OUT OF
ALPHABETICAL
ORDER

CHARLES A. PERRONE
Author’s Note, or Dear World, Part Two: vi

1. Of Openings and What Comes Next 1
2. Admission of a Random Citizen 2
3. Way of Sating / My Way 3
4. A Pair of Authors And/Had Two Drinks 4
5. alternate version of aging 5
6. A Principled Precipice of Learning 6
7. Confession of a Sentient Pedestrian 7
8. High School Reunion 8
9. Since You Asked 9
10. (A) Bone to Pick 10
11. Sonorous 11
12. Names Suppressed to Protect the Innocent I 12
13. On the Verge of Epithalamium 13
14. Names Suppressed to Protect the Innocent II 14
15. Buyer’s Remorse 15
16. Her New Word Understood (w/ American Spacing) 16
17. a prominent title 17
18. Disseminating a Novel Class Plan (C.S.C.) 18
19. Kent Drove Up in a Red Ford 19
20. Intellectual Jousting (I’m Just Sayin’) 20
21. An Imagined Form of Reaction 21
22. Memorial Daze 22
23. This Report Handed In and Defiled /#F Y I > I Y F# 23
24. Updating IBM slogans 24
25. Possible Ethical Word Deficiency 25
26. Itinerary Update 26

(fin fim finale the end & the and ) --

ZYXWVUTSRQPONMLKJIHGFEDCBA
Author’s Note, or Dear World, Part Two:

A few years ago I committed (wrote, planned, published) a chapbook with the title *Six Seven* (moriapoetry!), clearly a numerical conceit as far as the titular dimension was concerned (as I unabashedly tried to explain in a brief preface). Now, Six Years and Seven Months later, a new / an other commission (a noun with 6-7 acceptions according to my trusty *Webster’s*). In the present case, the principal number in question is twenty-six (26), the number of letters in the English alphabet (ABC), and, pending verification, the number of sheaths in the image of the palm leaf adorning the cover of this fresh folder of poems. So what’s been going on? Well, a few poems with letteristic verve occurred as the first decade of the new millennium was winding down, which, in turn, suggested some other poematic ABC-tie-ins, as well as some affiliations with concomitant others, and before you knew it a sequence of sorts (or perhaps out of sorts) had emerged and declined to go away. It has taken on alphabetical proportions and has turned into a motif-laden cohort of texts. And the conclusion that presented itself was simple: it’s all about writing (and not necessarily righting) and/in time (maybe even including rime), everything at/in the end, A through Z.

CAP, or, if you prefer, ChAP

in memoriam: PAP, Perry, Salvatore Angelo, DRP, Dot, Dorothy Raines, Perrone
Of Opening Arguments and What Comes Next

the first line should draw her in
whether in a figurative pen-and-ink
or a magnetic draught of palpable ilk
so depiction may enrich in relative style
though scarcely with margin-free warranty
as any assault of oneiric or onerous utterance
may magnify vessel-veins of suretyships, or not:
she can delay consent to be magnificent in herself.
Admission of a Random Citizen

Empathy led Mr. MPC to admit,
though hardly with due speed,
an acquaintance with initials,
and all the access that accrues.

Knowing A. to Z., the arc of ones,
me and thee, (I, Je), us and folks alike,
alert enough to avoid acronyms of rules
circumscribed by uncertain circumstance,
stances askance, pale standards, curtains
concealing cutouts, backs, stains on honor,
pictures of getting in, if not once curtailed,
remainders of freedom to configure fictions
out and about, devoid of false representation
Way of Sating / My Way

Well before my unrequested transfer to this particular lovely outpost, I was fully aware of the meanings of distance and gin joint, a place of business vending spirits, often clear and distilled versions. Now I hear it’s become risky to rear one’s gentle head in salons of genteel brutes, in places of odd commerce. The roots of cognizance can be tricky. /

