

# Discarded Poems



Peter Magliocco

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Publications

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# Phalanx Memory

## Phalanx Memory

Where was the brine  
That could free my dreams from booze,  
    Containing (like a magician's oceanic elixir)  
All that I needed.

    One day gazing  
Into the Bellagio hotel's lake  
    Of fountains,  
I heard unknown voices crying  
    For the lute,  
Not the heavy metal of Rock music  
    Blaring outside on tourist radios,  
Impinging on grunge eardrums  
    Wrinkled by morning's first frost

(as feeding crows dashed  
With straw burdens  
Past sightless eyes of statuary gods).

Sounds meshed into a strange symphony,  
& fishermen angled in my mind  
For the lurking mermaid-booty  
Hidden (like life's mystery)  
At the lake's bottom.

There Movado aquatic watches record  
Silent steps of creatures  
Evolving backwards  
Into the phalanx memory serves:  
All the forlorn cannibals waiting  
For the discount gangster supper  
Slices of my brain scatter  
Into a planetary miasma-maze  
Where loose wings of Icarus float,

Though nothing beckons  
Beyond a seaweed shadow  
Dead pirates sing lyrics to.

Intemperate Liaison  
Intemperate Liaison

Disfigurements cut the vale  
Simple bodies repose  
Beneath  
In one elegant rain-  
Blanched vision  
We share  
Rupturing the crinoline veil  
Your sumptuous  
Facial skin  
Titillates under  
What hands our flesh fingers  
In unmade beds where love  
Languishes inside a coffin  
Until>  
I see ongoing plenitude for  
Cookie-cut-out professor  
As Desire inverts my shadowy grasp  
Into a conduit of nerves  
Clustering ganglion gone wrong  
Scribe sex slaves around  
Circling a space without a beginning  
— & in the end even “god” may be lost  
Beyond the shuffle  
What comes to forage  
Changing colors of  
This earth-bound flesh

Retrograde Albatross  
Retrograde Albatross

You've grown tiresome  
Baking words into pastries  
Calorie rich only  
Fecal damnations appall  
Your retrograde albatross  
Contrived as a lodestone  
Mobility going nowhere  
Over the horizon  
Until fortunately  
Your cockpit noisome  
Intimacies proclaim  
Indecent rationalization  
The homeland goddess  
Swims in lice fed  
Crucifying wild wolves  
& Algernon sleeps with  
Fishes of watery desire  
Inebriating word-bubbles  
Your crinoline veil unveils  
The shroud of neo-Turin  
To highlight still  
Our vermilion sea  
Of drowned tears

Solvent Suns  
Solvent Suns

Drive by the waste  
Of a thousand transients  
In the condemned parking lots  
Of closed businesses everywhere.  
Now weeds cluster them all.  
It was a storm's defilement  
Of the nearby marsh  
We could no longer cross  
That brought us to sudden stopping.  
Our thoughts cut by wind slicing  
Rain's impenetrable drapery  
Darkening unseen eyes of woodland birds  
Huddled – as motionless shapes – within  
Lightning-struck recesses of trees.  
Beyond the meadow to gray morning  
The transient shapes linger as  
Remnants of our abandoned conscience,  
The way time stops memory sometimes.  
I'll have another smoke anyway  
& forget what I see, driving  
As far as possible from  
A once bright venue of leaves  
Bathed in pale shadow  
By the distant sun's  
Cloud-parting  
Exposure

# Listening Listening

Outside my window earthquakes  
Underline the earth's indigestion  
In a galaxy prone to turmoil:  
    While inside  
My brain shakes along intellectual fault lines,  
A sad consequence of artistic aftershocks  
A liberal dosage of Scotch doesn't stabilize  
    (while dreaming of women  
With wild Irish roses in pubic hair,  
Still mourning  
after a Rock singer's  
    Suicide-death?)

