



wavetwisters

A cyberpoem by
Artaud

Please wait...connecting to server

Connected to server

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The chat topic is: share your poem. Artaud is host.

Welcome—poems first, chat second.

WAVETWISTERS

wave twisters

we'll live forever in bold letters

worm

mexlady

magdalena

"Jo Violent"

glitter

rads

fairygirl

sicseed

unknown

jaborwocky

missing

Dreamy

AFROdite

zin

jvisionaire

darkpoet

beatnikig, that's

beatnik in disguise

FallenAngel
nannycate
rooster
pokadottie
Sculpture
pootzygirl
standing_in_the_rain
Teawhisk
puravida
NormalBoy
Akira
aura
zane
eclips33
Scorpion
4Play4Ever
disintograte
milk_this
summer
orge
Kolorblue
2cool
Bonfire
scribe4rent
beauty
diogeneslamp
wiseowl in NJ
willow in Korea
alex in IL
Ethan in AL
}StUPidGirl{
Michaelangelo
in the room we come and go

poetry forum

Artaud: i speak no greek and only a whit of pig latin
owhe are e uye?

"bettyeggleton": rhyme is a construct of time

SnowAngel: let it rhyme when it rhymes

betty<http://www.formguidelines.rhyme.com.uk>

you are here and in this I trust

must be rhyme and must we speak

the best poetry in life we seek

that's the tenet of this forum

maintaining the highest decorum

appreciated only by the upper crust

and those with very large breasts

we project a space with no floor, no walls

we exist but cannot rest

are watchful but have no shadows

Artaud: hello room

Magichex_g leads Art to the couch

Artaud: Thank you Magic

Magichex_g puts a laprobe over Art's knees

Artaud: all I kneed is my pipe

Magichex_g brings a pipe

Themis: a/s/l

Artaud: you won't turn me into a frog if I tell

Magichex_g sits down next to Artaud

Artaud: middleaged male in a state of anxiety

Themis: lol

siouxgirl: read us a poem, Artaud

Artaud: I'll read one of Hem's

siouxgirl: who's Hem?

Artaud: my friend, but he can't type

Themis: sshhhhhh Art has the floor

Artaud: SPARKS for Steve

Artaud: They kindle my dreams

Artaud: and in turn are rekindled

Artaud: by a feverish wind.

Artaud: .

Artaud: They are my only visitors.

Artaud: They are my only kin.

Themis: That's beautiful!

siouxgirl: my pants are wet

Magichex_g: mine are burning

siouxgirl: i knew i was going to be enlightened

Riskybusiness: i know all that Bauhaus shit i

saw that movie with the razor slashing an eye go

ahead give me some lines from le chein andelou

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Riskybusiness: that doesn't look like something Artaud would say

Artaud: .

Artaud: it's a silent movie

Riskybusiness: lol

Artaud: THE MISTAKE IS IN THE FACT...

Artaud: The mistake is in the fact that a being is created above and beyond the body

Artaud: .

Artaud: and that it shivers

Artaud: in a pillar of soot

Artaud: and scrapings

Russianbeauties enters the conversation

Russianbeauties: hello Americans

Russianbeauties leaves the conversation

wings: the rings around the moon

are full of virgin tears

my ashes are filled with tiny wings

wings touching

wings the face

wings of the poem

wings enters the naked volcano

search area where whispers

are no longer private

wings: i hate my face on ZDTV

gypsy: what's that

wings: computer TV

gypsy: ZD?

wings: zero dimensional

gypsy: o to be reduced to zero dimensions

wings: pi 3.47 ad infinitum

sonnet enters the conversation

gypsy: secular secularum

wings: dancing in metaphors

gypsy: sanctus spiritus

wings: the mountain never understood

gypsy: si et carpi deus

wings: natyum vidette regem angelorum

gypsy: venite adoremus

wings: veris entatuem vindici

gypsy: la butaglia e nostra

wings: bella cromon en dietatus

gypsy: for so lovely the face of God

Artaud: tx sunshine, that was right on

Dreamy:

