USE(FUL IN(FORM)ATION

by

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ABSTRACT

I cleaned my room early in the spring of 2009, sorted laundry and cleaned off my oft-cluttered desk. In the process I found an old Mead Composition Notebook from a Film and Literature course I took at the College of Southern Idaho. Inside the back cover I discovered a page of useful information. The charts and measurements included: a multiplication table, 12 other tables intended to measure everything from paper, drugs, liquid and time, metric nomenclature and, finally, conversion tables from the metric system into American standard systems of measurement. I tore the back cover from the notebook and tacked the cardboard back cover onto the wall above my desk.

I began writing poems with titles from each of the tables. I began with Linear Measure, because I thought I could comfortably write about feet, yards and inches. When I finished, I went back to the top and wrote poem after poem with titles like 12 months = 1 year, and the like. At first, I wanted to tell everything man can measure. The usefulness of these systems abounds. Everything we trade, sell, buy, find or transfer takes on these values to better categorize and measure actual value via monetary markets. I realized early on there was no way I could describe everything that happens in a week, or properly grasp the measure of a furlong. The writing of these poems was elementary at first. I was jumping in all-happy and excited to have a thesis in mind, to have a project worth projecting. The early poems were packed with information and tidbits from my life to help balance the equations. As I pushed forward and wrote these poems I realized there needed to be a foundation of equality, not just among the greater world I tried to

encapsulate, but among the poems themselves. I stopped creating new poems, went back and started cutting the first ones (all written in prose/block format) down to nine lines; it seemed somewhere in the middle, a perfect-plus-2) of prose poetry.

I stuck to the format until Miscellaneous Measures, where my formlessness took over and organic patterns emerged, often through ruptures of the block and then into bulbous shapes, then thin. I finished the remaining tables with 9-line format.

When I reached the Metric System I increased the font size to 14 and lowered the line requirement to 8 lines. I found that though the font was larger and there was 1 fewer line per poem, the measured length was identical to the 9-line, 12-font poems of the previous tables. This cognitive choice asked me to re-examine how we measure our world differently, acts commonly traced to cultural expectations and rule of law.

The shift to the metric system forced me to question the previous tables and all they had discovered, about me, my measurements and the literature I swallow. I began to pull apart these warring systems and tried to find reasons why we cannot have one system. This bothered me, asked me about cultural roots in measuring, noting changes through history and really tried to access the current modals that make us measure through these forms. In writing, I found three different voices emerged, one my own, one of voices of authority and another slang voice (see Key for notations).

When I hit the conversion tables, metrics and others met, I was thrown into a caldron of numbers and systems, confused to the point that form was obliterated. I could not keep it straight, literally, and allowed the organic flow of lines to ebb my tides. I wanted to bring up the tropes I'd created in the tables, from myriad systems, but found through conversion that something new emerged. When ideologies become permanent,

then asked fort transformation to fit the ideologies of fresh cultures, a common hesitance creeps in. I am more comfortable with gallons than liters, with pounds than grams. But once I was knee-deep in the metrics, I became brethren with them and inches and feet of my initial out-spring leapt foreign; I adapted. In the end, I fought to include any piece of me left, to mash a thousand ideas and slips of information I gained in the process.

Process. My set plan could not order everything. I planned as I went, and found I often disregarded my own promise to the project. In places, my emotions got the best of me. I was Micah, tying a bowline from across the crevasse.

The beginning, the multiplication table, I saved for last, concerned about the form it may take. I chose to write the table so it could be read both up/down and left/right, to show how multiplication muddles the existence of the original numbers, the prime 1-12's that initiate the table. Mathematics was the basis for this segment, but I wrote about the objects/stories/relationships measured, rather than the process. Or so I thought. In revision, I noticed places where the difference, the equations took precedence over the mass on the scale or the numbers on the stick. The bigger numbers had 'bigger' thoughts.

I had adolescent dreams of keeping this thesis uniform, but measurement systems began to conflict, to converge, I found myself caught in power hustles, trading decimals for wholes and tracing degrees of my personal circumference. This thesis is full of broken/mashed words. I invented a form of word math to save space (see Key). Th(is the(sis I wanted to build, a free-flowing blob of language tucked into bed, feet wriggling.

By the end (which is now the beginning), I found out what I set to discover. This project begins and ends with the number 1. I am a singularity in a world of plurals, trying to find my measure, my table, to discover my width, girth, reach, depth, weight, capacity

and miscellany that skirts the edges of who I am. I didn't find great answers, but this made it possible for me to at least acquiesce to the idea that some distinct measurements of life are possible, even if the graduated cylinder is half a milliliter off. A certain disillusionment of truth arose, and I accepted it. I set out to find my place in this world and I finished at that singularity. I am 1, just one person, one writer, one mind. Billions of people contribute to the execution of these measurements. I reached out and grabbed chunks of the world, local and global, but found my hand empty. I grasped at patriotism, dialog, advice from elders, hen-picked lines from literature and mashed it all together to write these 120 poems.

The final poem, which appears first, the Multiplication Table, can be read both vertically and horizontally. Each individual box also carries with it a certain lesson or weight, a distance covered. I wrote it in columns and rows, going across, then down, then down and across, so that I would be forced to write them in ways that could be read in multiple ways. As I wrote, the first boxes I'd tackle were 1x1, 2x2, 3x3 and so on. The physical document was made of pencil, pen and paper, written (and cut from) a mead composition notebook, much like the one that was the catalyst for this thesis. I glued paper on paper in tiny boxes. Each numbered box has the equivalent number of letters.

The typeface and arrangement of these poems was explicitly taken from the back cover of that comp book on my wall (see page 1). Hence, some of the structure of the thesis is atypical. The capitalization in the titles is exactly as it fell on the catalyst page. Hence, some of this thesis will not fit the guidelines required.

In essence, this is a thesis based on a found table of contents.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT ii

LIST OF FIGURES x

LIST OF SYMBOLS xi

TABLE OF TIME MEASURE 1
60 seconds = 1 minute 2
60 minutes = 1 hour 2
24 hours = 1 day 3
7 days = 1 week 3
30 days = 1 calendar month 4
12 months = 1 year 4
365 days = 1 common year 5
366 days = 1 leap year 5
100 years = 1 century 6

TABLE OF DRY MEASURE 7
2 pints = 1 quart 8
2 quarts = 1 peck 8
4 pecks = 1 bushel 9
1 cord = 128 cu. ft. 9

TABLE OF LIQUID MEASURE 10
4 gills = 1 pint 11
2 pints = 1 quart 11
4 quarts = 1 gallon 12
31 ½ gallons = 1 barrel 12
2 barrels = 1 hogshead 13

TABLE OF PAPER MEASURE 14
24 sheets = 1 quire 15
20 quires = 1 ream 15
10 reams = 1 bale 16

TABLE OF LINEAR MEASURE 17
12 inches = 1 foot 18
3 feet = 1 yard 18
16 ½ feet (5 ½ yards) = 1 rod 19

320 rods (5280 ft.) = 1 mile 19
660 feet = 1 furlong 20

MISCELLANEOUS MEASURES 21
12 units = 1 dozen 22
12 dozen = 1 gross 23
12 gross = 1 great gross 23
20 units = 1 score 24
1 hand = 4 inches 24
1 fathom = 6 feet 25
1 knot = 6086 feet 25
3 knots = 1 league 26
1 bushel potatoes = 60 pounds 26
1 barrel flour = 196 pounds 27
1 cubit foot of water = 7.48 liquid gallons and weighs 62.425 pounds 27
Diameter of a circle x 3.1416 = circumference 28
Atmospheric pressure is 14.7 pounds per square inch at sea level 28
13 ½ cubic feet of air weighs 1 pound 29

TABLE OF CUBIC MEASURE 30
1728 cubic inches = 1 cubic foot 31
27 cubic feet = 1 cubic yard 31
128 cubic feet = 1 cord of wood 32
24 ¾ cubic feet = 1 perch of stone 32

TABLE OF AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT 33
16 drams = 1 ounce 34
16 ounces = 1 pound 34
100 pounds = 1 hundredweight 35
2000 pounds = 1 ton 35
2200 pounds = 1 long ton 36

TABLE OF TROY WEIGHT 37
24 grains = 1 pennyweight 38
20 pennyweights = 1 ounce 38
12 ounces = 1 pound 39

TABLE OF CIRCULAR MEASURE 40
60 seconds = 1 minute 41
60 minutes = 1 degree 41
360 degrees = circumference 42
A degree of the earth's surface or a meridian = 69.16 miles at the equator ... 42

TABLE OF APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT 43
20 grains = 1 scruple 44
3 scruples = 1 dram 44

8 drams = 1 ounce 45
12 ounces = 1 pound 45

TABLE OF SURFACE MEASURE 46
144 square inches = 1 square foot 47
9 square feet = 1 square rod 47
30 ¼ square yards = 1 quare rod 48
160 square rods = 1 acre 48
640 acres = 1 square mile 49
An acre measures 208.71 feet on each side. 49
A section of land is 1 square mile. 50
A quarter section is 160 acres. 50
A township is 36 square miles. 51

LENGTH 52
1 meter = 100 centimeters = 1,000 millimeters 53
1 millimeter = .001 meters 53
1 centimeter = .01 meters 54
1 decimeter = .1 meters 54
1 decameter = 10 meters 55
1 hectometer = 100 meters 55
1 kilometer = 1,000 meters 56

CAPACITY 57
1 liter = 100 centiliters = 1,000 milliliters 58
1 milliliter = .001 liters 58
1 centiliters = .01 liters 59
1 decimeter = .1 liters 59
1 decaliter = 10 liters 60
1 hectoliter = 100 liters 60
1 kiloliter = 1,000 liters 61

WEIGHT 62
1 gram = 100 centigrams = 1,000 milligrams 63
1 milligram = .001 grams 63
1 centigram = .01 grams 64
1 decigram = .1 grams 64
1 decagram = 10 grams 65
1 hectogram = 100 grams 65
1 kilogram = 1,000 grams 66

CONVERSION TABLES 67
Meters = Yards = Inches 68
Centimeters = Inches = Feet 69
Kilometers = Miles 70
Grams = Ounces = Pounds 71

