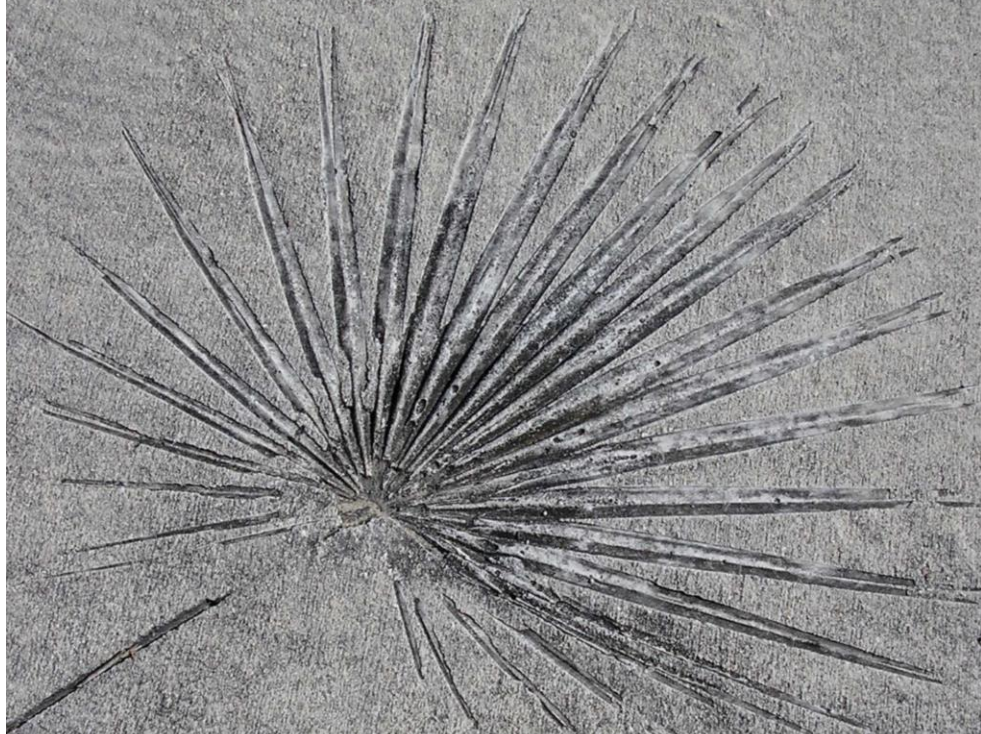


**OUT OF
ALPHABETICAL
ORDER**



CHARLES A. PERRONE

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by André Cortez and Daniel Perroni Ratto.

OUT OF ALPHABETICAL ORDER *T of C*

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Author's Note, or Dear World, Part Two:

A few years ago I committed (wrote, planned, published) a chapbook with the title *Six Seven* (moriapoetry!), clearly a numerical conceit as far as the titular dimension was concerned (as I unabashedly tried to explain in a brief preface). Now, Six Years and Seven Months later, a new / an other commission (a noun with 6-7 acceptions according to my trusty *Webster's*). In the present case, the principal number in question is twenty-six (26), the number of letters in the English alphabet (ABC), and, pending verification, the number of sheaths in the image of the palm leaf adorning the cover of this fresh folder of poems. So what's been going on? Well, a few poems with letteristic verve occurred as the first decade of the new millennium was winding down, which, in turn, suggested some other poetic ABC-tie-ins, as well as some affiliations with concomitant others, and before you knew it a sequence of sorts (or perhaps out of sorts) had emerged and declined to go away. It has taken on alphabetical proportions and has turned into a motif-laden cohort of texts. And the conclusion that presented itself was simple: it's all about writing (and not necessarily righting) and/in time (maybe even including rime), everything at/in the end, A through Z.