Neon-Ratio: **i liked that**

devildoc: ok

DenymeLife:

Stinkypoo enters the conversation

Stinkypoo farts and blames it on the dog

Stinkypoo leaves the conversation

Olivia©: *Thanks, stinky*

Neon-Ratio: **i think stinky needs his diaper changed**

dengalis leaves the conversation

devildoc: does anyone here like Jim Morrison

prose: yes, but I think he is a minor poet

devildoc: sheeeet

Artaud: easy doc

zybx enters the conversation

Neon-Ratio: **hi zy**

Magichex_g: I've got to go

zybx leaves the conversation

Magichex_g leaves the conversation

Neon-Ratio: **they must have had a date**

starache enters the conversation

Artaud: hello star, welcome

starache: hi artaud, has anyone seen sinkfoil

Artaud: he was here earlier for a sec

starache: damn

starache: o well, i'll just hang for awhile

Artaud: *pablo enters the conversation*

Artaud: gypsy: hello pab

Artaud: wings: I just cleaned my monitor

Artaud: wings: I thought I was going blind

Artaud: "Mc Fisto": lol
Artaud: pablo: hello
Artaud: wings: give us a poem someone
wings: artaud, what is going on here?
Artaud: my poem
wings: it looks like us chatting
Artaud: it is
wings: this is the poem?
Artaud: yes, should I go on?
wings: i guess, yes do

Artaud: *LizardKing enters the room*
LizardKing: hi room
pablo: hi Lizard
"McFisto": my granny fell and broke
her hip so I spiked her tea with LSD
and took her on a trip—now she
loves her dope more than the pope
and without it she can't cope
pablo whistles
LizardKing falls off the sofa
pablo pees
gypsy: you have the gavel wings, flap
wings: sorry about that, they're out

WierdoWill: **well, what do you think, is this
a good poem? I think it sucks myself**
wings: i thought it was very good
WierdoWill: i think it is one of my worst
Artaud: yes, if you cant tell your tent from a drainage
ditch you are pretty messed up
and it shows you are an drooling alcoholic
with a gas mask fetish

tyme: ?

Artaud: if i wrote a poem like that i would go out and hang myself from the nearest tree

WierdoWill: **i want to know what the rest of you think, not Art**

tyme: I'm just a wallflower here

WierdoWill: **page,tell me honestly**

page: gosh i thought it was nice, but i didn't understand the colander thing

WierdoWill: **hmm, not sure I do either**

Artaud: just a dumb reference to a medieval astrological concept

WierdoWill: **shut up, Art, i want to know what people with real understanding think**

WierdoWill: **well, if no one is going to make a comment, I guess I am going, thanks all, have fun Art!**

WierdoWill leaves the conversation

wings: what was that all about?

Disconnected from server. Please wait connecting to server...

*chain_g: this be the flame in the cellar
naked and wageless
screaming in our cages
whose got the power
the mass or the few
in this torn nation
never give up
just live up
wd be spittn up*

*rippin it up
o my brother
burning barefeet
over blacktop
fast as in fashion
snapbacknecks
(ends)*

once upon a time, old **Ez** sd we needed
alabaster
for this accelerated age, not marble
—waferboard is what we're using now
and a chain saw

scratchnpikzl—
we'll live forever in bold letters

I just go to DevilDoc's chatroom
I can laugh
I can cry
I can swear
I can lie

—*July*

devildoc's room

the chat topic is: you know the deal
bring your poetry....leave the rest

Jill-in-the-Box enters

TchKung enters
greyling enters
ds33 has entered
signa has entered
wings: fire in the lake
 darting over
 starting
 uber und deeiber
 de ober kats
signa has left