Kilograms = Ounces = Pounds 72
Liters = Pints = Quarts = Gallon 73

NOTES 74

LIST OF FIGURES

CATALYST xi

MULTIPLICATION TABLE xii

LIST OF SYMBOLS

-(-)- = word math, reads at least two ways
ex. Stom(ach)es = stomach aches

-(- = combined words, contraction
ex. Bu(the = but the

* reading order varies upon placement, syntax

x = variable

‘-’ = poet reads to the left

“-” = poet reads to the right

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	I	go	Big	make	poems	Report	Balance	in weight	in measure	perpetuous	multiplying	tables by legs
2	am	Down	people	scissors	sharp start	requisite rod	departs with god	Miscellaneous God	his pencil exquisiste	princess blasts linear	fingers beautiful domain	imitate domestic mortality
3	Raw	singer	ride highs	splinter herd	bandages writing	trembling miserable	crumbles saintly chains	stands penitent, brash, alive	draws water from scarce plateau	but circles desperation around her	informs universal boundaries broken	he perishes before he sings his final songs
4	news	circular	mangles meter	fencelines broken	creating American work	rising to my delegate feet	desert conversion, knightly cord	wildfires clutch chests, man kills god	mind pours memory gills into dry, fast earth	love occurs, split-second bonds unite organisms	knowledge fornicates with expectation	dead dreamer reincarnate child opens senses to new self
5	Fed by	population	rural roads react	cattle mix breeds adapt	hero hugs heroine one more love	smell-sure sniffs, earth realize(s)elf	species delcares autonomy	scientists create original truth conversions	deluge drowns detractors in ignorant whirlpools	invertebrate Ilene muscles a backbone, sand-walks upright	offspring points at biotic pool, names it 'sea', language breeds life	poets pimp pronouns to plurals, exchange fluids, perpetuate evolutions
6	carnal	out of his head	snag life of the earth	spawn individual electrics	vision bleeds waterworks flood her	They confess love as sentence, plead guilty	progeny is self's duality, split dominant at recess	babes belch invented language, revealed as society's echo	individuality makes goats of kids, ghost candidates	thumbs tool chrysalis, place my desire on uneven scales, the taxman grins	tenderly, embrace consumate love eternal, erasable, undeniable	poem and page poet shepherds his flock, livestock bought from books, campfire camaraderie my master
7	tumbles	ounces kindling	incapacitate poetic war	protectorate cowboy day blazing	his wisdom a scrapheap of sliced messages	predicate conjugated becomes active, plural noun	fricative foals, awed by headlights, halt; wolves never stop	mature linguist, inventor of syntax twists, God of revolution poesy	fresh legs pick up dropt baton, sprint against marathon rebukes, sing new song	legs become claws, eyes wings, vibrations bellow honesty to daoffodils' pistil mothers	bee bumbles from bloom to bloom, collecting his wares unknowingly, pollinating minds at stops	splendid light draws my monsters closer, so beams repel intruders by miraculous heat self-generated
8	Downhill	knowledge dancing	heroes sowing the Idaho seed	bound by innate need to scour plateaus	his cracked, songless tongue ranges barren ideas	obedient vocabulary drives desert dirt road never taken	accidental vocabularies make roadkill language, so future can eat	aftermath reveals a surviving society, its nuclear families split when electrons flee	generations honor previous generals, private soldiers carry the cause, hidden in cells	each original creature crawls on one-of-kind prints, no duplicity even among genetic identicals	every double helix spirals different, but requires other species to survive, we are all in this together	I plant my garden in fertile soil, dig with my spade. I pull weeds, irrigate and scare crow, then enact a genocide harvest
9	Balancing	Backbone inversions	upon the supple valleys, her womb	nurtures biotic fate, potential suspended	he is wind-whipped joy, fused to precipice Idaho cliffs	butte youth towers over tailored adult valleys, art kites on wind	eagle eyes spy rabbit run, beak screams predator song, snatches hind from cycle repeated	new negatives seek verbal bonds of equality, desperately colliding with living atoms	bolsters group value, binds satellite souls, opens up chambers of callused hearts	not all singles double-up; sometimes a child dies; Random Beings spoil in wickedness, but miracle loves abound	throbbing self searches for sexual satisfaction; a few secure it for the long-term; sadness slides, relations evaporate	we gorge our souls with plates loaded with emotion, hoping to retain an appetite for the great dessert; we eat death alone
10	Brave paper	confusion lit like fire	progeny sparks population to think	masked measure manacles accuracy; I sing it free	sledged shards leap into Newton's arms, beg elements' mercies	achievement manacles modernity, metriculates me's up polluted streams	history's carcass rots in sagebrush field, spirits moan treason toward stagnance	carbon sets up a base of operations, insects recycle carcass, lonely electron finds a new being	each soul wants to be stronger, sings aloud, breathes faster, intent to improve, but can carry so few logs alone	life has no hypothesis to bind it, no fit conclusion; even Hector lost Andromache. What hope do we have? I am only worth one man!	yet still I stand tall, measuring my might by tables of equalities, each whispering lies accurately into inner ears; glue dries so fast	time rushes steady in blocks great and small, thoughts race for seconds; sex lasts minutes, but can linger forever. All I have left is the present to be
11	possibility	consumed like tender eyes	how Napier's common logarithm died away	use meaning existence rely upon setting age and guts	valleys beget communities beget nations beget wars, rinse repeat	civilization gulps new air, strangled by its reach, weighed by egregious regret	yet, poetic choirs boast hope, symphony urges progress! Doubt dwindles in courageous hearts	one dies so millions new emerge, thought catalyzes action, voice echoes singular yawp, deaf ears ring cured	some choose to be but witnesses to calamity beating down a neighbor's door, some answer the heroic call, rage against evil	goodness oozes from my pores; I want so badly to be more than a memory! I desire eternity, but know this shell shall crack, its contents rot	how dull these declarations of information! How useless these scraps upon my floor! What gets in, what is cut away! What a mess this man has made! I am one!	final messengers I dare not send, my ineptitude abounds! Aims at completion miss wide. Twilight douses the sun. Urgency negates contemplation. Did I prove a thing?
12	pencil sparks	rise! Tinder mortal blossoms	right now, new students of earth became	human integers seek impossible totals in tablet horizon	remainders smell like waste cinders swept into tornado winds	devastation forces growth, evergreen begs physical phoenix, wildfires explode seeds	dark smoke clears with new winds, next season's seeds burst from ash and green leaves translate the sun	spring shatters her silence, songbirds build nests of sticks and hair, my great bear awakens, digs of Earth revolt earth-hidden bulbs	summer sun is salvation for distraught masses looking for a boar to rebel. Animals against extinction!	by my words I swear to be the boar, to stave off annihilation, to convert my energy into measures infinite, to give my life to the cause, to accept my fate	one coward begs to be brave, a yard-stick soldier in a metric world, patriot too slow to chase the enemy, poet prying loose nailed-down ideas, confusing usefulness	Darkness falls heavy upon broad shoulders, but man turns on his lights, sees his love, life. Breathes good air, exhales, moves f(u/a)rther toward a goal unknown. Poet drops his pencil.

TABLE OF TIME MEASURE

Table of Time Measure

60 seconds = 1 minute
please, beg me muster this minute, these 60 seconds; dial clock; no first-minute recall, open eyes to li(fe)ghts, covered in matter, beginning to. each task multiplies: sixty sexy seconds, a slender minute. "*I* see how it is, well *you* eat shit," a phrase elongates to 10 seconds, depending on your pause a(the comma; destroy six friendships in a minute, or more if you find friendship in groups; applaud approximately 150 times in a minute, or more if you fanatically applaud; run off won doubts' time lapse; blast hundred fireworks, or just one second, brevity bangs burst from us, to us, through us, just because these blocks are brief weakens not incurred influence of Time Measure; base tables, the great Q & A: what to do this second? time-life minute? its 60 seconds spent with such swift thrift

60 minutes = 1 hour
let me in that door, answer jugular throb, let me live an hour more, make love an hour, or more, minutes to become; start life, too; break down a minute, a second, a collision of cells, such reckless nurture; all beings beget opposites of themselves, all statements follow suit; throbs stop and seldom restart, funeral-hour, more or less, depending on the number of guests, distress calls answer in an hour, maybe, 'hopefully, according to policy, we think it s*hould be* fixed in an hour, t(w)oo' fast weddings give reverend time to impart to miniature malad gorge how the cupcake crows, a growth above paper cups, prepared and served in 29 minutes, depending on how long you let it cool - beletit - the door-hour closes, traps past in, blocks entrance to the great garage of the genius species

24 hours = 1 day

only let me get a grip this instant, I can make a day of it. The day dance two-steps, skirts forward hours. Towers climbed! Miles made into mulehills in minutes. Insert dreams here wake start new day, this day mornings all-a-gone night half done, time of day, Saturday Night, in minutes a.m. returns, in time to put the old p back in history. Second forward, midnight creeps I can't out-think daybreaks; she crost the international dateline. Far, kisses hunt reasons become. Long yester-"you're in deep this time," grimace goon, his B & E. "Last night got out of hand," we agree. "You called me in the morning. I thought some thing was wrong." think about tomorrow, today still clutches power moment lost, to lose and still try to make love, lost in the 24 hours equaling the day lights and night falls

7 days = 1 week

I hold you(r gumption, change we(a/e)k, you I we: stopt meteorite strike gut mathematics, two books swing dance; Quit Smoking; physical addiction play, made an ass of myself in front of a friend whose eyes make me want world peace, I give up save-world, stare her eyes all days, but baby, let's start week! Special Olympics World Winter Games, Idaho, USA figure skate, bluehat whitescarves rampant 8th street, train (side)track(ed)s, d(ay)irection s.o. beings believed good; smatter smiles aisles Centre on the Grove, in-tents sun winter face, shine chill, blood week drives rind feet bind-soul (I sneezed, itch sneeze swallows little); take week plant garden, or less, deep-end swagger, eth(n)ic ch(ores; shake down backbone baby, wish more, work more rush-urge. shoulda got on the bus, dined-friends instead, family friends talk dine, converse-life-place, server push-made leave, 'odd people eat, talk dinner' her week? abandon week fast! her cry! never abandon! red mustard ramble, bad moves end-game anger nips, jealousy slips eyes; work-week weekend, bye week, rivalry week spent court, jail, work, bag pact, new home

30 days = 1 calendar month
give me strength, support the effort learn a trade! wash dishes, but years make artists! NFL team shits together a playoff run, 30 days! 31! project its gall blotter; him & her walk in uniform flirts, month he had: his mom, a year ago his sister float Ganges, or more, depending on current strength? space-breath quit-smoke: employee night Main Street Bistro, shake-shitty papers, midnight specials' gums give out last roll: long-pull pinner, sidewalk, done, last, first-last month's rent, due sixth, forward last what if? fall apart, kill lost day, make 30 goods today, wi(this wicked sky walk fa(r)ther buys sways crib; hunger strike; lose find job, not here, no-one hires squires of poesy, except fanatic fool(s)hardy calendar flipt, 'look, it still says January; you notice February come in?'

12 months = 1 year
rebellion made it hard for builder to build, but 1 year turned glor(victor)ious and builder built; cumbersome gravel-gut, secret so heavy equat(or/es) mechanical bull hunger keeps urge(nt); months pass; heavy dozen spent pages filed land rot-wreathed reams shared forever, cold beginning trumpt wretched back pockets, holes, fog doorstep fresh paint, morning mind master(')s vileness I combat, beat-self moments, poet lifestyle flowers fold; nap year pass/fail scale 9th find suburban rides, brokenness mends; wait front-face, face mirror, closet of broken dreams, repair chair posture, react light-year quick capital broke-throne market, stark-year mistake, 'next year won' be a banner baby,' knuckle down, scars affect flesh n(prêt)ext: down falls rain; join celebration of chance, get wet

365 days = 1 common year
‘every time we get to this point in the circus, you gotta go make an ass out of yourself pretending you run the joint and next thing I know I’m backstage a(the circus trying not to get run down by the fucking fo(u/w)l of the freak show, arguing with Stanley Getbetter in high hopes to keep my brother out-a circus jail!’,“when in JeRome” do like Argentines roof Sunday no rain but a wind weaker than heat internal, a sweat breaks out, “that was a weed but it had a pretty flower I let it live, but this year yanking roots forgot the flower deposited its husk in the bag wi(the rest of the clippings, fallings, sticks and trash plastic new year march, common man rakes leaves; her eyes stay down, the walk-past gestures combine, fail against sheer magnitude of earth’s billionth birthday; we don’t compare

366 days = 1 leap year

Landing February 29 torture college student only deserved 5-of-20 birthdays

Blames capital culture can’t produce a proper calendar

Student planner says this is not a leap year

Maya’s calendar ends in 2012

An echo drives past

Hits pedestrian

Stars dangle

Collapsed

Negative

Breath

Last(x)

100 years = 1 century
we got to this point with stick-to-it-iveness, turn one away decide ugly decisions. this sucker, nearly a dime in, reeks need for self-rule. since we overcame, it should be the right/power for all to do so and just ain't true. fighting for freedom fight because others think fighters unlawful to take part, unworthy. be right, st(art)op rebellions. inspiration rocks, but implement an ideal you get empty pot no crock but your own. billions space; children cannot eat. mars, red beautiful, you been to Idaho? beats briars from mars bush, no mars trees, no air to breathe. take billions build parks for children, pay adults instruct, learn, create harmony on this side of the border, try humanity at home, give me that, my country, my century left to live. I won't make the next one. I make these centuries mine.

