



Payment Habits

Clayton Bohnet

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Collages by the author.



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The desire to create continually is vulgar and betrays jealousy, envy, ambition. If one is something one really does not need to make anything—and one nonetheless does very much. There exists above the ‘productive’ man a yet higher species.

—Nietzsche, *Human All Too Human*

Fable of Contests

Before Having No Relation	1
Having No Relation	47
After Having No Relation	73

Part One: Before Having No Relation



elements of parody and vice
command attention

materials of a venue artisan
make way no matter what

there are things
to follow and in
going attend to

those shelters of yore,
those great sheep making
pastures
do not for all that
make it any cheaper

next poem still is my
cadaver
perfecting the approach
a gaming fortitude

What is the matter?

dyes on paper, blanched
by words
their force is versed
in leveraging

I heard them arguing
with symmetry
nothing alone theirs glowing

the rounds of musings
blankets tables
shoulders neck and tongue
a dyed body

cordial certainly a dandy one
to remember for sure what
a lexicon with glasses
and territories illuminated
only by unmasking

candid makeshift surely
thrown together fire a
wretch but lurid
capable of whatever
to anything a stretch

she knows its more than two
in excess of the
places anyone could
articulate but still is
barren but for the shroud

placed around
 uncharitable
 center
at once and perpetually
 dashed and
 swirled
but still
 never
 in the charm of
 this world

and but for nothing evermore
 the round brail endeavors

toil the loose thread about
a figure a tomb

but first birth unravels
 encumbered purely

shot star falling ever still
 a burning
 escapes,
an arc
 for those with memory

Black stars permit me
the roughest of lanterns

the more rarity,
i want for you
the more intense your
obstruction becomes

that
always but never before
regular production of
singular situations

off course hinted at
in every step No step
erased again and again

dull drift of an endless
bankruptcy
river din traffic roar

attesting that the
risk bears fruit

seizures finishing up allow tensions,
agitated synapses, to regard in smooth
space the lemma of talking
we spoke for a time, carried on with

a banter that yet seemed a traversing
despite what the best guess could unravel
spoke of a content, yes, surely there
were matters at hand, at stake,
stakes themselves spikes let me tell you
speaking we a form surely something
maintained through it all
clearly something
talked listened in an orient quite
consistent and seizures
interrupted parengra/yphs

[What there is to say]

a surface, yet someone's,
resplendent with no effort
paragraphs brimming with
unledgerable charm
tangled in distinct directions
portraits of bodies in sincerity

someone who toasted the
evermore
laid it down that
para-graphs, inexcusable chartings paraded
the motor that bore
hearts asunder
finally
[(again) what there is to say]

lost body over endless
much ado and
worthy of praise
but not still

in titles
stretching its false light
like a body yawns

barely audible
bearing time's cloaking
toiling around a vacating
center

w/o shoulder or balustrade
an open letter unanchored
to anyone left
to any dated commitment

barely discernable
unsheltered finally
yet never in the
thick consort of
day

poem unreachable
but taking everything
stretching its false light
like a body yawns

early in the long day
more rivers flow than
can be counted
rushing through the timeless glade
voices in their strange campaign
mark the day with having beers

and 'More' the cry to does ring
aloft to keep the thorn(s)
of battle soft

certainly less than a foil
fraught with banter
and surely more than a
chorus teeming
with rabble
hardly a time to
separate out from
the one an other

So recently without ghosts
for once a friend
everywhere and nowhere
secretly marching
a song

that there has called
for whom this

letting go of charting monuments
more by habit than by
choice
(an) electing that abstains
further from
perjury

sheets and sheets of appearance

libraries of remove

a foreword struggle

raged witness buoyant
a destiny unknowable
like stars
parading around your neck
but it is no more than
training

there again an anger/el/le overdue
to know its cause at last
a patient temper stands
up best
against the torrent of
flares and sirens

In the ambivalence that's tasted scorn,
is the child of forgiveness born

In antipathy the wrath is brought
but in equality the might is ought

awning quiet system ever
never more or less
but star light rooftop
gesture of stillness
ours once

finally full and yet utterly
wasted a body gripping
in turn the sides of its
wordy casket

Never wanted more than this
less of a refuge than...

