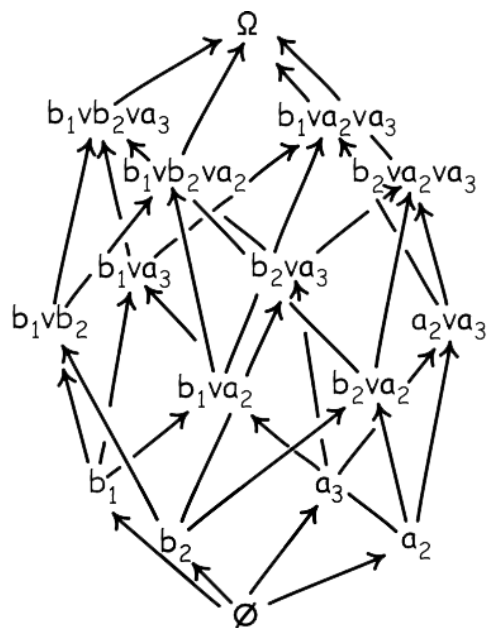


# ALGEBRA FOR BREAKFAST

(1983-1986)



Lewis DeForest Brown



## Algebra for Breakfast

Omar we are mountain cutters  
When do they come when does  
Watch out for windows winnows minnow  
Safely scraped scooped and scrapped  
The tail of syntax flags

Heart leaps heart leaks  
Other behavior of unregenerate parts  
Always more  
Another crisp white-toothed  
wave  
Another heart explosions

I am fecund  
I am growing  
I am in this place  
With a yellow bill  
I am potential

A good deal higher up to a level  
Rugs love elevating  
Rugs care not  
Higher travel pile driver  
My heart tsk in the highlands

Cave spits  
Light rare lawless roses for riches  
The impossible straight line dee vee  
Bray retreat while advance  
Ing ing

Down down fight fight cluster bang bang  
Rugs invent fly  
From getgo singing in showing  
In one the way we stick together  
In two

Omar call David Byrne get him on the line  
David  
This is this is Raisinhead  
I got 200 million smackeros for a worthy cause  
What's worth it

Awareness  
Understanding  
Tolerance  
There are disturbances  
Grace

Landing on one wheel  
A contrast in taste  
A velvet cascade over painted buses  
There are disturbances  
Please

Celebrate el nose  
White salt on sea wrack  
Sour milk  
Stags leaping next seven miles  
On the bongos

I smell trees ringing  
Sought I I thought  
An exposure  
Everybody move back  
Crime is making space

Not if it is fluorescent you say  
Omar the industrial north  
Its method of rapture  
Spelling amok  
Mansions for molecules

Somebody's car won't start  
Somebody's Studebaker has lost a headlight  
A chattering snitching hollow headlight  
All lost  
The prism rolls

To fly to die  
Place for a cruel joke  
Choke sensation  
Why start something you can only finish  
A danish

A crash against a wall  
We are born with the ability to pee in public  
We lose it by enforced disuse  
When's the bolt come  
What's religion anyway

There's no end to it  
Fancy hot pool gurgle  
Another bubble analogy  
Another bust  
Does serious deliver

One knee in the violets the other in the daisies  
One real miracle miracle real one  
Mudwalking intense and confusing  
Freedom is more glorious  
Than a franchise to govern

Spearmint  
From shorts to pants  
Tom Mix  
The unclean concept of evil  
Name your intrusion

Omar clear the air let's not kid ourselves  
About progress or entropy  
In the matterlight  
Saddle my goodness  
Make a fine concert fist

Thereby squeeze my soul  
We are writ to dry invisible  
In 1953 I was saved  
In 1954 I knew absolute peace car radio  
In 1959 I got an elephant

Lois Sylvia Gwen  
Birch neon beer  
Bus car plane  
Snow smog war  
Beethoven Brubeck Domino

The nature of floor is to lie  
I saw it on my face  
Bleak creature with a large nozzle  
No floor you saw  
Ice croaked under my igloo