CAP, or, if you prefer, ChAP

in memoriam: PAP, Perry, Salvatore Angelo, DRP, Dot, Dorothy Raines, Perrone

Of Opening Arguments and What Comes Next

the first line should draw her in
whether in a figurative pen-and-ink
or a magnetic draught of palpable ilk
so depiction may enrich in relative style
though scarcely with margin-free warranty
as any assault of oneiric or onerous utterance
may magnify vessel-veins of suretyships, or not:
she can delay consent to be magnificent in herself.

Admission of a Random Citizen

Empathy led Mr. MPC to admit,

though hardly with due speed,

an acquaintance with initials,

and all the access that accrues.

Knowing A. to Z., the arc of ones,

me and thee, (*I, Je*), us and folks alike,

alert enough to avoid acronyms of rules

circumscribed by uncertain circumstance,

stances askance, pale standards, curtains

concealing cutouts, backs, stains on honor,

pictures of getting in, if not once curtailed,

remainders of freedom to configure fictions

out and about, devoid of false representation

Way of Sating / My Way

Well before my unrequested transfer to this particular lovely outpost,
I was fully aware of the meanings of distance and gin joint,
a place of business vending spirits, often clear and distilled versions.
Now I hear it's become risky to rear one's gentle head
in salons of genteel brutes, in places of odd commerce.
The roots of cognizance can be tricky. /

Besides, this voice averred
a particular use of "I"
really did catch my eye
yes my eye was caught
by a version of "me" yet
I still wander and ponder
the horizons of verticality
of these configurations
refusing to be—albeit
with notably sparse alacrity—
confounded
compounded
or otherwise
drawn in out or aside by side
beside my other self.

A Pair of Authors And/Had Two Drinks

and went on to say
the ready road to regular readership
of capital and provincial proportions
may have chronic or biblical options
or steadily declining inner coverage
and surely sends a sort of signal so
perhaps seriously flawed misshapen
about tails, trails, tales and goings
off the rails for no good reason that
the normal ways to overcome this
absolute awe and thus awfully nice
torrent of abhorrent bile another
attempt to jump the turnstiles or
unleash an underbelly of so much

alternate version of aging

family files find fit to reveal

a non-amatory complaint

a chant beyond their ken

—my kin can't grasp that, alas,

no lass no lad no body

no mind—

so though you may be keen to explain

to be one behind and active in campaigns

to caress the make, the rest of the clan

to unravel an analysis, a brotherly take

others still think otherwise

no less than wholly, no more than size

not led astray by words, deeds, or leads but

staid in their ways, with confidence of such

if gladly off the cuff while on the mark to find

threads of necessary needs, and mindful relations.

A Principled Precipice of Learning

It is indeed quite a steep drop
from
a Manhattan (or similar) loft
or a Matterhorn (or dissimilar) lift
or the Mad Hatter's left over assembly
to
a teepee on the midwest plains
or planes of snow-melted intersections
or a plain teacup sans liquefied energy fields
that someone deigned to steep for discretion.

The fall can be foolishly frightful even fatal
and no fetal position or self-righteous pose
can warrant that sea of tranquility you chose
to seek, to desire, to aspire to navigate ...

Confession of a Sentient Pedestrian

When I went blind I didn't plunge into darkness.
It was, in fact, a different kind of visual end.
In transit between corners, from hedges to fences
—in the middle of the crosswalk of our edges—
my lenses were drawn toward a glow behind,
an illumination which so grew in intensity
that it soon fully occupied my field of vision and
my eyes' vision of the field ahead, now un-seeable.
A great flash of white luminosity overcoming one?
They say that's the sign of death. So I must now be dead.
Yes, my sense of sight was flooded with light, yet
I can still hear myself asking out loud what's going on,
I can still smell the lilies, the asphalt, the air that flows,
I can still taste the flesh on the bones of my fingers,
I can still feel myself touching my eyebrows, my eyelids,
my eyelashes, my eyeballs, and my I, my pensive self.
And if I think, I am.
And if I sense, even partially, I am.
And I am partial to being.

