

BLAZING MESMERISMS





The author, an internationally recognized man of erudition and science, has held many jobs, among them: cashier, comedy writer, computer programmer, cook, data entry clerk, dishwasher, gardener, graphic designer, ice cream server, IT professional, manuscript evaluator, roadie, software trainer, telemarketer, theme park ride operator, and typesetter. He was going to make up some funny ones but was astonished by this list alone, which he felt sufficed.

☞ means the piece continues on the next page. Otherwise, each page starts a new piece.

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the zapruder brothers
they're always at assassinations
why?

Archduke Franz Ferdinand: they were there, photographing
McKinley: they were there, daguerrotyping
Savonarola: they were there, sketching
Julius Caesar: they were there, sculpting
Mok of Fok: they were there, cavepainting

They are the eternal witness. More than the eternal witness, the witness whose record is undisputable evidence. Even in the days before film. Some of those Lascaux commentaries are Zapruder records of ancient caveman assassinations! Though highly symbolic in nature — the Zapruder brothers have evolved their technique over time, made it far more literal. There are those who accuse them of being the fathers of Media itself, or at least the true patrons of the representative arts down through the times, but...that's all hearsay, now, isn't it? For they documented everything but their own presence. Funny how that works. The universe, for example...who's that behind the camera while we're standing there smiling?

apples are the windfall of the mind
slaps the old nature of a fence
Hitler's gusto
the rebus of an energy jesus

the plectrums look like sundown
some phanerozoic clampdown
the absolute fastest angels
massless at the speed of time

we've come here to the valley of the shadow
to light the way for the rest
sundown, ya better take care
yes, we have spotlights for your gloom

You and your insectoid breasts. Your insectoid religions. Your heartspace relations brace, relationspace, relationface, infectoid ropelines, ropeoids, drumlins on the drumming drumline lanscape. Drumlins on the lanscape. They're made of old computers rusted together — our deposits of gallium arsenide and cadmium and germanium? The refuse of the previous civilization's computers!

Polar shift? She's trying to shake us off! The more of an irritant, the more impatient she gets, and then she shifts crust, and winds of 200 mph and tidal waves 150 feet high and you get the picture. How is a civilization supposed to survive that? All they can leave are little artifacts here and there, and those have indeed been found. Those heroic and solitary bits, the only remains of the huge civilizations who've come before us!

Goddamn cadmium robots! Goddamn cobalt robots! The cobalt robalts of goddamn. The winds of an irritant civilization. Robots made of radioactive material, depleted uranium. Titanium, chromium radios, cobalt radio. Cobalt broadcasts its rock and roll on the radioactive receiver. The geiger counter's got a hell of a beat! Cobalt broadcasts at 217 mHz on your FM dial... updates on the big bang, hourly, if you know the code.

all the dry day drowned
in the liquors of the night

Drysdale drowned
in the liquors of the night
pilsner of the evening
whiskey in the twilight
gimlet to the dark

vodka of the night, of a light over a city highway, a speeding car full of friends, driver drunk, driver three sheets to the wind — quick, spontaneous, avoiding drunken drivers, avoiding drivers, swerving avoidance drivers. vodka of the membranes, vodka of the sewers. the sewers run with vodka, with old cheap vodka made from genetically engineered potatoes. With cheap vodka made from genetically engineered Russians. Soylent Green is people, sure, but so is that evil swirling liquor which tumbles from the lips of old Vidor Vomaski!

Monday in the cryptozoic sludge
Trode embryos of ancient sunlight
membryos of ancient design
incantations of ancient design
rose with the sun this morning
only the quickest jotted them down

they didn't show on cameras or phones
and those who saw, told no one
and became suffused with lucky, indestructible purpose

Polo adjusted the verniers on the Marcoscope. Invented by Uncle Maffeo, its many lenses showed the viewer much about the object in the glass...so much in fact that it was strictly forbidden for any but the Polos to look through the Marcoscope, on pain of death. For Maffeo had contracted with Asian heretics, possessed shamen, and divers monks and anchorites of Shaitan to procure the specifications of the lenses, lenses so good they could tell a good man from an evil man at nearly half a league.

Maffeo had met angels on the shores of the Caspian Sea. He'd followed stumbling coolies from the opium dens of old Peiping through endless tunnels to cities of gold and wine. He'd fallen into a cave in Northern Italy and emerged onto the moon itself (Earth clearly in view below). This only the tip of the vast Alps of his experiences, earthly and un-

Marco Polo appreciated the stories that tumbled from his uncle's lips, but knew to take it all with a grain of spice. Many whispers in the bazaars, whispering wind in the bazaars, of Maffeo's bizarre flights. What could be believed and not believed, difficult or impossible to tell. But this was the world, circa 1261, and there were many strange things in it — much of it simply not known, its edges blurred, hallucinatory, its depths, heights, breadths all liable to contain just about any manner of man or beast.

