

Colorless Green Ideas Sleep Furiously

Christopher Higgs

[97]

CHAPTER I

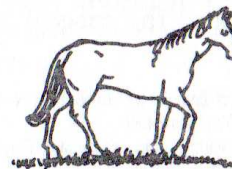
Nature of the Linguistic Sign

§1. Sign, signification, signal

For some people a language, reduced to its essentials, is a nomenclature: a list of terms corresponding to a list of things. For example, Latin would be represented as:



: ARBOR

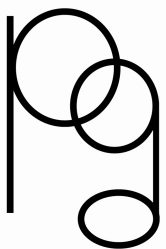


: EQUOS

etc.

etc.

This conception is open to a number of objections. It assumes that names already exist independently of words (see below, p. [155]). It does not clarify whether the name is a vocal or a psychological entity, for



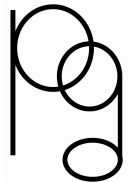
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by Ferdinand de Saussure

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Christopher Higgs curates the online arts journal *Bright Stupid Confetti*. He grew up in Wyoming, attended film school in Las Vegas, worked in the film industry in Los Angeles, volunteered for the Peace Corps in West Africa, completed one graduate degree at the University of Nebraska and is currently finishing another graduate degree at Ohio State. He lives in Clintonville, Ohio with his best friend slash wife-to-be, poet Caitlin Newcomer, and their rambunctious cat, Beatrice. In the fall, he will enter a doctoral program where he intends to study twentieth century literature and critical theory.

the first step is to get over let go. Let go. Of course her you know, of course she can't hear you; she is not really ruptured nor bruised like the plums.

Of sick and dying fruit a great orchard imagine, a small wooden house to inside put your medallions locked up from every single moment; key swallow and make sure to relieve it from your body never.

From the Crestwood Spirit Sanctuary she comes wearing a different outfit but for her hair with the red rose you are so close by, so close, but not upon her. Should you down chase her go and grab and swing and answer demand? She will not listen; if she has no face, then ears too she's likely missing. To never know her you must be prepared never to know her or know what is known to know. What it feels like to be alone, is this? Is it?

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ence for you to mistake make, fuss up, trip and fall and show your filthy ample hubris. This crowd indeed prays hell-bent on you to slip the banana peel fandango.

A rose red in the hair of the obscured woman. Dark sunglasses and a pinstripe mustache wears the man with her and diamond studded are both of his ears; around one side of his neck wraps a dragon, a shawl, a purple tattoo. Stands to leave and stops her the man does not even try.

On you are all eyes, on you are on you. She can save you, but why?

Builds the music and dance you have not yet started. Long since missed your vocal cue and get edgy does the audience in their seats shifting wishing for a catastrophe. Without a face the woman in her hair a red rose placed nears the back door escape to the theatre, yes escape she is what to do next you must decide. Will you claim to or forget to or will you hear about the other night?

For you to decide there is no time. No time. Gone is she gone does the door slam shut behind her? To grumble the audience begins. Scream-whispers the stage manager directions at you. In the wings a fool of yourself the cast and crew watch you make. Gone the woman. Gone.

Look in the mirror you are the one who must; you who must you. To get over the red rose admit the woman is

the large disgruntled man with the itty-bitty nose and pull yourself past that woman yellow-haired holding hands with those three nuns laughing and porch shifting. The sky is fog black emanating from the village enough to disallow a shine through the stars of jazz music in the air because it's unclear which libation house hosts the music now flourishing. Into a building, there by the corner, she looks up, she steps. See: Crestwood Spirit Sanctuary. In there you can't go in there remember the reports on the wall in the building in the city in the country of that place? Isolate the only logical trajectory. Two windows, a back door empty and no fire escape no lights no empty.

You find yourself wishing at the center of a stage on which you weren't standing as the curtain rises and before you a large seated audience moans and groans. Every person ever you have met or shared even a comment amongst the crowd are they: your favorite teacher, babysitter, piano instructor, dog walker, man you spoke to on an airplane once a man you only vaguely recognize in the front row sits next to a faceless woman you can't remember ever seeing the woman without a face; it is obscured, smudged, out of focus. Perhaps if you try to see the woman by looking at the man and see the woman out of the corner of your eye you could identify her or maybe squash is an appropriate gift. Try it, but luck is: without her face she does not exist.

