

Make Things / Happen

after Paul Thek's *Teaching Notes* & Robert Walser's *Microscripts*

Make things happen, make things misshapen, make the detectors lie, take the victor home and give her a comb, happen upon a question in the form of an answering machine, make a mechanical Turk that loves Douglas Sirk, happen upon Adam and Steve making memories in the technicolor leaves, make a mishap from scratch, take a powder, make a tachometer, make a mass damper, make a hillside cross, make a digital platoon, make a Phaeton hug the coast, make an immortal toast, grieve for the worst, make a dune appear beneath a sunburst, make a dromedary appear beneath Larry Arabia, make a Long Player, make an EP titled M.C. Heshner, make them go apeshit, shapeshift the shipwrecks, re-gift some paychecks, make the tension of misapprehension go away, make over my dead sodden body, make a wave behave for a phaseless moon in a waiting room, do you want a half order of side eye or a side order of eye roll, make the loud chaps tap out, make a resolution to stop stopping, dropping, and opening up a new shopping tab, clock a new aftermath class, stake your claim, deinterlace a frame, pop some corn into a makeshift life form and make the didactic die to the tune of a thousand cutty rhymes.

All this duck laughter telling you to fuck faster.

Dynasty-flavored travesties downing sliders and talking rhinoplasty, take two and call me when you're mourning, make it new, break a slew, fake a clue, wake in lieu of resting in peace, fret in silence, where accuracy is a currency, fluency is a jury on a flailing spree, break things until they are broken like a token geode in a geodesic dome home.

William Makepeace makes Barry Lyndon happen, make a winner interested in winning, make a loser interested in loss, and happen upon a justice interested in justice, make an irreducible ratio, make a rope trick about fellatio, gnaw through a noose, paw through all that bad news, pay through the nose, abandon rope all ye who dangle here, make a way out of no way, make hay while the sun shines, make do without, make believe withal, make Lon Chaney into Ma Rainey, make like a troublemaker and say that the doggerel ate my white flag lapel pin, make leftovers out of the dead ends and retread trends, make amends with old friends, make it : take it, take a moldering sandwich and press it into the clammy palm of a newly minted nemesis, make room for all the working stiffs mingling at the mixer with all the service Mastiffs, make Eric B. the president and/or make 'em clap to this, mistake food and shelter for feud and swelter, make some spots on the roster for Zeno's paradoxes, take the concept of the limited slip differential and make it more comprehensible, make a fence into a neighbor, make ends meet their maker.

Fake it it 'til you make it, make all the also-rans buy run-flats, make a résumé that puts you at the center of every corn maze, make a little fern motif in your cappuccino and call it a day, make the airbag go off in your friend's off-gassy Prius, make a glass eye for Peter Falk, make a love balloon, then make four score and eighteen more, make a side-eye stencil and let the I & eyes have it, make the giant side-eyed balloon panopticon rise up into the air until it throws sufficient shade on those who toil below, make your pause the one that refreshes the un-beveraged, make a drawing of a stunted Laocoön on the first balloon to fall to earth, then:

Make a pass at a grappler & pass go like a roadie whose inner jailer is a Mailer junkie with a rhesus on the roof rack, looking back in anger at all the strangers, at the ever-wending sameness, at the dazzlers, the hagglers, the feigners, the feckless, the fadeproof, the uncouth, the obtuse, and the freshly cut loose.

justin limoges
#mkthngshppn