

PHIL DEMISE and GUY BEINING

A BICENTENNIAL PIECE OF MIND: prophets of
twenty decades of history: Demise (even) Strobe
(odd) with the exception of 1938 and 1947 which
were traded even up

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A BICENTENNIAL PIECE OF MIND

1786-1795

1786—and it's a matter of comfort which is to say a matter of matter
1787—kings are unimportant; business magnates are more predicable
1788—the sun doesn't rise or set and the box it does this in explodes
1789—comfort on a mountain, more mountains & more comfort & much later more hills
1790—people in glass personalities should not get stoned unless the moreon
1791—in stone closet 3 worms ate their souls freshly prepared by termites
1792—cut out these abstractions and state it simply: PARENTAL INSTALLATION
1793—insects are robbed by us as we lay open
1794—of speedy consumption for fear of loss of dessert
1795—grass cunts in the belfry square-eyed & fruitless as porridge

1806-1815

1806—and was then that this story became abstract and broke seventeen principles
1807—up in the attic where flowers grow & sweet old people die
1808—the strobe was lit now and all the children danced apocalyptically
1809—the bed slid into her day-dreams as the napkin was taken from her foul mouth
1810—sun drops pelleted their little heads with beads of sweets
1811—she plucked 2 fingers & a hairpin from some night time eruption that had been spelled
on sheets
1812—the windshield is cold and foggy with heavy breath extracted from bodyless
1813—he pissed on her olive branch later to kiss the foam
1814—lungs
1815—there is nothing man made so you see bone gravel puncture lots & factory dreams

1856-1865

1856—and beginning to taste the diversionary tactics
1857—she put grease on his saddle & rode the other way
1858—darwin's granddaddy dead revolving (in formation)
1859—& there we were in vast prairies of mud clapping for nothing
1860—white light on the anti matter
1861—into an open corpse there was an inner basket
1862—(the group bombastics as such were filled with such and such)
1863—top soil all plowed under sweeping the cotton soul
1864—WALTER CRONKITE WAS HERE written in invisible ink
1865—the stars were all dead in the new sea of that year

From A Series of 21 Postcards

1876 - 1885

1876—there has got to be a way *in* to the trunk of saints
1877—the violet vase must have come from her; it has no bottom
1878—in the black bliss of halfway there
1879—in the corner of tall rumors a bicycle rode up her sleeve
1880—the cows of nonsense moo through the tubes of electricity
1881—a new shampoo for the president & so many lovers loved it
1882—if we could just die without feeling physically ill and unjustified
1883—immigrants & more immigrants plus machines and more machines
1884—deep in the heart of nexus
1885—pork-packers & oil men with fists clenched and wet

1906 - 1915

1906—the depth of flying
1907—ragtime & the silver screen to open a few dreams
1908—the plaster of paris is frozen in cubes
1909—the corn grows higher & the mad machines grow louder
1910—my dada is beginning to perculate and accumulate genetic pools
1911—the car is kicking the shit out of the horse
1912—notice how the proper nouns appear in your own century
1913—the billboard would hide the facts & change a lot of hills
1914—time hangs out far away from its events
1915—we sell them everything but blood

1926 - 1935

1926—money is an object
1927—ruth had hammered the sun with baseballs
1928—in the mist the only thing to be seen was a loud ticking
1929—everything became black that year but very segregated
1930—in the excruciating sunlight a premonition evaporates
1931—the skies were hollow & tissue paper was scarce
1932—oops I forgot
1933—mobile homes & tomb stones were in demand & the warehouse had no light bulbs
1934—some impeccable language that slips in and out of a slightly salted periphery
1935—people grouped as groups regrouped under a fishy eye

1946 - 1955

1946—in that space a room develops
1947—lungs
1948—to become the television we are
1949—the poinsetta flame leaps across my frame
1950—noise has had its privacy taken away
1951—two buzzards sat & laughed atop a sherman tank that was going noplac
1952—and the soundness of our constitution, a/tonal composition
1953—a bald head appeared as a temporary god
1954—bonerism began to take hold of itself
1955—i get up into the woods to declare myself void