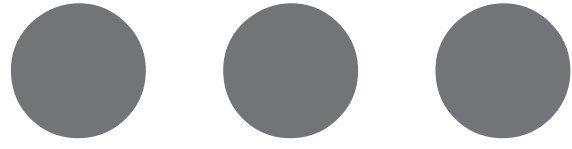


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## **IMPULSE**[b:]

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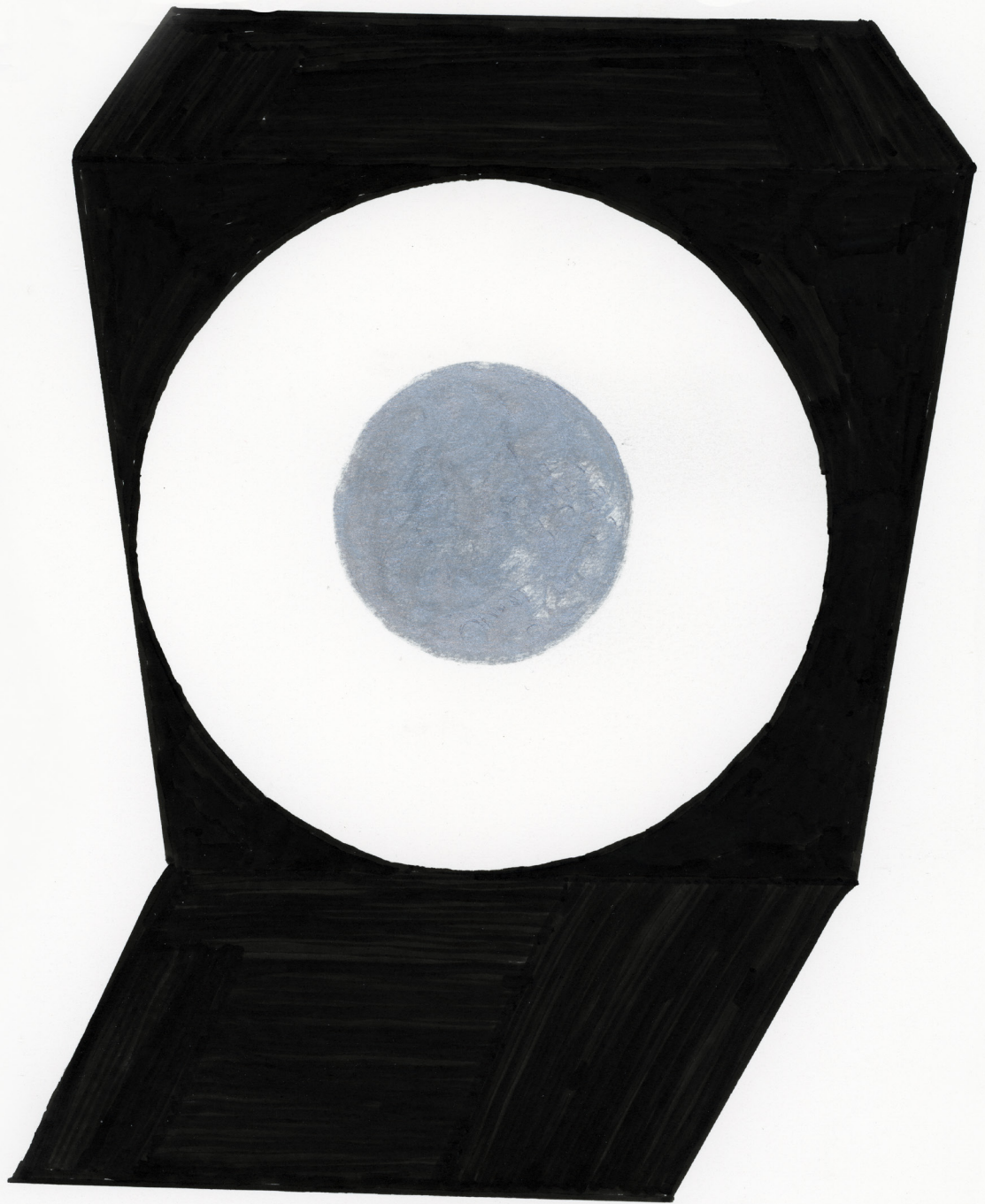
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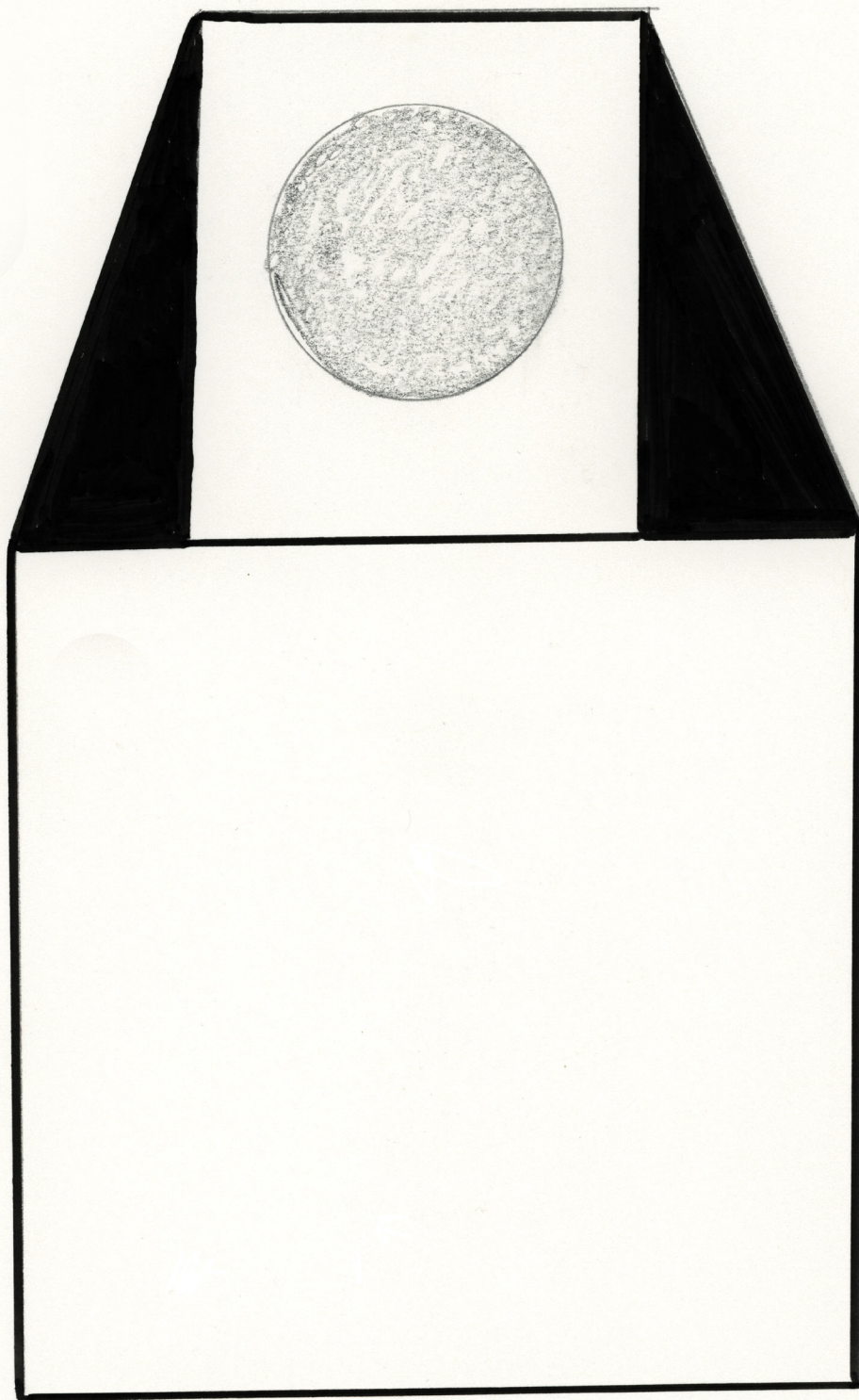
