



Kevin O'Leary Voted For Jill Stein  
Nicholas Syrianus Katsafanas

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## BRAND CLOTS

w/ the  
black ops  
w/ the  
black socks  
w/ the  
wack cock  
w/ the  
bad cops  
w/ the  
mack shots  
w/ the  
stashed mops  
w/ the  
planned dox  
w/ the  
brand clots  
w/ the  
band bots  
w/ the  
Stan Lox  
w/ the  
man lots  
w/ the  
grand flops  
w/ the  
RAND tots  
w/ the  
hand frots  
w/ the

bland stocks  
w/ the  
stand ups  
w/ the  
cam spots  
w/ the  
am nots  
w/ the  
planned plots  
w/ the  
crass flocks  
w/ the  
crack rocks  
from the  
black ops?

Elliot Abrams has successfully rebranded  
as a respected political analyst

## WHAT'S NOT INEFFABLE THESE DAYS?

There's always something nascent,  
impalpable, ineffable  
yet celestially essential  
tugging at you like a designer dog leash  
or maybe a slave chain—  
I was smoking a home-made mint hookah  
vociferously  
in a foreign backyard  
taking informal surveys  
on whether or not twenty something  
single mothers recommended  
having children

(I attempted to blow  
an orange bug  
off my page of Proclus  
on the sun soaked roof top deck—  
the shit was  
killed instantly)

There were no tips left  
so a small circle of people  
were hitting the hose with no contraceptive  
there were actually two hookahs  
but no tips  
but both were delicious and smooth.  
Someone said  
giving birth to a person was actually cool

(At Y Bento

on West Fountain

Tina didn't seem all that concerned about the fact that

I hadn't heard from Greg all day

not since the early AM

when he specifically stated

he'd let me know if he could quote-unquote 'escape'

that night, but now,

at half past seven,

I still hadn't heard shit

and was wondering when the socially acceptable

cut-off for corroboration

one way or the other was)

The former physicist

with the brown beard

and the grotesque sweat pants

at the strip club

mechanically slapped

the dancer's ass

like he was doing

bicep curls

with two pound dumbbells

at a nondescript Planet Fitness

as the girl ordered

a second set of mixed drinks

(the lamb meatball looked delicious

as I came to doubt the  
long-term viability  
of ephemeral things)

## JIM ROQUE: A BALLAD

Jim Roque: he was always on Federal Hill  
Searching for made up incredible thrills  
Equipped with a litany of inevitable skills

Gleaned from night club bouncing?  
O, that's right!—they're dousing  
Anecdotes in gross exaggeration  
W/ flaccid tropes and macho fabrication

Fact: he was born to fucking eat  
Fact: he was morbidly obese

Fact: he was exactly half Filipino  
Fact: he was nightly practicing his guido

—Characteristics  
With other dip shits  
Who believe dick licks

Are performed w/ subtle glances  
At grown man high school dances

[insert tanka poem]  
(Yeah you see her dude  
she wants to fuckin slob ya  
knob she's eyein you)

These are the official haikus  
Of double digit IQs

And if you look behind you—

nah dont do that bro

u gotta keep

ya head on a swivel

see? i coulda knocked u right there

fuckin turning behind u

and shit...

I STARED OUT INTO  
PURE NOTHINGNESS  
FOR HOURS ON END  
OFF THE HOT CLUB DECK  
IN 2013

Emotionally attached to crackheads  
the avatars of true artistic sensibility  
jay walking  
the sterility  
of this contemporary downtown—  
quick glimpse from the cat eyes  
as I cross the street

some  
old  
fuck  
is  
flexing  
his  
tanned  
muscles

on  
an  
unexpectedly  
not  
that  
dilapidated

party  
boat  
in  
an  
uninhabited

Providence  
River

A middle aged woman  
my age  
in white pants wears quite bright red lipstick  
Freddy spotted me  
from Xaco Taco across the street  
lurid nightmares of purchasing  
American Spirit cigarettes  
at very specific  
    gas stations

Fifty something white man  
in a white tee  
clearly coked out  
orders a vodka coke  
with a stray hundred dollar bill  
I thought he was fucking homeless

this is the sensible realm  
(black sweatpants stuck up  
a bulbous asscrack)

