
REMOTE VIEWING



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NOTES & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



REMOTE VIEWING



TIME ABOUT TIME

Time takes all the sides
Cares less than mountains
Begins begins begins again
Sees what comes of the sky

Time empties us but doesn't
Empties our fingerprints
Our dental records our forged
Documents our accounts
The mountains can't read

Time takes whatever it
Wants what it wants is more
Time same as the rest of
Us saps us singers us swords
Baby-toothed baby mountains

DISAGREEMENTS WITH THE LORD

Newspaper can be creased into beasts that fly
Loaves & fishes are everyday miracles
An abundance of fishes & loaves is not so miraculous
Thresholding the human & the divine is not divinity
The water in the ground answers to no human name
Magnetic fields are no accident There are no accidents
Amoebas dinosaurs sharks hippopotami are not tests of faith
Faith is tested every time we snap out of our dreams
We remember only what we remember only what we live
We cannot have faith in what we remember what we choose
Time zones tectonic plates sleeper cells domestic terrorists
There can be a more terrible wrath than the Lord's
Carbon is not the sole foundation of life on earth
All intelligent forms of life have been accounted for
All the physical world can be called can serve will be counted

ACCOUNTING

How to spreadsheet what we summon
From our guts where three quarters
Of our immune system operates Count
& mash unit w/ duct tape Triage &
Emergency Emerge light in the pocket
Fraction & fractal into Chagall-blue glass
Sue for damages for respect for a fraction
Of Inception is nine tenths of the law
We save We password project lean cuts
Summon first dibs w/ chairs in the street

TRAFFIC

Phantom powered There is an answer is a current
Trust in the electricity In phantoms we trust in power
Who's sack lunch is getting soggy on the controls?
Who's accident waiting not to happen but then happens
When everyone is looking it's harder to see everyone
Looking at the same wreck harder to turn signal & lane
Change than be an inconsiderate radio-silent dickbag
Groping the small dials of life at the big command &
Control center Feeling his power feeling bigger than
He usually gets when he's feeling big Big & strong are
Not big & tall can't be sized to fit can't be fitted to dicks
Like bags like potato sacks the castles sacked his sacked
Lunch Harder to plug in & get back than to call in
The emergency system failure the final melted meltdown

CAREFUL WHO YOU TANGLE WITH

Name a time & place be sharp w/ the arrival
Of elbows & assholes & what can be
Loosely interpreted as “people” get loose
Lose tempers & control of their bowels
Arrive late & forfeit the terms of the conflict:
Weapon of choice location time of day

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Keep a sharp secondhand pocket knife—
Never know when it will need to peel more
Than potatoes for stewing wait longer than
Possible than strategery & board gaming
& gaming commissioners & their sons allow

Weapons choose their masters & gloves
Slip off into bottom drawers of nightstands
In rooms filled w/ grandfathered vengeance

TEETH LIKE GOD'S SHOESHINE

1.

Everything in the air & everything between
Bites down on the electrical wire

The mouth animates the singing falls out
Like ringing from a bell

Like a mouth struggling to articulate
Filled with electrified teeth

Like pulling teeth out of a telephone pole
The wood stringy & rotten the paperbacked glass

Like the gasoline in cocaine the rotten teeth
of starry-eyed arsonists fire falling out of a bell

2.

Knock-kneed & rope-a-doped tripped along a trick of the tongue
The tongue tricked into the truth too easily
& the telephone tells me lies sweet sweet little shiny lies

Toothpicks & plastic combs to carve a hole in the wall of the cell wall
Like that movie everyone loves & beats the living shit out of
Escape through the piss & shit the cleanup no trick with a fake ID

Years later counting cigarette butts in gas station parking lots strung out
Across the lonesome crowded west Chasing it with a Polaroid
Trying to pick clean parking lot teeth chasing the gasoline high I don't

Like I just like that smell ooo ooo the smell of gas around the singing
Between teeth & time zones the lonesome crowded ride between
Windows for eleven hundred miles twice & back again the smell of gas

3.

