



### Trance Notebook #3

*[a testicle descends, but a lark ascends]*

a foetid  
pool of Anadyomene images—

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—don't confuse self-  
deprecation with "unacknowledged  
legislators" transport—

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your naked  
shoulders, the girlie raw  
material of lieder—

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(cave paintings and trills)

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arm lying  
dead on the wheelchair  
ledge—



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clairvoyance of our  
anus, its  
(somber) solitude,  
hemiola—not  
the children's hospital  
near San Francisco State  
University

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no one  
becomes a German citizen  
because of breeze or jazz,  
no one becomes a German  
citizen overnight—no  
one becomes Mado Robin  
overnight, or any dead  
legend—

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Melville's pervy *Pierre*,  
subject of my 2001 reveries—

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guillotine revolutionaries and  
their quadrille-dreaming  
wives—not all  
revolutionaries are husbands—

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no reason I shouldn't  
have a crush on Jesus  
or picture his pierced  
flayed abdomen

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his nipples  
in recession

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I frequent the Tinker's  
Damn, an atypical  
gay bar also patronized  
by Tiny Tim and  
Miss Vicki

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my shame is one-size-  
fits-all, like a white  
parka from Target

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afraid of  
Debussy and stomach  
flu—

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the relationship between  
early impressionism and  
intestinal bugs

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Jean Harris, who  
murdered the Diet Doctor,  
died today—

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it ODs on indexicality

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