

MORE BURNING LESS EARNING

Matt Bonal



COMMUNE EDITIONS

PURVEYOR OF POETRY & OTHER ANTAGONISMS

Oakland

2018

communeeditions.com

Riverside

Dawn

crepuscule bloodies the aptly named mission avenue
lithe palms reach skyward in their guarding
away from the sanguine earth and toward the aqueous sky

ninety degrees nineteenth century nineteen sixty
we slide along the black lines,
touring the spoils of wars:
architectural monuments to aerospace and insurance
spanish revival decadence
—until recently crumbling,
fueled by indigenous blood and citrus barons
v reminds me that oranges and bananas weren't always breakfast

the united fruit company and the terribly tired saga of
southern california boosterism,
the only slightly washed away patina of crystal meth smoked on foil
still west of moreno valley: bedroom community of commuter gangs

Cardigans Hoodies Cardigans

There was Paris in between

Everyone was wearing balaclavas that season

But you began there before I did

Christopher Columbus was positively passé

—*that* was another kind of trauma

And yet he was still showing his *fall* collection

I waited in public *this* time

We were all skeptical when the police decimated his Target go line.

SOLD OUT

the one that I mean *here*

the owners of some overpriced bakeries formed the

volunteer brigades for the pigs,

—sorry, Hegel asked me to tell him when it is *now*

armed with baguette swords and righteousness shields protecting

the future

I mean *then*—you know, when they tore your sweater

The whole thing was “better” than the comments section of any

youtube video

—sorry, I feel like I might vomit

—because it was silly, you see? Absurd! but *actually* so, not the usual way.

No, no! I was glad that he was there and that he tried—

Anyway, that was until the cops tried to eat us for throwing red paint

I saw J and C and J after I put on my clown nose to juggle the tents the
pigs threw

I know, PETA, and all, but that was part of the joke, right?
and there were two anarchist clark kents in the phone bushes—wait,
maybe *more*

I guess it wasn't really a joke, the red paint was actually acid
Where was everybody when all we had was the moral high ground?

When they figured that out, they tried to eat *us all*.
—which, by the way, I explained was a terrible weapon

Except me, because I was already in Paris, but I felt guilty.

We should set fire to fire and then fire and then fire and then fire
No, I would have been *there*, but I was with you because of that *other* thing
Anyway, I just thought that maybe if, *then* you'd still have that cardigan

I was overjoyed *there* but I felt rage about what happened
there...wait, here

I always say that I wished they had been there, *that night*

I also thought those outfits looked like they were *from* Target
And maybe that is part of the reason that I wanted to go the go line redecoration
I was glad when some of *we*—that I watched as “I”—said “Kill Yourself!”

And that we *still* do—there's a dance now, *actually*
But now I can't look at a cardigan and not remember
Nobody dances in Paris—well, at least not cardigans that look like hoodies

So I want to vomit

—listen,

it's too hard...

I'll explain,
for *real*

this time,

but
later.

Ponies

Shetland ponies dream of a day unsaddled
finally free from a life in the coal mines
coat color pattern, skewbald
like their lungs mottled with anthracite
—that coruscated poison of diamond dust
when people say Dickensian they generally mean fucked up
nineteenth century mine owners whose names still signal spill out of mouths
in shibboleths of hemochromatic prism shards
those proper names reside in sprawling verdant spendor
in osteostructures carved from the shortened lives of ponies and people

Self-Portrait

codeswitching to the degree and intensity
that i have produced a language intelligible
to me only
selbsprache dressed in the mourning chic
of the monolinguisism of the other.

Three Blithe Lice

Gentiane Gerontian
Geronimo Jericho
Liebfraumilch for
the grueling class
Fairy fairly
in slub knit silk drapeau
Union bunion forming
on the copula
Orange Julius Caesar
spreading Sal Monela
Through Global Shipping Lanes
Sinister Scions
engaging in Semicolonoscopy
Person from Porlock
poplocking through Kubla Khan
with Olivia Newton-John
One Rincon Hill
Third Ring of Hell

Before / Now

Slowly snaking from the East near ninety fourth avenue
tracing the almost architectonic alignment of class warfare,
not *figured* as,
but materially located *in*,
linear oppositions.