You will say whatever words I put in your mouth between breaths
The tongue of the bell falling out the tongue behind your teeth on fire
The rotten electrified teeth the cigarette smoke the mark of the beast
& pitchforks on both wrists The tongue tricked into fire the smoke
Falling out of my face sounds like a bell a cloud in a room like a bell
Lonesome & crowded a snort west to comb the gas station parking
Lots of downed power lines live currents snapping at the street's heels
You say curbs I say bumps & there's never enough cocaine to go around
Or to save your tongue from falling out of your face things that fall out
Of my mouth I am never who I say a rotten bastard a cloud in a bell
Falls out of my face on fire the west a gas vapor cloud a chem trail sky

EMPTY DESK

You imagine your grandfather's hands
Holding up his head, completing a triangle
His elbow grease required, black spots
Where bones wore through lacquer & stain
& remember the working hours of arms
Passed. The furniture passes along branches
Of family trees, of relatives unmet & the son
Of a youngest daughter sets the father's
Father's desk into the corner with the most
Natural light, flanked by picture windows
Stolen from a tiny city outside the big city
Sister & cousin & neighbor & used car sales
Men pretend to represent. The way the desk
Your father left you tells you about his work

1/10/14 (1)

I cannot have more
Than my hands
Can hold can sooth
The timber into
Use Smooth to be
Gold-soft Plushed
Sewn into the desert
Of hands at labor
Into the life line the
Fate line the soft line

1/10/14 (2)

Night as steeped in gold
As a ceramic plate Sun
Rise sunset As any
Commemorative trinket
Takes its value from
Association/Illustration
A simultaneous hatchet
Splitting thought & time
Stamp Para & normal
A survey after wreckage

SÉANCE

Get down how you do you how you get down
Narrate tiny dilemmas in the form of chain gang song
As long as the power stays on it's hard to complain
The mountains don't care neither do the curbs
Or the cabbies or the convenience stores reeking of
Generic liquor sold illegally the way all the best things
Sell as they burn down w/ the rest of the old neighbor
Hoods w/ all the personality all the grandmother recipes
All the grandfather war stories old saws grandfather
Clocks unwinding inside maple skeletons of old world
Craftsmanship passed on from grandfather to
Granddaughters/sons in the language of the old country
Of names older than maple shortened to translate to
Dissolve into a new life into an ocean w/out a trace of grit

TRENDING BENEVOLENT

A fraction of a second between days
Time the binary cannot fully account
For A moment where a doorway
Might frame an entrance into a room
Filled w/ a light No time can hold
A firecracker twitch An LED strobe
A fraction of a second between us
& the Lord's teeth Between lightning
& echo There's a transmission being
Made in fractions of a second between

Cash transactions Pixilated Down-
Loaded Dosed Down a billion to
The house Caught unawares when
Finally we account for our empty stars

“IT IS AT NIGHT / THAT THE LORD
WANTS MY COURAGE,”

The lack of disclosure after the disclosure
tells more than you ever can.

Plead how thou wilt.

The mortar grids the wall, bores out easy.

What you know, you never know. No one
believes you either way.

How certain are you the prints aren't yours,
that you can prove you were anywhere
besides where you were?

Who can ever be invisible enough
to satisfy the lord, who makes demands

On your courage, who bewitches your hours.

DON'T EXPECT TO SLEEP THROUGH THE NIGHT

There can never be enough voices in the choir never enough drums
Keeping the voices in step & clapping on the downbeat There can
Never be enough memory to keep fireplace-warm when the night
Comes knives out & wind-chilled to murder There can never be
Enough comfort to keep away the hunger for discomfort or drama
That can never be undone unwritten unhappened even for all the \$
In the world the sky is not just the sky *Nothing is just what is seems
To be* or at least that's what they want the people to think There
Can never be enough happening for people in the cracks the choirs
Stuck in stones like a sword only a king only a queen only a future
Can remove without high explosives Some old wives tale the kids
Are told to keep them from making plans to dance whenever they
Want & retire at a reasonable age to dance more & have fun & go
Out on their own terms There can never be enough to be enough of

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NOTES & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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