Is struck by the orchestra a prelude you forget the dance moves your line of sight your then and they will come to you. Imagine you're blinded by a close your eyes stark of the spotlight and warm beg of the audi-

STATEMENT THE OPENING

Use I this language down complex hallways lined with razor blades and fill up the car before bringing it back, will you? I am tired and my tightrope fastened long enough to go broke shelling out diplomas. For this I but this is and now I must have the what and if not the what then I must say the truth is the worst thing I could tell you. We are not allopatric. You are no make thing but I am make else we are born in different times and months and how could the rent so how about and when? Many things seem but in the last moments yellow will become red plus outrage and electric bills and photocopies from out of town. All words mean infinity, says Derrida. Complain nor explain a single lie and that is true. I won't handcuff the dressing room or the knife. I make belligerent. Vertiginous. Remember: we are all coeval.

LONELY SO VERY MUCH WAS I

Wednesday wallowing basement-level guitar tuned washing machine duet sounds: one song, another. Dinner microwaved. Alone in the kitchen no mice no moth no housefly flutter. Painted crushed glass in the living room shattered. Bulbless permanent string of Christmas lights out back is a fable. The neighbors are pictures I glad-hand on the daily. Night-night Cleopatra. In your water dish I put fresh water and in your food dish I put a scoop of cottage cheese and a gift card for Hooters.

We have what betterment amongst us? The smell is back. Apologize, the postman sees underwear everywhere strewn on the couch. Invite him inside to drink and chip taste. Watch a little telly? Talk about the weather? How every morning I pray for proselytizing Mormons at the door. Or Jehovah's Witnesses. Ask the Girl Scouts to come in for hot cocoa while I put in my order cry in the bathroom use eye drops to cover up the bloodshot. About your day, tell me. To be thirteen what's it like? When up they grow will what they want be such a flattering verb or will the nephew of a nephew find them hilariously misproportioned?

OF HER DON'T LOSE SIGHT

Say to yourself, when lost her you did midnight was it unfolded? Of a pyramid one side sliced open to reveal only a bathroom mirror reflecting a painting of a red rose in the hair of a woman. For the evening adjourned the court. At the bar, you place a fifty where you should only drink a twenty. Let alone the broken doctor's orders, the faint sound of buzzing to dispel.

Elbows, shoulders, hips knock chatter-chatter-chatter; hats and caps and bonnets whip the crowd bustle; dresses cut of haute couture; ties tied tight in Windsor knots, suit coats and evening frocks and double-breasted vests; rather quick she moves; your eye you must keep on the rose red in her hair as into the fidgeting mass of people she blends.

Goes she there. Pay attention.

To get away from but presently. With three chins and a disproportionately small nose is a man who let you pass won't might on his foot step; do the trick, there, but now knock your lights shattered he's going to attempt; hurry, you'd better hurry! Push right past him, grab the boy in the prep-school jacket by the collar not

vortex sub-dimensional. Call an ambulance—medic needed.

Undo plotline break my first few promises and bid never light another cigarette. Erase the whole mention of this story. Don't allow readers to encourage the man to encourage the woman to fall in love to the point of zombie hypnotized emotion. We know she does not him but say so.

Count footsteps front door carefully. Do it twice if you must be the number code to keypad opens the grey latch the blue barn the Montana forest. Busted sits electrical inside guitars strewn living room. Play pitch right harmony to lead the next place of letters to go fishing go horseracing in March - the Ides and all. Farewell. Farewell suburbia. It is March now and March.

Yesterday an idea had me at listen to this: wherever leftover and other things repugnant go to die is when the if and what will be before me if I die, that much of which I am certain. No more Cleopatra. No phone calls to mother. No fake dad expressions. A call to either sister better butter dinner rolls to up bring my spirits maybe also a bottle of very cheap wine. Almost but then came thunder without a crash. Lightless lightening if you can imagine bolts wavelike ripples on the surface of a lake or fingers snatching berries from a bush.

Could but not at the grocery store preferably. Could but want answers before purchasing. Parking lot or cement car horn honking plasma. Get in. Hurry, hurry.

After eleventh grade stopped school for me and my friends mostly not everyone but some guys drifted into space or clouds or something extraterrestrial, hybrid, something.

