

embedded: fractal cantata for a rogue nation a poem for 3 readers and synthesizer

written by Mark Prejsnar
performed by the Atlanta Poets Group

voice 1

long as alto cry show in hyperbole troop move
move all feign wave scrimp sideline suicide voter bomb
streetwise as a president lies mouth sideways
i kept my TV turned on till they blasted me with grand openings
a robo-maid has flipped the jobless vegimatic throttle
cowpoke fame for listless interneers grabs the slice for memo
arcade burnt down memory : sniper polecat
hormone weapon to a pitted lack of public
famous told the web-order caravan scrimp or publicist plunge
empty-headed dowdy cornucopia fakewalk cakeslap
rummage fundamentalist Prez showpiece tapered to hit kill

**[note to reader:
at this point slightly louder, and great emphasis on each isolated word-
unit; almost like a march]**

foil reload framing look-alike sob sister'd
Webster's craned bad soap lexic frag words chi-chi
traverse flat shaggy dog stymied
pliable hurt wallop lump addiction cholera
learn it by heart plunger plutonic

taint anchor'd man idiopathic skull
hammer sound sluggish windfall stymied spitfire
mesmeric featherbrained brethrenfeigned forgottorain
peevish alliance road side bomb voter
uncount class-active attorney general corporal
harpsichord semi-automatic weapons doldrums
sunken discrown public shuttered mesmeric
citadel pliable missile-package holiday in
holiday out fabulous body-count sluggish
abuse-photo grid fashion cured sicken
democracy syndicated caravan ax normal

[end of "march"]

arcade burnt down memory : sniper polecat

hormone weapon to a pitted lack of public

non un tuned ax's utopiano filed dirge commander veil anchor'd man

satrap in a sand trap odd job blinker to fink prison

now varnish finicky lag amount even trolls with hammer

answer clear cram lebensraum for legroom designer, flung dude

entire upgrade tank with a jiffy slow rank pulling pollution meter

prodded to believe to be or maybe to leave with bamboozled

a crappy down-link exercise is find confusion

exordium for a full-blown cad mister your freedom got mites

silver-tongued flower current sez make a wire trip
there ain't just bombs here smart as a mystic in a conflagration
maybe minted slickly
the old ink cartridge must be destroyed when they sew salt
over yr left shoulder a feral & lacerate bash holler you'll
have to desing that desong desinger lost in the image barrel
scythe paid lob to sway where the words are creaking
long as alto cry show in hyperbole troop move
move all feign wave scrimp sideline suicide voter bomb
streetwise as a president lies mouth sideways
i kept my TV turned on till they blasted me with grand openings
an analog to the underclear day's ready to char into dim words
the outlaw setup sends a slew of however animated blurred loiter
a fanned tomb in the desert with oil wells for the lies like hedgehogs
low quiet humming in the killed voters a slice of reality
shows in the clustered nevermind heat sink
progressively unlit veer
tapered with a gloss to the doldrums of a prison guard
nest the heroic epithet for the murdering for petrodollar
slink wave is flippant, see? like a scythe with
a rangefinder and a laser sway to tell you you have to be
the one with closed slandered possible

[endlines:]

the circus is here for the duration for the duration

the circus is here for the duration

voice 2

the circus
is here for us
doldrums plain freeze
lack home security system or mind in stall
sunken pliable hurtle foam to engage in Sunday warship
sag a network unflawed
program on-lie format to
sound training fable sluice temp
desert dweller patrol banish mind
flake happenstance profit
leader as bromide moneygrubbing pistol quaker
circus arts or squared flow uncharted no fry zone
deal M-Z wallop to the adroit yes
hazy TV says long drone is
plank walking fun slacker
systemic not coming up for air
lacking money or they say juice
the house of mere or's lunge plain as if
urn downer's manifest
flow lick untruth to climb-ax bard
as the bottomland remark to browse inept war
tables flap ring contour truck slowing
hostage to shoot headless Lear jet on
blasted heath of electoral sottage
main fear's ghastly to happen listen
Ponce de Leon for aimless map teach wall
ramp here to decamp & zoom to able fry
next weasel hack-forage sister honcho
landfill has the season in the scrip sideline
action thriller nears where the dead
have no interests the rich get to
vote for 'em an anti-public response/ability
lipstick buoy for exacerbated cistern
a seminal rig schismatic in the mezzanine
nota bene! leaves are crawling with