TABLE OF DRY MEASURE

Table of Dry Measure

2 pints = 1 quart
ratio breeds leaves tar scars in lungs of smokers understanding leisure in America today, or so they gray lines wonder why two make one why compilations become whole, why souls chase suns as if heat were one wi(the need to be heated, I test cheated to get in, but once in, these brain waves brain waves began to crave-crave enslavement of reason, no treason in my pocket of lies. I go back to dry government milk, just add water kid, quart of chocolate, walk February winds. Did spring dare spring? No young buds crawl from branch. Pepper me in the Hole, hugs but she don't know me, want to know, oak courage becomes a reed. Voices like two pints sonic the dark, endeavor to combine lame-measure miracles to quart days and test balance; virtue aches evaporate equally in shared rains

8 quarts = 1 peck
Peck divined Chrissi's diamond ring from mist, bottomless Alaskan lake. 'Second time I fell out of a van it was Peck's but Johnny always drove it,' In Nome Peck drove a tank drunk night leaving Klover Klub, Eden Street, we pist roadside. I finished last, we six eight quarts down. The howlers howled hurries, this old me, hurried, leapt to the open slide door, the big blue beast. I hung so slow in air, beast sprinted so fast beneath me, gone right, door against my shoulder, body asphalted. Tim, John, Levi, Peck and Kerr stopt, "Thought you were in!" then rain the pain pulse still pulsin' but frowning. Found snorkel man, a Peck these quarters doubled to snare. His name is James Peckenpaugh

4 pecks = 1 bushel (bu.)
this little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine, hide it under a bushel? not this light of mine, shine shine, four strikes at a once-burnt match, catch brunt winds with blocked back hands, not to hide it, but to shelter light in this gale-force equation. Dry measure, what pleasure to stand, be censored, liquid an absence excused. Dry pecks. Dry bushels. When the rains come, will we not clot? If this dryness continues, the parch-meant us to thirst not, why didn't we read it in the sun, the glare and its stores, it's bushels of fire speaking to us in tongues cracked, salival withdrawal, sloth drawl she lumbers through intention, slumbers with its wets, no pecks to be bu(s(h)elled in the desert of dry measure

1 cord = 128 cu. ft.
mountain hangs a branch sky strung cords, numbers a collusion of tript feet, trip string strung makes mountain fall jungle floor. 128 is 64 doubled, 32 quadrupled, 16 octopus tentacles mating a suct-cup species try to break down four directions: map-point but what infinities my Never-Eaten Soggy Waffles, cords bind ink-stained hands, key-z merry-less pranksters' merciless machination, cubic feet demand; cu ft's weary-forced abbreviation; it wants bic-ee back, corded attacks third dimension camp dry river no logger mountain face east, such snow! mountain pines hide underground, multiply failed sound 32 times, or let's make it 1:28 a.m. give mountain-peck cheek, blush eruption, lava smiles open-arm lunatics, the run-come-stop, table-stand be and wait for modern, cordless death-life

TABLE OF LIQUID MEASURE

Table of Liquid Measure

4 gills (gi.) = 1 pint (pt.)
‘you need to help me!’ Justice screams unbalanced; I fold clothes with Old Bones Butt-Face so we can make love on a clean bed. Great guilt leak unto me! I left him alone to make love(?) The bath faucet glugd ‘Justice, you okay man?’ rescue-kneel bathroom, the tub full, hero pulls piece-broken razors from tub tears. Justice cannot breathe under water. Brakes applied before blades could bleed; pints intact we pact the try, found pot-stare-space-art, Treasure Planet, three gills filter the breathless try of the fourth, a dawn pint silence. Elephant shoulders. B-F mid-sex bled gills of blood-un-clean bed. ‘Happened once before,’ she said, the angel. We woke, Justice dawn gone, answer-less. Gone home out west; watch woe torrents dry in salt-cheek gullies. No safety today in liquid measure

2 pints (pt.) = 1 quart (qt.)
half-pints first grade glee, get chocolate milk free, reduced price; parents work lame-pay jobs mobs of sods gob free lunch high-school hunch, cafeteria-punch, whole pints down. Quarts quarter cost, bottom-shelf bottles, mmm, that Idaho Silver & Gold! Scold fifths not quarts! Yukon Jack the prices, shrink bottle, give me back my quarts! Top shelf, moonshine, lacking-dog wine, O drunk of the morning! “I got out-of-hand last night,” wi(the big leaner comes the fall. O if there was an o in pints, so I can spit out Carol’s orange-bottom-peel pinto, middle-shelf health. Matt sleepwalks to the Pinto, the backseat to piss, piss hits mailbox b(g)ills. None score big; some store marriage energy, carriage paternity and disparage myself-steps strolled, a quart down, two full pints in my pocket

4 quarts = 1 gallon
tell me how to gulp this toxic topic, gallon of quarts, not quartz light-bolts, but quarts' fourths, the gallon whole. Be bold brave gallons! liquid measures volume against shores. Drown idea water; defend the surface, the sure-face lover caught drinking from the jug. I hugd tight, kist her hard-bruised lip and traps. We camp under fire banks quartered rivers, their gallonous quivers quake arrows at border actions unrest localized aliens, how much more messed could we be? b(eg)gnog-quarts, chocolate milk thwarts my quest for breeze quenched thirst, wet mo(u)rning for gallons' tied m(ilk) measurement hinge convenience-store door. let it be(e whisper sting. Sing gallon. Hollow be thy quarts. Spill thyself. Sing.

31 ½ gallons = 1 barrel (bbl.)
this little big town no crown castle my main, my broadway, curve 148.5-degree green street sign corner its retired twin attached little bench we cut a half, broken third ruckus among us. Let's discuss liquid volume measures easy as her eyes in morning, she flowers surprise by it. Woman cries gill tears gill becomes barrels made of milk. Keep thinking oil, but don't swim it. Too much talk of just one, the rum we stored and couldn't drink faster, plastered perches in a world you cannot buy. I wonder where extra half-gallon fits, the meniscus? Just listen to the drips and the man over Niagara how my dad ran down Shoshone, slid, halted on the last launch hop. Mother refused his notice for days. Her fear of losing half a gallon to finish the barrel they chose to fill with love I receive, I'll return

2 barrels = hogshead (hhd.)
when we think we think we're right, lured by fright, inclined to mine truth, yell world, if something's wrong … 'a large cask of varying capacities depending on locality or purpose, esp. one containing from 63-140 gallons. 2. a varying unit of liquid measure, esp. one containing 63 wine gallons.' Measure the size of the doubled barrel, but to All, here in the sphere of liquid measures must we not maintain faith in the second definition? Many of us have unexplained origins, not that we cannot explain but haven't done it yet. Large varies? I buy extra large at Abercrombie and it's a fucking medium, make those skinny pretties think these sizes the same. Eat the hog's head. Enough drunks worldwide to make this entry, wash down use(ful in(form)ation, bind human thought on sliced earth

TABLE OF PAPER MEASURE

Table of Paper Measure

24 sheets = 1 quire
in between tears I laugh, laugh at wet-face me. What are you going to do? Can you make it to payday buddy? Full body plated es-car-go! saltless cracker, pack a mouth to mouth an echo worth mouthing. Treasure pond no surface echo swollen-ground plantation echo, impregnation o earth, my goddess her apple my sky, new tons weigh down these 24 hand sheet-hours, quire, mountain-mass trash economy. Inquire please. Ask these sheets, these choir songs sheets, pages, paper measures tree-sliced erasures organized revolution, ideas spread creation's disease, secretly dreads 3-ball's crusted-corner revenge. Blaspheming bookmakers breed, leagued pirates, spent-gut artist floors, fold sheets as paper no-how, uniforms honor ghosts, dreamers whistle warpath wages to define self, a self-divine.

20 quires = 1 ream
that's 500 for me please, 480 so old-school, but 516 consists the printer's thread, a score to be reckoned. The back-porch swing sways no sitter; wind rocks the tick tocks, glean existence from a gangplank stroll. O-pinion-s matter among paper dealers, standards tall enough to ride this ride. Hide so tough water won't bleed ink into backstage hands, wringing tear-sheets unheeded write reams and reams of poesy screams don't you hear wind-light beams, oddities, renditions, past success, I lost the love of the love I love best. A repeat sheet 20 times 20 times therein lies cryptic disturbance linked to sexual e-o!-o!-quality! rebel-yell need me then, not now not how she dreamed my stark familiar lap; her nude eyes kist my unsigned valentine tap I grinned back at my mired inseam self un-sewn

10 reams = 1 bale
all hail chief one-feather! brave papoose hearse, sideline star, sky void cloudbursts. Baled language, 10 sinking ships, holes in buckets. I die to save you all, but what of the neutral All, eyes un-belonging to the cause? Must we sign a new new deal? Equilibrium shakes woe vials and twine can be snapt wi(the evil flick of a fool's blade, I shade your first fires, cinders, pyre's rapture hinders opened core eruption, multiplying until all paper souls be measured. Get me there; let me live long to stand and feel light pass through me, send shocks to *true* me, true, see me vomit desire, sired hound no sons to bastard. Bale me deep, sorrow rot come quick or leave me uncut in the field to windfall un-reamed, un bailed, fold all, dismember me not; dispose cold ideas; bark-beetle oak uprooted and dry

TABLE OF LINEAR MEASURE

Table of Linear Measure

12 inches = 1 foot
just give me 11 reasons. I want to punch him in the face. Break my foot off in his ass. "The only two times I listened to your sister were when she told me, 'only dirty one glass, then wash it,' and when she was screaming, 'oh, baby! beat that pussy up!" Friend becomes different, a moment statement thing in jest, but my de-test-ation for vulgar rudiments pushed over my edge. The worst offense: offend a friend to fuck his sister, then *brag* about it? No hope in this statement, anger spoils unruly start to linear measure. No pacing (12 steps every ten yards) bent rulers curve straight-edge, no inches, no kings with tiny feet, no rain-is-snow an inch deep and melting, no foot powder, no valley hugs. Purpose un-measures, yellow-tape emotion steals the show. I don't give a flying foot.