starache: i have to go
gypsy: bye star
wings: goodnight starache
starache: i can't come back
gypsy: we'll see you tomorrow nite
starache: no
starache: i can't come back ever
gypsy: what??!
Artaud: what do you mean starache
starache: my mom is taking away the computer
gypsy: why?
willowtree enters the conversation
willowtree: hi, everyone
Artaud: hi willow
willowtree: how is everyone?
Artaud: starache is banned from her computer
willowtree: oh
gypsy: we are just saying goodbye
willowtree: oh
devildoc: your mom will probable relent

starache: if she ever does, i'm so afraid you will
all be gone
gypsy: we'll be here starache, waiting
wings: yes, star, we won't forget you
starache: if you see sink
gypsy: yes
starache: tell him
gypsy: yes
starache: that i
gypsy: yes
starache: wanted to say
gypsy: yes
starache: goodbye
gypsy: oh, star
wings: we will tell him starache
devildoc: oh god! shit fuck, this is unfair
devildoc writhes in the dirt pulling his hair
starache: i want you all to know
starache: that i love you all
gypsy: we love you too star
Artaud: starache, I am very glad we got to be
friends I know you didn't trust me at first
starache: thank, you Art, i am glad too
willowtree: i want to say goodbye and that we
will miss you
starache: ty
devildoc: you have contributed a lot here
starache: ty
starache: good bye everyone
gypsy: bye
wings: bye

devildoc: so long
starache leaves the conversation
willowtree: goodbye
willowtree: oh, i was too late
Artaud: it's ok willow, she knows

ABANDONED IN THE FIREY LAVA
THE SISTERS DANCE A PAGAN SONG
and hold each other
et si arebus
until the young moon goes down
and lays upon a cloud rack
paratus et infinitum
in God's hands
sonnet leaves the conversation
and I walk in
covered with ash
carpagio et enigmas
and I walked
no one knows why
no
no one
no one
no
I did not loose my faith
and what I had to say was so sublime
that the mere utterance was music

ADDENDUM TO SUBSECTION TWO
SECTION IV: that which is correct shall be

correct unless it is wrong; line must sound like
the before line or line must have green in it three
times; that which contains a there where there is
no where there will stay here

I'll poetry if I choose to stay in
I'll riot if I go out

oh betty so sweet i crave her
betty is a right little raver
sweet like a cherry lifesaver
yummmmm melts in your mouth
and tastes like cheese
jeeez this makes me sneeze
oh the lady will never die
the lady will never die
nay but she will often lie
in a patch of homespun webs
in a forum of horny plebs

"bettyeggleton"

SnowAngel

paul

aura

kiek

beatnic

Dead Poets Society

read your own or other poets and brief
discussions: Rilke is host

½rhymes
ANNI
Astaroth
auracle
brautigan
Dylan
flash65
iambic
infinite
Joshua
LadyE
mab
macduff
"MorriganWilde"
oneblonde
RomperStomper
Temperance
"thatguy"
twilightdreams
zin

Artaud enters the conversation
Artaud leaves the conversation

gypsy: come here, next to me
gypsy: let me tell you something
gypsy: whisper
gypsy:.....I.....love.....
gypsy:.....you

rose: but I got disconnected
gypsy: we'll join to be so very merry
wings: and dance the night with elf and fairy
gypsy: and drink the red red dark berry
wings: and pick the stars until they're too
heavy to carry
gypsy: love's the moment and a ring's a thing
wings: a thing more binding is the song we sing
Artaud leads gypsy and wings to the rubber room

chain_g: *drunk enough
and bored enough
shattered in a
wood coffin
on some boot hill
a young gun
screaming "howdy"
flashing cold steel
from his hip
like dark lightning*

Billy the Kid
when *mns* told us of your death
we were astounded
To restore

USE DEFAULT

save text

1.File-Save As 2.click Save graphic
Add to Favorites under Purgatory
Miss Perfect enters the conversation

microcosom

belle

Temperance

denise

Demonica

MaidenTsar, that's Totenmaske

that's TT that's that

"SmartLady"

gypsy: the screen scrolled

Artaud: he's in Korea being quiet

gypsy: I know, but sungwon may be the only one
not getting moofied, and he's not even
there

lover899 enters

Artaud: hi lover, that's a powerful number

lover899: how so?

