



the ten ingredients of gust's quorum

HOOPS' INGREDIENT: LUCID

Sooner or later we've ended up here,
on a cold beach covered in rotting dead
corpses offgassing into the frontier,
& atmosphere so thick the sun shines red.
Ambivalent about the world above
as it's reflected in their jelly eyes,
the sacred fish die-off professes love
to anyone who generously dies.
We'll carefully audit their rancid breeze
and hear it chilled and laughing in a cave,
on valley roads surrounded by dead trees,
forgetting what's impossible to save.
This ocean knows to stand around and study,
with all the blubber rotting, getting muddy.

I watched my dopplegangers all depart
in cycles ringing out and spinning far.
Out there, smelling fishy, they'll soon restart
their mission to drown in a reservoir.
Whether first to jump off a rail bridge cliff
or just to witness tangents fade away,
I'll see them spin wherever, see them drift--
last of all creatures who knew how to pray.
In basements where the air is wet and raw,
or up on metal spires in a shrill storm,
I see us smile in every mastoid jaw
and scream after the every fleeing form.
In mud is presented the plan entire--
to loop back once again here, to retire.

FIRE'S INGREDIENT: SCOPE

I bent my head into the mosses' lap
then threw it back, still laughing about pain,
and scanned the air for microscopic sap
or sudden benevolent silver rain.
I spin all ways internally: I do.
I've got all shapes. I make a compass spin.
I move dark wells, and metal rattles, too.
No quantity of planning stops the wind.
I'll wrap all the nerves in a balmy fold:
hurtle in some direction through the sky.
A tropical bb must shun the cold,
locate a mossy spot, and sob and cry.
No windstorm victim could be laughing sadder
than those become a solid candy ladder.

Wastewater's got this frantic, skyburned crest:
a buried sob-frog wells up in the throat.
All silk expands and makes a smoother mess
and screams beside a water treatment moat.
This much excited, even concrete drools
its multicolor tidings, pebble-lined
and pebbles will annoy nonhuman pools
and spark alarm in lightless routes we find.
Abundant ladder-candycanes and wheels,
shrill combinations, generators' songs
make concrete weep and solids flow like eels,
and balmy folds vibrate obstructing prongs.
I slightly fear these metal rattles too--
but spin all ways externally: I do.

GOLDFOIL'S INGREDIENT: LAUGHS

Behold the funny goddess of conjunction,
of landmarks wrapped up in her golden giggle.
A foil lends treasures her crinkled protection,
entices near-translucent skinks to squiggle.
From polar berry orchards' foreign fruit
to tannic water slime's astringent surface,
her mossy velvet bundles round their roots
and rings amusement cross the wet green distance.
A tiny bell, a signal and a braid's
horizons warp, twist, rise up out of time;
a loop, a catch, a strand of lemonade
entwine the sky in frenzied pantomime.
And when we got cap walls cut down with scissors,
at last, there's time to coddle tiny lizards.

Time floats on foam all weightless in the sun,
and creatures slither up a silly tree
and air will bounce til all the waves are won
and MRSA's mouths will gnaw the scum off we.
For we nothing's not fun if there the spirit
of gold foil treats can be unwrapped inside
or stored for later, found again within it
unlikely gum of cypress balls to hide
far out in water labyrinth, winter cleared.
The musket fires itself from out her arms--
its snap rings. Chilly morning dampness sheared
and eyebrows raised--but set off no alarms.
Knee-deep in mud, we liquidly endeavor
to climb the tree of jokes and laugh forever.

BLUE SCRAPS' INGREDIENT: MAZE

One night, I slept on a pile of rubble
beside a pair of mundane metal tracks.
I listened for malnourished, thirsty trouble.
I analyzed and thought about the facts.
The facts were stripped of qualities entirely,
going nowhere, velocity just pure,
become just functions; measures, spinning wildly,
but hitched to certain drives insanely sure.
So sure are certain drives: the gag reflex,
for instance; too, the fear of being trapped
or crushed. Even a snail will, in defense
of its own slimy self, contract. We've mapped,
looked on the unbelievable in shock:
the comedy, a living engineblock.

