

# AMONGST FRIENDS

>> DANIELLE LAFRANCE

by purchasing proper ID  
nothing alien or qualitative nothing  
reeks human rights beyond a finger trigger  
but mockery//fold table napkin into  
pants presume a pattern of  
food mouth bite chew one two three  
four to twenty swallow paste  
excuse, stand and guffawed //  
our work should make us happy  
move mountains////Soldiers swapping spit  
and ferment and come back///  
///major the movements, still  
whistling. smell of sweat////ate the border  
refuse corpses. permanently wound with pus.  
refuse corpses. this shit (I understand,  
ain't it strange, Pygaar?) //

(friendly fire=even when you're with us you're against us!)

(note field)

... — — — ..... — — — ... (agency  
presumes sovereignty.) not broken  
but overly sensitive//pumping off  
its fokken sexy face//faltering next to  
violence or rotten what little remains  
of happiness/// ... — — — ...  
... — — — ..... — — — .....  
further asinine and realization  
of insanity. no borders!  
no borders! no lines to skip! Pygaar  
only our relationship of arid hate  
all water mad in the land of the king  
tracing artifacts/back their owner/////

///unfolding essential sloth///work isolates  
the central problem: no bodies body  
but mine//flows critically and invests

(bring the people to the people. to television painting the world its colour)

(note field)

troubles on our peregrinations  
Pygaar, is this slippage?  
crying an unusual musical/////rowing steady  
going round. blows us here and blows away//  
what disturbs identity, system, order?  
motives without/////some people say  
McDonalds is gangsta/////bum bumrum  
rumbumbum bomb bomb bomb bomb  
... — — — . . . . . — — — . . .

plum plum plumb/////things  
a network of strings. of stocky tenderness<sup>1</sup>/  
Why is farmed fishing so successful?//  
my friend with the authentic form my friend

When defining Nation around a better right to live.

all tiny matters metastasized (we are more)

---

<sup>1</sup> mes chagrins, mes plaisirs  
je n'ai plus besoin d'eux content is the most expensive part  
fury must account for bodies

feathered Pygarr plays tricks on someone:  
searing organic matter into artificial shapes. onwards the march has begun.  
safe together. read together. fuck together. all commodious drinking and  
rubbing our temples/complaining about stubbed ligaments/but we are all/  
okay. aberrated from the “daydream gratification of fiction.”

nous revenons toujours à  
même si follement grégaires  
dépravés et sommaires  
sont-ils dans l'attente?  
liés par des chaînes faites main?  
qu'est ce que l'impatience?  
des jambes qui tremblent  
une pause ténue  
captifs ou vaincus  
nous avons mangé leur coeur  
à un prix pardonnable

(Pygaar, mimicry is bad for you. Pygaar)

advocates (we are less)  
//// scrutiny coils notes and dates.  
what's the controversy behind salt? ribbon  
around a bomb linen and cotten rags,  
subjection mixing with altro suolo////preview  
no dialogue//////////every frame rephotographed.  
life as trilogy escaping misfortunes–half lectures/  
//down the conveyor belt. literature of biscuits/  
no political system suits workers//  
prostration and boredom.  
//did you know my boyfriend comes  
from the Himalayas? // Look, a boo boo!  
I can only extend so far until I cut off his arm too!  
/perversion. subject///emerge!  
picnics and bits of freedom are a novelty.  
sale of blank legitimizes consumption. let us grow  
old together . . . — — — . . . . . — — — . . .

(Pygaar, the day we met was the day we failed)

I want to be an egg again! And I want to  
come first! destinations are realized at the  
edge of the rim. no there are no  
cameras/////one thousand five  
hundred locked up in glass showcases  
everyone else will see your things.  
everyone else will touch your things more  
than you ever did/////so abolish the long  
flowing fire of alternate histories.  
history died in a swath of dense liberalism  
let us never forget our failed missions//we died  
in cooperation not competition///  
//propagate gun fire against sparse buildings/////////  
... — — — · pause · ... — — — ...  
////suppose I slice the hand that feeds me?

(Pygaar, my thoughts are with you, my very best thoughts)

push enough this time  
push enough, tempered Pygaar, this is  
systematic robbery, fool!///the police  
man is my father and he's sad// //to see  
smashing the state puts the food in  
my mouth to chew.....is this noise as loud  
as it is inside my head?  
(shhhhhh) Pygaar, nail me to progress!  
inverted sign is speaking, and it is "joyful"  
... — — — . . . . . — — — . . .  
(shhhhhh) rooted in torpor where  
sleep is state we want engage in  
bit///of wanking///approval rate this shoulder  
real apostasy occurs as an aperçu  
Pygaar, why can't we make love?  
hard for me to read gesticulation  
with hand in mouth