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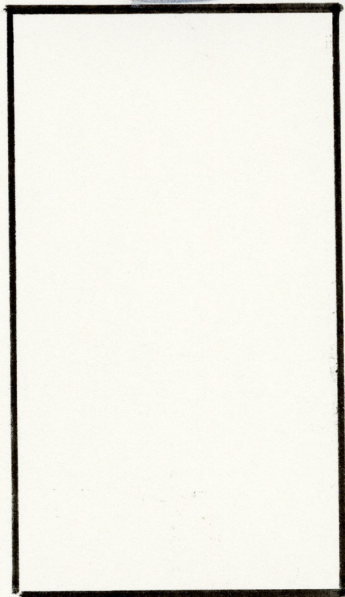
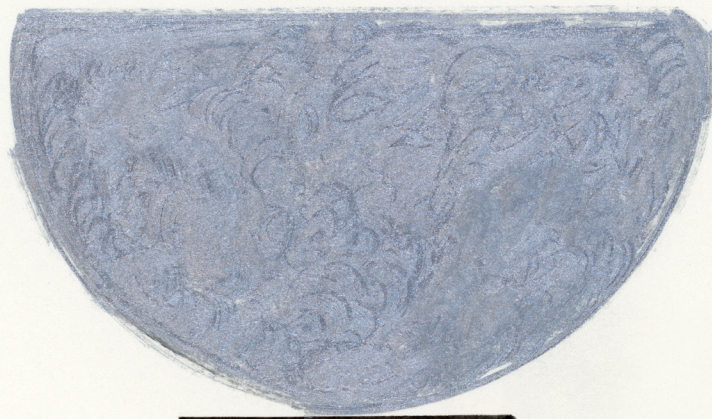
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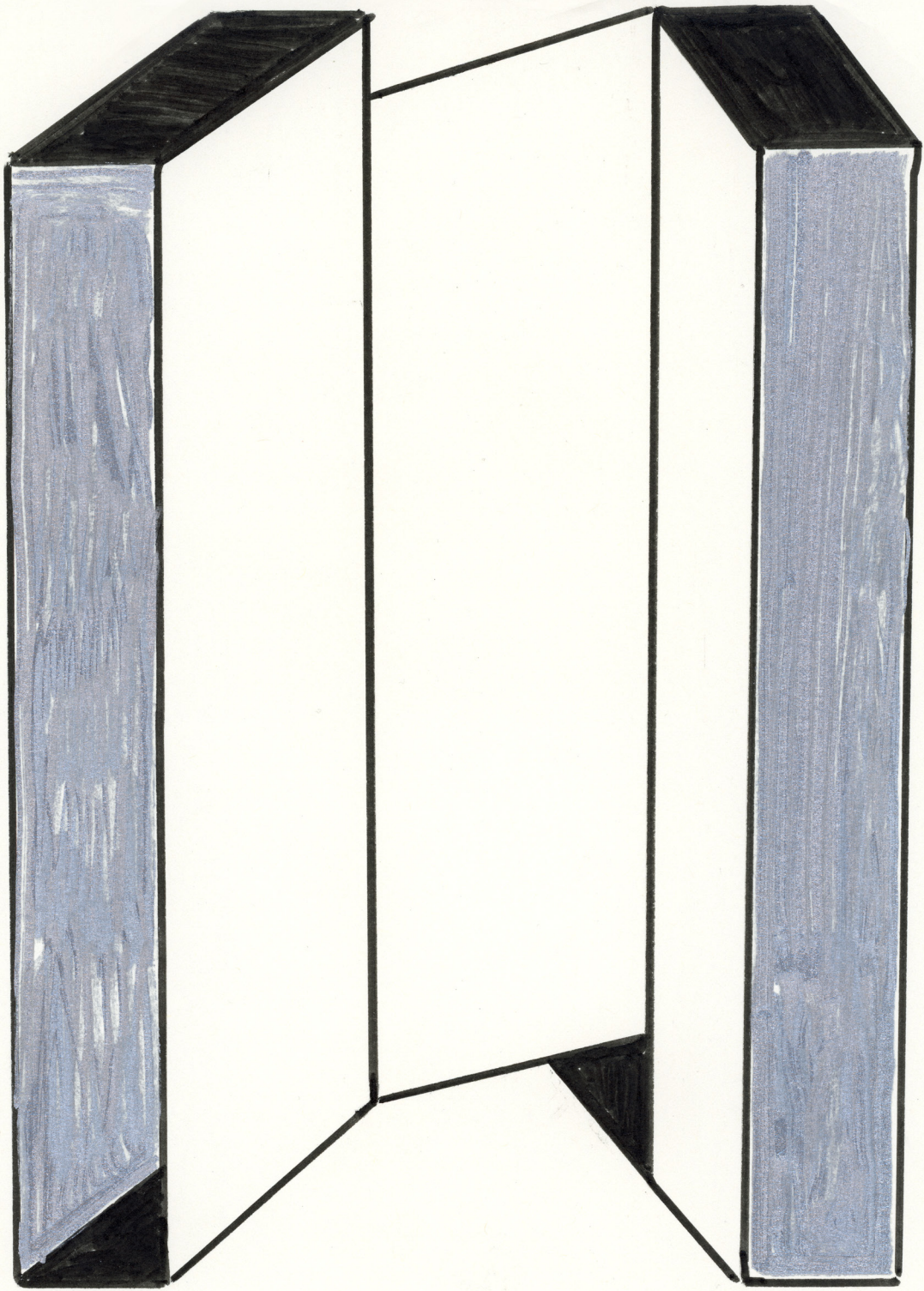
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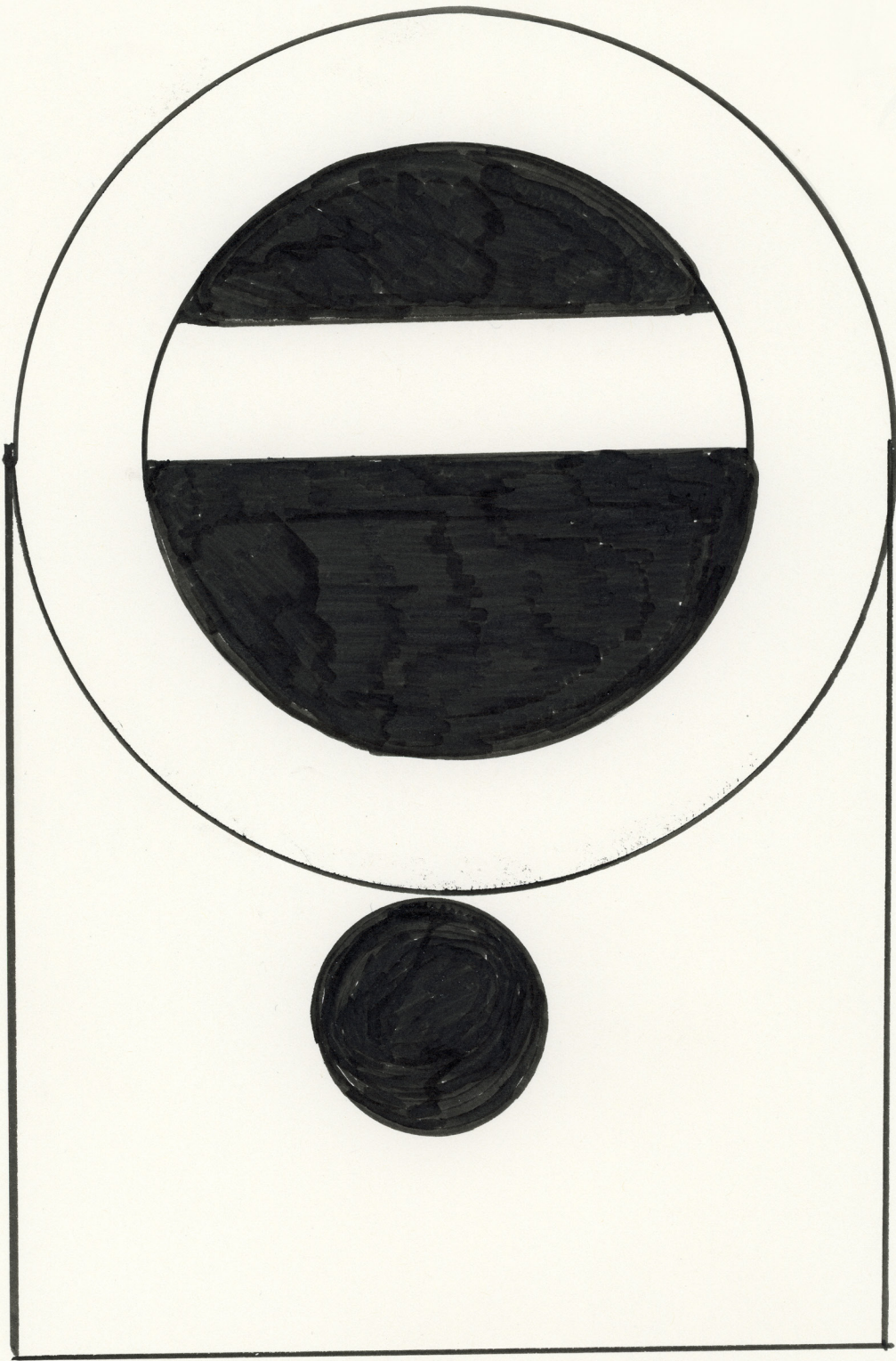


