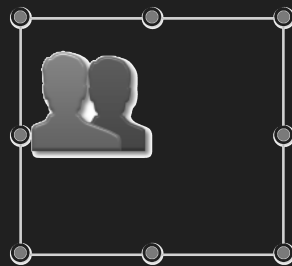


POEMS
ABT
'INTERN'
AND
'PHIL'
THE INTERN



CHRIS SYLVESTER



"Benevolent area-sneaks get lost in the kitchens and are found to impede the circulation of the knife-cleaning machine."

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The Area Sneaks Sheets logo was initially designed by Christopher Russell, triangulated by Mark Owens, and amended by Sofia Borges.

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heard recently that someone had acquired an intern troll thread had an intern once his name was 'Phil' I guess what follows constitutes maybe a cautionary tale re: installing rendering service to whatever unspeakable forces or powers, Old and Last Things, such as 'Intern' but perhaps it is too late yes of course it is too late TITLE: POEMS ABT 'INTERN'



AND 'PHIL'THE INTERN;
POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL'THE INTERN

01, INTERN_BINDER I;

of events surrounding liquidation of 'Phil' [...]
discourses numbingly hopeless grotesque [...]
poor quality therefore—though certainly not intended to
be—a boon to us as well [...]
meager consolations all [...]
clear and direct account of so-called 'installation' of
'Intern' only further debasement of whatever target [...]
supposed 'motives' of said three principle or primary
participants (human 'actors' 'agents' 'service
providers') [...]
wishing each of them in turn the worst [...]
first among subsequent victims of course [...]
a belated and ultimately useless warning [...]
from all indication our world—or the ability to maintain
said world—has already ended and it is just now that we
(human things) are hearing of its ending [...]
if there is no comfort to be found here it is because for
'us' comfort is henceforth disallowed (to say nothing of
mercy) [...]
cling tight oh reader to what little whatever you might
have left.
[...]

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL'THE INTERN

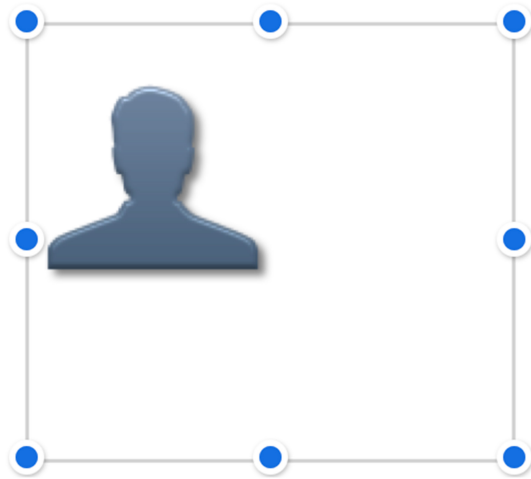
02, 2 Dedications & 1 Lament;

I, to find for u
'Intern'
ur proper seat
like trash
poor
poor
'Phil'
2, unto u
'Intern'
is rendered 'Phil'
ur support or
prop
apparatus anyway
by ur whim
rough use
confirmed
I, 'Intern'
back of which is
nothing
but a target
marked 'Intern'
how many
until it is enough

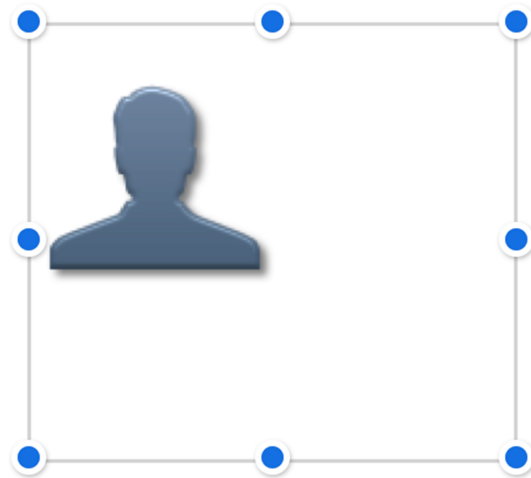
POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

