



***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.

## 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 doppelganger'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 antispace.  
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.

## 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.

## 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."



## 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.

## **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.

## **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.

