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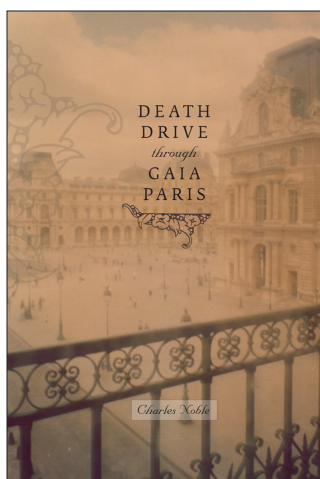
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DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS

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 us “notes	I put out	this tireless 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