Artaud: it reduces to an 8, a number of power

lover899: i see

punkerpoet: Done in by love, lover o the one
I despise

punkerpoet leaves

punkerpoet3 enters

punkerpoet3: minor threat, black flag, the
dropkick murpheys, US Bombs

devildoc: get down punker

punkerpoet3: got disconnected

and they changed my name damn them

glitterclot: go to options and change it bacvk

punkerpoet: arrested for punk in public

gypsy: do you know that you were put on auto
hold for five minutes
glitterclot: not on my screen he wasn't
gypsy: this is strange
punkerpoet: put on hold by who?
gypsy: i didnt even know there was an automatic
ignore

Dreamy: plunged
into...from
once free
floating LIGHT
and love into COLD
choking screams

moody enters

devildoc: Holding on for dear life
O Careless Love!

greyling has left

raving in high fever
my skin hot f/yr touch
a delicious clenching of nerves
gypsy: two people in against the spin
cycle

MegatonBoy: cross-faded in my room
bass lines staggering
a madness anthem

"JoyceCarolOates": our skin defences
turning to silk, texture of fleshy
airy surfaces scant as breaths

gypsy: sage sweetgrass and osha
no overcast no birds no bees

just me
hahahahaha
cementhead has joined
devildoc: what the fuck is going on with
sungwon?

prose: blood drain brain reels
Dreamy: *I begin to see things begin*
Totenmaske: T o t e n m a s k e : t o
t u r n
Neon-Ratio: **tote, I can't read that, change yr font**
Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light
Neon-Ratio: **tx**
gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop
Neon-Ratio: **wanting a spiritual path**
mersault: without God mucking it up
Totenmaske: God as a cloudy vapor who
invents the world and leaves
DenymeLife enters the conversation
prose: or sleeps in a mummy cloth
Dreamy: *howling in impotent agony*
Totenmaske: while worms in putrid furrows
wiggle with pagan glee
DenymeLife: Hello, I don't understand
mersault: wiggling and giggling
Neon-Ratio: **we're chaining a poem deny, where
are you from?**
DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama
Neon-Ratio: **do you have a poem to share**
DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?

Neon-Ratio: **anyone else have a poem ready**

Neon-Ratio: **arty??**

Neon-Ratio dims the lights and adjusts

devildoc: i'm fucking depressed

Artaud: i know

gypsy: i feel so sad

devildoc: well maybe her mother is right maybe she spends too much time here and maybe we all should get real lives

sinkfoil enters the conversation

devildoc: hi sink, you just missed starache

gypsy: she was looking for you to say goodbye

sinkfoil: she was?

devildoc: she can't come back here

sinkfoil: she can't

gypsy: artaud?

Artaud: sinkfoil, starache's mom repossessed her harddrive and won't allow her to come here

sinkfoil: she did

Artaud: starache said how much she would miss all of us but especially you

sinkfoil: i loved that woman

Artaud: I know, she was really sweet and she contributed a lot to the room, we'll all miss her

sinkfoil: jeez, i dont feel so good

Artaud: well, we'll just have to carry on

sinkfoil: i guess

gypsy: it won't be the same

devildoc wipes away a tear

Artaud: come on, she'll probably get to come back before long, does anyone have a poem?

cricket: oooh, how do you do that?

Artaud: put f betwen parentheses

cricket: what do you mean?

Artaud: type (then f then)

cricket: 🍷

cricket: oh, i did it

Artaud: would you like a 🍷 ?

cricket: love one

Artaud: type d between ()

cricket: 🍷

Artaud: 💋

cricket: great

Artaud: type k between ()

cricket: 💋

Artaud: now we're cookin

Artaud: I'll give you my ❤️ if you'll give me

another 💋

cricket: 💋

Artaud: 😊

oeuvre enters the conversation

times I feel I shouldna been born
but here I am
I may yet find where I belong
oeuvhere leaves the conversation