The engineblock's infested with some snakes.
This truck is gonna need a lotta work!
Ashamed of pleasure, even humor breaks,
believes itself a dingdong and a jerk.
A guy who drops his breakfast on the ground,
at 25 and in a bro's disguise,
a basicbitch who'll drive the world around
to chase the romancecomet where she flies.
A transportation fetishist as well
ignores his sulking girls and drives all night.
A passive song just vibrates in the rails,
a tangled highway shines in permalight.
It promises contaminated space:
a snail stuck on his doppleganger's face.

Contaminated trains web everywhere,
distributing their gifts, (*"No, I insist!"*)
admired by we simpletons. It's rare
the guy immune to squealingmusic bliss.
A *face* can exponentially repeat,
be salient (like, in the sense of "salt")
when weeping on whatever busted street
when culture seems like it's somebody's fault.
And saltwater: you'll find *that* anywhere,
a moss-destroying beverage from hell,
a Poland Spring from any mirrored face
since twins are matched unwillingly as well.
The snail was jumbo-style, what's known as "apple":
its twin was drowned in Kiwi-Strawby Snapple.

CHICORY'S INGREDIENT: WORLD

A clutter river of horrors streams by
too fast to see the details and too loud
to know what's screaming. And that's why
we'll shrug, turn back, and melt into the crowd.
The mob's frosted so thick it broke our nerves
and slathered everything in chalky crust
in stripes across plantlife. Cold, low air swerves
in little special spirals of black rust.
When an event horizon crushes space
and black holes' velvet density at last
welcomes us to that ultraheavy place
we'll smile and we'll dissolve, like, really fast.
Black holes in spongelike space resonate calls
in voices known concretely above all.

Above all known concretely or never
there are still little guys here, underfoot
and petals distributed to whoever
can recombine with moisture and can put
a blue color back inside our nipples
and resaturate smiles in antispaces.
No data storage fort stops the ripples.
Some gestures can be reached from anyplace.
Once I saw a smile of another color
then saw it disassemble piece by piece
and every scrap resulted in another
inverted crater and raw mass decrease.
If you're unhinged enough to have a hand,
then fill it up with old prismatic sand.

BITTERSWEET'S INGREDIENT: BRAID

Asleep, entombed, protected from the breeze
a melody's offset the empty center
and papered round the edges of a freeze
these vines who fruit amusingly in winter.
This yellow-paper, red's hypnotic tone
has braided fingers, webbed a song from air
& climbed inside an orphaned traffic cone,
a lone monastic vine in shelter there.
The empty center's left a space for Az
allured, seduced, enamored of the vacant
and cramped, delicious cloister. Twitch and spaz
and rustle, sleepy, murmuring but patient.
Trainmusic rings the bell like snow deployed
in ripples ringing round its center void.

Az is at home there where glassrivers bloom,
piano guts are ripped and burned with friends.
Boxelderbugs bedeck the crowded tomb
the moldy basement, light-deprived white strands
of vines that snuck inside the lightless wall
so many ghostly sprigs explore this chasm
and munch the empty space, peruse it all
and twitch in sleepingbeauty-fitful spasm.
I climbed the wall but cannot jump back down.
My enemies swarm at the base in madness.
So Az bestowed a ring-shaped wire crown
and silent snow to numb and quench our sadness.
We, only meaningless signs fascinate:
the empty cup, the evil genie, fate.

ROSESTALKS' INGREDIENT: LIES

Lies are the gifts that build a world, a shelter
a trellis. Here, these vines--they slice my hands--
they arch above the decomposed and melted
rancid bereavement no one comprehends.
We call him Eggs because he breathes like sulphur
smiles at people, wants to eat them. Health!
Sure, on the other side he'd be a monster--
on our side, though, The Question Mark himself.
Thorns notwithstanding, grateful for the blooms,
I, gullible, with such a shape am smitten
though underneath them, vicious hunger looms,
a silverback plays gently with a kitten.
A recipe of ether, sugar, vapor:
Tangi's pink sarcophagus its altar.

The only substrate's anaerobic mud
since rotten things feed vines, feed buds, feed flowers.
So, write tall tales, and in enemy blood:
abandon science for these sweeter powers.
Awake in clammy sweat from shredded slumber
in terror of wholeness. Thorns will snag
a phobia of round, unlucky numbers,
an unexpected fear of plastic bags.
This, I was sure I'd never see again,
this wrath on mattresses without their sheets
a snare to trap reality--to rend,
to kill the world, to undertow its sweets.
A floral mead blooms yeasty, bubbles, fizz
of when he wept: "That's it--That's what it is."

