

## *Clark Coolidge*

### THE STANDPOINTS OF JANET DEATH

So we will have the example of Janet Death square and smooth.  
There are lumps in some pies but not this one. I begged with  
her to balance out her ore but she wouldn't. This is  
included in the tome on skipping things. Let's rest.

Janet Death came out of a house without hallways.  
No cursive standards to proceed from. She waltzes perfectly  
between bell and blast. Watch the assembled noses. There is  
so much light within her, the toenails are continually masked.  
I'd ask her to open but she wouldn't.

Janet Death jumped from the last car but one beyond death.  
It was decided, her habit. There are the foibles to think on.  
Giant glass clues wait off to the side. She is never one to guess.  
The disgraceful full-view removal of shoes, never on her agenda.  
Coughing in the background, a teeming over of the yards.  
Janet Death appears at wash-up among the play ducks.

She lived up to her stump? It would go gaily to shoving death,  
repeat rattle death, the death under the lip of an onion.  
The badder, that's what she wants to sail toward. Develops a limp  
once the shell's in place. She is seen going forward, she is  
seen black against a backdraft.

A parceled glare in pale pants. It's the shank of her that's  
wallet-sized. These are not Mominuan epics but the closet  
in brace as immediate standard. The pins have been pulled  
that she will always point at you.

Janet Death answers the bubble theory. Claps once then stands back.  
The wrath of a freezing there. Undertacks all the leaving latches,  
solders them with a weight gun. She has repeated all her normal  
attachments, swerving skinny normal to her. She will not go it,

that we are all left too near to the brackish death.

An encounter with the softer deliverer, Danton Icebar.  
He has elated the television wrist to a resuming rap. Ikettes  
were traveled with. That is the nasal trend of knowledge.  
Janet Death, is that your earnest apparel name? Which has  
brought new buzzing in under what guns?

The meat-packing phase of Janet Death but behind windows in a  
camphor wall. That death that comes brightened beyond anyone's  
attitudes. She is ball wick tangler of a hate attack marvel.  
She is whole bent cargo and elbow template. You never noticed.  
She stoops to mute the energy blurt from her chest.

So no more patty patience for the dial wavers. They slob.  
The pictures here now are all of Janet Death. One in the  
Cottswolds, one near Delta fish. One in the lap of cordage  
or cordite at a twitch. Janet Death, come wake all my  
what's been held back. Then go part this brightness without  
a catch. Go be all voice!

The particulars come from the ring of water around Janet Death.  
She is total. Then to abscond. I blame no one, she is twitching.  
She is touching, the tiles come loose. There is no pattern  
to this fray. The problem has been taken from all exits.  
Janet Death in a hairnet, her back exposed.

All right, the proportions are on you. Death is a bandaid.  
Stood up there in small back, full breasts. A perimeter that handles,  
a lifetime position, she does just fine. Aren't you a bit  
orange for popcorn? She is lying right at him, just a coat  
from the fire. She even gets away with some overleaning.  
Turn up the matching speakers, answer the openings in a  
ratchet Dutch. You snap but it'll be her night.

Janet Death meets Bleak Douglas all decked out in timers, all  
finished with your impression of the load. Janet Death so huge  
in descent to that end.