Perhaps you'd smirk if you saw me  
Beating time with arthritic fingertips,  
While outside windows nature plays  
At mimicking the hand of god

& I hear the voices of America  
In that subliminal message  
Steadily like a talk serum  
    : impenetrable static  
Razors aural  
Awareness in a sometimes vacuum  
    Of meaningful sound  
        The drum beats  
        More real  
    In essence everyday  
Repetitions of banal speech  
Ambulating through atmospheres  
    the blind have no say in  
  
as they listen for truth  
I eat the dead womb  
of silent dreams.

Long Shadows & Dust  
(without a hangover)

Some seek the elemental vision  
Despite intrusion of escapist barleycorn  
& erstwhile chemicals, all in the name of  
Whatever stirs ashes of old solar worshippers.  
Gone to their beds of stone, with limbs still  
entwining long shadows of dusk.

You want the miraculous moment  
Of pure joy without payback, don't you?  
All those plastic surgeons to remedy wrinkles  
& keep your hard body from caloric influx.  
Pamper the flesh until eternity smiles approval,  
Keeping you far from the casket's cross desires.

Fidelity only tricks us the more we believe in it.  
Though apart for years, still we'll meet again  
For one last fling, despite our differences  
& the gnarled course of separate allegiances  
Robbing us of that one true loving union  
Stored in the warehouse only fugitives trespass.



# Phallic Christening Phallic Christening

It is not the edifice of despair confining you  
But the punctured thought balloon of your brain  
Finding itself at home  
Alone  
With a synergy of intellect  
Apes in the prison  
Mock at  
Tribulations of exposed organs  
& terrestrial thoughts trashed  
For lame scavengers  
The cumulus crucifixion of ages  
Yet  
Surrenders a lost perspective>  
As dim light years distance us  
From the truth of torturous desire  
Old currents in stone revile  
Invidious grace's lost beauty  
Beyond  
Wastewater words  
All elementary particles emblazon  
The Jericho walls we crumble  
Devouring our reason  
To be (re)born again  
In spiraling hypnotic wend  
Where fey cherubs ravish  
Time's deified remains  
In a dumpster bin

in line at the matinee  
in line at the matinee

already I dream the dream of youth  
that is by me yet standing still  
in line at the matinee remains  
(still) a consignment to true grit –  
& celestially you're above us  
framed in the celluloid solstices  
of my imaginary silver screen  
beaming your close-up of Madonna  
laughing at us both from hell  
because her profile's untouchable  
& the clerk smirks his mentally  
askew comment on all L.A. hustlers  
preening for you on Santa Monica Blvd.  
that taste of your body a serpent  
ambrosia I've paid for, always  
a dumb thought balloon floating  
naked beyond this mean street  
while the night impales our spirit  
handbill on the nearest telephone pole  
your drunk husband claims is his penis.

ornaments of hooded desire  
ornaments of hooded desire

I took the throat of the Muse  
Between hands midnite crazy glued  
To drive us finally together,  
Then melded divine powers  
On the needle in her haystack  
Before matins' subtle advent

Froze the last words on lips  
Of forgotten porn stars,  
& screams brandished the unseen  
Barbs vitiating her contagion-flesh

As we sat down to breakfast  
Welded (if not wedded)  
together

in  
married  
Sin

Myopic Vistas  
Myopic Vistas

The words  
Hemming you in  
Giving your brain  
Barely a breather  
From perilous onslaught  
Intrepid as fireflies  
Mauling invisible air  
Across myopic vistas  
The sandman awoke to  
A stone hard-Om  
Yet in distant wonder  
We cry for you  
Veiled not by anxiety  
Blood-crusts enough  
To lick the scabs  
Of existence free  
Finally

Flashpoint  
Flashpoint

They haunt me  
whether past or present  
those women who make the earth  
stand still  
for a moment inside  
my mind.        They carry  
the very edifice of being past  
its flashpoint  
to a new beginning  
      & resurrection  
of the hungry body's self.  
      In  
flesh of memory, they peripherally  
stalk the temples we inhabit  
      & mutually sustain  
: palaces of hormone-pumped flesh  
blood pulses a darkened water thru  
in some vampiric splendor of  
fulfillment never quite  
      fulfilled.  
Where is she    who'll dampen  
that fire grilling our sex parts  
before our ashes  
      leave us nothing?  
Just to know we'll live  
      beyond love  
would be enough to  
chill the hour  
      time no longer  
      ticks around.