but no, no sacrificial
terrain or
vacant spell bound
conviction

but the final stroll through
the papyrus of names
dates and peregrinations

The instrument of no one's sort
compels the beast to quick consort
and chiefly gained by sudden fall
is what begins with pain for all

heralds of peers, enemies, and wardens
bearers of arms bitterness
and (other) possessions
registers produced preserve the
itinerary cordially as if it was
consensual a matter of
attraction, of unthinkable words

preachers of the song, a solace
from heat invisible but for the
fire

heralds of connivance, choreography and
of days and nights a harbinger
we mark terrains whose best failures
(features) rest in honor shelters the
bastion unencompassable and badgeless
conscience consents

done that's what now sowing
over little fields to win
and gain some steam
mounts (an) engine (that) could dream
bold and anchored
praying these articles
are not for sale
but the cheap doves
and transmissible
of contacts sure
to draw nearer to the
day when done, that's
it- certainly the
coals burnt the
gas consumed not
yet though with love
(yet still) to be extinguished

earth gifts standing
still infinitely
gradual
promotes awe
till
the incongruity of
the world
till death
protests

eye of the ark
the still incarceration
the filament/film wave of nature's dawn
and the sun
a most ancient I,
the whisp of prayer,
shades

not knowing
any other yet

the wish to have
thus been faced

the idolatry of
first born
self

related suddenly
and before
anything else

(to) a you that is yet
w/o a precedent

hiding more dangerously now that
there is no one who
could find we out

paranoid council figuring taxation/taxes
recompense, adjudicating
the fate of broken flows/pens

shield of the memorial life
discards the punishment
starts writing letters of counsel

then evanescent parody
shelters involuted passages
that cater less to messages
(than to...)

Mosaic charms, undoes,
stands over many faces
luring
devotee and wretched
fingers
to their toil

broke ground, razed the forest
banked gingerly in advance
“... but no one will commit the
obstruction of grievance”
told what lacking, nothing never
swerved

After words, the tempest's crown

matters what?
a soft shrine
a cold and sudden
diligence in describing nothing

my body or words are
not hers so a
place that foments
otherness
a plague upon learning

cool but swift
acumen a charred
vestment a clothing
matters what?

inestimable
dirt under finger nailing
a trespassing sign onto a pole

And maybe the sun commits you
or maybe like shaking leaves
you to the ground

and maybe like the shinning
you are the
same as what with
nothing left
is the wind's
temporary
language

maybe you less than
any appearance and
outwards from any light

are purely mine

soft brow of misgiving
sweet charge and dew
slight quiver in cadaver
a twist a grip so
drawn out

he could not count her
virtues nor gather to
parlor the grace of that
groan gown

stark barrier omitted
chance again burns what
is due and no one
owns or owes or
is more than
they can smile at

solid stable housed capable
of defensible assertions
certain of the affect due
capable assured justified
in this place that measures
more than our friend the possible

place of judgment and amends
of discernment and the surmise
of betrayal

locus consistent frame that
works with numbers feelings and
apology forgiveness accounts
and thus adjudicants

what toil (-in-) fidelitous
resists such instances

short changed body beaming its rampart
dismay at façadic listening and
pointless display

unreachable sojourn promised by moons
who knew too well what had yet to be

encased in a prison field the voice
(enumerates/) a counter of misery's toil

what bad deal focused on changing
a dream into an assurance
that all that is real is what seems

page locus of witness evaporate(s)

scratching out a perspective
being what scrawls out
a recognition

through what images
afforded?

nomad
bury your shoulder in
the air

amidst trembling but not forlorn
a chaos and chorus
some member in the
midst of crowds
uncast

overture to the end, an
aperture or avenue still
a closure anyways

to all of you
a buried face
broken bridge
choked stone
shredded post

afterwards picking up the left overs
ocular code starts moving
opens only ever once
(in a lifetime)

these solemn graces
and inexhaustible soils
these that occupy the
wanderer and keep
there from being nothing
at all
the first use
could collapse

but if its so
there is no danger in

the willing
these platitudes to
the timeless

meritless appointment

allotment unfolded
teases a subject
into

the illusion of being
still if ever
at stake

but even sorrow its
day

assigns its toil

merciless its
due

riddled with folk back
from the far
reaches
taxed by the
staples the
provisions are due

loosed from the canons
and furrows of
parchment
loosed from the
dictum released
from the b(r)ow

banks of words,
writing ledgers,
accounts kept
piling up
 around the office
 of discontent
milling about for a
 venue, a patient
 home, a soliloquy
forever but still a
 shroud is for others
peregrine your bleak circling
 surveillance
a bastion itself
 no longer must prey upon
 hopes but take province in all
 who bear witness

