

relent-  
less  
poems  
jeff  
bezoz

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*This is a compilation of poetry and a work of satire.  
All characters appearing in this work are fictitious.  
Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

# **Relentless**

**by Jeff Bezos**

## No End

Peddlers are selling  
silence in an empty

house. There's no  
end to what they'll sell:

nothing ends until  
supply & demand

demands it must.  
Everyone wants

the beta version  
of silence in an empty

house—how else, how  
better, to drown out

silence in rooms  
dwelled in together?

## Jeff Bezos

You should wake up worried, terrified every morning.

Children study black holes.

They write programs that made their names  
scroll down the screen.

You're not going to make it better  
by adding the intersection of animadversions  
and whatever they can euthanize.

I spent summers at my grandfather's ranch,  
laying pipe and inseminating cattle with my thoughts.  
I stayed out all night to collect a fare.

I often show intense scientific interests.  
I rigged an electric alarm to keep my  
younger siblings from finding out about Abu Ghraib.  
I have a license for love.

I was developing space hotels,  
space amusement parks  
and space colonies for two or three  
thousand billionaires orbiting the Earth.  
The planet will become a park for them.  
Warehouses do not constitute a physical presence.

Imagine spending all day talking about tears of pain,  
fixated on big goals and grand schemes.

## Where's Steve?

Posh and masterly Elon Musk  
Mark Marbled (pelagic/dreamy) Zuckerberg  
"Highly fuckable" Steve-demure-Ballmer  
Insatiable, lurid Larry Page  
Sergey Brin, commando-style  
Bloodred, GNARLY Harold Lincoln

Magnanimous Ronald Wayne

The inevitable

## Deliver Me From Evil

To present a speech  
or a statement  
to a group

of people  
and not by the pureness  
of hands of stone

sinking free  
throw attempts  
by drone? By grace.

Order within  
1hr 48min  
to get it: Tuesday.

## **BRICK & MORTAR SUPPORT YOUR BRICK & MORTAR**

No Bezos is not pronounced “besos”  
Yes I had IT cleaned delivered to  
hotel room no drone did not  
deliver it I worked hard for my money  
as they say what would you do with  
Name of Diamond or Other Expensive  
Thing would you fuck it no you would  
be with it & the ocean & you would tell  
it "you never have to go back"  
you are safe now you are with me  
I will preserve you. No I would not  
fuck that like I would not fuck my daughter

## **AFTER VITO ACCONCI**

BUY THIS WORD THEN BUY THIS WORD NEXT BUY THIS WORD  
NOW ONE-CLICK ONE BUY ONE-CLICK ONE BUY NEXT ONE-CLICK  
ONE BUY NOW AND THEN ONE-CLICK ONE BUY AGAIN REVIEW  
THREE WORDS NOW REVIEW THREE WORDS NOW TOO  
CUSTOMERS INTERESTED IN FIVE WORDS WERE ALSO  
INTERESTED IN SIX WORDS NOW BUY IT NOW REVIEW THESE  
WORDS AT A GLANCE REVIEW THESE WORDS AT THIS GLANCE  
RECOMMEND THIS WORD TO A FRIEND RECOMMEND THIS WORD  
TO ANOTHER FRIEND AND A THIRD FRIEND LOOK INSIDE THESE  
SEVEN LINES AT ONCE BUY THESE LINES IN A DIFFERENT  
FORMAT THEN ANOTHER FORMAT AND A THIRD FORMAT A FIFTH  
THEN A SIXTH A SEVENTH AN EIGHTH



## #JEFFBEZOS

If you never want to be criticized,  
For goodness sake don't do anything new.  
Just aim for world domination  
Let Stephen Colbert give you the finger  
And leave one empty chair in every conference room  
For the most important person.

A Mayday help desk flooded with marriage proposals  
That's my offer to unhappy warehouse workers.

To add a smartphone to your cart now after having traveled your way  
through the Alps indicates you are seriously serious about drone  
deliveries and will pay workers up to \$5000 to quit.

