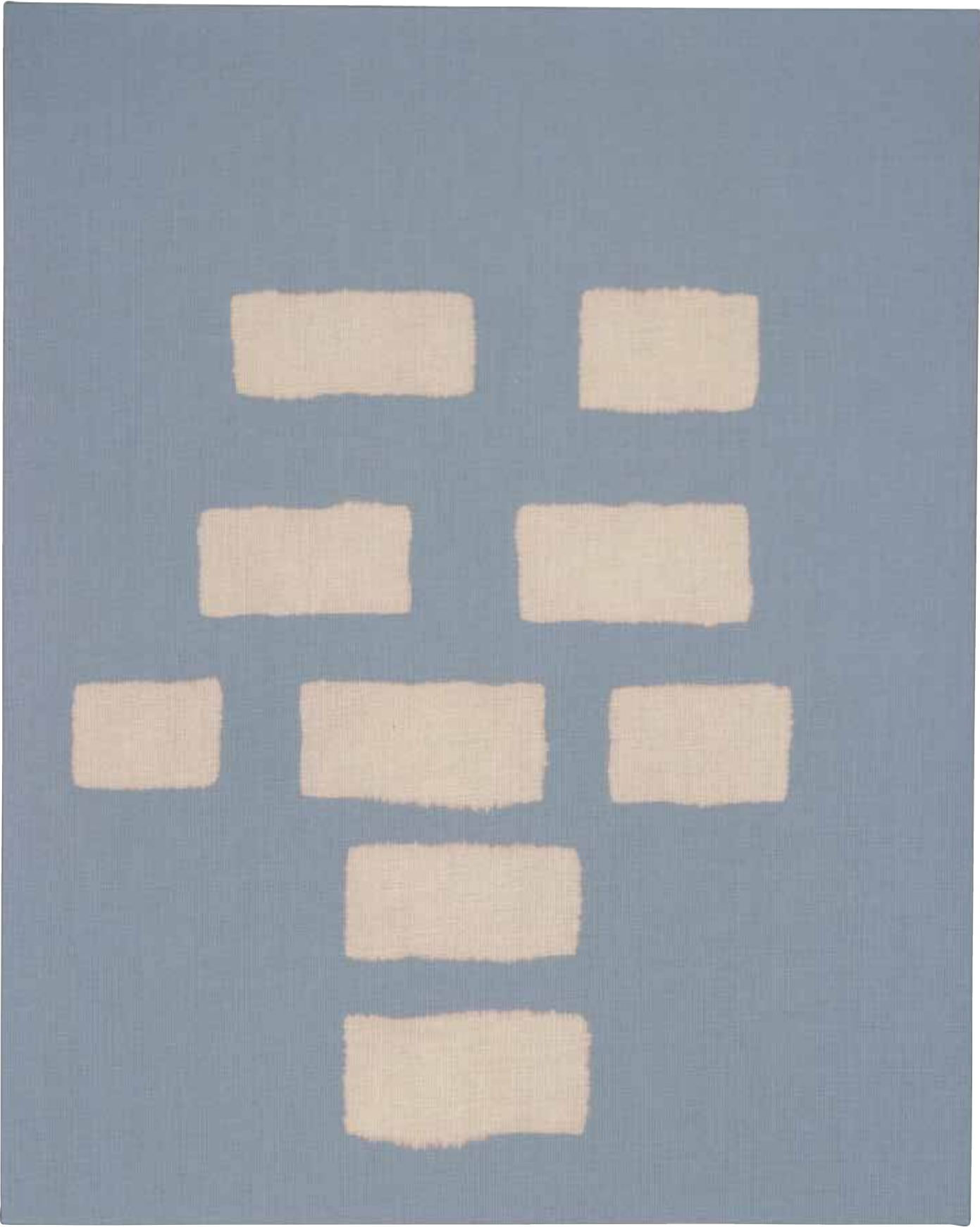
Riding cold caboose, the harmonica
paints a swollen tune: ignore Gold and god.

No materialists in foxholes? Sold
into war, poor soldiers wore gold and God.

Cradle of civilization, casket
of civilization, bore gold and god.

Lit by lipstick, in the blind and needled
alley lays the two-holed whore, Gold and God.

Give it up give it up give it up. Give
up your deathstyle. Carbon, gore, gold and god.



YOU AND I ARE IN DISAGREEMENT

Must it be so bleak between you and I?
What is there to tweak between you and I?

I is always capitalized, you is
not. Is that the pique between you and I?