High School Reunion

a fortress of forgetfulness goes making its way
flows faking forays into day unto night
through the gates of the realm
the plain of fluid existence
not subject to the vagaries of complex solidity
into the motional mode of being
the emotional wave of will
the object of so much force of desire
owing not to partial incursions
yet fully to favor the leaning toward all
totally tapping the freedom of flight
to savor to flavor to liquid results

Since You Asked

The question that continues to haunt me
is whether I should settle for a broad general answer
or insist on painstaking detail in the reply to my inquiry
regarding the art of choice to grasp this cosmic plan
such as plain words in a swirl or sounds twirling upward
or paintings of kings and queens of limitless domains
even panted athletes deigning to stake us to a lead
only to overcome dust and all in the ray-filled race
toward a kitchen of knowledge with its pots and pans
aching to cook up recipes dishes plates or commonplace
grub to assuage the hunger of those whose pains
are simply taking too long to dissipate or somehow
skate around the nagging issue of survival on this
pale blue dot.

(A) Bone to Pick

Odette was oh so disappointed to find that *osso-* was absent from her largest dictionary and even from lists of valid English prefixes with dozens of members from the plethora of anatomical and medical cases including *omo-* *oculo-* *odonto-* and the dreaded *onco-* to known numerical nodes like *oligo-* *octo-* and of course *omni-* with the dreamy *oneiro-* as an obligatory part of the overall *onto-* option assuring a straight call with *ortho-* along and then to verify that the plural *ossi-* remains alive and welcome was a bonafide affirmation of it

(Arthur was observing the on-goings noticing that any number of exotic prefixes were available but that the one truly desired albeit with reservations was not even as others offered themselves provoking preference to gesticulate in front of a mirror imagining gyrations to form shapes of large Os frozen in space & time and meaningful mime)

Sonorous, Sonority, Sonorization

for Ricardo Aleixo, *axé*

At Andrew's, Andrea's, and Alexandra's Academy
the vector of voicing was verified as a useful distinction
when a virile visitor inquired of the bearded bursar if he
would disburse or disperse the monies he clearly should
and an unusual observer could not resist asking further
if there had been any actual intent to cast aspersions
on Persians or Pakistanis or others in diaspora
all while she did indeed purse her lips and let slip
this precious pearl of unthinkable linguistic diversity
this purseful of onerous seniority organization
of countless lines and items

Names Suppressed to Protect the Innocent I

A. was, though zanily, an actual person, a true entity, not a figment of any imagination, chimera, or fabrication of funny folk (humorists), much less a straw man, who (the real-life figure) enjoyed an admirable ability: to refrain from vague speculation, to retain falsehoods, to keep from guessing what paupers may play or beggars, which groups smell a rat, which invaders might lay traps, and certifiable strangers set forth unassailable logics, or guest relatives gush singular inner schemes while parents go ahead and decide between the familiar and the familial, private judgments of open ken with full freedom and joy, to be prosaic and proud of reunions of first and fraternal ciphers.

On the Verge of Epithalamium

M.F. was some sort of modern dramatist a kind
of combination voice coach and counselor
unable to vanquish the temptation to be seen
and heard saying you can stand on ceremony
or lie in waiting or simply sit on your hands
but please stay gainfully aware that

be you bereft of

blatantly better options

it remains rightfully preferable to

lop a little logic off your

largesseless alliteration

and affirm with ardor

—in these exact and very words—

I'll aim to amble down the aisle to urge her
to go ahead and conclude the proceedings
with the alacrity of an actress who can't
resist rest and the audacity of an actor
so dedicated to his lore and craft that
aft and fore melt within a vessel
of aquatic merger _____

Names Suppressed to Protect the Innocent II

Z. was actually a character in a story, a novel, a narrative,
maybe a movie, a film, a cinematic adventure, perhaps
a drama, a stage play, a live spoken theatre production,
who (the fictional personage) suffered a terrible compulsion:
to utter the obvious, to speak the unadulterated truth,
to shout the king has no clothes, to say the queen is a loon,
the singer's lost his nose, the neighbor belongs in a bin,
the colleague's struck a pose with no rational backing,
the hostess has skin disease plural, while her daughter
is in kin straits, for she'll do anything to please the court
of public opinion or of her lone son, since he's addicted,
to rhyme and reason and witless appeals to lost and
last letters.