Chiasmus as the trigonometry of opposing histories,
lived experiences, and the non-existent futures
that are outlined,
in the packet,
that you received,
when you signed up,
for this seminar on the lack of real possibilities.

There are at least a few instantiations of refusal that are written in this
fucking concrete that we claim is ours
One is the moment when it is broken into *des fusils par milliers*
(find things on site)

—before becoming the extension of our pumping hearts,
finally morphing into a deluge of hail in the shape of unicorns
cast out of hemoglobin and anger.

16 bars of hail snap and the sub carries its refrain of forever multiplying

concrete breaks in my head
as I trace this grid

whose lines are now imbricated
in the telegraphic pulses
—arcing between nerves

whose lines are inscribed
on my body and roughly produce the contours of love

that song is only the deep structure of melody, barely perceptible to the
ear, but undergirding (undergirding) everything nevertheless

like whale songs
j's description of those recordings made me think of them
—since i hadn't heard those ghostly violins of the ship's sinewy ropes

like the harmonic cacophony that congeals in the hull of a container ship,
tracing the lines of the logistics supply chain

like a suddenly chatoyant sonorous cloud whose edges elude definition
by vector arcs
(they are constantly shifting and reconstituting)

inside the shifting mass that is both all too encompassing and all too faint
to detect at the same time—

someone said that It breaks up the sadness of the nights.

Our storm song gets lost and the melody is summarily interrupted by the
newly magnified razor lines of LED lights whose siren walls mean many
things that are never good, and they also traverse the tessellation mapped
on body

but in doing so—as an effort to close in on a singular body, they deepen the
gridlines enough to cut through the skin and bones and tissue of our flesh

Untitled

An Orgy of Kerosene and Brandy

A love letter from some friends in Oakland,

Written in fire,

whose flames,

receive their aquamarine hue from the heat of love

Sur les pavés, la plage!

But, we want everything,

and, since we'll get what we can take,

We will take what is buried below your rising property crystal,

Refusing to stop there and rest in a world swathed in silica.

Death to purity and its foolish attendants:

The recess sectarian game of TV Tag for grown-ups.

We want everything means groceries and guns

Selfie-abolition in the key of bacchanal,

Whose dance choreography employs the unholy interludes

Underneath the paving stones, the beach,

and so we tear that shit up

to find coastlines of lasers and bass.

Never Just Them or Me

Duke city dream of beheaded conquistadors
More than statues of Oñate with feet cut off
Dirt squares and territorial two tiered buildings
Fake mid century pigpens that should be food stands
Seeing red stripes of paint and knowing that they should be fire
Then garages were aflame
And it was the flowering of possibility
Desert plants reaching through dirt to quench their thirst
Love to all the angry children
Make it five oh fever

Untitled

Feeling inferior as the interior much needed replacing
 —*it had been ripped out*. No facing
 I wanted to be the *arc en ciel* of this shit,
 raining boughs of full communism down on all y'all kids
 Stomach like a blender—Chop setting, slicing!
 razor thin ribbons, until only acid and blood, no lining
 Its curtains. It's curtains! Baked!
 Mid-level charm school management fake
 With mouth open and the safety off
 Scared the response will trade bullets for coughs

420

chronos
is a
cruel noise
splitting

Mid-Century Nostalgia

Blue Collar White Socks white collar black socks,

chains of class that are marked in sartorial scarlet letters.

Working on the cars of those who sell you your breakfast cereals

makes you hungry for the chromium plated bumpers of chryslers.