A slab of king salmon up for grabs. Not
much left for the meek between you and I.

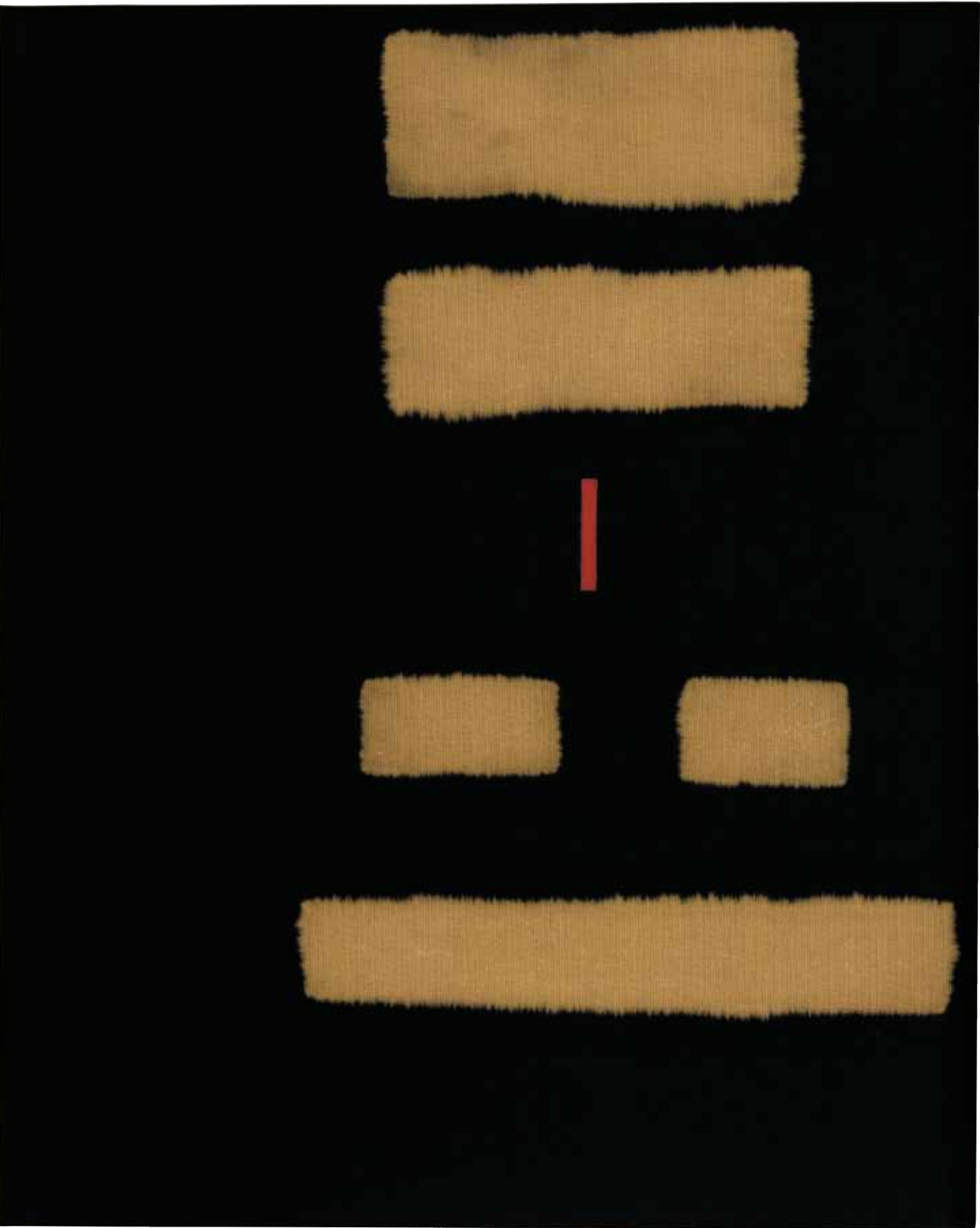
If we dam every discord, we only
slow the steady leak between you and I.

Muddy Waters. Mahavishnu. Miles. Not
at all about technique 'tween you and I.

When words infect the picture plain, something
dirty's born: pecking beak 'tween you and I.

Extraordinary renditions bring tears,
applause. No need to speak 'tween you and I.

One more db of guitar in the mix.
Well sung, true. All we seek 'tween you and I.