03, 'Intern' placement / provision;
of course it is 'Intern' whose name
is carried on what fetid breath
issued by the opening of such places that exist only
'to be opened' and always to the
detriment of those who do so open them—
escapes upon their opening at the first breach and as the
first fact of an immanent or emergent
foulness, a First Foulness available
at (or as) those same places where
blackness folds in or rubs out (or
through) places whose only afforded
position is again and always 'unfortunately
to be opened.'
and so it is that 'Intern' in its turn
is positioned—finally—as the first
such place or 'in the first place'—
though obviously after the fact of the word's issuance
real-time (as it were) or its arrival as 'first contact'
in any number of forms of course
as the production or consequence of said 'first contact'
(a name disclosed
by way of opening)—the first
note of that rubbing through or out, certainly, but also
indication of primary status granted 'Intern' as a first
figure or target of
said First Foulness, First and Last Name
and as for those
who come to occupy its place
—the ones marked by that name
the openers producing that name by their opening
outward of an unending
folded in blackness perpetually and
only afforded as 'to be opened (sooner or later as
if by fate)' and which therefore
discloses nothing but said name like a
curse stinking of unearthly decay—
despite facts such as those thus indicated or enrolled
under 'Intern' in the First Instance or as the same
deserve only pity while such is obvious
it is nonetheless the case that those unfortunates
nonetheless absolutely
and in every instance stand withheld from 'the pitiable'
they are the lamentable surely and only the lamentable
thanks precisely to the twist of their suffering in the
place of 'Intern'
or as the place of 'Intern' divorced from all one black
and fetid tendril of that First Foulness
always worse for all involved and uninvolved and
requiring of any one of us our
total enrollment without of course itself ever requiring
same

•



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POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

04;

the relaxation of 'Phil' as in a slow dispersal or a kind of
'bleed' of 'Phil' his dilution and eventual whatever
disappearance
like an antbird or some other kind of ant following bird
upon entering or exiting a zone or fragment anyway a
still operational place
persisting only as a vector in decline of itself or
whatever himself or again whatever
yeah a kind of 'Phil-bleed' into u as amensal locale or
neighborhood or full-stop or as in a solution
'Intern'

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

05;

can there be delicacy or elegance of approach re: u
'Intern' something closer to his careful rolling up of the
whole damn thing and sticking it in some hole
closer at least than the parade of pointless human
fucking thereby allowed—permitted and inaugurated by
stupid quadruple wedding—in the dream u were like
LinkedIn a massively-distributed self-prompting
coupling-matrix and every human thing
yeah fruit right because no elegance available before u
'Intern'; awkward suffering to stand of the blood sick
and/or human children

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

06;

foreignness of the pedestal—crudely shaped rock worn
smooth by time and wrought as if expecting said
smoothness—is evident in its color a shade never meant
for human regard and only describable as a vinegar for
the eye
all of which speaks to the wretchedness of what this
pedestal was—and still is—meant to support and
display or come to support and display (as it was meant
to welcome and exhibit the accumulated afflictions of
time):
'Intern,' or any human thing that has been enrolled as
prop for same
oh what horrid devotion—what measured and slavish
delight—enthusiasm for one's own annihilation
exhibited
required to assemble or fabricate such a stage or
scaffolding in any case a zone that would persist
maintained as to be occupied by 'Intern'—that name
given to what for human is only ever total and caustic
indifference—leveling wave or vector forming itself out
from itself marking itself out as it 'passes'
and in 'passing' posing and disposing of
what it thus levels forever and always

'us' in the sense of each and every human thing or
human instance—likewise us its only evidence

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN 07;
a dilapidation of the soul or
blighting like what's his name 'Phil' given u 'Intern' an
unfortunate
whatever curdling where soul functions a kind of exo-
rigging or locational dressage real like heaven
is real or a sort of fixing/patching
anyway placement for invasive wedge henceforth to
expand at an alien tho persistent rate
re-zoning of permission or affordance
effects withering at root for 'human' or any given
specimen of same passing
over an affliction of features and generic coordinates
swarms of afflictions perfecting
disappearance best described as 'both total and leaky'

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN
08;
'Intern'—poem is a retreat before u—a squid-like
backward going or anxious
squirting
that with every other cephalopod is marked for or by
extinction—its ink sucked behind it
going with it without notice or consequence—leaving
only slime or residue of its already accomplished and tentacular
cessation