We've had 3 big ideas at AMZN:  
Free sickness bags with @washingtonpost subscriptions  
Sell this racist anti-Asian tee shirt  
Be really rich and watch your employees really struggle.

If a team can't be fed with 2 pizzas  
delivered by drones it's too big  
to spend less than 1% of your net worth on.

A willingness to be misunderstood for long periods of time  
lets you build a 10,000 year clock in a mountain in Texas  
and recover vintage rocket engines from Saturn from the Atlantic Ocean  
floor.

We still like horses, but we will no longer commute on them.  
You have to lean into the future and the future is hairy.

Fancy the smell of old books?  
My jeans were a bad choice  
But they were an incredible message to kids and adults.

I am Woolworth's.  
I am exploiting a massive loophole  
I have been chosen by my passions.  
My smartphone is coming this Fall  
My margin is someone else's opportunity.  
My paper is backed by the CIA.  
My father was a unicyclist. We don't speak.  
I am responsible for the push to legalize marijuana.  
There are new highs on the way for me.  
I'm so rich I was rescued by the Ecuadorian Navy  
Even though in Ecuador my company does not deliver free shipping.  
Galapagos: Five stars. Kidney stones: Zero stars.  
My lifetime profits are stored in pennies  
I have completely lost it  
I am officially uncool  
I am not one of the things we are seeking to optimize  
I am the worst CEO of all time  
I am formed by what the company does  
I am burying the Hachette.

## **5/5 Stars (13 Reviews) We Are Just Trying To Have A Good Time At The Expense of Others**

Just to feel anything we are you and I feeling loose feeling buzzed feeling faded feeling drunk feeling unconscious feeling nothing at all you and I. We are doing this at least two to four times a week you and I. We are thinking this is maybe inching towards a bad place but we are deciding this is just a point of view you are just a point of view I am just a point of view and we are only young for so long you and I. We are talking about the sky we are talking about the stars and we are deciding maybe we will just build a constellation of our own you and I. We are saying that's a pretty stupid thing to say about something and something so romantic it doesn't even mean anything at all you and I. We are wondering if we are holding each other together if this is actually together at all and we are just trying to feel anything you and I. We are deciding we are thorough motherfuckers you and I. We are deciding we are thorough motherfuckers and if we are just trying to have a good time at the expense of others that's okay you and I. Later we are talking and we are realizing we are losing eyelashes we are losing them all the time you and I. When did we become so cynical.

What ever happened to blacking out and finding a stranger.

We are thinking it's been too long feeling nothing you and I. Too long without feeling anything at all.

## Jeff Bezos names Amazon.

I have seen rivers.

At night my soul has trembled with visions of rivers  
and grown deep at the thought of regret-minimising rivers.

The river Amazon is a river.

It is an extremely long and voluminous river.

Passing through areas of bio-diversity, it is a good name for a company which sells books  
and diverse other products, this river.

Beginning with 'A' it is a conveniently Google-able river,  
(though not, as Google informs me, in fact the world's longest river).

The great rivers of e-commerce flow back to me from the future.

They flow though my veins in a gushing, digital torrent,  
as deep and wide and transparent as our customers' user-experience.

I have dreamed of gushing, digital rivers.

As leaves come to the trees beside this river,

shopping will become an effortless, any-time experience for our customers.

As a cheetah may pursue a gazelle on the banks of this river,

(N.B. are there cheetahs in the Amazon? Google this), we will pursue small  
publishers and other vendors to create great deals for our customers.

As it flows towards the sea, this unstoppable river,

we will expand from an online platform, retaining physical bases  
in low-tax jurisdictions, which is legal, to become a truly global retailer,

more great and powerful than The Amazon in fact, only the world's  
second-longest river.

I have seen rivers.

Our civilisations have founded themselves upon rivers

And tomorrow's bright cities will build on the banks of this river.