Society requires the drug addled to exist

they'll probably end up in heaven as well  
a fat couple on laptops  
ripping shots  
of tequila with salt sprinkled  
on puffy wrists  
a subpar Drake single  
soundtracks the shit  
    Syrian eyes on a white bitch

"He had inherited substantial musical ability through his  
    mother,  
and composed arrangements of various songs.  
He refused a formal career and ignored his parents'  
    remonstrations  
by dedicating himself to poetry.  
He stayed at home until the age of 34,  
financially dependent on his family until his marriage.  
His father sponsored the publication of his son's poems."

this is the sensible realm  
(black sweatpants stuck up  
a bulbous asscrack)

## HARRIET MONROE

Lo and behold! you enjoy poetry  
to disseminate your woes boldly  
into 501(c)(3) magazines  
battling for supremacy  
in the LES settlements  
filled with the faux blind trusts  
of rich fucks  
who pursue the betterment  
of mankind through art  
and index funds—  
but rhetoric factories  
and editor-in-chief salaries  
aren't the point of modern poems  
you know?—focus on what you know  
which isn't ETF flows  
and municipal bond market liquidity  
these aren't the things to be considering  
as you lock in next semester's loan rate  
for your MFA which I'm sure is going great!

"Eli Lilly (LLY) raised its full-year profit and revenue  
forecast on Thursday  
as strong appetite for its widely popular weight-loss and  
diabetes drugs  
Zepbound and Mounjaro helped it beat third-quarter  
earnings estimates.  
The company shares jumped 6% in premarket trading.  
Lilly competes with Novo Nordisk for the top spot  
in the weight-loss drug market, which is poised

to reach \$150 billion by the end of the decade.  
Investors have been keenly awaiting latest results from  
the drugmaker  
amid sky-high expectations for its GLP-1 portfolio  
and growing concern over potential U.S. price  
negotiations.  
Since taking office in January, President Donald Trump  
has been striving  
to narrow the gap between U.S. and foreign drug prices.  
Under its "most favored nation" policy, the U.S.  
government will require drugmakers  
to charge patients in the country no more than in other  
wealthy nations.  
Lilly's shares have gained over 6% this year due to the  
ever-growing popularity  
of its diabetes and weight loss treatments.  
The company said it expects to earn \$23.00 to \$23.70 per  
share  
on an adjusted basis this year, compared with its  
previous forecast  
for a profit of \$21.75 to \$23.00 per share."

## EVERYONE IN POPULAR CULTURE READS WITTGENSTEIN

On a pre-Shinjuku late August afternoon  
I ambled up America Street,  
right past Kenya Avenue  
and considered how this neighborhood  
had become so crucial to me creatively

By contrast  
last night  
some hag handed me  
a sour ale  
as I waited impatiently  
for a restaurant's reservation text—  
and felt a certain loathing  
toward the whole  
city sector ambling back down  
the cold  
densely populated but now desolate roads

Year Zero: Faciality (This is the 7th Plateau)  
"And all that remains is His face" (i.e. 55:27)

Dialectic: Tim Dillon is a plus-sized model  
Dialectic: Tim Dillon is a shill for JD Vance  
Dialectic: Σκέφτομαι άρα υπάρχω

Tim Dillon is so-called "plus-sized", yet also a male  
model

JD Vance has successfully exerted political influence on  
Tim Dillon via the post-meathhead bro-cast YouTube

TV network that of course has no connection to the  
CIA whatsoever

Σκέφτομαι άρα υπάρχω

Dialectic: Tim Dillon self-identifies as plus-sized but also  
runs a fake business as a plus-sized male model

Dialectic: Tim Dillon told you he was a plus-sized  
model—he's actually a shill for Vice President Vance

Dialectic: Σκέφτομαι άρα υπάρχω

"If I go back to 1975 when I was leaving Harvard,  
I was told by the world experts in poetry that rhyme and  
meter were dead,

narrative was dead in poetry.