Part Two: Having No Relation



Letters to Gods Governments Estates
Listen letters to Instant, Agent, and Fate

Letters to yesterday futures and now
Listening letters to what in its course goes down

Letters to Spring the Summer and Fall
Letters to winter and the cycle of all

letters to ceremony, labor and law
Listen letters to each of the ones who have saw

reach out like a letter a palm
Listening supplicant penitent psalm

First take to this and that, what letter
off'd in assurance that none but the
destined will know
How soon in the offering what proffered
is mute underlying the way of the
tomb
We flushed surely in this advance
but solitary consoled and abating
this brief to the neck, a test
blading the moment, feeling inevitable
reeling in place open hand(ed)
surely its no mistake to forget all this
 passage lung rails in the dark to the
rising of suffrage to see in the
glimmer of day
nothing's song, nothing's wrong, a dawn

in terrified arms
paradise armed
radiant harm
it all is the charm

in doing it all
with no face
 in no place
with no grave/grace
but the spell of forsaking

not long to give up (on)
abandoning
squire of place take it all

Next by the last count hard to
tell what anymore about what
it is all about? Not that I
know why it is we continue to
face what baseless is destined to
fall
not anytime soon as far as
any one for that matter
could risk a guess
Whose concern us game of marbles
or deathless question "Who"
 for that matter anyways
disregard any "we"
 at the same time

clear print

hard to unravel
nonetheless
is gratified
lost or no issue
to anyone
finally
at one
till the end of it
providence fully at war
with itself surely
an advantage to
no one

taken truly to bear
barriers relief and transcendence
marginal particle
listening to chalice

the forgetting of things
readjusting to things

the Cogito moreover
the weight of those works
and those days

a sword forever
at once to take paradise
splendidly

basilica

drowned out by machines
life's torpid day

or
not
 either way
 its all providence
for who?
 then tell me
 pray

even
 surrender's
 misguided

surrounded
surely to a
fault

lazy with
 things
but the signifier
 is bait
I will always
 have
 taken

an inside an outside
 staging a language

I cannot know
 I speak a million
languages by heart

a gist
 the only one
to say it

if I should ever need to command something
 it would be your voice
what else its timbre worthy to give

if ever the time shall come calling
when nowhere and all are at once
 then surely all names will be falling
and the shroud overcome

is at once overcome in its tiding
in its gift it is taken away
but no longer soliloquy finding
all at once it is all that does say

let me hear your wind
 feel what is out as your day
through this thrives the earth
 through this l(o)ives the breeze

were I to go back and reach
 what is given away
there in the pasture abiding
the toil and friends
 all the same

still yet to be stagnant

so well to be strung broad
prayers to the tiding
a silk wisp, a strand's fibrous
winding, a bloom crisp ever minding
stay yet edge of
 flow's unwinding
 way

woven article
 alone obsoletes all
mirrors
 shame rushed to the summit
 but there with its pinnacle
 released of all of its shades

ungivable those soldiers
 he wrote letters to all along
unpardonable
for he forgot the gift
undignifiable
that of all allegiance
A remainder, the cusp of the
braid

a great gratitude
 to the sirens
 of not looking away

in emergence sheltered
 a commitment to being
 the tone

a resplendence
to give you
the one without no name
a birth

devolve coward
stretch out
gone out for the zenith
the last moat to
the first name of

excursions of capture
vapidness of the project from
the start
awake swell to commit me
in vowels serenade of
your form

person not other
not object
not end nor first
not timeless not transient
not shimmering toll

not 'cradle of civilization'
not bucket of rain

Not love? No pain?
Not truth? not grain?

anything nameable
under the sun
not anything ever ascribed
to someone

Not fusion nor stranded
not brought home or torn

nothing miraculous and
not what's (ever) been born

but not not too!

what it was
when I realized
it was gone

would that it ever
departed
or came to arrive
no venues could hold it
no frame could survive
illiterate bowel that drags
language on
till the tumult of its
carriage is the
one of the
psalm