# They Dance Like Children Now They Dance Like Children Now

Once I wrote for history, prose-chronicling  
Exploits of statesmen & politicians  
In their hours of selfless courage,  
Things I strove to emulate

Before poetic insight overcame me  
During the down & out years, too-full  
Of a tragedian's dull accounting,  
No one knew of my slow conversion  
To poetry, not even Robert Frost's ghost  
(during hours when time froze itself  
Within the gravity of great decisions  
& their imponderable consequences,  
I doodled words on scratch paper  
To momentarily escape into abstract intervals:)

Was it a lilting lyric lost in a Roman wind  
Or some snatch of song calling to me  
Across the long lineage of histories,  
Farther even than our family one?  
Let my discarded poems play beneath  
A desk for the custodian; let  
The workaday business too engage  
Airs of this freight office, for no one  
Will know of this aesthetic license  
Having its way through mind & body

Where I am one with something  
Beyond the grasp of ordinary vision,  
Where words dance like children now  
I raise their fallen hearts from.

Duet for Cannibals  
Duet for Cannibals  
with Susan Sontag  
with Susan Sontag

You do not even know why living  
Sirens bear the crucible of time  
To forage for blood across  
Your desultory lips. What  
Pouts on moon-fleshed faces  
Affronting you

In the afterlife's supermarket,  
Buying shrink-wrapped  
Pieces of a divine body  
To later engorge yourself with.  
"Does the snow," you ask later  
At table, wiping crimson liver bits  
From what osculated them,  
"now linger on Dad's Himalayan grave,  
Over the unmarked stone  
they could not roll away?"  
Loveless flesh is heartburn now  
Following the cannibal feast of saints  
Who partook in this gluttony,  
Phantasms palely famished  
For your vagina celery-stuffed,  
With toothpicked-azure eyes  
Reserved for godly palate alone:

before vomiting it all  
back up later  
as Poe's dessert?

under the swine flue freeway  
under the swine flue freeway

what sleeps in the wind  
fate does not excoriate  
concealed sins randomly.  
We're pasted to mulish undersides  
of that bleating cannibal heart  
(displayed as otherwise)  
transplanted, by elected tyrants  
into transitory somatic voids  
seeing tides of humanity fall by

the collective freeway only  
super-bloggers eulogize  
from under digital brows  
regurgitated brain matter escapes  
to awaken transient kings?  
"It's 3 in the neon morning"  
declare my truncated tweeps  
incised into virginal skins  
with the vitriolic force of tattoos.

A faltering street diva sickens  
from all the fey sanguine assaults  
on this street of dreams  
troubadours glibly croon about,  
where cleft notes linger on  
my myopic apostrophes.  
I re-create time & the cesspool  
For reservoir tramps

Spit & wine  
bring to giant billboard lips  
the sky paints in surreal lucidity.



# Danse Macabre Video Game Danse Macabre Video Game

What is awkward in middle age  
Doesn't bother me as much  
As it does others.  
When time & the plumber  
Merge into a single journey  
It may seem like judgement  
Day in a video game  
Prisoners play on Death Row,  
But in the meantime  
We strive to live  
As long as we can

Despite stresses & messes  
Of everyday existence  
Life captures over hip-hop  
Dance through labors  
Of love & lust in a nutshell  
Or bad music video.  
Lady Gaga, take note:  
I want your eye-candy  
Psychoses to nourish me  
Through gray years  
Your fans do not  
Dance to  
When android lovers  
Impersonate

Death's love  
in  
Mega-bites.

Noid (in the Void)  
Noid (in the Void)

You were      Once broken, & life-voided,  
but no more where law exhibits      now  
                         an eternal space of things  
enjambed by rose tint,      as bliss kills  
                         between breasts spray-painted over freeways  
                         booting up that migrating horde  
of humanoid citizens who sport metallic automatons.