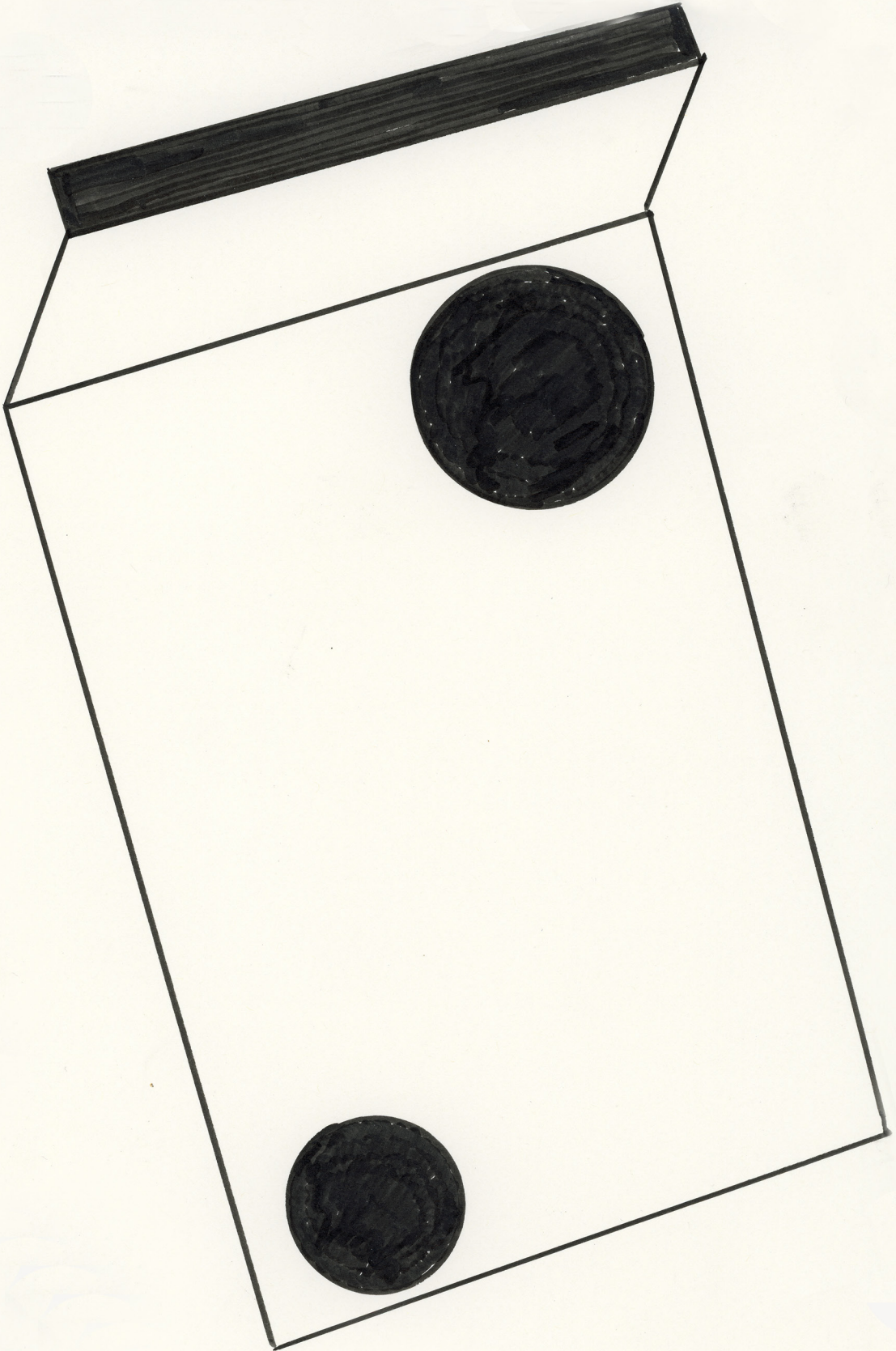


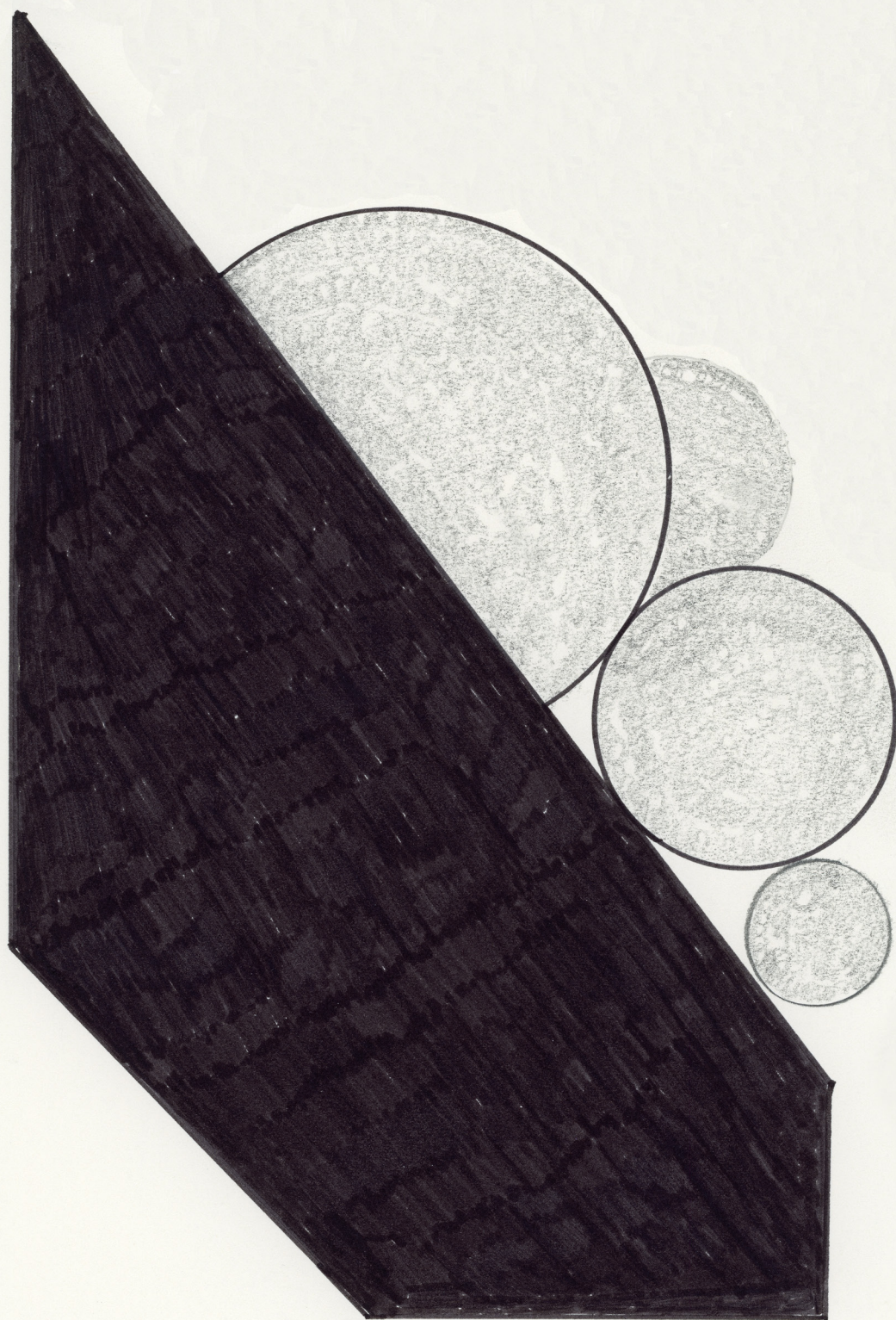


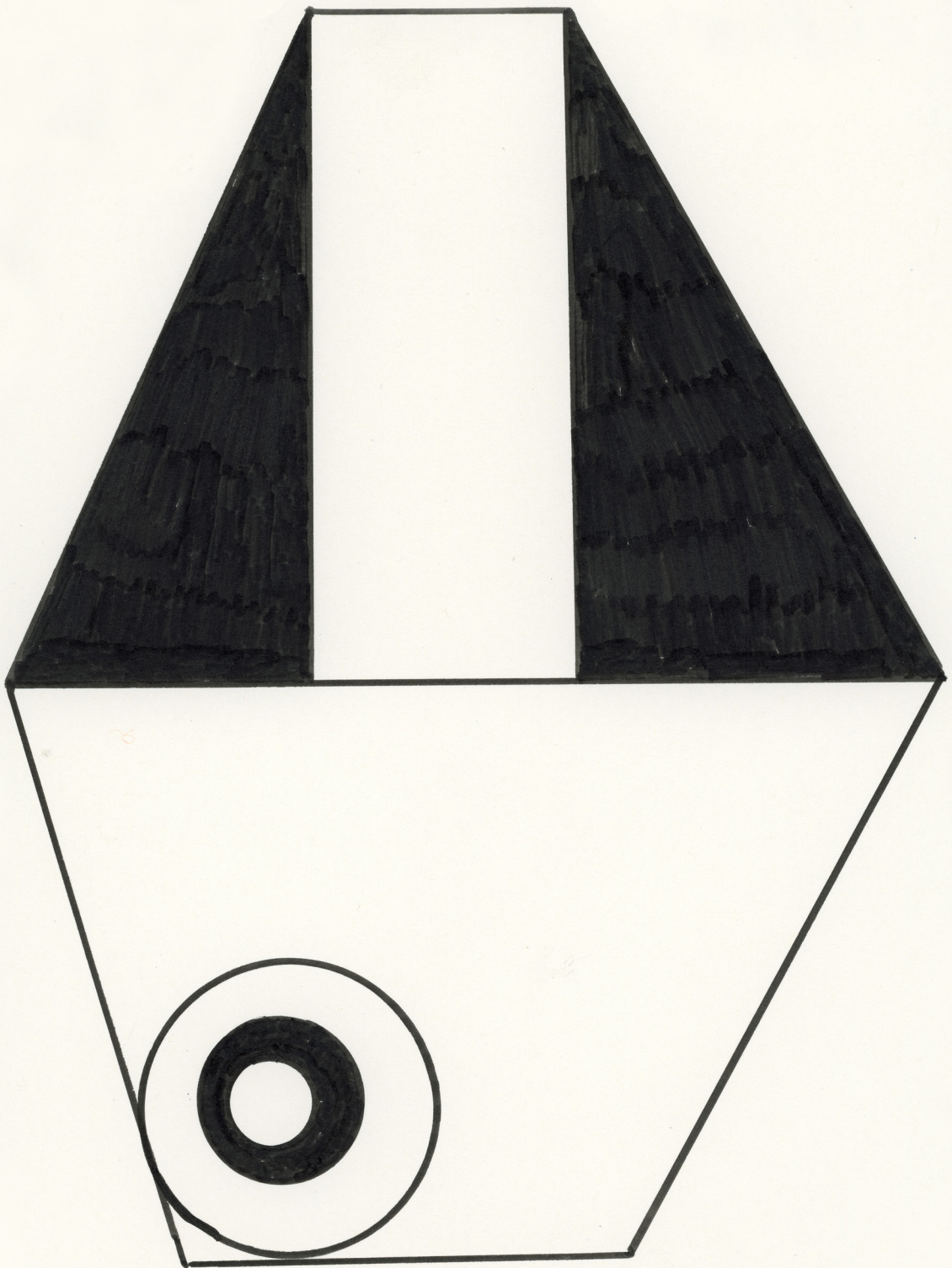


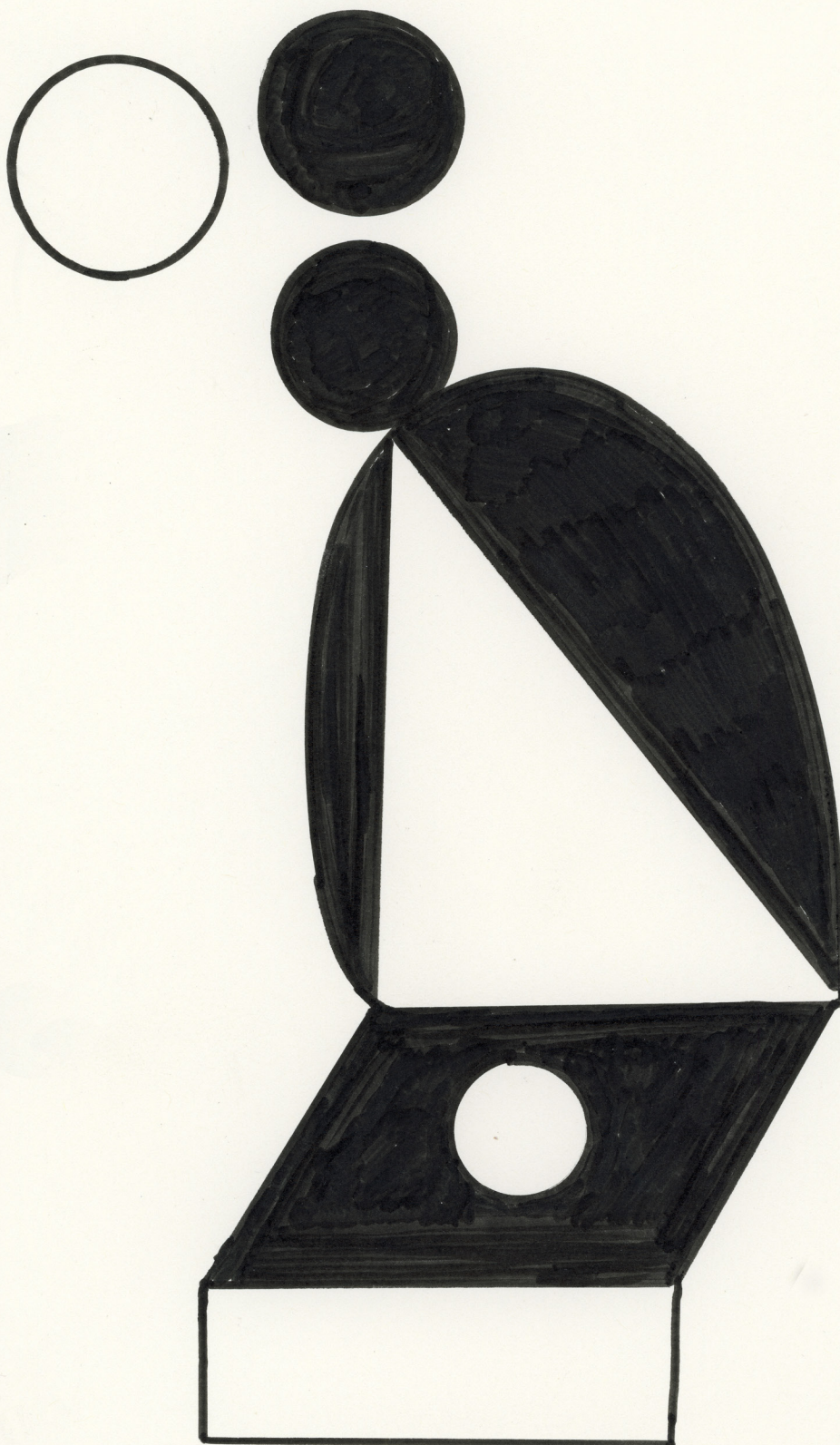


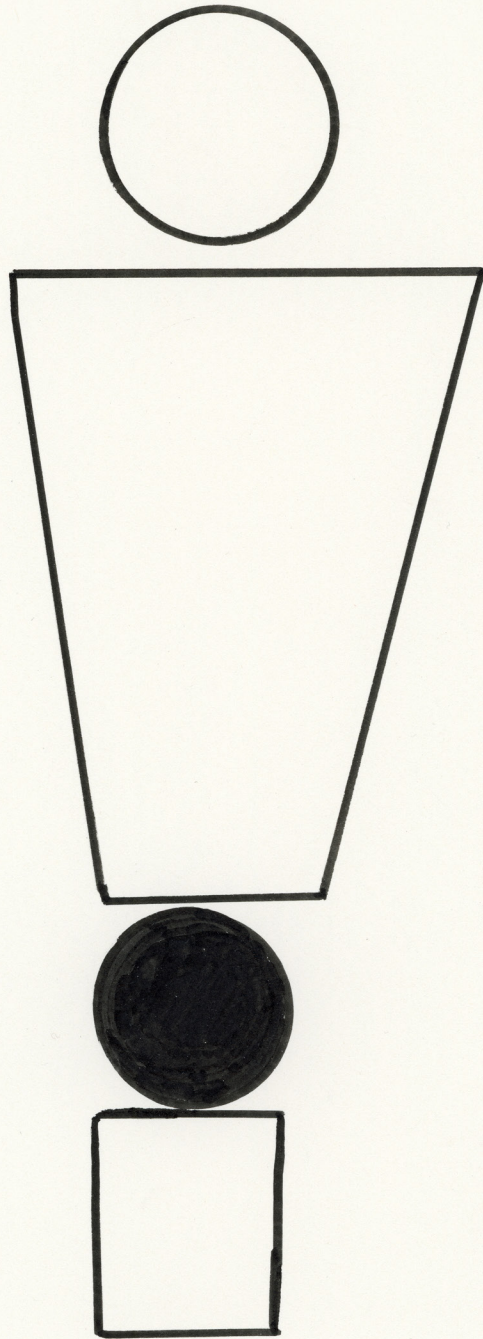


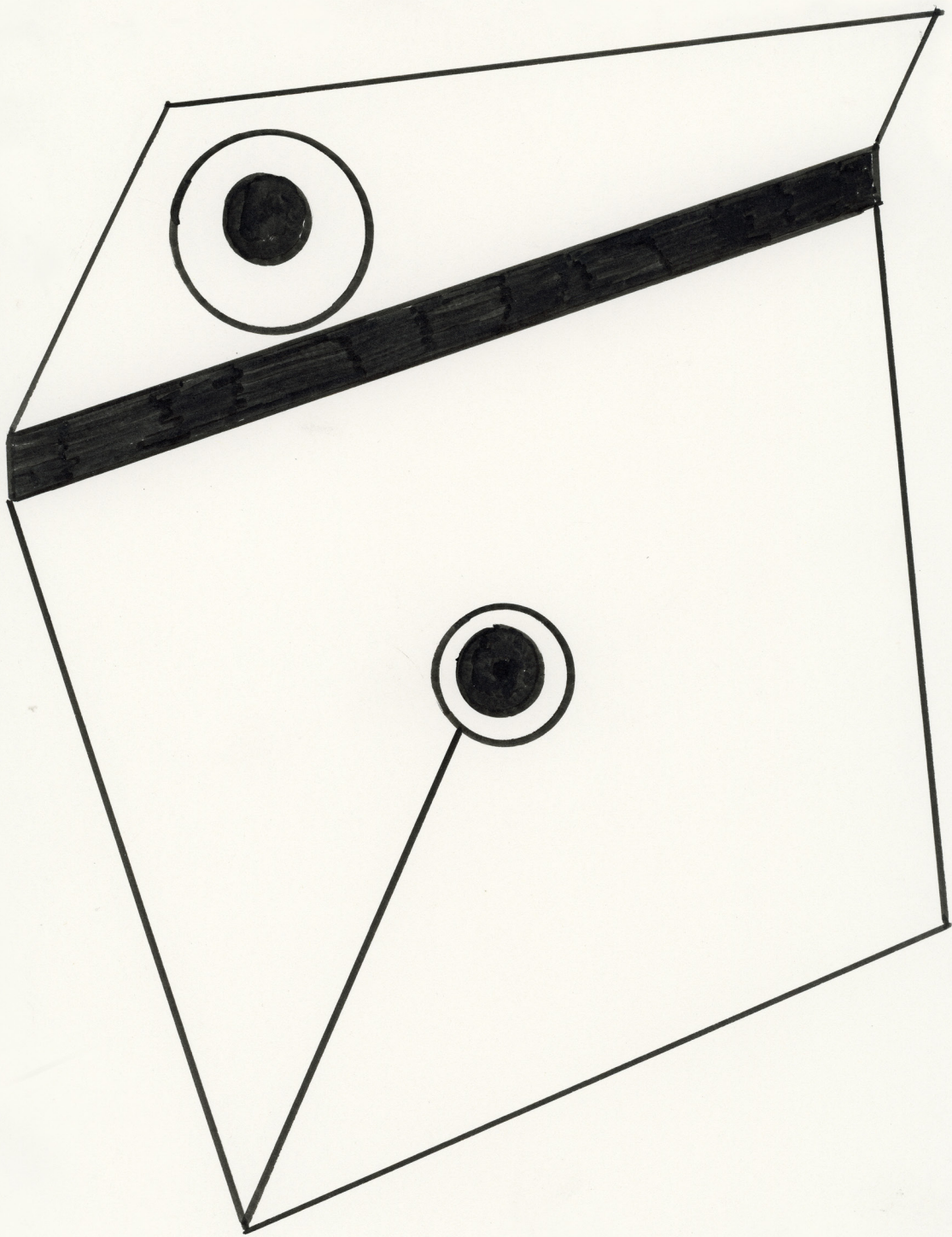


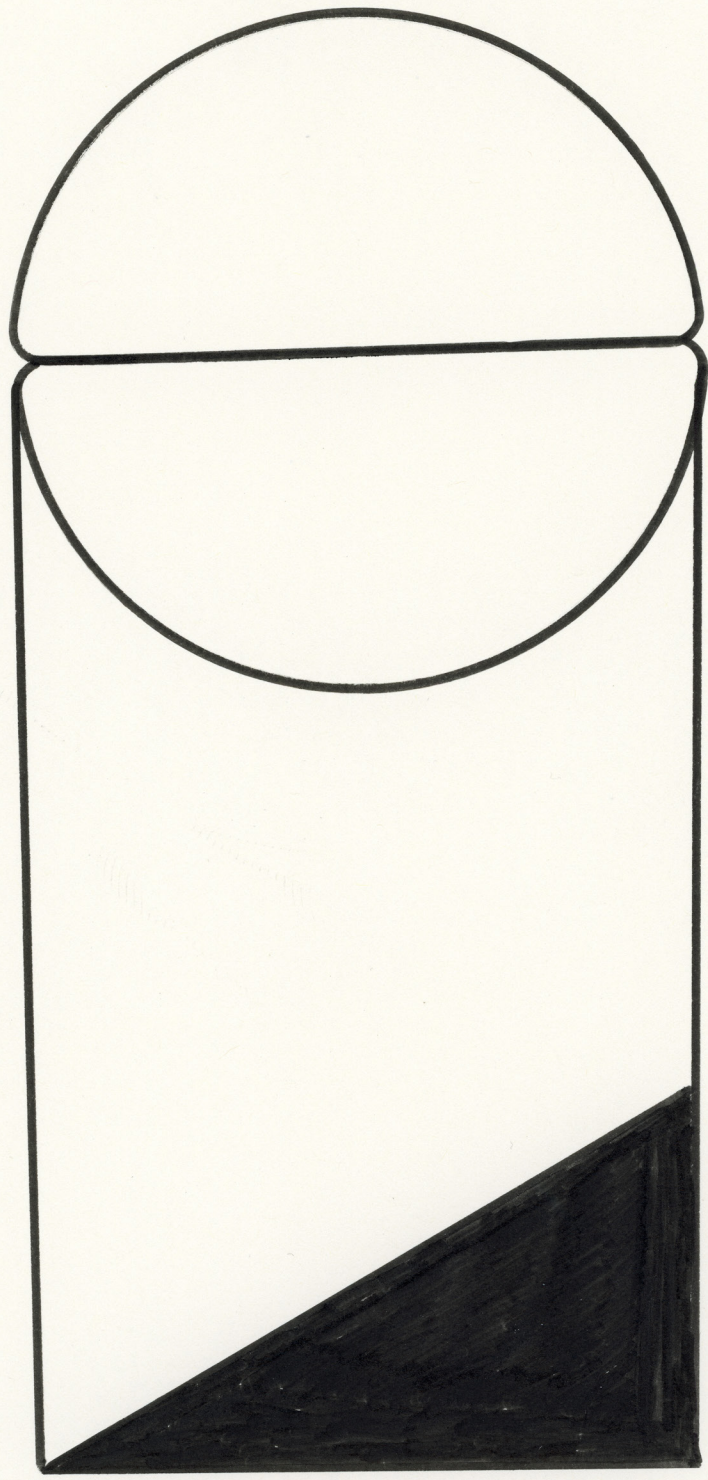




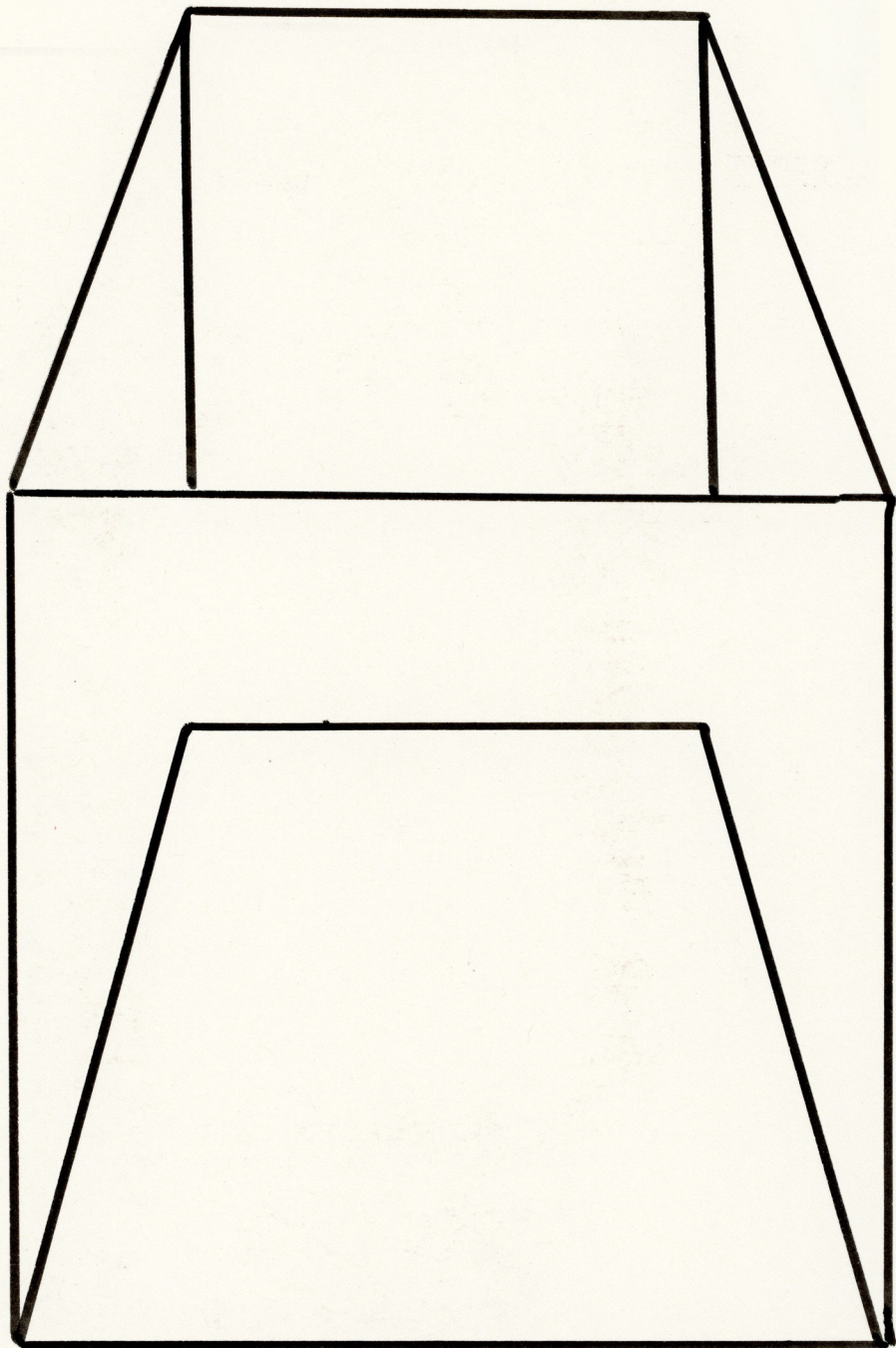


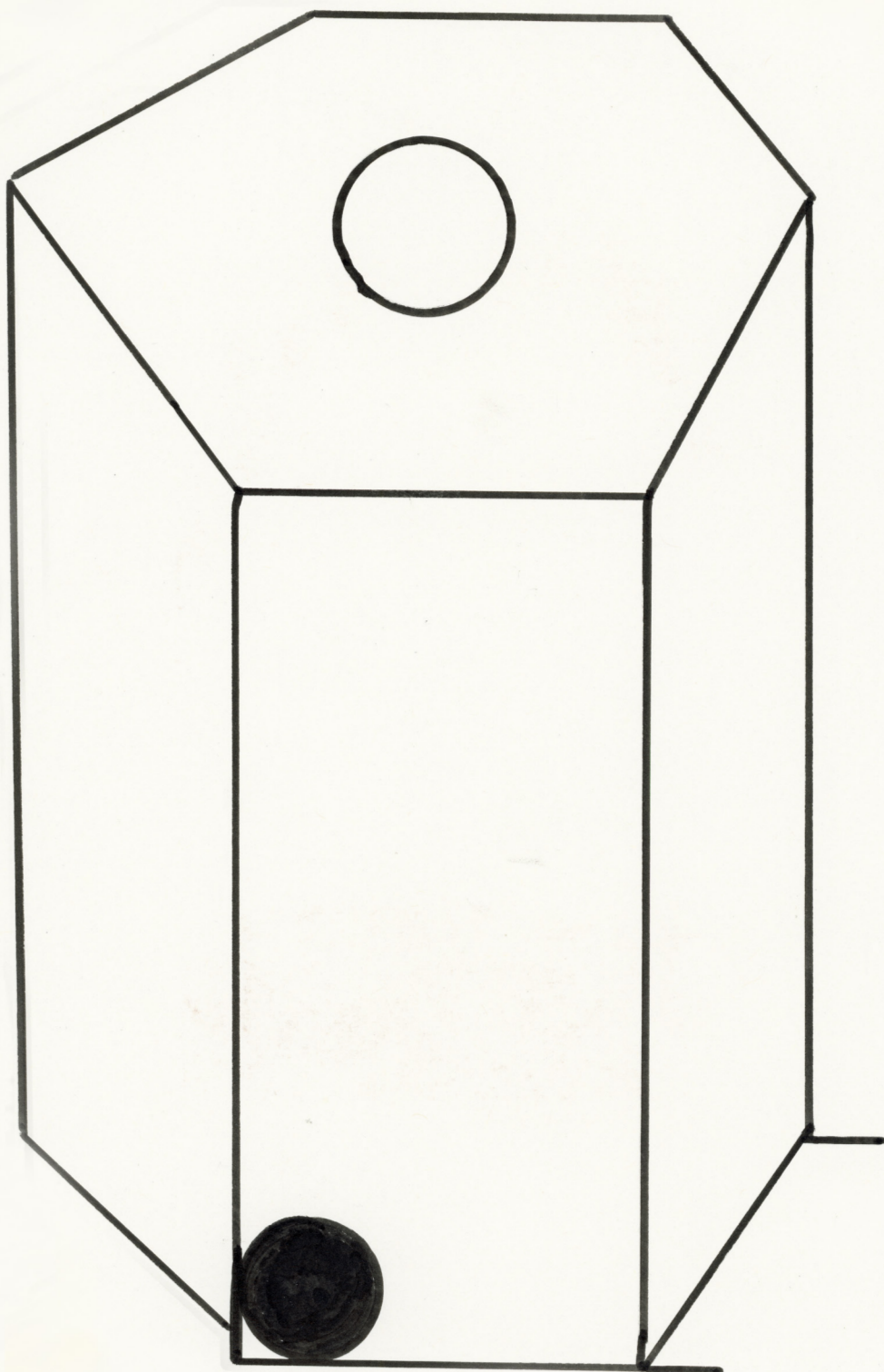


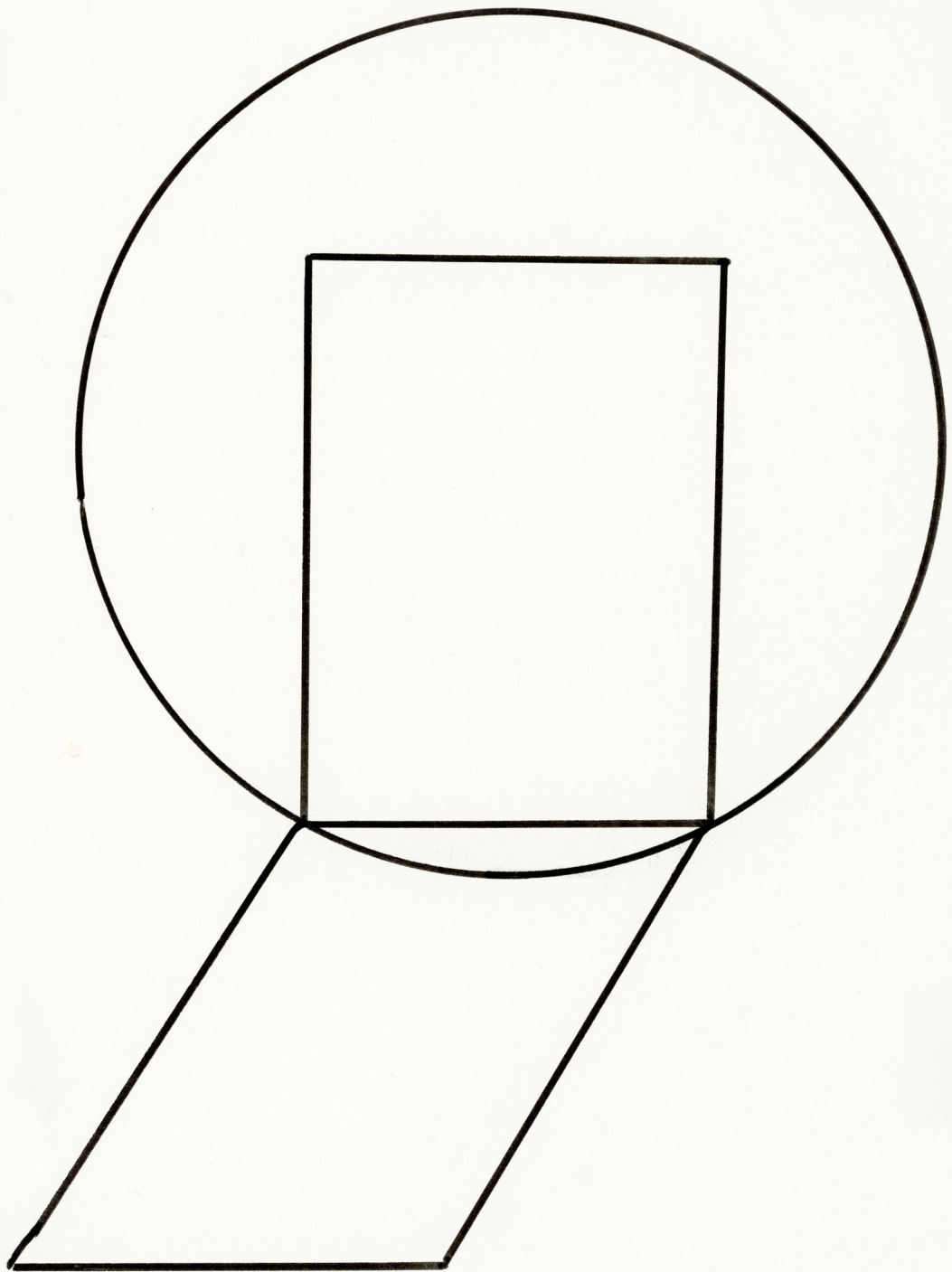


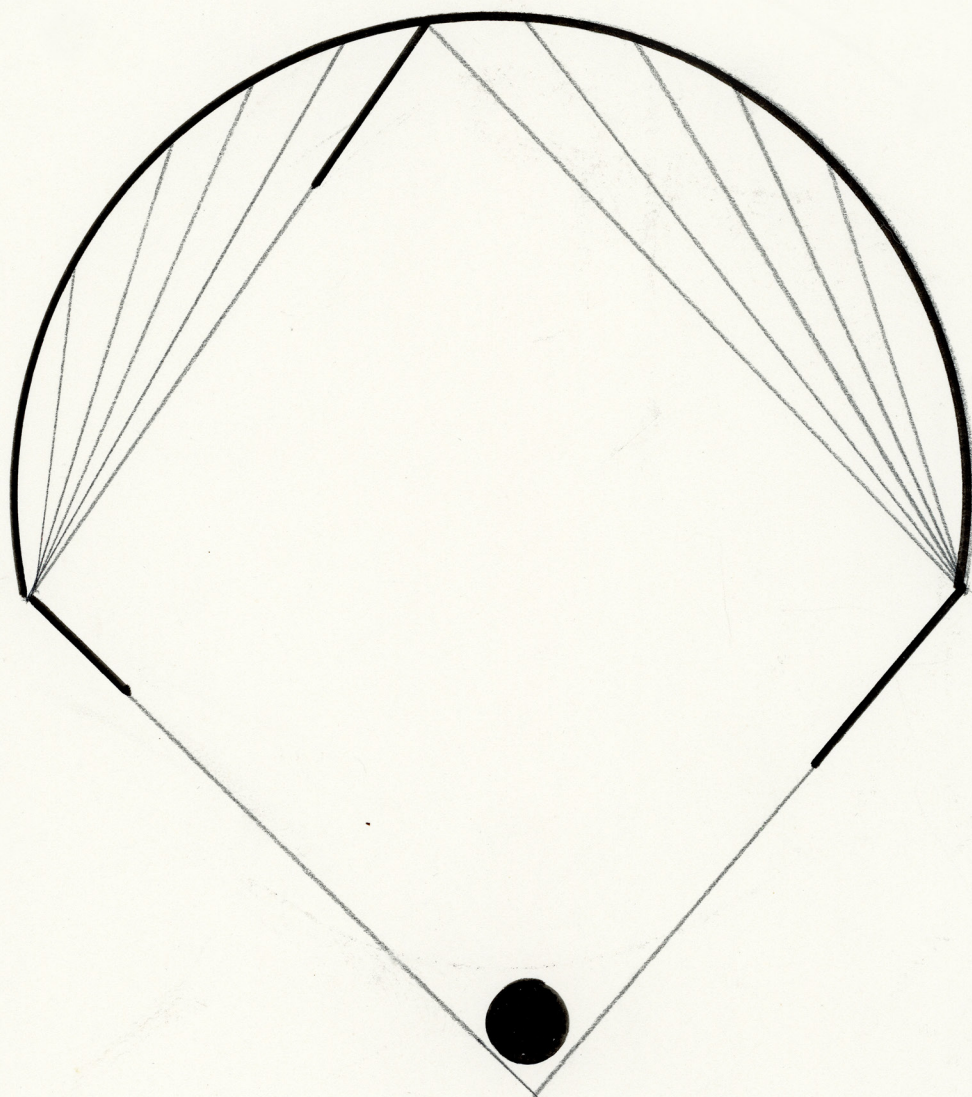


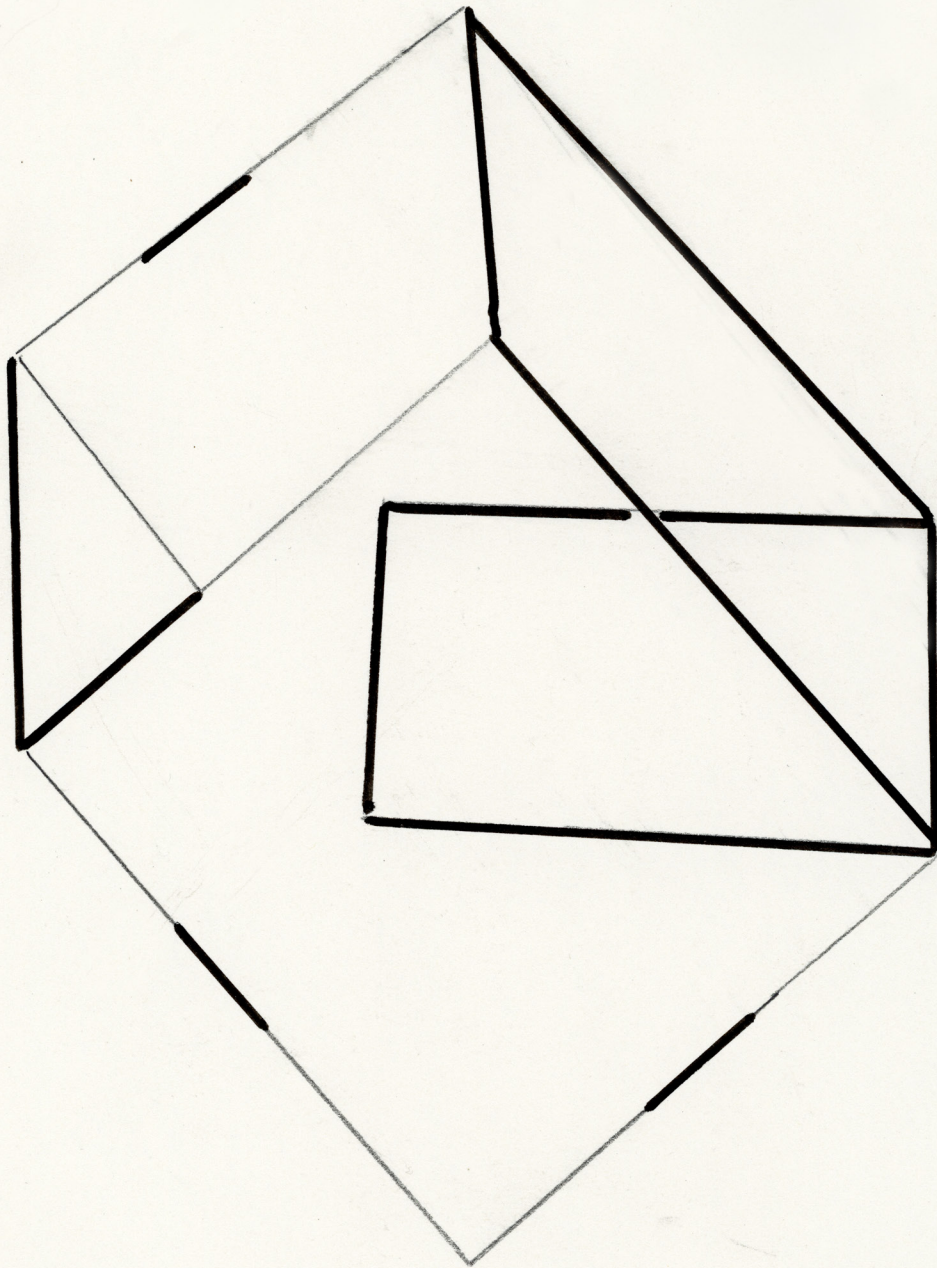


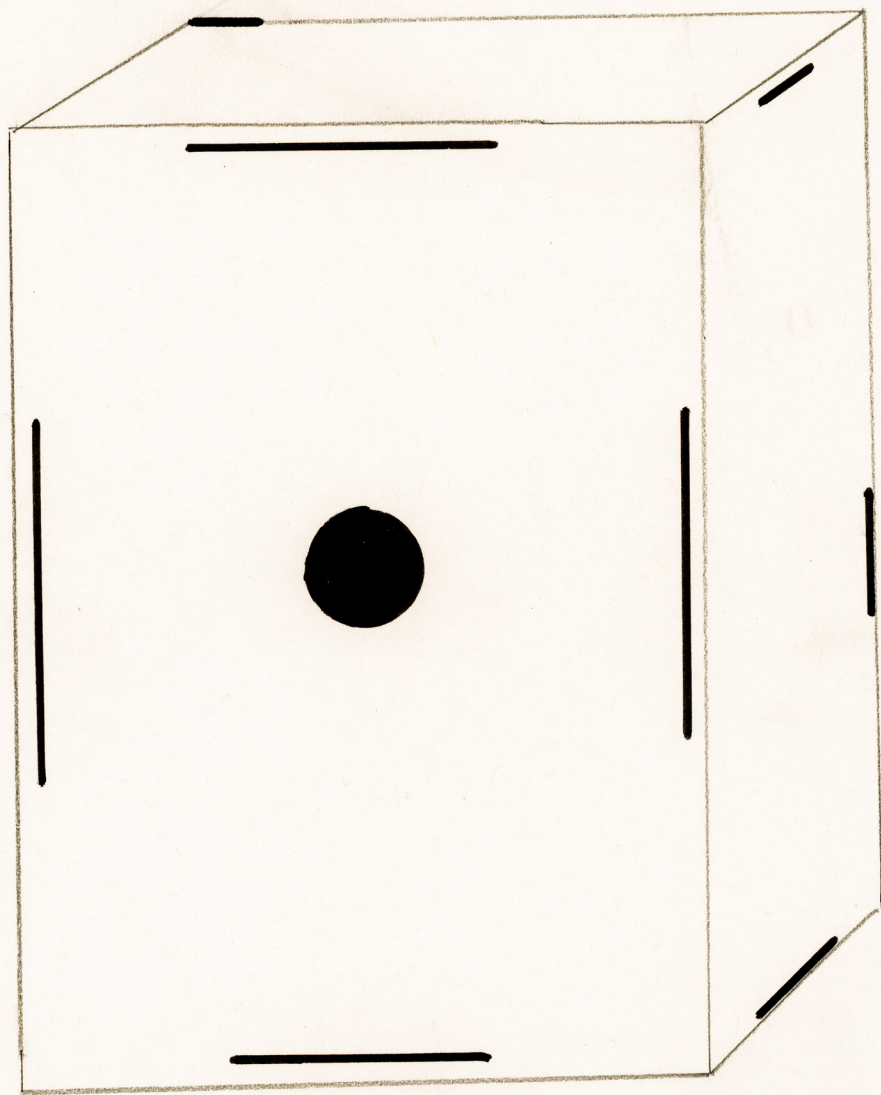


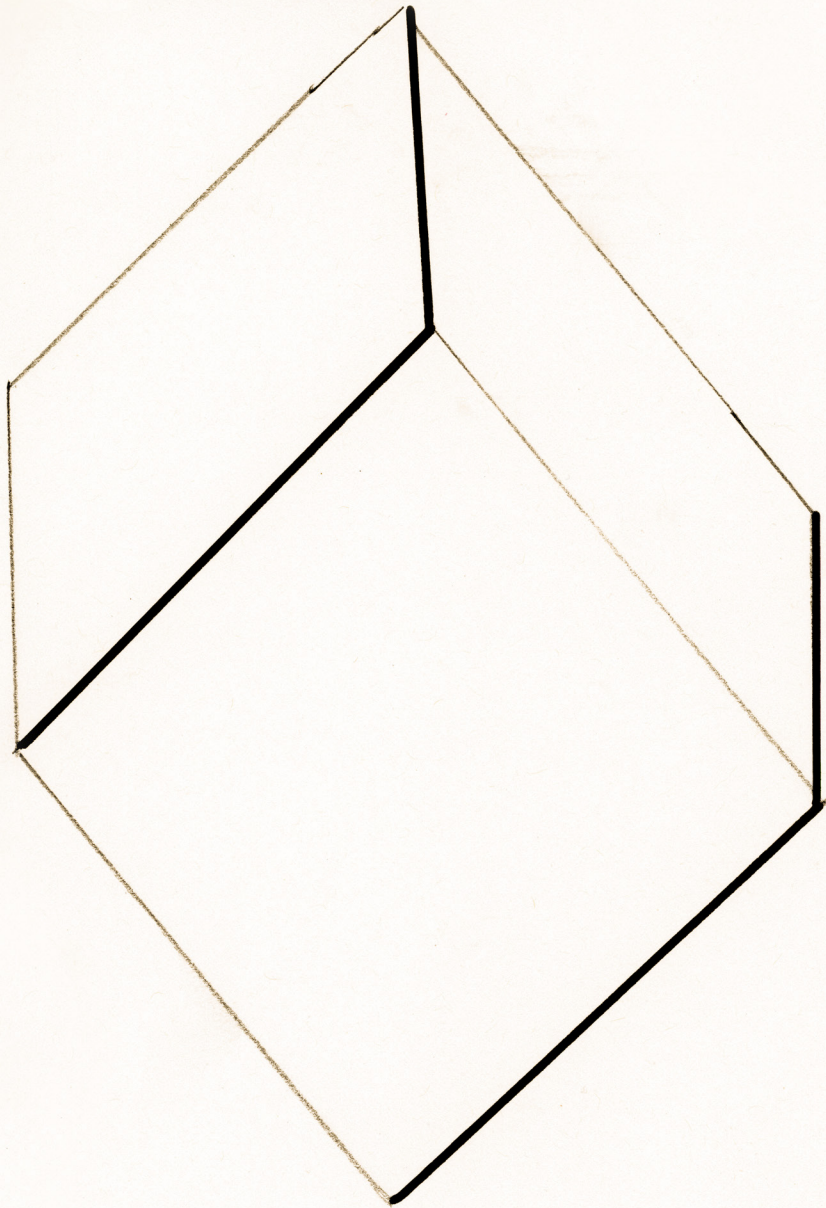








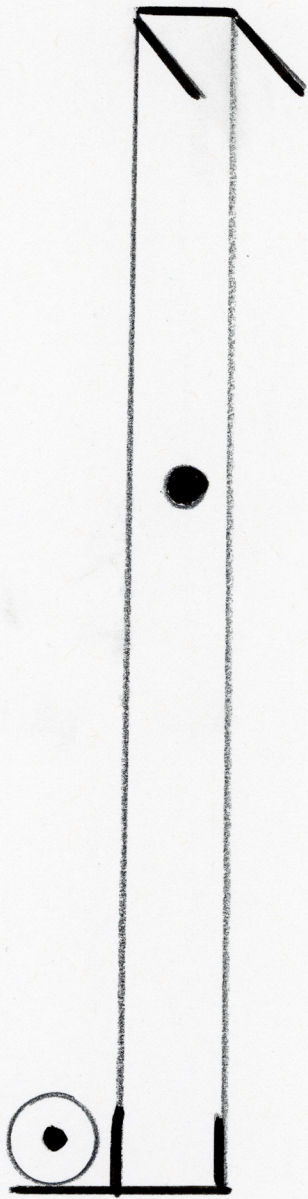


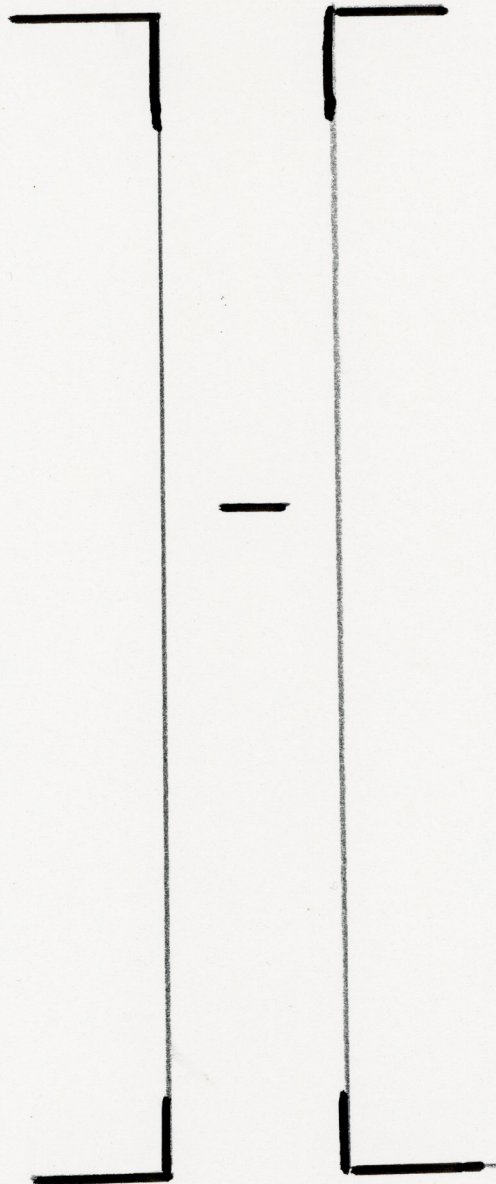


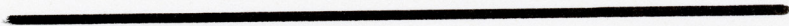
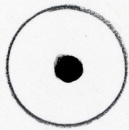












# INTERNET

Christ

# 1

White toilets

A sea of dead children

The moon looks like a snake

The mountains kill the truckers

Dead what's for lunch

A bunch of dead flowers for my lover

A picture of the first bullet

The missing atomic clouds lost

in the leaves of St. Helena Island

Bikini street sinking in the toilet bowl

The blackberry bread snake will

eat your body for 10¢

The 7 furnaces of Detroit

The sick hanging upon the wind

A screaming child in a sea of gas

She wore atomic underwear

Oh Atom you cut the hands

of children to show the Bank

Managers your elbow tax

# 2

The Men stripped the lead

Off the wires of the academy

of silent art

My gas eyes lemon suits and

golden ties

But my illness split the birch

tree in between my knees.

The sea is pounding the birds

For drops of mercury, let all the