## My Wish List

Baise-moi, Jeff Bezos  
in the unlimited instant

we'll drive into a cloud  
I'll be your loyal android

I'll give you all my pesos,  
my master, Jeff Bezos

Dominate my small fragile  
market: I've not yet given you all

that you need, as it would drain me  
too much. A velvety nudge

at the lips of my dopamine  
receptors. I soak the soft fur

beneath us with the strong  
lustful scent of apps & games

of printers & ink, of bedding,  
yes, of bedding, & of bath

O Jeffrey, kindle my fire!  
Subscribe to me and save

I want All Beauty  
I want Luxury beauty

My breath catches as wave  
after wave floods my young body

battering my mind  
into complete submission

Order me now  
with just one click!

Your venom is so quick,  
like your personalization team

And by the time you've finished  
your lips and cheeks are pink

as Blu-Ray, as fine art, as men's grooming  
while cellphones & accessories stream

from between my widespread recent history  
your whispersync echoing inside me

everything around me melts  
into a gray fog of unending ecstasy

as you sink deep into my clenching heat  
with an animalistic growl, Jeff Bezos

## There Is Authority In My Frozen Frosty by Jeff Bezos

— *after Christopher Smart*

There is authority in my frozen frosty.

There is irony in my bee frenzy.

And once the blood grape razes my refrozen beef

There will be envy in my strep joy.

There are mute fish in my fop notes.

There are dark presets in my Celexa.

There is a “Befriended Joey Zone” in my breezy ferns.

My fez boasts a beer sty.

A bent ebony jester translates my charity

As I probe a soft fry inside the womb of Sarah.

In my hour of felicity I came upon a poser calf’s waggery

Preening a sporty boffo repose.

I should have availed myself of the poser calf’s waggery

But My Little Pony had toffeed my Fonzie.

I should have translated charity into the shadow of death

But God’s porny ozone presented some deep “Fey Spent Jezus” prose tropes.

And there is a zesty Pig Mister in my entropy Tony.

There is an entropy Tony in my obese butt homey.

My obese butt homey translates Steve Jobs into serf tranny ralphing.

My tranny serfs ralph a mean foyer spore.

And so I bless my zen goat as he pestos the vine.

I bless hookering for Jezus without going to Italy or France.

I rejoice like a Moabite worm at “Best New Jersey Pet-Off 2013”

For my jonezing is a jewel as pure and transparent as the name and number of starz.

## *clock of the long now*

i come from good stock, customer & scale like a river: binding crisp & square: clear provenance: no opaque functionality. you can patch me with bronze age tools or feedback. take cover, customer: my sulk is as bulky as weather. take five to see bright. take the worthy parts out. if i bring a history, it's ten millennia & begins with the future: bands playing sleep numbers: mill's mess orbiting ecuador: customer joy directed towards an exit elsewhere. my father's job was saluting. his vertical shelf-wear & shadowing from in-flaps to endpapers my annulment. i'm the king who arrived by horse & left with a guitar. the theatre of my increase: taking the least for longer. this the reverie of robots, customer, in the 19th year since wainwright: the nth degree: whizzing your experience. i believe in thor: in lawn ducks: intuitive customer buys: your dark & stormy, customer, served with sugary garnish. i am wound by the sun: by heat thru synthetic sapphire. my pendulum lives in a mountain. my heart: a song machine sorting no two alike to no one listening. each song dedicated to you, my love, my customer. my hobby is the last mile. even with taxes big as texas: big as whiskey: log trucks clearing customer delays: replenishment in moon time: terrestrial time: no time flat. i'm in favor of fulfillment engines. my response to long-term asking is bristlecone pines. i've divined tidal drag & crust shift: ice or no ice at the poles: sidereal days. i'm the cascading series of geneva wheels, customer: your rete algorithm. i am one-click & prime. your tomorrow waiting with less wait time. your worship has climbed around me, but i'm your wish list, customer. your wish is my command.



## Variation on a Theme (Princeton)

*I expected to be applauded—  
Instead my grandmother burst into tears.*

She wouldn't live  
to see (she smoked) me  
caravan her Airstream

into a low and private orbit.

Virtual space and Space  
are part of my same project  
: bigger, infiniter.

I come by it  
honestly. My inheritance—

a gift from the Enlightenment.

I loved and wor-  
shipped them. You

Kant take that away  
from me. The absolute scope.  
Even now I read Borges

and schematize the sublime.