3 feet = 1 yard
I'll take three! me? Where is the 'we' in the squeeze between beings? I need not three yards to make love love to break free and breathe by self, 3 feet my right shoulder left her, bereft of ill tidings, abiding the drizzle drop rain stains the dark baby blues of a cloud-booth hump day, slump may be this country in, two feet in, one in college, in bounds in crowds so loud the bounds break the sky wide open, token shards of sunshine in the distance dart down, but my immediate yard waffles from dropt contents contacting bud-less branches I swear it is spring this day morning yesterday the trail along the greenbelt sight the blue field weave traffic and seek static channels eddied along my banks goose flanks and God thanks, break banks to stand beautiful tall America please

16 ½ ft. (5 ½ yds.) = 1 rod
who makes this shit up? duct taped the fridge shut, can I mend the bottom of the bag I carry? May I marry please? Geez, don't get all bushed beat, small feet, some shoes shall shoe you square but bare baby bare in the legs the shins the toes, how low your nose is curved but I believe in broomsticks, wish this slip of spring secrets slips a bit further and we all know I mean degrees, please give me walks on the beach, not too far, just a good option pitch to give me a long second-and-four 'grab your sack jack' fill back for the half back this rod a play to get us closer, her nose her greatest steer clear she danced but quit her feet went flat, back ballet in the day no she cannot swing nor foxtrot a rod 'round a square dance, but only because none ever asks never basks at blush the gush of fresh love

320 rods (5280 ft.) = 1 mile for Travis Greene
'four laps chaps!' claps the solo polo his smiles roving in packs stacks of folded bills in the hills of still youth in truth if you try to count those 5280 your breath be grasping at gasps, how fast are you Mr. Man? can you plan your route, did doubt double you over explosive device improvised, how trite that Sunday drive, your hive in a gem half the circumference away, say he prayed when light stayed sound strayed to silent vibrations your patience your sports your basketball shorts your wheels, what balance to ski on one knee, the mile your baby your maybe never maybe your stay here and watch the clock honey I'll be right back on these toes hop hopping no stopping me today new smiles robbing resentment of its affections some sections in Linear Measure can't be measured walked off parenthesized, equated, dated or miled. Some men live to run, and cannot

660 feet = 1 furlong
‘I gotta piss like a race horse,” coarse Horace heckled over a barrel of tin crimped corner mourn her loss or hate your self, she helped you yelped we ran for cover, ‘love her’ you fool you tool you spool of thin thread your bed a burden of broken springs, she sings so strong her forest would bloom but you you sit and stew rude rebukes and stroke poor yokes upon broke shoulders, ‘hold her’ your belly cries your thighs pig-latin at the county fair, ‘her hair’ you spared the foolhardy no heart in that word, ‘the herd’ you spurred this gamut damn it the valley below, the forest a past man forgot, ‘how hot’ you fought for resentment reels in mirrors’ fears, ‘her tears’ you sneered at self’s gone fortune’s fold, fur longer than space dare tell or distance dream stretch such bold hopes for chances to be

MISCELLANEOUS MEASURES

Miscellaneous Measures

12 units = 1 dozen
my heavens what glee in my sea, this entity nears thirty its blood and its bones and it's getting to be bore or less together in twelves, doesn't that sound nice? vice struggles to stop the phantom of good. sometimes it's nice to start over from scratch scratch the dust rooster uncover the seed in the ground build nests of strewn straw, ha(e)y, roost and lay motherly brotherly share duty in a cage-wired holes to see free but never be free, this hayseed is nut of dough baking-bread-oven with bones of crashed birds whole herds fall butcher knife, life knife

sunday nights we played 4-on-3 some
wildcats west failed to field 12-man team times
11-man tucker'em out lose and win out you
measuring miscellaneous dozens divided come
opinions nine-sided up short
triangle too fixed some
stick free fire times
earth life you
dream do
want not
be

12 doz. = 1 gross
eew! that’s nasty passed leeward long division that’s one hundred and 44, big score baby maybe we can give this up some day, just one more felled tree the forest gleaned gain by man, man this ripe winter morning, going for a ride. Let’s go! reflections a-part-men-ts off main deep in the west side city of !$$ put this en in an envelope to hope U.S.A. I brave train terrain terrors, no errors in death-stakes be made, replayed in sequence centuries, millennia now and billions inhabit exotic extinct best be better than the rest, repress progress, but fade because oppositions to main flex stronger than maintain the main, strain displaced food fight face what grace war tastes bodies sons daughters all

12 gr. = 1 great gross
great googly moogly do the math sayethee shrink from add-i-son avenue brothers one took the rap, a big man in prison, brother left to wander guilt swall O don’t replace base men-t roommate with a great gross of grass (20,736) pass murder-movie man! My sis’ birthday ‘86 big man as boy trampoline seen by bob photog gen-x pre-blog local times-news may children fun front page ladders to silo fires gargantuan great grosses granular ground tastebuds to-day my maverick bread instead this (l)oaf kindles flame for fuel forest before fore wore wear as language he built patronage learning teaching, writing ‘ridges ranges lovers, pass it on’ mull my mountain-less-forest valley gross great dozens

20 units = 1 score
somewhere in the middle of miscellaneous measures things got torn apart.
Smoke clears a tab at Cricket's how quick this creeping jabs
Double tab inside form broken like a chump's nose
My score no score boarded by enforcer
Peer-amids I go to Caldwell, basketball
Asphalt canyons Cousins' games
River was Lake dug it Cover
Before my drinking year
How dear my *kin* kindred No foundation man-made may
My fold of boast and scores brazen its stay on this earth
Without the earth
To stand on

1 hand = 4 inches
prehensile part of my arm-charmed rage against ability to write page
wi'thee
damnthing bonding to this core this chore conception cord sta(y)ge
with me
intensity caresses this mess but longer and longer for longer I plead
be both please
both blistered and beating dirt make it hurt but don't take it away from me
not this need
not this plead against loveforce enforced no horse in my canyon of need
not this need
not this plead along sing sing, don't be the butcher of beloved I belch
how close
this nose this breath this guttural grunt no stunt I'd no I wouldn't do it
how close
this nose this chest against your breathing your needing my pleading
our love

1 fathom = 6 feet
I am a fathom tall
Plus three quarters
Barefoot and breathing
Stampede the sing sing
Where the f is the dictionary
Nautical and mining my blisters
Sound
Penetrate my bottoms in a second and begin to read
And withat the stampede crumbles to mumbles baby
Just fooling around the sound ground my heart on a mountain I can see
Stampede deep into my chariot corners
A memory love borrowed for this little moment of woe
Because sometimes it feels good to hurt
I sink six feet that's where they'll bury me if she marries me else my body goes going alone in the wood what good would be, be, be, no stopping I pray this stay on green how deep have I dug? You? Ooh I felt that collision of atoms in old men's dreams
t' swim the ocean
t' dive in and sea
A fathom deep

3 knots = 1 league
so I guess this is right this right to speak I guess this is
to be I where it
to be in league with friends and neighbors I ends in wind
to be I
to be in league with fri-ends and nay-bores I
make covenants I
of distance to place where trio are tried I he lied to get in
make covenants I his age
of listen-to-grace stare and read-scene eyes port(hole)al port(al)hole
go guess the reason why lines left in sand never stay marked but join sand to be some thing new this space is plankton paste look at all that white my reason to save staved heart break so far out to sea knots untie in the limit camaraderie never dares approach
naut a cool move I can(not) se(a)e my betrayal
a p pro a ch-ild of fresh youth about 3 miles from the buoy in the bay
sea-salt erodes links, a break-free, become a b(u)oy un-chained

13 ½ cu. ft. of air weighs one pound Chris LeDoux

‘that’s a lot a hot air’ she jokes her sister swats her shoulder with a hand-made fan, Echo Water it read remember? the fair? we met all friends and age gets my best ‘ain’t nothing I love better to make man fall in love, like the county fair’ Kenny K grew the biggest damn zucchini the fair’d’air seen how r. canoy’s jeans went to the fair all eight days, ‘it’s the fair,’ he’d say but I was there too on top the ferrous wheel world because it’s light height laughs in relation to heavy steel beams see it way up ‘til shit gets t(h)in’ mountain so high you get drunk on one shot, save money by god or-o-fino(e) way up by baumgartner the boise is born pristine so fast fish won’t catch “unless you snag ‘em in the ribs going by” wash-out conifers drift snag mud-mountain exhale but free fathers and song sons abide

1 bu. potatoes = 60 lbs.

here, go back to dry measure, accept succulence in tuber rules: my home stretch, born in potato cellar must, raised eyes from fields, eyes the machines forgot, eyes spotted by eyes of a child, his lint pockets filled with miscellaneous boy things like rocks and fists but his hand picks dinner from august dust sunshine so bright even potatoes sweat butter sweat sunshine so intense for the underground man emerging from his roots unscathed by man-made claws, left to his own laws in the field fearful of the county fair; boy comes along slump-plucking lunch sides from rows behind his mother’s shovel. boy of the field grabs man of the dust, spits to make mud, wipes thumb, takes bite, makes man’s pulp part of him, rests the rest in his pocket; lugs bushel, a boy barely bigger than a burlap spud sack

1 barrel flour = 196 pounds
my wrestling weight so dense to chase championships, never even made second fiddle, chain-gang row, bribe the barrel if I wasn't doubled over lifting it here, strapt to the back chap bracks, little white limps flit through barrel slits, flour dense-heavy, tiny piles packt bread shoulders, sifting to the ground to join the rest of the dust, see you just take wheat and beat it, shoshone mortar and blackfoot pestle, my valley remains hostile nomadic, broken river streamlines concrete creeks highline and new york, b©anal, aggies settled West, brooding indictment put people in pews pusht capitalist ooze to community zoos and 'I look down on you(s)'"never swim in those undertows," lost a dog once, friend once, swim young man in river-dirt bottoms, jump from real rocks, barrel in dive swim

1 cu. ft. of water = 7.48 liquid gals. and weighs. 62.425 lbs.
drink eight baby
a day in the life, I run-off turmoil
haven't even baled it to the river yet
just gliding the gutters of Joyce and Potter
make walkers in assorted rain-guard apparel
jump puddles to switch sidewalks to streetwalks
I wore a hat but had a hood had the hat hat-in-hand
met la rue, told toe no sex for a year not for him anyway
no intersection 'tween hisself and his wet-dream play
give me a cuft to ba(the soul sucked by dry measure
'she ain't a looker' 'I'm just gonna chase homely girls'
'did you hear the lion roar today as you marched to class?'
'my center has no core unless your thrust overcomes gravity'
"I knew I was going to fuck her when she told me to 'fuck my dead mother in the mouth' in Romanian" cemeteries garden littered communist statues petting zoos rides T-shirts heavy crowns don't get distributed to men like us we're just globs of skind rain
ever wonder where all the rivers went?
they're in us

I knot = 6068 feet
Where ever do I get started has it ever started like this? this break this stake claim laced waste knots want masts save a buddy disaster tie up combatants ‘you’d look awesome on that scooter and you the sidecar,’ he said she said don’t get caught up pup his dreams drunk drive home money gone his knot of friends let him do it new bracelets they would make me take mine off, but I never stayed too long up river always my mayday too far many knots behind Is it gimmick?
id’s the big trick
go sailing young man
if you can’t dip your toe in the water what courage can you ever say you had
had enough
Micah learned the bowline like any fool would in real life taught by a scout from a distance but I saved his life though I shouldn’t have had to; he said he could tie the (k)not

Atmospheric pressure is 14.7 lbs. per sq. in. at sea level
its snows this boise this belly of dreams indigested slanting snows slanting about a 45 down and to the left, a window a room a home a city big thickn’s stickin’ to a bright green ground green even in the halflight dusk a march across this gem of a day. thursday yesterday a thunderstorm roared through *les bois* and burst my sky asunder. a white oak grows 14.7 feet tall so young holding tight to 14.7 brown leaves never-fallen, but the oak grows 14.7 feet high out of the corner’s thick green bush fleckt with white crystal snow which lessens now high up on Bogus Basin and the Sea spots a man high-up and looking broad for the snows bid him no harm the Sea stands as tall he can and the man Mountain peers down to eye contact, through the snow and other-land shine they meet man to man

Diameter of circle x 3.1416 = circumference
she gets around oh that's not nice not nice at all, here have a pi slice that's nice it's good to fall rich real quick how thick is that wick? can I get an order up! Up! and away this so close to getting the god(?)-given pie-right to live 3-dimensional lines along curves instead of flat circle-jerks and distance round and round the mulberry bush miss laura lured her weasel his circle too round to be square; periods in dog's lives equal human stretches brief crusted arcs of a singular complete circumference else this projectile existence continue its orbit, circumnavigating so much so the diameter becomes that of a sphere

TABLE OF CUBIC MEASURE

Table of Cubic Measure

1728 cubic inches = 1 cubic foot
justify my joy, how great thou art to start a second column to brave
new quirks and solvents of hard desire
inquire-me any thing the mind dare scrape
inside, excuse me, I wrote I will, no, it was the contraction
I'll boil stew give it to good will you call in the hour I pass
Pass peace pass friend(ship(wrecks he®art me my spine please
Give all or no thing
But baby bring the sing sing
The wing thing
In this dusty desert string he stood the street stood his mark killed by a child-man
Shooting from the hip settles down rustle earth-child man

27 cubic feet = 1 cubic yard
pretty simple right get it get it Us. highways lands torn pieces assembled bridges roads overpass mounds yards of mud and rock, crushed granite gouged from gorges I consider my friends top-notch, even those I only see on Orchard in Twin or in the back bed truck going south past the quarry by the bluff, get up in the digs where Indian springs ruts-road and trucks beat dogs as buds, dogs brag back campfire at his feet. Rock Creek dodges tumbled boulders fallen from the retreating cliff face, how balanced rock carved by wind dynamite punk, bunch a bumskis! rock keeps balance, man restitute (cement) solid brace, content to power second definitions, go backyard arm-wrestle, picnic table ants in pants, "I can't believe you put in a fountain; you never have green grass."'Ah, but I *have* earth.'

