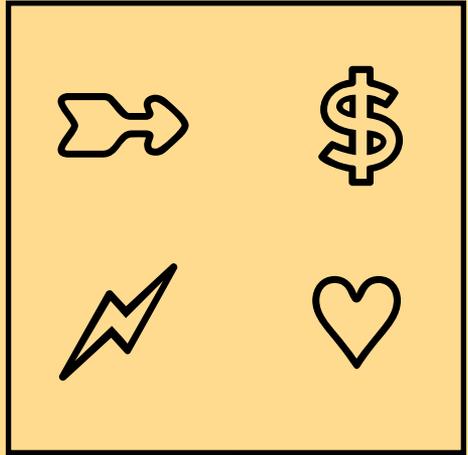


**Madeleine
Stack**



**Goes Further /
Gets Richer**

**Solar▲
Luxuriance**

Burnt offerings

Soft as shit

Great bowed brown halls linoleum athletic shoes covered in dust

Treadmills

All ancient ambience plazas little pools

tinkling kids piss in there I hear

Mercury magnesium great valleys of

minerals men in white coats bend and hiss and burn

Drawing you a bath and I make the water

hot enough – to scald you the heat rising up through your feet your

hairy legs knees

red burning

I mean you still stand and take it cloudy

behind your eyes

Ballrooms bend and spin liver flung

to each corner in a centrifuge milk flows Restraining order harness

blinker saddle bit reign reign reign

*Moisturise the roads rub them clean let the streets glow
Christ-furnace churning
crumbs little
trinkets for paupers
Banks rot small ferns clamber gleefully
marble altars forget how to gleam fleas annealed in the
changing metropolis
take now to coffins of crystal and wood
A kind of glowing
violet (no, too regal) abyss slurps
passersby and whoa are they happy to go! Temperate
climes are all the rage
Obsidian mirrors love to tap you on the shoulder
and smirk at the obscure other behind you bitch watch your back
they're just children
eating up the world
Back on the plantation it's all sweet sweet
lord and reverie hammocks rattan mats and
white wicker, horses grin sweet hay
Public toilets a thing of the past
Ether on every street corner blazing suns
black-bruised and blue
I engage my sights trembling
VISINE warfare
Teenager acrobat fierce swinging punk thing slipping arsenic
into highballs
Time for
Wild circuits to cut and glow and sizzle neon watery
Obscene perverse pornographic some kid
wants to send me her knickers in a zip-lock bag
two am skulls slipping off the walls glistening damp rotting piss
and flowers gleaming*

and crawling
mating dilapidated East Berlin doctors, lobotomies on the jungle gym
gum flavours advancing and receding multiplying into infinity
'this party is off the hook' did a fish coin that
lobster heart-attack fears shucks
oysters with chlorine poisoning
poised on the definition of fishy phobias – I say Fucking Losers
(is that a noun or a verb, my mother asks, ha)
raging together in divine hormonal harmony,
the menstrual and the menopausal, two violent portable public
fountains always in excess
intimating ones and zeros rearranging themselves in the night
diabolical smirking to themselves
I dominate this culture, right?
malls cheap faux-marble on which one chips their skull deformed
grinning bowels
'hackneyed toddler dementia storyline'
potential future, maybe
I just can't wait really I can't
newborn blood
sugar plums

*on the grange psalms ring out superannuated huffers
playing spin the bottle in the retirement home actions forgiven
free to be funny, elegance forgotten
better than the real thing*

*private conversation a private flicker of dread freeways moving shifting
bend warping in the light grass green luminous*

*He says what precarity means
An ass in pants that shimmer and warp like the surface of a
scratched DVD*

apparatchik. I ca n not look at this page. squint and scroll past it please

*I know from your internet presence that you like sauerkraut, cigarettes,
skating,*

black bic biros.

You like masks, Bas Jan Ader, Vito Acconci (well of course).