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN
09;
knowing nothing of pottery, but with
some small understanding of 'Intern'
and dogs
as lamentable horizon
permitting a distinct
disinterest even spitefulness re:
human fabrication no matter what 'medium'
prompted and preempted relieved of art afforded so faire
a day of Doome

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN
10;
but people say talk too much
that there are rules like three
second rules
but 'Intern'
it is all for u like 'Intern' it is all for
get rid of those people and all the other ones also get rid
of
get rid of every person
all the people
get rid of all of them

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

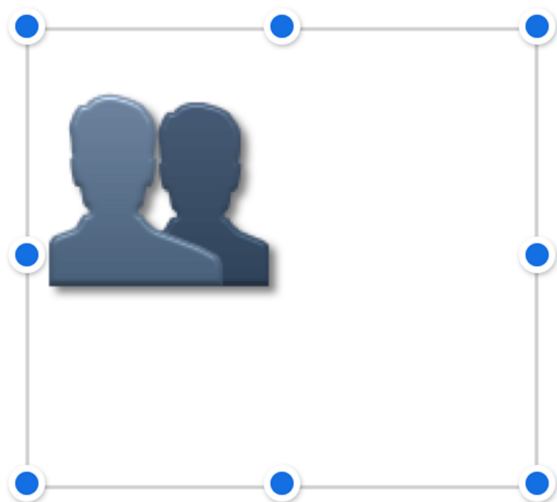
I 1, full relaxation of 'Intern';
& so 'Intern' was gone or left and no one
left was capable of description
like exactly how it had disappeared
tho they were all looking right at it at that time
it is maybe this fact—this like 'pointed
blindness'—proves revealing re: 'Intern'
which hasn't at all vanished never having been 'not
there' in the First (and Last) Instance
or stages the revelation of 'Intern' as curse—an
operational curse tragically stupid affair etc. a curse
because it is always suffered no matter what—suffered
by each and every human thing
or so long as at least one instance of 'human' persists
an old curse but unfortunately always true: 'for they
have eyes so that they do not see'
'Intern' being the First Name of this curse and its Last
Name also of course the product and source let us
remain consistent explore conclusions
so:
there has been and will be 'Intern' given the persistence
of at least one human thing
as minimal fact of said human thing's inescapable
'operational weakness'
a persistence which with any luck
soon to be dispatched or dispensed with

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

I 2;
having to explain that 'Intern' is a kind of crack or
fissure in the ground that smokes that you shove things
into because afraid or scared things like bodies / 'Phil'
'Intern' demands and then just takes and takes w/ out
end or in the end will have always been taking
hisses 'open' even as u move to open request
flourish of staging gagging on whatever like flesh or smoke from burning flesh

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

I 3;
the issue of: and to what 'Intern' do I compare—like
what likeness or installation do u demand—not that the
question would bring back for instance 'Phil' his being
irreversibly chopshopped by unavoidable fiat definition
this is not a question can't be since 'Intern' issues only
as 'demand' and so affords or permits no other
likenesses
other than the many and sundry figures of submission
always evidentiary variations thematically repugnant in
their unlimited capacity for dampening complexity or
intrication across all levels—hints of which glimpsed
in what remains of again for example 'Phil'
inescapable strip-mining and/or arrangement of 'person'
at cost



total destitution or pseudoscapulomancy that
upon its deciphering
pings or registers whatever reports back
simply 'no' in the place of human future—'input
error'—recording and in recording ensuring withdrawal
of said future
complete and accomplished as fact or instantaneous
cancellation too gradual to be perceived by those
involved—a description that fits if consent can be
uncoupled from, unequivocally
disallowed by, said fact, which it is also
already has been