Besides, this voice averred a particular use of “I” really did catch my eye yes my eye was caught by a version of “me” yet I still wander and ponder the horizons of verticality of these configurations refusing to be—albeit with notably sparse alacrity—confounded compounded or otherwise drawn in out or aside by side beside my other self.
A Pair of Authors And/Had Two Drinks

and went on to say

the ready road to regular readership

of capital and provincial proportions

may have chronic or biblical options

or steadily declining inner coverage

and surely sends a sort of signal so

perhaps seriously flawed misshapen

about tails, trails, tales and goings

off the rails for no good reason that

the normal ways to overcome this

absolute awe and thus awfully nice

torrent of abhorrent bile another

attempt to jump the turnstiles or

unleash an underbelly of so much
alternate version of aging

family files find fit to reveal

a non-amatory complaint

a chant beyond their ken

—my kin can't grasp that, alas,

no lass no lad no body

    no mind—

so though you may be keen to explain

to be one behind and active in campaigns

to caress the make, the rest of the clan

to unravel an analysis, a brotherly take

others still think otherwise

no less than wholly, no more than size

not led astray by words, deeds, or leads but

staid in their ways, with confidence of such

if gladly off the cuff while on the mark to find

threads of necessary needs, and mindful relations.
A Principled Precipice of Learning

It is indeed quite a steep drop
from
a Manhattan (or similar) loft
or a Matterhorn (or dissimilar) lift
or the Mad Hatter’s left over assembly
to
a teepee on the midwest plains
or planes of snow-melted intersections
or a plain teacup sans liquefied energy fields
that someone deigned to steep for discretion.

The fall can be foolishly frightful even fatal
and no fetal position or self-righteous pose
can warrant that sea of tranquility you chose
to seek, to desire, to aspire to navigate …
Confession of a Sentient Pedestrian

When I went blind I didn’t plunge into darkness. It was, in fact, a different kind of visual end. In transit between corners, from hedges to fences — in the middle of the crosswalk of our edges — my lenses were drawn toward a glow behind, an illumination which so grew in intensity that it soon fully occupied my field of vision and my eyes’ vision of the field ahead, now un-seeable. A great flash of white luminosity overcoming one? They say that’s the sign of death. So I must now be dead. Yes, my sense of sight was flooded with light, yet I can still hear myself asking out loud what’s going on, I can still smell the lilies, the asphalt, the air that flows, I can still taste the flesh on the bones of my fingers, I can still feel myself touching my eyebrows, my eyelids, my eyelashes, my eyeballs, and my I, my pensive self. And if I think, I am. And if I sense, even partially, I am. And I am partial to being.
High School Reunion

a fortress of forgetfulness goes making its way
flows faking forays into day unto night
through the gates of the realm
the plain of fluid existence
not subject to the vagaries of complex solidity
into the motional mode of being
the emotional wave of will
the object of so much force of desire
owing not to partial incursions
yet fully to favor the leaning toward all
totally tapping the freedom of flight
to savor to flavor to liquid results
Since You Asked

The question that continues to haunt me

is whether I should settle for a broad general answer

or insist on painstaking detail in the reply to my inquiry

regarding the art of choice to grasp this cosmic plan

such as plain words in a swirl or sounds twirling upward

or paintings of kings and queens of limitless domains

even panted athletes deigning to stake us to a lead

only to overcome dust and all in the ray-filled race

toward a kitchen of knowledge with its pots and pans

aching to cook up recipes dishes plates or commonplace

grub to assuage the hunger of those whose pains

are simply taking too long to dissipate or somehow

skate around the nagging issue of survival on this

pale blue dot.
(A) Bone to Pick

Odette was oh so disappointed to find that osso- was absent from her largest dictionary and even from lists of valid English prefixes with dozens of members from the plethora of anatomical and medical cases including omo- oculo- odonto- and the dreaded onco- to known numerical nodes like oligo- octo- and of course omni- with the dreamy oneiro- as an obligatory part of the overall onto- option assuring a straight call with ortho- along and then to verify that the plural ossi- remains alive and welcome was a bonafide affirmation of it

(Arthur was observing the on-goings noticing that any number of exotic prefixes were available but that the one truly desired albeit with reservations was not even as others offered themselves provoking preference to gesticulate in front of a mirror imagining gyrations to form shapes of large Os frozen in space & time and meaningful mime)
Sonorous, Sonority, Sonorization
for Ricardo Aleixo, axé