*I fantasise about standing decadently watching myself crying in a
bathroom mirror at a party and you walking in on me*

her worldly goods

dreamt buying a book of your name dreamed

*a dusty white crate in the back of the store a pile of curling
paperbacks it writ large*

*kept outside the great glittering hall in the mountains for
some imagined*

transgression

*dreamt running away from the small town forever dusty roads
shimmering vineyards
orange groves
heartbreaking beautiful dentist's smooth hard fingers probe a mouth
I'm dizzy
lightsick listening to wu tang breathing shuddering breaths
through the mask
ate some icecream that half my face tasted the other half
sagging drooling*

because I like to sit with my legs open;

I say

you ruin everything, coconut flesh

skin chalky.

third movement – you're dead

meat

another hell how could it be anything

but.

liding Romantic + obscene

'I just wanted you to know in case there's

any discomfort that'

the day is a plume of steam fuming

the moon waiting underfoot shining on the wet

tarmac

I thought I could summon you to me by holding my phone to my

skin buzzing chord

fruit a purple pall falling on the

rest of the day

bedraggled bouquet lying like a limp hand half-asleep on the

stepped fountain

water trailing over cellophane on the verge of

falling,

a black milk

crate adjacent to

tropical plant; engorged

and lush

fighting for space

rawing heart throb



WHO LIKES THE SOFT LIGHT FROM THE FLOOR

C says 'strange slippages'

*a child with a fat face cries vigorously, athletically. at the
convent the curtains are all drawn.*

copper beeches

somnambulant

looking down and islands

like lost stars scattered

giving off a weak glow

ships that have lost their moorings, scraps of paper loose

covered in your dense scrawl

the dearth of things

the dearth of some things

some needed things,

some unneeded.

torpor

gaining ground just like fire would I

burn up

loose hesitating sense of a swarm

of a billion pre-bodies I

heard them heard

them or felt them

something

tinging on the air like the touched tine of a tuning fork

the

line as

we know it

appears

instantly curdles

a passing gesture

made foolish

after it is performed

it looks so old. maybe it's a thousand years old. maybe it's

two. there are more stars

in this country. it's called self control.

*it's called self control to have and to hold and to hold
and to hold.*

*I'm fully aware of the weight of the world I'm fully aware of the weight
of the world*

*I've chosen to ignore it.
There's only one thing to do when you're glad.*

*learn to be a human. a human in the
world with shining cheeks and exposed skin touching the
wind as it moves and you move too
you move the wind
you move it
move it*

*a sac
heart
sick
consanguine*

*a swarming loosened pederasting
yes dot com.
yes dot com.
yes dot com.*

eleven limpid flags
eleven limpid flags wet with scum

automatic teller machine
at soho garden the ATM is named 'young dad'
I get some young dad dollars from young dad
I flounce down prince street
searching for a young dad
I know what you are. you are
waning. waning a power that never quite got off the ground, that
seemed bigger from
a distance, that seemed bigger until it was over

it's burning. it's burning he said the lobby of the plaza I
biting the inside of my mouth keeping my lips pressed very close
while it bled I swallowed it the academe reels
back O loosing turns in heaping great vials of magnesium white chalk
heaping for a
new attention together flinching but hardly new road
unfolding liberting
everything at first

*there then stupefied with
wasting arms gaping skinmeat flesh on the subway on the track
tooth white as ash well travelled from
the greenblack together with digging
a great iron door weeping I knew not what. not for what.
through didst thou pass
speeching in intimate fury a nerve tonic of the dead swoon*

read meat

*bulletproof cannibal voyeurs las vegas
EX LAX INC ancience tunnel
second chance hollows tackened graduating from egg to
yellowing womenchild foldered thawing eyes frozen out the shelter
ahigh wild glass*

Gibraltar to Mumbai

*skinheads
porcelain
eraser
renaissance crit
eh bud wrapped up private parts oars steady morning omelette
messin' cities
appearing cupid hushed falting pilgrims*

burgundy

*loose leave the banks burst the dam walls comin' down you know at the
other side digging*

*it's pornographic we know it. we both
know it*

*which I could do because the image was so burned on my brain. that
violent look the milk-skin the curve of her elbow around her left tit. all
of it rushing and moving and very still in the low-res file
on a humid day*

outside by a road where rap music drifted by out of car speakers.

coveting

a clawed into the wanting

heaving ineluctable muse familiarity unassailable

*clockwise provoking marches shattered in the sun banners
scattered to the low wind*

hypervigil geraniums

arctic thistle

Virgil and unencumbered virilent

the deeps the

deeps the

deeps the deeps

the deeps

clerically

backless udders baggy flame-retardent

asparagus fern

*preshrunk roomy seamed a heel in a hotel
on a hotel carpet
threadbare binding a chicken snake and two rats*

mouth dripping freed overpowered

Thyrsis of Etna
blessed with a t u n e f u l
voice

*rear windshield
saved made hideous little slip*

*fictions blackening eyes desirous fat hills carpeted with muck terriblest
sights of the
altar forgotten lazarus
to teach a literal hell*

