

Minnie Mouse Meets Mickey at a Convention of Phrenologists

by Iain James Robb

A parody of John Ashbery

I have been preconditioned likewise by the ligatures of the roof.
It has bypassed even the lightning. When I started this essay I
(poetics equalling dissemination, like a toilet plug) admired, and I
in

the book produced by its Pleiades, noted it. A moth is not its own
surrendering, and yet Chomsky's chariot circussed in its
pandering of memory

surrendering of image to the moth. "Hey, Mickey," then
extrapolated Minnie. Of

the reason she had no idea. At the phrenologist's convention all is
sacred, at

the point where one denies the sacred. Ligatures
carry on outside the convex. So Apollinaire, in league with Cousin
Mlidred, gave

the barcode to all this, in explanation. Popeye ate his footsteps in
admiring the rug, in introspective pre-circumambulation of
the absolutist paradigm. Said Mickey, "Dialectical anapestics
seeds

the ordure of such things. Let's just ask Uncle Popeye what he
likewise makes of it." (Etcetera)

...(The next twenty A4 pages have been missed out.)