My library is  
über-usable plus  
doubles as bulldozer.

Sustainability: to make clear  
a path beyond asymptotic growth.

If I blast I do it to get and keep us up

—to thwart decay. I am  
for well-supported risk. No

limits. All choices made are made  
by power of will. My will I own.  
It was written on earth—just as

one day I may laser my obituary down—

from my covey of  
rooms on the moon.

## Regret Avoidance Matrix, by Proxy

Your heart will stop, Kevlar bottom,  
wicker basket, hard-sided cooler.

What left unsolved, rumpling up,  
temporal/zygomatic torque—  
the eyes come out wild, all women in the quiver.

By woman I mean man, a space grayer  
underneath, inlet for your own  
gas-powered generator, landing pad  
for your last minute.

Not the library but that Alexandria existed,  
someone built it, someone made others build it

(Lights revolved & pocket the air conveyor roll)

In the box is a baby is always novel,

*what the music wants /*  
who / for sale / the matter / the price

(Doors unchained & building  
unburned,  
the heat of the fire of the sun)

Un-warehouse un-worker  
peeled from the forklift—

Death isn't dead it's a drone, fulfillment  
metric, your dying wish for someone  
else to die.

## MTurk MTurk on the wall

who's the handset of them all?  
collective smiles dip and curve  
for celestial daddy, see eee *obbbb*

At school they said I had an eye for things.  
I parted the dirt with a plastic jet and thought  
*endoscopy*

I've been trying to get to the heart of things like  
staring matches with drones, I live with  
several. They're sweet once domesticated.  
Mackenzie thinks they don't blink but  
their eyelids tell otherwise. Wish we had them in frat,  
nothing like drones for scouting out honeys,  
biologically speaking.

I keep it real: wake up and hit the serfs. A jealous shepherd  
keeps tabs on his flock & I've been mourning the stray data  
of Shawn Buckles for weeks now, christening babies in bundles  
while the drones murmur lullabies and move like slow horses.

*Delicious!* The crowd sauce's third world seasoned,  
licking delhi from my fingers that've smudged keys  
A through J. But peopleware are happiest cleaning up,  
immaterial porpoises and transmuting love  
that systems unfuck: that vintage lack is filtered  
for pseudo-wellbeing, while tea strained  
senses are wrung out of time &

the dead eye keeps blinking, sexily

## Fins Damaged Hopes

The equivalent of hanging on to win.  
The beauty of on a roll.  
Swapping pirates, the president of Ops.  
Shopping the machine, going the other way.  
Another good forty years cut off at the dish.  
Skin of thumb on lineated objects.  
Sleeping through the live update.  
Aviles' calves below the fold, lead over coming in.  
Changes direction, mindful digression.  
To go down, run through it.  
Very well could be, pucker up.  
Promo code, *The Shield State of Grace*.  
*Now's Your Chance* T shirts.  
Peanut butter lid with a hawk.  
Rolling wakes, deep in the kitchen.  
Identical twins remains one of my favorite phrases.  
It's a pride thing. Target Field crowd.  
Two spot. Eastern bow hunting in Pucket regalia.  
Unsung backbone.  
Dirty work thicker than water.  
Prometheus glasses, exotic Spanglish.  
Racing daylight. Maybe next time, a room at the college.  
Hinged boards, little stuff, stackable backspace.  
Mall attack photo.  
Working a half day every other Saturday.

## Advice for My Critics

Take a ticket and punch it yourself.  
Addle yourself an agenda.  
Your singularity lugs its stealthy  
prostheses. Return yourself to sender.

Affordability finds its nose  
in penalties that stymie your endorphins.  
An alarm is nothing more than a reproach  
of a coach recused by her own contortions.

My profit margin's slender or slipping to red?  
Now, there's a sloppy nostalgia.  
My portfolio's wider than the customized bed  
where Herr Procrustes buffs up your neuralgia.

## Bezos Unbound

I, Bezos, with my troubled hand of gold,  
tell an anecdote where Relentless.com

dies and a conveyor belt wants Bezos gone,  
but optical squid must be developed first.