So begins Swanson's tales of Marco Polo, a historico-fictional flight of fantasy set in the mysterious past, with Maffeo as a kind of drug-addled boob, responsible for all the brilliance and mystery of the tales — and Polo the more conventional, methodical Dr. Watson who keeps it all together.

Spinners of the inner jesii
Lures in my religious tacklebox
Gimme a spinner, I wanna catch me a heathen
I wanna catch me a pig: gimme some mammon
They're better than salmon eggs, mammon
Mammon eggs, those little dollar signs
A dollop of dollar signs, mammon eggs
For catching the salmon of the world
The lox in their business smocks

The snoots in their business spooks
The spocks in their business smocks
The anywhere senators
The anyone senators
Anyone handmaiden. Anymoney handmaiden.

The gaggle of gathering harmony
The tittle of tighering harmonize
Shunabi before
Wasabi beyond
You are the wasabi of the sushi beyond

Nuclear smocks
Nuclear smanties and smocks
Panties on the preying mantis
Organizing engrams
Organizing rituals
The orangizing rituals of sunset
Sun's got his rituals just like you
Obsessions when the sunset sinks

Must prepare orangina for night to drink when he comes on
When night clocks in there'll be orangeade waiting for him
It's just a little courtesy between the day and the night
Has been for millions of years
Twas the sun put orangeade in the minds of the inventors
Twas the sun invented oranges that hang all through the night
That bloom in ridiculous riots all throughout the spring
Day and night they bloom

Putting orangeade in the mills
In the minds of the investors
The sunset spills
Orangina on the hills

Some inverted kingdom
The singers of the inverted kings
Disturb the slumber of the districts
Out and about the outlying precincts
The ships of the Inverted Kings
Prowl inner space on nights like this

Some inverted ninepins
Some inveterate ninepints
Quaffing inverted pints on a nint like this
The ninth ward of the inverted kings
All aplitter and swim

The litter of the inverted kings
Toted through the hickory streets
Lickety split through the hickety streets
Lickety split through the liquory streets
Chole coat chock in the chicory streets
Chit-chat in the chackery streets
The inverted king is sleeping
in an upside-down pyramid

He likes the chatter outside the walls
The awful sarcophagus walls
He loves to get high and listen to them go
The slumber of the inverted kings
A stupor, it's true, but no less golden honey

sister nirvana
the devil you say

smuggling tools
from the difference room

this morning for me alone
this party for me alone
strangeness at the top of the pyramid
the investigator was blue
the instigator was green

we midwife spring
we give a little bit of our vital force
to create spring every year
this explains my general feeling of dullness
as the new season approaches

these little mailroads
a hinkydink investigation
investigator Tense
interrogating prisoners
these narrow mailroads
mallard trains on the narrow railroads
bullroarer on the railrose

lazy lizard words
the wizard of the lazywords

That's how it is in reality. We wander through the fecund valleys of the harvests of ages past, and many spirits toil to provide us with the things we need. As above, so below — as many worlds, third through twelfth, are engaged round the clock to deliver us in the West our many leisure devices, so the spirits on the other side are also toiling in their shadowy offices — we actually take advantage of those poor spirits who feel they must continue work, even though they died back there somewhere, but they didn't notice, nor did they heed the many warnings delivered via messenger boy and official inter-office communiques — so, the crafty Bosses on the other side, gave them actual *useful* work to do, churning out relations and harmonies and devising new strategic events for the overland billions, and if their work has changed a little, well, it's still work, and still comforting.

Some of those people will become cats, who are said to be very conservative creatures.

We take advantage of the useful labor of those poor drudges on the other side. And over the years, they are gently weaned from their delusions and "retired", given a gift, a gold watch — when they grasp the gold watch, all the knowledge of the universe, the knowledge of their true situation, in any event, is revealed to them.

Kinda like my mother, who after her suicide found herself in a universal Mombasa, outfitting for a trek across the interior of a dark Africa. Once she passed through her many adventures and reached her destination, high on the brow of a whispering hillside, the sky revealed to her. A certain star ruptured and cracked and poured its information within her. As last she understood. And she laughed and laughed.



Where once were kids on the roof of the future...
Dark miners in the capillaries of the darkness

Return to the days when underwear really meant something
a coda to the morning sun
a stolen planeload of nuclear money
Shirley Nirvana on the smoothskirt stars

it's not the ego you destroy,
but its useless tools from the day,
forged this morning for this day alone
cannot carry them into tomorrow
anymore than manna