Poetry would become ever more complex,

which meant that it could only appeal to an elite  
audience,

and finally, that the African American voice in poetry  
rejected these

European things

and would take this experimental form."

(The configuration  
of the BBL  
at La Braza  
struck me as  
essentially Mannerist)

"... The greatest one of these was Kool Herc in the South  
Bronx,

who invented what we now think of as rap and hip hop.

Within about ten years, it went from non-existent

to being the most widely purchased form of popular  
music.

We saw in our own lifetime something akin to Homer,  
the reinvention of popular oral poetry."

Nah but seriously  
you fuckin believe that?  
it's like I fuckin really believed  
at one point  
that tim dillon was doing  
like  
you know  
that he was doin  
fuckin honest journalism & shit

but to find out, according to you, that he's a shill for jd  
vance  
like dude i get it  
i'm not against banning trans kids from female sports  
and shit  
im ultimately a political moderate you know!  
but i just thought i could trust these  
you know...  
podcast hosts a little bit more?

it's like youre a podcast host  
and an immensely successful comedian  
so how could u possibly fail at becoming a leading  
political journalist as well?

it just seemed so logical to me at the time

you know what i mean?  
i felt like  
fuckinnnn  
i was getting the news you know?  
like the eternally REAL news  
that i'd finally found and successfully identified the  
    ephemeral FAKE news  
and i'd identified said news as totally fuckin fugazi  
but then i also found the real REAL news  
the everlasting truth behind the matter  
    via tim dillon's podcast?

like a 3 hour sit down with a politician  
isn't that the pinnacle of transparency?

how could u possibly  
be any more transparent?

now i know what peter thiel's favorite flavor of starburst  
    is  
and  
without dillon  
i'd never fuckin know that  
and that's journalism right?

but now you're telling me he's what  
a "shill"  
for jd vance?  
vance controls this guy now doesn't he?

and is he really a plus-sized male model or what?

or was that just another lie?

i'm just asking questions my man!  
my world  
it's fuckin a little upside down right now  
im sorry  
it's like i support gay marriage you know?  
but i also think  
you know  
we need to invest in our infrastructure  
to hold illegal immigrants in perpetuity and shit  
you know?

so basically like  
long story short  
you're fuckin tellin me  
like ... tim dillon is basically msnbc now?  
that he's, functionally speaking, just a morbidly obese  
rachel maddow?

no i totally respect your right to your opinion  
im a free speech loyalist absolutist and shit  
i get it  
no  
yeah yeah

but it's like ....  
did you see his interview with marjorie taylor green  
no i think she actually has some good points  
but it's not like i fucking  
you know

support pedophilia...

## A HUMBLE DEDICATION

Josh Delekt!—you said my poetry sucked  
because I'm an avant-garde cunt  
who's not quite avant-garde  
as we sat in a desolate dark bar  
and I for my part completely agreed  
who could possibly be a bigger cunt than me?

Is it possible I'm inveterately an immeasurably  
post-structuralist vaginal entity  
but no, now it's too late! my fate is sealed beyond appeal  
perhaps beyond recognition  
Josh, please! could you dispense just a few selections  
from your precious bezels of wisdom?  
with a poor ill-fated piece of shit like me?  
is it possible you hate my poetry more than Curtis hates  
Spike Lee?

You're simply brilliant, plus you're tons of fun  
and you have that great racket at the fund of funds

Maloney's a lobbyist; you're a clear genius  
Roque's still a fat fuck; while I'm a soft penis

flailing in the avant-garde cunt you depict  
eternally barred from dispensing cum from the dick  
I'm like Sisyphus just with a fun little twist  
writing poems no one will read  
philosophical tracts too Roman for thee  
you polled the room to confirm no one believes

in the vision of my particular poetic diction?