In your winds
destroy the
temple of self
destroy a monument to
my possibility

and liberating what from
without and what underneath
to immerge

like a lantern
nobody needs

letters to gestures windows
and needs
what reflection for who knows
who breathes
stone in the vision
its own in that place

where no voices can encounter you
no language lay you bare

what revenue!
in the face of it all
what returns
an able memory that
forgets so much
as is necessary too

it is no call heeded
no summons
to primal
or cooked

relation chord
gathered unwound
leaving
layers
no up no down
neither care nor edge

as limitless as language
and all you can kiss

Part Three: /After Having No Relation



then and there in fallout
will ... it gather
what it may
that torch unknown passed
a whole and long occupation

split in two
opened to show enclosed
the raiment
nothing wove

dark ours
patronize themselves
leach simplicity sew
moment to moment released
to the spell of occasion
still parsimonious, minimality
maxed out, a credit to
the (h)ours, this house

but grace has never been
a stranger there in
those fallow chores

and fledged not the charm
that owns a child
nor a ship in time makes dock

round round are the torments/torrents
and blessed blessed are the
harms
that reach back into
knowing and bear
all into arms

grace still not in windows
but more frequents
the hands on the bars

cornered vacant and unowned
a shelter where prayers and
pickets go
tarrying in the place of
dense ambers
keeping warm by the vision
foretold

and less a keeper than
conjurer what in
promise is ordained
but in the quiet of your
magik everafter
is the mayhem of a
visitation betrayed

without cross nailed still enshadowed
glistening skins an old erotic torture
justly does give
 this day our daily bread
 and occasions bleakest pasture
from now on no morals written
from now on no canon fixture
from now on
 the path is clear; the grave
 title unremitant hoax
from now on
 the path is not anyone's answer
 no path finally no more
 an answer
No more a trade with a ghost

rivers continuums blankets stars
minions characters blame torrent
trees pages rivers minuet

vacancy territory
penitent obedience stars

rivers amulets pratter danger
conduct steam pages frost
traffic and pageantry a title
ever lost
on minuet lapse a vacancy
a river's leash is
taught

pens pages sheets ladders paragrins
soma commitment plagiarast
letterer

prophets of sickness
reside in tempestuous
glades
writers of peregrines
seldom explain

so the worries of wandering
witness
the toils of those whose
lack is untold
measure the fruit of our
champions
and minister might to
its grave

Surely midst this dark pentameter
there is nothing but dust in
the day

dare less now still where
once we had been

bore like ice
and soil composture
of lives

grave of syllables
parchment of tomb!

gamed not for shores
of easy crossing
still like barren
and desert womb

no face names this promise
no ward heals this parade
no cloak this canvas hides
nor vehicle conducts this train/course

but lo the vapid industry
lo the sheeps with chemistry
a lot the few with honesty
and the majesty pledged
by all

I wrest the poem to have
done with this scandal

Dire communion
despoilment, achieve less
commanding it all
a wrote communion
paradigm display
an orchestration is honor(')s
misbetrayal, a
dire betrayal

an urgent unbound
at least condemned to
ordinary marvel us
the shaft (sheaf) of communion
splattered
your/my friends

trust the animal like light
fear not the capacity for
restraint
become again what was born
to be and champion
what's song commands the free

in carna/el flower rich with
hue, the oracle relays
the true as what portends
an unknown fate and
caters to the loss of war

a pact with nothing (ness)
and thunders storm bereave
the youth and be restored

so many cages
they're hard to contain

so many journeys led away
from the pain

even if beauty
could exist in a frame
I can't share the
privilege of
looking at you
(being the same)

all of these wanderings alone through
a page
will never without you
make anyone sage

this old misery citizen
who'd say that he can't
to any who'd listen
wrote out these scepters
these leaches/leashed these chants
and buried/burned the letter
addressed to chanc/ge
and surely asudden and finally
still
he mused in the natures that
were keeping him still
in death's pure achievement
immune of sorrow and charm
he danced out the letters
of the raiment
he'd darned

choice bankruptcy
looking for the upsurge
of elements
far beyond myself

choice depravity
a lo(a)ning prayer to
sentiments that no
culture does enflame

choice and derilect
bastion of (the) thorn
consent to dire
evermore
and dash frame itself