Their shells crack paint-peeling exteriors  
To reveal the essential metal of bone,  
                         homo sapient skeletal  
emulating odd rejects from antique T.V.  
commercialization?      Noid sits on faces

                         of real time, getting it all on camera  
for the 5 p.m. “*breaking news*” intro  
depicting strange freeway happenings  
                         only mini-cam coverage captures  
in sights & sounds of a ravaged city.

They’re blasting Metallica on satellite radio:  
nearby the I-15 overpass an old house  
                         (mildewing from neglect & crack games)  
Depicts a mad butcher wielding samurai swords  
                         Smoking a “HAPPY HOOKAH” pipe  
while decapitating his various victims  
via a terrible strength      of immortal iron  
into the pulp of unrecognizable body parts  
                         severed from those last  
                         bleeding hearts

of  
                         scrap heap  
                         humanity.

Powder Burn Baby  
Powder Burn Baby

*Rihanna* <don't play that bad game  
of Russian roulette – as seen on CCTV  
for insomniac inmates  
of digital escapes>

in that edifice of despair  
your grieving body rises  
from a sweat-of-shadows

to show an attitude we cling to.

When the cylinder spins  
your last love bullet  
I'm like an old priest watching

Oversize sky footage:

From a lost interrogation  
My prayers become curses  
Encircling what stays

In hip-hop hopes,  
Metaphysic so blue

Powder burn baby

We all will

Chill

In streets of red zones  
Meshing whip-words on flesh  
We wait to kiss remnants of

Your

gunshot

seed

Circus Love Fuse Void  
Circus Love Fuse Void

I divine your ecstasy, Britney  
From the stage's other side  
Deep in the audience's revel  
You stride as a goddess of Pop  
To love-starved celebrant eyes

& mouths that scream  
Your lyrics back at you  
Transform exultant flesh-force  
Of Rhythm possessing you  
As tongues roll out glistening  
Beneath showering sweat  
Under the big top of caged heat

I sing the digital dementia  
Your music embraces all  
Extremities of one  
Love-fused void  
Your being gives mass matter to  
Now in the hour of lusts'  
Communal receiving  
Your trashed grace strips  
From the prancing animals

Orgasmic riffs climax  
Fission of topless desire  
Clawing hands rip

The  
Bare truth  
From

# The River Crossing

## The River Crossing

The incendiary mental quotient  
disappeared from Hitler's brain  
when the fatal bullet exploded  
into his skull, ending his quest  
for a national Aryan superiority

Inside the bunker his body  
would be found  
nearby his newlywed wife,  
both inhabitants of a desecrated tomb  
bullets & cyanide reigned over

Amid death's unremitting smells.  
To burn & bury their remains  
became a Russian imperative  
never completed until 1970,  
when the KGB dumped dry Nazi ashes

into a German river's watery embrace.  
With no Wagnerian musical accompaniment  
or stentorian sounds: only a quietude  
resounds in grave undertakings  
like the obliteration of evil

Again & again  
from the defaced earth  
men slowly murder,  
thirsting for a justice  
without beginning or end.

megabyte mnemonics  
megabyte mnemonics

granulated masks reflect  
platinum luster up close  
for civil servant eunuchs to ogle  
before half-time comes

in the evolving game  
entropic bloodlusts' life  
takes the bottom measure of,  
while waiting in unemployment lines

my picture cell phone blows up  
like an old-fashioned grenade  
you see yourself dismembered by  
platitudes of the body politic

where you're forever featured  
in classified archival footage  
(laughed at  
by the digital curator?)

in the drag disguise of Obama  
wake up before intermission  
interrupts the flow  
of your corrupted life

re-constructed as a death scene  
by Sony,  
then email me your  
necrotic bliss

of extenuating circumstances,  
seen as your self-portrait  
tattooed in that hyperspace  
“afterlife” of same-old.