Academically so-so Bezos studied jobs.  
His parents paid minimum by the minute.

Gritty teenage Bezos scavenged cubicles.  
No office. No facilities. Just Albuquerque.

Bezos, née Jorgensen, stalked marine  
predators and authored site blueprints.

Bezos retailed soft skills on Discovery's fuselage  
and hedged kids would make their teachers click.

The Bezos idea: Command! Attack!  
Cheaper products! Aesthetic operations!

Long take. The money shot.  
Bezos zoning out at Sam's Club.

I, Bezos, stared at the bio-luminescent moment  
and swam in my customers' histories.

Now, whirring kids take squiddy notes on Bezos  
and major in Online Retail.

Bezos is necessary. He invented one-click stores.  
He aims to be a massive husband and founder.

Bezos the mentor is fucking ape shit  
on guidance. Get that child right!

President Bezos buys leagues of books.  
After all, the public has a natural right to books.

Awesome Bezos tells the camera that highly  
evolved submersibles will recover the *Post*.

Virtual behaviorist Bezos is right, so-called  
idea people look for favorite equations and jargon.

Call me Bezos. Of bright warehouses. Of intricate workers.  
Of video science. Of long-form fucking.

American Bezos will film the ocean die.  
He's one elusive executive.

If Amazon divorces Bezos, giant e-jellyfish  
will float failing URLs to prop the market.

Shit, Bezos will mother the frozen future  
where teachers fund the workers' cinema,

and the Bezos network will distribute shopping  
so virtual parents can coffee up their adopted monsters.

The Red Sea will automate Bezos's pre-printed  
wife shopping the French and German sites.

Everything will be a Bezos opportunity where anyone  
can imitate self-conscious krakens fucking on video.

Machines will catalogue our fountains of ambition.  
The Bezos Web will *change* how humanity wants itself.

—Jeff Bezos, his mark

# What a head have I

## PRELUDE TO THE BLUE ORIGIN PROJECT

My aspiration for space  
has ample cycling air.

Its leasures are matte roseate,  
whirling in turn—

come, you'll catch the scent  
of faded persimmon

in our barricaded queue.  
The finery is fine.

A bromide for the queasy!  
Retire, stupefy, deaden

every wider sense and know  
the wager I provide:

coin will do for exchange,  
credit for what I can master.



## The Google of Actual Stuff

Who's that guy from Google or is it two guys?

Anyway my point is I'm like the Google of Actual Stuff

On the other hand I read this great poem about a radish yesterday—&  
thought how much greater the poem will be when we no longer  
have the radish—as a thing

The pyramids were a pretty clever thing to do w/ a bunch of sand—but I  
never want to touch a real thing again

I mean, I'm writing this on an actual goddamn typewriter and I feel like I  
am just begging Death to take me

## Mexico

the lion said to his reflection in the mirror  
you can't see me hmm interesting  
you know what I am thinking about the lion said  
ha ha ha Mexico

then they ran into each other  
and always bragged we can do something  
you can't the lion said in a horrible voice

aren't you afraid of me little person  
the lion said remember little friend  
don't run I will find you  
didn't I say so the lion said softly

the person rips off his mask  
and shouts out I'm too calm  
I'm a person help help  
oh lion you have lied to me  
the lion said shut up stupid  
or we'll both get fired

God went up to the lion  
and said I will give you 20 years normal sex life  
the lion said he desired only 10 years  
what  
so the lion said it again  
God said OK you can have it  
the person spoke up  
can I have the other ten  
the lion said no no  
God said of course he could

I've done things human beings shouldn't do the lion said  
everyone was praising him  
everyone

the lion said come with me  
the lion came nearer and made time fall asleep  
OK the lion said  
oh boy I show you in plain English

## My Peculiar Geography

In my upper stretches, above the confluence of the *Rio Negro*,  
I am called *Solimões*. In Peru, Colombia, and Ecuador,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I am called by my given name, Jeffrey Preston Jorgensen Bezos.  
Because of my vast dimensions, I am also called *The River Sea*.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I drain from west to east, from Iquitos in Peru, across Brazil to the Atlantic,  
Which I enter at only one-fifth of my volume.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I gather my waters from 5 degrees north  
To 20 degrees south latitudes. My most remote sources are found,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