RIVERGRAPE'S INGREDIENT: NEGATION

His leg impaled on honeylocust thorns--
impossible preordained direction--
Orf the Hopeless Man, now limping, mourns
My river's got polymer infection.
He's fled the honeylocust tree as prey,
and on the tunnel wall finds a cluster
of certain seeds: he knows them right away,
stuffs them in his coat to eat them later.
Each bubble bleeds, their skin is mashed and crushed.
He eats them in the library alone
and stains blue-violet everything he's touched
the flesh and ink around each teensy stone.
Their sweetness curdles, then expires a dream
in which he hears all matter's special scream.

A special scream inside all matter spinning,
a generous, annihilating taste,
a doublenegative, malicious grinning
seduced the orifices of his face.
A neon jewel sun inflamed the morning:
the locust-wounded vigil spilled his blood.
He sheltered in a stream still solarstorming,
lay wounded in the river's frozen mud.
He lit a fire inside the tomblike stacks.
He lit a fire riding on the bus,
obsessive over grapeskin's subtle wax,
addicted to its bluish-purple pus.
Affirms its frozen scream, ice river's weight,
benevolent nonhuman, pray, negate.

The scream, the scream, one's never been so grateful
to hear the screech of ice for real--or worse.
the vicious blob of rivergrapes is fateful:
negate-forget-negate-forget-reverse.
One needs some help to undertake dissolving,
prefigure orange scum inside one's clothes,
know particles reversibly revolving,
confirm the river actually froze.
The frozen river spawns a witch with apples.
Peruse her plastic fruitcakes made of signs
and climb and fall for her, get lost in dapples
and relics found among aggressive vines.
Thrilled and disgusted both in equal measure,
forget-negate-forget-negate forever.

CAPS' INGREDIENT: AMBITION

A python kept in someone's guestroom tub
can feel the gentle tremors in the floor
of guests' uneasy footsteps. Some guests snub
the host's proud welcome. What's the python for?
"...Comfort? Ok..." Held in a strength of blankness
he walks through walls--polite enough to knock
and offers comfort--hosting hordes is thankless--
and knocks down walls, then to politely walk
inside a vapor cloud of nondisclosure,
a structure that's disguised as atmosphere.
Now at his best, at maximal composure
after a death it's dark and peaceful here.
Not every guest's equipped well to receive
the favor generous, to cease to breathe.

Polite and generous: what's more to want?
What further effort that hasn't been done?
A gift so cool and dense can only haunt
amnesia as a reptile in the sun.
It drinks the atmosphere, affirms the structure,
the great exchange that binds the guest to host;
aspiring to more serious adventures
a recent death begets a sainted ghost.
The perfect host...? Not everybody's pleased
"He walks through walls--there's something wrong with him...."
Only a brat disdains the python's squeeze,
annoys the host with understanding slim
of what's important--round the cruiser's hood
a squeeze enough will crush it then, for good.

PINKPEBBLES' INGREDIENT: COMBUSTION

A man performs a ritual event
in green rain in a graveyard with his dog.
There in approach of ecstatic movement
his phantom limbs emulsify the fog
down there where it rolls over soggy graves.
You can also tell the dog's excited
by high-pitched chirps or cool red microwaves
crackling behind dogs' eyes. Thus delighted
along the edge of ultraviolet light
and at the brink of ultrasonic squeals,
performance is a bark without a bite
and practice is rotation minus wheels.
Of one kind or another, green condition
instigates inhuman superstition.

So powered by arbitrary proportion,
a thesis on orthorexic restraint,
there is a sense of optimal distortion,
a glow of death to make the roided faint.
In space around each molecule he'll wedge
the thought "sometimes it's years before it tells..."
But men like this only know how to edge
along the lines of tepid graveyard bells.
Unchanneling a snake-in-water spine,
unwinding impulses to gush-confide,
ritual humanhood always maligns
actual watersnakes. But we reside
cheerfully in puddles and in canals.
A honking noise summons our subtle pals.