

STEVEN ALVAREZ

jars

decided to store it in half-pint wide-mouth jars in the corner of the garage
foresight for newly technologized waste
decided
golden hair
materialize it into hair
spin it like wool
spinning plan fell through
starving striker living in downtown in this postmodern-department store age
so make a few bucks on the side w/ the picket on
“a drink?” the lone bowler asked
had never seen the lone bowler up close before
smelled like marble dipped in blue shit syrup & brandy & trash
“certainly.”
on the house the first motherfucking customer
tastes like apple cider w/ a bite the lone bowler wrote to me later in a
 handwritten note
decent stationary
initially difficult to fill single half-pint wide-mouth jars completely during
 one sitting
solved this problem by drinking more water & tons of coffee
quench the thirst
possibly churn it into butter
butterbutterbutterbutterbutterurinebutterbutterbutterbutterbutter
perhaps queso?
certainly
yesterday & day before that several comrades collected jars of it
going jellyfish hunting on the open seas
filled number twenty-one
do something else productive while bottling jars
construct tree diagrams of sentences using Chomsky’s formulae for
 generative grammar
the lone bowler returned one day enquiring of that letter
received yes

shook hands asked for a hug
offered
thanks
stench of breath reminiscent of cooked cabbage & old bus seats
pushed away & gave another half-pint wide-mouth jar on the house
latest plans
problem w/ it into wool is that it slips through the fingers
jars stacked in the corner of my garage nearest the wheelbarrow &
workbenches
Francine the amateur body builder drinks it as an energy supplement
says it tastes like grape juice w/ a punch
she can lift more than three-hundred pounds over her head w/ it juicing her
system
neighbor from P— inquired for a clean half-pint wide-mouth jar to store his
preserves
no sale
buy a jar then wash it out
okay okay
Francine's suggestion to create my work & worth
"splash it onto a canvas or whatever the hell you do"
it's been done
forty-first jar is always the most difficult jar to fill
diagramming a sentence this morning & forgot what a prepositional phrase
(PP) separates into
a preposition & a noun phrase (NP)
four nice children from the neighborhood stopped by to show their support
"fucker."
"shit face."
"you sick son of a bitch."
they purchased six jars for their upstanding families
the redeeming coolness of the half-pint wide-mouth jar glass
jar number fifty looked more red than usual
too much cabbage not enough spinach
work was really coming along
don't create on behalf of science or to attain celebrity status
challenge of filling each half-pint wide-mouth jar to the brim strives for
innovation
thought occurred that it might do more than quench the world's
multiplicities of thirsts

political implications of it far exceed those of nuclear warheads
world's tracts might unite & form a more perfect cohesive social existence
also considered the literary ramifications
that acquaintance from P— sd it tasted like scrambled eggs
plans for queso
asked if ever thought abt converting it into fabric
yes
remorsefully
envelops everything in a network
bitter wind made its way into my garage
half-pint wide-mouth jar number sixty-four
number sixty-five consider the literary
what cd envelop us more?
what networks kiss best?
not it?
jarring networks is not it?
“certainly.”
shook twice after answering bc pride for a few more drops for number
seventy-one
nice neighborhood children returned
asked for more half-pint wide-mouth jars
sd their families thought it tasted like margaritas w/ extra salt
two cases
never ask abt their money
future plans for business
how to exploit local families
consider making jellies
considered
wasn't in the business of making money like once thought
an aesthetic operation
magic designed as a mediator between this ... hostile world & us
the lone bowler returned to tell me abt life
“sky moved world shook & it truly opened my eyes.”
the lone bowler had begun writing poetry & children's books
the lone bowler offered a check
check reeked of stale fish & rancid milk
respectfully declined
on most literal level
something which is itself

& yet stands for or suggests or means something else ... in daily life also
what about things expelled in daily life?
shouted filling half-pint wide-mouth jar number eighty-nine
dreams of it changing the world quickly spilled out
jar number ninety
high time to find a real income supplement
applied for the management-training program at the bank
accepted on account of business know-how & can-do attitude
application they told me later read like poetry w/ a working-class artistic
thrust
dispose of excesses
cut losses
poured all of it down kitchen sink
neighborhood children bought the last half-pint wide-mouth jars
parents thought it a cure for pregnant ailments
approached it w/ its layers of meaning but when I touched it
it changed into only a beautiful princess
dragged the princess headfirst down to Donald
drink it w/ a donut
Donald explained to her
damned good for dipping
she sd thanks & sd consider the fabric & queso business
like motor oil w/ a jerk