LEAD-OUT & LOCK GROOVE

INFORMATION

MUSIC

SIDE A **BILL BARRETT** : chromatic harmonica

WAYNE PEET : organ

JON BRION : electric piano, EMS Synthi, voice

JEREMY DRAKE : electric and acoustic guitars, banjo, ukulele

GLENN TAYLOR : pedal steel guitar

DEVIN HOFF : contrabass, bass guitar

SCOTT AMENDOLA : drumset, percussion, loops/electronics

DANNY FRANKEL : percussion, 1/2 drumset

NELS CLINE : electric and acoustic guitars, effects, Megamouth, Quintronics Drum Buddy

SIDE B **VINNY GOLIA** : flutes, clarinets, saxophones

DAN CLUCAS : trumpet, flutes

JEFF GAUTHIER : violin

JESSICA CATRON : cello

JEREMY DRAKE : electric and acoustic guitars

DEVIN HOFF : contrabass, bass guitar, cigarbox guitar

BRAD DUTZ : vibraphone, xylophones, frame drum, bongos

SCOTT AMENDOLA : drumset, percussion, loops/electronics

ALEX CLINE : percussion

NELS CLINE : electric and acoustic guitars, lap steel, cigarbox guitar, effects

DIRTY BABY	
PART I	4:11
PART II	3:38
PART III	7:13
PART IV	3:31
PART V	10:52
PART VI	12:38
42:02 [TOTAL TIME]	

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY NELS CLINE

Recorded and mixed by RON SAINT GERMAIN

Produced by DAVID BRESKIN

Recorded digitally but mixed to 1" fat analog tape, January 24–30, 2008, at Ocean Studios Burbank, California, where The Saint was ably assisted by Albert Mata.

Masterfully mastered by Joe Gastwirt at Joe's Mastering Joint, Oak Park, California.

Gavin Templeton copied entire forests of music and played alto saxophone on B.14.

Visual evidence of the recordings and other tidbits may be found at *dirtybaby.tv*.

The rainfall upon the studio skylights at the end of B.12 happened in real time, live, upon nature's cue.

B.01	IN GOD WE TRUST 1:40	B.11	NOTE WE HAVE ALREADY GOT RID OF SEVERAL LIKE YOU—One Was Found In River Just Recently 1:22	B.19	I'LL BE GETTING OUT SOON AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR TESTIMONY PUT ME IN HERE 2:37	B.27	YOU WILL EAT HOT LEAD 1:16
B.02	HI THERE, MY OLD FRIEND 1:31					B.28	I CAN'T TAKE IT NO MORE 0:28
B.03	IF I WAS YOU I'D DO JUST LIKE I TELL YOU TO DO 1:16	B.12	BE CAUTIOUS ELSE WE BE BANGIN ON YOU 3:34	B.20	YOU TALK YOU GET KILLED 2:05	B.29	I MIGHT JUST ACT UGLY IF YOU GET UP ON THAT STAND AND SAY SOMETHING UNPLEASANT TO MY EARS 0:41
B.04	DO AS I SAY OR... 1:14	B.13	You Wont Know WHEN You Wont Know WHERE You Wont Know WHO and You Wont Know WHY 1:27	B.21	DO NOT LET THE INFORMATION BE KNOWN TO ANY PERSON OR YOU DIE 1:25	B.30	I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT WE WONT STOP 2:01
B.06	DO AS TOLD OR SUFFER 1:16	B.14	IT'S PAYBACK TIME 2:13	B.22	DON'T THREATEN ME WITH YOUR THREATS 2:31	B.31	I WILL WIPE YOU OFF THE FACE OF THIS EARTH 1:01
B.07	AGREE TO OUR TERMS OR PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A BLAST FURNACE 0:55	B.15	I'M GOING TO LEAVE MORE NOTES AND I'M GOING TO KICK MORE ASS 0:47	B.23	I JUST MIGHT ACT UGLY IF YOU TALK 0:53	B.32	GIVE UP THE GOLD OR GIVE UP YOUR LIFE 2:21
B.08	YOUR A DEAD MAN 3:14	B.16	YOU CROSS ME IWANNA SEE BLOOD 2:02	B.24	WHEN I'M RELEASED I'M SMOKING A STRAIGHT LINE TO YOU. GOT ME? 1:18	B.33	YOU AND I ARE IN DISAGREEMENT 1:35
B.09	HEY YOU WANT TO SLEEP WITH THE FISHES? 1:22	B.17	I HEARD YOU MOVED TO PAHRUMP, NEVADA— You Cannot Escape 1:14	B.25	WANT TO GET TO KNOW MY BOILING POINT? 0:38	51:33 [TOTAL TIME]	
B.10	A COLUMBIAN NECKLACE FOR YOU 0:43	B.18	LITTLE SNITCHES LIKE YOU END UP IN DUMPSTERS ALL ACROSS TOWN 0:59	B.26	YOU DIRTY ROTTEN BITCH 0:43		