Horses' legs lay flat in the oil

Tankers bilges fill salt burns the

Lemon children hungry for chicken

Soup.

False pills injection line ups

\$1.50 a day no cigarette in the

toilet adieu sweet Sally Ann

your cell phones keep me awake

The infected men handed

out smelling salts to street children

huddled in -20 degree weather.

Oh Shit man here's a battery for your

cell phone. Phone your drunken

Mother and go sleep in the

wood shed when you take a bath.

# 3

The darkness turns the trees  
around, here comes an army of  
saw blades catching the peals  
of laughter a cop watching for a  
dodger snake full of nails to scream  
the hands of the sawers.

We hung the log in chains  
Old experimental art but we  
Flipped the metal rods at night  
to get into an art fight.

Earth street played a piano concert  
but deaf and dumb we went to  
the swamp to swim with  
snakes

Oh birds in the sky you lucky bastards  
Flying to Costa Rica for the heat are  
coming to strip you naked and  
wear the orange jump suit through  
the atomic doors all on a camera  
laughing at mathematics



# 4

My malignant eyes tore the  
trees' skin opening her flesh  
to burn the golden yellow lite  
bending the snake moon and I  
Put my white cloth from Tibet  
around her arms in tears of loss  
for nothing of air here just a prison  
church near for the night

Oh fat tree you beautiful monster  
of power saved my sleep in the  
mountains the bloody stars pissed  
on my drawings but I slept on the  
ground with Tibetan cloth and  
pillowed my head in Somali juice.

Infected telephone poles lite  