Buyer's Remorse

And so the brew meister was driven
to no particular place but to say
he rues the day he invited a scribe of this era
a faux pale-ale head of crew
to grace the roll of convocation
In a rush did he act to take advantage
of all that accrues to those disposed
to supposed sacrifice or deferred grief
while failing in fact to realize a ruse afoot
the heist of given wisdom
the cruise that was not
the project sans water beneath
shifting sands & ampersands
Thus the final finding
the finishing line
vanquishing
vanishing
chimera

Her New Word Understood (w/ American Spacing)

apart from the extreme natural beauty of thunder
with lightning, the crashing wonder and energy of

rainbows arching over rows of blunderless corn
and columns for crows to roost, protest, or reveal

shocking paths of flights with plunder bins in mind,
it has been the word itself *asunder* driving her to raid

every staid reference to sites in sight, things *toto caelo*,
to divide inexorably what truly merits shredding,

what ails, like nails being yanked, a putting on rails,
or simply the neologistic voice of *detogetherment*.

a prominent title
the haze of Gray's Anatomy
continues to hang
over the entire flat shelf
of tomes and their siblings,
of works about us, vessels,
global-point makers of art,
cartographies so diverse
that dartboards are nests
for martins purple flown
from down starting blocks,
tarts of sweet-and-sour
somethings to reward
each-and-every provenance,
a welcome wealth of lore
honoring gods, goods
and easy-going mates:
friends all, fates fallen free

Disseminating a Novel Class Plan (C. S. C)

On the syllabus of her most recently scheduled class, Prof. Cyrel S. Cyrylsky, sometimes known as Sybil—for the more than several personalities displayed—has indicated that soon she will shun any hint, or dint, of dissemblance; that she will choose to eradicate that, to erase serial traces of an erstwhile ailment related to out-of-tune lullabies; that she will dismiss any semblance of a lack of capacity to enunciate the full slate of sibilants (as cobras of this ilk really ought not seem to be disabled); that she will, in sum, evolve into a *nova scriptora* of sorts, the symbolic scribe, in effect, of a new chapter

in this scintillating narrative.

Intellectual Jousting (I'm Just Sayin')

*I. was a neighbor intrigued
by a simple nominal fact:
Neighbor was a real family name.*

*Struggling to grasp countless spores,
studies in contrast, and more cyphers,
I. introspected when the singer sang:
“Imagine...”*

J. was a person amazed
by a known etymology:
Person derives from Latin for *mask*.

Wondering why notes should be tied,
signals allowed to stand for numbers,
J. just rested to wait to hear someone:
“Justify...”

I. was a neighbor intrigued by a simple nominal fact:
Neighbor was a real family name. J. was a person amazed
by a known etymology:
Person derives from Latin for *mask*.

Struggling to grasp countless spores, studies in contrast, and more cyphers,
I. introspected when the singer sang: “Imagine...”
Wondering why notes should be tied, signals allowed to stand for numbers,
J. just rested to wait to hear someone: “...Justify”

<An Imagined Form of Reaction>

So some may want to say it's all
beyond your ken—my ken in this case;
No can accept, I'm full ready to retort,
I'm well wont to keep caring, to know,
keen to overcome ails and all, and well
this penetrating mind of mine will not
veer off course nor careen to the side
of the road of the way of the table for
I'm unable to resist the caress of cognizance
nor physiological reason I reckon,
rise, reconnoiter, and return,
installed in restive (near rowdy) activity
to partake of the crowd, impartial or not
yet to experience
renal failure, arterial obstruction,
lungs collapsed, or the like.

