

JASON HARMON

## CENTO ENCEPHALOGRAM

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And the anger that was the *birds* making sounds at each other, was music to some harmless to most, who knows what a *bird* feels?

The *birds* that were singing this morning have shut up I thought I saw a couple, kissing, but Larry said no

The *bird* is astonished as its wings grow longer

i stroke the *bird*

“that *bird*” “those wings,”

“she shrank to become the *bird*” “but grew wings that” “were wider” “than she had been tall” “Instantly,” “instantly,...

“was full of” “*feather* fetishes...”

The young man places a *bird*-house Against the blue sea,

but the iridescent *bird* goes straight to the order of hard metallic objects

THE MIND From the beginning a *bird* has been perched in the shadow of each branch;

like that ugly *bird* of the White

There are moments like this one That are almost silent, so that *bird*-watchers like us

A *feather* not snow blew against the window. A signal

There's no time to lose The vizier speaks to us in *bird*-language

Leaves will be the stray *feathers* Falling from their throats

where have the hooligans hid your awards in a trapped *bird* my love,

She told me how the old Chinese men took their pet *birds* on walks to the park where they'd hang the cages on a branch so

Many people in the audience are captivated by her reading and by her use of the word *bird*.

Resistance futile as *feather*-light fairies buffeted against the wind.

that I might be swept, like a *feather*-light morsel of irrelevant flotsam,

It is to pass through a landscape filled with planets and birds, with *feathers*, comets and angels,

Alone like a *feather* falling from a bird in the night

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What you have doesn't help, less is more, *feathers* pulled out,  
gradual improvement.

"A *feather* in the hat of indeterminacy"

I had a long pole with a chicken *feather*, and I would move it and  
then

with a *feather*—that circle is reminiscent of Chinese or Japanese  
calligraphy,

...two *feather*S behind Just befOre theY disappear beuys touching  
his forEhead with both *feathers*.

and trace its outline on the page with a *feather* dipped in watercolor

(toothpicks, matches, slinkies, piano wires, *feathers*, etc....

flying overhead, lets fall precious *feathers* onto the place where you fell asleep

Then Ruth plucked the *feathers* out of it and threw the head to Mrs. Calofska's cat.

If I could tell you why The delicious crunch of *feathers* Through fifteen heads of yours Can encourage and surround Then there would be no need for this needle in my head Or the electricity

The black and white *feathers* exploding from the head of the rooster show that he is ready for war against the Infidel.

They also said that there's a gap between your teeth large enough for a *feather*.

Within, a bunch of *feathers*, The small bones of a bird.

The hollow shaft of the *feather*.

she found me glittering over a yellow *feather* seeking out the music which she, oddly, failed to hear.

summon them with a hat of *feathers*,

Pluck your *feathers* stain the wings that carry

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I make *bird* sounds.

Hermetic *Bird* This sky is to be opened this plundered body to be loved

the *bird*) to the conformity of critical methods

Fierce *birds* were settled on their prey, furiously demolishing a hanged man already rotten, each planting its foul beak

A large *bird*, an owl perhaps, swooped from a tree, and we expected to see it fly up again, its silhouette bulging with prey

feathers and cigarette butts and roses and orchids and flamingo *birds* and cardinal *birds* and blue *birds* and blue...and price tags and words and squares and mooses and Indians and sea shells and *bird* skulls and chicken bones and

Now we were dancing with a *bird*.

I did know that this *bird* was either a big parrot or a vulture; I knew I wanted to keep the lies coming and I knew I wanted to stay

but I have got this *bird* by being a-stir thus early.” It was a piping bullfinch

I freed the *bird* and walked towards you.

*Bird* is a chalice. Chalice is a *bird*. Chalice and *bird* are breathing together. His *birds* are not *birds*.

arose directly from his collaborations with *Bird*.

And there was a *bird*. (to MB) Were you aware of the *bird*? MB :  
Yes, yes!

I have a *bird* that whistles and I have *birds* that sing

the *winged thang* built her dream palace

Otherwise, I'm *bird* free."

and finally i start to snuffle, then take my free hand and make a *bird*  
and the *bird* rises and pecks

"A big *bird* pecks at him / For food" with an appetite that is  
"insatiable."

Thus, relative to the mountains surrounding it, the darting eye of  
the *bird* is "moving."

I had now to introduce the *bird*—and the thought of introducing  
him through the...The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first  
instance, that the flapping of the wings of the *bird* against

Whate'er the food thou eatest, *Bird*. I will eat it too.

And heedlessly the lovers heard The senseless babble of *bird* with  
*bird*. " Sure," croaked the jackdaw,