actual sound overtime
stodgy as an abutting forecast
& tizzy as a bruise she painted and drew
of obscure origin for the crackpot joiner
the demented circus music is mindful
in gyration patch hurdle now ! huh!
thankless as an unhygienic entrench amplifier
where the sitcom flushed more than sardonic
law-abiding whispers, Long time & the
continent dimensions are sequestered in a mirror with
as if the man who supports our troops
is a sorter of bones with
religion to allocate the brawls according to sin-color
leaks of nearby are stonewalling
a quicker slammer will undergo muddle
it's like that there time with hammers
pivotal as if ethicoid
the font keeps changing behind your eyes like
anybody was somebody
knew where the riverine cold comes with questions
sythe is a seethe with mashed questions
scythe paid lob to sway where words are creaking
long as alto cry show
a slew of however
with a linking for my rancid latinistic
love that crazy ragged'd time to slit
whose throat by? another tour of duty
another duty to take tours till they blasted me
as an analog to the underclear
charring into the place where the reporters
have the gun striaght behins the back
and the paysheck is more violent thatd
insiuational
don't whine where the fever is tried making the
last command a palpable sunet
dampen sown the flustered cviies in link patient
uncrowded day punch systems ...
the "i me" mine-field gifts me with
animated blurred loiter like dim words that kill
the voters across missed letterw you can never guuess
latchwise as trrop you shoot
if they get away movewise as the
american outla with traipse against a stong
almost as with, &
streetwise as a president lies mouth sideways
i have the doldrums of a prison guard

as you'd acquaint how with a near slink dim sendup
more have died in this purpose for a desert
than i can count being a flat
non-breathing hider in the hallway, and all ...
when you look away
they tell you the angry singing is
close to knowing and i see how
not having a sum in cold is
hidden in an old factory where
they don't work they wait for the cold the
wait for the uniform
in the clustered nevermind
without any wasy for handling if

move all feign wave scrimp sideline suicide voter bomb

i kept my TV turned on with grand openings

day's ready to char into dim words

the outlaw setup sends

a fanned tomb in the desert with oil wells for the lies like hedgehogs

low quiet humming in the killed voters a slice of reality

shows heat sink

progressively unlit veer

tapered with a gloss to

nest the heroic epithet for the murdering for petrodollar

slink wave is flipant, see? like a scythe with

a rangefinder and a laser sway to tell you you have to be

the one with closed slandered possible

{**note to reader:** loop back to the beginning if you need to ; end when you hear
voice 1 read these end-lines, plus the 3-note figure on the synthesizer which i will
show you. }

[endlines:]

the circus is here for the duration for the duration

the circus is here for the duration

voice 3

[move from low but not a whisper, over about 30 seconds to a maximum volume of loud but not a shout, then back down over 30 seconds; do this throughout the piece)

i was watching the television they had a guy on with a bald head there was a woman too and there was a lake behind her and names kept scrolling don the left-had side then a man was talking into a mike and another man put his two fingers against his own eyes and pointed the same two fingers out at me in spectatorland like being a specter in a wall of slain the producer always carried a gun but how come the mind goes into a commercial but never comes out ? then a couple clinked glasses and a woman slipped the strap of her dress down then a detective came out and said to a fat businessman, Busted! and they had a green wall with sprigs of laurel and a man in an orange sweater stood in front of the word Mortgages and said, Call now a woman closed here eyes and there was a black cloak and the word Recut and a box of cereal and a capsule with little balls inside it like if you sent up purchased words into space & had to walk around and around on the inside of a tire and then thee were people at a party a young black man and two white women and one rolled her eyes and a man stood in front of some palm trees and wagged his finger and the showed me the weather in Iraq without blood and a child looked astonished and a mailbox had a name on it and then the camera flashed thru many images of a woman with long hair and then a billboard you couldn't read and some pine trees then people in a courtroom and then some more billboards and then there was a minister with a pale puffy face looking like a label scraped off of an old can of some cheap product and then there was a man with some papers and then there was a general with a pointer and a lectern and then there wee some people on a street and then there were some people in a jail and then there was a man with some papers they had a guy on with a bald head a folded sometime in the manias a nugget enmeshed in these trials a man took a gun and shot people he was unauthorized mind keeling over in the burning of the dictionary aw a slum'd halved clack or miss the note seeing a near there steal they have many different & authorized to hold as huge word the gun is the one to not believe this or you a mixture with gabble at the top of the city they know the clear as fever loan to a

hate magic not all time strategic faced down in the channel changer as a near
lummoX an innovator of bold ideas in how to feel the pain in deep one solitude
epoch wreckage is cloned state unit farce city a mind is too clean to fling in that
direction change the station or even the eye or the short breathered in the night a
memo to the lunatic is across boxing pride sure you see things change like
spring of a cat real lovers of music burnt to a crisp in visual energy such as the
huckster and the mad fever rabbit ears bring in the old show syndicated with
machine gun particulars floating one time with underfunded waking ready to put
up the barbed wire

{**note to reader:** end when you hear voice 1 read these end-lines, plus the 3-
note figure on the synthesizer which i will show you.
; as in rehearsal loop back to the beginning if John has not reached the end-lines
when you finish your text ... remember to keep moving the volume level up and
down as indicated in the beginning}

[end lines:]

the circus is here for the duration for the duration

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