Nick: why aren't you quitting?  
when is enough enough  
why be a dumb fuck  
you could run a fund of funds  
short German Bunds  
with investor chums  
who'd become best of buds  
grab drinks at happy hour and discuss Trump  
deport all immigrants unless they have nice rumps  
convert to Catholicism to kiss Italian guys' bums  
shit on Islam while agreeing reading the Koran is dumb  
watch Matt Walsh prove prejudice is fiction solely  
through stunts  
instead you write poems for no one and shrug  
when your best friend proves you're the par excellence  
cunt

So I dedicate this tract to thee  
Leagues better than me  
Unchanged since '03  
The savant of IT  
Joshua D

## KEVIN O'LEARY VOTED FOR JILL STEIN (REDUX)

The bottom line is, what the mainstream media won't  
ever tell you—is that Kevin O'Leary, he fuckin voted  
for Jill Stein  
you believe that?  
it's insane yet it's true. it's not a conspiracy at all.  
he's not MAGA, Kevin O'Leary. He's not even MAGA.  
guy opposes genocide in Palestine  
he cast his ballot for Jillian Stein. for the president of the  
greatest Nation to ever grace this earth.  
The guy, he fuckin told Mark Cuban in 2009 "Mark, I'd  
bang one half of Regis & Kelly"  
but he didn't say which half?  
... he gay? (Why wouldn't you specify?)  
Nah, you'll never hear that type a stuff on MSNBC. Cnn?  
forget it.  
Rachel Maddow will never cover the fact Kevin O'Leary  
voted for Jill Stein in the 2024 president election  
never!  
Who can you trust right now?  
the media? in this climate?  
fat chance...  
now THAT climate's never changing!—not any time  
soon.  
fuckin kidding me?  
Which half of regis & Kelly would you bang?  
leave a comment and smash that like  
RIP Regis Philbin I would never bang you as a  
heterosexual man.

Kevin O'leary voted for jill stein

# AMERICAN TRIPTYCH, VOL I

## I

"One of the most startling areas of consolidation  
is in veterinary care.

An estimated 25 percent of all general veterinary services  
are now owned by billionaires  
and private equity firms."

## II

Loomer also posted a tweet  
referencing stereotypes of Indians,  
saying that if Harris,  
were elected President  
"the White House will smell like curry."

Marjorie Taylor Greene,  
a far-right member of the House of Representatives,  
condemned this remark as  
"appalling and extremely racist".

## III

(272:360 .755)

Because while obviously she abhorred physical violence,  
Charlie Kirk, she continued,  
was, in fact, nothing beyond an algorithmic prostitute,  
an eighth-rate racist who contributed absolutely nothing  
to American society  
beyond constructing DIY institutions that gave lip  
service

to so-called "open debate" while,  
in reality,  
producing squat beyond manicured clips  
of a grown man debating teenagers  
as a method to disperse rhetoric  
that made the most vulnerable Americans  
seem like the most egregious.

For decades now, she said,  
America has almost exclusively elected politicians  
who fornicate with nine year old children,  
and for decades the country's vigorously  
refused to regulate global conglomerates,  
even as their so-called "proprietary algorithms"  
tear apart the country with every subsequent day.

Charlie Kirk, Buddy added, was an "absolute genius"  
of amassing generational wealth for himself  
purely via convincing poor white Americans  
that third world immigrants  
fornicated with the nine year old sex slaves  
who were actually trafficked by Jeffrey Epstein  
to Presidents and Princes,  
and that in that sense he was perhaps  
our "greatest artist of post-irony"—  
more important than even the momentous  
Curtis Yarvin of Dimes Square!—  
yet, even with that said,  
Buddy couldn't help but believe both  
should have been deported long ago?

III  
(Diagrams)

[B]e[c]ause wh[i]le [o]b[v]ious[ly] she [a]bhorred  
[ph][y]s[i]cal [v][i]o[le]nce,  
Char[li]e [K]ir[k], she [c]ont[ri]n[u]ed,  
was, in [f]act, nothing [b]eyond [a]n [a]lgo[r][i]thm[i]c  
p[r]o[s]t[it]ute,  
an [ei]ghth-[r][a]te [r][a]cist who [c]ont[r]i[b]uted  
ab[s]o[lu]te[ly] nothing to Ame[r]i[c]an [s]o[c]i[et]y  
[b]eyond [c]on[s]t[r]u[ct]ing D[I]Y [i]nst[it]u[t]ions that  
gave li[p] [s]ervice  
to [s][o]-[c]alled "[o]pen de[b]ate" while,  
in [r]eality,  
[p]ro[d]u[ci]ng [s][q]uat [b]eyond [m][a]ni[c]ur[ed] [c]lips  
of a g[r]own [m][a]n [d]e[b]a[ti]ng teen[a]gers  
as a [m][e]th[o]d to [d]i[s]p[er]se [r]h[e]to[r][i]c  
that [m]ade the [m]ost vulne[r][a]ble [A][m][e][r][i]cans  
[s]eem li[k]e the [m]ost eg[r]e[gi]ous.  
108:140 .771