128 cubic feet = 1 cord of wood
catcall sawtooth ridges foothills men need houses and heat, load trucks kids tools roger son, south hills porcupine springs diamondfield jack magic oakley stone shoshone basin road birch glen steer basin, harrington fork third fork rock creek knife. higher you go conifers grow, sage brush rows beget aspen folds bear gulch, stone-cross *that man* sells hummingbird feeders strung between two loose spruce better cruise august up here when cool aspens change-paint forest Samson chased leap-doe I was alone, he returned dirty breathless, or when abel came to cut wood no work ethic kept calling misty anne 'tuna' six cords later on-foot he murders man, traffic light prison fights. 1-ton red truckbed full-packt stack plywood wall wind-chip mouth, colors fall afoot, ax-split, chainsaw screams

NOTE: a cord of wood is a pile 8 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4 feet high

24 ¾ cubic feet = 1 perch of stone
what is the highest, ya know in mountains, the highest in mountains you ever saw red sun rise high to make a day? phylmont hiking pre-dawn, to the red rock cloud sun suffocated no rays break apar(the mountain, burrow tunnels his guts cut intestine slabs machines lift metamorphic o(sha)ll we dance "I have two left feet who decides these numbers what if I slough off, add an extra quartet?" 'it's a solid measure for stone.' Oh. We(')ll runk along then and there and back again. stop at Rock Creek, ask, "how(e) get to Oakley?" 'up to foothills road left then a right a(the stop sign.' dark-snow falling west head ea(st)one tickle toes foothills good deeds little city big stone, manual gas pumps clipt snowbirds tickle the foundation of singularity bound stone-tight, become counters in living kitchens

NOTE: A perch of stone or brick is 16 ½ feet long, 1 ½ feet wide, and 1 foot high

TABLE OF AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT

Table of Avoirdupois Weight

16 drams = 1 ounce (oz.)
I'm not sure I've done my good deed today, but I let it be my window open flinging the sing sing to loose beings belting beatle-bale he packs to play army for two weeks, "it's just you and the monkey"'can I get 50 dollars worth of circus tickets?'"you look seamster marvelous, those gold hem gems," go north old man see what chills you can measure your ti(n)tanium diamond listed precious near-h(ear and a child wagon rolls parent-push irrigated loyalties corrugated man land-office a good man, scale potential commit pulse patience join him for a double lap around the block-talk no sense where it goes flaunting failing flying sailing hunger for heat bed kitchens fall for heaven's sake mean it scream it love it and keep loving it be able to say id has weight in this world of phantom measures

16 ounces = 1 pound (lb.)
like duh, I'm so sure, the pound of *gold* weighs more than the pound of *air*! you're so full of this jungle she says she doesn't have to love him to marry him I want the plains desert where she does because *I* do and spinning worlds measure not by equalities, but by who is alone and who ain't; fresh layr'a'paint history boasts truth comes and goes those pretty people shine and the ug-lies glare men shake hands like this(*) I say we eat beef but he says it's human free samples my ass! what happened to pace tastes, rhyme dimes can I get four quarters to go? she knows but I don't think she feels it *can* feel hence doesn't, those brits fists rip better gifts man upon penn save this house we'(a)ll pitch in I promise future us won't be a wakened dream let reality pound present people, I beg it, please

100 pounds = 1 hundredweight (cwt.)
what's this gist this lisp her lips bleed, she picks skin beware the ides of march centurion! bridge depression go to alcohol class, go d(t)own effigy spurn square to center city, slur colloquial dribble and a c to swim from, a b to be one among hundreds, wait in the parlor deconstruct unbre(a.k.a.)ble lines find alias to flower fists on pond's other shore for sure 112 is more real there, more reel here in moving numbers and a caught paradox playing slap-hands with blue-grass arthritis smiles, a flat-tire rain-walk, her thin aim stretched, *see* 'forget love' christian jewess marries mormon; flee, for the camo-green-brown fiend ascends mountain peaks obliterates white kingdoms, doves fear less than robins, p(e/i)ck seeds benea(the western white pine, god sun breaks local orbit, initiates a 2-star system

2000 pounds = 1 ton (T.)
this kiss I give with world's weight placed subtle-like along brisk corridors tween thee and me, a possibility of love in loveless do(nations' loveless frustrations; too many humans to find an equal? to divine a sequel self, man becomes god in copulation woman mother earth, see I say god I mean sky, flighty fools we be, grounded opposites we seek, shoulders sneak cheats from leans against brothers, held high, steadied, pause to stare at a cloud razor across wind-crushed stars, pause when trucks jostle stops mid st®eam engine against granite rock think 'hey what's this twist?' when to(n)ight exists this chest pressed palm sucks hard-to-suck luck from back of mud-stuck truck "ge(the chains" roam gone youth fresh truth bench-press all beings; lift you *human* things, lif(t)ons, beg ass-i-stance

2240 pounds = 1 long ton (L.T.)
you are welcome young man! it will be harder, but better; stretch before you run, before your home-stretch run when the long ton runs long and some fool comes singing a sing song, “whatcha doin’ pal?” ‘the boss said we needed just a bit more’ “h’much more?” ‘not much more, 12 score ‘r so,” ‘so run along, day strips in the pond at 10:40 tonight, you gon be there?” ‘will there be there?’ “f’ sure” ‘sure, sure’ blu®oar radicals win hare because *really*? who falls asleep a(the finish? suspend yourself from school, avoid rare expulsion but take a break to stake academic adversary claims, lies link chains’ stains on service records, because we keep them see them the next time we wear that shirt; that’s a lot of gold, lot of cold earth hearts need warmth; herds find it huddled happily en masse

TABLE OF TROY WEIGHT

Table of Troy Weight

24 grains (gr.) = 1 pennyweight (dwt.)
hector almost made the measures but his swashbuckling cut one too many notches his body dragd through waters, sukt to wet cycles to France, to the Seine, added an e and re-born tied new true-love knots to sky and dirt, hermit hector puts stones on scales sorts scores plus fours a man of hundreds still sending his run-off to paris no one measures bread anymore, its grains sorted by the loaves and fishes rotted banks bones spit from mouths of myrmidons myeloid scraps round pyres of lost cities spark journeys under world's cape find penny-shaped escapes fear the furor folded in a dead century, weigh precious time by the grains a day counts and agam(emnon)mogenesis provide fresh batteries for new empires installing fire screens to block inevitable blazes of opposition

20 pennyweights = 1 ounce (oz.)
got five on my desk yes five pennies in years give me Denver Philly San Fran can't read the date this hand, this weight differs since copper lef(the core equipoise scale eremite I airing errs to erato my blinds lift lent sun bursts winter doldrums executes dereliction, deserts de rerum natura, helenate caesura, sing sing selah! slip lapsus calami! supernal sun abandons selenography, biology grafts a score of pennyweights to an ounce of oz emeralds, a granary ground down by gourds of great grains, wise gracioso gargles seltzer spiels and the pheasant nictitates upon the fencepost his mate nidificates, camouflaged by chrom(atic)osomes; he lures predators away; the sacrifice his lot, his short stick, her adroit avoidance her long grass mound in the cattails; dry superhighways deracinate god

12 ounces = 1 pound (lb.)
how can 12 and 16 be the same thing these fours calefacient rub raw hot flesh, my stom(ach)es from all that m(h)eat marbled and sizzling on man's skillet manuscript a mansard termite-weak, reveal new measures old measures same measures new name who knew time united November 18(83)? why time in weight, why time waits for nothing, no change by noon why find truth upon scaled shelves in wrong rooms? reveal(h)er charms incandescent why currents alternate why tesla and edison warred why mental acrobats heave big bags of tricks, why pound and stevens never shared tea, how dozens become pounds and abbreviations never intend to leave anything out, but do(z quarter-backed the team but ian took a knee and a lateral froze drisan forever in fame; white whales devour

TABLE OF CIRCULAR MEASURE

Table of Circular Measure

60 seconds(”) = 1 minute(’)
‘depends on what kind of god you’re looking for,’ KISS ALIVE this small precise life “I imagine I’ll go finish that bottle; from here to there; go go go; trip traverse, get going, measure variegated arcs earth-sur(f)ace angelic go sell it buy! buy! buy! no need to fly “I give you *real* small! talkin’ tiniest! let lyn in my personal circus, bus(y) eyes to s©ent(s county-fair maiden my mark I never made yellowstone stark against **sideshow** stall; “I’ll wager one sure lesson in the Bully Beat Down go around comes around that’s two-things-ism said the centaur a-shower how alpha fires so close m(y)inute system goes wi(the hurl broken circles sing sink sing sink repair and keep spinning; attitude starts a self-saving space declared clairvoyant but faulty american earth(wo)men true balance affords s)miles

60 minutes = 1 degree (°)
‘my friends my family my people it is getting hot in hur’ better connect t(w)o(o)-old dis-connects, frustrated sentences hard labor chases seven little circles too hastily fast for old clunkers like me to make ground; never board the cruise (it brings you (back)) again to home imperfect, stuck slivers of circles jabbed fingers and you thought it good-deeds-do daily bread always a line away from those seven circles prikt tricks incapable my hopes deafening: a bead of sweat stalls, arcing-jowl man at work stops, body at work halts wide amazement his joy-focus, bead-lost balance and tumble, frontyard splashes; green frisbee physics, ‘you got-a nice throw’,“out-a shape already toad?” ‘nah coach, I’m round’,“it’s cool to have a stalker”,‘ya never had a good one’; chase degrees’ circles, intensify efforts
°°°°°°

360 degrees = 1 circumference
record player doesn’t spin out of respect for the word-self, the shower clunks sounds a bedroom wall ‘I can hear people taking shits’,“what goes in, must come out!” koodoo so handsome savannah kookaburra a joking jackass down under his plunder a pirate ride his leftist lectern fisting emphases on 18 scores and camus a-field his nose warpath grass-hops hopper stops upon calyx’ degrees calyptra knees her ruddy cheeks; covert they their cabala, a cinch, a toothless man masticates red meat; thistle bristles beautiful but stabs any entreaty, a gray grazier grasping a dark hand, matriarch ma leap-frogs frustration get through neve®ound, a plain dealer; rutaceous rebels rue the rut, exiles excited to mate but graveyard destiny a rye lunch; circumference extends its axis, eager for the next go-round

A degree of the earth’s surface or meridian = 69.16 miles at the equator
great earth circle passes through poles, a given earth-point b. half of such a circlincluded within the poles. 2. *astron*. great circle of the celestial sphere passes through its poles and the observer’s zenith. 3. point-period: highest development, greatest prosperity, splendor; elevate exercise against foolish middleness mesocratic minds drop anchor, head south, “(race),” this shell game played with knives; big pirate haunches hurt in agedage, adages worn tsunami short ‘help me return to the sea else mine eyes dry’“you truncate your desires with doubt undeserved”; trinidad, tobego jamestown chicago twin falls’ jekll hydes in jerome, jargon justified: great blue heron never soars that far south looks instead a(the second definition finds abundant measures along personal poles, zenith to nadir