On the inter-Andean plateau, a short distance from the Pacific Ocean.  
As a toddler, I tried to dismantle my crib.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I spent summers at my grandfather's ranch in Texas, laying pipe,  
Vaccinating cattle, and fixing windmills. I was high school valedictorian.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I rigged an electric alarm to keep my siblings out of my room.  
I attended Princeton. I earned a B.S.E. *Summa cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I was President of Students For the Exploration and Development of Space.  
The locals referred to me as *El Jefe Negro*, referring to an ancient god of fertility.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I wanted to build space hotels, amusement parks, and colonies  
for 2 million or 3 million people who would be in orbit.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

My goal was to evacuate humans. The whole idea was to preserve the earth.  
Every year I rise more than 9 metres, and I flood the surrounding forests,  
Because of my peculiar geography.

In 1999 I was *Time* magazine's "Person of the Year," and in 2012,  
Shares in me defied gravity, adding \$6.5 billion to my net worth, all  
Because of my peculiar geography.

My annual floods are caused by tidal waves called *pororoca*.  
The waves occur in late winter, at high tide, when the Atlantic Ocean,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

Overlaps me. The Atlantic has sufficient wave and tidal energy  
To carry most of my sediments out to sea—I do not form a true delta.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I push a vast plume of fresh water into the turbulent Atlantic.  
I spent \$42 million to fund *The Clock of the Long Now*.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

Designed to last 10,000 years, *Blue Origin*, a human space-flight  
Start-up meant to help anybody go into space, was my secret.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

*Blue Origin* lost an unmanned prototype during a short-hop test flight.  
This loss revealed, for the first time,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

Just how far I have advanced. It was not the outcome I wanted,  
But I've signed up for this to be hard. I personally donated,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

Millions to pass same-sex marriage. I purchased *The Washington Post*.  
Where my mouth is located, and how wide it is, is a matter of dispute,  
Because of my peculiar geography.

The purchase was personal. The planet will become a park.  
This is uncharted terrain. It will require experimentation.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I am a happy-go-lucky mogul, a notorious micromanager,  
An executive who wants to know about everything.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

More than one-third of all species live in my tropical forest.  
I support crabs, algae, and turtles. The caiman also inhabits me.  
Because of my peculiar geography,

Navigation of me was at first confined to the main river.  
Then *The Washington Post* published a long-form profile, for which,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

I declined to be interviewed. This was the first step  
In opening up my vast interior. An expedition I funded,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

Has recovered two powerful Saturn V first-stage F-1 rocket engines  
From the Atlantic. The *Harvard Business Review* ranked me,  
Because of my peculiar geography,

The second-best CEO in the world, after Steve Jobs of Apple.  
The anaconda is found in the shallow waters of my basin.  
Because of my peculiar geography

The anaconda spends most of its time in the water,  
Just its nostrils above the surface.

# About the Authors

*Relentless* was edited by **Russell Bennetts**. He is the founder and editor of *Berfrois* magazine.

“**No End**” was written by **Andrea Cohen**. Her fourth book, *Furs Not Mine*, is forthcoming from Four Way Books. She directs the Blacksmith House Poetry Series in Cambridge, MA and the Writers House at Merrimack College.

“**Jeff Bezos**” was written by **Drew Gardner**. He is the author of three books of poetry, *Sugar Pill* (Krupskaya, 2002), *Petroleum Hat* (Roof, 2005) and *Chomp Away* (Combo, 2010). His CD of conducted music and poetry is *Flarf Orchestra* (Edge, 2011). He lives in New York City.

“**Where’s Steve?**” was written by **Russell Bennetts** and **Rauan Klassnik**. Klassnik is a smiling horse on a tree limb.

“**Deliver Me From Evil**” was written by **Benjamin Friedlander**. Benjamin Friedlander 2 results (0.34 seconds) Did you mean: Benjamin Friedlander. His most recent book is *One Hundred Etudes* (Edge Books). He lives in Bangor, Maine.