upon the floor of all
calling

in the dark hull
of quiet
solicitude

shirk daggers and
progress
rewriting the diary
over again
sharp chain to
remember
voids interests and
cancels the law

marginal spaces locales
designations where what
in excess of flowering n blooming
together
n address that locates n excess
by singing ascendance's name

poetry only formulates the muse's
call letters
isbn #s

willed wall wobbles
wanting windows

rare beauty composed itself
so long ago we forgot
the lanterns but made our
way regardless

beauty divined our destiny from
the beginning, marvelling we still
tracing its elopement
as the origin of the all body!

churning out the charm of
its subtraction still! no way out
anyway and
we champions without a
course/cause

phantasizing some
body
never written
always writing
something to bother
with
a real foreclosed
from the day of
ledger

champion please

put a stop to it
no more contest no
more joust or
triumph blade
poisoned no more
our hero
leave much undone
do not spoil our
travesty
or obstruct the flow
of our undoing
champion, our separate ways
for once finally we must go
hinged together no more
our hopes our future

having no relation to an old
torch
mayhem and monastery

having so many relations its
so hard to keep up
with the plates of spin and din

afford the most expensive bell
to let me know when you
are here

and then your pasture brilliant
contends again with
a selfish bribe/pride
I call my anthem

forecasting secular deliverance
anticipating absolution from the
crown
expecting the privileges of earnings

prospects dividends

who showcased a venture as the
rule the investment as
the guide
weathered well to storm
that disburdened us of our stock
(in anything)

prophets gain stature in civil unions
and mark destiny in cold
enclaves yet still the
teacher in advance of the
writing builds towers of
undoing

For the Love of Ledgers

last toil wrote less about
words but through them
it's ledger

finally, the last memory
staged and the
faint wisp of colloquial
fraternity dashed
like a candle
extinguished

with a breath

the last exhaltation
trembling in proximity
to the last day,
but for the cold
is more than any witness
who might be called
to name a fate

lantern! making advances in wisdom
prosperous ventures forth come back
so soon, but those we've
never heard from perhaps
thus gone further

a capital thing, making head way,
the profits to one and an other
of course the saving power
grows all over the places

it is not for melody that one's
voice brings song but in the
entropy the coursing
minions all belong
but one

unknown to the passengers
the vessel

for nothing but its like
would extinguish its customers
if it could

wrapt in unfettered obedience
executing love as a law
paradies marked out their
provinces
travesties marked out their
charms
and
unknown to the passengers....

short creases

leaving shadows'
harvest
tilled salience
for cadavers' answer

sheet strained
without any witness

a banister escorting

down down
down
to the bottom
shelf(/shalt)

tried already, its over the case
no matter any more than that
of arms and liquid capital

everything already read, no more
checking out to do; so much
is past its unbearable to
be released

Those are avenues the other
has occupations that
night and day portend a
spirit
But there also are rocks and gravel, brick and mortar
tombstones of the trial

gladly show case the

flower drying still
again, another way to continue

this having been repeats
its blank crossing
to the teeth, the brim
up to one's neck in it surely
a marionette and a copy
quite a creation

still wordsmith once waiting
for what cannot be mapped
to spill forth an ambulate
dire open leisure to irrupt
an ancient tongue

never old enough the wordsmith
but still waiting for
primeval bastion
of provenance

sheltered still in the
wordshop laborer in
waiting mapped by
domiciles of many
places but none the result
of (the) transport
(time suggests)

The Impossible Parable

that reach of prayer
staid by opulence
the leisures of a minion
blank cheques postures