Phoenix, AZ

Wondering if scars will have keloids when flesh has turned carbon from
lack of blood

—well, hemoglobin, really

Merry-go-round broke down and the edges of these polaroids from the
early sixties are cracking faces

—yellowed time

I am always never knowing that I cannot deal with anymore
then the moment arrives and I cut my legs off at the ankles

*[you should write a novel in which insanity is defined by too **complete**
of a memory]*

Untitled

Une meute de loups

but *une émeute* is a riot.

This means that groupings are dangerous in the best way—especially while Taylor Swift is playing.

A riotous mob is also an assembly is also so close to a herd of animals.

Many think this an insult, but I'll leave them to their alliance with the creative class and the new economy. To me, it's the song of a collective dance.

Silicon Valley can't survive a stampede.

PCJBANDUCB

Last year's model is on sale
Doing more with less
Charlatan Druid priests
of the revolution working for the MOOC future
Outdated products like
us&I want to be the mag wheels on their cars
Incinerating underneath
them forever
Derailing their growth indexes
And market strategies
Your
interdisciplinarity lights up the steaming pile of shit—that monument to
progress!
Fuck your first book and all its meaningless words

Untitled

Collective childcare in occupied spaces
 We are five and three are translating for two
 Sometimes I just listen and think that it is so pleasant
 to be running through the viscous oil of two languages
 that push us like pistons in this pressurized pentagon
 We make maps of shoplifting
 and sing the oddities of the pornography of ruins.
 She is from there and we eat food from the colonialized caribbean.
 It becomes bizarre
 —or maybe just sad
 to think of those adjectives *communal* and *collective*
 we dream of a world where they wear their obsolescence in their
 obviousness

III

Fox Fire Scapular
Male pattern falseness.
This we I never wanted
Decided at the lodge

For Those Who Face Court

The banality of state power languidly circulates
 around mid-century modern wooden closets as
 its thermohaline movement announces things:
 please refrain from reading, because it is too noisy,
 stay away from all university of california property,
 years of lives shuffled off the desk in between bites

Untitled

The ox-turning of
celluloid stills
distilled into the
flowing viscosity
of time as a liquid
that momentarily
holds the shapes
before they dissolve
is accompanied
by the wall of every
pop song from the
last four years is the
thickness of the present

Stars

To hear the stories of the stars
 during the tenebrous expanses
 only serves some other
 who no body has ever met.
 They are the characters in sitcoms
 always present in showy narratives
 too perfect and
 the budget wasn't there for
 one more solid set of needs
 —and desires.

We used to stand in between
 each other inside around
 in betweening arounding.
 It was only momentary
 everybody needs in betweening
 and arounding.
 Some body got lost in the vibration
 of all the oscillations
 in light.
 Somebody was unsettled,
 the same was lost,
 the same was elated by those
 myriad configurations
 of those constantly moving points

that never turn out
to be just *this* or *that* ONE
I think that I remember
that I learned once
that we call them constellations
those stories whose connective tissue is
a series of lies called coordinating conjunctions—
they hold those arcs together as much as any self does
as any individual does.
We know our hands and mouths,
which are sometimes called a reach,
but we should call them knives.

Fire To Your Monuments

Often it is said,
 in what passes for sympathy,
 —less fortunate
 —and I should feel the warm wave
 of narcotic gratitude.
 These things are to remind me
 that i have not yet lost the race.
 There are many who are falling behind.
 I am then supposed to understand
 that we have exchanged roles.
 I am no longer the person principally concerned.
 My stomach turns
 because I am unable
 to perform this
 sleight of hand/that ipseity.
 Moral Sentiments
 (theory of),
 I am not a spectator
 Some other's concrete absences;
 I am expanding at an exponential rate
 swelling into lead.
 I am the alchemy of rage.
 My blood, bile, and, bones
 are being sublated:

I am the gold of hatred.
The more this happens,
the less the champions
of measured sympathy
will sleep in the days to come.
We will set fire to the stadiums
and render their stupid jokes unintelligible

FOR V

2012-2016

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

PARIS, FRANCE

MONTREUIL, FRANCE

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO