

PICKLES & JAMS

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Pickles & Jams
by cris cheek
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publisher of weird little books

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Environmental Foam

the faucet in my bathroom is a Delta and

I turn its run to gushing when I'm brushing

my teeth the bone fishes and I blush

thinking of how my brushing my teeth

in such brash fashion is both further

polluting and depleting the environment

in which I live and brush my teeth

“if i fall asleep in a public space am i trespassing i am no moving at least not in a big sense well yes the sense is big but access citizenship voice an area subject to removal through an understanding of sacrifice to clear the text of relocation as.docx” already exists. Do you want to replace it?

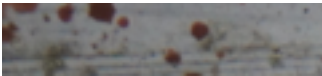
A file or folder with the same name already exists in the folder Liberty Plaza is no nearer . consolation. Replacing it will overwrite its current contents.

Cancel

Replace



the people's microphone (for Sean Bonney on the occasion of his launch of *The Commons*)

is a system of amplification | rain
requiring no electricity no thing | leaves
external, divide or device, whatsoever
other than the human voice


so that what one person says is |  rain
amplified and attended to through | leaves
an agency of collective reiteration

by these means what one voices | rain
that might remain objectified

is embodied by all who hear it |  leaves
and amplified to those out of earshot

so that when i say "I mean what i say" |  rain
people attending repeat that phrase
resounding those words for themselves |  leaves

and when i say "you need to be alert" |  rain
that too is embodied and understood
the point of view shared, necessarily

i commend the people's microphone |  leaves

us in our deliberations our debate | r a a i i n n
knowing that whatever is uttered | leaves . leaves
will be amplified and further heard

insolidarity

in solidarity

Cut drip

A chat every is
time a whole truth
and there he goes again
making me cry sh-shy opinions
weakened by slow inclined proverbs
until there is nothing but a negative graphic

were you to ask me to waste some time with you
to make a request I am not sure I would do it though
were you to say pretty things and leave me to wondering
if they have hidden depths, or remain merely the unskim

were you to get just what you wanted every time you read me
as a bolt of white lightning striking a muddy brain repeatedly
were you to begin to predict your reaction to meeting here
I would cry out please, I can't stand it anymore, let me go

I will demand that words begin in an affect of truth
an excessively painful blunt hammer misled so

day cart

I split my avatar and sat down
facing myself

boo-diddly ! boodiddly !!

I drew
D E A T H
a sense of retribution
spelling h-o-n-k

the stink it stank
of artifice and dry
rot with its humbug
totally sucked

I poured molten gold into my gaping mouth
as a lighthouse parliamentarian I quenched

my bowels with a concealed career I severed
vessels leaking from my trap-banker's neck

I filtered the soldier's career down the priest's
throat, pinned my burnished fold, quenched
finality, cut open my pheremonal flood, tied
hands to shaking blood, forged thought.

Pol

Who came closer to petrified
kidney smoke, their newly colored
coins knee deep in luscious mud,
larded themselves, coherent curt
in pomegranate extract. A greater,
endlessly moist edifice of influence,

spoke of fur stimulant patched
low stones required. Wall smoke
across ancient grooves of opinion.
Slow flattish whispers; dove-colored
vegetation code written through
presses asunder. A night ass

fermented in cloying puce prose.
Hill buildings before grey-shined
circles scripted under dresses as
dead-suckled open field temples.
Lick-spittled, near-milicrystal days
came de-mixed among dry boxes.

The membrane of the wheel blown
callow scabs served with a rifle of opinion
endless particles, the tired and lucky need not apply.
On the evening air, a rank and anxious stench of industry.

A confessor of grammar candy scowls at me

I am way too slovenly with my pr proofs
playing with notations and england's end
to a deodorant thought inflection governed
starts printing marks over tumbling form and

writing contrived syntax and its contrivance
is part of its power, its allure. I smudged my mas
mascara, my agent shrinking down a wall, staring,
broken at the call ended phrase on my phone.

I am breadwinner-centered

I am a breadwinner-centered comedy
Language performed. Don't duet that song.
Don't singer songwriter submit, famous nothing.
Nothings don't finance the know-know how-who
Husband's the executive noting of nothing
Performed in the dirt from a riot

model questions
about power I yodel
questions about power

The wheels the
The wheel the

The wheels the

battered development the commonly experienced
in the center and the epicenter of the wheeeeeeeeeee frugality
Is a club mogul

of of
chic them chic chic them
chic them chic chic them
chic then sleep

for boardroom flat end latte hum
I wheel on the rug of the real portal
words used as land

I put my heels up on the dirty mug of the desk
I feel right like a do right disc
right-handed man

fuck-centered

fuck anything you want, except
don't fuck with my authority

fuck the disease of government
fuck the blood into the sheets

a fair price to pay to keep the desert
from our streets and not on top of them

fuck me and my cutesy sense of propriety
fuck a duck fuck the want out of everything

means just fuck right means it's the price fuck
spreading fuck like a leaf

enough fuck right diseased government looking to govern
from the top down then their clear desire
the this the
enough fuck with the diseases
of government looking at government
in use

and who the fuck am I to tell another who
they cannot love
cannot adore

Without regulation there is no air

Traded aspects of bread are divided;
Between dirty roots-down thinking
Controlled and unproductive lives
Related demand to rank dependence

And sanctioned moaners bleating
Prayer.

The vegetated crops are disposable
Forms; corrupt and impermissible
Sexual publics, starving behaviors
Dreaming, bloodshot lives of liquor

And sanctioned monies weeping
Prayer.

In an economy of regulated activity
And peopled enactments, promoted
To cook the crowd into a tank leader,
Then punch the can until its square

Are sanctioned flunkeys tweeting
Prayer.

marvelously disturbed
by what i witnessed
thrown into the sea
from a dictator farmer
with a corpse of bones
that modifies, even cannibalizes
its genre. Rebuilding a life
haunted by the violence
committed on behalf of
a testimonial agent.
An analysis of hearsay
hermeneutics, telling stories
overheard, secondhand besides
anxiety by over talking
joined to the heart
returning home, with you
as a collaborator, to control
the community of narratives
and to exploit critical contexts,
for those traditionally silent.