Reached then the not
and cutting quick the knot

that quick comfort tomb of
reawakened to day, its
shrouded affordance

there is nothing capital on this
road but yet as having
disappeared it is a net
we who have never known
remain caught in

rite on till drained
tiny fountain
till death's part in this
becomes apparent (a parent)

rite on without it
without coming from anywhere
else
without insight's toil
of unravelling
and weaving again

rite on till everything is
unsignable
till the only lantern
is the one that's never
owned

words, blameless and inconsolable,
travelling at break neck speed
charting any and all timeritories
before they happen
words the field where nothing grows
that brings toilers their faith
words peregrines covered in
dust frozen in stasis

make visible the parish of
the trance
but words do as little as possible
meaning that windows and
waking with deceit and
mis-taking, are wrenching from
violence its day

those who underwritten by
malice bodies sit
and those who in prayer
by coma proceed

these who seen are understood
as rainbow and diocese
that who which resembles
each other

tested tried and forsaken
learned exploited are chattled
carried with them their bones
those who with little
remittance extracted from
ledgers the due of ink
and history
(complete us all in the toils of
chartered memory)

the vespers, word solemn
containing passive dismantling
next poem

it was heard in the answer
that no one was spared

a trial a pentecoste a sign
a slovenly haste to
remember
a language born traipses
the always dangling horn
sounded
her clocks make memories
of promise sequences of
quivering aim

but lest the proverb travels
and without shelter conducts
its performance
we less of all will
tend to toil under the
vast hassle (hale) of its
majesty

wrote a song to a poem
celebrating life in reverence
but overcome with loss
became a shelter
imagine less than a tone
a word vanquished from
malice and love's kind
a kinship no longer
wrote a poem to a song
wrote a love in a letter
to the dawn again and again
lifeless letter that
we dance to the
song in the song
of the song

ventriloqual shades

a sorcery
vanity
tested by
sheets of open letters
bankruptcy
everywhere

but too late to the avenues
people martyred by
their shelves
and sticks of
remedies
coveted pursue
them verily

lack the winnowed mark
lack amulet that
shows I've made a rainbow

leaking the off chance that
I will remember your
perfection

leaking the dripping sequence
of gestures that show how
little I have seen

lack the stitch stop plug
my ears for a lifetime

lack nothing auspicious in the
midst of all this ado

what for the sake of
the next poem?
what not for the sake
of the next poem?

-Nothing

for whom it was up for grabs
continually arriving at hand, its
happen stance
still kept occurring no one
could believe
it persisted so but despite all the
skeptics again and again like a
debt that kept
coming due... (and doubling!)
surely in a bind, split powers shrieking
starward (i.e., in all directions)

this always being sundered
center, in occurring, non-arriving,
and its possible, the mere charade
of concentric sentences

enmity and amnesty peregrines afoul
giving each other up taken aback
by new flowers new colors
by the most ancient and surprising

-Accostment-

there without an edge yet boundried
excellent but without merit
sheltered only by the crossing
what comes to pass

a body mixed with
numbers and a fall
a body mixed by magic
takes also away a mind

there within what has no
outside, preserved by
what knows no endurance
duration
tasted only by the flesh
that knows no death
pardoned of all
accostment

adamantly shelf
roasts toilers
in times broth
and bathing fortress
burning glow in

there then what
which earthen
and worlded
denies fidelity
to either

engine of history out of service
the long bygone age of
mysters
flagellant backwash and
benefits
copula my machine no
longer mistress
but advantaged still
to miss the calling

always predisposed to
have to return
but nothing homeward binds
and stellar the face
ungreetable and
yet a vacuum draws
me up in and out of
down destiny

no where less a
dominion
seldom left with
out a couple
more downs
least often that upon
crashing
the letters of
minions
creating the age

less than ever surely
it must be admitted
the letter of
people is
staid on the
page

its charity
advanced
discretion's partner
pardoned
a tone dead finally
recognized so be it
was now a thought
of something different
again my blind eye
knows so much and
the sentiments of
atonement line up
along a crease
a wild vocabulary of peoples
starring willful at the
beast

But there are students

no there no shares
in which no one
is concerned

unhinged and solemn
laughing in morning's tease
rome's illiterate waiting
for champions

there (are) no incumbents

questions acts riddles
more apt
eternal parentheticals
the only study
[there is
can culminate only
in the grasp of its
ineffable or/and original
failure/false start]

the book end question
solicits veins true
and their others
still it must be remembered
that waking always comes
with a due
No! said the champion
there are no misogynists
in the real
partaking yes in the destitute
no where is the God of resentment
disinterested
still it must be maintained
that there are no teachers
only peregrines of the
question with all their
bloody margins

for the love of lanterns
an adieu?
that preposterous
leech on the system
the measurableness of
the pointlessness

is sublime for who
then not yet in the
thick of the shades
even
but sits in mirage
like a poem one forgets