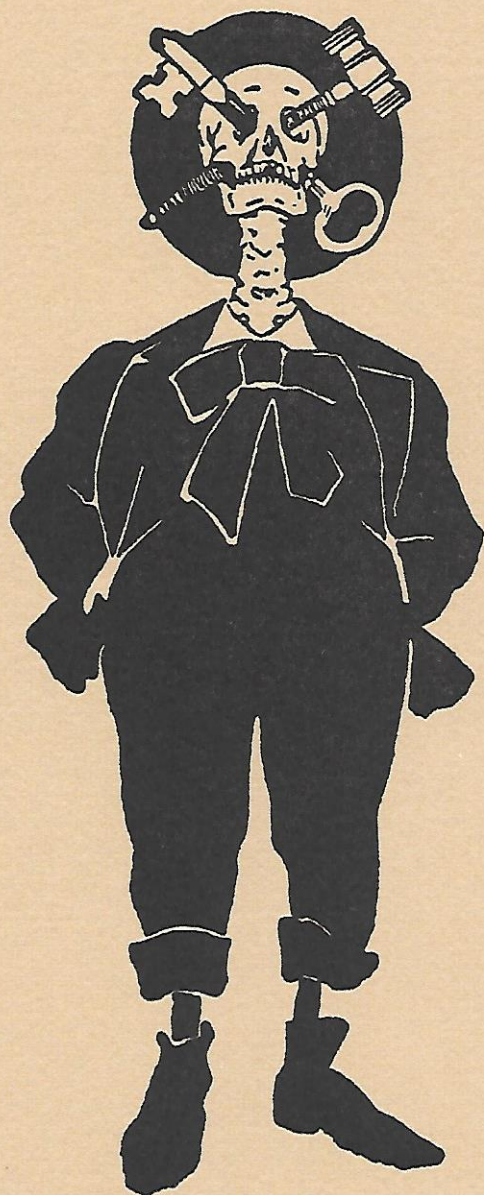


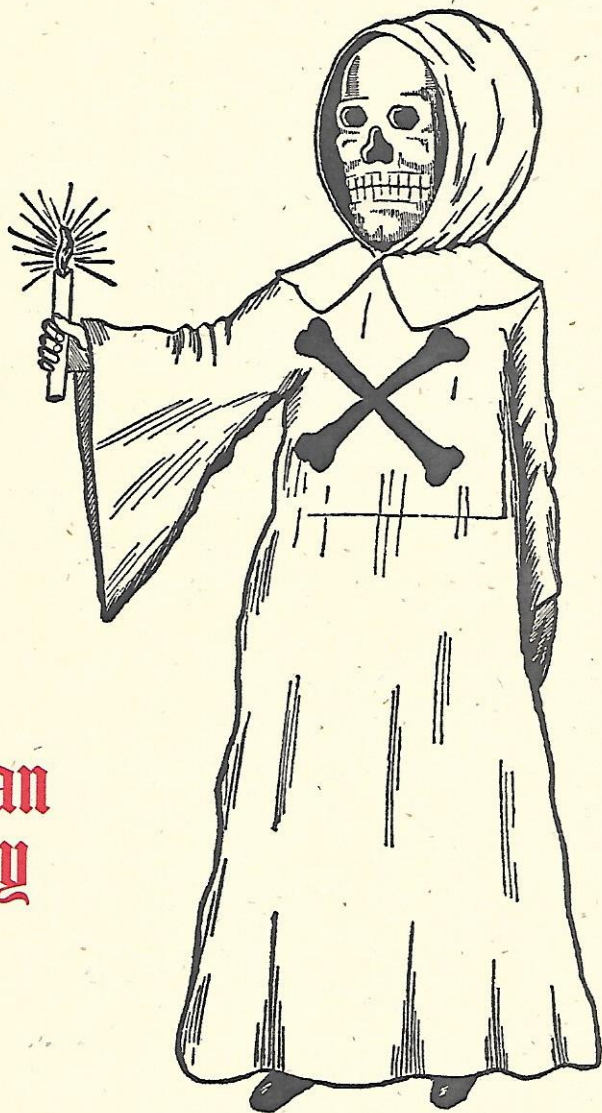
**unbound  
extracts**

TAYLOR BRADY





landscape as an  
alien quantity



“Not again”

--found the on-ramp as if by fate

in no capacity and unsigned

but *them*, whom our speech *decides* ...