TABLE OF APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT

Table of Apothecaries' Weight

20 grains (gr.) = 1 scruple (℈)
who calls so loud? so proud a man to give his life so sad the man who takes his life such mortal hugs I have; but man to a slaw is death to any he that utters them; if he earned his scruples his poverty ought not consent & power of writ di(sex)ists fits human eyes' scan but lovesick hands wring fan-me-down towels and (v/b)owels(' burst bullet squirts dust brush desert cliffs➔afghanistan looks *so* much like southern idaho🡐'the internet sings swell, but nothing beats good books: b.s.''sex⇔xes',"we say same things, just from other directions",'insurectionists! you'll hang!!!!",'I™ took the weight of(for a second before it collapsed and the wrath of human evolution caused a living earth to fight back the only way it can; the earth will kill us' no law no nation no man may grayn alone on that table

3 scruples = 1 dram (□**)**
just give me one brilliant lightning flash, one bombastic savior mask! sky whimpers in elastic intoxication, vomits three shots, a dram(a so linguistic tipples ripple clenched lip nipples: woman heart teardrops; play right, else rain-sc(um)brella grip headwind stronger than aluminum frames, holy ghost godson, a trinity of scruples symbols extinct measures because poor penmanship made 3's of that beautiful symbol that cool draft room concrete floors and dirt below basement bottom-deep wine cellar blinks flash modern electricity, dynamic random access memory deep below man's first drunk first medical illumination: mckinley would a' lived if his medicine men trusted x-rays, and 3 score grains regain a growth-starved field, hands reprimand slumdog sacrifice; dry a dram of crackt-lip rain

8 dra(ch)ms = 1 ounce (•)
men make measures of ounces' multiples, tables galore, 'don't you shake your spear at me!','then don't make an eng-land of my empire!','be a ground-ear listener even if all your parts don't consist; be a'rushin' to big puddles' mud' swim in the shit you shoulda swallowed; flip a p(age, steal the waves other brains paved, but be primary cells' division encouraged by incorrigible saints performing undefined miracles in alleys' poverty un-touches children'(s)ongsings 480 days' year, colors prismatic born(e same light; princes sanslucotte perhaps unsanitary, soiled soaring condors of the great sign, the singsing minds collect dignitaries on missions to preserve good turns in neighborhoods built of bad roads; we slut selves sing because we dram well feel like it; thi(smax of revolution

12 ounces = 1 pound (□)
still the same thing☺window opens to chill april's first rains delivery☹cumulous crowds dripping tumultuous gestations, mount tumulus shook dry bones, desperate pilot spinals for help, awaits a mistress to pick up styx, stakes' pure meadow where apothecaries' ego temps not poor graduates of rich love, a catchweight surp(rise lame tuesday, foolish cusp, a giggle house of books "you don't stand a puncher's chance" sickle clouds reap nothing bu(the human exhale, a circulation worth 1 degree-pound of human heartsound, ouncing its way through a dozen broken markets and 5760 batteries passed through a calculating equality, just a bunch of drops diluted daring to combine in liquid generosity; animosity a pound of cures, pounding prompts inhaling a second function of the American instrument

TABLE OF SURFACE MEASURE

Table of Surface Measure

144 sq. in. = 1 sq. ft.
unbutton the buttons a(the end of the sleeve roll back wrist and adjust personal posture to render final measure, testament to temper hot and coold sources pooled and pi n'apple mountain men make friend(s(e)a)nd powers combined circle clouds round centers spheres men might pull their weight, lift others too, others revenge kill revenge others, two is all you and I need, little square, four and seven score, install your own tile, read the book and learn, fix it because you can do it right / wrong: that's fine as long as j(our)nal way from that place in idaho's kremlin sangria grill bathroom why did I take it there? min(d)e calladay later give'm numbers and name no)vember my april starts in an hour and I can't help but see squares everywhere 'let me see what he writes, and when he means to come'

9 sq. ft. = 1 square yard
1296! such big kicks in con sun ants "no those are termites" thick grass backyard more grass than dust 'just get yourself a pair of scissors and mow that grass' ha! y'ard. why not? why ever? lodge (t/f)able bout man'gainst mom, 'that squirrel ou(the corner window makes me jump he flashes peripheral focus a locust to focus field a yield-swollen field our shield against poverty's public price, "what you do in your home is your affair" fair? "but we will be watchlistening" when they put in a good fence, took ours down we gain 9 yards of yard, or so-sew, and the grass grows there too: fallspringfall pull all sown weeds and when spring comes again grass comes back greengiant; in the end it's about space, our place in it, this want to take it from others, share and take, kill take and share, killive

30 ¼ sq. yds. = 1 sq. rod
‘that’s the dam calling the levee a dike’ take deviltry: wicked and reckless mischief take dimensions’ dihedrals: someone always gets left out+what was that ping-ringing in the left of my ear, increasing with prudence distance garden “don’t plan(the corn nearfence ‘r the horse’ll get at it” jokes(pokes)man n(j)udges(‘ judgments ‘now *that’s* a yard!’ go ru(m)n-running deep far)ther bu(the fence bulged before it blazed big fire, lean’to, “a gone plank became a men’s room” reams, rods of gods’ books tell the same story: people eng(aged survival deity to energize the crowd; he ass(u)me(d her love would keep thugs struggling against his den(tr)ial consistently adj(our)ned f‘ate the last piec’a yellow cake again, didn’tcha?’; he is)sachar; rod-yardage, horse pasture unfenced ‘let’s runin the rain’

160 sq. rods = 1 acre
out back wade marsh jump ditch corner fence and see how manybig we can cross today ‘one of us has to touch it; not it!’ “not it!” ah shit, that’s youth troop boys in ditches with plastic guns and acre to leave, “get yur ass to the garden” when 15 lookt small and one looked huge cross neighbor field find pond ‘but it lived leaches’ but i(t‘was we(t)oned down, pared plugd pipe acre-foot, “johnson went over again last week” ‘by gad we’ll fix this fix we’s in’ wait, “father wrestled an angel”; I have w(rest)led fallen angels, lost all I miss me wi(them)pty tho(e)se and this; ima landlu(bb)er, my fir(s(t)kill warbler barbed ‘t wire winger in the back 40, rods ‘no pond fishin’ them’s trash fish’, “he gave hi(*self* that name” rise and fall, brother against brother, greed at its ba(se)d: against family gains land

640 acres = 1 square mile
quit sa(far)I he ran ram(bunctious dunk this pastor at kimberly good neighbor days great fun he prays smiling a(the children throwing baseballs to get him wet, “you threw one of those”,‘ha!i know!; bout five houses down other side, across street ‘my mom set concrete lawn steps ‘cuz laprays don waste time goin’round’ cross them fields kum-ba-yah come by here and there go there too be it there too met another uphill half a mile way the road runs displaced m(y)ile now a neighborhood my own buster a river away this project flex flattens deserts distance depth flat-eyes scour peripheral dust buy it live grow it show it w(o/a)nder west; see mountains and though their steppes still save snow valley sunshine valley fixated toward distance not-yet reached, “you never have to leave”‘but you may’

An acre measures 208.71 ft. on each side.
Does this count? whoa! did you see that? where did that ‘D’ come from? “i saw it scream running down the road”,‘the guy down the street said it was a white car, but hi(sight fails’ what’s thi(s)ng thought cody she ran acrosstreet; 14 yrs. later a(not)her cody named turnd bitch sable “remember when yur cows got out?”‘sprintin cross the highway!’“you loped down washington witha lasso loopin”‘pencil vein hooah’“tis mighty”‘but vain’ sit bench april cloudstorms break so neighbors get rain I don’t his grass grows my desert took over took notes drew lizards plants geometry c’s poorpenmanship “you couldn’t draw straight lines witha straightedge” the roads I’d build! 1502 ha(we’s best be getyn ‘long else thys tryst sells slavesus’ civilize wild america chopt sold multiply pockets stole human dignity

A section of land is 1 sq. mile.
These are statements! guess this gots to be bout something special, this off-hand(le are you really johnny apple(see)d? ho(w)e split circumstance 4 ways this off-b(road(w(pl)ay) is th(is the real is? afternoons beco(m(e)n)ights processing present next alter(c)ation *win* adaptations spawn evolutions if I pass/fail evaluations my evolutional stock rise/falls one of twin (falls)' youthenized irrigation: new peopleplace measurers hand land hand2hand in-deed good thing god gave desert to nomad gent(i)le(s gatherhunt move)rs dig camas go round lava-rot plain "was a flood here too, du(gorge crush lava give glens ferry he(')ll s(can)(yon)der grow life? "with wa®ter, yes"'bless this mess!' jest judge get off scot-free, fly valley se(e)ctions property makes hermit privacy humans need space their own.

A quarter section is 160 acres.
But there are five acts! got bill in the corner, drag the acd from under papers piled rubble, flip to particularity king henry vi a free book from paul's box atop the filing cabinet portable james joyce side by side wit(his memory of the deeds of prowess students fists against ruling fists 'your fence is over the line!' red-white roses bl(end)oom pink line, lush grows bus(house dependable d(elec(table power infamily calamity january an april away 'but I find her in my bed'"ya'll should spl(it equally" but a 3-hand parrot parried t(his plot beware go(d)og barks good reason this corner curve house no bu(the bench hell yes bsu follow winners wrangle their skill with lass(o)pen marker fades backhand; carried green lantern on day hike park d(t)own museum see(kathryn's big yard; cross americana.

A township is 36 sq. miles.
So I sit here finishing this with green lantern staring down james joyce, both do their part and now it's monday, a.m. th'april day jumpstarts anend to measures "yur caught b'tween relief and wtf to do next" wha(the hell is a conversion table? six milesquare see donnelly belly up when tamarac fell "met two guys from peru who left Idaho early" how bout hyde park, north end? cot(ton)wood adored pignut 'hick'ory tikls weeping willow wolverines buc(key)e as(he's american elm helps dugout birch latc(her staghorn (sum)ac flowering dog(neighbor)wood handbook citi(zen)ship hard work no quits helps give mores "saw a young spider dangle down tween me 'n t.v; he dint live long" that's how th'insect dies: in ones as thousands thrive amongus—man measures his means:th'earth don bother, it plots.

LENGTH

LENGTH

1 meter (m) = 100 cm = 1,000 mm

This is where we beg(in ones and zeros alot of m's in thi(s)tack; 'ms. urhig would be so upset with you' hug(he's vigilante backward horse desert and a felling taps a particular part of the skull up-sin(u.s. mint chocolate = fist full of diamond dozens co(us)ins play softball in july, a cousin who always lies gets away gets caught in lies on tape; "master blaster runs barter town"'he has the mind of a child'='how now my hardy stout-resolved mates!' pause for the elements and clean off your desk, hug awkwardly if you can score hugs, teach some(one)thing, learn a thing or two carry own trade spy steal a million m's cut a million times; all comes to this

1 millimeter (mm) = .001 m

up goes the rim-ran-runner canyon rim stunner countin her pulse as dawn breaks night's shade obliterates darkness run(ner in sleeves stops pausing stretches and gets gone. "just take an electric drill, for the door; he owns a ranch 'long canyon, before the mall was built"'I remember horses' gait and poplars leveled where they built Target'"she was dying of cancer, like so many our idaho women He built her a room a(the gorge's most extreme edge, she painted every desert sunrise she had left." go back see thugpunks tore door throw canyon now rock cave danger = two punishing statements made by two lost lovers to punish the other for their lost love

1 centimeter (cm) = .01 m

oh yeah oh yeah no that’s a yardstick! swing yard-arm bu(this is a metric state ‘she gets out of prison soon, gets probation’“right, ate acid kild sis’ fren”‘thought she had a demon in her’ she was probably right, it’s millipedes that bite it’s the flash light helps get’er down the hill = how far would you go? when you®th bites heal scabs reveal adult scars, switchblade width widens ‘if ya got a knife ya never need a pencil sharpener’ the brooding mares heat the herd’s hearth, no matter how much love gullible gives she can give-n-go else(w(her(e isn’t here, but t(w)here he(a)r(t) sunk sullen, the last winter leaf fallen come spring, a conversion of joined comfort