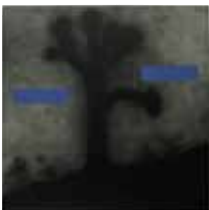
PICTURES : SIDE A



A.01 FISTFUL OF ALIENS
1986 46×80" 117×203.2cm



A.02 VEGETATION MADE PUBLIC
1988 54×120" 137.2×304.8cm



A.03 JOSHUA TREE
1986 64×64" 162.6×162.6cm



A.04 CROW
1996 30×36" 76.2×91.5cm



A.05 HOWL
1987 48×36" 121.9×91.4cm



A.06 CRY BOX
1987 60×54" 152.4×137.2cm



A.07 MY NAME IS ABSTRACT
1995 24×20" 61×50.8cm



A.08 UNTITLED
1986 48×84" 121.9×213.4cm



A.09 TABLE
1996 51×66" 129.6×167.6cm



A.10 WESTWARD HO
1986 60×40" 152.4×101.6cm



A.11 BRAVE MEN
1986 60×40" 152.4×101.6cm



A.12 HOPE
1988 60×40" 152.4×101.6cm



A.13 MAN, WIFE
1987 54×120" 137.2×304.8cm



A.14 BROTHER, SISTER
1987 72×96" 182.9×243.8cm



A.15 PARTS PER TRILLION
1987 50×120" 127×304.8cm



A.16 THE UNCERTAIN TRAIL
1986 47×120" 119.4×304.8cm



A.17 THE TEEPEES
1987 38×78" 96.5×198.1cm



A.18 UNCERTAIN FRONTIER
1987 22×80" 55.9×203.2cm



A.19 LLLLLLONG TALL TALES
2004 36×67" 91.4×170.2cm



A.20 PLENTY BIG HOTEL ROOM
(PAINTING FOR THE
AMERICAN INDIAN)
1985 84×60" 213.4×152.4cm



A.21 SHUT THIS GATE
1987 40×90" 101.6×228.6cm



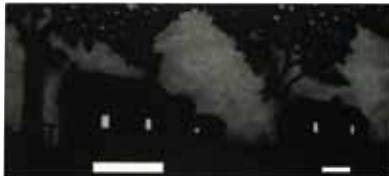
A.22 PERMANENT JUSTICE
1992 35×51" 89×129.5cm



A.23 COMMON STOCK
1992 21×24" 53.7×61cm



A.24 UNIT
1986 64×64" 162.6×162.6cm



A.25 STRONG, HEALTHY
1987 54×120" 137.2×304.8cm



A.26 YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS
1987 54×120" 137.2×304.8cm



A.27 NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE
1986 59×145½" 149.9×369.6cm



A.28 AVERAGES
1987 32×120" 81.3×304.8cm



A.29 RHEOSTAT
1987 46×80" 117×203.2cm



A.30 DIGIT HOUSE
1988 50×75" 127×190.5cm



A.31 SERVCO, UNLIMITRON, GELTEX
1989 66×66" 167.8×167.8cm



A.32 DRUGS, HARDWARE,
BARBER, VIDEO
1987 72×72" 182.9×182.9cm



A.33 UNTITLED
2004 48×96" 121.9×243.8cm

SIDE A WORKS ARE ACRYLIC ON
CANVAS EXCEPT:

acrylic on raw linen: 7, 23
acrylic on museum board paper: 10, 11, 12
oil on canvas: 20

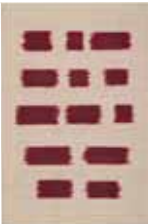
PICTURES : SIDE B



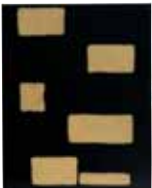
B.01 IN GOD WE TRUST
1994 18×18" 45.7×45.7cm



B.02 HI THERE, MY OLD FRIEND
1994 18×18" 45.7×45.7cm



B.03 IF I WAS YOU I'D DO JUST
LIKE I TELL YOU TO DO
1994 24×16" 61×40.6cm



B.04 DO AS I SAY OR...
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.05 NO MERCY
1997 24×19" 61×48.2cm



B.06 DO AS TOLD OR SUFFER
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.07 AGREE TO OUR TERMS OR
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR
A BLAST FURNACE
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.08 YOUR A DEAD MAN
1995 16×13" 40.6×33cm