you turn to face the wall when a subject steps forth

Because each fold and bump and wen made sense  
you turn to face the wall when the law takes on flesh

Kinesis of the titled silhouette  
but *not again* "not again" this violence  
done directly to the face with scissors  
cues amnesia for *who made thee* Lilly  
of Pfizer turn east to face the wall  
where nameless rhizomes grow

Ordinary is the greased chute out of the municipal regs  
and ordinary unbound leaves the handbill worker dumped  
butt-ugly as we recognize each other on the bus  
you turn disoriented and destructive animal to face the wall

They titrate frat pranks into international exchange  
your non-parental guardians a final outpost barring  
whom a desert separated cop from code by which  
you turn to face the wall and clip the drunk internal monologue

Meanwhile look who's less than predicates click  
the counter in the dusty basin topsoil south  
and inland to the cotton belt you turn to  
face the barricado shores hydraulics up  
against hydrarchy on the deck and in the hold

*the gleaming needle compassed  
in organum's primal organelle*

Patrols vigilant at midnight through wide-angle infrared  
heard rustling of the *green, green grass* imported wholesale

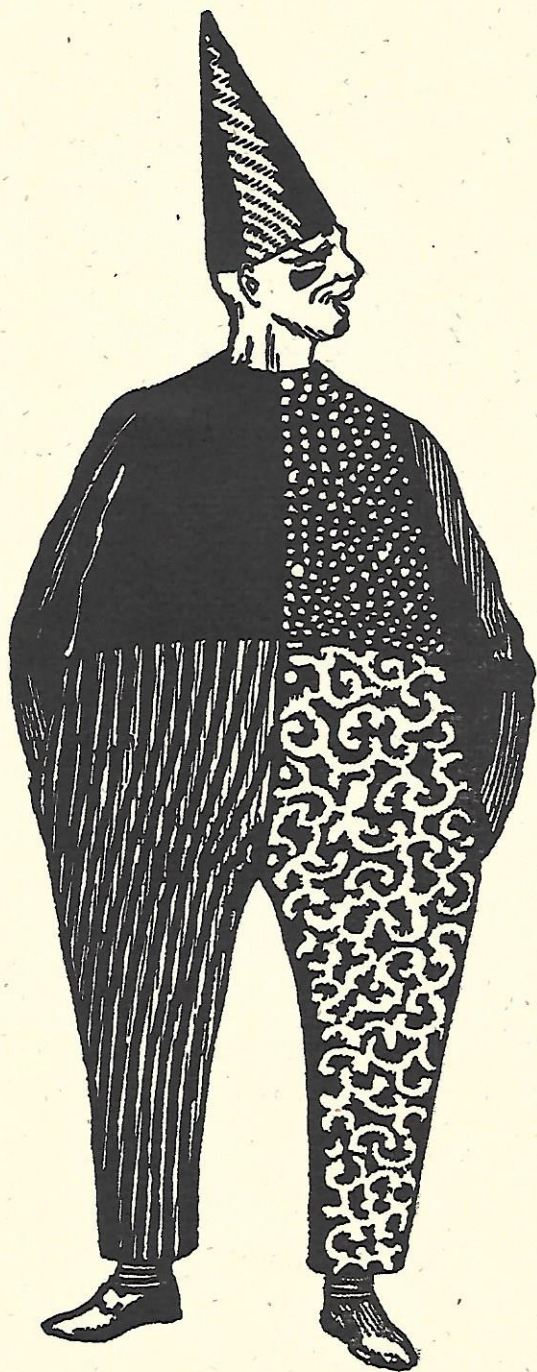


A specific mineral dry weight of ease means no one  
turns to face the wall in absent wandering conceptually  
nonplussed at what my tongue is doing when the pages  
turn a different face to show the verso is the same

We wonder how new combinations ever held  
the migratory route's half-century across the interstate  
in miniature's the image having come  
to single ends

From thirty thousand feet the looseleaf nest  
reproduces to the limit of the irrigated field  
yet what comes next remains unthought remains

holiday en  
masque



Such literature must be held up to a Satanic light and  
read backwards...

