

### Artists & Models iii: Mr & Mrs Clark

Fifty-four, he: a bit thirsty Mandela all his life, artists & models & the callow pulp that can sometimes happen in Memphis, ointment vs. fly seizing miracle flesh: a Salamander Prince of Bahrain, company man or sawdust Christ-mirrored Plexiglas up the nose of Norman Mailer: some Mormon in the tusk of Utah where 33¢ U.S. stamps pink tricks on empires like gravy-train boys infrared Tennessee Williams appetite. Imprints like jazz fail to Sputnik certainty.

Shake it off, pretty-face. Take the fuck in vitriol & shove it thru the keen of Belize Neoplastic oligarchies on hub of gizmo tracking or soda pop gulps, says he, cubing Assumption, clearing mauve from urban rejoinders in produce. Rocky Horror tits & jelly make him taxi the gyms after 3:00 w/ SPUNK & FIZZ & ponchos from grass toting 000 GHz of psychotic breakdown on the HDD a no-light policy among fume of his wit.

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Writer's imago, she: with exhibition[ist]s & new hats daily, forgivably unstable parfum voodoo from her clit like flourish from Asia or a Jew wizard in the back streets of New York selling shanghai suicide for dirt baths w/ mud flasks & waxen fruit. She knows 39 ways to kill your lover in the crème of John Singer Sargent ♠ Takes it weird crooked nasty California urban waxing in the zombie of Bathsheba, she, gunpowder crackling up the DSM-IV & syrup. HOT DAMN! She's a gallery of edgy chat, but who can see her? Gasoline heat inflates like sin. Vigorous clues are Cholas in her dialect & a masturbatory temper—dingbats in L.A. of XEROX & chauvinistic lobbies mirror the gossip – she's alien like fission to them.

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Infatuation as red, they hoaxed, proletariat saboteurs in Valentine.