

ROUTE 3: EXIT SODOM

All the bald young men. Maybe work on this *techné* instead. Approach the tabernacle with desecration in mind. Men escaping women or those Green Hills that Hemingway mastered. When did it ring, what did it suggest? Didn't know the explosive I carried like a Conrad crook. To run back to that place you keep damning yourself to. The arrogance of the chap-book poet. Buffalo wings: no different than the northern variety, and it is only thinking which makes it so. Watching that door for a friend who is a brother, or else a brother who is a friend. I've got a lyric heart so clerihew me. Driving through a vineland by which we once were denominated. Bringing back Bruges, a taste can send one feeling. Did she fall off that log? No one to ask without seeming stupid. Hopkins' accents; vertical man. Inscaping from my instress. No one said it'd be sleazy. A dawn drawn with dappled brawn. Nothing else notable along the way unless I fail to stop. "Those who walk *may* run" (emphasis, mine). Well, how ghazal of you! Take your picture outside the pharmakon and call it a glyphotograph. Urban archaeology, p. cob_ was here painting those stones of which we can only capture the flakes. What wonderful production, what means the world is too much with us? A feint towards destroying your only audience through attrition. Okay, I'm confused by those things which signify "stop"—what are they again? "Signs"? Just rolls off the tongue dint it? Haven't taken that exit yet, Lawrence lamented that they were too close.

—Stephen Cain