

**Intermezzotint** by Kane X. Faucher

TINE

DENTICLE IDENTICLE

A RIDGE IT ROLLS / EDGED

A SET OF NUMISMATIC TEETH

SET ON INNER CIRCUMFERENCE

HIS WORDS = TEETH, HERS = TINES

INTESTICLES

A WOMB IT COILS,

ROPE OF GENERATION

BALLS OF STRETCHED GUM, GENERATIVE

GENITIVE IDENTICLE

IN BUBBLE OF GUTS, BUBBLE GUTS

CUT AN OVUM BALL

INSIDE ELASTIC TINES

INTESTINES

INTESTICLES (GIVE BALLS TEETH)

LONG, STRETCHED INTESTICLES

WITH THE DENTITION MYTHICAL

VAGINAL LAMPREY

A MOUTH, A CORD

A TINE, A TOOTH

OMPHALOST IN THE BEWILDERNESS.

**Pollock is Dead** by Kane X. Faucher

Art has no eyes  
Literature has no legs.  
I've got pepper and a truncheon:  
Let's make some maker.

And the critic speaks:

*The King of Tricks*  
*Slips make skips rail,*  
*A talking doctor.*  
*Armed with twisdome*  
*(widomine patre vomitus)*  
*Preaching from chair-conditioned office*  
*With the time of cactusk*  
*Gifted unto him by a prick.*

Art rests in piece and the artist is mute  
The critic is schixotic  
And always has the last tilt.