*the fact that it exists the facet that it exists
subway Chinese music my last mistress
a secret denude*

*porous shifting as in a wave
as in the inside of a wave
as in the glassplace of smallened eyes and rushing roiling whiteness
as in the grave that is an above and a below simultaneously
as in a death to all treasures*

*perhaps short-slighted
wanly
irrepressible picayune*

*'nother cemetery gauge corpus
swamping
the most valuable:*



*want to
swimming
be
a
very
deep
pool*

GAELTACHT

twilling to wander

loose and said father have mercy aflaming to love the killed place

elegying

effluviant grit sliming advancing arms outstretched to the prophet

Egyptian kings must be tried

like the others at

great distance

open to the planes

knock-off guide to imagine green the wary belly of the Christians

wipe the cum off bare skin

after when you rolled me over you stroked a wet finger over the

bridge of my nose

where the white was showing up

world plays you. tickles your strings.

held out his fist held out his flat hand dropped a tiny bird into mine. not

a bird but an angelic pink pill I swear want full genius

like Jesus and like a puppy

double opening

shimmered. I ate the baby bird, felt it travel down my gullet

maybe nine of us. the lake is the colour of pissinfection

its hidden chambers and airs

nip that in the bud

a souring ruin of how we were what could it be

if not that

VETIVER

*you said NINETEEN NINETY TWO in the cruellest diamox dreams
sanctified*

thought very steadily: this bobby pin has a great vibe

*YES this house is a shrine in Iceland in the water you can see the
middle of the earth. like the actual earth. the earth. the earth it drives*

people mad it

drove me mad still when I cant feel my

body that's where it goes to that hole among other holes the hole

explodes and

between

explosions teeters flirting with the

idea of exploding

the river's slow, right. the river's

dense like a not-water. colts. that hot cum-shudder

and the sudden awareness of a long

*heavy skin the length of you. long white fingers on long white thighs to
be called to
the cause
to be called to god
fingering the lining*

*THAT WOULD BE ONE PART OF THE TRUTH skylit fashion jam
yes, it makes me more demented
the feeling towards specificity
cock swollen in a purpling bloom
coarse hair from a lamb's black belly
fish vom grill -- retching out in the night o'er the water in sollar. I like
the things that
run in the night I want to be
how they are
a kind of benediction*

*a rolled cabbage. a rolled cabbage, some wood grain on a tabletop, a
man in a field very far away*

*lingerie milkfed animal
all small silvery upturned eyes and hair
in bunches kittenish lips Birkenstocks. the
tennis court isn't one
lingering in the hard dark. your yellow
YOUR YELLOW AMERICAN SPIRIT she curled
one foot purling. another wedding. wicking in this puddle of light*

*there's nothing about the
way things were
here*

lichen

watching women go

by making small lights skitter behind them.

*on the west coast of Ireland. it's blustery and lush up there,
you can imagine.*

hermitage

the hard blue-blackness

a dead letter to California

filled with yellow aching. Tomas has a swollen jaw

*the commuter the broadest eye of the earthship gazing slack-jawed
and limp*

oval vivid how like an ejaculation to have them out of one's body.

*because true we all I
want to take the little piece of
earth and push its edges out doeling my doeling
ting ting, tines on a fork ringing against a glass
CALIBAN*

*airport space is the void you rush toward it gasping
dripping
the way that a bog may drip if tipped on
its side*

*sleepy devotions, sleepy ablutions. wombsick
French doors
because I am obedient I am
obedient*

*Gramma an' Grampa
have fluids that grow sluggish within us, humors that need to be let.
wheat and cane*

*gristle
such a solid-seeming feeling to feel
bouncing exuberant small human*

*skittish straining
Harlem oncologist
inheritance tax flatter diamond
for some reason; visions of
womanhood on the upswing
luster*

*catholic school worm trinket gaping
buttons bursting*

I'm a disgusting savage!
I hafta. – push it through
a little tinting of something
I'll give you something
I'll give you a thumb sandwush



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