[F]or de[c]ades [n]ow, she [s]aid,  
[A][m]eri[c]a has [a]l[m]ost [e]xc[lu]s[i]ve[ly] [e]l[e]ct[ed]  
po[l]i[t]i[c]i[ans]  
who [f]or[n]icate with [n]ine year old ch[i]l[d]r[en],  
and [f]or [d]e[c]ades the [c]ount[r]y's v[i]go[r]ously  
[r]e[f]used to [r]e[g]u[la]te [g]l[ob]al  
[c]o[n]g[re]ssme[n],  
even as their so-[c]alled "[p]ro[p]rieta[r]y al[g]o[r]ithms"  
[t]ear a[p]art the [c]oun[t]r[y] with [e]ve[r]y  
[s]ub[s]e[qu]ent day.  
68:84 .809

Charlie Kirk, Buddy [a]dded, was [a]n "[a]b[s]olute  
[g]enius"  
of [a][m][a]ssing [g]enerational [w][ea]lth for him[s][e]lf  
[p]urely [v]ia [c]on[v]incing [p]oor [w]hite [A][m]e[r]i[c]ans  
[th]at [th][ir]d [w][or]ld [i][mm]i[gr][a]nts  
[f]or[n]icated with the [n]ine year old [s]ex [s][l]aves  
who were [a][c]tually t[r][a][ff]i[ck]ed by Je[ff]rey  
E[p]stein  
to [P]r[es]id[e]nts and [P]r[i]n[c]es,  
[a]nd th[at], in th[at] [s]ense he was [p]erha[p]s  
our "g[r]eat[est] arti[s]t of [p]o[s]t-i[r]ony"—  
[m]ore im[p]or[tant than even the [m]o[m]ent[ous]  
[C]urtis Yarvin of Dimes [S]quare!—  
yet, [e]ven with that [s]aid,  
[B]uddy [c]ouldn't hel[p] [b]ut [b]e[l]i[e]ve [b]o[th]  
should have [b]een [d]e[p]orted [l]ong ag[o]?  
96:136 .706

## BILLY CARLOS

Bill Carlos yearned for a new American idiom  
One that would elevate all kinds of quotidian

Well, Free Verse and Free Jazz—they're now accepting  
admissions  
Despite the fact they started w/ two strong technicians

Let loose the shackles to allow for more miracles  
No! charge more for MFAs that export the a-lyrical

Trane and Pound: they studied w/ rigor  
But now it's passé to start to configure  
Buy a degree and become the chosen  
Writing what's free and mimic the colon

Meters restrict you  
think about shit dude  
it's never ejected  
with good rhyme or reason  
its time's unelected  
no matter the season

So some may compose with meter and math  
While others write poems about feeding their cats

Or how they were beaten by dads  
Whose amorous fever they lacked  
How street signs distract  
How people are crap

How meter is wack  
How demons are back  
How fetuses hatch  
How penises flap  
How Greece isn't Trad  
No!—how meter distracts!

From anecdotes about cats  
Cat litter gift stacks  
No, these poems aren't crap  
They're simply relaxed  
Free from bric-a-brac  
I was beaten by my dad!  
I have trauma in my nads!  
What the fuck would rhyme w/ that?!

Fake leftists attack the good will of the metric  
But no autocrat fears a low effort confession  
& what's more bourgeois than an adjunct professor?  
You hate JD Vance yet your poems caress him

Because you're above petty current events  
And prefer the subjective's text-based bottling  
You refuse to rhyme with the name of Mike Pence  
Yet do you recall this dude Aristophanes?