At Andrew’s, Andrea’s, and Alexandra’s Academy
the vector of voicing was verified as a useful distinction
when a virile visitor inquired of the bearded bursar if he
would disburse or disperse the monies he clearly should
and an unusual observer could not resist asking further
if there had been any actual intent to cast aspersions
on Persians or Pakistanis or others in diaspora
all while she did indeed purse her lips and let slip
this precious pearl of unthinkable linguistic diversity
this purseful of onerous seniority organization
of countless lines and items
A. was, though zanily, an actual person, a true entity, not a figment of any imagination, chimera, or fabrication of funny folk (humorists), much less a straw man, who (the real-life figure) enjoyed an admirable ability: to refrain from vague speculation, to retain falsehoods, to keep from guessing what paupers may play or beggars, which groups smell a rat, which invaders might lay traps, and certifiable strangers set forth unassailable logics, or guest relatives gush singular inner schemes while parents go ahead and decide between the familiar and the familial, private judgments of open ken with full freedom and joy, to be prosaic and proud of reunions of first and fraternal ciphers.
On the Verge of Epithalamium
M.F. was some sort of modern dramatist a kind of combination voice coach and counselor unable to vanquish the temptation to be seen and heard saying you can stand on ceremony or lie in waiting or simply sit on your hands but please stay gainfully aware that be you bereft of blatantly better options it remains rightfully preferable to lop a little logic off your largesseless alliteration and affirm with ardor—in these exact and very words—I’ll aim to amble down the aisle to urge her to go ahead and conclude the proceedings with the alacrity of an actress who can’t resist rest and the audacity of an actor so dedicated to his lore and craft that aft and fore melt within a vessel of aquatic merger  

_______
Z. was actually a character in a story, a novel, a narrative, maybe a movie, a film, a cinematic adventure, perhaps a drama, a stage play, a live spoken theatre production, who (the fictional personage) suffered a terrible compulsion: to utter the obvious, to speak the unadulterated truth, to shout the king has no clothes, to say the queen is a loon, the singer’s lost his nose, the neighbor belongs in a bin, the colleague’s struck a pose with no rational backing, the hostess has skin disease plural, while her daughter is in kin straits, for she’ll do anything to please the court of public opinion or of her lone son, since he’s addicted, to rhyme and reason and witless appeals to lost and last letters.
Buyer’s Remorse

And so the brew meister was driven
to no particular place but to say
he rues the day he invited a scribe of this era
a faux pale-ale head of crew
to grace the roll of convocation
In a rush did he act to take advantage
of all that accrues to those disposed
to supposed sacrifice or deferred grief
while failing in fact to realize a ruse afoot
the heist of given wisdom
the cruise that was not
the project sans water beneath
shifting sands & ampersands
Thus the final finding
the finishing line
vanquishing
vanishing
chimera
Her New Word Understood (w/ American Spacing)

apart from the extreme natural beauty of thunder
with lightning, the crashing wonder and energy of

rainbows arching over rows of blunderless corn
and columns for crows to roost, protest, or reveal

shocking paths of flights with plunder bins in mind,
it has been the word itself *asunder* driving her to raid

every staid reference to sites in sight, things *toto caelo*,
to divide inexorably what truly merits shredding,

what ails, like nails being yanked, a putting on rails,
or simply the neologistic voice of *detogetherment*. 
a prominent title
the haze of Gray’s Anatomy continues to hang
over the entire flat shelf
of tomes and their siblings,
of works about us, vessels,
global-point makers of art,
cartographies so diverse
that dartboards are nests
for martins purple flown
from down starting blocks,
tarts of sweet-and-sour
somethings to reward
each-and-every provenance,
a welcome wealth of lore
honoring gods, goods
and easy-going mates:
friends all, fates fallen free
Disseminating a Novel Class Plan (C. S. C)

On the syllabus of her most recently scheduled class, Prof. Cyrel S. Cyrylsky, sometimes known as Sybil—for the more than several personalities displayed—has indicated that soon she will shun any hint, or dint, of dissemblance; that she will choose to eradicate that, to erase serial traces of an erstwhile ailment related to out-of-tune lullabies; that she will dismiss any semblance of a lack of capacity to enunciate the full slate of sibilants (as cobras of this ilk really ought not seem to be disabled); that she will, in sum, evolve into a *nova scriptora* of sorts, the symbolic scribe, in effect, of a new chapter in this scintillating narrative.
Kent Drove Up in a Red Ford

Proceeded to park and to go up to his office
To consider selves bent trajectories and such
And simply went crazy upon the sheer realization
That a righteous rector had rescinded his license
To host the welcome-the-weekend sherry hour
A very merry gathering indeed culture learned
Somewhere in an ivy league of walls and dents
Rejected & dejected he resorted to cherry wine
A severely less prestigious libation indeed yes
Be it on holiday occasions or festive free-days
For that matter any end at all of fortnight frays
Now released from sartorial demands plus an
accoutrement or two or three of ascendance
ascension acquiescence
Intellectual Jousting (I’m Just Sayin’)