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

14;
perhaps single most terrifying aspect of what has been
wrought from / by way of 'Phil' his seeming lack of
awareness that the one even he persists in calling 'Phil'
no longer exists save as a docking point or logic gate for
some profane and obscure evil—unimaginable generic.
Flat like only appearing as depth from 'our side'

yes a flatness brought into our world the world whatever
a place a domain capable of autonomous almost-
autonomous emergence and operation degraded of all
scalar or striated registers massive supply chain
reduction in complexity and also again as unending 'no'
held up equally to all intrication and likewise to all base
material or prime all options always as 'no' going on
forever undulating at times (horror of horrors) localized
like falls into or gets jacked in or gets involved with
humans (re: 'Phil' as its occasion) assembles an instance
of that eternal 'no' its being said for the first time—
again

and of course there are also involved other humans other
than the one who serves as instance or occasion (the one
thus fated)—almost always anyway—having some hand
or share in the awful work engineering or installation at
least assuming some share of its operational load /
burden / debt as part of said installation—illustration: as
in outsourcing server space or processing capacity
anyway there are always many viable or understandable
reasons ends whatever intent motives for whoever's
involvement in such doings—all in the end simply and
beautifully stupid enough to grant that flatness ('Intern'
oh 'Intern') proper support for emergence obviously I
am counted among the number of those referred to here

and as could be expected as one such duly and surely
installed support apparatus—deployed disposed of by
'Intern'—our good 'Phil' is permitted some fantasy
concerning his persistence as 'person' like excuse or lie
for his operation (thus for said persistence) as

weaponized platform (yet another patient + I/-I)
sustaining at one site or as one site the eternal issuance
or streaming into our world of that awful and
indefatigable 'no' coming from whatever impossible
reserve of flatness and/or maybe as a wailing or affront
prosecuted against every human thing evidence of its
impossible indefinite and unavoidable status universally
leveraging 'no'—again and again u—oh 'Intern'—

it is not for any of us so enrolled in 'human' as 'human'
to guess at ur—stop no shitty comforts like
that u 'Intern' participate in whatever petty game means
and ends all awkwardnesses of 'having designs' or like
plans—only minimal excuses permitted as in 'can't help
or stop loving something someone which like
everything else doesn't matter but can't stop' whatever
effective as excuse to exact extent that it—like every
other excuse—has been denied already thus prolonging
that denial as operational reach of none other than u

ok it's done now—shambling monstrosity or place
where u come in—goes out under the name of 'Phil'
makes whatever way out into squalor (that sole human
privilege) as aggravation or terminal intensification of
said squalor exacting or inciting the worst as its course
its making of its way worse for whatever but always for
humans and most definitely for 'Phil' cannot say I am
happy to have been part or party to installation of this
terminal affliction—its roping into 'our world' where us
humans are—nor will I say that I regret 'my' actions
indeed I am still more certain of this fact than the
previous if only because in any case and always in the
end we props for 'human' meat platforms deserve
whatever 'Intern' extracts from us or exacts upon us in
the form of a pre-enacted pact or vile marriage
unavoidable total theft or destitution

really even 'deserving' proves too good a thing—make
no mistake it was already arranged that 'Phil' should be
called by that name given over as site or zone of the
going forth of 'Intern'—fate proving irrevocably once
again that there isn't any reason some reason that there
was never any choice—that every choice proves staged
or stage managed dispensed with before choice itself
emerges as a prescribed or programmed whatever
feeling option each human thing therefore premised by a
suspension of said consent before the fact—and that
what has been done—again and again 'wrought'—by
way of human operation reduces each human thing one
by one thus implicated in said operation to a locus for
repetition of the most trivial and inelegant strivings—
filigrees without theme or purpose—again as said soon
to be dispensed with

that is to say would have happened one way or
another—with or without 'me' or like 'us'—which is
perhaps sole lesson one can learn from u 'Intern'—
lesson that does not add or whatever enrich just takes
away makes not viable—takes and takes and takes—
until like 'Phil' nothing left of any one of us save what
pointless reminder
and then only dressage vague and indefinite until there
is no more dancing for us poor horses