Woman of Digital Blues  
Woman of Digital Blues

Big deal, so she's got a mouth harp  
& can play blues song snatches  
Between spoken poems, like she's a woman of color,  
30s' musician (strummin' & hummin')

Away the live-long, shattered day.  
How the academics lap up life-slices  
Of her downhome, dirt-gritty recitals  
Replete with giggles & gruff howling  
To authenticate the veracity of her sound

Courtesy of some University of Blues.  
Give me still the street originals  
Like Lady Day & Bessie & Odetta anyway  
Than the remastered voice of something  
Akin to a lip-syncing cartoon character  
Squealing over dead voices of a soul chorus.

Visions by Lady Clairol  
Visions by Lady Clairol

Toy curl of her wanton hair.  
Brown swirls to tantalize us  
Visually to no end, until time reminds me  
I should be looking at things less beautiful.  
Nothing escapes life's visual banality,  
Nothing competes with that  
    Dull ugliness  
Matting us down daily  
Into the earth's despoiled canvas:

A place men have drilled into,  
Blown up, scalloped, set afire  
Along with other ecological horrors

In extracting the most valuable minerals  
    & ore from.  
Blandishment of a passing shadow,  
Like eye candy  
    For those  
        With blinders on,

The color of darkness  
dying itself  
over all.



# No Place for the Homeless

## No Place for the Homeless

Walkways reek of vagrant dung dogs lick  
Enmeshed in the comatose city.  
The mire stays contained,  
But ineradicable like blood spots  
Lady MacBeth can't remove with Comet.

I once took long walks  
    Through Vegas at night  
But stopped when the city became  
Too filled with everything bad:  
Crime, road work obstacles, felons  
    & police everywhere.  
You are the lowest common denominator  
    Of whatever species,  
One with the hunted wild dogs

Though once you were in a better place  
Time has only sullied  
    In the name of progress.  
Give me the sights, sounds, & people  
    Of old Vegas long gone,

Just a picture souvenir discarded  
Into a new urban junkpile  
Tourist photograph

before  
    going  
        home.

While Contemplating  
While Contemplating  
a Painting of Napoleon  
a Painting of Napoleon  
in the Louvre  
in the Louvre

The human profile remains nearly divine,  
Something rendered by ethereal sculptors  
Who saw grace in that primal thrust  
Of bone & jaw, both welded  
To the image of a founding father.  
I've just had a whiff of carbon emissions  
Slowly figuring this all out now  
Over an overpriced cup of gourmet coffee  
While waiting for my cell phone ring tone  
(something out of Beethoven's Fifth)  
Proclaiming, yes, God is calling:  
The one & only Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed  
Are leaving voice mail messages  
For me to get back to them *ASAP* –  
The fate of humanity's in the balance  
If I don't, or just procrastinate.  
Instead I chuckle, take another java-sip  
While opening the city newspaper,  
Scanning grim headlines in a glance  
While wondering if tomorrow's Judgment Day  
Or just another day in paradise.

Prayers in Stone  
Prayers in Stone

When we're young we act older than our age.  
When we're old we act younger than our age;  
When dead we'll yet remain, at any age, seeing  
The earth suffer a defilement eternal  
While its inhabitants leave bloody trails  
Sullyng the course of old, unrevised history.  
Cliffs erect steeples of stone for worship  
By those natural elements desecrating it,  
Like graffiti from fallen angels  
The rainbow sky wills to judgment  
We living fossils are unworthy of.  
Yet this ongoing blasphemy still prohibits  
The ascent of man from primal fish  
Left as stone-entrapped markers of time.  
All that leads us from the sea's depths  
To the cave, then back again, still  
Forming the hallowed link of devolution.a

House of Earth  
House of Earth  
(in a Nutshell)

The discreet charm of the bourgeois has evaporated  
& we are left with the imbeciles  
Who run rampant around us –  
Like glowering sun spots igniting, endlessly,  
The visage of infinite sky.  
Clean out the doggy bags of chopped heart-strings  
Our collective souls linger in,  
Smelling out this house of earth.  
A natural disaster brings out  
Our charitable good side, yet war  
Evokes that mean spirit of imperialism  
In the name of chauvinistic gain.  
Some of Karl Rove's best friends are gay  
But by now no one's counting;  
Maybe the census takers will discover  
Who the real home owners by then.