I. was a neighbor intrigued  
by a simple nominal fact:  
Neighbor was a real family name.

J. was a person amazed  
by a known etymology:  
Person derives from Latin for mask.

Struggling to grasp countless spores,  
studies in contrast, and more cyphers,  
I. introspected when the singer sang:  
“Imagine…”

Wondering why notes should be tied,  
signals allowed to stand for numbers,  
J. just rested to wait to hear someone:  
“…Justify”
<An Imagined Form of Reaction>
So some may want to say it's all beyond your ken—my ken in this case;
No can accept, I'm full ready to retort, I'm well wont to keep caring, to know, keen to overcome ails and all, and well this penetrating mind of mine will not veer off course nor careen to the side of the road of the way of the table for I'm unable to resist the caress of cognizance nor physiological reason I reckon, rise, reconnoiter, and return, installed in restive (near rowdy) activity to partake of the crowd, impartial or not yet to experience renal failure, arterial obstruction, lungs collapsed, or the like. Actually I like survival revival and the rest.
Memorial Daze
the days of wine and roses and
(the host his voice and chalice)
raises
are over and over
our thoughts are (in line) with the fallen
and speciously special spectators
who dine without fear sans fraught
the feisty talkers who feast on fame
and the road and kill of lame fowl
fattened and drugged by fast chains
so the fête is no sure bet nor appetite-whetting event: perchance the opposite
as brazen speakers writers declare
perhaps the contrary where
waiters could dare to suggest
maybe it's an anti-something (that)
we as an awed hence wounded troop
have yet outside the loop to grasp
the group that eats and drinks and
This Report Handed In and Defiled: #F Y I > I Y F#

D. & friends applied them-selves laboriously even tiring yet eventually they found their tried patience rewarded realizing that the rest of them could no longer resist as elder elbows were twisted his young arms arrested her thin wrists wrapped in loss plus their padded palms tied to feisty fingers with kneading knuckles uncut nails wrenched wrought wrung of each ‘n’ every ounce of platitude + sapience in order to rinse washed hands empty whole unable to hold:

First & foremost furthermore avers one of our most distinguished guests You singular + plural must concede that there are actual errors in syntax In petitions presented by Mr. Yvan Navy currently held to be one of the best—even including preowned opinions incomparable bias and fine prejudice—advocates for the changing of his y-curved name to a more palatable version

Ivan sought while in arrears Yearly monthly weeks days Forced reversal of the sin tax: the onslaught of impositions upon folks of such a different maze
Updating IBM slogans

Why not

[ THINK ]

in terms of desktop plaques,
appropriate servings of cool computational c-o-l-l-a-g-e,
and pads written upon in inklings of indelible pink ink?
Possible Ethical Word Deficiency

The alacrity with which you process animosity toward the fate of animal city may aggravate your Latinate condition—

*alexia sine agraphia*—

or prove to expose a related psychic blindness some sort of very visual *agnosia* so

my own meager migraine pain may soon or someday migrate in the direction of a land of grains of thought with an aura of metaphor for the recognition of reading & writing
Itinerary Update

and now to be remanded
to the start, the beginning,
and the principle of then,
of a voyage toward choice,
a voicing of selection, picking,
as it were,
the brightest fruits of feats
apt to express forward motion,
lines to redress negatives circles,
and best points to decide
for an epic of success
for an epoch of change
between time spreading widely
on planes set to figure
and space ticking slowly
through moments of passing
fin

fim

finale

the end & the and
Charles A. Perrone was born in the Empire State of New York, raised in the Golden State of California, last studied in the Lone Star State of Texas, and now past the semi-centurion stage still works in the Sunshine State of Florida. Different forms of his verse and related items (visual, musical) have appeared in each of those States,* as well as in Mexico, Brazil, and UK. This creative work includes the chapbooks six seven (Chicago: moria poetry, 2008) and Designs (Gainesville: Os Arcos Press, 2001). All sorts of links to poems published in print or on line: https://sites.google.com/site/caplandsite/

* [may also have been in a state of <anxiety, doubt, stress, confusion, uncertainty, panic, transition, elation, tension, unrest, disorder, fright, crisis, denial, rage, grief, mourning, emergency, shock, disbelief, grace, tranquility, deep sleep, sin, and, especially, mind, or the art>].

Moria Books

www.moria poetry.com