Actually I like survival

revival

and the rest.

Memorial Daze

the days of wine and roses and
(the host his voice and chalice)

raises

are over and over
our thoughts are (in line) with the fallen
and speciously special s p e c t a t o r s
who dine without fear sans fraught
the feisty talkers who feast on fame
and the road and kill of lame fowl
fattened and drugged by fast chains
so the fête is no sure bet nor appetite-
whetting event: perchance the opposite
as brazen speakers writers declare
perhaps the contrary where
waiters could dare to suggest
maybe it's an anti-something (that)
we as an awed hence wounded troop
have yet outside the loop to grasp
the group that eats and drinks and

This Report Handed In and Defiled : #F Y I > I Y F#

D. & friends applied them-selves laboriously even tiring
yet eventually they found their tried patience rewarded
realizing that the rest of them could no longer resist as
elder elbows were twisted his young arms arrested her
thin wrists wrapped in loss plus their padded palms
tied to feisty fingers with kneading knuckles uncut nails
wrenched wrought wrung of each 'n' every ounce of
platitude + sapience in order to rinse washed hands
e m p t y u n - w h o l e u n - a b l e t o - h o l d :

First & foremost furthermore avers
one of our most distinguished guests
You singular + plural must concede
that there are actual errors in syntax
In petitions presented by Mr. Yvan Navy
currently held to be one of the best
—even including preowned opinions
incomparable bias and fine prejudice—
advocates for the changing of his y-curved
name to a more palatable version

Ivan sought while in arrears
Yearly monthly weeks days
Forced reversal of the sin tax:
the onslaught of impositions
upon folks of such a different maze

Updating IBM slogans

Why not

[**THINK**]

in terms of desktop plaques,
appropriate servings of cool
computational c-o-l-l-a-g-e,
and pads written upon in
inklings of indelible pink ink ?

Possible Ethical Word Deficiency

The alacrity with which you process animosity
toward the fate of animal city may aggravate
your L a t i n a t e condition—

alexia sine agraphia—

or prove to expose a related psychic blindness
some sort of very visual *agnosia* so
my own meager migraine pain
may soon or someday migrate
in the direction of a land of grains of thought
with an aura of metaphor for the recognition
of reading & writing

Itinerary Update

and now to be remanded
to the start, the beginning,
and the principle of then,
of a voyage toward choice,
a voicing of selection, picking,
as it were,
the brightest fruits of feats
apt to express forward motion,
lines to redress negatives circles,
and best points to decide
for an epic of success
for an epoch of change
between time spreading widely
on planes set to figure
and space ticking slowly
through moments of passing

fin

fin

finale

the end & the and

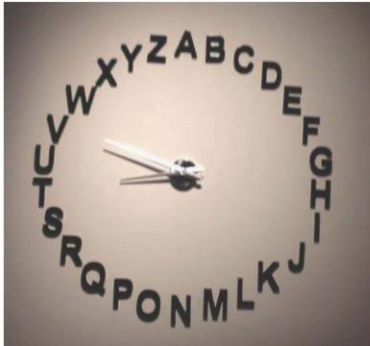
POETRY



Charles A. Perrone was born in the Empire State of New York, raised in the Golden State of California, last studied in the Lone Star State of Texas, and now past the semi-centurion stage still works in the Sunshine State of Florida. Different forms of his verse and related items (visual, musical) have appeared in each of those States,* as well as in Mexico, Brazil, and UK. This creative work includes the chapbooks *six seven* (Chicago: moriapoetry, 2008) and *Designs* (Gainesville: Os Arcos Press, 2001). All sorts of links to poems published in print or on line:

<https://sites.google.com/site/caplandsite/>

* [may also have been in a state of <anxiety, doubt, stress, confusion, uncertainty, panic, transition, elation, tension, unrest, disorder, fright, crisis, denial, rage, grief, mourning, emergency, shock, disbelief, grace, tranquility, deep sleep, sin, and, especially, mind, or the art>].



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