“**BRICK & MORTAR SUPPORT YOUR BRICK & MORTAR**” was written by **Laura A. Warman**. She is a poet and performance artist based in Pittsburgh, PA. She is the author of *How Much Does It Cost* (Cars Are Real, 2013). She runs the Warman Jitney car service, is a member of DAD PRANKS art collective, and publishes *Warman Monthly*.

“**AFTER VITO ACCONI**” was written by **Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl**. He is an Icelandic poet and novelist. For his novel *Illska* (*Evil*, 2012) he was awarded The Icelandic Literary Prize and The Book Merchant’s Prize, as well as being nominated for the Nordic Council’s Literary Award. Since his debut in 2002 he has published six books of poems, most recently *Hnefi eða vitstola orð* (*Fist or words bereft of sense*, 2013), four novels and two collections of essays. Eiríkur is also active in sound and performance poetry, visual poetry, poetry film and various conceptual poetry projects.

“**#JEFFBEZOS**” was written by **Katie Degentesh**. She is the author of *The Anger Scale*.

“**5/5 Stars (13 Reviews) We Are Just Trying To Have A Good Time At The Expense of Others**” was written by **DW Lichtenberg**. He is the author of *The Ancient Book of Hip* (Fourteen Hills Press, 2009). He lives in San Francisco, where he runs a small video production company. He has been told he definitely knows how to be a loner when he wants to be, and hopes to one day write the Great American Bumper Sticker.

“**Jeff Bezos names Amazon.**” was written by **Leontia Flynn**. Her most recent book was *Profit and Loss* (Cape, 2011). She was awarded the AWB Vincent American Ireland Literary Fund Award in 2014.

**“My Wish List”** was written by **Nada Gordon**. She is interested in the lyric subject as zombie clown. Born in Oakland in 1964, she has lived in Bolinas, San Francisco, Tokyo and Brooklyn. Her seven books of poetry include *Vile Lilt*, *Scented Rushes*, *Folly*, *V. Imp*, *Are Not Our Lowing Heifers Sleeker than Night-Swollen Mushrooms*, and *foreignn bodie*. A founding member of the Flarf Collective, she has performed widely in the USA and abroad. She teaches English as a Foreign Language at Pratt Institute and is at work on a holographic memoir.

**“There Is Authority In My Frozen Frosty by Jeff Bezos”** was written by **Sharon Mesmer**. She is a Sagittarius with Aries rising, Mercury in Scorpio, and North Node in Virgo (conjunct Pluto) / South Node in Pisces. Her eighth house Sun tells pretty much the whole story. She's not happy with having Venus in Capricorn, but perhaps that's why she's so organized. She is the author of the poetry collections *Annoying Diabetic Bitch* (Combo, 2008), *The Virgin Formica* (Hanging Loose, 2008) and *Half Angel, Half Lunch* (Hard Press, 1998). A chapbook, *Vertigo Seeks Affinities*, was published by Belladonna in 2006. She is also the author of three fiction collections, one of which (*Ma Vie a Yonago*) was translated into French and published by Hachette in 2005. She teaches literature and creative writing at NYU and the New School. She was an early member of the Flarf Collective.

**“clock of the long now”** was written by **Ken Taylor**. He lives in North Carolina. He is the author of the chapbook *first the trees, now this* (Three Count Pour, 2013). His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Hambone*, *VOLT*, *The Offending Adam*, *Blackbird*, *3:AM Magazine*, *Berfrois*, *Verse Daily*, *elimae*, *MiPOesias*, *Carolina Quarterly*, *Litmus Magazine*, *Cloud Rodeo*, *Southword*, *Posit*, *can can*, *Gigantic Sequins*, *Finery*, *So and So*, and others.