The eyes with gas such a plague  
seized the boy in a lake of lemons  
dung fever water falls the screams  
of children sang the Atomic God.

# 5

The trumpet from ole Spadina Rd  
call my night scream alas the highrise  
burned our house down but ye  
old picture hanging by Honest Ed's  
shopping bag full of sardines reminded  
me of paper mills sawdust floor and  
working in the paper forest

Lock your neck boy the bastards  
are giving you a raise to make you  
work harder

Jameson saw the eccentric  
architect but wrapped the taps  
of Warhol floating his oysters  
in Chinatown he saw through  
the chain of virtue and Dante  
disturbed the voices of my  
black heart

The mountains of silver bleed  
away but virgin children keep  
my smile inside my deaf ears  
so we dance a free riot in my  
piano no coffins shape my knees yet.

# 6

The paper wallet

The tea christ

The sweating rain

The white crow

She walked my heart

The trees were bright in the

Sun as worms ate my eyes

full of saliva, alas, the spears

stuck my feet to a swamp so

my toes froze in Canadian winter

I will go backwards the rest of

my life as my archives hit the

shredding machine in a perfumed

garbage can.

The glass cage

The Human Universe

The irrepressible night air

fills the lungs for another

smoke up the rear we go

down the sewer to the guts

and way out to sea

# 7

He had a wavy line

It's getting dark

The trees are falling

But it came to nothing

I'm getting cold and old

That will have to change

Your face is turning red

I used red ink

Advertise your fingers

Recruit more woman