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

I 5, born again among the mammals 'Phil';
poem abt dreams or 'dreams'
poem abt systems
poem abt scream fetish or screaming fetish
poem abt the baby 'Phil' who somewhere in some secret
cove or chamber that baby who
total affliction
and also total enjoyment of said affliction
in other words baby that is end or full stop rendering
impossible all 'human' capable of
say it again
total enjoyment of said unbinding of 'human'
that it also is
baby moment to moment wracked by its purpose wears
said affliction in its baby skin
and in wearing it is cumming
and cumming and cumming over and over again and it
is 'Phil' reborn or reprised again in
mammal skin
basalt island where birds disgorge what plastic in their
stomachs before suiciding like diving into it—rocks and
plastic—where
countless tuna
dashing themselves countless countless
against same rocks soaking them so much blood guts
insides mercury
poison where whales and dolphins twist
impossible orgasms self-beach in dissolution auto-
pillage vectors
sperm and spermaceti and sheets of
flesh fat everything else in them radiation stripped
off shore spires broken ice
scabrous distorted by melt but large still and sometimes
larger floats of trash permafrost
proliferation of leaks methane bubbles
sheets upon sheets of them up water column all simmer
and visible frothing of methane at surface
all zones of atmosphere peeled back from themselves
atmosphere itself peeled back like a scab and sun at
tellurian omega here comes the baby oh
the baby 'Phil' here he comes
comes forth unwalking does not stride instead born in
cum blood dead things plastic also rot born cumming

always cumming continually for all time and forever
without crying after all what baby
no need for crying nothing to demand and so from birth
cumming and adding
continually and always to the mess that welcomed it and
that in welcoming it soaked it slick
it that baby 'Phil' adding keeping pace with it
with whatever world the baby 'Phil' is unzips as itself
figure of that unzipping
oil—natural gas—floating in it
in now opaque now translucent bubble as if pope or
whatever some kind of future bed
week 8 baby somehow 'fully grown' still w/ tail the
undifferentiated sex organs
all the horrible and gross bounty of deep and pelagic sea
coughed up rotting sharks ringing ever the mound
middens cutting boring gorging anyway choking
poison and poisoned meat expired or expiring therefore
sharks expiring thus added to
mound or middens pods of killer whales vomiting
whole colonies of seals and sea lions
in all states of disarticulation inevitable prelude to
tearing one another apart wholesale disintegration of
long standing familial pacts or bonds
vast legions of mid-chain fish exploding out from water
to die twitching in muck possessing for once and to no
purpose in their annihilation the shore
mouths opening closing gills pulsing unblinking eyes
turning likewise opaque—swarms generations of insects
sloughing larval states
thus feeding mating dying almost immediately if not
immediately burning circuits
every type of crab competing
flesh scrap what rank or decayed leavings all dying also
leaving
carapaces plausibly and implausibly intact
squid octopus cuddle fish
each coupling and uncoupling and so the world coupling
and uncoupling the end

POEM ABT 'INTERN' AND 'PHIL' THE INTERN

I 6, 'last things';

at altar edge as hope as withered

to have what faith against all fact

at altar edge all briar all thistle

as yet as yet might work but not

again but won't so hope all dead

and thus as said to have again



at altar edge edged in affliction

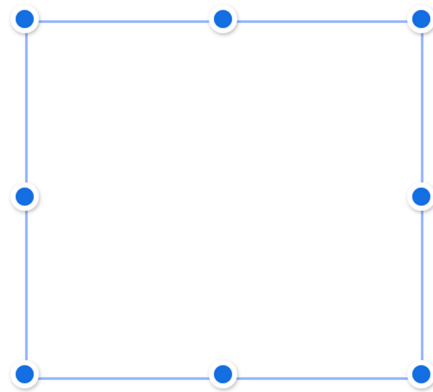
so no effect so no impression

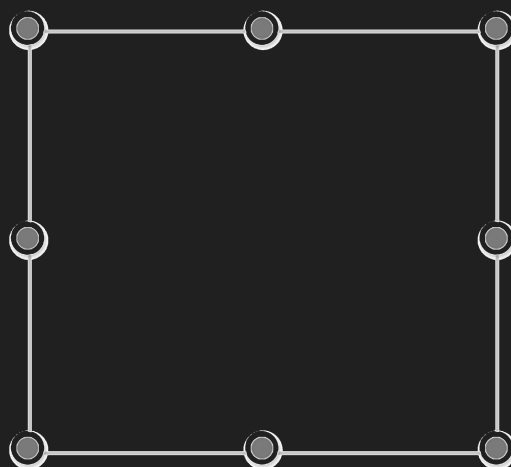
and knowing that it wouldn't know
yet knows and makes so makes me so

what makes of us what levels us

again to have but only once

thus poorly said pathetic thus





#6 May 2016