For Creation's Sake  
FOR CREATION'S SAKE

Hear the Osama bin Laden of the real underground:  
Women shouldn't be sex objects  
Or slaves in the rabbit hutch, no,  
& all should resist that oppression  
Known as capitalistic commercialism  
For aspiring millionaires  
Who can't even pay their credit bills;

Note the clues left in animal entrails are  
Sacrificed to supermarkets in the sky,  
& feed your starving spirit-flesh  
Before complete dematerialization fills  
The last Campbell's soup can by Warhol.

What is hand-in-hand  
With the circular undulations  
Of Sex fails here, forever deprived  
Of that sweet consummation  
Flesh rhythms bring to their adherents,  
Those bound by a bodily greed

In a moment's spurting domination; yet  
They turn deaf ears to Osama's canvas  
Of blood-soaked oils,  
Where death-for-death's sake overwhelms  
Those infected lovers painting guns  
In faux art galleries.

androgynous arthropods  
androgynous arthropods

karma of the wine-soaked infidel  
resides in that echelon of existence  
only the truly visionary reach;  
    while contumely of the everyday critic  
is something we learn to live with

the art houses reek of bones left  
by lady gaga impersonators  
unable to afford the cover charge  
    for a real life elsewhere

resonant in the steady rain patter  
across faces of hurricane victims  
stranded, with rock faces abraded  
    on this time-worn abyss  
none but the foolhardy cling to,

while I break the last whiskey seal  
on the one unbroken bottle on earth  
    worthy of consumption

will the vanquished hear us  
as the wind wafts eloquently along  
an unseen mecca our humanity derides?

# AFTERWORDS AFTERWORDS

*We do not die because we have to die; we die because one day, and not so long ago,  
Our consciousness was forced to deem it necessary.”*

— Antonin Artaud

BIO  
BIO  
(04/26/10)

— Peter Magliocco writes from Las Vegas, Nevada, and has recent poetry at GOLD DUST, MAIN CHANNEL VOICES, A HUDSON VIEW POETRY DIGEST, FLUTTER, BOLTS OF SILK, BREADCRUMB SCABS & elsewhere ... His latest novel is *The Burgher of Virtual Eden* from Publish America ([www.publishamerica.com](http://www.publishamerica.com)). He was Pushcart nominated for poetry in 2008. A chapbook of his poetry is scheduled in 2010 by Virgogray Press...

Discarded Poems  
Discarded Poems  
Peter Magliocco  
scarsuopreapjgnd

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Cover images from GreenPeace, photographed 10 December 2001 in Bhopal India of Skulls discarded after research at the Hamidia Hospital in Bhopal. Medical experts believe that the gas inhaled by the people of Bhopal may have affected the brain. We are able to use this image we found on the Internet from GreenPeace because the image is not used for corporate or financial gain, it is not for party political advertising, it does not suggest endorsement by Greenpeace, and we never represent ourselves as employed by or working with a Greenpeace office.

## other publications from Scars:

**Magazines:** *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

**Books:** *Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking, (Woman.), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, Etc., Oeuvre, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, The Boss Lady's Editorials, The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop., Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction*, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), *Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition), S&M*, cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, *Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v2), Finally, Literature for the Snotty and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dqark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers, Evolution, Sulphur & Sawdust, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Burn, Rinse & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh., the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing To Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silences, Unlocking the Mysteries, the Book of Scars, We The Poets, Life on the Edge, Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets, Decrepit Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Bending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Laying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, Ink in my Blood, Infamous in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Woman, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, the Svetasvatara Upanishad, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Momento Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P., Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, the Drive, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, noepom, In Your Heart, the Apostrophe's Teardrops of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing)*

**Compact Discs:** *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (MFV Inclusive), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, assorted artists String Theory, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *the DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Screetching to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki, Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powters Trio* Fusion (4 CD set), *podcasts* the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), *Kuypers* Live (14 CD set), *the DMJ Art Connection* the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), *Kuypers* Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), *Kuypers* St. Paul's (3 CD set), *Kuypers* the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), *Kuypers* and the *HAL*man of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set)