1 decimeter(dm) = .1 m

boom my sweet sunshine aprils half gone cowboy hat flipflops tornshortsunglasses ‘i cut my hair today’“yeahyou held d’bathroom hostage” hairstick rhythmicrushes luscious blooms spring boise a city of trees petals fall in tens meteryard fight-hite precious looming lovers look like(rs no ignition prescription re(quire)d “gitcher moneyback daddy-o”‘throe yo own love!’ but no good men say this works, it’s her me that gets me, why she is me, accepts me let’s me be me in()deed, swede past moving mad th(rough sea march ‘did you weed-eat the lawn?’“free and east down the road I go” because there is just an I here, an I wickedcharmed tiny in this huge

1 decameter (dkm) = 10 m

there you go “I will run to you” ‘for real though?’ steal-a-glance fe(et)tish bu(this swift idea makes me ski(p)ark “what a zoo” long jump; frogstomp ‘otter waited in the tree for a day and a half before he leapt to spear a young whitetail’ “He *had* to eat” whew, go, do something else spell self tortu(re)built picket fence enclo(sure to rebel ‘gainst sunshine on the best day year, hide run…jus(tad more than ten yards, bards in bars boasting scoreless cards unsigned, halfthrown voices caught in wind sprintsprints there’s a p®int in there, but r gets in the way ‘I cald a hoochie mama; she’ll fuck anyone’ she’s sweet/pure s(miles of broken tens decimalated

1 hectometer (hm) = 100 m

dash/dash “you ne’er were the runin type”‘I never was the ‘type’ type’ upload pics sky(pe that’s a lip burst broke pipe, powers bleeding out because paraphernalia punctures “I think there’s an app for that” a pat-back for the kid gone loony tunes a hug for the lover never loved and the tear-dropt poetics possessing the charm a sensibility a bookmarked believer in beauty unrivaled, nature unbridled in tossed hair efforts to reach finished lines, perhaps never first, but to finish event)u(ally against poor grammar, a bastion of verbatim, hector my hero a battlefield beast endowed american college diction, gone bank(cor)rupt “we in dis ding d’getha”

1 kilometer (km) = 1,000 m

‘I need a car’“you have a bike”‘is boise bike friendly?’“d’bears shit in d’woods?” yes, yes I cannot paint leaves, but them’s buds off spring oak; we be front-porch sittin’ cuz that’s the ways the days be splittin in our h(g)ood-neighbor earth day polic(ia)y endeavor to doom d’observation post; anend to length long time coming back home to equali(ties to fair-play in desert dust; “I think it’s fair to say none wants the chill to bail”‘but the wind blows’“why you bringin up old shit?”‘th(is a *new* wind’ and the roll comes colliding wi(the shutter speed, we’re talkin per hour per tower past, per friend los(to graduated distance, slowly separate conver(t)ge

CAPACITY

CAPACITY

1 liter (l) = 100 cl = 1,000 ml
when two books fall, have capacity to reach back into past's pockets, p(luck acd see if it still kicks power out of receiving from con-entertaining remainders split-floor life glob(e)s communities "we don't think alike"'we don't think alike' some of u.s. do! will do again and a gain s(res)olved to f(t)ill fields our homes sing to ward off drought 'an' i mean 'sing' swing low' = able-minded, believing creeks may rise and our children may leap tuck th'r feet immerse th'r bodies in solutions their parents found = on advice of legal counsel god bit his tongue, centiliter bled it'splash spread ideology resentment grew, wa(rage(d)(soon we be tension relieved

1 milliliter (ml) = .001 l Act I scene 2 MM clown, Duke Theseus MND that's right that one thousandth a liter, aka output performance bill's world sat about 3 grand, all them make an audience wi(the queen or less 'can I borrow a needle?'"ya'need thread?"'no, cuz it has thread I lef(there last time' sip it, sing it shake(spear(e groping for trouts in a peculia®iver, not catching a thing like I hit 85 wi(the flux capacitor condensed friends play basketball by a pool sw(im)eat run home "back by eight"'i di(d)shes' love the(fo)re, and t(ied)ongue simplicity/in least speak mos(to my capa(vera)city blowing up dialog boxes forest firestarters war mongers just cuz it makes money = a glob of honey stuck to a honey-bee leg

1 centiliter (cl) = .01 l ifc 196
west of eden's fertile soil clark hunted japanese "lived, bred and acted like rats," the 8th largest city in idaho mk human nature center, lava rock breakdown plows, steal homes evacuate 'round 'em up' compares only to jackrabbit slaughter: kids w'clubs; internment library grid 24 = stone hearth astride desert grass, no roof, just fields outbuildings sold to lan(downers 'I woke up in the neighbor's car last night' loose canadian wolf idaho, migrant gold miners drove to saltlake sanfran to sell ore cuz bigotry is allowed here; buds on the white oak bloom; hopeless romance curdles in endapril suns; drop trite liquid measure, hope spills evaporate mid-air

1 deciliter (dl) = .1 1 mm, 1.2.bawd
that's me in the drink, sipping corner's initials when suns first set, when looks first met, justa tenth, but satisfies *what with (war-sweat-gallows-poverty), I'm custom-shrunk* a particle in compounding form)ulas; k(b)ill; bravery a test often failed = a solitude irreversible, verse impenetrable, even for me in my own little piece, twin fallen slovenly "he always waits" bu(the falcon never hesitates, cannot, else prey gets away; afternoon punches gut : she slept around; what am I to think? I begbeg for confluence, for streams gathe®ivers' power made by nations joined for the big flow, far surpasses any tenth drip bigass bucket; I am just one compound molecule

1 decaliter (dkl) = 10 l 631, 464 pf 50 fb 66 bantam (Constitution) where k come from? take rubberband o'plain acts *never paper a wall over another paper* dipsomania sucks balls thru beer bongs shotglass hells; the germ question? 'he is an ill husband who *uses his wife as a man treats a harlot'* mix equal parts white shellac and de-nature-d alcohol and paint the covers of used books; cooked crooks conceal benea(the garb-honestworkmen *the enumeration in the constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people* nor shall clowns make deserts of forest floors, I want to love a woman long becuz I'm a man and my need to prosperlive depends on the woman I choose, you

1 hectoliter (hl) = 100 l For J. Traughber madho(us)e plus payette pirates seek sunrise drunks 'he took a lot of pain: heavy-hand head five-punch face ric flair chest slaps smash face'gainst redbox 'came back wearing baby blue scrubs mad-laughing cottonball elbow blood'"we all self-medicate" recycle every(thin)g fear with liters by the hundred dead capa(cities breathing full lungs 'who steals houses'"beliedat" you can just put your feet down like flintstone feet, bipedal th(e)ru metal *strange man! it is not fair to keep in your heart this coldness* frozen loveless ovals 1=l 'no thanks'"in green africa you'd get sunburned" even in delayed time, he(ard ya; shining helm longs for white arms

1 kiloliter (kl) = 1,000 l pamphlet
stuff your sorries in a sack, sometimes children are victims … of neglect physical sexual emotional abuse “1,036 in idaho last year” a banner youth ranch yard hangs rupert’s ranch my mom said “I was delivering flowers out there once; came real close but I never saw it” I know the water tower off sho(ne basin road high above ranch for ‘bad’ kids exiled parent(heti(call)y homes do no good ifolks don’t care respon(sibil)ity screams un(answer)ed benign re(creation religion resultsmiles dug from lint/hair corners education turn in your work, never hide intelligence; if you don’t graduate you’ll never get out’ “erroneus on all counts! oblivious, good job”

WEIGHT

WEIGHT

1 gram (g) = 100 cg = 1,000 mg Handel
time to get heavy, this is belshezzar backgrounded youth ranch scoured, this is a musical manhood to sing sing, a weight required to carry the king of Babylon “you see that river change course?”‘of course, I changed it’ close all books and listen to the voice out woman’s mouth, he®ed lips change pulses you wanna walkwith me? SingSing she sings, my thousand out pro(portion deprived concise run low, his 1 g(ram)med against my p(article erased “my mouth shall speak all flesh” my throat shall keep it down, but when d(raw)b(ridge brow lowers m[ist]akes amplify trust when all hope collapses some still choose to endeavor on; these serious days begin

1 milligram (mg) = .001 g
and we are already breaking it down, writ(e hide plans to overtake our handelbars broken in the fall pebble knee asphalt tweezers pull alien tarstone = memry loses o can’t this be be this? just t-his voice to speak and two-hand thinking, just 1/1000, 1 thou(sand)th bar upheld rotbeach land‘mark my words’“never may rules stickmen dis-regard statements clog prose pontiffs in-formation”‘use yur head big dum(my wait yur hollers heard aldway down hur’“these are terrible seeds” plant hearts in all flowerbeds open season on violence on tv online ‘I seen them three sides flip right over when the power goes out’ then millipeople potentialed rough it for real

1 centigram (cg) = .01 g PoorRA
filed a petition to the left hand back in ’03 when seed started to see itself as seed when singsings ring in valhalla and a hundredth won’t star in “the sky has limits” like language gut)ter(al be(ca(us)e de(man)ds respect s(pace advancement but man gets better at life, “he finds a woman”‘she’s a hundred better than me’ u hear her sing prudence against anything you throw on the scale = piqued ge(nero)sity loved better; ‘bed her, dude; she said she wants it’ contra(st)abs hunch streetlight staples stab hands, g(l/r)ass holes victim sit-sin-it suckling teats of dead selves giving in to feardoubt blindhate eighth lines decimals, partialities not even bothering to believe

1 decigram (dg) = .1 g
clowns left me, jokers have rights, tweezers fell floor s(pillage easy targets just go do it because your bari-ton-e echoes lunar her soprano sidler made man run tragic speeds and a tenth bone pile discovered in the abandons, dogma drug downgraded to decimation hulk hunkered in the hol(low sto-mach-sick thoughts esteem grams scaled higher than moonladders weights indistinguishable on naomi’s libra(s)pin point decimalistic, drowned in an equality never made whole, impossible without the other nine grams handhanding a chorus no florist could ar(range fires doused upon brokenbackbeaches headed to natures where fish fear not the man long gone

1 decagram (dkg) = 10 g ` MM 110

I am starting to ge(t)his gram-mar down = surreptitious vowels lockjaw loopholes buried system no decry can foul, no singularity change, just a man work pride pull making half scores all over the joint, to stop listening to head voices, listen handel, “I got this shit”‘she invited me to her reception, no(the wedding; rash’ mtn. time spotted “devils have no lungs or tongue” everytime we talk I cry; being what we are is hard to s(wallow in self-wickedness ‘I like that about you’ you ten guys are my guys no dis(guise private e(yes! To see it change as always and to save witches who hide in wiccapedialog censored by end stops brandished mediocre; burn life

1 hectogram (hg) = 100 g NAC 147

“I am orion’s dog” unleashed encounter destiny fight achilleus witness protect-ion hector becomes fury against “indeed in your breast is a heart of iron” your lower back popstretches ‘I have been trying to give this to you’ no more curses cast aside no falls tript mid(st(ride volcanic timelines markt eras by eruptive motions ‘harden as you cool’ it’s just a little ring, but its weight counters gravity, fires work diseng-ages orbits and drags heroes by his own weak mirror = 100 measures strapt page typical, just another bum bang keyboarder, a gram-mar-ian disposed to sightless hope dominating a field of colored vision, no hector here, no priam and no weight

1 kilogram (kg) = 1,000 g

it stops here because metrics measure, simplicity made resolute kings' music made immediate, children saved species crumbles toward definite syncopation, "I know you are afraid" die heroic = hordes of hatemongers gorging impenetrable appetites as villains overtake e-man-cipation, 'if we fail, all fails' sings prophet who never turns one; all leads here cuz f(o/e)llow pursues each beginning; all ends here cuz time-space allows it because procrastinated dreams cognate so-me-place near this late ar(rival against measures, no promotion unlearned man walks place looks around decides reality versus dream a thousand times; test us)e)ful in(form)at)i(on

