



## DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

by Charles Noble

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THE DRAG OF KNOWING

serving  
customers

she  
could  
flirt

with  
the  
truth

let  
the  
burden  
be  
tray

service  
world

where  
mirror  
steals  
mirror

and  
barmaid's  
brain

fingers  
the  
glass

complex  
informed  
nuanced  
views

in  
the  
middle  
of  
nowhere

a  
warhead

bank of TVs	by the hydrant	boxer has “boxing” tattooed
hockey games	seeing the jewelry store	on his back
bank on	I	this tireless
us “notes	put out	front
on camp”	all meanings	tells on him
which fires		
the couch		

young  
guy  
tearing  
at  
his  
food  
so

I  
see  
him

raise  
him

to  
good  
old  
drool

a  
thin  
man  
with  
grey  
mean  
mustache

tattoos  
wolfing  
food

dog  
gone  
human

outrage  
over  
a  
dog's  
life  
in  
same  
breath  
as  
child's

slippery

path-  
us

an  
imposition

then  
godsend

work

as  
long

as  
it  
adores  
the  
wolf

once

I  
cried  
for  
my  
dog

then  
when

I  
cried  
wolf

made  
real

flushed  
through  
others

centipede

I  
smear

it  
sets  
me

back

up

to  
go  
on

thinking  
for

it

man	my	she
kills	story	annoys
wife		anonymously
kids	not	
mom	lording	inside
dad	it	the
		remote
past	but	I
life	as	short
takes	if	
	you	she
makes	were	dies
sense		
of	not	
it	in	
	business	
bleeds		
sensation		

we  
pin  
the  
bully  
down

steal  
his  
ball

bested  
he  
bests  
us

steeling  
us

to  
dream  
  
he  
counted  
out

her  
unmindful  
acts

insights  
to  
turn  
in-  
  
to

he  
arrived  
rived  
  
by  
snapshots

he  
wasn't  
ready  
for

this

gathered  
this



to  
think  
to  
crowds

he  
died  
down

when  
he  
woke  
up

he  
had  
been  
kicked  
around

the  
galaxy  
in  
the  
mould  
on  
your  
meaning

is  
mine  
made  
not

by  
me

soldiers  
know  
untrue  
grit

in  
distant  
lands

I  
an  
atlas  
on  
acid

he  
keeps  
floating  
up  
from  
the  
maze

where  
he  
can't  
figure  
out

where  
he  
is

being  
less  
than  
your  
life

twists  
round  
self  
help

wind  
mills  
say  
wind

no  
spin

the  
perfected  
wheel

you  
had  
to  
re-invent

so  
your  
head  
wouldn't  
spin

right  
off  
the  
bat  
the  
ball  
is  
virtual

and  
that  
bat  
to  
worlds  
strikes  
out

“art  
film”

that  
crowd

I  
want  
schlock

to  
zero  
out

like  
art  
dreams

a  
sleeper

skin  
colour

is  
one  
thing

saying  
*this*  
*culture*

gets  
not  
its  
own  
skinny

he	movie	new
watched	promotes	world
them		
watching	its	unknown
him	“special	but
	effects”	for
write		the
	what	old
behind	we	
them	must	smoked
	then	humans
sow		
in	have	and
		the
his	already	drag
pen		of
		knowing
he		
pigged		
out		

some  
of  
the  
guns  
aim  
at  
the  
future  
flared

hand  
to  
mouth

we  
take  
it  
in

death  
drive  
is  
paved  
through  
Gaia  
Paris

Archimedes  
screws  
loose

*le*  
*vers*