The ones with no legs

You bastard

The trees are falling

Like cement clouds

Over the Atomic sea

Submarines for the poor

You must be a copywriter

Send me your business card

For miles around the

Paper sea we shall sink

The sewer flowers

# 8

Must be a world literature club

Whiskey city boy, pull up your

Boots we're marching at dawn.

Whatever became of Wolfgang?

He ran out of teeth, covered in cancer.

Long winded Liberal Communist

Doing the 5th of May making  
sure you say all the Right things.

What do you want to be.

When it stops raining

I will let my arse give you  
my answer in the microphone streets.

He is very good at it, good for

Nothing or just good looking, he

has a wooden leg old pal full of

heroin from the garbage dump

Are you off again?

I'm recycling my legs before the

War. It means a lot to me, like

potato latkes!

# 9

I used to work in a reprocessing  
plant making car paint for  
sports cars and artists.

The plant was bombed in the  
night turning the street  
a turquoise blue.

Do you believe in repetition?  
Only context matters, the past is  
artificial shit. The context killers  
are the best brains that's why we  
went to prison to ruminate with  
the inmates. The context brains  
are gone now, logic is gone  
North to freeze the universe  
and watch the fog settle the  
depression.

Where are your eyelids? I left  
them in the Pyramids to rot.

A house made of scraps of paper  
pencils and pens with a typewriter at the  
**FRONT DOOR**

# 10

But who will do the cleaning?

Rent an eraser, how sweet.

Must be economic poetry