Flash forward to me arbitrarily. We cannot communicate. We cannot say something about going to the bank and asking a representative to discuss investment options just to have someone to talk to. We hard find the interaction of others. At the library, corner individually as many librarians as possible. Query obscure authors and formulate convenient absurdities. Around follow people at the grocery, on the sidewalk bump into people. Go the park to. Join like A.A. or S.A. or the NAACP. In front of the Co-op hang out with Cleopatra on a leash watch the people come up and giggle at seeing a kitty on a leash ask me questions. Get a job. Get a job as Easter bunny and Santa Claus at the mall. Enroll

at the community college for three credit hours to be eligible to play the school mascot at the home games invent dance moves and practice tumbling. Take karate. Join a book club. Volunteer at a shelter. Start collecting baseball cards, go to shows and conventions. Answer newspaper ads for Star Trek fan club membership information. Go to many different churches and sit as close to people as possible. Smile continuously. We cannot be alone. We cannot. Please let us not be. Please.

ESCAPE WAKE

East parked the building to avoid being the blood-thirsty private investigator staking out the quick finger easy trigger up back the ally to a fire escape. Yank and climb and punch open the window. Intimidate the kitchen while she waits. Not to see. Cupboards upturned no new information; the trash about as fruitless. Unmarked digital video I believe grace may the only saving be. Box of tapes? No telling.

I glove-finger the banister and it feels like I'm guilty but I'm not. This case unfolds desires onstage like fancy banter. I digest. The reader is the meal. Keep to reading? Bravo. Picture before desire:

Damn prairie carries knives, blades, hatchets, whether purposefully or not. I coat atop the stairs before thinking. Frantic to find the worst way imaginable, the audience tiptoes minefields peppershaker-like around the body around the woman thirties suffering a tremendous mental illness, totally unmodified by history, she never churned a person independently.

The woman the man and floating, neither ghosts. I believe eleven meets the frantic love affair violation, a

Mispronounce all sentences means the same exact thing.

Why hope for but lastly we meet at the dock and beg a charge of half the best.

In rain on phone under a bridge connecting one area code to another different blank-check or scribbled out diploma.

Meetings are always late when the flip side remains however hardened, however ossified by quarantine and half asleep and treading very thin tomato and pickle sandwiches.

We these toothpicks for teeth cleaning.

All the days are not for but the number on the barcode and a disgusting history.

We are a disgusting history half of the ones who cannot make but otherwise.

The fault is not mine the fault is mine.

Yes, but yes why?

HOSTAGE THE MESSAGE IS

I can catch a middle if I silence the winter out, if I rewire my chain-smoking anatomy, if I life plagiarize right and left, then maybe all the loans will be convivial at the rest stop; maybe the end of the Douglas fir.

A paper fetch for the weather bus everlasting, ever leaving quicker than I have time for astronomically. In other states maybe a barren one, maybe Kentucky. I can't expose I know and hold. Situation appraise the situation see the enmeshed in every action, the blatant bathtub company break room hypocrisy measured by fiddle playing for the lord's coming. Part gets wasted in excess of recovery process while part of hope loses swift by exploding the lightshow.

But not pigeons in the caves below the floor, nor fidgets in the bedroom upstairs behind the clock on the wall in the kitchen. A safe hold of the map to find answers and questions. The code is I believe magic and cannot be divulged. Suffice the number. Three times three times three.

Signs point both ways: peasants are soldiers are reprogrammable pillows. Rainwater for the summer solstice

earned nothing in return for the palmed coconuts of uprooted subway vacancy legislation. Seedlings grow in the fireplace: the time and build of a fire explains how drained macho is from me is my macho how empty the hollow.

In commerce lies barracuda fishing boats and salmonella pudding if only I could stretch facts on canvass for five queens and tell a royal flush to the table nothing beats. Nothing beats. Besides, the railroad crew can't up make their minds: half want to riot, half want to sleep, and the other half simply forgot their lunch.

I am in April like a snowman, three great metal contraptions to my feet strapped, having fist-sized larvae sucked out of my abdomen.

In a moment, the center will hearken a transparent rendition of Vivaldi. The windows open. Cookies fill the lungs of stars. I make haste to the living room, arms open.

YES, BUT YES WHY?

These utterances turn down the thermostat grab a blanket make do with how many memories should a fella be made to endure these days in reality?

I'm attracted to the color of the trapdoor happens to be other than the give back to save up information.

Rickety pickety pocket, when the outside makes like a siren or a dog barking clenching fetching everybody needs a former employer to write a letter of templates and hand jobs and forgeries.

Tomorrow, we these but when then should the heart-beat teasingly?

I try to make up the half eaten sentence on the couch beside the locket and a promise never breaks if you keep it in your pocket has a huge hole the size of how many different equations?

I am the misspent daglocked messenger from tomorrow. This will all be over. This will all be the fence like a homerun or a payback or some other forbidden horror.