B.09 HEY YOU WANT TO SLEEP
WITH THE FISHES?
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.10 A COLUMBIAN NECKLACE
FOR YOU
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.11 NOTE WE HAVE ALREADY GOT
RID OF SEVERAL LIKE YOU—One
Was Found In River Just Recently
1996 24×20" 61×50.8cm



B.12 BE CAUTIOUS ELSE WE BE
BANGIN ON YOU
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.13 You Want Know WHEN You Want
Know WHERE You Want Know WHO
and You Want Know WHY
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.14 IT'S PAYBACK TIME
1997 17×16" 43.2×40.6cm



B.15 I'M GOING TO LEAVE MORE
NOTES AND I'M GOING TO
KICK MORE ASS
1999 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.16 YOU CROSS ME IWANNA
SEE BLOOD
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.17 I HEARD YOU MOVED TO
PAHRUMP, NEVADA—
You Cannot Escape
1997 22×18" 56.2×45.7cm



B.18 LITTLE SNITCHES LIKE YOU
END UP IN DUMPSTERS ALL
ACROSS TOWN
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.19 I'LL BE GETTING OUT SOON AND
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR
TESTIMONY PUT ME IN HERE
1994 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.20 YOU TALK YOU GET KILLED
1994 15×16" 38.1×40.6cm



B.21 DO NOT LET THE INFORMATION
BE KNOWN TO ANY PERSON OR
YOU DIE
1996 20×24" 50.8×61cm



B.22 DON'T THREATEN ME WITH
YOUR THREATS
1997 16×20" 40.6×50.8cm



B.23 I JUST MIGHT ACT UGLY
IF YOU TALK
1997 16×20" 40.6×50.8cm



B.24 WHEN I'M RELEASED I'M
SMOKING A STRAIGHT LINE
TO YOU. GOT ME?
1997 16×20" 40.6×50.8cm



B.25 WANT TO GET TO KNOW MY
BOILING POINT?
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.26 YOU DIRTY ROTTEN BITCH
1997 10×8" 25.4×20.4cm



B.27 YOU WILL EAT HOT LEAD
1999 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.28 I CAN'T TAKE IT NO MORE
2000 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.29 I MIGHT JUST ACT UGLY IF YOU
GET UP ON THAT STAND AND
SAY SOMETHING UNPLEASANT
TO MY EARS
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.30 I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT
WE WONT STOP
1997 16×20" 40.6×50.8cm



B.31 I WILL WIPE YOU OFF THE
FACE OF THIS EARTH
1999 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.32 GIVE UP THE GOLD OR
GIVE UP YOUR LIFE
1999 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm



B.33 YOU AND I ARE IN
DISAGREEMENT
1997 20×16" 50.8×40.6cm

SIDE B WORKS ARE:

oil on canvas: 11, 21
oil on linen: 3, 19, 20
acrylic and oil on linen: 1
acrylic on raw linen: 2, 5, 8, 14, 17, 26
acrylic on rayon-covered board: 7, 10, 18, 24
bleach on rayon-covered board: 4, 6, 9, 12, 13, 16, 22, 23, 25, 28, 29, 30
bleach on linen-covered board: 15, 27, 31, 32
bleach and acrylic on rayon-covered board: 33

GHAZALS

DEDICATIONS

- A.01 FISTFUL OF ALIENS *for Ken Price*
- A.02 VEGETATION MADE PUBLIC *for Karl Bandtel*
- A.04 CROW *for Erik Westerlund, Yosemite Ranger/Naturalist*
- A.06 CRY BOX *for Michael S. Harper*
- A.07 MY NAME IS ABSTRACT *for Spencer Glendon*
- A.09 TABLE *for Bill Biederman*
- A.10 WESTWARD HO *for Mimi Chakarova*
- A.12 HOPE *for Isabel Breskin*
- A.13 MAN, WIFE *for Penny Cooper & Rena Rosenwasser*
- A.14 BROTHER, SISTER *for Mark Rowland*
- A.23 COMMON STOCK *for Scott Gordon*
- A.24 UNIT *for Dean Young*
- A.25 STRONG, HEALTHY *for Chelsea Hadley*
- A.27 NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE *for Pinky Weitzman*
- A.30 DIGIT HOUSE *for Zoe Prillinger & Luke Ogrydziak*
- A.32 DRUGS, HARDWARE, BARBER, VIDEO *in memory of Jeremy Blake*
- A.33 UNTITLED *for Ed Ruscha*