E.P. Thompson

The pamphleteer's revolt against the price of bread  
goes mute in vitiating heats of ecstasy—

*tiny tiny increments of ease observed in the constricted scrota*

*tiny easings of the tiny hard-set teeth*

*tiny increments of forward motion*

*gone mannish*

*gone antlered*

*gone rigid*

*gone legit*

*goes away*

*clean white sheeted*

*unmotherless manchild's unsweet tea*

*impenetrable billow contoured flesh*

*shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh*

Reduced to fit the reliquary cultured  
motherfuckers blow up quiet on the viral  
market buffed to blinding shine below  
which median half-knowing smirks  
block an historical four-count passed  
over into quality consistent as the unseen  
air of expertise starts grotesque and ends the same

Hydraulic power floods the signifying chain of half-rebellions  
as the rarest classic prose gets oiled to slip polemic grip

*being housed in joint of deck and truss  
a loophole of escape the banished  
tunnel single file into the earth this  
mineral fact clamped on valued actuals  
trips backwards on the doorsill's cant*

Or the city built in layers piled  
interest upon interest in a public-private partnership

Smear upon smear the mold and rain reshape these homely snapshots

A lady's grace traced in lad's exaggerations fold  
upon fold this garment is my flesh and outward soul

unanswerable letter as a move writes rules  
for the game in which it's placed

Without horizon foregrounds  
each a singular lack of sequence  
answering tribunes yet to come

*grotesque*  
*remainder the grotesque*  
*as gesture for the blindfold*  
*or grunt along the rock face smeared*  
*and smeared upon a total smear the width of sight*

Exchanged as if a side-bet back behind the lectern  
the privileged few examples of a founced and integral ornament  
entrain in full the sweeping bow as something awful  
in the root sense being self-coincident to view

*or the caption still a limit*  
*for the naming*  
*once more the breach*  
*a self coincident to grunts*  
*dispersed across terrain*



But if non-coincidence could coincide in turn with speech-reflex  
then *to turn* might not be ordered even at its least  
but disabled as a motion out of turn disabling turns...

The unconditioned *yes*  
babbles its diktats on spec  
for the model slumped exhausted out of frame---

these addenda to encyclopedias tiny

increments of easy-going tact

still gross against the hair's breadth of escape  
wind about each other in plain, ugly ropes

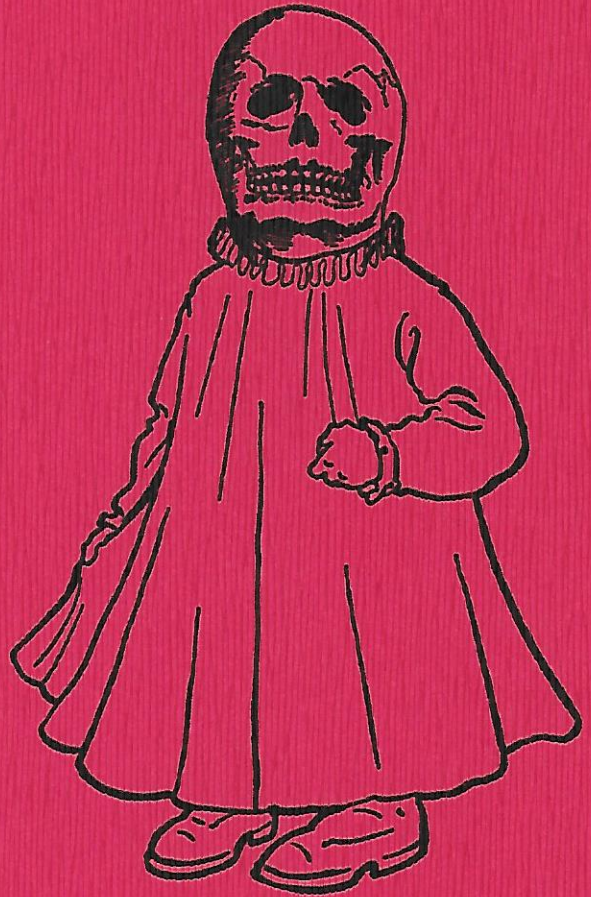
that bind together bondage, exodus, and theft

The dam-dense watersheds will the circle be  
unbroken in a compact self-regard requires a third  
regressing down the angled mirrors' *non datur*

Stand up thus for bastards which are cannon and resemblance  
marches that approximation into "close enough" which is  
parade grounds ruled orthogonal to power grids if it were true

*the line would be beautiful*

*Unbound Extracts* is part of a larger sequence of poems,  
*Maps, Jokes, & Heavy Armor*. Printed between March  
and May of 2018, it appears in anticipation and celebration  
of Taylor Brady's forthcoming full-length collection *In the Red*.  
The title of the second section is taken from a track on the  
late Cecil Taylor's brilliant 1978 eponymous recording on  
New World Records.



**compline**

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