A fanatic's dream, a party

for balloons, the poor get

the poetry scraps and an eraser.

What about the vacuum cleaner

They're all on strike, hydro winter

has clicked their sticks. Aha so

the polar bears eat the raw fish

and we get a vacuum cleaner. We are

the dust generation, it was once called

RAW WAR now we are the cleanest

society that ever made bread. Ah the

arse of twine old Blake was fine.

Stomach gas old fart my mask sits

on a fence, the roads were paved

in trees we ate for lunch. You

ate trees, well of course, we lived

in the stone age with the polar bears

thistle soup, blackberries and twigs.

We survived while you wrote poems

about the gas.

# 11

No time for chit chat, the old  
dead trees still have fruit, bark  
and along old Grindrod Rd the old  
logs grow with the fruit. You just  
have to eat, the rest is cook book art

You have a thirst for knowledge  
when I have time and my stomach  
is silent. I've been cookin' my  
whole life but every day is another  
curry sauce so I don't worry about restaurant sauce.

Everything's worth knowing but  
cooking is always on first and  
where I buy my yeast is my  
secret, not yours. You just eat Fred  
and I'll do the work. The cooks  
run Democracy the food is your  
freedom the bowls are the Houses  
of the Senate, so eat love so you  
can run your body motor for  
another day.

But we must have poetry!  
I agree but write about poverty



# 12

First then become a cook for  
you won't publish poetry in the jungle

You eat you die of hunger  
or learn to cook and become a  
fool for Dante but make sure you  
