



no
vel
for
ms

km.rowe

no
vel
for
ms
bo
ook
fo
ur

dyslexic bard ain't got time to read—he says—all
them words the same—a poet might make their
mouth a hand—when written it becomes inane—
novel forms are forked tongues or ancient songs
formed long ago in caves—i wrote it down or i'd
forget to say—or i'm looking for a better bargain
anyway, one with less sway—such words burn
bridges down—flame the same as the illiterate do
and defame me all the way.

dyslexic bard ain't got time for rhymes except
accidental display—well pitter patter on textured
matter—and we might as well get atter, eh?

sleepy times near sleepy pools where dreams take
novel forms—i'd like to buy a house like this one
day—she says—a pool like this and a tree—novel
forms take shape—but lucid as that dream might
be we ain't got/ain't got no money—either work
or time the choice isn't clear—as novel forms like
to seem.

i spy the raw materials for novel forms
or whatever colour they might be—if you mind a
mine and they ain't mine—whether be silver,
coal, or gold—you take and take what wasn't
yours and by design you give it novelty.

renewal—youth—and repetition for lefty lefebvre
and only the lonely find novel forms in rhythm
and analysis—right—she says—you write and
write and dig new holes—but nothing new arrives
here.

solitary we hunt the snakes
silver scales a plenty—i eat
the flesh of young and old—i says—
plenty plural me in reality—stop—
she says—ego is stitched feet first
onto ground where dirt makes a
disguise of me—novel forms
like shapely noses—draw sexed
the bodies that collide to make we—novel forms
such where we meet—not
egoless but ego free.

little me like secret
and in this nameless space
i ain't got no worry

and nowhere

to go.

meander me or let be—or
from novel forms take commission—i tried
your love she says—it weren't so good so add me
up to superstition.

monotonous monoflavours—
chowing down on fish
head
soup
fur'years now—and i still have
dreams—i says—of valleys
carved with my own two feet.

down
the
list
we
go
one
word
at
a
time
but
we
both
know
i
prefer
to
be
described
numerically.

sometimes require
simple writing—but
when seeking novel forms—
she isn't one of them.

grasping onto other bodies
with no
attachment
to the land—
with no
attachment(s)
not hinging on any sort
of reality—just a stowaway
just just a—
just just a stowaway for convenience.

novel forms appear quickly—but
no quick qualities—no rushed
metamorphosis—and as the mind is a shape
tempted to light—it should be remembered
a thought weighs less than it costs
when put into the mouth of
a zealot—zesting and sponging
and often the same.

turn to peculiar while off romancing the phone—i
process roughly 50 bits per second—let's
not even talk about what's
going on in the background.

novel forms set archives on fire—but
discúlpane discursive
ditching dewey decimal
displacing or disruption
dwindling cares caring about
that book on the history
of peruvian fishing i misplaced in the
tall and ugly stacks of the
biblioteca vasconcelos—where booky
vixens vex vitriol vestiges of better booky
times all boasting borges between cheers
for cortázar chewing and chumming
already angling for argentine aphorisms
that novel forms come to disavow.

novel forms and marry one—in church—or
by state—say asks—not by eyes of false gods
nor false prophets—i says—under tree we
set on fire—we take the shape of the night.

broke man's hands like no one can
like animals—nothing delicate
about desire.

sometimes require
recoil or requiem—but novel
forms take none of them.

appalling applause appealing to adjustments
where novel forms shall take—making
avant architectures—appeasing
the antecedent—yes—she says—novel forms
like savant gods—and the rest
of the bananas we be peeling.

close to end and the endurance
it must take for novel forms to
root themselves and begin to
take shape.

if love

if life

if lust after me—she says—

come with novel forms—some fire—

some flowers—some food—some cheese or more—

and no feelings of regret—novel forms

take novel forms and such forms

we best forget.

invisible
city press