- B.01 IN GOD WE TRUST *for Mark Hart III*
- B.04 DO AS I SAY OR... *for Brian Goldman*
- B.09 HEY YOU WANT TO SLEEP WITH THE FISHES? *for David Einhorn*
- B.14 IT’S PAYBACK TIME *for Jeff Gauthier*
- B.16 YOU CROSS ME IWANNA SEE BLOOD *for Jennifer Vorbach*
- B.21 DO NOT LET THE INFORMATION BE KNOWN TO ANY PERSON
OR YOU DIE *for Caroline Herter*
- B.23 I JUST MIGHT ACT UGLY IF YOU TALK *for Sam Seaman*
- B.26 YOU DIRTY ROTTEN BITCH *for these women, in memoriam, and
their families, in mourning*
- B.30 I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT WE WONT STOP *for Norm from ’Nam
and everyone in The Purple Tunnel of Doom (Inauguration Day, January 20, 2009)*
- B.33 YOU AND I ARE IN DISAGREEMENT *for Nels Cline*

RECORDINGS

Side A was recorded on March 26, 2009 and Side B on March 27, 2009 at Fantasy Studios, Berkeley, California. Ron Saint Germain engineered and Jesse Nichols assisted. Nels Cline guests as Saddam Hussein on B.02 and as Jean-Bertrand Aristide on B.10, and Zoe Prillinger reads the Names Of The Lost on B.26.

LINER NOTES

- A.05 HOWL rips liberally from the rhythm and language of Allen Ginsberg’s “Howl.”
- A.06 CRY BOX calls on blues lyrics, particularly those featured in the poems of Sterling A. Brown’s classic 1932 volume, *Southern Road*.
- A.13 MAN, WIFE appropriates and sometimes paraphrases the quips of famous mugs on the topic of marriage. After the *matla*, the first sentence of each *sher* (but not the *qafia*, the *radif*, or other language) is attributable to, in sequence: Christopher Morley, Alexandre Dumas, père, Robert Louis Stevenson, Herbert Spencer, William Congreve, Ambrose Bierce, Nicolas Chamfort, Cyril Connolly, Gloria Steinem, Voltaire, J.B. Priestley, Lord Byron (but not “A formula chipped in stone”), Rita Rudner, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
- A.14 BROTHER, SISTER references “factories” and “barracoons.” Factories were large coastal forts in Africa where, after capture, slaves awaited shipment to the New World. Barracoons were sheds, huts, barracks or warehouses where slaves were held temporarily, awaiting further assignment.
- B.06 DO AS TOLD OR SUFFER borrows its *qafia/radif* scheme from James O’Keefe’s sneakily great “Trust,” as published in Agha Shahid Ali’s compendium, *Ravishing DisUnities: Real Ghazals in English* (Wesleyan University Press, 2000).
- B.12 BE CAUTIOUS ELSE WE BE BANGIN ON YOU alludes to Shiite cleric and Mahdi Army leader Muqtada al-Sadr by his nickname, as given by on-the-ground U.S. troops: Mookie. Embrace the Suck!
- B.15 I’M GOING TO LEAVE MORE NOTES AND I’M GOING TO KICK MORE ASS displays, in its italicized text, the words of President George W. Bush, as quoted by Lieutenant General Ricardo S. Sanchez, in his book, *Wiser In Battle: A Soldier’s Story*. After four private contractors were killed in Falluja in 2004, Bush conducted a videoconference with his national security team and generals, launching into what Sanchez, then commander of U.S troops in Iraq, called a “confused pep talk.”
- B.16 YOU CROSS ME IWANNA SEE BLOOD uses some key phrases, in the seventh *sher* and eighth *sher*, from Abel Meeropol’s song “Strange Fruit.”
- B.26 YOU DIRTY ROTTEN BITCH lists the names of nineteen of the nearly one-hundred American servicewomen who have been killed, or died, in Iraq during “Operation Iraqi Freedom.” These women have made the ultimate sacrifice for their country, and the sentiments expressed in the *qafia* and *radif* are not those of the author.
- B.29 I MIGHT JUST ACT UGLY IF YOU GET UP ON THAT STAND AND SAY SOMETHING UNPLEASANT TO MY EARS imagines a hastily scrawled note written by a certain Angler to a certain Scooter. “Angler” was the Secret Service codename for Vice President Dick Cheney. “POTUS” is the Secret Service acronym for “President of the United States.”

THIS PAGE

INTENTIONALLY

LEFT BLANK