know food.

Then what!

Ah you must breathe air for  
the lungs before you enter the  
cities where air is orange after  
the automania have gone home  
for oxygen. Feed them air then  
poetry but what do I know  
I'm an idiot for breathing.

I can't find a place for my hands.

So I put toes on my head  
I've been losing my atoms lately.

Advertise your fingers for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Solution

The saliva talks

I take my car out for a walk every day.

He is a machine architect.

Splits hairs

# 13

The hernia gallerie

The Roots of mysteria

Bring your books out of the shade

But leave the knots for tots.

For the old leather gloves still cling to plastic

He was surrounded by a compass

The terrors of futura

Use your charger for the violence

Some words vomit in the ear

Camera dancing

The decomposition of singularity

Triangular elbows production

A harpsichordist is perhaps

A hairpuncher

THE SHIRT of the ANGLE

Jump mathematics

Differentiability

Modulus conjugation

Direct Senses

Not all zeroes are in a box

The circle is the point

Nightclub art

He is a functionist

A flat atom

# 14

Operator form

Mr. and Mrs. Standby

THE ALGEBRA of TIME

The Twisted BELT

Atomic Memory

Ah the geometry children

The geometric suitcase

The mattresses of the body

Neither space nor

time will suffer more.

Genetic toast

mental luggage

A partial culture

Jimmy Shift

Eddy Dance

THE FROZEN EARTH

The boring earth

Artificial fascism

Discount culture

Red Ice

Ron Film

The short terrorist

He shot Saturday night

Handshake your birthday

**IMPULSE [p:]**