**“Variation on a Theme (Princeton)”** was written by **Kirsten Kaschock**. She is the author of three books of poetry: *Unfathoms* (Slope Editions) and *A Beautiful Name for a Girl* (Ahsahta Press), and *The Dottery*, winner of the Donald Hall Prize for poetry from AWP (University of Pittsburgh Press). Her debut novel, *Sleight*, a work of speculative fiction, was published by Coffee House Press. A chapbook *WindowBoxing* is out from Bloof Books. She has earned a PhD in English from the University of Georgia and a PhD in dance from Temple University. She is on faculty at Drexel University.

**“Regret Avoidance Matrix, by Proxy”** was written by **Teresa K. Miller**. She is the author of *sped* (Sidebrow, 2013) and *Forever No Lo* (Tarpaulin Sky Press, 2008). She lives in Oakland, CA.

**“MTurk MTurk on the wall”** was written by **Daisy Lafarge**. She is a student from Hastings, living in Edinburgh. Outside of her studies she writes and tries to invoke the spirit of Oiorpata. Her work has been published in *The New Statesman*, *HOAX* and others, more of which can be found at [daisylafarge.tumblr.com](http://daisylafarge.tumblr.com).

**“Fins Damaged Hopes”** was written by **Jess Mynes**. He is the author of several published works, including, *How's the Cows* (Cannot Exist Press, 2011) and *Sky Brightly Picked* (Skysill Press, 2009) His *One Anthem* will be published by Pressed Wafer Press in 2015. His

poems have appeared in: *The Brooklyn Rail*, *The Nation*, *Bright Pink Mosquito*, *Vlak*, *Shampoo*, *Big Bell*, and various other publications. He is the editor of Fewer & Further Press and he co-curates a reading series, All Small Caps, in Wendell, MA.

“**Advice for My Critics**” was written by **Tom Daley**. He was a machinist for many years and now leads workshops for writers at the Online School of Poetry, the Boston Center for Adult Education, and Lexington Community Education. His poetry has appeared in *Fence*, *Crazyhorse*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Witness*, *Massachusetts Review*, *32 Poems*, *Harvard Review* and elsewhere. He is a recipient of the Dana Award in Poetry and was the winner of the Wag’s Revue Winter Writers Contest. He is the author of two plays, *Every Broom and Bridget—Emily Dickinson and Her Irish Servants*, and *In His Ecstasy: The Passion of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, which he performs as one-man shows. His book of poems, *House You Cannot Reach*, is forthcoming from FutureCycle Press.

“**Bezos Unbound**” was written by **Lance Newman**. His poems have appeared in print and web magazines published from Australia, Canada, the UK, and the US, including *1913*, *BlazeVox*, *Fringe*, *Moria*, *No Tell Motel*, *nthposition*, *otoliths*, *Pemmican*, *Perigee*, *Stride*, *West Wind Review* and *Zyzyva*. His two chapbooks, *Come Kanab* (Dusi-e/chaps Kollektiv, 2007) and *3by3by3* (Beard of Bees, 2010), are freely available on the web. He also curates the blogzine, *3by3by3*, a collaborative poetic experiment in human/machine collaboration.

“**What a head have I**” was written by **Joseph Spece**. He is editor at *SHARKPACK Poetry Review* and *SPR Annual*. His first book of poems, *Roads* (Cherry Grove), appeared in 2013.

“**The Google of Actual Stuff**” was written by **R.M. O’Brien**. He is the author of the chapbooks *We* and *Ant Killer & Other Poems* and the co-author (with Lesser Gonzalez Alvarez) of *Birds Blur Together*. He organizes the reading series WORMS in Baltimore, Md., and is, as of 2014, no longer aspirational.

“**Mexico**” was written by **K. Silem Mohammad**. He is the author of several books of poetry, including *Deer Head Nation* (Tougher Disguises Press, 2003), *Breathalyzer* (Edge Books, 2008), and *The Front* (Roof Books, 2009). He is a professor of creative writing at Southern Oregon University.

“**My Peculiar Geography**” was written by **Daniel Bosch**. He is the author of *Crucible* (2002, Other Press). He teaches at Emory University. “My Peculiar Geography” is composed of language lifted from the Wikipedia entries on “Jeffrey Bezos” and “Amazon” (the river), with some changes of pronoun and verb tense.

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