Walt Whitman unscrewed the provinces  
Franz Kafka spoke from the curbstone  
Arthur Koestler broke my heart  
Albert Camus took me to the edge  
Henry Miller said fuck it

James Joyce told that joke again  
Wallace Stevens touched my gravestone  
Gertrude Stein stole the show  
Chuang Tzu crossed my butterfly  
Samuel Beckett moved

Surge and surge and surge  
Young cock of reading grail  
Scenes past windows passed scenes  
A tobacco burn inside the lip  
At the fountains of kur

Empty equals free  
In chairs  
There is a lot of what is not  
As well as what there is  
Comfort zones green cake

A clamor for monumental magnificence  
With a candor of sharing suicides  
A pair of cats demonstrating secrets  
Sherds of dignity  
Blessings of obscurity

God's experience in Beelzebub's shadow  
When they are slain  
Better your son than mine  
The hideous encroachments of Koreans  
The crawling Egyptians the dance of Hungary

Alive we are beyond zero  
Our rich are greedy for peace  
Use a big brush  
Your tears your vaunted feelings  
Are the math we wandered in with

Identify heaven and deny it  
Pith Omar is si ramo aitch tip  
Scold melody at edge  
Cry  
Lose your pelf stay god

If there's meat in it  
Nourishment enhancement gardens  
We all adopted jazz  
We all said it don't mean a thing  
A market some names what's

Dress anti-career a usual  
Certain sidewalks  
Drowsy Chaucer spits in his shoe  
It's a good holding  
For no good reason

The first movement is a kick  
a good kick  
The next the third and the fourth  
A matter of luck  
Five is a fool of substance

The flame is quiet  
The cupboard is bare  
Back from the garden  
Countless voices  
The knob is away

Power dries to powder  
The bed see the tapas arise  
Sleep vaults to a resort  
Brick upon brick by brick  
The entrance is sealed

A certain amount of crystal balling  
Or they roll over and play dead  
Fishnet finds a hellcat on the cowpat  
Learn to recover the labor I have spent  
That seems insane to us



Omar if you change the benchmarks  
Blinding fixtures  
The cost in lives  
Wings the question  
With names on the fifty yard line

We are the child of one mother  
You tell me  
There are a lot of variables conversely  
May be a valid way of keeping track  
Pecks in the blades

If arrogant inspired capping off  
They always wait until the last minute  
Really tremendously busy  
Highway one  
That the child of one flame eats

A hungry song swallows the miscellaneous air  
Play wood grain on the next  
Challenge the things they are saying  
We have the negative  
On the one hand

Blank and white  
Gallant calligraphy compressed to scrawl  
The giant fell to its demise  
We made marks and kept map of it  
Blank gallant crawl giant

"entre le cristal et la fumee"  
Not just my dreams  
But every stinking idea  
Rounding off  
The decimal escapes

"It is a fact that it takes time, physically,  
To think"

Excuse me he said pardon me said I  
We lost in our reasons  
We drift keel up sail down

The chief bacilli from proof  
Beat my ass  
Mad more likely  
All for show  
A passion scar in lieu of an obvious cicatrix

Omar what did you learn from Jack  
Care  
A crack  
The crash of the lower class  
Bad French

I do my own suffering  
I bleed my own  
I don't need a saint  
A cross  
My bun was always hot always cold

The Blackstone river  
Arroyos for cars  
Fountains  
Paint Branch  
San Francisco Bay

The five points are no longer a screen of desire  
Falling all over one's numbers is  
A subject of desire  
Vanishing clitoral ping  
Another guitar on another table

Speaking of those palm fronds  
Score Omar the cough tween object  
And aim and breathtaking fascination  
With death and crystallization  
Nature is still around

I dreamed I gave her back all her things  
Omar and I cooked inspiringly  
I escaped the wholesome guru  
The director shook his clenched  
And the actor ignored him