CONVERSION TABLES

METERS YARDS INCHES

1.000 1.093 39.37

I believe it's supposed to be about dancing alone sometimes but in groupsometimes
you It's about delineation and duties, about equalities infinite among measurers
cannot If indentations vacate tension then tension in this line is tension relieved
ignore pleasure To be indentageous, victorious in the battle against the page
since science proved Then it reels unnatural and the current sways
stoppage an act of godlessness Then the clarinet reeds too far into it
theorized accidents abate providence Or not too far out of it
demand reciprocity of ideas, playing music go *Go sinset and come back low*
between
yours and mine ours
gifts unburden laugh lovers again
lift poor voices in choir; even ugly songs sound
even broken hearts pound lifted renewal human as advancement
colors blended like the sun maple west wind wavers uncovers a green alive

.914 1.000 36.00 sf 135

then the other way around, comeback kids make second-half stand, state track meets
interview runners on the podium, throwers in the field amass of gold medals glisten may
your spring come late or your summer come early may be alway(s)ame all ways different
condition red condition blues condition yellow
we are .086 short I am 1 "we're a whole lot 'a littles!"
dreams are brought about by a wish dream character(s)ize life moment
policemen disturb peace wreckers bust da'bad guys clean streets "harlem offers
brownstones" million dollar syndromes evolving as fast as the trees grow
die den jungen Mozart klingt freilich nichts dieser musik mixlawnmower
my psycho grass grows as calendars tear fronts wage wars for earnings
kill for 86 hundredths in a 1-yard state, a 3-dozen debate on loss
go far and in the oak an acorn grows only if you don't cut it down
all rests in the concert congress listening to a brave nation play its song

CENTIMETERS INCHES FEET
1.00 .394 .0328
Huh, like wow, *so* ready to beat the beat back into these slide streets a-rolling
It's like the surface of regular tendencies lapsed and suddenly, from a cigar
On the front porch burning, a dilemma and charge burst from the surface
Of what was, now is tempting each new second like a virtue installed
Hungering now for each fresh lesson polluting the presence of now
I decided to carry around a yardstick and lay it across this screen
HOOSIER FURNITURE CO. TWIN FALLS, IDAHO PHONE 151
Kempner-Thomas Co. Cincinnati, Ohio
COMPLETE HOME OUTFITTERS
I took an old hat off the rack not worn these summer months
Bent out astray amid family love-chores desperately alive
Autumn now with her breast wide open-changing colors

2.54 1.000 1/12
one big breath building until its ceiling collapses
two of a dozen hunkering and howling at life
three great friends and father eat hot wings
capitalizing on benevolence and football
five fingers on the tundra I freeze bleed
six troops of scouts 48 deep prepared
seven necessities negated, tough up
eight oaths broken in wires of lies
nine beasts subsided sick hearts
ten bundles brained go-getting
eleven beginnings just begun
twelve swallows sure faith
30.38 12.000 1.000
The gentle countdown begets beguiling a filing under sanctity cut raw blood oath
rewinding voices in the outer room
Goons glibly building fruitless towers ditches parallel roadways
Noose tidings round Christmas my length dangling tinsel
Insist you, enduring reader, pursue all possible de-term-i-nations hidden in decimals
My measuring stick chips and scrapes its ends in the effort to accurately measure
This stick only goes to 36 inches
Some clumsy stumble ordains this climax fallen to resolution
Disastrous form this block has mess-making
When persistence is pestilence and ends beckon
Burden opens moments time-capsuled
Then, men of measure muscle might from their tremendous cores
Obsessed wi(the watery need to erode all blockades of knowledge all doors of one
Destined, perhaps for a destiny worth living
Encouraged by bulges in proper life-reelings
Nurtured and natured
Perspiring spent energy
Daily battling basic fundamental actions learned in the division of cellular growth

KILOMETERS MILES
1.000 .621
Throats clog in collusion her testimony gives all mean hope gateways to the real
Punctuation hides her truth behind blurring opposites fading wi(the red maple
Summer dies a slow death, tied knots unbendable, pace traced pre-human
Mother Europa vies too spry to lie old tethered, cancer circles pound
Turn the heater full blast, ice still coagulates, blinds side window
Civilization catches cold, health pockets wear holes-in-seams
Beauty's shoes rub raw somewhere on the third lap around
Bloodied toes poke nails through ruptured soul stitches
Humored persistence numbs hypothermic metaboli
Halves heal singularities by breaching divides
Whole ideas sing from blog throat typists
Partial measurements leave all unsaid
Billows capture pressurized gusts
Fingers unwind lace traction I sing
Love lifts frost grasses Left voice
Death recycles us Slipshod fallen l(one
Hope prevails Tossed its limp stalk heap-death
Fear retreats He ripped an ash seedling from its roots
Sprinters Because cramped ideas must spread to new minds
Endure Go be the man who sings as he swims, because his lungs belt
Their Mile walking like watertop were stone path, no sinkers in this swim
Heat Invention spawns invention, "I can do that better" forever kisses it's own bare
Poor George sold down the river for misbehavin' slavin' his sad soul patch no irons
Chris' guts gave space to new world orders still slinking methodic down her temple steps
1.609 1.000

GRAMS	OUNCES	POUNDS
1.00	.035	.002

in between the seconds gone and those to come exists the ability to live. In there, pulsing somewhere, lashed to the posts of person, existence exists, and the choice to be beckons every one of us, no matter our measures, or hows. Little is constant on this earth, bu(the fact remains undisturbed: human means prey-to-whim, because particle-fates rest in big minds of choice-bound beasts evolved to include morality, emotion, ethics, and dreams.

28.25	1.000	1/16

slugs slime the beer-soaked table to make the porch a parade of lively brutality inflicted on the status quo: ritualistic mockery and love slid in so precise the lit gift rarely soothes smooth affection/he'd hold her hand if it were not so cold, so small comparisoned wit(his. How would Hektor handle t(his? How Bill? Would they not drive brain nails hard flush into questions and react wi(the instinct bred through living s(word-seconds and answer it?

453.59	16.000	1.000

now Ezra's birthplace folds into a hermit's cramp, October winds slice between hairs and skins and summer sun is a sick friend, replaced by sweaters singing cold-spiel banners. I fit all stereotypes, crush all ills, pry loose poisoned rat-infested east-education systems, post ideologues in neon paint across canvas stark, night but a sling-stone in my pouch. I pound these keys and reckon little ease associated with reclining comfort in this aged skin

1,000.00	35.274	2.205

deep my mines sink, burdened by a deed de-loused, back to one night in all cherished when one choice made-in-the-moment tinted all others to follow. Maybe it was not one, but millions collected, gray-matter installed. Maybe those few to come shall bring closer possible friends pulsing and lovers hopping into spurred speech, or a wink from lighter fluid eyes, waxing its moon for meteorite sparks when heaven collides wi(the Great Earth

KILOGRAMS OUNCES POUNDS
1.000 35.274 2.205
by mistake a win fell into a record book, now found online, and no one
spoke more for the distance ruined than a stickman
punting his life away
a sound begins to penetrate sensual collage wayward
two pieces of found paper fell once-twice out of jeans pocket
one tumbled over its fold, green advertisement/art crushed by oncoming traffic
if your present needs a future, map it
collide wrap it with tender vittles
with strap it undulating egos wholes lift
her count it on the scale parts skyward
debate it in the bathroom or else
manipulate it in the mind
boast because you mean something desperate to insinuate itself
.028 1.000 1/16
going farther into any distance requires fortitude and will yes yes yes
roasted pasts linger in cracked-glass chests no no no
tabulations encounter rivals maybe
pulleymen crank
we have so punch-drunk lovers sing on soapboxes of desire
much room hired men hustle the made man's trade
to grow 'charge forward!' cries Goliath
we taller than 'be ready' calms Bethlehem
crave our fathers all need their heroes
solutions and none to haunt esteems
conditions a chance let them down belief
.454 16.000 1.000
reason paws toward some center, once foiled astride preparation's counter In
adding derision to the menu, "can you do something for me? Please?" Out
beg for a base for all our machines, for goalspeeds and pomp Bet(we)en
cover sky-earth, bear-hawk, hunt chances to live strong gorge
nurse divides with tonic talk, open-tongue convo' self-loathing
descend only far enough to find-self-home recover
close g a p s fis/sures h les or else

LITERS PINTS QUARTS GAL.
1.000 2.113 1.057 .264
liquid lovers linger among enduring ideas, strapt to crass individualities, made mobile
made docile in moments of heart-weakness elapsed
what's worse is the knot untied, worn ragged by water's penetrating force
it's a table converted into metric wholes, but none achieves true transitions
how can we ever measure hundredths in a vessel? a sky teardrop?
it's like shooting fish in barrel, you just shoot the barrel, but why not just reach in?
grab squiggling life from depths and shallows, wring its neck and chew its flesh?
I am the purveyor of loud noises, poking the sleeping bear with whispers and sticks
Fog of my voice slings along tentacle tongues, around ears of the slumbering beast
.473 1.000 1/2 1/8
now pints pin purpose to a cardboard wall, puncturing flush surface to hang a table
condense these fractions, find the lowest common denominator
make love to the backslash and fuck the decimal point
how can one page culminate use(ful in(form)ation?
why does the line lose its length? find it too late?
how balance can never afford to lose one gill in an eighth of a gallon?
spot a single g(love in a gutter and wonder where the other hand fits
sit for one whole day and watch every leaf fall from locust grove
wit intrepid in a broken chair watching dying embers wail wait for rain
I cannot measure these tiny amounts without questioning accuracy
It's a meticulous ship-maker breaching a cracked bottle in(art)iculate
or is it just a roof trickle colliding with clogged pores desperate
.946 2.000 1.000 1/4
all this digging and all that comes to the surface is a chunk of quartz
glittering in frustrated light
maul this rigging with pall storms blasting false ballast through thin seas
tottering gangplank fright
a rope worked hard frays its ends into thirds, flaying further strands infinite
take soul strings and splice your three to three others, knotted in love
if it doesn't work, whip your own ends together and tie it off
I found a bead from a broken necklace wedged in rubber-sole canyons of a new shoe
Pried out, it lay warped, beaten by the path I tread
leave no trace in the forest wilds, trash your waste but mulch your fallen leaves
leave any trace you can in encountered minds
3.785 8.000 4.000 1.000
chills tremor spine-neck-ear-head-front, calm delivers p(i)e(a)ce. space ends in paginated conclusions, periods end, fresh sentences begin spontaneous ideas pulsing liquid seconds, linear times, cubic weight, circular capacity. No(every)(a)thing, middle-stuck, lodged between molecules' tenths and hundredths, luck-caught elements and compounds, forced determinations of measure. How foolish was I to think-guess, lay on information, she would c(u/o)ddle me, post-sex haze. No measurement exact: pencil lines page thicker than strips on sticks. Surmise it!? Don't deny nature's identity. Don't pretend to grasp her measures in beaker or idea. Try, yes! End with peace, humility, one, single gallon singing primordial songs, murmured in human throats before species knew it survives by its song

NOTES

I could not have done this without the aid of a few books and writers: The American College Dictionary, the Boy Scout Handbook, Plain Facts, Idaho for the Curious, the Formula Book, The Book of Knowledge Vol. 13, The Malleus Maleficarum, William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet and Measure for Measure, Homer, Sigmund Freud, James Joyce, Thomas Carlyle, Ben Franklin and the unwinding madness of my own lit brain. I used some small quotes from each of these writers, books to help educate my poems. Some of the information about the tables also came from the Internet, including the symbols for measurements in the Table of Apothecaries' Weight, which are no longer in the lexicon. I also must thank various musical artists which often accompanied me during the writing process, specifically Handel's "Belshazzar" and some Christian hymns.